

FADE IN

CUE DIMENSION FILMS LOGO

CUE "RED RIGHT HAND" INSTRUMENTAL BY NICK CAVE AND THE BAD SEEDS

FADE TO:

EXT. GRAUMAN'S CHINESE THEATER - DUSK

ZOOM OUT from the PROJECTED SCREEN showing the opening scene to the original STAB film. CASEY BECKER played by HEATHER GRAHAM SCREAMS as she is chased by the infamous GHOSTFACE KILLER. Behind the big screen, on the building wall, is a massive black poster with the GHOSTFACE MASK profile above the title, STAB: REBOOT.

REPORTER

(V.O.)

We're here at GRAUMAN'S CHINESE THEATER for the long awaited premiere of STAB: REBOOT,

PAN the outside of the building. The first thing seen, a 50 foot tall GHOSTFACE statue holding a large brandished knife. A long RED carpet extends from the entrance of the heavily secured theater to the curb of the sidewalk where numerous limousines wait in line. A large crowd stands behind a gated area, cheering and presenting all kinds of GHOSTFACE MEMORABILIA. Cameras and speakers set up everywhere, the media in place for this prolific event.

REPORTER (CONT'D)

(V.O.)

the controversial film based on the 2011 WOODSBORO MURDERS. After a long TWO YEARS, STAB is back and our ORIGINAL fan-favorites have returned!

At the curb, a limo door opens and out steps the DIRECTOR - ROBERT RODRIGUEZ, a black cowboy hat on his head, pitch black sunglasses over his eyes. He and his female ESCORT(no pun intended) step down the RED CARPET toward the entrance of the theater.

REPORTER (CONT'D)

(V.O.)

And here's the DIRECTOR, MR. ROBERT RODRIGUEZ!

As he passes, the CROWD of fans recite a verse from RED RIGHT HAND by NICK CAVE AND THE SEEDS.

CROWD

(in unison)

"You're one microscopic cog in his

catastrophic plan, designed and DIRECTED  
by his RED RIGHT HAND."

THE DIRECTOR smiles and waves to the CROWD, revealing his RIGHT  
HAND to be painted RED. The CROWD cheers louder.

The DIRECTOR and his ESCORT approach the waiting REPORTER in the  
middle of the RED CARPET.

REPORTER

MR. RODRIGUEZ, tell us, what was is like  
to film STAB: REBOOT FIFTEEN YEARS after  
making the ORIGINAL movie?

The REPORTER points the microphone to his mouth. The DIRECTOR  
removes his sunglasses and as he is about to speak, the SHOT  
CHANGES, the BACKGROUND MUSIC picking up volume.

PAN the CROWD as if a news camera. The CROWD looks directly into  
the camera and cheers, showing off their various items of  
memorabilia. ONE GUY rips open his buttoned shirt to reveal a  
large GHOSTFACE TATTOO on his chest. TWO GIRLS, ONE dressed  
similarly to SIDNEY in SCREAM and the OTHER dressed like Jill in  
SCREAM 4, turn to one another and KISS. The CROWD cheers.

REPORTER (CONT'D)

(V.O.)

And here's everybody's favorite little  
victim - TORI SPELLING, A-K-A, SIDNEY  
PRESCOTT.

TORI SPELLING stands on the RED CARPET. She steps slowly  
forward, stopping to strike a pose for the flashing cameras.  
TORI walks up to the REPORTER, a fake smile planted on her face.

REPORTER (CONT'D)

TORI!

TORI SPELLING

Hi, there.

REPORTER

TORI, it's been TEN YEARS since you last  
played this character in STAB 3:  
HOLLYWOOD HORROR. Tell us, did you ever  
think you'd be back, playing SIDNEY  
again for the FOURTH TIME?

TORI SPELLING

(shakes head)

No, I didn't think I would be. SIDNEY  
PRESCOTT was living rather peacefully.  
That is, until the WOODSBORO MURDERS  
REBOOT.[smiles]

REPORTER

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Right! The book by GALE WEATHERS, whose  
again being played by the amazing  
JENNIFER ANISTON!

TORI SPELLING's face contorts slightly.

TORI SPELLING

(nods)

Yeah, JEN took over as GALE for STAB 3  
and came back for this one. So did DAVID  
SCHWIMMER and our favorite DIRECTOR,  
ROBERT RODRIGUEZ!

REPORTER

And did their signing on have anything  
to do with you agreeing to come back?  
There were quite a few rumors that you  
weren't interested in returning to play  
this ICONIC ROLE.

TORI SPELLING

Well, of course I came back. I *am* SIDNEY  
PRESCOTT. The fans recognize me and  
DAVID and JENNIFER. And what we do on  
screen - that is the truth! Our movies  
are nothing like those other stupid  
sequels. I just had to return.

REPORTER

And boy, are we glad you did! Now tell  
us, what is SIDNEY PRESCOTT like now  
after almost being murdered by her  
boyfriend, her brother and now her  
cousin among others?

TORI SPELLING

SIDNEY is just the epitome of strength.  
There's no replacing her - she's the  
FINAL-FINAL GIRL--

The REPORTER's attention is caught behind TORI SPELLING. She  
interrupts her.

REPORTER

Ooh! Hold that thought, TORI. Here comes  
JENNIFER ANISTON! JENNIFER!

The REPORTER and her CAMERA-MAN run past TORI SPELLING, leaving  
her standing alone. She looks around awkwardly, cameras  
continuing to flash. She looks out at the CROWD. Among the  
GHOSTFACE MASKS and fake wounds, some fans hold up posters of  
the REAL SIDNEY PRESCOTT, the REAL Jill Roberts and a poster or  
two of JENNIFER ANISTON.

DAVID SCHWIMMER approaches her.

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DAVID SCHWIMMER  
TORI, hey.

He walks up, kissing her on the cheek.

TORI SPELLING  
How'd you make it past the BITCH and her  
camera?

DAVID SCHWIMMER  
(laughs)  
You kidding? I'm on the D-list these  
days. Come on, lemme walk you in.

They turn, he escorts her to the entrance.

CUT TO JENNIFER ANISTON, the unintentional "star," as beautiful  
as ever, she stands there with a big smile, microphone to her  
mouth, the flash of unseen cameras all around her.

JENNIFER ANISTON  
...GALE is equally as strong as SIDNEY,  
if not stronger. That is the reason why  
I took on this role for STAB 3.

REPORTER  
And what spurred you to return this  
time, for STAB: REBOOT?

JENNIFER ANISTON  
(smiles)  
This time, I'm returning to my roots -  
HORROR.

END "RED RIGHT HAND" INSTRUMENTAL

CUT TO:

INT. GRAUMAN'S CHINESE THEATER - CONTINUOUS

CUE "IT'S OK TO BE SCARED" by MARCO BELTRAMI

PAN the inside of the filling theater. People search for their  
seats or stand around chit-chatting.

TORI SPELLING and DAVID SCHWIMMER are escorted to their seats by  
an USHER. He seats them across the aisle from one another. TORI  
SPELLING looks around.

TORI SPELLING  
Where's JEN sitting?

DAVID SCHWIMMER fiddles with his cellphone.

DAVID SCHWIMMER  
Uh, I think she's on the balcony

somewhere.

TORI SPELLING

The balcony?! Are you kidding me?!

DAVID SCHWIMMER

Hey, what are you going to do? She *is* one of the highest paid actresses in HOLLYWOOD.

TORI SPELLING

Yeah, well I'm sick of it. Have you seen STAB 3? You'd think she was the STAR! At least with this one they couldn't do anything more than exaggerate GALE's measly stabbing. [rolls eyes] I'm SIDNEY FUCKING PRESCOTT and if they think I'll come back and play this character again - and EVERYONE knows someone is going to want to kill her again, but if they think I'll come back for yet another one of these pitiful box-office sequels, well then, Sunrise Studios can just kiss my ass!

DAVID SCHWIMMER

You really do wear that ZIP CODE proudly, huh?

She looks at him with an unamused expression across her face. The lights of the theater dim. DAVID SCHWIMMER sticks his Iphone back into his pants pocket. Everyone in the theater takes their seats.

MOVIE SCREEN: Green colored words fade into a black screen; "Based on the book, THE WOODSBORO MURDERS REBOOT, by GALE WEATHERS."

DAVID SCHWIMMER leans back in his chair comfortably. Just then, we hear the sound of a cellphone vibrating.

CUE "THE GAME BEGINS" by MARCO BELTRAMI

He pulls the phone out of his pocket to see the caller ID reading: PRIVATE NUMBER. He answers, bringing the phone to his ear.

DAVID SCHWIMMER

(whisper)

Hello?

TORI SPELLING notices this from across the aisle, looking over at him.

The OH SO FAMILIAR VOICE answers on the other side.

THE VOICE

(V.O.)

Hello, DAVID. What's your favorite scary movie?

DAVID SCHWIMMER

[light laugh] Who is this?

THE VOICE

(V.O.)

Third floor - PROJECTION ROOM 1. Be there or be DEAD.

The line ENDS. DAVID SCHWIMMER looks at his phone, the five second call time flashing before returning to his wallpaper. He looks around.

MOVIE SCREEN: Two UNKNOWN ACTRESSES sit on a couch, both obviously playing Marnie Cooper and Jenny Randall from SCREAM 4.

"JENNY"

(V.O.)

If there were to be another REAL-LIFE STAB, it would have to go to the EXTREME.

DAVID SCHWIMMER sticks the Iphone back into his pants pocket, stands and walks up the dark aisle of the theater.

"JENNY" (CONT'D)

(V.O.)

If SIDNEY doesn't die, then she's so obviously THE KILLER.

TORI SPELLING follows him with her eyes.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

DAVID SCHWIMMER comes through the door from the stairwell. A small sign next to the door has a "3" on it. He peeks out, suspiciously. He comes out into the short HALLWAY, a number of doors on either sides of the walls.

A WOMAN comes out of one of the doors and proceeds down the hall, passing DAVID SCHWIMMER. The ACTOR smiles and nods to her as they pass. He notices a small silver plate on her chest, reading: PROJECTIONIST. She proceeds into the stairwell. DAVID SCHWIMMER stops at the door in the center of the hallway - PROJECTION ROOM 1, the door the PROJECTIONIST came out of.

Turning the doorknob, he realizes the door is locked. He tries turning it once or twice before turning around and pulling out his cellphone. Standing in front of the locked door, he fiddles with his cellphone. Just then, the door swings open behind him.

A BLACK FIGURE wraps their arms around him, pulling him into the ROOM. The door slams shut.

CUT TO:

INT. PROJECTION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

DAVID SCHWIMMER is aggressively pulled into the PROJECTION ROOM and thrown up against the wall. Looking up, he sees someone dressed in the GHOSTFACE COSTUME ahead of him. GHOSTFACE steps up to his face. The mask is PULLED OFF. The person in the costume is revealed to be JENNIFER ANISTON. She leans in and kisses him passionately.

END "THE GAME BEGINS"

They make out up against the wall next to the projector projecting STAB: REBOOT through a window to the theater. The sound of the movie plays in the background. They part from kissing.

DAVID SCHWIMMER

(laughs)

You almost had me there for a second.

JENNIFER ANISTON

They don't pay me TEN MILLION a movie for nothing!

She kisses him. He pulls away.

DAVID SCHWIMMER

Wait. They paid you ten million for STAB: REBOOT?!

JENNIFER ANISTON

Oh, shut up!

The continue to make out for a BEAT. He pulls away again.

DAVID SCHWIMMER

You know, it's funny to think. Here we are, making out in the PROJECTION ROOM of our movie premiere. Who would've thought that after all these years of working together, that it would be STAB FUCKING EIGHT that brought us together.

JENNIFER ANISTON

Weird, huh? Almost like, if the WOODSBORO MASSACRE REBOOT didn't occur, we would never have gotten together.

DAVID SCHWIMMER

Yeah. It's been so long since we've

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worked together, it makes me wonder if we ever will again. Ya know, if there's ever ANOTHER REAL-LIFE SEQUEL.

He kisses her.

JENNIFER ANISTON  
Oh, I think there will be.

DAVID SCHWIMMER  
Do you?

JENNIFER ANISTON  
Yup. But one's thing for sure, though...

She kisses him.

JENNIFER ANISTON (CONT'D)  
You won't be in it.

JENNIFER ANISTON brandishes a BUCK 120 KNIFE and stabs DAVID SCHWIMMER right in the middle of his chest.

CUE "JENNIFER'S FINAL ACT" by MARCO BELTRAMI

SHOCK takes over him immediately. He shakes a bit as BLOOD streams from his partially opened mouth.

JENNIFER ANISTON (CONT'D)  
(laughs)  
I wonder if our *FRIENDS* ever thought they'd see the day when Rachel *finally* killed Ross.

After holding the knife in his chest for a moment, she pulls it out. His eyes go to the back of his head and his body slides down the wall, DEAD.

JENNIFER ANISTON stares down at his lifeless body for a moment before turning and walking to the door. She opens the door and is startled by the sight of GHOSTFACE standing there! A BUCK 120 is brandished before being driven into HER STOMACH. With JENNIFER ANISTON on the blade, THE KILLER runs her into the wall, the blade going deeper in. Upon hitting the wall, she drops her knife, it landing next to DAVID SCHWIMMER's body.

She chokes and coughs up BLOOD.

JENNIFER ANISTON (CONT'D)  
But I'm...

She takes a BEAT to gag on her own blood.

JENNIFER ANISTON (CONT'D)  
THE KILLER.

The black gloved hand pulls off the GHOSTFACE mask, revealing TORI SPELLING with a most deviant smile on her face.

TORI SPELLING  
(smile)  
And the KILLERS always die.

Having JENNIFER ANISTON pinned to the wall with the KNIFE, TORI SPELLING reaches down and picks up the other BUCK 120 dropped next to THE BODY. She looks JENNIFER ANISTON in the eyes, shaking her head with a fake sympathetic expression.

TORI SPELLING  
There can only be ONE STAR in *this* movie! Sorry, JEN.

TORI SPELLING holds up the other knife and drives it towards JENNIFER ANISTON. A loud GIRL'S SCREAM echoes out--

CUTTING TO:

INT. THEATER - CONTINUOUS

END "JENNIFER'S FINAL ACT"

CLOSE UP on the STAB: REBOOT TITLE CARD appearing across the BIG SCREEN -- FAKE-OUT OPENING TITLES.

CUT TO:

INT. THEATER - LATER

TORI SPELLING comes walking down the dark aisle of the theater to her empty seat. A secretive, sadistic smile planted on her face. She sits.

We hear the end of the movie.

MOVIE SCREEN: TORI SPELLING as SIDNEY shocks ASHLEY GREENE as Jill's head with a defibrillator. "Jill" falls to the floor.

TORI SPELLING mouths her movie line as it plays.

"SIDNEY"  
(V.O.)  
Don't fuck with the original, bitch!

She smiles.

CUE "BAD KARMA" by IDA MARIA

CUT TO:

EXT. GRAUMAN'S CHINESE THEATER - NIGHT

TORI SPELLING comes walking out of the doors of the theater, a

crowd amongst her. She immediately squints her eyes upon coming out, the bright lights everywhere.

The CROWD of fans remains, screaming and cheering, especially at the sight of TORI SPELLING. She enjoys the attention and smiles before confidently walking down the RED CARPET toward her limo.

PAN the exterior of the theater. The fans still cheering, a trailer of STAB: REBOOT plays on the big projection screen. Limousines line up in the street.

CUT TO:

INT. TORI SPELLING'S LIMO - CONTINUOUS

END "BAD KARMA" by IDA MARIA

TORI SPELLING sits in the backseat of her limo, sucking down a glass of champagne.

TORI SPELLING  
Ugh! Can we get the fuck out of here  
already?!

TORI SPELLING's cellphone rings. She looks at the phone screen and contorts her face to an expression of defensive curiosity. She answers the phone with an aggravated tone.

TORI SPELLING (CONT'D)  
Uh, hello?

THE VOICE  
(V.O.)  
Hello, TORI.

TORI SPELLING scoffs and rolls her eyes.

TORI SPELLING  
Oh, it's you. The GHOSTFACE VOICE really  
necessary? It's done, by the way -  
they're DEAD. We got our OPENING KILLS  
that no one saw coming. Blah!

She looks out the tinted window.

CUT TO:

EXT. GRAUMAN'S CHINESE THEATER - CONTINUOUS

The STAB: REBOOT trailer on the large projection screen cuts and the footage of Jill and Charlie's murders begins with the REAL Marnie Cooper's murder. The volume on high, the CROWD is captured by her SCREAMS. They all turn and pause - watching the screen as if in a trans.

CUT TO:

INT. TORI SPELLING'S LIMO - CONTINUOUS

TORI SPELLING keeps her cellphone to her ear. THE VOICE responding on the other side.

THE VOICE

(V.O.)

I know TORI. You did your job well. But just one question - THE KILLERS do always DIE don't they?

TORI SPELLING's face contorts to that of cautious fear.

THE VOICE (CONT'D)

(V.O.)

But what happens when THE KILLER is the MAIN CHARACTER? Does she get shot, stabbed OR

THE VOICE waits a BEAT.

THE VOICE (CONT'D)

(V.O.)

BLOWN UP?

TORI SPELLING's eyes immediately grow wide.

CUT TO:

EXT. GRAUMAN'S CHINESE THEATER - CONTINUOUS

The CROWD continues to watch the murders on the projection screen, their backs turned to the street.

Just then, TORI SPELLING's limo explodes right before the die-hard Stab fans.

A WOMAN'S SCREAM--

CUTS TO:

INT. PROJECTION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The PROJECTIONIST stands in the center of the ROOM, SCREAMING.

PROJECTIONIST POV: JENNIFER ANISTON lay BLOODY on the floor, the GHOSTFACE ROBE still on her body. Film strip is wrapped multiple times around her neck, streamed onto the projector. DAVID SCHWIMMER lays sprawled a few feet from her, HIS GUTS hanging out. The GHOSTFACE MASK is over his head.

In between the BODIES, written in BLOOD on the floor: "WHAT'S YOUR FAVORITE SCARY MOVIE?"

CUT TO:

EXT. GRAUMAN'S CHINESE THEATER - CONTINUOUS

We continue to hear the OFF-SCREEN PROJECTIONIST SCREAM.

The frantic CROWD runs around the burning limousine at the end of the RED CARPET.

ZOOM IN on a burning GHOSTFACE MASK laying on the RED CARPET.

The PROJECTIONIST's SCREAM echoes--

CUTTING TO:

TITLE CARD: SCREAM 5

The ICONIC "SCREAM" LOGO appears across a BLACK SCREEN. A Large, RED, number "5" shoots toward the title from behind.

CUT TO:

CLOSE UP ON SIDNEY PRESCOTT'S FACE.

We hear the sound of typing.

INT. SIDNEY'S APARTMENT/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

SIDNEY sits at her desk, typing on her laptop. Her flat screen TV is off. The room is dimly lit by the light of one lamp in the corner, next to the couch. Under the lamp, the FRAMED PHOTOGRAPH of SID and her MOTHER rests on the side table. To the right of her is the open door to SID's bedroom.

She stops typing and looks up at the screen. The screen reads: JILL ROBERTS, CONTEMPORARY PSYCHO. A few paragraphs under it. SID looks over at the open window. She can hear the faint sound of traffic outside in the city streets. But the sudden and short sound of a chair moving across the floor behind her catches SIDNEY's attention. She reflexively jerks her head looking back.

CUE "SID'S WINDOW" by MARCO BELTRAMI

SID's view through the living room archway is to a long HALLWAY which leads to the KITCHEN. The two doors before the archway to the KITCHEN is the front door and a coat closet. SID sees nothing down the hall. She hears nothing. She immediately stands and opens the top drawer of her desk where lays a GUN - a black Taurus .357 Magnum (her gun from SCREAM 3). She pulls it out and steps into the HALLWAY.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

SID steps slowly down the HALL. As she creeps toward the KITCHEN, she sticks close to the left wall, hearing the sound of shuffling. She passes by the front door, cocking the revolver

and peeking into the kitchen. Whatever or rather, whoever is in there, SID cannot see. She jumps through the archway.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

SID jumps into the kitchen, the revolver aimed ahead of her.

SID's POV:

MARK

Whoa, SID!

MARK throws up his arms and steps away from the counter he was unloading groceries onto. DETECTIVE KINCAID is now thirteen years older from the last time we saw him and time has taken it's toll. Graying, but still a handsome forty-something year old, he is SID's on again, off again boyfriend.

SID sighs in relief and immediately drops her aim.

SIDNEY

Ugh, MARK!

She reaches up and nervously scratches her head. MARK steps toward her.

SIDNEY (CONT'D)

You scared the shit out of me! What are you doing here?

MARK

Whoa. Hold on. First, give me the gun, please.

He reaches for the gun and gently takes it from her, putting it down on the small dining table which they stand in front of.

MARK (CONT'D)

Thank you.

SIDNEY

So?

MARK steps back over to the counter, pulling out a bag of chips from the grocery bag.

MARK

What?

SIDNEY

(folds arms)

What are you doing here?

MARK

(pauses)  
 Uh, I live here - remember?

SIDNEY  
 I just didn't expect you home... I  
 thought you were staying with BRACKETT.

MARK pulls out a box of cereal, settling it down on the counter, he just stares at SID for a second. He then walks back up to her and wraps his hands around her upper arms. SID looks away from him, clearly displeased.

MARK  
 Come on, SID, I don't want to fight. I  
 hate when we fight like this.

SID seems resistant to bury the hatchet. But secretly, she knows she wants to. She hardly even looks at him, choosing to ignore his last comments.

BEAT

SIDNEY  
 I didn't even hear you come in.

MARK let's go and walks back over to the counter, continuing to unload the groceries.

MARK  
 Wouldn't be the first time. You were so  
 busy typing away...

SID looks down, catching MARK's subtle comment. At that moment, there is a hard knock at the front door. SID looks over through the archway. MARK looks up, pausing.

NEIL  
 (O.S.)  
 [calling out] SID, it's DAD.

SID looks to MARK before she turns and walks into the HALLWAY. MARK walks over to the dining table and grabs the revolver.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

SID unlocks the door. Behind her, in the KITCHEN, MARK hides the gun. SID opens the door to find her father, NEIL standing there. NEIL is also thirteen years older since we last seen him in SCREAM 3. Now in his mid-sixties, he remains close to his only daughter, but has moved on with his life since the original Woodsboro murders.

SIDNEY  
 (surprised)

DAD.

NEIL comes rushing in, a frantic expression across his face, he grabs SID.

NEIL  
Oh, KID - thank god you're alright!

SIDNEY  
Huh? DAD, what's going on?

MARK steps into the archway, a curious look on his face.

NEIL  
SID, did you forget?

SIDNEY looks at him, confused.

NEIL (CONT'D)  
Dinner with PAM, JAMIE and I?

SIDNEY's face contorts to shock - at her own self. She realizes she completely forgot.

SIDNEY  
(apologetic)  
Oh, shit! DAD, I'm so sorry, I just completely--

NEIL  
SID, I'm just glad you're alright.

NEIL wraps his arms around her. SID squeezes him.

SIDNEY  
I'm so sorry I worried you. I've just been so focused on this damn book and--

NEIL  
Well, we wouldn't have worried so much if we could get a hold of you.

SIDNEY reluctantly nods, already knowing what's coming:

NEIL (CONT'D)  
What did I tell you about keeping that phone on? *How* many times have I told you?

MARK puts up his finger.

MARK  
Possibly more times than I have.

SIDNEY rolls her eyes.

NEIL  
(nods)  
How are you doing, MARK?

MARK  
Fine, NEIL. And yourself?

NEIL  
(smiles)  
Oh, I'm hanging in there.

They both laugh lightly before MARK turns and goes back into the kitchen. SIDNEY follows, leading NEIL in.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

MARK walks back over, continuing to unload the grocery bags. SID and NEIL walk through the archway and stand at the dining table.

