

INT. AIRPORT - GATE 72 - DAY

SIDNEY PRESCOTT lounges on a chair. Reading a magazine. She flips through the pages as she sees the gate doors open and people start walking out. Straightening herself in the chair, Sidney finally stands and stretches out...

She looks around. She can't find whoever she's looking for... When the plane gate doors finally clear out and there's no sign of the person she was looking for, Sidney approaches the front desk. A happy smile and friendly demeanor. But it's honestly falsified. There's still a lot of pain she has to mask.

SIDNEY

Excuse me, I'm waiting for someone.
She was supposed to be on this
flight...

CLERK

I could run her name through
database if you'd like?

SIDNEY

Sure.

The clerk waits... Fingers ready to punch the letters in.

SIDNEY (CONT'D)

Kirby Reed. She was supposed to be
here with two friends. Taryn,
uh... Rose and Declan McKeveyley.

CLERK

You're... you're Sidney Prescott
aren't you?

Sidney just nods.

CLERK (CONT'D)

Wow. It's good to see you. You're
a real hero of my son's -- He's a
huge fan of the movies. Wishes he
had a "badass mom like Sidney
Prescott." I keep telling him it's
too bad, he's stuck with me.

Sidney chuckles uncomfortably.

SIDNEY

Glad I can entertain.

CLERK

Oh, I didn't mean it like that, I'm
sorry Miss Prescott...

She waves it off... Forces a polite smile.

SIDNEY

It's fine. Tell your son I said
hi. And please... Call me Sidney.

She winks at the clerk. The clerk smiles and types Kirby's
name into the computer. Waits for the database to load...

CLERK

All three names did indeed purchase
a ticket, but none of them ever
boarded.

Sidney's expression grows worried --

CLERK (CONT'D)

Do you think... before you go? You
could take a picture or something?
My son would never believe me if I
told him...

Sidney, her mind a rocky sea of confusion, shakes her head
'yes' out of her trance. She reaches into her bag -- pulling
out a pen.

SIDNEY

Would a quick autograph be okay?

The clerk rifles through her wallet and pulls out a picture
of a young teenage kid. Probably her son. She turns the
photo on its flipside.

CLERK

More than okay. Thank you!

ECU of the pen as she CLICKS down on the top with her
finger...

...And she signs something...

PULL UP TO REVEAL:

INT. EMPTY CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Sidney removing the same pen from a pad of paper on a podium.
A 'sign-in sheet'. Sid moves solemnly past the podium and
takes a seat amongst a small group, beside JESSA.

She's definitely Sidney's "Dear Abby", even though she'd rather care to deny it. Jessa places a hand on Sid's shoulder comfortingly.

JESSA
You okay, hon?

SIDNEY
(honestly)
Not really...

Jessa nods. She gets it, rubs Sidney's back with a weak smile... She exchanges looks with other members of the group - a brunette in her 20's seems transfixed on Sidney, while her friend, also in his 20's, twitches in his seat. Obviously bored.

A woman in her 40's enters the room through the double doors in the back. She's got a pasty smile on her face, and deep, piercing blue eyes that seem to stare into the soul and analyze every depth of it... This is DR. VERA DEWITT.

VERA
Okay, everyone.

She joins them in a seat where everyone can get a good view of her. Dividing her attention equally among the group...

VERA (CONT'D)
As you all know. We suffered a great loss tonight. Someone who was close to us. Someone who cared about us very deeply, someone we cared about very deeply as well...

There's a moment of silence. Either in remembrance or the fact that none of them have anything to say...

VERA (CONT'D)
...I know it's odd to be doing a meeting without them. But... all the more reason to be conducting it right? We're all reeling. Mourning.

There's a pause as Vera scans the group.

Sidney's solemn expression, Jessa's got her eyes closed and whispering softly to herself. Praying. The brunette beside Jessa is staring at Sidney. Sidney takes notice, the girl turns away quickly. Sidney looks uncomfortable, shuffling in her chair...

VERA (CONT'D)
And it's okay to mourn. To reel.
Whether you realize it or not, we
all... we all wear masks.

This catches Sidney's attention. She snaps forward to stare down Vera. She's looking directly at Sid.

VERA (CONT'D)
Whether we realize it or not.
Maybe not literal masks, but we
mask our feelings. Smile through
the pain you know? But it's okay
to let it out.

ON SIDNEY

VERA (CONT'D)
To take off that mask.

Sidney's annoyed. She takes a deep breath.

SIDNEY
Could you... use different analogy?
Please?

