

'SCREAM 5' -- JESSA SIDES

DECEMBER 14, 2011

INT. EDDIE'S 1985 IMPALA - MORNING

EDDIE SNOW -- 20's, handsome but totally oblivious, a total camera geek who holds true passion in his music -- sits behind the wheel of this vintage hand-me-down that's seen more years than love. He sighs and looks over at --

THE PASSENGER SEAT where a gym bag rests.

The SOUND of another car outside brings Eddie's attention to:

A gawdy sport's car that is tucked into the space next to Eddie. The driver: JESSA WILDER, late 20's, pure English beauty.

A perky woman with undeniable style, confidence, and wit, using her attractive exterior to mask her loneliness.

They share a solemn look between windows, before Jessa finally opens up her door.

She gets out of her car. And Eddie gets out of his.

EXT. PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Jessa pops the trunk. Eddie approaches, the gym bag in his grip.

JESSA
Let's make this quick, yeah?

EDDIE
Um. Hey.

She doesn't immediately make eye contact, instead focusing on the gym bag.

JESSA
Is that it?

He hands the bag over to Jessa.

EDDIE
I think so.

Jessa unzips the bag and digs around. Disappointment etches on her face:

JESSA
You didn't find my red yoga pants?

EDDIE
Sorry, I looked.

JESSA
Okay. I guess it'll turn up
eventually.

She plunks the gym bag into the trunk.

Eddie struggles for something to say.

EDDIE
Jessa...

She hefts a file box and hands it to Eddie.

JESSA
That should be everything. If not,
let me know.
(heavy sarcasm)
I'll use whatever spare time I have
to look for your stuff.

EDDIE
...Heavy.

It's all he can muster to her. Jessa scoffs. Pathetic.

She shuts the trunk, and leans against it, waiting for him to
leaf through the box's contents.

He opens it up and looks in. Inside are a couple pairs of
jeans, a few spare shirts, a half-dozen CD's, a small stack
of books.

EDDIE (CONT'D)
Leaving my studio behind and moving
in with you? You know that would
be a big jump for me.

JESSA
Please. I don't wanna talk about
this anymore. What's done is done.
You think I blame you? Because I
don't. It's your life's work.

EDDIE
Good.
(beat)
But what you don't know is that I'm
willing to do this. I've gotten a
job working as a camera man for
Gale Riley...

JESSA

How do I know you won't change your mind again, six months down the road? And shack up with another blonde bimbo?

(mocking him)

I'm sure there were makeout sessions, but full-on blowjob? Doubt it. Am I right? At least tell me that much.

EDDIE

(serious)

Because I won't.

JESSA

That's it? Because you won't? This is one of those amazing movie moments in the making here. You of all people should know you had the potential to re-capture my heart right there...

EDDIE

I just don't know what else to say. It's not about saying anyway, it's about actions. And I can prove it to you.

JESSA

What you did hurt. I can't do this. Not now.

EDDIE

We'll talk later?

JESSA

(beaming)

After you find my yoga pants. You remember them don't you? They really did my perfectly formed ass wonders.

She strides away purposefully, leaving Eddie to try finding some point to argue or reassure, but judging by the way he's watching her leave, he's too caught up in that perfectly formed ass of hers. Judging by the smirk on her face, she can tell he's looking. And that's exactly what she wanted.

INT. ROBERT'S RESIDENCE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

The old ROBERTS RESIDENCE kitchen.

SIDNEY sits at the table with JESSA, the two are drinking coffee. Jessa stirs her coffee with a straw.

JESSA

Are you sure you wanna stay here?

SIDNEY

(smiles)

I'm sure.

JESSA

The offer still stands for my guest room.

SIDNEY

Nah, it's alright. I know what you're getting at, Jessa, but... what difference is it from usual? The memories are here no matter what.

(beat)

I need to keep this place up, though. For Aunt Kate. She wouldn't have wanted the house she kept going for well over twenty years to just go abandoned...

JESSA

I understand that. I just don't know if being alone tonight is the best idea for you...

SIDNEY

The way these things usually go, the killer saves me for last... And usually they bump a lot more off than three people. So I should be fine. He was just trying to spook me earlier. He was too sloppy.

JESSA

You of all people should know I'm not the kinda' gal who just spews false hope at people and says it'll all be okay, but I truly am here for you and understand where you're coming from. If you need anything at all, you know where to find me. You know that, right?

Sidney smiles softly -- this is all so familiar to her, but she keeps herself quiet. She nods.

SIDNEY

Of course. And you know I'm here for you, too. I liked you and Eddie together. I hope things work out.

Judging by Jessa's expression, she does too. Sidney welcomes Jessa in for a sisterly hug. She accepts.

Once they break, Jessa plops down in a seat beside Sid --

JESSA

I would offer you a drink but it's your place, so...

Jessa winks. Sidney flashes a smile Jessa's way.

SIDNEY

I already had enough earlier, thanks. If by the off chance this killer has brass balls and wants to come right for me tonight, I'd like to be sober so I kick his ass.

JESSA

That's my girl.

Jessa's gaze swings to the phone on the counter, then back at Sidney. Smirking --

JESSA (CONT'D)

You still have home phone?
Seriously? Get out of the
nineties, Sid.

It SUDDENLY rings. Now Jessa's face just reads total worry. That confidence and sunny disposition completely washed away in a matter of seconds.

JESSA (CONT'D)

...Spine-tingling perfect timing.
Who is it?

SIDNEY

I'll check the ID.

Sidney does so. Picks up the phone and answers.

SIDNEY (CONT'D)

Hello?