SIDNEY  
So when are you leaving for New York?

NEIL looks at the time on his cellphone which is in his hand.

NEIL  
Uh, in a few hours, actually. I have to get back to the house before I run to the L-A-X.

SIDNEY  
Where is PAM?

NEIL  
She, uh, brought JAMIE back to her dorm.

SIDNEY  
Well, when you see her, tell her that I'm really sorry about tonight. I can't believe I forgot. It's just THIS BOOK and these deadlines.[shakes head]

NEIL  
(nods)  
I'll tell her. She'll understand.

SIDNEY  
(smiles)  
Yeah, PAM knows a thing or two about deadlines.

NEIL just nods. A BEAT of silence is broken by him.

NEIL  
Anyway, I really have to get back and

pick up my suitcase.

SIDNEY

Alright. I'm so sorry I scared you.

NEIL

It's alright, KID. I'm just happy you're okay.

SIDNEY and NEIL hug again.

SIDNEY

Call me when you get home, okay?

NEIL

Turn. that. phone. on!

SIDNEY

(smiles)

I will. [nods]

NEIL looks up at MARK and sticks out his hand. MARK reaches in for the shake.

NEIL

MARK, always a pleasure.

MARK

Likewise.

MARK watches SIDNEY walk NEIL to the door which she opens. NEIL steps out.

SIDNEY

Have a safe trip, DAD.

NEIL turns and SID leans in, kissing him on the cheek.

NEIL

Love you.

NEIL turns back and starts down the hall.

SIDNEY

Love you too.

SIDNEY closes the door and walks back into the kitchen. She and MARK stare at each other for a BEAT.

MARK walks up to SID and wraps his arms around her. She doesn't look at him. He moves his head, trying to get her to turn and face him. He contorts his face to a playful, sad expression, sticking out his bottom lip. SID tries to hold back a smile, but falters and bursts into laughter.

MARK

I knew you couldn't stay mad at me.

SIDNEY looks up at him. The two look eye to eye. MARK leans in and kisses her. The two began making out, SID wrapping her arms around him.

CUE "DEWEY'S THEME" by MARCO BELTRAMI

MARK holds SIDNEY, turning toward the dining table. SIDNEY lays back onto the surface of the table, MARK on top of her. They continue making out.

A SHOT from behind MARK's shoulder shows them break apart. SIDNEY lifts her shirt over head. MARK leans in, kissing her.

CUT TO:

INT. WOODSBORO POLICE DEPARTMENT - NIGHT

The SHOT opens up with DEWEY RILEY sitting at his desk, his SHERIFF's uniform on. The trumpet of "DEWEY'S THEME" plays in the background. There are stacks of papers all around him. He holds a small FRAMED PICTURE in his hands. He stares at it, sadly.

CLOSE UP on the picture - it's GALE. DEWEY stands and turns to the bookshelf behind him. Above copies of OUT OF DARKNESS and the rest of DEWEY's book collection are more framed photographs. They're all of him and GALE. One is of Tatum.

A knock at the door startles DEWEY.

ABRUPTLY END "DEWEY'S THEME"

DEWEY drops the framed photograph of GALE he still held in his hand. It falls face flat, the glass is heard cracking.

JUDY comes through the door.

JUDY

SIR!

DEWEY looks down at the picture on the floor. JUDY realizes she startled him.

JUDY

Sorry, SIR.

DEWEY bends down and picks up the frame by it's stand. He turns the picture around, seeing the glass cracked right into GALE's face. DEWEY stares at it for a moment. JUDY looks on.

DEWEY

(looks up)

What is it, LIEUTENANT?

LIEUTENANT JUDY HICKS, well known throughout Woodsboro for her heroism, her fame does not exceed beyond that. Still a devoted officer of the law, JUDY stays close to DEWEY, personal reasons or not.

JUDY  
LOS ANGELES County Police Commissioner  
is on line two with an URGENT call!

DEWEY  
Los Angeles County Commissioner? Uh,  
thanks, LIEUTENANT.

DEWEY eagerly and nervously picks up the receiver of the phone on his desk. He presses for line 2.

DEWEY (CONT'D)  
Commissioner? SHERIFF RILEY, here.

JUDY  
(low tone)  
You're welcome, SIR.

JUDY stands there for a moment, staring at DEWEY before she leaves, closing the door behind her.

CUT TO:

INT. UNIVERSITY OF LOS ANGELES/JAMIE'S DORM - NIGHT

A small flat screen TV sits on a dresser. It's turned on - none other than GALE WEATHERS in the center of the screen. At the bottom of the screen is a BREAKING NEWS news feed. The caption reading: "JENNIFER ANISTON, TORI SPELLING AND DAVID SCHWIMMER MURDERED AT STAB: REBOOT PREMIERE." The volume is on low, but it's loud enough to be heard.

GALE  
(on TV)  
We're at the beginning of yet another movie! The STAB Franchise's THREE BIGGEST STARS, DEAD. MURDERED tonight at the premiere of the latest film of the franchise, STAB: REBOOT - the controversial film based off of *my* very own book, The Woodsboro Murders Reboot...

GALE sits at a desk in a news studio, the logo at the bottom right of the screen reading: Channel5News.

JAMIE, a curly haired brunette with soft, entrancing eyes lays sleeping in her bed. The lamp on the side-table at the head of her bed is on and her cellphone lays ringing and vibrating on the surface. JAMIE tosses and turns. GALE is barely heard.

GALE

(O.S.; on TV)

We have no further details at this moment. But we can confirm the popular STAB TRIO to be DEAD. We will continue to bring the news to you, LIVE, as it comes in.

JAMIE groggily reaches over her head, her hand searching for the ringing cellphone on the table. She finds it, grunting as she lifts her head, bringing the cellphone to her ear. She doesn't even notice nor hear the news on the TV.

JAMIE

Hello?

There's a BEAT of silence before THE VOICE responds.

THE VOICE

(V.O.)

Hello, JAMIE.

JAMIE

(annoyed)

Ugh.

THE VOICE

(V.O.)

What's your favorite scary movie?

JAMIE

(unenthusiastic)

RAMONE, I'm really too tired for STAB, right now.

We hear a chuckle on the other end. JAMIE sits up, yawning.

RAMONE

(V.O.)

Well, you better get use to it! Did you hear what happened?

Feeling too exhausted, she throws herself back down.

JAMIE

No. And right now, I really don't care.

RAMONE

(V.O.)

[excited] Awesome! You don't know, so I can tell you!

JAMIE

RAMONE, I was sleeping. Make this qui--ck.

JAMIE turns her head toward the TV, reading the news feed.

RAMONE

(V.O.)

JENNIFER ANISTON, TORI SPELLING and  
DAVID SCHWIMMER were killed at the  
premiere, tonight!

JAMIE's face contorts. eyes glued to the flat screen.

JAMIE

Holy -- you're not bullshitting.

RAMONE

(V.O.)

No, I'm *not*. It's all over the news!  
"The TRIO" is finally murdered - at the  
STAB premiere, no less. I can't believe  
this shit! I can't fucking believe it!

JAMIE

Hold on.

JAMIE pulls the covers off of herself and climbs out of bed. She stands in a t-shirt and her underwear. She looks around the messy room for the remote, but doesn't immediately see it. She walks over to the TV and turns up the volume manually.

GALE

(on TV)

...Police arrived only minutes ago, but sources close to Channel 5 News tell us that TORI SPELLING was killed in a car bomb right outside GRAUMAN'S CHINESE THEATER, where the premiere was being held.

RAMONE

(V.O.)

I hear GALE. I'm watching her too. She must be stoked... sort of.

JAMIE's eyes are glued to the screen.

JAMIE

This is insane. Typical. But insane. CLARK is probably at the newspaper office now as we speak.

RAMONE

(V.O.)

Oh, he is. Just spoke to him. Ya know, I wonder what your STEP-SISTER is feeling right now.

JAMIE

I shutter to think.

Just then, the door to JAMIE's dorm room opens up and her roommate, TERRI GOWAN comes rushing in. There's a big smile on her face.

TERRI

Can you believe this shit?!

She tosses SOMETHING to JAMIE, who barely catches it.

RAMONE

(V.O.)

That TERRI?

JAMIE holds IT up, looking and realizing that it is a GHOSTFACE mask.

JAMIE

Yeah, she just came in. I'll call you back.

RAMONE

(V.O.)

Later.

JAMIE pulls her cellphone away from her ear.

TERRI

Who was that? The STAB FANATIC?

JAMIE nods and walks over to her bed, sitting down.

TERRI (CONT'D)

I bet he's thrilled by all of this!

JAMIE

He couldn't wait to disturb my sleep just to inform me. Ugh, I hate to imagine what Facebook must look like right now.

TERRI

News sure does travel fast these days. The whole campus is going crazy! There's a huge "STAB" party starting at the Gamma Phi Beta house.

TERRI walks over to a mirror on the wall and begins fixing her make-up. JAMIE looks out the window on the side of her bed. We hear the sound of laughter and screams from outside.

TERRI (CONT'D)

Coming with?

JAMIE

No. I can't. I got to study my lines. We start shooting next week.

TERRI

Ugh. Thank god I'm a psychology major.

JAMIE pulls the MASK over her face.

JAMIE

(playfully)

[Ghostface imitation] Hey, TERRI. What's your favorite scary movie?

TERRI turns from the mirror and goes toward JAMIE.

TERRI

(laughs)

[ghost imitation] Ooooooh!

She walks up and pulls the mask off of JAMIE's head. JAMIE has a smile on her face. TERRI holds the mask in her hand as she walks toward the door.

TERRI

So I'll catch you later, huh?

JAMIE

Kay. Have fun.

TERRI leaves the room. JAMIE watches before throwing herself back onto the mattress.

CUE "TROUBLE IN WOODSBORO REMIX" by DISCOPHANTOM & MARCO BELTRAMI

JAMIE looks at her cellphone. The background picture is of her as a young girl with a man - her father.

CUT TO:

EXT. LOS ANGELES - DAY

PAN the skyline of LOS ANGELES. A typical, beautiful, sunny city day. A small plane flies by the SHOT. A banner attached to the back reads, "WHATS YOUR FAVORITE SCARY MOVIE?"

The SHOT pulls back, revealing the back of the "H" of the HOLLYWOOD SIGN. Hanging from the middle is a dummy dressed as GHOSTFACE.

CUT TO:

INT. SIDNEY'S APARTMENT/BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

SIDNEY wakes up in her bed. The sun shines in through her windows. She yawns and stretches before looking over to the side

and seeing that MARK is not next to her, on his side of the bed.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Sid holds a cups of tea as she sits in front of her laptop. She sips the tea, then places it on the desk. She opens the web browser. The page opens immediately. A flashy news article fills the page. The title reads: THREE STARS DEAD; GHOSTFACE MURDERS CONTINUE. Below is a picture of GHOSTFACE and next to it is a picture of what's left of TORI SPELLING's charred limousine outside Grauman's Theater.

ON SIDNEY: Her face contorts from early morning exhaustion to shock and quickly to anger. Her watery eyes are glued to the screen. She slams the laptop shut.

CUT TO:

EXT. WOODSBORO POLICE DEPARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

DEWEY comes out of the building in his street clothes. He holds a duffle bag in his hand and walks up to his navy blue 2010 Chevrolet SUV. He opens the back door and throws in his bag before getting into the front seat. As he starts the car, the passenger side door opens. In sits JUDY. She is also in street clothes. DEWEY's expression shows surprise as he stops and stares at her. She tosses her bag in the back seat and looks at him and shrugs. DEWEY nods and looks forward, moving the gear into drive.

The car pulls out, driving up the street. The SHOT draws back, revealing WOODSBORO to be a GHOST TOWN. The lampposts are once again covered by GHOSTFACE.

CUT TO:

EXT. LOS ANGELES STREET - CONTINUOUS

On a street in downtown, the LAPD try to contain two crowds that stand on opposite sides of the street. Both crowds consisting of over fifty people, one side holds up posters and signs of Jill Roberts. The crowd on the other side chanting and also holding up posters and signs, only of SIDNEY PRESCOTT. The crowds scream at each other, bottles are thrown.

CUT TO:

INT. GALE'S HOLLYWOOD HILLS HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

GALE comes out of her bedroom talking passionately into her cellphone, smiling as she does so. She is as stunning as ever, looking practically the same only living her dream life. She just can't get over the ONE THING missing. The BACKGROUND MUSIC makes her inaudible. She walks down the hallway of her apartment

and into the large open living room. One whole wall is just floor to ceiling windows - a view out onto the LOS ANGELES skyline.

CLARK WEATHERS, GALE's nephew sits on the luxurious black leather sectional couch, typing away on his computer. He looks up as she comes walking by. She doesn't notice nor acknowledge him. She walks over to a table, grabs her purse and walks out the front door. CLARK turns his head, looking out the windows. He sees the PLANE WITH THE BANNER flying by. He shakes his head.

END "TROUBLE IN WOODSBORO REMIX"

CUT TO:

EXT. UCLA LECTURE HALL - CONTINUOUS

A LECTURE HALL FULL OF STUDENTS sit before a single middle aged PROFESSOR. JAMIE and RAMONE sit in the front row, they look around curiously. CLARK sits in the back, with a pencil behind his ear, a notepad on the desk.

PROFESSOR

Alright, guys. So, what do you think?  
Are we really in the midst of a FIFTH  
INSTALLMENT?

A young man - CHAD, sitting a few rows behind JAMIE and RAMONE speaks out.

CHAD

OR is this another attempt at a remake?

Another young man, JOSHUA sitting on the other side of the room calls out.

JOSHUA

(yells)  
Just as long as it's not Stab 3!

The class laughs, yet again.

RAMONE

(low tone)  
I like Stab 3...

PROFESSOR

Well, let's think about it. What would  
be THE KILLER's motive, this time?

RAMONE

Ya know, off topic, but why does  
everyone always refer to the culprits as  
THE KILLER or A KILLER? I mean, really,  
it's always been TWO KILLERS since the  
original, with the exception of Stab 3,

which is a whole other discussion. I mean really, too often is it forgotten that when there's one chasing you, the other is holding your hand. Ya know?

PROFESSOR

That's a good point, MARTIN. But I'm pretty sure it's only the Stab fanatics that get that meticulous. Especially the ones who win consulting jobs on the set of the latest movie. [smiles]

RAMONE smiles proudly and nods in agreement.

CHAD

Well, the SECOND KILLER is always the surprise, is the thing. It's the person you "least suspected." All the evidence points to only one person and then two people are revealed. That's why the original STAB was genius.

PROFESSOR

So is this another remake - a sequel to the remake?

JOSHUA

Ugh! I hope not! Rob Zombie's Halloween II, anyone?

We hear a few "boo's" from the crowd of students. CLARK looks around, amused.

RAMONE

(points up finger)  
Texas Chainsaw - The Beginning.

The "boo's" echo out again.

CHAD

Actually, that was a prequel. A bad one at that.

JAMIE

Well, there's a difference between a remake and a reboot. A remake would be something like A Nightmare On Elm Street--

JOSHUA

Yugh. That one was terrible too.

JAMIE

But a reboot can be a remake and at the same time, serve as a sequel.

RAMONE

Exactly the main theme of STAB: REBOOT!

JAMIE

Well, that's what it was.[laughs] SIDNEY survived, but The Woodsboro Reboot was just that - a reboot of her story.

CHAD

Something we all thought ended in Stab 3.

RAMONE

Clearly not. But the stakes are pretty high at this point.

JAMIE

So again, this is simply just *another sequel*.

CHAD

But it's the *fourth sequel*.

JAMIE

(joking)

Or is it the *eighth*?[eye roll]

JOSHUA

Hope we don't have a real life Resident Evil or Zombieland in our near future. With a FIFTH INSTALLMENT, SIDNEY's story is teetering on the edge of *that* realm, I'll tell ya.

CHAD

Bring on the Paranormal Activity!

Everyone laughs.

CUT TO:

INT. SIDNEY'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

SIDNEY, dressed and ready to leave, holds a purse as she walks toward her apartment door. She stops at the key-bowl across from the door and grabs her keys. Inside the bowl is her OFF cellphone. SID picks it up and stares at it for a moment. She puts both the keys and cellphone into her purse, turns and opens the door.

SID is startled by the sight of an unknown man - JACK SALINGER. AGENT JACK SALINGER.

SID steps back and reaches into her purse for mace.

SALINGER

Uh, MISS PRESCOTT...

SIDNEY

Who the hell are you?

Clearly equally as startled by SIDNEY, he nervously pats his chest, feeling for his identification. He quickly pulls it out and shows off his credentials.

SALINGER

I'm, uh, AGENT SALINGER - you're assigned BODYGUARD.

SIDNEY

Assigned? Who assigned you?

SALINGER

My two partners, AGENT NATOR and AGENT TERMIN and I were called in by a DETECTIVE KINCAID.

SIDNEY

(looks off; annoyed)  
MARK... [shakes head]

SALINGER

DETECTIVE KINCAID gave us orders not to disturb you, but we are to escort you to the police station when you were ready.

SIDNEY

I have to go to work.

SALINGER

(shakes head)  
Uh, I don't think that's such a good idea, MISS PRESCOTT.

SIDNEY

DETECTIVE SALINGER, is it?

He nods.

SIDNEY (CONT'D)

You're here to protect me. Not run my life.

SALINGER

MISS PRESCOTT, DETECTIVE KINCAID--

SIDNEY

(cuts him off)  
You can tell DETECTIVE KINCAID that if he wants to see me, he can come find me.

She walks past SALINGER into the hall. SALINGER, with a look of

frustration on his face, grabs the door behind her and pulls it shut.

CUT TO:

INT. STUDIO/GALE'S TALK SHOW - CONTINUOUS

GALE enters through the door which reads STUDIO 5 on it. She walks in quickly and confidently - like she owns the place. Upon walking in, she is met immediately by the show's stage manager, HITCH. He is a ball of stress, on top of everything. A real talker - the mile a minute kind of guy. He secretly hates his boss who makes life a living hell for him. His headset seemed to be glued to his head.

GALE makes her way down a long hall toward her dressing room, passing by numerous members of the show's staff. HITCH running along side of her.

HITCH

GALE, you're here! Thank god! We go LIVE in an hour! The guest, MARTHA MEEKS is waiting in her dressing room. Almost the entire audience showed up in Ghostface costumes! Security is on the look out, so you don't have to worry.

GALE

(looking down at cellphone)  
[snappy] Worry? Worry about what?

HITCH

Well, I just thought with you being-- nevermind. Uh, oh and--

GALE

(interrupts)  
Did you cancel tomorrow's guest like I asked?

They stop in front of the open door to GALE's dressing room.

HITCH

(nervous)  
Uh... it's the President of Sunrise Studios, Bob Harvey--

GALE

Yeah? And? I told you to cancel it. We have bigger fish to fry.

HITCH

But--

GALE turns and walks into her dressing room, slamming the door in his face.

GALE  
 (O.S.)  
 [in dressing room] Where are my fucking  
 question cards?!

HITCH scoffs, throwing up the middle finger at her door before  
 he walks away.

CUT TO:

EXT. LA OFFICE BUILDING (SID'S JOB) - CONTINUOUS

A 2013 black Cadillac Escalade pulls up in front of a tall  
 office building in downtown Los Angeles. AGENTS NATOR and TERMIN  
 are first to get out of the car. The AGENTS look almost exactly  
 alike - hardly anything distinguishable about them. Same black  
 sunglasses, black suit and tie, tall and broad shouldered.

NATOR opens the back door and out steps AGENT SALINGER. NATOR  
 then helps SIDNEY out of the car. The three surround her as they  
 walk toward the entrance to the building.

UNKNOWN MAN  
 (O.S.)  
 Hey, look it's SIDNEY PRESCOTT!

SIDNEY and her BODYGUARDS look over. A man stands by a nearby  
 outdoor cafe', pointing at her. Everyone sitting outside turns  
 and looks. Practically everyone starts pulling out their  
 cellphones to catch a picture of her. [Cue WES CRAVEN cameo]

UNKNOWN MAN  
 (calling out)  
 Hey, SIDNEY, when are you finally going  
 to bite the dust? [laughs sadistically]

SALINGER  
 Hey, shut the fuck up!

AGENTS NATOR and TERMIN lead SID into the building.

UNKNOWN MAN  
 It's a free country, pal!

SALINGER grabs the door behind the AGENTS and SID, he glares  
 over at the MAN.

UNKNOWN MAN  
 Hey, what's your favorite scary movie,  
 huh? Halloween? Stab? ...Bambi?!

The door closes.

CUT TO:

INT. GALE'S STUDIO - CONTINUOUS

GALE walks BACKSTAGE toward the entrance to the stage. She stops and reads over her question cards.

GALE  
Who wrote this shit?

She turns around, only to be startled by the producer, FRANK BOYD. Young and boyish looking, he is no coincidence. He couldn't be happier with this current opportunity and hopes to make THEE GALE WEATHERS happy at any cost.

FRANK  
(smiles)  
GALE...

GALE  
Ah, FRANK. Just the man I was looking for.

FRANK  
(jokes)  
You know I never get tired of hearing that!

GALE  
HITCH canceled Bob for tomorrow. I have the perfect plan. Just give me the camera, the stage, and the full LIVE hour and I'll give you a show America's never seen.

FRANK stands with a smile of amusement and nods lightly.

FRANK  
Well, that's the ambitious GALE WEATHERS I know.

GALE  
As usual.

FRANK  
(nods)  
You got it.

GALE  
Great.

FRANK  
You know I trust you.

FRANK begins to walk off.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
Always have. Even during your Top Story days.

GALE laughs, *almost* blushing.

GALE

Right. You were a big fan, weren't you?

He turns, smiles and continues stepping backward.

FRANK

I was thirteen at the time. Why do you think I took this job?

GALE continues to laugh. FRANK turns and proceeds away.

GALE shakes off her laughter, looking down at her question cards. She rolls her eyes, rips up the cards and throws them on the floor.

Turning around, GALE is met by the sight of **DEWEY**. He stands talking to a security guard by the backstage entrance.

GALE

DEWEY?!

DEWEY and the security guard turn to her. DEWEY's face lights up at the sight of his ESTRANGED WIFE.

DEWEY

GALE!

They walk toward each other, meeting halfway.

GALE

DEWEY, what the hell are you doing here?

DEWEY

I came as soon as I heard what happened.

GALE

But you're the SHERIFF, you're suppose to be in Woodsboro.

DEWEY

I was, uh, worried about you.

GALE tries to hold back a smile, but hardly manages to.

GALE

That's sweet, DEWEY. But I'm fine.

DEWEY

Yeah, I'm sure that's what JENNIFER ANISTON thought before she was stabbed to death.

GALE can't argue you with that, so she remains quiet for a BEAT.

GALE  
Have you spoken to SIDNEY?

DEWEY  
(shakes head)  
I tried calling her, but her phone was off. I tried calling you too. But I didn't get an answer.

GALE  
So you just showed up here? Surprising.

DEWEY  
What's so surprising about that?

GALE  
Because you wouldn't leave Woodsboro for me. But you're here now.

DEWEY  
You wouldn't stay in Woodsboro for me. But I'm here now.

DEWEY schooled her once again. GALE's face lights up - this is the DEWEY she loves.

The stage door opens behind DEWEY and in walks JUDY. GALE sees her come in over DEWEY's shoulder. Her face immediately contorts, JUDY stepping aside of him.

JUDY  
(nods)  
SIR...

GALE  
JUDY?!

JUDY  
(nods)  
GALE.

GALE eyes JUDY up and down before turning to DEWEY.

MARTHA  
(O.S.)  
DEWEY!

DEWEY, GALE and JUDY all turn to see MARTHA MEEKS. The younger sister of the late Randy, she's had more success with horror films than her brother had. Another "genre nut," she knowingly put herself in the killer's headlights. Older, but perhaps not wiser, she is SIDNEY's best friend. She wears a robe, still in the midst of prepping for the camera.

DEWEY  
MARTHA?