Vera looks slightly taken aback. But she nods. Understands.

VERA
I know how touchy this all is with
you, but... you joined this support
group, you should be willing to
share with us. We're like family,
Sid.

SIDNEY
Yeah, well, I've learned the hard
way that I can't always rely on
family.

ON JESSA

Who stares at Sid. Gulps.

ON SIDNEY

Her heartbroken stare. She's gone quiet.

ON VERA

Who sighs...

VERA

I'm sorry. I don't know what's gotten into me.

SIDNEY

I don't think I should be here...

Sidney gets up, storming away. Jessa's in a state of shock.

JESSA

Sid, wait!

But Sidney's out of there. Jessa gets up to follow.

VERA

Let her go.

Jessa spins around. Confused. Vera's got this ambiguous, soft smile on her face.

VERA (CONT'D)

She'll be back.

Everyone in the group exchanges glances. And then that awkward silence takes over again.

INT. RILEY RESIDENCE - KITCHEN - DAY

GALE RILEY has that flashy air of confidence back that she was missing in the previous film. She approaches the counter, where her phone buzzes. She answers.

GALE

Hello?

(pause)

Yes, I'm still heading to work today, I already told you...

(pause)

I don't need time off. I need to be there to report this. Alright. Bye.

She hangs up and takes a sip of a orange juice glass that sits on the table. Her husband, DEWEY, enters in his police uniform. He's still his normal old goofy self, maybe even moreso than the last time we saw him.

DEWEY

You're going to work?

GALE

Kirby's dead, Dewey. It'd be poignant if I delivered the news, considering we, ya know, survived this thing together.

DEWEY

You barely talked to her. And when you did, all you two did was argue.

Gale ignores him. Grabs her purse and swings it over her shoulder.

DEWEY (CONT'D)

Don't be insensitive about it okay?

Gale looks back at him. Sees the sincerity.

DEWEY (CONT'D)

Sidney and I cared about her. I don't want things to be awkward between you two, not again.

A smile finally hits Gale's face. We can tell these two are in a better place.

GALE

I'll be sensitive. Promise.

Dewey moves for a hug, the two embrace. When they break --

GALE (CONT'D)

You have a good day at work. Make sure you give me the scoop if there's anything going on.

Dewey knows the drill, waving her off. He moves for a nearby endtable, picking up his badge and hat. Clips the badge on his shirt. We notice the badge.

It reads 'DEPUTY'. Wait, what happened to Sheriff?

DEWEY

Yeah, yeah, I know. You have a good day too.

Gale smiles as she heads out the back door. As Dewey slips his hat on his head, we CLOSE on his face...

INT. EMPTY CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

The meeting is clearing out. The brunette that was eyeing Sid earlier sees a familiar face enter the building.

It's DECLAN. The brunette -- MISSY, 20's, cute, perky, and bubbly fun -- rises from her chair and rushes for him.

MISSY

Declan!

The guy friend that sat with Missy watches from his seat as she embraces Declan in a tight hug.

MISSY (CONT'D)

Are you okay? You're not in trouble or anything?

DECLAN

No, everything's good. I really missed you, Missy.

MISSY

The police found your phone?

Declan shakes his head, and Missy frowns.

DECLAN

It was a miracle for them to clear me and let me return to Woodsboro...

MISSY

I bet...

Missy's guy friend, ZACH, handsome, sarcastic, who's -- you'd never guess it -- a major horror buff, approaches the two. Holds out a hand for Declan to shake. Declan hesitates, but shakes it.

ZACH

I heard you were at the scene of the crime... Kirby Reed, huh? And everyone expected her to take up the helm as STAB's latest 'Scream Queen'...

DECLAN

Yeah, well... It wasn't as cool as you'd think it was, Zach.

ZACH

I never said it was cool.

MISSY

Cool it.

There's obviously some tension between the two guys. Missy hangs on Declan's shoulder as Zach shakes his head.

ZACH
I'll be outside. Going for a
smoke.

Zach looks back to make sure Vera, who's chatting with a couple other of the session members, isn't looking, as he fumbles with a blunt and sneaks outside.

DECLAN
You know I don't like your
friend...

MISSY
He's good to me, Dec.

Off Declan's look, Missy covers.

MISSY (CONT'D)
In a different way than you are...
He's been here for me to help me
with everything I've been feeling
this past year.

DECLAN
Yeah, I know. While I've been off
at college. I've already heard
this story before, Missy, and you
know I feel horrible. I appreciate
what he does for you, but I just --
he gives me bad vibes.