MARTHA  
 (runs over)  
 Oh my god!

Running over with a big smile on her face, she wraps her arms around DEWEY.

MARTHA (CONT'D)  
 (smiles)  
 Thought I'd be seeing you.

They break apart.

DEWEY  
 It's always great to see you, even under the circumstances. But what are you doing here?

GALE  
 She's today's guest.

MARTHA  
 What a coincidence, huh?

JUDY, standing slightly behind DEWEY, smiles at MARTHA who finally notices her.

MARTHA  
 JUDY HICKS?!

MARTHA and JUDY hug quickly.

JUDY  
 Good to see you, MARTHA.

FRANK approaches from behind.

FRANK  
 JUDY HICKS!

EVERYONE's attention turns immediately to FRANK. JUDY's face contorts from confusion to surprise.

JUDY  
 ...FRANKIE? FRANKIE BOYD?

FRANK nods his head, excitedly.

JUDY  
 Oh, my god! FRANKIE, how are you?

FRANK and JUDY hug each other in the center of the circle they form with MARTHA, GALE and DEWEY.

FRANK  
 (laughs)

I'm good. What a surprise!

GALE

Wait. You two know each other?

DEWEY stands there looking confused.

FRANK

Yeah, we do. JUDY lived across the street from me.

GALE

Hold on, you're from Woodsboro?!

MARTHA

You didn't know that, GALE?

DEWEY looks even more confused. As does MARTHA.

FRANK

(nods)

Yeah, I thought I told you that.

GALE

(to self)

Did you?

JUDY

I can't believe this. What are you doing here?

FRANK

(puts up hands)

Look around. I'm the producer.

JUDY looks shocked to hear it, in a good way. DEWEY steps forward, putting out his hand for FRANK to shake.

DEWEY

(he-hem)

Hi, I'm--

FRANK

(shakes quickly)

DEWEY RILEY, yeah, I remember you.  
[turns to JUDY] So anyway, JUDY - what are you doing here? Didn't I last heard you were promoted to lieutenant of the Woodsboro P-D? Apparently you showed quite the bravery and heroism.

DEWEY is quietly insulted at being brushed off.

JUDY

(nods proudly)

Yup.

JUDY looks directly at GALE. GALE rolls her eyes.

JUDY (CONT'D)

I'm hear to help investigate the latest murders. [looks at DEWEY] SHERIFF and I are partners.

DEWEY nods in agreement. GALE gives him a dirty look, clearly not so subtly jealous.

GALE

(pissed)

Hold on a second, you two are working together?

Just then HITCH approaches the GROUP, coming up behind FRANK.

HITCH

FRANK, the director wants to see you. And GALE, MARTHA, they need you in make-up.

The THREE nod before HITCH turns and runs off.

MARTHA

So, anyway, this was a nice... little Woodsboro reunion.

FRANK

(laughs)

Ugh, Woodsboro. So glad to be gone from there.

JUDY notices DEWEY's insulted expression.

FRANK (CONT'D)

But I got to get going. JUDY, it was great seeing you again.

JUDY

Ah, you too, FRANK. It's been too long.

FRANK steps backward.

FRANK

It has. But let's get together while you're in L-A.

JUDY

(nods)

Okay. I'll call you.

FRANK

Do so!

He turns and walks off.

MARTHA

Well, I have to get dressed. It was great seeing you, DEWEY. You too, JUDY.

DEWEY and MARTHA hug again.

DEWEY

Be careful, MARTHA. THE KILLER has every reason to target you.

MARTHA laughs lightly, clearly not taking his warning seriously.

MARTHA

Okay, DEWEY. [turns to leave] I'll see you in make-up, GALE.

GALE

Alright. Be right there.

MARTHA walks off. GALE turns to the SHERIFF and his LIEUTENANT.

GALE

(challenging)

So you two think you'll catch THE KILLER, huh?

DEWEY

We're working with the police, GALE.

GALE

Good. You're going to need them to compete with me.

GALE throws a dirty look JUDY's way before she turns and walks off to make-up. DEWEY turns to JUDY and chuckles, nervously.

CUT TO:

EXT. UCLA QUAD - CONTINUOUS

PAN the CAMPUS of the university. Students and faculty are everywhere. TWO people dressed as GHOSTFACE run across the quad, grabbing the attention of those they pass by.

RAMONE sits on the cement ledge of the fountain. An open laptop rests in his lap. CLARK stands next to him, one foot up on the ledge, he holds a small notepad and pen in his hands. JAMIE and TERRI come walking up. CLARK and RAMONE notice.

CLARK

Yeah, I'll be sure to note your excitement. Uh, while working on set of STAB: REBOOT, did you have the chance actually meet the victims?

RAMONE

Yup! I met all of the actors.[turns]  
Hey, guys. What's up?

TERRI  
Hey. Hi, CLARK.

JAMIE comes up and takes a seat next to RAMONE, looking at his laptop screen. CLARK just nods to them.

JAMIE  
What are you guys up to? Ugh, STAB message boards? Really RAMONE?

TERRI takes a seat next to JAMIE, also looking over at the screen.

RAMONE  
Yeah. CLARK is going to be featuring me in an upcoming article.

TERRI  
Well, what's the inside scoop? I mean, you did work on the movie. What have you heard?

RAMONE  
They don't tell me anything. You guys know about as much as I do. That is, of course, unless JAMIE has spoken to her STEP-SISTER.

They all look over at her. JAMIE rolls her eyes.

JAMIE  
I haven't spoken to SIDNEY at all. What about you, CLARK? You are the famous GALE WEATHERS' nephew. What do you know?

CLARK  
AUNT GALE was gone early this morning and home late last night. I haven't seen nor heard from her today.

TERRI  
Well, she must be incredibly busy.

CLARK  
Of course she is. No good journalist wants to get scooped.

Just then, a student dressed like GHOSTFACE runs past them, flailing his arms and SCREAMING. Much like the scene from the original SCREAM.

RAMONE  
(laughs)

Isn't this great?!

JAMIE

Yes. Classy.

TERRI

(shaking head)

So, CLARK, ya going to get that exclusive from you AUNT?

CLARK

Oh, I have everything planned.

JAMIE

Of course you do.

RAMONE

(looking at laptop screen)

Oh, listen to this. Since last night, searches for Jill and Charlie's footage has soared by 1000%!

TERRI

Now in psychology, we'd argue who was worse - Jill and Charlie for filming it, or society for watching it.

RAMONE

You haven't seen it?!

TERRI shakes her head.

RAMONE (CONT'D)

Have either of you?

JAMIE and CLARK both shake their heads as well.

JAMIE

Nope.

CLARK

I did an article on the injunction the victims' families put against the uploading and streaming of the videos. Youtube took them down almost immediately.

RAMONE

Oh, man! I can't believe you guys haven't seen it! Jill and Charlie's footage went viral within the hour it was uploaded!

CLARK

That's old news. STAB's main trio is dead! Three of Hollywood's biggest

actors are killed at the REBOOT premiere. I'd much rather be talking about that.

RAMONE

Chill out there, dude. You guys gotta watch this!

RAMONE presses play on a YouTube video entitled, WOODSBORO REBOOT MURDERS. The video begins with Marnie Cooper's murder - the same footage shown at the end of SCRE4M.

TERRI

(entranced)

Oh my god!

JAMIE

Ugh! I can't watch this.

JAMIE stands and walks off. TERRI immediately slides her butt into JAMIE's seat next to RAMONE, watching the murders. CLARK looks displeased, not able to see the video. He watches JAMIE walk off before he decides to follow. He closes the notepad and puts the pen behind his ear.

CLARK

We'll finish that interview later.

RAMONE

(eyes on screen)

Alright.

CLARK runs to catch up with JAMIE.

CLARK

Hey, wait up.

JAMIE

I gotta go study my lines.

CLARK

Well, I was just wondering if I could maybe get an interview with you. I'd love to get an interview with SIDNEY PRESCOTT's step-sister! And since you do go to this school, it'd be quite the story.

JAMIE

And point me out to the whole university? I think not. I'd much rather everyone not know that SIDNEY and I are related... sort of.

CLARK

Oh, come on! A little attention is all

you need to jump start your career.

JAMIE

CLARK, I don't tell people who my mother is for the same reason. I'd rather achieve fame on my own.

They approach a building.

CLARK

What kind of shit is that? We didn't ask to be related to these people. We just are. Why not use it to our advantage if we can?

JAMIE

I'm just not interested, CLARK.

CLARK

Come on, just one interview!

JAMIE

Sorry, but no.

CLARK

I'll even pay you for it!

JAMIE

CLARK, give it a rest! The answer is no!

JAMIE opens the door to the building and walks in. She leaves CLARK standing there.

CUT TO:

INT. SIDNEY'S JOB - CONTINUOUS

A large sign over a bank of elevator reads: GRIEF COUNSELING.

Next to a bank of elevators, PAMELA PRESCOTT sits, across from the front desk. A woman around fifty, she is a well-known screenwriter in Hollywood. She's the mother figure of two grown woman, so NEIL is her everything. A little neurotic, but could you blame her?

Various people pass by her view, but her eyes remain glued on the flat screen television mounted on the wall. She is not the only one watching today's GALE'S FORUM, the girl behind the desk is completely distracted.

ON THE TV SCREEN we see GALE sitting next to MARTHA on a couch on the stage.

GALE

So MARTHA, tell us how you're feeling now; the three main leads of a film you

wrote and produced have been murdered in the exact fashion your film is based on... MY BOOK SERIES. [chuckle]

MARTHA laughs. The camera PANS the laughing audience. Numerous people in the audience wear GHOSTFACE costumes. Some only wear THE MASK - including a little old lady with a walker.

MARTHA

Um, well, I don't know. I feel like I should be asking *you* this question.  
[continues to laugh]

GALE

(joking)

Hey, I ask the questions around here.

We hear another quick laugh from the audience.

MARTHA

I really don't know. I was at the premiere and it was pretty insane. Definitely scary.

GALE

Most of the STAB: REBOOT cast has fled Los Angeles, fearing another HOLLYWOOD HORROR. Do you fear for your life?

MARTHA

(laughs)

Another question I could be asking you!  
Um, no. I don't. I was at that premiere. I figured if I made it through the opening scene, then I'm good to go.  
[laughs]

GALE

Well, we definitely want to hear more about that when we return.

GALE looks into the camera.

GALE

From the rules to surviving a horror movie to the rules of a remake. We cover them all, when we come back. Stay with us, you're watching today's LIVE episode of GALE'S FORUM.

The show cuts to commercial.

PAMELA

Ugh. So distasteful.

SIDNEY comes walking out of a pair of doors with her client,

STEPHANIE, a middle aged woman whose grown fond SID. PAMELA looks over at them as they come out.

SIDNEY  
Have a great weekend, STEPHANIE.

STEPHANIE and SID stop. STEPHANIE looks at SID as if she is about to cry. She throws her arms around SID and whispers in her ear.

STEPHANIE  
(whispers)  
Take care of yourself. You'll make it through this.

SID slightly smiles, not expecting that. STEPHANIE lets go and walks away. As she passes PAMELA, they make eye contact, but STEPHANIE quickly looks away, continuing toward the elevators.

SIDNEY  
PAM.

PAMELA  
(turns)  
SIDNEY!

PAMELA immediately stands and the two approach each other, hugging.

PAMELA  
How are you, honey? Are you okay?

She pushes SID's bangs from her face.

SIDNEY  
(nods)  
Yeah. [shrugs] You'd think I'd be use to it by now.

PAMELA  
(sympathetic)  
You never get use to DEATH. No matter how many times you've been around it.

They trade stares for a BEAT.

SIDNEY  
Have you spoken to my DAD?

PAMELA  
(worried)  
[shaking head] I was hoping you had.

SIDNEY's face immediately contorts.

SIDNEY

What?!

AGENT SALINGER comes out of nowhere, coming up to SIDNEY and PAMELA.

SALINGER  
MISS PRESCOTT, we should get going.

SIDNEY  
I want to see MARK. Take me to him.

SALINGER stands there, a stressed expression on his face.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE STATION - CONTINUOUS

DEWEY, with JUDY right behind him, comes walking into the POLICE STATION. Standing at the front desk is MARK, seemingly joking with a fellow officer. MARK catches a glimpse of them in his eye and turns.

MARK  
RILEY.

DEWEY  
KINCAID.

They two men meet halfway and shake hands. JUDY steps beside DEWEY.

DEWEY  
DETECTIVE KINCAID, this is LIEUTENANT  
JUDY HICKS.

JUDY and MARK shake each other's hands.

MARK  
LIEUTENANT HICKS, it's a pleasure to  
finally meet you. [firm smile]

HICKS  
(nods)  
And you as well, DETECTIVE.

DEWEY  
Do you any suspects? How's SIDNEY?

BRACKETT comes walking up with a file in his hand.

MARK  
RILEY, LIEUTENANT, this is my partner,  
DETECTIVE BRACKETT.

BRACKETT quickly shakes their hands.

RILEY  
Pleasure to meet you.

BRACKETT  
Likewise. I like to keep all my suspects  
at bay.

DEWEY and JUDY turn to each other. BRACKETT turns and walks into  
his OFFICE.

MARK  
(shakes head)  
Don't worry about him.

The THREE follow.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

BRACKETT takes a seat at his desk. MARK, DEWEY and JUDY come  
walking in.

BRACKETT  
We suspect that TORI SPELLING may have  
been the one who committed the murders--

MARK  
But we can't confirm that.

MARK's cellphone rings. He reaches in his pocket and pulls it  
out.

MARK  
(on cellphone)  
DETECTIVE KINCAID...

DEWEY  
(to BRACKETT)  
So you suspect that she carried out the  
murders before being murdered herself?

BRACKETT  
I can almost guarantee it.

MARK  
(closes phone)  
Shit.

BRACKETT  
(turns)  
What is it?

MARK walks to the door.

MARK

It's SIDNEY.

DEWEY  
What? What about SIDNEY?

MARK  
She's here... and she's pissed.

MARK walks out of the office.

CUT TO:

INT. STATION ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

With her BODYGUARDS and PAM at her side, SID comes rushing into the station and walking right up to MARK.

MARK  
SID...

SIDNEY  
(furious)  
What the hell is going on? You couldn't even tell me yourself? I had to find out about the murders on the internet?!

DEWEY comes out of the office. SID sees him over MARK's shoulder.

SIDNEY (CONT'D)  
(big smile)  
DEWEY!

DEWEY  
(equally big grin)  
SID!

They embrace. PAM and MARK greet each other with a hug and kiss on the cheek behind them.

DEWEY (CONT'D)  
How are you?

SIDNEY  
DEWEY, what are you doing here? You shouldn't have left Woodsboro.

DEWEY  
I had to come.

MARK  
The SHERIFF and the LIEUTENANT are working with us.

SID looks over at MARK and then sees JUDY come stepping out of the office with BRACKETT.

JUDY  
 (smiles)  
 Hello, SIDNEY.

SIDNEY and JUDY go in for an awkward hug. PAM and DEWEY kiss each other on the cheek behind them.

SIDNEY  
 It's good to see you again.

JUDY  
 We're going to do everything we can to catch this KILLER, SID.

BRACKETT  
 SIDNEY.

SIDNEY  
 (nods)  
 BRACKETT.

DEWEY  
 Have you gotten any phone calls?

SIDNEY shakes her head.

MARK  
 Of course she hasn't. She doesn't turn her cellphone on, ever.

SIDNEY looks at MARK. A silence ensues for a BEAT.

SIDNEY  
 Can you guys give us a few minutes.

They all nod as SIDNEY grabs MARK by the wrist and pulls him into the OFFICE.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Walking in the office, MARK shuts the door behind them. SID stands in the middle of the room, her arms folded over her chest.

MARK  
 You should be in a safe-house, SID.

SIDNEY  
 I don't want to go to a safe house and I don't want the BODYGUARDS, MARK. How many people have to die for just being around me?

MARK

SID, these are trained professionals--

SIDNEY

And so was every other cop and bodyguard that tried to protect me. And what happened? THE KILLER got to them and I had to protect myself anyway. And that includes you.

MARK

(nods)

Yeah. Thanks for the reminder.

SIDNEY

I'm not going to any safe house. My FATHER is missing! And I'm not going to run from this FUCK, whoever they or he or she are.

MARK

Do you realize that I'm [gestures] this close to being taken off the case? Why can't you just do what I ask?

SIDNEY

You couldn't even tell me yourself, that another set of murders had begun and now you're asking me to run away? [shakes head; infuriated] I might as well kill everyone myself because that's exactly what THE KILLER is going to do until he finds me!

MARK shakes his head, frustrated and exhausted. SID stands there with tears in her eyes.

MARK

Honestly, I didn't want to see your face...[scratches cheek] when you found out. The look in your eyes...

SIDNEY

Like the one I have right now? I thought you were stronger than that, MARK.

SIDNEY walks past him, opens the door and exits the office. MARK shakes his head, not watching her leave.

CUT TO:

INT. SIDNEY'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - NIGHT

SIDNEY stands at the counter, pouring water from a teapot into a mug. She hears the faint sound of a voice nearby. She puts the pot back down on the stove and walks over to the apartment door in the HALLWAY.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

SIDNEY stands at the door, listening to AGENT SALINGER talking on his cellphone.

SALINGER

(O.S.)

I know. No, I haven't forgotten our plans. Don't worry.

SIDNEY opens the door. SALINGER, standing in front of the door immediately turns, surprised by SIDNEY.

SALINGER

Uh, look. I got to go. I'll call you later, okay? Alright.

SALINGER brings his phone from his ear and puts it back into his pocket.

SALINGER

Uh, MS. PRESCOTT, I'm sorry, it was son.

SIDNEY smiles and lightly shakes her head.

SIDNEY

Don't worry about it. I was just wondering if I could yet you some coffee or something to eat?

SALINGER smiles and shakes his head.

SALINGER

Oh, no. I'm fine. Thank you, though.

SIDNEY leans up against the door frame, her arms crossed.

SIDNEY

So you have a son?

SALINGER

Yeah, he's thirteen. He's with my mother. I'm the only parent he's got, ya know?

SIDNEY

Well, I'm sorry if your being here is taking away time from him.

SALINGER

(shakes head)

MS. PRESCOTT, this is my job. We all have to make a living.

SIDNEY

(laughs)

Yeah. It's not easy when you're fighting off killers left and right.

SALINGER

(somewhat joking)

Yeah. About that - if you don't mind my asking, do you really need the bodyguards? From what I've heard, you been doing just fine on your own.

SIDNEY

(shrugs)

Not everyone would agree.

SALINGER

And not everyone survives. Not like you.

SIDNEY and SALINGER maintain eye contact for a BEAT.

SIDNEY

If there's anything I can get you, don't hesitate to ask.

SALINGER nods.

SIDNEY (CONT'D)

Have a good night.

SALINGER

And you as well, MISS PRESCOTT.

SIDNEY shuts the door and walks back into the KITCHEN.

CUT TO:

EXT. SIDNEY'S APARTMENT BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

JAMIE comes walking up to SID's building. Standing in the building doorway are the TWO BODYGUARDS. JAMIE looks up at the windows to see the lights on in SIDNEY's second floor apartment. She then proceeds toward the door.

CUT TO:

INT. SIDNEY'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Sitting in front of her laptop, SIDNEY sips her tea and places the mug on her desk. She then begins typing away.

Just then, SIDNEY hears a knock at her door. She turns and stands, walking toward the door. It opens as she enters the HALLWAY. She stops. The door opens slowly.

SALINGER

(peeks in)  
MS. PRESCOTT?

SIDNEY continues toward the door.

SIDNEY  
Yeah?

SALINGER  
MISS PRESCOTT, your step-sister, JAMIE  
is here.

JAMIE comes out from behind the door. She has a smile on her face.

JAMIE  
Hello, SIDNEY. Surprised?

SIDNEY somewhat smiles.

JAMIE  
I'm sorry for just dropping by. I tried  
calling, but your phone was off. I just  
wanted to see how you were doing so I  
thought I'd just stop by. I hope that's  
alright.

JAMIE stands there uncomfortably as SIDNEY just stares for a moment.

SIDNEY  
Of course it is.

SALINGER stands with his hand on the doorknob, waiting for confirmation to close it.

SIDNEY (CONT'D)  
Come on in. Thanks, SALINGER.

He nods and closes the door behind him. JAMIE walks toward SID who leads her into the LIVING ROOM.

JAMIE  
How is everything? I'm sorry I haven't  
called you in forever. It's just school  
and this student film I have to learn my  
lines for.

JAMIE takes a seat on the couch.

JAMIE (CONT'D)  
You're a writer, you know how it is.

SIDNEY  
(nods & smiles)  
Yes. Yes, I do.

JAMIE  
 (laughs)  
 I should've just finished nursing  
 school.

SID and JAMIE smile at each other.

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING/ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

AGENTS NATOR and TERMIN stand side by side in the entrance of  
 the building.

TERMIN  
 So you into horror movies, NATOR?

NATOR  
 What's that?

TERMIN  
 Horror movies. Do you watch them? Have  
 you ever seen STAB?

NATOR shakes his head.

NATOR  
 Nope. Never read any of the book either.

TERMIN  
 Really?

NATOR  
 Truth be told, I can't stand GALE  
 WEATHERS. There's something about her  
 that irks the shit of me. My wife  
 watches her every-fucking-day.

TERMIN  
 (laughs)  
 Well, there's more to the horror genre  
 than GALE WEATHERS. But she's had her  
 influence.

NATOR  
 (shakes head)  
 Just not a fan.

TERMIN  
 So I guess you don't know THE RULES?

NATOR  
 Rules?

TERMIN  
 (nods)

Ya see there are certain rules horror movies abide by. In fact, all genres have their own set. But the thing is, in horror movies, our characters don't usually last long.

NATOR

Really?

TERMIN

Well, unless of course, you're THE KILLER.

The two stare at each other jokingly suspiciously.

CUT TO:

INT. SIDNEY'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

SID and JAMIE sit comfortably on the couch. SID with her cup of tea on the table.

JAMIE

So, is MARK on the case?

SIDNEY

Yeah. Haven't seen much of him today.

JAMIE

I can't believe this all happening. I mean, I always knew about the murders, but I've never been so close, ya know?

SIDNEY goes to respond, but JAMIE speaks first.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Ugh. I'm sorry I shouldn't have even brought that up.

SIDNEY shakes her head.

SIDNEY

No. It's okay. In fact, I wanted to talk to you. I'm not so sure, with everything going on, that you should be around me.

SIDNEY looks up at JAMIE.

BEAT

JAMIE

Because my life could be in danger, or because you think I could be THE KILLER?

SIDNEY is clearly pained to respond.

SIDNEY

Don't make me answer that.

JAMIE reaches, with her hand over to SIDNEY. SIDNEY jumps, not expecting this. JAMIE pauses, but then continues to extend her hand to SIDNEY's.

JAMIE

Look, SID, you have every right to feel the way you do. I don't know how you feel, but if you ever want to tell me, I'm all ears.

SID smiles, genuinely.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

I know our parents haven't been married for a million years, but I do like having a sister. Especially you, SID.

SIDNEY

I like having you as a sister, too.

They smile at each other. But the moment is broken by the RINGING of JAMIE's cellphone.

JAMIE

That's me. I'm sorry, just one sec.

JAMIE reaches into her purse and pulls out her cellphone.

SIDNEY

Take your time.

SIDNEY stands and walks over to her laptop.

JAMIE

Hello?

She gets no response.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Hello?

SIDNEY looks over at her. A voice sounds from the other side.

PAMELA

(V.O.)

JAME?

JAMIE

Mom?

PAMELA

(V.O.)

Yeah. It's me, sweetie. Where are you?

JAMIE

I'm over at SIDNEY's. Just stopped by to say hello and see how she was doing.

PAMELA

(V.O.)

Oh, sweetie. That's nice and all, but I don't think that's a good idea right now.

JAMIE rolls her eyes. She tries to lower her voice.