It goes quiet.

MISSY
...It really is good to see you
again. I got so worried when I
heard what happened.

They kiss.

ON VERA

She's chatting with her other patients. LEIGH, STEFFI, and a guy in his 30's, MARSHALL BATES is genuine sweet with a flamboyant personality but knows how to be serious and professional when the situation requires it.

STEFFI
...Have you checked on Sidney since
she stormed off?

VERA
Jessa's out there right now with
her...

MARSHALL

I feel for her. She's been through so much.

LEIGH

I remember interviewing her in Hollywood after her brother went after her. My story was a huge hit...

She sighs, reminiscing and continuing on with her story. But Leigh's voice drones on into the background as we focus on Marshall's face. He stares at the doors Sidney left through earlier, an expression of worry on his face.

EXT. WOODSBORO HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

Establishing. Just how it looked in the last film. A 'remembrance' banner hangs in front.

INT. WOODSBORO HIGH SCHOOL - AUDIO VISUAL LAB - DAY

GALE RILEY enters the AUDIO VISUAL LAB. It's familiar to us, the wall smothered in horror film posters and filled with film-making paraphernalia.

Working on a computer nearby is EDDIE SNOW. Eddie rises from the computer, giving a cheeky smile as Gale makes her way in.

EDDIE

So there really was a job offer.

GALE

(blunt)

Yeah. And you're getting an open interview.

Her tone grows flirty, she gets closer, smiling...

GALE (CONT'D)

You see, age hasn't been as kind to my ability to connect with each new generation as it has with my face...

Eddie smirks "Yeah right...". Gale stops for a moment, ready to rip his throat out, but she keeps her cool and carries on.

GALE (CONT'D)

...And the cameramen the asshats at the station persist on giving me are mindless, emotionless drones.

(MORE)

GALE (CONT'D)

I need someone who can really help me connect with my audience.

EDDIE

So what you're basically saying is...?

GALE

I need someone who can make me feel young and hip again, okay? Geeze, I didn't think I'd have to spell it out for you, but I guess...

EDDIE

(interrupting)

Your first cameraman was killed right? And now with Kirby Reed dead, it looks like another killer might be on the loose, yeah?

GALE

(defensive)

One cameraman out of like, fifty, it isn't as bad as it sounds. Don't let a potential stab in the gut or two scare you off, you'll get used to it.

EDDIE

Are you kidding me? The danger's what's *drawing me in*.

(beat)

Someone's running around killing people and everyone hides. Locks their doors. Turns their phones off. But not Gale Weathers. You run out there, every time, risking your life... for no reason but... the danger.

GALE

Don't talk to me like you have any idea on who I am.

EDDIE

Of course I don't know who you are. Gale Riley, formerly Weathers. Author of the books that inspired the infamous, controversial STAB series. You laid the groundwork for every Ghost Face'd killer after Billy and Stu. Singlehandedly stole the heart of dearest Deputy Riley by being a total cuntrag.

(MORE)

EDDIE (CONT'D)

Well, not according to your books --
just what a little birdie told me.

He winks at her.

GALE

Where do you get your sources, huh?

EDDIE

Oh, I do my research.

GALE

You're a little dick, you know
that?

EDDIE

Of course I do.

GALE

If we're going to play this game of
"Guess Who", count me in. I'm
guessing you're a momma's boy.
Stays at his mom's all day, forever
glued to the couch playing Wii.
Has always had a passion for the
camera but has always had his eye
on something else. Music, perhaps?

EDDIE

Corrections here. Haven't seen my
mom since I was a kid. Oh, and
Xbox. Not Wii. Xbox.

His eyes narrow --

EDDIE (CONT'D)

You were surprisingly spot-on with
the music, though.

GALE

(proudly)

If there's one, *indisputable* thing
I know I haven't lost over the
years, it's my sources. The first
two lines were just guesswork.

EDDIE

Guess you need to brush up on that
then.

Gale gives him a mocking expression --

EDDIE (CONT'D)

Having just met you, I wouldn't go
as far to call you a cold-hearted
bitch--

GALE

(smiling)

--Course not--

EDDIE

--Though I won't need to know you.
Considering I've read all your
books.

GALE

(sarcastic)

Not a fan?

EDDIE

Nah. When you called, I recognized
the name due to the fame, but
horror's never been quite my genre.
Had to do my research and read up.
You write non-fiction much better
than you do fiction, by the way.
Everything after the third was
pretty awful until you got to book
number eight. Though I guess the
truth in your books was hardly the
whole truth, considering how many
reports there are of the lies you
told in them.