JAMIE

Mom, I'm fine.

PAMELA

(V.O.)

Alright. Well, how about I swing by and pick you up on my way home?

JAMIE

Uh, I was going to go back to the dorms tonight.

PAMELA

(V.O.)

Please, sweetie.

JAMIE looks displeased and annoyed by her mother.

PAMELA (CONT'D)

(V.O.)

I'm scared. And with NEIL missing--

JAMIE

Alright. Alright. I'll stay. Come get me here.

PAMELA

(V.O.)

I'm on my way.

JAMIE and PAMELA end the call. JAMIE looks down at her phone, checking her text messages.

JAMIE

Sorry, it was my crazy mother again.

SIDNEY

(smiles)

Aw, leave PAM alone.

JAMIE

SID, if it wasn't for you, HER and I would be at each other's throats. She just hasn't been the same since my

father committed suicide. But she's definitely so much better off with NEIL. He really grounds her.

SIDNEY  
(smiles)  
My DAD has that affect on people.

SIDNEY walks over to her bookshelf, putting away a number of books on her desk. JAMIE's phone begins to RING again.

JAMIE  
Ugh. This is probably her again.

JAMIE looks at her phone, the caller ID reading: UNKNOWN NUMBER.

JAMIE (CONT'D)  
Or not. [answers] Hello?

The FAMILIAR VOICE answers.

VOICE  
(V.O.)  
Hello, JAMIE.

JAMIE smiles and shakes her head.

JAMIE  
Hi, RAMONE. Look, it's really not a good time right now. Can I call you back?

THE VOICE  
(V.O.)  
Whose RAMONE?

JAMIE  
[whispers] Look, I promise I'll play this little game with you later, but this is really not a good time.

THE VOICE  
(V.O.)  
How about we play this little game right now, JAMIE. And you can start by telling SIDNEY I said, hello.

JAMIE's face contorts.

JAMIE  
What did you say?

THE VOICE  
(V.O.)  
SIDNEY. Tell. Her. I said hello.

JAMIE

How did you know I was with SIDNEY?

SIDNEY pauses and looks over at JAMIE, curiously and cautiously.

THE VOICE

(V.O.)

[whisper] Because I've been watching you.

JAMIE looks angry.

SIDNEY

What's wrong?

JAMIE

RAMONE, I'm gonna--

THE VOICE

(V.O.)

[interrupts] This is not fucking RAMONE!

JAMIE

(pissed)

Than who the fuck is this?

THE VOICE

(V.O.)

This is the last person you're ever going to see alive! I'm going to force SIDNEY to watch while I cut your heart out with a KNIFE!

JAMIE looks up at SID, a frightened expression on her face.

SIDNEY

It's the killer.

JAMIE nods. SIDNEY runs over and grabs JAMIE's arm, dragging her with her toward the front door in the hallway. As they come into the archway, the front door opens, but only half-way. SID stops, JAMIE stands behind her. With the door opening in toward SIDNEY and JAMIE, their view is blocked from seeing who is entering. No one immediately comes out from behind the door.

SIDNEY

SALINGER?

There's a BEAT of silence.

AGENT SALINGER comes slowly stepping out from behind the door. He turns toward SIDNEY and JAMIE. SIDNEY takes a step forward.

SALINGER

SID...

SALINGER drops to his knees and falls flat to the floor. A KNIFE

sticks out of the center of his back. GHOSTFACE jumps out from behind the door. JAMIE SCREAMS. SIDNEY immediately turns around and shoves JAMIE back.

SIDNEY

Run! Into the bedroom!

SIDNEY and JAMIE run back. JAMIE running into the open doorway of SIDNEY's BEDROOM. SID stops at her desk, opening her drawer. Her gun is NOT THERE. She looks back to see GHOSTFACE pull the knife out of SALINGER's back and proceed toward her.

JAMIE

SIDNEY!

SID kicks her roly desk chair. It speeds toward THE KILLER, but he pushes it over, raging toward her. SIDNEY practically jumps into her room as the BUCK 120 is swung at her, missing. GHOSTFACE turns to the open doorway.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

SIDNEY turns and slams the door shut. The BLADE comes through the door, just inches from her face. She turns the lock on the doorknob. The blade is pulled from the other side. SIDNEY backs away from the door. JAMIE stands by the window, her cellphone in hand, looking completely traumatized and obviously wishing she listened to her MOTHER.

BEAT

There is no pounding on the door. They hear no movement whatsoever, outside the room.

JAMIE

(crying)

Is he still out there?

SIDNEY just stares at the knife-hole in the door. She shakes her head, trying to hold back tears. The look on her face shows exhaustion. She is clearly tired of all of this.

SIDNEY

(turns to JAMIE)

Call the police! Call them!

JAMIE does as she is told. SIDNEY runs over to the side table next to her side of the bed. The framed picture of NEIL from SCREAM 3 under her on lamp. She opens the drawer, searching for her gun. Finding nothing, she climbs over her bed to MARK's side. On his table is another lamp and a picture of him and SIDNEY, big smiles on their faces. SIDNEY searches for a gun in his drawer, but comes up with nothing again.

JAMIE  
 (on cellphone)  
 Please, hurry! He's right outside the  
 bedroom door!

JAMIE pulls her phone from her ear.

JAMIE  
 SIDNEY, I'm scared.

SIDNEY stops and looks around the room.

SIDNEY  
 The fire escape!

SIDNEY runs over to the window. She unlocks it and opens it,  
 stepping out of the way for JAMIE to go first.

CUT TO:

EXT. FIRE ESCAPE - CONTINUOUS

JAMIE climbs out onto the metal fire escape three stories high.  
 The stairs leading up the fire escape right outside SIDNEY's  
 window. JAMIE turns and gives SID a hand, helping her pull  
 herself out.

SIDNEY  
 Go.

As JAMIE turns to go to the downward steps, she sees THE KILLER  
 coming up! JAMIE screams again.

SIDNEY  
 Go up!

SIDNEY pulls JAMIE back, letting her run up the steps ahead of  
 her. SIDNEY follows, GHOSTFACE chasing behind them. Barely five  
 steps up, SIDNEY is grabbed at her ankle. She falls up the  
 steps, THE KILLER holds up his knife, ready to stab her in the  
 leg.

JAMIE  
 SIDNEY!

SIDNEY kicks him in the shoulder and he goes flying back. He  
 lands at the bottom, next to SID's open window. The railing  
 prevents him from falling over. SIDNEY gets up and continues up  
 the fire escape. Her and JAMIE run up the two stories to THE  
 ROOF.

CUT TO:

EXT. BUILDING ROOFTOP - CONTINUOUS

SIDNEY and JAMIE come out onto the flat building ROOFTOP. It is

covered with a large generator or two, as well as a closed door to the stairwell leading into the building. SIDNEY runs over to the door. JAMIE follows. Unfortunately for them, the heavy metal door is locked.

SIDNEY

Fuck!

JAMIE

(frantic)

What are we going to do?!

They hear the police sirens in the distance. SIDNEY looks around. She can see the LA skyline behind the three and four story buildings surrounding the area.

SIDNEY

Over here.

SIDNEY leads JAMIE over to one of the generators.

SIDNEY

Stay here, don't move!

JAMIE nods, crouching down behind the generator. SID runs behind the brick structure which houses the stairwell into the building. She makes it behind, just before GHOSTFACE comes up onto the roof.

It appears as if no one is here, but THE KILLER knows better. He quickly runs out, stopping short and looking around. JAMIE peeks out from behind the generator. SID does the same, but from behind the corner of the wall.

GHOSTFACE walks around the rooftop, approaching the generator which JAMIE hides behind. THE KILLER steps forward. JAMIE crawls around the other side of the generator as GHOSTFACE peers around. No one is there. THE KILLER then turns in that direction and begins walking. The sirens are right up the block. JAMIE is forced to crawl around to the other side now as GHOSTFACE comes closer.

Hearing movement, THE KILLER turns and looks directly at the generator. He starts stepping toward it, slowly. JAMIE crouches behind, breathing heavily, practically shitting in her pants.

SIDNEY

(O.C.)

Hey!

THE KILLER turns to see SIDNEY standing no more than ten feet ahead. Lunging at her, SIDNEY turns and runs for the edge of the building. She jumps, making it right over a narrow alleyway between her building and the one next to it. She lands on the other building rooftop, rolling over.

SIDNEY

Ah!

She grabs at her ankle in pain. THE KILLER follows her, jumping to the next rooftop without hesitation. GHOSTFACE too, lands and rolls over. SIDNEY jumps up and quickly limps over to the door leading into *this* building's stairwell. It too is locked. SIDNEY dodges THE KILLER's knife, it going right into the door.

The police cars pull up in front of SIDNEY's building, the sirens flashing up. SIDNEY limps over to the edge of the building and looks over.

SIDNEY

(waving arms)

Up here! Up here!

SIDNEY looks back just in time to see GHOSTFACE swing his blade at her. She ducks and dives into his torso. SIDNEY forces THE KILLER back until he falls, her falling on top of him. They fall before the ledge on the side of the building next to the alleyway. SIDNEY punches him in the face and gets up to run. GHOSTFACE grabs at her ankle, causing SIDNEY to fall forward. Going down, SID hits her head on the edge of one of this building's generators.

SIDNEY (CONT'D)

Ah!

SIDNEY brings her hand to her cut forehead, not knocked unconscious, but left disoriented. GHOSTFACE stands over her, he grabs her arm and rolls her onto her back. SID looks up at the GHOSTFACE MASK. THE KILLER runs the BUCK 120 gently by her neck. He then lifts the KNIFE above his head. SIDNEY's eyes grow big.

JAMIE

(O.C.)

No!

JAMIE runs up behind THE KILLER and forcefully shoves him. He flies over SIDNEY and over the side of the building. Falling four stories, GHOSTFACE lands in a large dumpster full of garbage bags.

JAMIE reaches out and gives SID a hand. SID get up, still holding her bleeding head.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

(frantic)

Are you okay?!

SID says nothing, she just looks over the side of the building. JAMIE does as well. Looking down, they see GHOSTFACE crawl out of the large dumpster, look up at them and then run off.

SID and JAMIE turn to each other.

JAMIE (CONT'D)  
He's getting away.

CLOSE UP on SID's face, her hand pressed down on her bleeding head wound. She pulls her hand away and looks down at the blood in her palm.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - LATER

SIDNEY comes walking out of the building adjacent to her's. The block is cornered off, police cars and two ambulances parked in the street. A crowd of spectators stand off to one side while the media is on the other.

As SIDNEY comes through the doorway of the building into the street, cameras begin flashing. Behind SIDNEY are her two BODYGUARDS.

REPORTER  
SIDNEY, was it the GHOSTFACE killer?

REPORTER  
SIDNEY, did you get a phone call?

Standing by one of the ambulances is JAMIE. She walks up to SIDNEY.

JAMIE  
How's your ankle?

JAMIE looks up at the cut on SIDNEY's forehead.

JAMIE  
You should get that looked at.

SIDNEY nods. She puts her hand on JAMIE's back as she turns and the two walk toward one of the ambulances.

MARK and BRACKETT come through the crowd onto the scene. They both duck under the police tap blocking off the area. MARK spots SIDNEY and JAMIE by the ambulance.

MARK  
(O.C.)  
SID!

SIDNEY turns to see MARK running toward her.

MARK (CONT'D)  
(approaches)  
Are you alright? What happened?

MARK wraps his arms around her. SIDNEY embraces him. He grabs her face and looks at the cut on her forehead.

MARK (CONT'D)

Are you okay?

Before SIDNEY could speak, she spots paramedics wheeling a gurney out of the doorway to her building.

PARAMEDIC

We got a live one, here!

MARK turns around. SIDNEY and JAMIE look on as AGENT SALINGER is pulled out of the building and quickly wheeled toward an open ambulance. An oxygen mask on his face, he picks his head up. His eyes meet SIDNEY's. They hold eye contact before he looks down shamefully. SALINGER is loaded into the ambulance.

REPORTER

SIDNEY, which relative is trying to kill you now?

MARK turns and looks back SIDNEY. She looks back at him.

MULTIPLE REPORTERS

SIDNEY! SIDNEY! SIDNEY!

CUT TO:

EXT. UCLA MEDICAL CENTER - NIGHT

A REPORTER stands before the HOSPITAL. People crowd around the outside. Members of the crowd hold up large signs, posters of SIDNEY - "Long Live Sidney!" "Hero! Not the victim!"

REPORTER

I'm standing here LIVE in front of UCLA MEDICAL CENTER where SIDNEY PRESCOTT has been brought just moment ago by ambulance. SIDNEY was seen getting out of the ambulance, so we can confirm all reports of her being dead FALSE. However, sources are confirming that SIDNEY was indeed attacked at her Westwood, Los Angeles apartment. At this time, we have no further information on her condition, but if you take a look behind me,

The REPORTER turns and moves out of the way of the camera, showing off the crowd of people holding up signs for SID.

REPORTER (CONT'D)

SIDNEY PRESCOTT seems to have her usual crowd of supporters waiting for word on her condition. Let's see if we can get a word with one of these so-called, fans.

The REPORTER walks up to the crowd, picking a GIRL in the crowd

out. The GIRL wears a black t-shirt which has the cover of OUT OF DARKNESS printed on it.

REPORTER (CONT'D)  
Excuse me, can we ask you a few questions.

GIRL  
(smiles)  
Oh, sure.

REPORTER  
What brings you down here tonight?

GIRL  
(yells)  
SIDNEY -BLEEP- PRESCOTT! WOO!

The whole crowd cheers.

REPORTER  
Now are you here supporting MISS PRESCOTT?

GIRL  
Of course! She's the shit. A woman every girl wants to be and a woman every man wants to have!

A BOY standing next to her sticks his face into the camera.

BOY  
Hell yeah! SIDNEY PRESCOTT, marry me!

CUT TO:

INT. SID'S HOSPITAL ROOM

SIDNEY sits on the edge of a hospital bed in a hospital gown. A bandage is over the cut on her forehead. A nurse in the room cleans up, not taking her eyes off of SIDNEY.

NURSE  
(approaches)  
Excuse me, MISS PRESCOTT.

SIDNEY turns and looks at the NURSE who sports a huge smile on her face.

NURSE (CONT'D)  
I know this isn't exactly the best time, but I just wanted to let you know what a huge fan I am of your's!

SIDNEY half smiles, nodding to the woman. Clearly she is no mood and the NURSE recognizes this.

NURSE (CONT'D)

I just wanted to thank you for inspiring me to help others. You are the reason I'm a nurse.

SIDNEY

Thank you.

The NURSE nods and continues what she was doing. The DOCTOR knocks before entering, SIDNEY's chart in his hand. He leaves the door slightly ajar.

DOCTOR

Okay, SIDNEY...

SIDNEY

How am I, DOC?

DOCTOR

(looks up; smiles)

You're perfect. No broken bones. Your ankle was just twisted. It should be fine.

SIDNEY

Great.

DOCTOR

Oh, but there is one thing...

SIDNEY looks up at him. He closes her chart and looks at her, slight smile on his face.

JAMIE comes slowly stepping up the door. She stops and listens.

SIDNEY

(O.S.)

What is it?

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL WAITING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

PAM stands in the waiting room with MARK and BRACKETT.

PAMELA

(upset)

First NEIL goes missing, now this...

BRACKETT

We'll find him, MRS. PRESCOTT, don't worry.

They all turn and look as JAMIE comes walking in.

MARK

Did you see SID? How is she?

JAMIE  
Uuuhh... she's still in with the doctor.

CLARK  
(O.S.)  
JAMIE!

JAMIE turns to see CLARK standing in the doorway, a pencil behind his ear.

JAMIE  
CLARK?

CLARK comes walking over to her. PAM, MARK and BRACKETT look over at him. CLARK makes eye contact with MARK.

JAMIE (CONT'D)  
What are you doing here?

CLARK  
I heard what happened. I just wanted to make sure you were alright.

JAMIE  
I'm uh, I'm fine. Thanks.

JAMIE turns to PAM and the DETECTIVES.

JAMIE (CONT'D)  
I think I'm ready to go, MOM.

They all turn to walk out of the waiting room, BRACKETT and MARK ahead.

JAMIE (CONT'D)  
Thanks for stopping by, CLARK.

JAMIE turns and starts walking off with her mother. CLARK grabs her arm.

CLARK  
JAMIE, wait. I, uh, I was hoping you would maybe give me a few words... on record... for the newspaper.

PAMELA  
Now is not a good time for this.

PAM goes to pull JAMIE away, but JAMIE stops.

JAMIE  
No, it's alright, MOM. CLARK is just trying to get the story, isn't that right, CLARK?

CLARK  
 (nods)  
 [pulls out notepad and pencil] Right.  
 Right. So, uh, first thing, how does it  
 feel to officially be apart of the  
 franchise?

CLARK writes in his notepad. He looks up just in time to receive  
 a PUNCH to the face.

CLARK (CONT'D)  
 Ah!

PAMELA  
 JAMIE!

JAMIE  
 Bastard.

CLARK holds his cheek, looking over at JAMIE. She stands there,  
 staring back. Anger written across her face. PAMELA grabs JAMIE  
 and pulls her away, leaving CLARK alone in the waiting room.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

SID and MARK approach each other, slowly walking up. They stop  
 and just stare at one another for a BEAT.

MARK  
 Are you alright?

SID nods.

BRACKETT  
 (O.S.)  
 SIDNEY...

SID and MARK turn to see BRACKETT approaching with a woman who  
 actually looks very much like SID. The two approach SIDNEY and  
 MARK.

BRACKETT (CONT'D)  
 SID, I want you to meet AGENT SAMANTHA  
 PRESTON - she's your DECOY.

The two look alike shake heads.

PRESTON  
 (smiles)  
 Pleasure to meet you, MISS PRESCOTT.  
 Glad I can help in any way.

SIDNEY  
 (nods)

I appreciate it, thank you.

BRACKETT

PRESTON is going to help us get you out of here without all the media frenzy. She'll also come in hand to distract the press and the public so you are not bothered, SID. Hopefully we'll also be able to bait THE KILLER this way.

PRESTON

We're doing whatever we can to stop this, MISS PRESCOTT.

SID nods to them, but says nothing. She turns to MARK.

MARK

Let me get you home.

SIDNEY

(to PRESTON)

Nice meeting you.

PRESTON

Likewise.

SID and MARK walk away, leaving BRACKETT and PRESTON standing there.

CUT TO:

INT. SIDNEY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

SIDNEY walks into her apartment ahead of MARK. Her TWO BODYGUARDS stand at the door.

MARK

You don't use your cellphones and you don't leave the area for any reason. Got it?

SIDNEY walks down the hall and into her bedroom.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

SIDNEY looks at the blade mark through the door. She then sees the curtains at the window blowing - the window she and JAMIE climbed out of still open. She walks over and looks out. She then closes it and locks it.

MARK comes and stands in the doorway.

MARK

I still think you should go to the safe

house.

SIDNEY

We already discussed this, MARK. I'm not going to a safe house and I'm not leaving my apartment.

SIDNEY walks over to her dresser and begins to change her clothes.

MARK

So you just want to wait for THE KILLER to come and get you?

SIDNEY

(snaps)

What choice do I have, MARK? THE KILLERS have my father - AGAIN. They have me by the balls and they know it.

MARK

So you're just going to take your chances?

SIDNEY

THE KILLER's not going to kill me. THE KILLER wants to confront me, MARK. That's what this is all about - the FINAL SHOWDOWN.

MARK

(displeased)

I can't believe you're doing this.

SIDNEY

Where's MY GUN, MARK?

MARK

What?

SIDNEY, finished changing, walks up to him.

SIDNEY

Where's MY GUN? I want it.

MARK walks over to another dresser in the room. He opens a drawer and shuffles around some papers before pulling out SIDNEY's GUN. She walks over and practically snatches it from his hand. She turns her back to him and checks to make sure the weapon is loaded.

SIDNEY

Shouldn't you be getting back to work?

BEAT

MARK  
(shakes head)  
Yeah.

MARK turns and leaves the room. SIDNEY holds the gun close to her chest.

CUT TO:

EXT. OUTDOOR CAFE - THE NEXT DAY

SIDNEY and MARTHA sit at the table. MARTHA with coffee in front of her, tea in front of SIDNEY.

MARTHA  
You look like you haven't slept all night.

SIDNEY  
I didn't, really.

MARTHA  
Well, wasn't MARK with you?

SIDNEY  
(shakes head)  
He's trying to prove that he's not too close to the case, MARTHA. He has to be there at all times.

MARTHA  
Well, to be totally honest, he called me last night.

SIDNEY  
(looks up)  
You? Why is he calling you?

MARTHA  
Because you won't talk to him. He knows I have your ear and he wants to know why you're pushing him away? I mean, the guy has the right to worry, SID. This is not the first time--

SIDNEY cuts MARTHA off.

SIDNEY  
(annoyed)  
Yeah, MARTHA. I love how you immediately assume that I'm the problem in the relationship. I mean, I know I'm paranoid and not easy to live with, but MARK has his own inner demons too.

MARTHA

Hey, SID, I'm just going by what MARK told me. And what I know about you...

SIDNEY looks off into the distance.

MARTHA (CONT'D)

Look, SID, you've broken this man's heart how many times now? In the last ten years you've called off a wedding and broken two engagements. But yet you two still managed to work things out and get back together.

SIDNEY

(nods)

Yeah, fucked up people often come to depend on one another.

MARTHA

That's a pretty shitty thing to say.

SIDNEY

(stands)

Well, I'm in a pretty shitty mood.

SIDNEY turns and walks away.

MARTHA

SIDNEY...

MARTHA watches an upset SID leave the cafe, her BODYGUARDS inconspicuously following her.

CUT TO:

INT. SIDNEY'S APARTMENT - DAY

SIDNEY sits at her desk, her laptop open. She is no further into her book than she was two days ago. She knows she has writer's block, but denies until now. She shakes her head and stands up, walking over to the couch.

CUE "GUT SOMEONE" by MARCO BELTRAMI

Sitting down at the end of the couch, SIDNEY reaches over to the OLD PHOTOGRAPH of her and her mother. She stares at the picture.

A KNOCK on the door interrupts this moment. SIDNEY looks up. She puts the photograph back down on the side table and walks down the hall to the door.

Opening the door, she finds a BODYGUARD and DEWEY standing there. A cup holder is in DEWEY's hand, two cups of coffee in the holder.

SIDNEY  
 (smiles)  
 DEWEY. Come in.

DEWEY  
 (walks in)  
 Hey, SID.

The two hug and sit on the couch in the living room.

SIDNEY  
 So how are you? We didn't really get a chance to catch up at the station.

DEWEY  
 I'm okay. I'm worried about you, SID.

SIDNEY  
 Of course you are. But I know you're not here just for me.

DEWEY  
 (shrugs)  
 GALE and I have already sort of gotten into it.

SIDNEY  
 (smiles)  
 Why am I not surprised? But that's who you guys are; you fight. I mean, it's GALE.

They both let out a little laugh.

SIDNEY (CONT'D)  
 No matter what, you guys always seem to find a way back to each other.

DEWEY shrugs, expressing a lack of assurance.

SIDNEY (CONT'D)  
 ...DEWEY... I'm pregnant.

DEWEY  
 (shocked)  
 [big smile] SID...

SID somewhat smiles, but embraces DEWEY's hug.

DEWEY (CONT'D)  
 Congratulations! I'm so happy for you. That's great news. Ya know, especially since you didn't think you get pregnant after--

DEWEY stops. He chooses not to say what he's already reminded

her of - Jill's stabbing SID in the stomach in SCRE4M.

DEWEY extends his hand and places it over her's.

DEWEY

You know I'm always here for you and I  
always will be. For you and the baby.

SID and DEWEY have A MOMENT. Or do they?

Anyway, the vibrating of DEWEY's phone interrupts the moment. He pulls away his hand and pulls out his cellphone. DEWEY looks down at it. A text message from GALE reads: Watch the show! Right now!

DEWEY

It's from GALE... She wants us to watch  
the show.

SIDNEY

Let's put it on.

SID grabs the remote off of the coffee table and turns on the TV. She clicks through the channels until coming upon GALE'S FORUM.

CUT TO:

INT. TV STUDIO - DAY

GALE stands in the middle of the screen. Behind her is two chairs and a couch. Behind that stands two LARGE LETTERS: "GF" in RED.

GALE

Welcome back to GALE'S FORUM, LIVE with  
your host, GALE WEATHERS. Los Angeles is  
once again the setting for yet another  
series of real life GHOSTFACE murders.  
Looks like the Woodsboro Reboot was  
really the start of a NEW TRILOGY. A  
trilogy that continued the other night.

CUT TO:

INT. UCLA COMMON ROOM - CONTINUOUS

RAMONE, JAMIE and TERRI sit at a table with cups of coffee in front of them. They all look over and watch the mounted flat screen.

GALE

(V.O.)

The KILLER has caught the world's  
attention with the ultimate OPENING  
KILL.

CLARK stands at the coffee bar. He takes a shot of espresso and watches the TV screen from across the room.

CUT TO:

INT. TV STUDIO - DAY

GALE walks over to a mannequin dressed as GHOSTFACE. She rests her arm on the shoulder.

GALE

SIDNEY has been traditionally attacked, once again. Next on the list is the post-opening kill. The female. Who will she be? The better question is, who is under the mask?

The camera pulls back --

CUTTING TO:

INT. SIDNEY'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

We pull back from GALE on the television screen.

SIDNEY and DEWEY sit on the couch in her livingroom, watching the show.

CUT TO:

INT. TV STUDIO - CONTINUOUS

GALE pulls the mask off of the mannequin, revealing the head to be painted as GHOSTFACE. With the mask in hand, GALE walks over to the middle of the stage where the seats are.

GALE

One thing is for sure, we know we have a killer who is definitely determined to outdo all others.

FRANK, the producer stands off-stage, texting on his cellphone. He looks on at GALE who stands before her audience. A smile grows across his face.

GALE

So, MR. GHOSTFACE, if you are so bold, more than the others, I challenge you to call me. Right here at the studio - LIVE. Right now.

GALE takes a seat.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE STATION - CONTINUOUS

MARK and BRACKETT, among other officers, watch GALE'S FORUM. They look up at the flat screen mounted under the ceiling.

BRACKETT

Ugh. What the fuck is she doing?!

The TV screen:

GALE

(V.O.)

Viewers, we ask that you not call the number at the bottom of your screen. That is, of course, unless you are THE KILLER.

GALE smirks at the camera.

MARK watches with his arms crossed.

CUT TO:

INT. TV STUDIO - CONTINUOUS

GALE sits down, the GHOSTFACE mask still in her hand. She leans forward, looking directly into the camera.

GALE

Come on, MR. GHOSTFACE. Make the call... if you have the guts.

GALE sits back, smiling. Her body language screams of nothing but confidence.

PAN the audience who all look at each other, whispering. Some wear GHOSTFACE masks, but no one in full costume.

CUT TO:

INT. UCLA COMMON ROOM - CONTINUOUS

EVERYONE in the COMMON ROOM watches the TV screen. Everyone in the room looks frozen in place, their eyes glued to the screen.

RAMONE

This is fucking awesome!

JAMIE and TERRI look at RAMONE.

Standing across the room, CLARK plays with his cellphone. He looks up, shakes his head and rolls his eyes. He turns and walks away.

CUT TO:

INT. SIDNEY'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

SIDNEY and DEWEY continue to watch.

DEWEY

What is she thinking? THE KILLER isn't going to call.

GALE

(V.O.)

We'll wait, MR. GHOSTFACE. Do what no killer has ever done before:

SIDNEY

Doubt the real one, at least.

CUT TO:

INT. TV STUDIO - CONTINUOUS

GALE holds the GHOSTFACE mask up in front of her, but turned so the camera and audience can see.

GALE

Speak to the world on LIVE TV.

BACKSTAGE, HITCH frantically hands FRANK a phone.

FRANK

Hello?

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE STATION - CONTINUOUS

The whole station's attention is grabbed.

BRACKETT

This is a waste of time. The killer isn't calling!

MARK

You don't know that.

CUT TO:

INT. TV STUDIO - CONTINUOUS

GALE looks backstage, FRANK stands there with a very excited thumbs up.

GALE

(big grin)

WELL, it looks like we have a CALLER!

GALE stands.

GALE (CONT'D)

Hello?

A BEAT of silence ensues.

VOICE  
(V.O.)  
...Hello, GALE.

GALE's face lights up at the sound of the FAMILIAR VOICE.

CUT TO:

INT. SIDNEY'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

SIDNEY and DEWEY immediately turn to one another. They then look back at the screen.

CUT TO:

INT. GALE'S FORUM - CONTINUOUS

GALE continues to stand in the middle of the stage. Everyone in the audience remains quiet, listening to the conversation ensuing.

VOICE (CONT'D)  
(V.O.)  
What's your--

GALE cuts him off.

GALE  
Favorite scary movie? Uh, this is my show. I ask the questions here.

VOICE  
(V.O.)  
This may be your show, but it's MY MOVIE. I say who dies and when. Come on, GALE. You know all this.

GALE  
I do. All too well.

VOICE  
(V.O.)  
Don't underestimate the power of another sequel, GALE. Because this is so much more than that. The "MAIN TRIO" may be dead, but your stories aren't over... yet. You think this phone call will help the police catch me? Ha! I just have one question for you, GALE. You helped discover the fourth in two. So the fourth in five is...? Good luck, you'll need it.

CLICK.

The line cuts off. GALE stands in the middle of the stage, all eye of the audience and over thirty million viewers on her. For the first time, she is speechless as she thinks hard. She looks backstage to see FRANK standing there, slicing the air with his hand, silently mouthing "Commercial. Commercial."

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE STATION - CONTINUOUS

The frozen police station watches a stiff and hard-thinking GALE fade-out as the show cuts to commercial.

JUDY comes running up behind KINCAID and BRACKETT.

JUDY  
BRACKETT, KINCAID! We trace the call.

The two men turn to her.

JUDY  
(reads notepad)  
We traced the call. 2-2-4-3 6th Street.

BRACKETT  
Let's go!

The DETECTIVES grab their blazers and follow behind JUDY.

CUT TO:

EXT. MARTHA'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

MARTHA pulls her 2010 Mercedes Benz into the driveway of her ranch-style home. Getting out of the car, she shuts the door and looks down at her iPhone. She reads the text on the screen:

MARTHA: Hurry up. I have something to offer you.

RAMONE: On my way.

She then walks up to her house. A phonecall coming in just as she makes her way through the front door.

CUT TO:

INT. MARTHA'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

MARTHA comes through the door into the HALLWAY, looking at her cellphone curiously before answering it.

MARTHA  
Hello?

She closes the door behind her and turns on the lights.

VOICE  
(V.O.)  
MARTHA MEEKS, please.

MARTHA  
...This is her.

MARTHA makes her way into the LIVING ROOM.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

MARTHA walks through the doorway and toward the desktop computer on her desk.

VOICE  
(V.O.)  
Ah, MARTHA. How are you doing? Oh, well  
it doesn't matter anyway. You see,  
you're next on my list.

CUE "RANDY'S TRAGIC DEATH" by MARCO BELTRAMI

MARTHA turns and looks around her livingroom.

MARTHA  
...I've been waiting for this call. What  
took you so long?

She reaches for the landline portable phone next to her computer.

VOICE  
(V.O.)  
It's all part of the set-up, MARTHA. You  
see, you play a specific role far beyond  
just being Randy's sister. You're the  
first post-opening kill and--

She dials a number into the phone.

MARTHA  
(interrupts)  
And the fourth victim... just like my  
brother. Right?

VOICE  
(V.O.)  
Hehe. You're good. Just like Randy. But  
like Randy, with all your horror movie  
knowledge, you still don't WATCH YOUR  
BACK!

MARTHA spins around and looks behind her - no one there.

MARTHA

Why don't you stop fucking around and  
come get me? I'm here and not going  
anywhere, you motherfucker!

MARTHA hangs up on THE KILLER and runs down the hall to the  
KITCHEN.

CUT TO:

INT. GALE'S STUDIO - DRESSING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

GALE sits at her vanity looking herself in the mirror.

GALE

Discovered the fourth in the second...  
the fourth in fifth? ...Randy... MARTHA!

GALE jumps out of her seat and runs out of her DRESSING ROOM.

CUT TO:

INT. SIDNEY'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

DEWEY grabs the remote and turns off the TV. He and SIDNEY look  
at each other. SIDNEY shakes her head.

SIDNEY

DEWEY... what's to come?

DEWEY

I don't know, SID. But I think you need  
to protect yourself. And that baby. You  
need to go to the safe-house.

SIDNEY doesn't know what to say. She just leans over and takes a  
breather. At that moment, a cellphone rings.

DEWEY (CONT'D)

That's me.

He reaches into his pocket and pulls out his cellphone.

DEWEY (CONT'D)

It's MARTHA.

SID sits up and looks at DEWEY who answers the call.

DEWEY (CONT'D)

(on cellphone)

MARTHA?

CUT TO:

INT. MARTHA'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

MARTHA stands in the middle of her kitchen, a BUTCHER KNIFE in one hand and the house phone in the other.

MARTHA

DEWEY! THE KILLER called me! I'm his next victim. Get over to my house!

DEWEY

(V.O.)

MARTHA, get out of the house and call the police!

MARTHA looks out the window to see the NIGHT setting in. Her backyard empty of people.

CUT TO:

INT. SIDNEY'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

SIDNEY listens attentively to DEWEY's conversation with MARTHA.

MARTHA

(V.O.)

No! DEWEY, you need to get here! We're going to catch this prick and we're going to do it now!

DEWEY

MARTHA, no!

DEWEY becomes frantic.

MARTHA

Just get here, DEWEY!

CLICK. MARTHA hangs up.

DEWEY

MARTHA!

SIDNEY

What's going on?!

DEWEY

MARTHA's baiting herself to THE KILLER.

SIDNEY

What?!

DEWEY

I have to get to her house!

DEWEY walks toward the door.

SIDNEY  
I'm coming with you!

DEWEY  
SID, no. Stay here. Please. Just stay  
here with your bodyguards.

SIDNEY stands and watches DEWEY turn and run to the front door,  
pulling out his cellphone.

Just as she hears the door close behind him, SIDNEY rushes over  
to her desk. She opens the drawer and pulls out her revolver.  
She then proceeds into her BEDROOM.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

SIDNEY runs over to the window, opens it and climbs out onto the  
fire escape.

CUT TO:

INT. MARTHA'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

MARTHA, with her house phone in one hand and the knife in the  
other, peers out of her kitchen and down the HALLWAY. She  
breathes heavily as she looks out. She slowly steps through the  
doorway.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

MARTHA slowly creeps down the HALLWAY toward the closed front  
door. The house is silent and full of shadows.

Just then, her doorbell rings. She pauses. There's a knock at  
the backdoor in the KITCHEN. She jerks her head and looks back.

MARTHA  
(whisper)  
Shit.

The doorbell rings again. She turns around.

MARTHA (CONT'D)  
...Who is it?

RAMONE  
(O.S.)  
MARTHA, it's me - RAMONE.

MARTHA  
RAMONE.

MARTHA sighs in relief, turning and looking at the backdoor. She again, turns around and runs down the hallway toward the front door.

Opening the door, she immediately pulls RAMONE inside and slams the door shut and locking it.

RAMONE

Hey. What the hell are you doing?

RAMONE stands there, confused as to why she holds a butcher knife in her hand.

MARTHA

THE KILLER is here! He's coming after me!

RAMONE

(worried)

What?! Well, why the hell are we here then?!

MARTHA

You love the STAB movies, don't you? How do you feel about helping me catch THE KILLER?

RAMONE

...Uh, did you call the police?!

MARTHA

DEWEY's on his way.

RAMONE

I'm calling the police!

RAMONE pulls out his cellphone and as he begins dialing the number, GHOSTFACE comes flying out of the closet. MARTHA and RAMONE scream. MARTHA jumps back.

THE KILLER goes to stab RAMONE, but RAMONE grabs THE KILLER's arm, stopping him. GHOSTFACE grabs RAMONE's free arm with his and the two begin a battle of strength. THE KILLER slams RAMONE up against the wall.

RAMONE

Ah!

MARTHA

RAMONE!

MARTHA holds up the butcher knife and goes at THE KILLER. GHOSTFACE pulls RAMONE in front of him and the blade of MARTHA's knife goes right into RAMONE's forearm. He yells out in pain. MARTHA pulls out the knife and jumps back.

Still holding onto GHOSTFACE's arm, RAMONE and THE KILLER continue to struggle.

CUT TO:

EXT. MARTHA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

DEWEY's car pulls into MARTHA's driveway. SIDNEY's car pulls up right behind him. DEWEY gets out of his car to see SIDNEY standing there, slamming her car door shut. She pulls out her gun and runs toward him.

Another car pulls into the driveway. SIDNEY and DEWEY turn and look back to see GALE get out of the vehicle.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

RAMONE shoves THE KILLER up against the wall and looks over at MARTHA.

RAMONE

MARTHA!

RAMONE sees MARTHA standing right in front of ANOTHER GHOSTFACE KILLER.

SLOW MOTION SEQUENCE: THE KILLER raises TWO BUCK 120 KNIVES and brings them down into her. MARTHA is DOUBLE BUCK 120'D right in the chest. A look of utter shock comes across MARTHA's face. GHOSTFACE rips the knives out of her chest, MARTHA's body dropping to the floor, blood spilling out all over.

Pounding on the front door is preceded by calls to MARTHA from SIDNEY, DEWEY and GALE.

TRIO

MARTHA, open up! MARTHA! MARTHA!

The SECOND GHOSTFACE disappears into the darkness with the TWO BLOODY BUCK 120's. The FIRST GHOSTFACE throws RAMONE up against the other wall, causing RAMONE to lose grip of the black sleeved arm. GHOSTFACE runs down the hall, following behind the SECOND KILLER.

DEWEY kicks the door open, holding a gun pointed ahead. GALE and SIDNEY are behind him. RAMONE lays there on the floor.

RAMONE

He ran down the hall!

DEWEY runs past RAMONE, slightly stopping at the sight of MARTHA's body. He acknowledges her and looks back at SIDNEY and GALE. SIDNEY, with her gun in hand, walks in. Both her and GALE look shocked at MARTHA's body.

SIDNEY rushes over to MARTHA. DEWEY runs down the hall. SIDNEY takes MARTHA's pulse at her wrist.

GALE bends down to RAMONE, taking off her sweater.

RAMONE  
Is she dead?!

GALE wraps the sweater around his wound. Tears stream down SIDNEY's cheeks. She looks over at RAMONE. His pain-stricken expression turns to anger.

RAMONE  
Ah!

GALE applies pressure to his wound.

GALE  
Hold it there. You got to stop the bleeding.

From the open doorway behind GALE, GHOSTFACE jumps out, knife brandished. SIDNEY goes wide-eyed.

SIDNEY  
(standing)  
GALE, look out!

SIDNEY aims her gun up at GHOSTFACE, pulling the trigger five or six times. GALE turns back, beyond startled as the KILLER drops to the floor in front of her and RAMONE. SIDNEY immediately runs over, kicking the knife away.

SIDNEY bends down over the masked killer. She looks at GALE as she slowly reaches for the mask.

RAMONE  
Holy shit... Do it!

SIDNEY eases her hand into the middle of the mask, her ring and middle finger grabbing at the eyes. She slowly pulls the mask off.

GALE's jaw drops.

GALE  
CLARK?!

Her NEPHEW lays there, blood spewing from the five or six holes in his torso. He looks unconscious or DEAD.

SIDNEY  
Oh my god.

RAMONE  
No. Fucking. Way.

GALE's face reads of nothing but shock as her eyes remain glued to the face of her NEPHEW.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL - WAITING ROOM - DAY

DEWEY pours himself water into a paper cup from the water-jug. He sips the water. JUDY, BRACKETT and MARK stand behind him talking.

BRACKETT

WEATHERS is not expected to survive.

MARK

Well, at least that's one down.

JUDY

According to RAMONE MARTIN, he struggled with one COSTUMED KILLER while ANOTHER stabbed MARTHA MEEKS.

BRACKETT

At least we know this isn't a HOLLYWOOD HORROR remake. [laughs] We know we have at least one more KILLER to catch.

DEWEY downs the water and crumbles up the cup in his hand, tossing it into the small trash can. He walks past the COMPANIONS and turns the corner into the hallway. He pulls out a flask and takes a big sip.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL - CLARK'S ROOM - DAY

GALE walks into her NEPHEW's hospital room. He is handcuffed to the bed, an IV in his arm. He wears an oxygen tube in his nose. CLARK is pale white, dark circles under his eyes. He looks as if he has been ill for weeks. He breathes in and out slowly, clearly in pain. CLARK's eyes struggle to stay open. A heart monitor measures his heart beat.

GALE comes and stands over him.

GALE

CLARK?

He looks up at her. He struggles to speak, coughing weakly as he tries.

CLARK

(hoarse; raspy)

What... what do you want?

GALE

CLARK, how could you do this?

CLARK

(coughs)

Do what?! ...You should thank me, AUNT  
GALE.

GALE

For what? Trying to kill me? And  
murdering others?

CLARK

You survived, didn't you? I swear, AUNT  
GALE, you have more lives than a cat.

GALE

I probably wouldn't have survived if  
SIDNEY didn't shoot you.

CLARK

You ungrateful... bitch! I just... made  
you millions. That's what you do - you  
profit off of other people's deaths. You  
exploit everything... and everyone.  
SIDNEY, even DEWEY. And even you're own  
SELF, AUNT GALE. No doubt, ME, your own  
nephew is next.

CLARK falls into a coughing fit. He struggles to breathe.

GALE

Whose you're partner, CLARK?

CLARK groans in pain. He ignores her question.

GALE (CONT'D)

CLARK.

CLARK

(struggles)

You can't stop this.

GALE

Come on, CLARK. Help me here. Who are  
you working with?

CLARK shakes his head, his breathing growing increasingly  
heavier.

GALE (CONT'D)

Please, CLARK. Do this one last thing.

CLARK's body begins shaking as he grows hysterical.

CLARK

(hyperventilating)

Help. Help.

His heart-monitor begins to beep loudly and rapidly.

GALE  
(turns)  
We need a doctor, goddamit! Who is he,  
CLARK?! Whose your partner?!

CLARK  
Help!

GALE grabs CLARK's hand. He grips her hand tightly.

GALE  
Tell me who your partner is!

CLARK's heavy breathing begins to slow and his body calms.

GALE (CONT'D)  
Please, CLARK, tell me!

BEAT

CLARK  
(stutters)  
Y-Y-You.

CLARK's pupils go back before his eyelids shut. The heart monitor yells out a long continuous BEE--

GALE's face contorts to shock. CLARK's grip loosens. He is DEAD.

CUT TO:

INT. SALINGER'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

SIDNEY comes walking into the AGENT's room with flowers in her hands. He lays there looking bored until he notices SID come in. His face lights up.

SALINGER  
(smiles)  
MISS PRESCOTT, hi.

SIDNEY  
Hi. I just wanted to stop by and see how  
you were doing.

SALINGER  
I'm doing well. Expected to make a full  
recovery.

SID puts the flowers down on a table.

SALINGER

MISS PRESCOTT, you should'nt have.

SIDNEY

Call me SIDNEY, AGENT SALINGER.

SALINGER

(nods)

And call me JACK. [laughs] My son calls me AGENT SALINGER too. He and my wife use to call me JAMES BOND.

The two laugh.

SIDNEY

What happened to his mother?

SALINGER

(looks down sadly)

She died a few years ago.

SIDNEY

I'm very sorry to hear that.

(BEAT)

How do you justify... putting your life in danger when you have a child?

SALINGER

It's my job. [shameful] Even if I fail at it.

SALINGER looks up at SID.

SALINGER (CONT'D)

I will never forgive myself for letting THE KILLER get to you.

SIDNEY

JACK, I'm fine. It's really not your fault.

SALINGER

You were my responsibility, SIDNEY.

SALINGER reaches over to his jacket on a chair next to the bed. He pulls something out and hands it to SID.

SALINGER (CONT'D)

Here. Take this. [passes to her] It's not much, but you protect yourself.

SIDNEY holds BRASS KNUCKLES in her hand. She looks up and smiles at him.

SIDNEY

Thank you.

SALINGER nods, slight smile. There's a knock at the door before MARK enters. SID tucks the BRASS KNUCKLES into the front pocket of her jeans.

MARK  
SALINGER, how are you feeling?

SALINGER  
I'm okay, DETECTIVE.

MARK  
Glad to hear. [turns to SID] Are you ready?

SID nods.

SIDNEY  
Feel better, okay?

SALINGER  
(nods)  
Take care of yourself.

The two trade stares before SID exits the room with MARK.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

SID and MARK come out into the hallway outside SALINGER's room.

SIDNEY  
How's GALE's nephew?

MARK  
(beat)  
He just died. She was with him.

SIDNEY shakes her head and closes her eyes for a moment.

SIDNEY  
How's GALE?

MARK  
She's alright. DEWEY's with her now.

MARK wraps his arms around her. SIDNEY doesn't expect it and doesn't immediately respond. Looking uncomfortable, she slowly wraps her arms around him.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL

GALE, still in full shock, steps slowly down the hall, with DEWEY at her side, his arm around her shoulders.

DEWEY

Can I get you anything?

GALE

I have to call his father.

DEWEY

I already made that call, GALE.

They stop. GALE looks at him. The two make eye contact. She looks as if she is about to cry. They stand closely. Ordinarily, this moment would lead to a kiss, but it's interrupted before it even get's there.

FRANK

(O.S.)

GALE!

DEWEY and GALE turn to see FRANK standing at the end of the hall. He comes rushing up to her.

FRANK

Oh, GALE, I just head what happened! I'm so sorry!

He pulls her into a hug.

FRANK

Are you alright?

GALE nods.

DEWEY

You should take some time, GALE. You should leave Los Angeles. At least until this over.

FRANK

The network *will* understand, GALE.

GALE

(shakes head)

No. No, Um, in fact, we have to get to the studio, I have a lot of work to do.

DEWEY

That can wait now.

GALE

(shakes head)

No. No, it can't. I... I got to go.

GALE turns. FRANK and DEWEY make eye contact. FRANK turns and escorts GALE away. DEWEY watches.

JUDY stands down the hall behind DEWEY, watching HIM watch THEM

walk away together.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

BRACKETT stands talking to AGENT PRESTON who is again dressed similarly to SIDNEY.

BRACKETT

So we'll be taking you out through the back exit again. The press is already waiting so they'll be expecting us.

PRESTON nods.

PRESTON

Alright. I'm ready when you are.

BRACKETT nods and walks off. PRESTON turns toward the door behind her - the LADIES ROOM. As she goes to enter, a woman exits. They smile to each other and continue on.

CUT TO:

INT. LADIES ROOM - CONTINUOUS

AGENT PRESTON walks over to one of the sinks and washes her hands, looking into the mirror.

A NURSE(1), speaks from inside a stall.

NURSE 1

(O.S.)

So I saw SIDNEY PRESCOTT here again.

NURSE 2

Ugh. I'm so tired of hearing about her!

PRESTON runs into one of the free stalls as the two nurses exit theirs and walk over to the sinks where they wash their hands and freshen up.

NURSE 1

I know, right. Everywhere you go, its always SIDNEY PRESCOTT this and SIDNEY PRESCOTT that. Like, uh we get it!

NURSE 2

God, I hope they finally kill her already. Enough is enough!

NURSE 1

Ya know, what if she's THE KILLER? What if SIDNEY's finally snapped? After 4 killing sprees in her name, she decides

that the only way to stay relevant is to make her own fifth one?