Gale's smile is plastered on now, she's irritated.

GALE

There's a reason it's got the
"Based on" subtitle.

EDDIE

So how'd the interview go?

GALE

I'm... oddly impressed. You're in
if you still want it.

EDDIE

Absolutely.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

The place is casual, warm, and welcoming. We find Sidney
sitting at the bar as a BARTENDER approaches -

BARTENDER
What can I get ya?

SIDNEY
Um...
(contemplatively, staring
at the menu choices)
...Just a beer, please. Whatever
ya got on tap.

He pours her beer then sets the pint on the bar in front of her. Sidney takes a sip, but her face contorts and she spits it back into the glass.

MARSHALL (O.S.)
You alright down there?

Sidney turns to look down the bar at Marshall. She recognizes him from the meeting.

SIDNEY
...I've been in Europe for the past
ten months. Let's just say, the
beer's better over there.

MARSHALL
Oh yeah, definitely. Where in
Europe?

SIDNEY
France.

He smiles, his eyes brightening.

MARSHALL
I spent a few weeks in Ardeche on
my way to Paris... There was this
amazing rave on a cliff. It went
on for days.

Sidney gives a soft smile.

SIDNEY
I didn't see much party time. Was
in Périgny. A tiny commune in the
Charente-Maritime department...

Marshall nods. Pretends to know what she's talking about.

MARSHALL
Ah, I see...

SIDNEY

It's okay. No one's ever heard of Périgny. But that's what makes it so nice. It's quiet.

MARSHALL

Kind of like Woodsboro before all the STAB madness. Cause, you know, it did exist back then...

She nods...

SIDNEY

Sort of. The fact that the folks in Périgny were barely familiar with the STAB franchise was quite the breath-of-fresh-air, though... I was just any old American to them.

(beat)

I miss that sometimes.

There's a pause. Sidney wants to move on.

SIDNEY (CONT'D)

What are you drinking?

MARSHALL

Scotch. You want some?

Sidney pushes the beer away.

SIDNEY

Yeah. Thanks.

The bartender overhears this. Marshall nods to him and he sets up their round of drinks. He refills Marshall's cup and sends another over in Sid's direction. Sid sips her scotch and enjoys the warm feeling as it rolls across her tongue. He watches her.

MARSHALL

Why did you come back then?
Périgny sounds like it was perfect.

SIDNEY

I can't really explain it. Despite everything that's happened, returning to Woodsboro really reminded me how much this place was home. How much I cared about the people here. The atmosphere -- it's just -- perfect.

Sudden change of topic:

MARSHALL
Do you even know my name?

It's so abrupt, it takes Sid completely aback.

SIDNEY
I have a gut feeling that it starts
with an 'M'.

He nods.

MARSHALL
It's okay. You're right. It's
Marshall.

SIDNEY
I feel horrible that we've never
really spoken. You seem nice.

MARSHALL
I try.

The two exchange smiles as Sid takes another sip of the
scotch.

MARSHALL (CONT'D)
I'm sorry about what happened last
night.

SIDNEY
Thanks. But... no offense, I sort
of came here to -- not think about
it.

She lifts the scotch. Marshall scoffs -- *How stupid of me...*

MARSHALL
Oh. Right. I... I'm sorry.
Totally inappropriate, I'll just
stop talking.

SIDNEY
No, don't. I just want to spend
the night not having anything on my
mind. Maybe talking to you could
be what I need, yeah?

MARSHALL
Yeah... It could be.

EXT. BAR - NIGHT

SIDNEY leaves the bar with Marshall. She throws her jacket on.

SIDNEY
(smiling)
Tonight was a lot more fun then I
thought it'd be. Thank you,
Marshall.

MARSHALL
Don't mention it.

He smiles back...

MARSHALL (CONT'D)
Well, my car's parked in the side
lot. See you tomorrow?

SIDNEY
Yeah. See you tomorrow.

Marshall nods, and stalks off to the other side of the building. Sidney fumbles with her keys and heads toward the parking lot.

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Sid moves through the rows upon rows of cars in the empty parking lot outside. She punches the 'alarm' button on her car keys, and hears the honk of her car a few rows away. Raises her head with a quick 'A-ha!' and starts for it...

Her phone rings. Sidney pulls it out.

'UNKNOWN NUMBER'

Her face says it all. "Not this shit again."

She answers it.

SIDNEY
(expectantly)
Hello.