NURSE 2

(laughs)

I could totally see that. With that greedy, fame seeking bitch, GALE WEATHERS as her partner.

The two laugh and head for the door.

NURSE 1

Yeah. Guess we'll find out soon.

They exit.

AGENT PRESTON comes out of the stall and back over to the sink. She looks into the mirror at herself. A BEAT passes before she sees the door to the stall behind her fly open. GHOSTFACE brandishes the BUCK 120.

As THE KILLER comes at her, PRESTON turns, grabbing his arm, stopping the blade from penetrating her chest. Struggling, GHOSTFACE pushes her back onto the sink. The back of PRESTON's head smashes into the mirror, cracking it.

PRESTON pushes GHOSTFACE back, coming off of the sink and shoving him back into the open stall.

In the stall, GHOSTFACE falls back over the toilet up against the wall. The stall door swings closed and THE KILLER shoves PRESTON's back up against it.

PRESTON

Ah!

Hitting back against the stall door, she loses her grip and GHOSTFACE pulls his arm free, stabbing her deep in the center of her chest. The tip of the blade comes through the front of the door.

Only inches of space between them. PRESTON stares right into the blackened eyes of the mask. We see the reflection of the mask in her eyeball.

Through the cracked mirror we see GHOSTFACE remove the blade and PRESTON's body drop, the door swinging open. THE KILLER then proceeds to stab her continuously.

CUT TO:

INT. PRESCOTT PENTHOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

JAMIE comes out of the KITCHEN with an empty wine glass in one hand and her cellphone, up to her ear, in the other. She walks through the archway and stands in front of the closed glass

doors to the terrace. She hold her cellphone to her ear. We see TERRI and RAMONE sitting outside on the terrace behind her.

JAMIE  
Yeah, we're fine, MOM. It's just me,  
TERRI and RAMONE here.

PAMELA  
(O.S.)  
Alright, sweetie. Oh, by the way, I spoke  
to Bob Harvey today. [excited] He wants  
to meet you!

JAMIE  
(annoyed)  
MOM... I told you not to do that.

PAMELA  
(O.S.)  
JAME, I'm just trying to help.

JAMIE  
Don't.

PAMELA  
(O.S.)  
Just meet with him, honey.

JAMIE  
MOM, I'm done talking about this.

PAMELA  
(O.S.)  
Okay. Okay. We'll talk later. I'm going  
to stop by SID's. She's leaving for a  
safe-house tonight.

JAMIE  
Good. I hope she'll be safe. Send her my  
love, okay?

PAMELA  
(O.S.)  
Will do. Alright, JAMIE, I'll be home  
later. I love you.

JAMIE  
Okay.

PAMELA  
Say it back, baby. Please?

JAMIE  
...I love you too.

CLICK. JAMIE scoffs and shakes her head. She turns, opening the

sliding door and stepping out to the terrace.

CUT TO:

INT. ROOFTOP TERRACE - CONTINUOUS

JAMIE comes out onto the rooftop terrace, wrapping around the entire penthouse apartment. JAMIE walks over to the umbrella covered table where TERRI and RAMONE sit, glasses of red wine in front of them. The night skyline of Downtown Los Angeles is behind them.

TERRI

(sips wine)

Ya know, I'm still pretty shaken up about CLARK.

JAMIE

(sits)

To be honest, I wasn't that shocked.

JAMIE places her cellphone down on the table and pours herself some wine.

CLARK

When SID pulled that mask off, I freaked. I can't believe I bore witness to an unprecedented moment in the franchise - one of the killers unmasked and killed half-way through the movie? Ugh. It was pretty fucking intense.

JAMIE

(laughs)

You would think like that.

TERRI

(to JAMIE)

Was that your mom who called?

JAMIE

(nods)

Yeah. As usual, she's driving me crazy. She wants me to meet with the president of Sunrise Studios.

TERRI

And that's a bad thing?

JAMIE

You know how I feel about my career; I'll build it on my own. Just like my father did.

TERRI

I think you're the one whose crazy,

JAME. Any up and coming actress would jump on that offer!

RAMONE

Ah, well JAMIE doesn't need it. She's the NEW MAIN CHARACTER anyway. She'll be playing herself in the next Stab movie.

JAMIE

Ha. Yeah, my standards are little higher than Stab.

TERRI

Your standards are a little high in general.

JAMIE

(turns to RAMONE)

What's this shit you're talking about a NEW MAIN CHARACTER?

RAMONE

You're the new torch barer. [sips wine] Your step-sister is passing it onto you.

TERRI

RAMONE, what are you talking about? How do you know JAMIE's the NEW MAIN CHARACTER?

RAMONE

It's simple. You survived the first POST OPENING ATTACK.

JAMIE and TERRI turn to each other.

ON RAMONE:

RAMONE (CONT'D)

Ya see, SIDNEY always gets stalked and-or attacked after the OPENING MURDERS. But you were attacked with her this time. And not only that, THE KILLER called you. Not SID. One of you should've been killed in that scene, but you weren't. And THE KILLER would've offed SID had you not saved her life! This is another unprecedented moment - not just in the franchise, but in horror general!

He sips his wine.

RAMONE (CONT'D)

You've created somekind of... HORROR MOVIE PARADOX, of the sort. We're in the

fifth chapter now - SID should've passed the torch long ago. And as long as you're not THE KILLER, a la Jill Roberts, then JAMIE, the torch is your's to carry. In fact, you're like an odd mix of SID and JILL... both related, however technically or whatever. Both resemble each other...

TERRI nods in agreement.

RAMONE (CONT'D)

(joking)

Guess we'll have to wait and see which side you're on.

JAMIE

(laughs)

Fuck you! I'm not SID. And I'm definitely not Jill. I'm JAMIE.

RAMONE

Ah, see! Right there - Jill, JAMIE. J and J? SIDNEY is a unisex name AND wait for it... so is JAMIE! I really don't think *that* was a coincidence.

TERRI

But wait. If she's SIDNEY or Jill or whatever, who am I?

RAMONE

(shrugs)

Does it matter? Well, if you're the killer it does. If not, you're toast, TERR. [laughs]

TERRI

It's because I'm black, right?

RAMONE

(nods)

Pretty much. But you're also THE LEAD's[nods at JAMIE] best friend. Those two things don't bode well. Man, you haven't even seen Stab 2, have you?

TERRI

(grins: shakes head)

Nope. But wait, I thought you said Jill's friend survived... uh?

RAMONE

Kirby Reed?

TERRI

Yeah, didn't she live?

RAMONE

Um, in real life or the movie?

JAMIE

(interjects)

Hold on. So you're saying that I'm definitely going to survive?

RAMONE

Well, you can never be one-hundred percent positive. Not in horror. But if we're following THE RULES, then... yeah.

TERRI

THE RULES?

RAMONE

You don't know THE RULES? JAMIE, you of all people need to know the rules.

JAMIE

(laughs)

The rules of... fifth installments?

RAMONE

No. The rules to surviving a horror movie franchise. Typically, if you're not THE KILLER you won't survive beyond two sequels, but this isn't a movie. It's real life. And in real life, *killers don't come back from the dead.*

JAMIE

Okay then, what are the RULES TO SURVIVING A HORROR MOVIE FRANCHISE?

RAMONE

The rules have evolved over the years, but a variation exists. Numero uno, innocence. And these days, as long as you're not murdering anyone or raping them, you're considered innocent. Fuck who you want. But caution: this does not guarantee anything.

JAMIE and TERRI laugh. TERRI sips her wine.

RAMONE (CONT'D)

By this time, the originals are tired. The torch has to be passed. Luckily you're on the receiving end, no sexual pun intended. Family often plays a huge role in this. Technically, JAMIE, you are a PRESCOTT. Be thankful. It's

probably a good thing that your mother didn't marry into SID's Roberts side. They tend to wind up murdered or murderers.

JAMIE  
(sarcastic)  
I guess I'm thankful then.

RAMONE  
Oh! And, if you're not pregnant... you might want to look into that.

In reaction, JAMIE spits her wine all over the table top.

TERRI  
Ah, JAMIE!

JAMIE  
(to RAMONE)  
...What?

RAMONE  
If you're taking the torch, especially this late in the franchise, a kid is your best chance at surviving ANOTHER FILM. While it's not definite - Laurie Strode's daughter in Halloween 6, Laurie Strode, herself. There's always Alice in A Nightmare On Elm Street 5... "*The Dream Child*." [laughs] Hell, even the killer doll, Chucky conceived a kid... somehow.

CLOSE ON JAMIE who nervously sips her wine.

CUT TO:

INT. SIDNEY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

SIDNEY comes through the door to the her apartment. She turns to AGENTS NATOR and TERMIN who stand in front of the open doorway.

NATOR  
You have about an hour before BRACKETT gives us the okay to go.

SID nods before she closes the door. She opens the closet door next to it and pulls out a suitcase.

CUT TO:

INT. BUIDLING HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

NATOR and TERMIN stand side by side, only inches of space between them.

NATOR  
 (jokes)  
 So, is our time up yet or what?

TERMIN  
 (shrugs)  
 I don't know, man. We've made it this far.

NATOR  
 Now all we got to do is get her to the safe-house.

TERMIN  
 (laughs)  
 Hey, ya never know. Maybe things *will* turn out differently this time.

As he says this, SID's apartment door opens up. Both AGENTS, with smiles on their faces, turn toward each other, turning to see GHOSTFACE standing there in the doorway.

Before anything can be said, GHOSTFACE brandishes two BUCK 120's in either hand, stepping forward and driving them right into the heads of both men.

Removing the blades simultaneously, AGENT TERMIN immediately DROPS DEAD. AGENT NATOR stumbles back, one hand pressed against his wound, the other frantically reaching for his gun. GHOSTFACE watches as NATOR falls back against the wall, blood spilling down his face and chest. He slides down the wall, arms falling limp.

THE KILLER turns around and slowly eases the apartment door shut behind him.

CUT TO:

INT. PRESCOTT PENTHOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

JAMIE looks under the couch, standing up and looking around.

JAMIE  
 Where the fuck is my cellphone?

RAMONE sits on the couch, a bowl of popcorn in his lap. The TV screen is completely BLUE.

RAMONE  
 Where'd you have it last?

JAMIE  
 The patio, I think. But it's not out there.

TERRI pulls her brown leather coat over her shoulder. She stands

in front of the apartment door.

TERRI  
 Alright, guys. I'm outty.

RAMONE  
 Alright, TERR.

JAMIE comes walking around the couch, giving TERRI a hug.

JAMIE  
 Call me when you get back to the dorm.

TERRI  
 Okay.

JAMIE  
 Good luck on your paper.

TERRI  
 (opens door)  
 Ugh, it's going to be a long night. I'll see you guys later. Be sure to lock the door behind me, huh?

JAMIE grins, grabbing the door as TERRI walks out.

JAMIE  
 Be safe.

JAMIE closes the door and locks it.

CUT TO:

INT. BUILDING HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

TERRI walks over to the two elevators, pressing the button and pulling out her cellphone. She waits.

CUT TO:

INT. PRESCOTT PENTHOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

JAMIE continues to look around, thinking.

RAMONE  
 Are we going to watch this movie, or what?

JAMIE  
 Yeah. I just wish I knew where my phone was.

Apparently giving up, JAMIE walks over to the couch and sits down, grabbing a piece of popcorn from the bowl.

RAMONE  
 (grabs remote)  
 Alright, I'm starting it.

JAMIE  
 Are you scared?

RAMONE  
 Of what? THE KILLER?

JAMIE nods.

RAMONE  
 (shrugs)  
 A little... maybe. [nods] Yeah... Are you?

JAMIE  
 I was... I don't know why, but I feel safe with you.

Surprised by this, RAMONE smiles. JAMIE grabs the popcorn bowl from his lap and places it on the glass coffee table as she leans in and kisses him.

CUT TO:

INT. BUIDLING HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

TERRI continues to stand there, playing with her cellphone. Patience exhausted, she leans in and presses the button twice more.

TERRI  
 Come on.

DING. The elevator doors open in front of. She goes to step on, but TERRI is startled by the sight of GHOSTFACE standing in the center of the elevator.

GHOSTFACE stands solid, not moving. TERRI lets out a small laugh, but finds herself unsure of the situation.

A BEAT passes.

GHOSTFACE brandishes THE KNIFE and lunges at her, stabbing TERRI right in her larynx.

TERRI  
 Ah!

TERRI thrown up against the wall across from the elevators, grabbing at her stab wound.

GHOSTFACE steps off the elevator and grabs a grip full of her hair.

DING. The elevator doors begin to close. THE KILLER yanks TERRI forward as he catches the elevator doors from closing. He gives her a kick to the face, then steps onto the elevator, pulling only her head in with him. TERRI lays on the floor in between the elevator and the hallway. He continuous taps the DOOR CLOSE button, a grip still on her hair.

The elevator doors close, but are stopped by TERRI's neck. The doors don't squish her neck, but as THE KILLER taps the button, the elevator begins moving down.

TERRI gags for air as she watches the ceiling of the elevator come down toward her, smashing her head with a splattery noise.

CUT TO:

INT. SIDNEY'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

SID wheels her suitcase into the hallway, stopping and leaving it in front of the door. She then turns and runs back into the living room. She almost immediately comes back in, only this time, she holds the picture of her and her mother.

She unzips the suitcase and sticks the picture in.

There's a knock at the door.

SIDNEY

Alright, I'm all ready.

She closes the suitcase and opens the door. Standing there is PAMELA. SID is clearly surprised.

SIDNEY (CONT'D)

PAM...

PAMELA

SID, hi. I just wanted to stop by and say goodbye. Hope that's alright.

PAM steps inside.

SIDNEY

Yeah, no, that's fine...

SIDNEY sticks her head out of the doorway and looks in the hall. NATOR and TERMIN are nowhere to be seen.

SIDNEY (CONT'D)

Did you see the BODYGUARDS?

PAMELA

(shakes head)

No. No, I didn't actually.

Peeking back into the hall, SID spots a large blood stain in the

carpeting in front of the doorway.

PAMELA (CONT'D)  
Is everything alright?

SID slams the door shut and locks it. She turns and runs down the hall toward her desk in the living room.

PAMELA (CONT'D)  
SID...

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

At her desk, SID opens the drawer and pulls out her gun. She checks to make sure it's loaded.

PAMELA  
SID, what's going on?

SIDNEY  
Can you call MARK?

PAMELA  
Uh, sure.

PAMELA reaches into her purse and pulls out her cellphone. She watches as SIDNEY rushes into her room, coming out seconds later. PAM holds the phone to her ear.

PAMELA  
I'm not getting an answer. It went to voice mail.

SID becomes increasingly worried.

SIDNEY  
Alright, dial this number...

As SID goes to recite the number for her, PAM's phone begins ringing.

PAMELA  
(looking at caller ID)  
It's JAMIE.

PAM answers, bringing the phone to her ear.

PAMELA (CONT'D)  
JAME?

THE VOICE  
(V.O.)  
Put SIDNEY on the phone!

PAMELA

JAMIE?

THE VOICE

(V.O.)

Put SIDNEY on the fucking phone!

PAM's face immediately contorts, realizing this is not JAMIE.

THE VOICE (CONT'D)

(V.O.)

Put her on.

PAMELA

It's THE KILLER!

SID takes the phone from PAM's hand.

SIDNEY

What?!

THE VOICE

(V.O.)

Ah, there's the voice I love to hear.  
Finally we get to speak, one on one.

SIDNEY

Tell me what you want or I'm hanging up.

THE VOICE

(V.O.)

Now why would you want to do that? I  
haven't even gotten the chance to tell  
you about JAMIE yet.

SIDNEY

You stay the fuck away from her!

THE VOICE

(V.O.)

Sorry, SID, I just can't help myself.  
Especially when it comes to YOUR FAMILY.  
You want to save your step-sister? You  
better get to her before I do! [laughs]

CLICK. THE VOICE hangs up.

SIDNEY

Oh, god. Where's JAMIE?!

PAMELA

(frantic)

She's at home! SID, what's going on?!

SIDNEY

We gotta get to her!

SID grabs PAM by the wrist and two run to the door. SID unlocks it and runs out. PAM follows, leaving the door wide open.

CUT TO:

INT. PRESCOTT PENTHOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

JAMIE lays on top of RAMONE, the two making out on the couch. She lifts up her shirt and tosses it off to the side. She goes back down, kissing him.

JAMIE pulls off RAMONE's glasses and begins unbuttoning his blue, black and white plaid shirt.

RAMONE  
(pulls away)  
Are you sure?

JAMIE  
(laughs)  
RAMONE... it's not like I'm a virgin...  
Are you?

RAMONE  
Uh, no. Of course not.

JAMIE  
It's okay if you are. Not like it  
matters anyway.

RAMONE  
(nods)  
You're right. New decade, new rules.

He leans in and the two continue to make out on the couch. JAMIE pulls away.

JAMIE  
We should go to my room. Don't want my  
MOM to walk in on us. [laughs]

RAMONE  
Alright.

RAMONE stands and immediately lifts JAMIE up in his arms. Surprised by this, JAMIE laughs playfully. He run with her in his arms out of the living room and up the stairs.

CUT TO:

INT. GALE'S TV STUDIO - CONTINUOUS

GALE sits on the couch on the stage of her empty studio. The lighting is dim, with most of the studio in shadows. She sits with her glasses on, typing away on her laptop. She pauses and places the laptop next to her on the couch. She takes off her

glasses and rubs her eyes. She looks exhausted and just burnt out.

HITCH comes silently stepping out of the shadows of BACKSTAGE. GALE doesn't immediately notice him and is frightened when she glances to the side and sees him there.

GALE  
Oh, shit!

HITCH  
Sorry, GALE. I, uh, just wanted to let you know that I finished up everything you asked for.

GALE  
(nods)  
Thank you, HITCH.

HITCH stands there for a nice awkward moment.

GALE (CONT'D)  
You can go home, now, HITCH. Go enjoy your weekend.

HITCH  
Are you sure you don't need me for anything else?

GALE shakes her head. HITCH nods and turns to walk away, but stops and turns around.

HITCH (CONT'D)  
I didn't get a chance to tell you before.

GALE looks up.

HITCH (CONT'D)  
I just want to extend my condolences over your nephew.

GALE  
I appreciate that.

HITCH  
Have a good weekend, GALE.

HITCH turns to leave. FRANK comes walking past HITCH with a bottle of champagne in one hand and two glasses in the other. He sports a big smile on his face.

FRANK  
Oh, GALE. Do I have news for you!

GALE looks surprised and clearly not in the mood.

CUT TO:

INT. DEWEY'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

DEWEY sits driving, JUDY in the passenger seat on her cellphone.

JUDY  
Okay, DETECTIVE. Alright. [ends call]

DEWEY  
What'd BRACKETT say?

JUDY  
It's not good. SID's BODYGUARDS and  
AGENT PRESTON were found stabbed to  
death in her apartment. SIDNEY's M-I-A.  
So is KINCAID.

DEWEY  
...GALE.

DEWEY pressed down on the gas, speeding up the vehicle.

CUT TO:

INT. PRESCOTT PENTHOUSE - JAMIE'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

JAMIE sits up in bed, her back turned to the camera. She turns and looks back at RAMONE who lays under the covers. She smiles. He smiles back and reaches for her. JAMIE playfully pulls away, grabbing his baggy plaid shirt.

JAMIE  
One-hundred-percent cotton, huh?

She slips it on and buttons it up. She slips on her jeans and stands.

JAMIE (CONT'D)  
My MOM's going to be home very shortly.  
She'd freak if she found me shacked up  
with someone.

RAMONE  
Shacked up? Is that what we just did?

JAMIE laughs and sits at her vanity, fixing her hair in the mirror.

JAMIE  
Get dressed. She could walk in at any  
minute.

RAMONE  
(smiles)  
Alright, alright.

RAMONE pulls on his white t-shirt and jeans as JAMIE brushes her hair.

JAMIE  
I wonder if TERRI tried calling. She should be back at the dorms by now.

RAMONE  
(laughs)  
I bet GHOSTFACE got to her on her way home.

JAMIE looks at RAMONE in the mirror.

JAMIE  
That's not funny.

RAMONE  
(sarcastic)  
If you haven't realized, this isn't a comedy. It's a horror movie.

Still looking in the mirror, JAMIE sees GHOSTFACE pop into her room behind RAMONE. Her face immediately contorts.

JAMIE (CONT'D)  
(turns)  
RAMONE!

RAMONE turns just in time to face THE KILLER. GHOSTFACE jabs at him three or four times in the torso. JAMIE stands there watching in shock.

THE KILLER grabs a hold of RAMONE and swings his body into the wall. RAMONE drops flat on the floor. JAMIE lets out a mortified SCREAM.

CUE "CHASING SIDNEY" by MARCO BELTRAMI

THE KILLER charges at her, swinging the blade as he stomps over her bed. JAMIE runs into the BATHROOM, shutting and locking the door behind her.

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

JAMIE runs through the bathroom and into the connecting GUEST ROOM.

CUT TO:

INT. GUEST ROOM - CONTINUOUS

As JAMIE comes into the dark guest room, GHOSTFACE wraps his arms around her. JAMIE screams before back-heading him and

charging back, slamming THE KILLER up against the wall.

JAMIE

Help!

JAMIE breaks free and goes to run. THE KILLER swings the blade, slicing open the back of the shirt and cutting her flesh.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Ah!

GHOSTFACE tackles her, the two falling onto the neatly made bed. JAMIE screams, fighting him off. They roll over off of the bed, JAMIE on top. She punches THE KILLER in the face and stands, running over to a dresser, she picks up the twenty-two inch flat screen television, ripping it from the stand and plug and throwing it at him as he gets to his feet.

THE KILLER smacks the TV out of his way as he lunges at JAMIE again. She runs to the guest room door, barely opening it before she is grabbed from behind. She screams.

GHOSTFACE, holding her, runs JAMIE right through the glass doors onto the guest room's terrace entrance. The door shatters and JAMIE falls to the brick terrace ground, broken glass all around her.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROOFTOP TERRACE - CONTINUOUS

Bleeding from the many glass cuts, JAMIE struggles to stand, looking back as GHOSTFACE comes back at her. She fights him as he picks her up from behind.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

No! No! Someone!

Lifting her up, JAMIE elbows him in the stomach and tries pulling away. In the struggle, they both lose balance and fall up against the wall and onto the ground. JAMIE goes to stand and run, but he grabs her ankle. She screams and kicks him in the face.

GHOSTFACE

Ah!

JAMIE gets to her feet and starts running along the terrace. As she makes it to the corner of the wall, she turns and looks back - THE KILLER IS GONE!

JAMIE

Oh, fuck!

JAMIE turns the corner and continues along the terrace around the apartment. She stops and hides under a window which she

peeks through into the LIVING ROOM.

IN THE LIVING ROOM: GHOSTFACE comes running out of the hallway, running across the room.

JAMIE ducks under the window and proceeds to run past the table and chairs in front of the sliding doors into the living room. The empty wine bottle and glasses remain on the table.

Just past the table and sliding doors is a divider between the PRESCOTT PENTHOUSE terrace and the next door neighbor's. JAMIE steps onto a small side table in the corner of the wall and the divider. She pulls herself over the divider and drops to the other side.

Falling flat on the brick ground, JAMIE painfully stands and limps along the neighbor's terrace. She turns the corner of the wall and finds double sliding doors. The penthouse apartment is completely dark inside.

JAMIE knocks on the doors loudly, trying to see in. It appears that no one is home. JAMIE tries sliding the door open. It's locked.

Crying, she turns and walks to the edge of the terrace, looking over. It's twenty-five stories down to the street. JAMIE steps back and turns around.

The neighbors' terrace equipment consist of two lounge chairs and a small side table in the middle. JAMIE runs over and picks up the side table. She smashes it off of the glass door until it finally shatters.

JAMIE runs into the dark apartment.

CUT TO:

INT. NEIGHBOR'S PENTHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

JAMIE comes in. All the lights are off.

JAMIE  
(crying)  
Hello?! Is anyone home?!

She looks around, spotting a landline cordless phone. She picks it up, but it doesn't work. She presses the ON button multiple times, but nothing happens.

JAMIE (CONT'D)  
Come on! Come on!

She drops the phone and runs over to the apartment door. Next to it is a light switch. She flicks it on. No lights.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Shit!

JAMIE turns and goes to unlock the door. Before she does, she stops and locks in the chain first. Easing the door open slowly, JAMIE peeks out. She sees her closed apartment door across the hall, but nothing else. She hears nothing.

Shaking. She closes the door and takes off the chain. She slowly opens it back up and creeps out into the HALLWAY.

CUT TO:

INT. BUILDING HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Coming out into the hall, JAMIE's eye are immediately met with TERRI's dead body laying in blood on the floor. Her head stuck in between the two elevator doors. JAMIE stumbles back, crying in shock. She covers her mouth so not to scream.

She proceeds over to the two elevators. She eagerly presses the button over and over, crying and staring at TERRI's body the entire time.

JAMIE  
(pressing; whisper)  
Come on. Come on.

OUT OF NOWHERE, GHOSTFACE grabs her from behind, covering her mouth with his black gloved hand. She screams beneath it and struggles to fight him. THE KILLER overpowers her and drags her into the STAIRWELL. The door closes behind them.

DING.

The elevator doors open and SIDNEY and PAM coming running off the elevator.

They immediately notice TERRI's dead body laying there.

PAMELA  
Oh, god!

SIDNEY  
(pulls out gun)  
JAMIE!

They run to the door to find it locked. PAM searches her purse.

PAMELA  
The keys! The keys!

She finds them.

CUT TO:

INT. BUILDING STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS

JAMIE and GHOSTFACE struggle, stumbling back toward the stairs. JAMIE elbows him twice again and pries his arms from around her. She turns and throws a punch to the MASK. As JAMIE steps back, she doesn't realize the stairs behind her. She falls back, screaming and dropping down the flight of stairs to the landing.

GHOSTFACE stares down at her. She lays unconscious and bloody on the floor.

CUT TO:

INT. PRESCOTT PENTHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The apartment door comes swinging open. SID holds her gun, PAM immediately goes running in.

PAMELA  
(frantic)  
JAMIE! JAMIE, where are you?!

SIDNEY  
PAM!

PAM runs over to the patio. SID holds her gun pointed ahead of her, looking around. The TV screen is still blue. No real signs of a struggle.

PAMELA  
(O.S.)  
JAMIE!

SID turns down into the hall, JAMIE's room the second door, she points the gun in before taking a look.

PAMELA  
(O.S.)  
JAMIE, baby, where are you?!

SID sees RAMONE's body laying on the floor. She gaps.

CUT TO:

INT. JAMIE'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

SID steps in and comes over to RAMONE's body. She sees his shirt stained with blood and leans in to take his pulse.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

PAMELA comes walking through the swing door of the kitchen.

PAMELA  
JAMIE!

GHOSTFACE jumps out from behind the island counter in the center of the kitchen, startling her.

CUT TO:

INT. JAMIE'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

As SID grabs at his wrist for his pulse, she hears PAM scream.

PAMELA  
(O.S.)  
[screams] Ah! SIDNEY!

SID immediately jumps up and runs out of the room.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

SID comes running out to the living room, holding the gun.

SIDNEY  
PAM?

She gets no response. She walks over to the sliding doors to the terrace which PAM left open. The drapes blow in the wind. She peeks out and sees nothing, but notices through the archway, the kitchen door swinging lightly back and forth.

SIDNEY  
PAM?

With tears in her eyes she stops before the door. Taking a BEAT to build up the strength. SID kicks open the door with her gun held ahead of her.

As the door swings open, SIDNEY sees PAMELA laying in a pool of blood on the kitchen floor. The door swings back.

SIDNEY  
(cries)  
PAM!

SID turns and runs back toward the apartment door, running around the couch.

The door swings open and SID immediately stops. MARK comes stepping through, gun drawn, blood coming from his forehead and his nose busted. He and SID are startled by each other, they stand with guns pointed at one another.

MARK  
SID!

SIDNEY  
(breathing heavily)

MARK. Where you'd come from?

MARK

(lowers gun)

Woah, SID. Come on...[steps in] it's me.

SID somewhat lowers her gun.

SIDNEY

What happened to you?

Just then, she sees GHOSTFACE jump through the doorway behind MARK.

SIDNEY (CONT'D)

Look out!

MARK ducks and SID fires off two shots, dropping GHOSTFACE. MARK turns to see him laying on the floor in the open doorway, between the apartment and the hall.

MARK and SID make eye contact. Both holding their guns, they approach GHOSTFACE. SID kneels down.

MARK

SID...

She sees NO KNIFE nearby and the arms of the sleeves lay flat. SIDNEY slowly reaches down and pulls off the mask.

It's NEIL!

NEIL lays unconscious, his mouth all duct taped and bleeding from his forehead. Very reminiscent of SCREAM.

SIDNEY

(cries)

DADDY...

SIDNEY falls into tears of shock. She cannot believe she just shot her own FATHER. She leans over to check his pulse. It is then that she feels something touch the back of her head. She hears the cock of a gun.

MARK

Give me the gun, SID.

SID freezes for a BEAT.

SIDNEY takes a deep, shock-driven, hysterical breath.

MARK stands behind her. He holds his black handgun to the back of her head, an angered look on his face.

Tears begin to stream down SID's cheeks. She doesn't turn around. She just looks down at NEIL.

SIDNEY  
 (shakes head)  
 I fucking knew it.

SIDNEY weeps.

CUT TO:

INT. GALE'S TV STUDIO - CONTINUOUS

GALE and FRANK sit side by side on the couch. He holds two glasses filled with champagne, passing her one. GALE, looking quite unenthusiastic, takes the glass.

FRANK  
 (toasting)  
 To us... and a five-point-five million dollar deal with the network. To the future, GALE.

CLINK. FRANK downs his glass. GALE barely sips her's.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
 (notices)  
 Come on, they're calling you the next Oprah Winfrey. This should cheer you up.

GALE  
 Sorry, FRANK. I just don't feel very cheery.

GALE stands and puts the glass on the coffee table. She then starts toward BACKSTAGE.

FRANK  
 You're a worldwide sensation, GALE.

She stops and turns around.

GALE  
 (beat)  
 I don't care, FRANK.

She spins back around, only to be met with the sight of DEWEY standing there.

GALE (CONT'D)  
 (stops)  
 DEWEY...

DEWEY runs over to her.

DEWEY  
 GALE...

FRANK rolls his eyes and stands.

FRANK  
How the hell did you get in here?

GALE  
DEWEY, what's going on?

DEWEY  
GALE, SID's missing.

GALE  
What?!

DEWEY  
BRACKETT just called. He found SID's  
BODYGUARDS and her DECOY dead at her  
apartment. SID wasn't there and we can't  
get ahold of MARK either.

GALE  
Oh, my god. DEWEY, you think THE KILLER  
got to them?

BRACKETT  
(O.S.)  
No.

BRACKETT stands at the entrance to the stage. DEWEY turns  
around.

BRACKETT (CONT'D)  
(steps forward)  
I don't think THE KILLER got them. I  
think SIDNEY is possibly involved. Maybe  
MARK, too. I'm not sure.

GALE  
What?! SID?!

DEWEY  
That's impossible.

BRACKETT  
At this point, anything's possible.  
Anyone could be THE KILLER.

FRANK  
(still standing)  
Including you?

Just then the overhead lights shut off, plunging the stage into  
darkness. They all immediately panic, looking all around.

GALE  
What the fuck?

DEWEY

(turns)  
Behind you!

Standing right behind BRACKETT, GHOSTFACE wraps one arm around the detective's chest and with the other, slits BRACKETT's throat. GALE screams. BRACKETT chokes as blood pours down his chest. THE KILLER drops him to the floor.

DEWEY  
Run!

DEWEY grabs GALE and reaches for his gun as they run toward FRANK. FRANK turns and runs with them, GHOSTFACE chasing behind.

The THREE run across the stage, entering the BACKSTAGE from the other end.

CUT TO:

INT. BACKSTAGE - CONTINUOUS

DEWEY, GALE and FRANK come running into the dark backstage. They turn and run down the narrow hallway behind the wooden stage wall.

GHOSTFACE comes running backstage and turns into the hallway. DEWEY stops at the end of the hall, the other two stopping as well. As he spots THE KILLER, DEWEY fires his gun three times. GHOSTFACE DROPS. GALE and FRANK stand behind DEWEY.

The THREE slowly start back down the hall, DEWEY leading the way. GALE stops him for a second, grabbing his arm.

GALE  
Super-human, DEWEY. They're always  
super-human.

DEWEY nods and continues forward. GHOSTFACE quickly jumps up and runs back around the wall of the corner.

GALE  
Shoot him!

DEWEY fires his gun off three more times, but presumably misses.

FRANK  
Holy shit!

DEWEY  
Ssshhh.

The THREE, sticking closely together, slowly continue down the hall. DEWEY keeps aim ahead of him. As they approach the end of the hallway, they slowly peer around the wall.

As they come around, they are startled by the sight of JUDY

running up, gun in her hand. All THREE jump back.

FRANK

JUDY!

GALE

HICKS, what the hell are you doing here?!

JUDY

I was waiting in the car. I just heard gunshots. What's going on?!

DEWEY

THE KILLER's here!

FRANK

We were just attacked!

DEWEY

He killed BRACKETT.

JUDY

(looks around)  
Where?!

They lead her.

CUT TO:

INT. STAGE - CONTINUOUS

The FOUR of them come running back onto the stage, BRACKETT's body laying in a pool of blood. JUDY bends down over him.

JUDY

He's definitely dead.

DEWEY

We got to call for backup!

DEWEY pulls out his cellphone. JUDY turns and stands up.

JUDY

(O.S.)  
Put the phone down, DEWEY.

GALE and DEWEY turn to see JUDY pointing her gun at him. Both faces immediately contort.

GALE

What the...?

JUDY

Hang up the phone, DEWEY.

FRANK bends down and lifts the pantleg of his jeans, revealing the sheath of a BUCK 120 strapped around his leg. He pulls the blade out and stands up straight.

FRANK  
DEWEY, GALE, welcome... to the HOME  
STRETCH.

They all stand frozen in place for a BEAT.

DEWEY  
Huh?!

GALE  
You. Have got. To be kidding me!

JUDY and FRANK, standing side by side, glance over at each other and smile.

CUT TO:

INT. PRESCOTT PENTHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

MARK and SIDNEY remain as they were.

MARK  
Give me your gun, SID...[snaps] Give it  
to me!

SID continues to weep, uncontrollably. She slowly passes her gun behind her to MARK. He takes it and tucks in his pants. He then grabs a chunk of SID's hair and lifts her to her feet.

SIDNEY  
Ah!

They turn around and MARK throws her down, SID landing flat on the floor behind the couch. He bends down and pulls NEIL into the apartment, shutting the apartment door. He turns and looks down at SID. She stares up at him, shaking her head. He smiles.

MARK  
(calls out)  
Alright, I got her!

SID looks confused. RAMONE comes out of the bedroom.

RAMONE  
(smile)  
Alriiiiiight. Winning!

RAMONE and SID make eye contact as he comes stepping out, his white t-shirt covered in "blood."

PAMELA  
(O.S.)

Ugh. It's about fucking time!

Coming out of the archway, PAMELA is also covered in "blood." SID looks back at her, utter shock written across her face. Her jaw is dropped.

RAMONE

What's the matter, SIDNEY? Are you seeing DEAD PEOPLE?

RAMONE laughs hysterically. MARK and PAMELA smirk at each other, nodding.

SID lays on the floor, surrounded. PAMELA behind her, RAMONE to the side of her and MARK directly in front of her. She trembles.

CUT TO:

INT. GALE'S TV STUDIO - CONTINUOUS

As they were, DEWEY and GALE stand side by side. Across from them is JUDY, holding her gun and FRANK with his BUCK 120. Both weapons pointed toward them.

GALE

Are you serious?!

JUDY

(nods)

DEAD fucking serious. Now hand me over your gun, DEWEY.

JUDY lifts the gun, pointing it directly to GALE's head. DEWEY and GALE look at each other, both shellshocked.

FRANK

Hand it over, DEWEY.

DEWEY

Okay. Alright.

DEWEY passes the gun to JUDY. She immediately releases the magazine, which drops to the floor and then throws the gun into the bleachers.

FRANK

(to JUDY)

You have your BLADE?

JUDY

(nods)

Sure do.

GALE

Why?

JUDY continues to point the gun to GALE's head.

JUDY

Did you just say, why? Why? Why? Hmm.  
Why, FRANK? Why would we do this?

FRANK

Oh, we have our reasons. We ALL have our  
reasons. [to JUDY] Right, *SHERIFF*?

DEWEY

Sheriff?

JUDY

(shrugs)

Yeah. You're looking at WOODSBORO's  
newest Sheriff, *SHERIFF*. [smiles]

DEWEY and GALE turn to each other, both creeped out.

CUT TO:

INT. PRESCOTT PENTHOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

MARK shoves SIDNEY through the revolving door into the KITCHEN,  
coming in behind her. RAMONE follows them in. SID steps up and  
leans against the counter. MARK holds his gun to her.

MARK

THE KITCHEN, right? This is where these  
movies usually end, *right*?

RAMONE rushes over to the closet.

RAMONE

(to self)

And behind door number three...

He opens the closet door and pulls something out.

SIDNEY

(under breath)

You son of a bitch.

RAMONE turns around, revealing an ORIGINAL FATHER DEATH COSTUME  
in it's package. He puts it down on the counter and removes the  
robe.

RAMONE

(passes to her)

Here, SID. Put this on.

SIDNEY looks at RAMONE, unsure of herself. She looks at MARK. He  
gives her a "Well?" look, gun pointed at her face.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

PAMELA is kneeling over NEIL, who remains on the floor by the front door.

PAMELA

Aw, honey. Look what she did to you.  
It's okay. It'll all be over soon.

She runs her hand through his hair, leans over and kisses his face.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

SID pulls the BLACK ROBE over her shoulders. RAMONE closes it up for her. He oddly seems calm and not excited or angry, but just appearing to be in a rush.

MARK

Recognize your costume? [smiles] You should. I mean, you wore it before.

RAMONE

It's Billy and Stu's. You wouldn't believe how much they were auctioning this for. I just had to have it!

PAMELA comes walking into the kitchen. She stops.

PAMELA

Ya got her gun, MARK?

He pulls it out of his pants and hands it to her. PAM takes it and pulls out her cellphone.

SIDNEY

The three of you were all in on this together?

PAM dials a number and brings the phone to her ear, smiling to SID and nodding.

RAMONE

Actually there was EIGHT of us to begin with. We lost a few throughout the movie...

CUT TO:

INT. GALE'S TV STUDIO - CONTINUOUS

CUE "RUNNING FOR HELP" by MARCO BELTRAMI

JUDY holds her gun pointed directly at GALE's head. FRANK stands

behind DEWEY, with the BUCK 120 up to his neck.

JUDY

I'm not waiting anymore, DEWEY. I'm stealing the torch right out of your hands. Woodsboro's finest is about to appoint the department's first female Sheriff... Not to mention, the youngest.

JUDY's phone rings. She answers. DEWEY and GALE again turn to one another.

JUDY

(on phone)

Yeah?

PAMELA

(V.O.)

How is everything? Going according to the plan?

JUDY

Yup. We're right on schedule.

PAMELA

(V.O.)

Alright. Hurry here. We got SID.

JUDY

We're on our way. Oh, and don't kill the bitch before we get there. I wanna watch.

PAMELA

(V.O.)

Just hurry.

CLICK. They end the call.

JUDY

Alright you two, let's go. We have a party to get to. The *last* party you'll ever go to.

FRANK let's go of DEWEY, but continues to point the knife at him. GALE and DEWEY turn around and FRANK and JUDY follow right behind them, all walking BACKSTAGE.

CUT TO:

INT. BACKSTAGE - CONTINUOUS

GALE grabs DEWEY's hand as they walk toward the exit. JUDY notices this. She fills with anger and impulsively hits GALE over the head with her gun.

GALE

Ah!

DEWEY

GALE!

GALE drops to the floor. As DEWEY goes to lean over her, FRANK hits him in the back of the head with the hilt of the knife. DEWEY drops beside GALE.

FRANK

What'd you hit her for?!

JUDY

Cause I felt like it! Why? You got a problem, FRANKIE?

DEWEY and GALE lays side by side on the floor. DEWEY extends his hand and rubs GALE's head.

JUDY (CONT'D)

Now get up, you're wasting our fucking time.

DEWEY gets up into a crouching position, making eye contact with GALE who lays there, still holding the back of her head.

JUDY (CONT'D)

Get up!

DEWEY slowly goes to stand, but fakes them out, diving at JUDY. He grabs both of her wrists and thrusts up her arm. She fires off the gun toward the ceiling.

Still laying there, GALE kicks her foot right into FRANK's balls.

FRANK

Ah!

He leans forward, grabbing his groin. GALE sits up and throws a right hook to his face. He drops down on his side, still holding the BUCK 120.

CUT TO:

INT. STAGE - CONTINUOUS

A struggling DEWEY and JUDY stumble back out onto the stage. He still holds up both of her arms, the gun aimed up at the ceiling.

They twist and turn and wind up spilling onto the couch, DEWEY on top of her.

JUDY

Remind you of anything, DEWEY?!

She knees *him* in the balls and they roll over in between the couch and the coffee table. JUDY pulls her gunless hand free of DEWEY's grip. She grabs his throat as they continue to struggle with gun.

JUDY seems to be gaining the up hand as she chokes DEWEY.

CUT TO:

INT. BACKSTAGE - CONTINUOUS

GALE is on top of FRANK, but he holds the knife up to her throat, her hair in the grip of his other hand.

FRANK  
GALE, stop!

GALE doesn't move. She breathes quickly and heavily.

CUT TO:

INT. PRESCOTT PENTHOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Back in the kitchen, SID continues to weep as they all stand around her, weapons in hand. She wears the GHOSTFACE ROBE.

PAMELA  
Where's JAMIE?

MARK  
She's a little beat up, but she's  
"safe."

PAMELA  
(points gun at him)  
What did you do to my daughter?!

MARK  
(annoyed)  
Hey, chill the fuck out! She's fine.  
It's all set up for her to be the NEW  
SURVIVOR. Don't worry.

SIDNEY  
How could you all do this?

They all turn to SID.

MARK  
We all have our own motives, SID. Even  
you. [smiles] Hey, what was your motive  
again, RAMONE?

RAMONE stands at the sink, washing the fake blood off of his

face, his fake blood covered shirt no longer on.

RAMONE

(shrugs)

Uh, I'm you typical crazy Stab fanatic and I'm just happy to be apart of all this. [smiles] I'll tell ya, working on the movie was *nothing* compared to the real thing!

SID shakes her head in disgust.

SIDNEY

And you, PAM? This is usually the killer's favorite part of the movie - when you get to explain your motive. Your's better be good.

PAM comes at SID, pressing the gun under SIDNEY's chin.

PAMELA

Or what?! I've had all that I can take of you, SIDNEY. What's left of my self control is keeping my finger from pulling this trigger. However, we already agreed. MARK gets to put the bullet in your head.

SID looks over PAM's shoulder. MARK stands there, face battered and eyes of evil staring right at her.

PAMELA (CONT'D)

But be assured, Plan B is to kill you now and be done with it.

SIDNEY

Why don't you?

PAMELA

Because I'm not THE KILLER.

MARK

If you haven't realized, YOU ARE, SID.

PAM and MARK stand side by side, both guns pointed at her. They look to each other, again smirking.

CUT TO:

INT. GALE'S TV STUDIO - BACKSTAGE - CONTINUOUS

FRANK still holds GALE with the BUCK 120 at her throat. She sits ontop of his stomach.

FRANK

WE can get out of this right now. Just

ME AND YOU - we'll leave. We'll go far  
away from all of this!

GALE  
(scared)  
What?!

FRANK  
GALE, I'm in love with you. I have been  
since I was a kid!

GALE looks at FRANK, clearly mortified by his insanity.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
This is your chance... *our* chance. She  
wants to kill and set you up as the  
killer, GALE. WE can leave... TOGETHER.

GALE looks away from him.

GALE  
...Fuck you.

FRANK  
(crushed)  
If I can't have you... no one can.

There's a BEAT of silence between the two.

GALE  
I said, fuck you!

GALE grabs FRANK's knife-holding hand and bites down hard below  
his pinky.

FRANK  
Aaahhh!

He pulls her hair back, ripping her off of him. GALE falls over  
to the side, his hand still gripping a clump of her hair.

INT. STAGE - CONTINUOUS

CUE "TATUM'S TORTURE" by MARCO BELTRAMI

JUDY continues to hold DEWEY by the throat, the two struggle with  
the gun, but JUDY seemed to be turning down toward DEWEY.

JUDY  
You think you can just fuck me and then  
dump me?!

DEWEY reaches up onto the coffee table, he sees the bottle of  
champagne right over JUDY's shoulder.

JUDY (CONT'D)

We could've had something special. But  
 you made a fatal mistake,  
 [mocking]SHERIFF!

DEWEY grabs the bottle and smashes it into the back of JUDY's head.

JUDY (CONT'D)

Ah!

JUDY forcefully falls down on DEWEY, the gun flies out of both of their hands and back across the stage. It falls in between two meeting floorboards, dropping under the stage.

JUDY falls unconscious, laying on top of DEWEY. They are both covered in champagne.

CUT TO:

INT. PRESCOTT PENTHOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

RAMONE pulls a new white t-shirt on. He looks as good as new. PAM and MARK still surround SID.

PAMELA

Ya see, SID, we're your victims. You're  
 THE KILLER.

MARK

Along with your pal, GALE. You guys  
 offed DIMWIT and all the other victims,  
 including YOUR FATHER.

SIDNEY

(shaking her head)

How could you do this, PAM? My father  
 loved you.

PAMELA

And he loved you too! Just a little bit  
 more than me. No matter who he marries  
 or loves... or fucks, YOU will always be  
 the apple of his eye. Well, his little  
 "KID" just shot him!

SIDNEY struggles to keep a straight face as the tears stream down her cheeks.

PAMELA (CONT'D)

You got a little too kill-happy, SID.  
 You just love killing as many Ghostface  
 killers as you possibly can.

RAMONE

(interjects)

Especially if they're family.

PAMELA

You forget that we're human, too!  
[emotional] We have feelings just like  
you, SIDNEY!

SIDNEY

(shakes her head)  
You're absolutely insane.

PAMELA

I love NEIL. I always have!

SIDNEY

Love him?! You set him up to be shot -  
by his own daughter! You don't love him!

PAMELA

No! I love him! I love him! You don't  
know what I've sacrificed for that man!  
My trust...[breaks down] my dignity...  
everything your mother gave up,  
including HER LIFE! And now, I'm giving  
up my life for him too.[cries] You think  
NEIL is the perfect man. Perfect father.  
Perfect husband. He may have that father  
thing down alright, but... he's a  
regular Tiger Woods. A blonde in  
Chicago. A twenty year old in New York.  
Your friend, STEPHANIE! [shakes head]  
You thought your mother was a lying,  
cheating whore. Ha! For all of his  
faults, you certainly can't accuse NEIL  
of being faithful.

SIDNEY

Better than a PSYCHOTIC KILLER.

SID and PAM trade dark stares of hatred for a BEAT.

CUT TO:

INT. GALE'S TV STUDIO - BACKSTAGE - CONTINUOUS

GALE and FRANK roll around the floor.

FRANK

(pleading)  
Please, GALE! Don't make me hurt you!

FRANK, on top of her, holds her down. GALE struggles.

GALE

You're a fucking psychopath!

FRANK

No, I'm in love!

GALE sees DEWEY creeping up behind FRANK. She stops struggling.

FRANK

Don't you get it? I'm in THIS for you!  
Only you, GALE!

DEWEY comes up behind FRANK and yanks him up into the sleeper hold. FRANK struggles, stabbing DEWEY in the thigh.

DEWEY

Ah!

GALE

DEWEY!

GALE crawls back as DEWEY pulls FRANK away. She stands up.

DEWEY

GALE, run!

GALE stands and runs down the hall behind the stage.

CUT TO:

INT. PRESCOTT PENTHOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

MARK steps up to SIDNEY, coming just inches from her face.

MARK

It all comes to a head, SID. The scary movie of a life we started together thirteen years ago, finally comes to a head.

RAMONE

Come on, SID, remake or not, the game is to outdo your predecessor! Billy was your "high school sweetheart," but MARK... you two are practically married.

MARK

Marriage is built on trust, RAMONE. SIDNEY doesn't know what trust is. She'll pretend like she does. Just like she pretends to commit. But she never truly does. She's the type of woman who'll just decide she's leaving you one day. And as you pour your heart out to her, begging her not to leave, she'll stand there cold... as a GHOST... FACE. [smiles] You can thank yourself for this right here, SIDNEY. You created THE KILLER in me.

SIDNEY

Because I NEVER loved you! And I

wouldn't exactly call what I have TRUST ISSUES when I was right about you all along! You want to be BILLY LOOMIS, MARK - that's fine! You were once you're own character... now you're only the shell of another one, you piece of shit!

A BEAT of silence is broken when MARK suddenly backhands SIDNEY.

SID let's out a cry, grabbing her face.

MARK

(nods)

It's alright, SID. Those ghosts you and I always see, ya know, the one's that don't go away...?{nods} I'm going make them go away once and for all.

MARK cocks his gun.

MARK (CONT'D)

We're going to be together forever, SID. Just like PAMELA and NEIL are. Only you're THE KILLER and I'm the TRAGIC HERO.

PAMELA stands there looking bored.

RAMONE

And I'm going to die exactly the way I wished to - by hands of thee SIDNEY PRESCOTT.

RAMONE and SIDNEY make eye-contact.

RAMONE (CONT'D)

Surviving is so over-rated.

PAMELA

Isn't it so much scarier, SID, when you're confronted by a KILLER-- or rather KILLERS, that simply don't care about surviving. Ya killed your father, SID. And you murdered me.

RAMONE

(smiles)

And me!

MARK

And now I kill you. You die and then I shoot myself in the head.

RAMONE

Perfect ending!

SID stares right into MARK's eyes.

CUT TO:

EXT. LOS ANGELES PARK - CONTINUOUS

A crowd of men and woman, both young and old charge up a grassy hill. They hold up posters of SIDNEY. They look fierce. They hold pipes, chains and knives.

Across the field of grass, the united Jill fans do the exact same. The two gangs of people march toward one another.

CUT TO:

INT. GALE'S TV STUDIO - BACKSTAGE - CONTINUOUS

DEWEY falls to the floor, having been stabbed three times now by FRANK, as he finally passes out.

FRANK goes limp and DEWEY drops him. DEWEY stands. He picks up the knife.

DEWEY

GALE!

CUT TO:

INT. GALE'S DRESSING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

GALE comes running into her dressing room. Her Iphone sits on the vanity. She picks it up and turns around to see JUDY come through the door.

JUDY holds *her* BUCK 120. She walks in and slams the door shut, locking it.

JUDY

It's over, bitch...

GALE stands frozen, scared as shit!

CUT TO:

INT. PRESCOTT PENTHOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

CUE "JILL'S AMERICA" by MARCO BELTRAMI

They stand as they were in the kitchen.

PAMELA

I mean, come on, SID, JAMIE is the perfect replacement for you. She's completely innocent--

RAMONE

A requirement that Jill, bless her heart, just didn't understand.

PAMELA

She has the back story of her father's "suicide." Ha! And even her own MOTHER dies, staying true to the ORIGINAL. This is not a remake SID. It's simply just ANOTHER sequel. It's time to pass the torch. But what a way to go out, huh? As THE KILLER! You've had FIVE movies, SID. Enough is enough.

RAMONE

Hey, at least we're sending you with a BANG. [laughs] I mean, just killing you would suck! We can't do that to the fans, SID.

PAMELA

Yeah. Let's just get on with this, already.

MARK and PAMELA trade guns. PAM points MARK's gun at SID. Out of the four bullets left in SID's revolver, MARK empties three bullets onto the floor, leaving only one left. He closes the revolver and hands it to SIDNEY.

MARK

Take it.

She looks up at him, confused.

MARK (CONT'D)

Take the fucking gun!

SID slowly reaches for it. PAMELA continues to point MARK's gun at her.

PAMELA

Don't try anything funny, bitch.

RAMONE steps up to SID, knife pointed at her. MARK steps over to RAMONE who then passes him the BUCK 120. MARK holds the gun up at SID.

MARK

(nods)

RAMONE, it's been fun.

RAMONE smiles and looks back at PAMELA who winks at him. SID sneakily and inconspicuously lifts her hand and arm through the large sleeve of the GHOSTFACE ROBE.

RAMONE

(turns to SID)

I just want to say how truly honored I am to die at your hand, SIDNEY.

SID realizes what's going on and turns to MARK who stands next to her. He gives her a smile. SIDNEY turns back to RAMONE.

RAMONE (CONT'D)

Ya see, I'm Team Jill and well, since MARK really wants to be the one that kills you, I'm happy that at least Jill and I will have both died from a gunshot by thee SIDNEY. [smiles] Okay. I'm ready.

MARK

Blow his head off. Do it, SID.

SIDNEY stands there. Her whole body shakes as she shakes her head, looking at MARK, then back at RAMONE.

CUT TO:

INT. LOS ANGELES PARK - CONTINUOUS

The two gangs of fans stop, an open field of grass in between them. They face off, eagerly awaiting to attack each other.

After a BEAT of waiting, the two gangs of opposing fans charge at one another. They begin a bloody and brutal battle to the death, right there in the park. A SIDNEY fan holding up a sign smashes the wooden stick into one Jill fan's face. Two girls, one dressed like SIDNEY and the other like Jill at the end of SCRE4M engage in a violent fist fight.

CUT TO:

INT. GALE'S TV STUDIO - BACKSTAGE - CONTINUOUS

DEWEY comes running up to the GALE's dressing room, hearing her screams and fighting inside. He realizes the door is locked and begins pounding. The BUCK 120 still in his hand.

DEWEY

GALE!

CUT TO:

INT. GALE'S DRESSING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

JUDY jabs GALE once in the side between her ribs, immediately pulling the knife out. GALE grabs her side, letting out a breathless SCREAM. JUDY aggressively shoves GALE up against the wall.

DEWEY

(O.S.)

GALE! Open the door!

CUT TO:

INT. BACKSTAGE - CONTINUOUS

DEWEY continues to bang on the door.

DEWEY

GALE!

FRANK

(O.S.)

Hey, DEWEY!

DEWEY turns to see FRANK standing down the hall. He shoves the magazine clip into DEWEY's gun and fires off the gun twice.

DEWEY is hit in the chest, stumbling back and falling to the floor.

CUT TO:

INT. GALE'S DRESSING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

JUDY holds GALE up against the wall. A poster of the original STAB movie hanging there.

JUDY

The biggest regret of my life was saving your's.

JUDY stabs GALE in the stomach. GALE lets out another scream.

JUDY

Now it's time to make it up to myself.

JUDY pulls the knife from GALE stomach. GALE holds her two bleeding wounds as she begins to slide down the wall in shock. JUDY grabs GALE's arm as she limps over, stopping her from falling flat to the floor. JUDY then stabs GALE twice in her back below her neck. GALE cries out weakly.

CUT TO:

INT. BACKSTAGE - CONTINUOUS

DEWEY lays on the floor a few feet from the door. He dropped the BUCK 120 off to the side.

FRANK comes up, picking up the knife. He throws the gun down next to DEWEY, leans over him and holds up the knife, ready to stab him when JUDY comes walking out of GALE's dressing room.

FRANK turns to her, noticing JUDY to be covered in blood, holding a bloody BUCK 120.

FRANK  
(horrified)

NO!

FRANK brandishes his BUCK 120 before he charges at JUDY with a loud scream. JUDY stands there as he comes at her. As FRANK comes running into her, JUDY points her BUCK 120 up. The blade goes right into FRANK's stomach as his goes into JUDY's chest below her collarbone. She screams under FRANK's elongated yell, the two flying down the hall and falling to the floor.

FRANK falls on top of JUDY, both on each others' blades going in deeper. They both cry out in pain.

FRANK  
I'll kill you!

JUDY turns them both to the side, shoving FRANK away with her free arm. He falls off of her KNIFE as he reflexively pulls his from her chest.

JUDY leans on her right arm holding the knife. As she turns and reaches down with the left to stand up, FRANK sticks her in her side. JUDY lets out a scream and falls onto her wounded shoulder. FRANK then sits up and stabs her once in the back. She lets out another scream. Holding his stomach wound, FRANK pulls himself to his feet. He stands over a struggling JUDY. He kicks her stabbed ribs. JUDY groans, falling over onto her back. FRANK steps on her right wrist, her knife falling from her grip. FRANK reaches down for the BUCK 120. He stands over with both bloody knives in his hands. JUDY looks up at him.

FRANK  
DEWEY's waiting for you!

FRANK holds the knives above his head. JUDY lets out a long piercing scream before he brings them flying into her chest. After the initial stabs, FRANK bends down and begins butchering her. JUDY can be heard gagging and choking on her own blood as he violently stabs her repeatedly. One knife after the other.

CUT TO:

INT. GALE'S DRESSING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

FRANK, holding his stomach wound, comes walking through the door. He cries as he slowly bends down over a bloody GALE, laying in a pool of her own blood. He pulls her into his arms. She weakly turns her head, clearly gasping for air as she lets out a deep constricted breath.

FRANK  
(sobbing)  
I'm so sorry. I didn't want this. I  
didn't mean for this!

FRANK pulls GALE close to him, crying out. He rocks her back and forth.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
I killed her. I killed her. I did it for  
you.

GALE struggles to open her eyes. One of FRANK's tears falls onto her face and slides down her blood smeared cheek.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
(whispers)  
I'll fix this. I'll take the pain away.

He kisses her lips, before running his blood covered finger across them. He continues to sob. FRANK gently places GALE back onto the floor. On his knees, he kneels over her, grabbing one of the knives off of the floor. He slowly brings the BUCK 120 over his head. He pauses, looking down at her, tears in his eyes. *Just* as FRANK goes to bring the knife down at GALE, gunfire is heard from off-screen. FRANK is hit below the right shoulder and thrown back onto the floor.

DEWEY stands in the doorway, a horrified look over his battered face as he holds up the fired-off gun before him.

FRANK coughs up blood as he attempts to turn over, but to no avail.

DEWEY runs over to GALE, he bends down over her, grabbing her bloody face with his hand.

DEWEY  
GALE...

The sound of his voice triggers her eye lids to slightly open.

GALE  
(weak)  
DEWEY...

DEWEY looks over at FRANK who is clearly still alive. DEWEY stands and steps over him.

DEWEY stands over FRANK who looks up at him. DEWEY lifts up his shirt, revealing a BULLET PROOF VEST. FRANK reaches for the knife off to his side as DEWEY looks over at a GALE. He looks back at FRANK.

BEAT

DEWEY points the gun at his head and immediately pulls the trigger. FRANK receives a gunshot right in the middle of his forehead.

DEWEY comes back over to GALE who he can still hear breathing.

He leans over her, applying pressure to her stomach wound. DEWEY pulls out his cellphone and FINALLY dials 911.

DEWEY

This is DEWEY RILEY. I need the police and an ambulance to GALE WEATHERS'S STUDIO! It's one-nine-nine-six Hudson Avenue. We have two victims and two dead suspects.

DEWEY hangs up.

GALE

DEWEY...

GALE struggles to touch his face with her blood covered hand. Tears in his eyes, he scoops GALE up into his arms and limps off.

CUT TO:

INT. PRESCOTT PENTHOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

SID holds her gun in her hand, RAMONE standing only feet ahead of her, MARK beside her, BUCK 120 up to her neck. PAMELA stands behind RAMONE, pointing her gun at SID.

PAMELA

Come on, SID - this is your favorite part of the movie!

RAMONE

It's alright, SID. I want you to do it. Look, I'll make it easier for you.

RAMONE lays down on the kitchen floor.

MARK

Yeah. There you go. Shoot him.

RAMONE

Come on, SID! Right between the eyes - none of that, in the heart shit!

SID holds the gun in her hand. She shakes her head. She won't do it.

PAMELA

Bitch. RAMONE, get NEIL. He was still alive. Maybe then she'll learn to comply.

RAMONE

Does it really have to come down to this, SID? [stands up]

RAMONE pushes through the revolving door.

RAMONE

(O.S.)

Oh, shit. We have a problem... of Billy  
and Stu proportions!

MARK

What?!

SID brings her hand back down the sleeve of the robe, BRASS  
KNUCKLES around her fingers.

MARK and PAM trade stares. He snatches SID's gun back as PAM  
turns and runs through the door. MARK grabs SIDNEY, pulling her  
along.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

PAM, MARK and SIDNEY come out into the living room. NEIL is  
GONE. PAM walks over to RAMONE. MARK and SID stand by the couch.

RAMONE

Where the fuck is he?!

PAMELA

(panics)

Find him, you motherfucker! Alright,  
plan B. MARK, kill her. Kill her, right  
now!

MARK puts the gun right to SID's temple.

MARK

It's been real, BABY. Love you.

RAMONE opens the front door, only to be confronted by *GHOSTFACE*  
with a BROOM held like a baseball bat. They are all startled,  
turning and looking. *GHOSTFACE* swings the broomstick, hitting  
RAMONE in the face.

RAMONE

Ah!

RAMONE falls back down onto the floor, face severely bleeding.

Before PAMELA can shoot, *GHOSTFACE* runs and smacks the gun out  
of her hands, the stick breaking in half and falling to the  
floor.

PAMELA

Ah, fuck!

The force of the hit knocks PAM to the floor.

MARK's turns to shoot at GHOSTFACE so SIDNEY throws a punch, hitting him right in the side of his face with the BRASS KNUCKLES. MARK immediately drops the knife, loses his balance and stumbles off to the side. He aimlessly fires off the one shot in the gun. SIDNEY grabs his arm with the gun in his hand, with the other hand, she continues to punch him in the face. Blood shoots out.

GHOSTFACE drops the broken broomstick and picks up the idle handgun. Turning around, RAMONE and PAMELA look up. The mask is pulled off - JAMIE stands there. She rips open the robe and lets it drop down.

PAMELA

Oh, god JAMIE![fake cries] JAMIE, you gotta help us! SIDNEY's trying to kill us!

SIDNEY

Motherfucker!

SID punches MARK continuously. He stumbles through the open door to the terrace and falls back.

PAMELA

JAMIE, please! She shot NEIL!

JAMIE

(points gun at PAM)  
Shut the fuck up already!

RAMONE jumps up and lunges at JAMIE. She turns, but he tackles her. The two go flying back through the glass coffee table. It shatters under them.

CUT TO:

EXT. LOS ANGELES PARK - CONTINUOUS

In the heat of the battle, a SIDNEY fan dressed similarly to her in SCREAM 2 and 3, holds a heavy broken chain in her hand. She swings it at a male JILL fan holding a BUCK 120, breaking open his face. The brawl continues around her.

EXT. ROOFTOP TERRACE - CONTINUOUS

SID kicks MARK repeatedly as he lay on the ground. She bends down to pick up the gun, but sees PAMELA coming through the doorway holding up the BUCK 120.

SID jumps back behind the table and chairs, pulling them in front of her as PAM lunges at her with the knife.

PAMELA

You're not leaving here alive!

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

RAMONE lays on top of JAMIE who again finds herself under broken glass.

RAMONE  
You were the best I ever had, JAME!

JAMIE  
And you sucked!

JAMIE puts the gun right up to RAMONE temple and pulls the trigger. Blood and brain matter explode out the other side of his head. JAMIE screams as she shoves him off of her.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROOFTOP TERRACE - CONTINUOUS

SID and PAM stand on either side of the table. As SID tries going around one way, PAM chases her back.

PAMELA  
Come on, SID!

SIDNEY  
Fuck you!

PAM climbs onto the table, lunging at SIDNEY. SID jumps back.

BANG.

A gunshot instantly catches SID and PAM's attention. JAMIE stands in the doorway into the apartment, the gun pointed in the air.

JAMIE  
Don't fucking move!

PAMELA climbs back off of the table. JAMIE points the gun at her. MARK moves his hand, but it goes unnoticed.

PAMELA  
(cries)  
I didn't want it to be this way, JAMIE.

JAMIE  
(cries)  
You're insane, MOM.

PAMELA  
I have to kill her, JAMIE! She needs to die! I'm going to give you everything she has!

JAMIE stands there hysterically crying, all beaten up and bloody, but like SIDNEY, still wearing the BLACK ROBE.

JAMIE  
(pleads)  
She's *pregnant*, MOM.

PAMELA looks over at SIDNEY. She steps past MARK on the ground.

PAMELA  
You're not going to shoot me. Not you're own mother. It's not you.

PAMELA walks right up to JAMIE. JAMIE doesn't shoot. SID stays in the corner, but against the terrace divider, her brass knuckles still on.

JAMIE  
Stop, MOM!

PAMELA  
I love you, JAMIE.

JAMIE  
(cries)  
You're a KILLER.

PAMELA  
You'll thank me for this later.

PAM grabs the gun and stabs JAMIE in the shoulder.

JAMIE  
Ah!

JAMIE falls back inside as PAMELA pries the gun from her hand. SID attempts to run, but PAM quickly points the gun at her. In one hand she holds MARK's gun, the other, the BUCK 120.

PAMELA  
Ah, ah, ah, SID!

PAM turns and fires the gun. SID dodges the bullet, ducking under the table.

PAMELA  
No one can save you now, SIDNEY!

PAM charges around the table.

MARK  
(O.S.)  
NO!

MARK tackles PAM up against the wall.

PAMELA

Ah! You motherfucker!

PAMELA sticks MARK in the stomach, repeatedly stabbing and pushing him off her.

SID crawls around the table, gets up on her feet and runs inside. JAMIE no longer lays where she was.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

SIDNEY comes running inside, she looks around, but continues toward the door.

JAMIE

(O.S.)

SID!

SIDNEY turns around to see JAMIE standing on the side of the open doorway to the terrace. She holds in her hand, a KITCHEN KNIFE.

SID's jaw drops as PAM spots her and charges through the doorway, gun pointed.

As PAM comes through the door, JAMIE plunges the knife into her chest.

PAMELA

(scream)

Aaahh!

PAM drops the BUCK 120 and fires off the gun, falling back out onto the terrace, holding her bloody chest. SHE DROPS.

JAMIE stands trembling, staring out at her mother. JAMIE drops the knife.

SID comes walking up behind her. She stops and stares out at PAMELA laying on her side on the terrace floor. SID and JAMIE turn and look at each other. SID steps out onto the terrace. JAMIE watches as SID slowly approaches PAM, grabbing the gun that lay loosely in her hand. SID stands, immediately pointing down at her.

JAMIE

SID...

SID looks over.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

NEIL... he's alive.

SIDNEY

DADDY.

SID comes back inside, still holding MARK's gun. JAMIE holds her bleeding shoulder. Both seem dazed and somewhat in a fog.

JAMIE

He's in the neighbor's apartment. I hid him there.

SID grabs JAMIE's hand and they start toward the door.

CUT TO:

INT. NEIGHBOR'S PENTHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

SID and JAMIE come into the dark neighbors apartment. It's candle lit. NEIL lays on the couch, no shirt on, bloody gauze patches on his bullet wounds.

SID breaks down into tears, running over to him.

SIDNEY

DADDY!

She weeps over him.

JAMIE

We got to get him to the hospital, SID.

JAMIE runs into the kitchen to grab a rag as SID looks at his gunshot wounds.

JAMIE comes running out of the kitchen. She stops short - eyes wide.

A bloody, limp PAMELA stands in the doorway holding SID's gun (loaded with the bullets MARK dropped on the kitchen floor) silently pointed at SID's back.

JAMIE

No! SIDNEY!

JAMIE runs over as SID turns and PAMELA fires the gun.

JAMIE jumps in front of SID, grabbing and pulling her down, but taking three bullets in the back.

SID and JAMIE roll onto the floor. SID sits up to see a frozen PAMELA in the doorway.

A BEAT passes before a shaking PAMELA pulls the trigger again, pointed at SID.

The empty barrel CLICKS.

MARK's gun is fired.

PAMELA is thrown back up against the wall, her blood splattered everywhere.

SID looks up to see NEIL holding MARK's smoking gun pointed forward. He drops his arm down, resting back and looking over at SID.

SID turns and looks down at JAMIE, who lays there, struggling to breath, blood dripping out of her mouth. SID picks JAMIE up into her arms.

SIDNEY  
JAMIE...

JAMIE shakes. She doesn't speak. SID begins to cry again.

SIDNEY (CONT'D)  
JAMIE, please, no...

JAMIE stops shaking. She closes her eyes. SHE DIES. SID goes into initial shock before she breaks down into tears. She rocks JAMIE's dead, limp body back and forth.

CUT TO:

EXT. LOS ANGELES PARK - NIGHT

The battle begins to cool, DEAD AND BEATEN UP bodies laying everywhere.

A battered and bloody SIDNEY FAN crawls across the blood stained grass over to a dead Jill fan, a large blood smeared sign of Jill on a wooden stick laying beside him. The FAN struggles to stand up, picking up the sign as he does. He pulls out a lighter and torches the end of the sign until it catches on fire.

Holding up the burning sign, the FAN waves it victoriously in the air.

FAN  
Yeah! Victory! Jill is DEAD! Jill is  
DEAD! SIDNEY LIVES!

The injured and bloody crowd left cheers. The sound of police cars in the distance.

EXT. UCLA MEDICAL CENTER - CONTINUOUS

PAN the outside of the hospital. The police hold back the media from the entrance. A crowd of people begin to gather.

CUT TO:

INT. SIDNEY'S HOSPITAL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

DEWEY sits in a chair across from SID's bed. He is all bandaged up, but still looking completely beat up.

SIDNEY  
The baby's okay. [sad smile]

DEWEY  
Oh, SID, that's great! [leans in] You know I'll be here for you every step of the way.

SIDNEY  
(nods)  
How's GALE?

DEWEY  
She made it through surgery. They say she'll pull through.

SIDNEY  
My DAD too.

DEWEY nods. He and SID hold each other's hand.

SIDNEY (CONT'D)  
It's another happy ending, DEWEY. But it still doesn't feel like one.

DEWEY leans over and hugs SIDNEY, whose arm is in a cast and sling.

DEWEY  
I gotta get back to GALE.

SIDNEY  
Send her my love.

DEWEY  
I will. Hang in there, SID.

SIDNEY  
You too.

DEWEY turns and leaves the room. The door to her room is left wide open. SIDNEY lays back in the bed. She hears something.

FANS  
(O.S.)  
SIDNEY! SIDNEY! SIDNEY! SIDNEY!

SIDNEY climbs out of bed and walks over to the window. She opens the blinds to see a huge crowd of people chanting her name and rooting for her.

FANS  
SIDNEY! SIDNEY! SIDNEY! SIDNEY!

SID stands there, the most stoic expression in her body language and facial expression. Her FANS cheer louder for her.

FADE TO:

EXT. LOS ANGELES PARK - CONTINUOUS

The battered and bloody FAN continues to wave the engulfed Jill sign. The entire thing burns, blackening into the center.

CLOSE UP on the burning FACE of the Jill picture. It blackens and fades in the fire--

CUTTING TO:

CREDITS