MAN'S VOICE
Sidney. The face of 'STAB'. You
and I -- we have a very interesting
relationship, wouldn't you say?

SIDNEY

Fuck you. There is no relationship.

MAN'S VOICE

Think about it. We make each other. Without me, you wouldn't be you. And without you -- well, then there's no story left, Sid.

(beat)

We've got a very Joker-Batman thing going on here... We complete each other.

SIDNEY

You're nothing but one of what? Seven? Eight? You're hardly original asshole... I'm not scared of you.

MAN'S VOICE

I'm not going for scares. I just want to prove a point. I think I have, with Kirby. Am I right?

BEAT.

She speeds up, closer and closer to her car row.

SIDNEY

What you did to those girls was the work of a coward.

MAN'S VOICE

Oh don't tell me you didn't want that. She took your spotlight. 'The New Sidney Prescott'? I'm sure you didn't like that. The girl didn't have what it takes. Not the courage, not the heart...

The voice pauses with a DARK, CHILLING laugh.

MAN'S VOICE (CONT'D)

...And definitely not the guts.

SIDNEY

You sick fuck. I'm done listening to this.

She hangs up, angry tears in her face. She finally reaches her car. Peeks in the backseat -- cautious. In the reflection of the car window, she sees that MASK creeping up behind her. KNIFE raised.

She swings --

WHAM!

Her purse collides with his face.

SIDNEY (CONT'D)

FUCKER!

She OPENS the door to her car. Hops inside. PUTS the key into ignition. It STARTS and she puts the car in reverse... SCREECHING out of her parking spot. GHOSTFACE is right in the line of her headlights. She puts it in DRIVE --

AND FLOORS IT.

Ghost Face is on Sidney's windshield. She makes a turn and he rolls off and out of view. She skids to a stop. PARKS.

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Dialing a number, Sidney steps out of the car.

DEWEY (V.O.)

Hello? Sid?

SIDNEY

Dewey. Someone attacked me -- the same person who killed Kirby --

She goes around the car, to check on Ghost Face.

NO SIGN OF HIM ANYWHERE IN THE LOT.

There's an eerie silence. A mixture of horror and pure frustration crosses Sid's face.

DEWEY (V.O.)

Oh God... Where at Sid? You okay?!

TIGHT on Sidney. Absolutely speechless.

SIDNEY

I... I don't know...

EXT. WOODSBORO POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Establishing.

INT. WOODSBORO POLICE STATION - BULL PEN

As LEIGH LAMBERT makes her way into the WOODSBORO POLICE STATION, she's approached by DEPUTY JUDY HICKS. A year older, Judy's still quirky and resourceful as ever.

DEPUTY HICKS

Excuse me.

Leigh continues past Deputy Hicks. Keeping her cool, but obviously annoyed, Judy continues to pester Leigh.

DEPUTY HICKS (CONT'D)

Ma'am! This is a police investigation...

Leigh rounds on Deputy Hicks nonchalantly, forcing a hand toward her.

LEIGH

Deputy Hicks... Pleasure to meet you. I'm here to see Sidney Prescott.

Judy's surprised by Leigh's demeanor. She gives a wide-eyed stare at the woman.

DEPUTY HICKS

Um... I hate to be round, but who exactly do you think you are?

GALE (O.S.)

Only real reporters are allowed in the interview rooms, Leigh.

Leigh spins -- there stands GALE. A piece of Judy's infamous LEMON SQUARE in her hand. She pops it in her mouth...

GALE (CONT'D)

Ones who have connections... Can marionette a few strings.

(beat)

Not washed-up has-been's.

LEIGH

Says the woman who's career went down the toilet for a good decade or so after yours truly snatched the story that ignited the last decade.

Gale's eyes LOCK onto Leigh. 'Challenge accepted'...

GALE

Yeah well, you were just a nameless, faceless paparazzi that disappeared. I've had fifteen YEARS under my belt, hun. Your fifteen minutes doesn't even come close. Your career's in shambles... Especially after your little breakdown after having an anchor job here in Woodsboro for one month.

Leigh's fuming... The "anchor incident" is not something she wants to be reminded of, apparently.

LEIGH

I've heard enough, Gale. You obviously feel challenged since you're so wound up about this.

GALE

Challenged?

It's obviously getting to her by her expression. Leigh's using this to her advantage.

LEIGH

Yeah. Maybe Gale Weathers has finally met her match, hmm?

GALE

Oh, no. That'll happen the day hell freezes over, hun. Now go outside and wait like the other nobodies. I've got a story to claim.

Gale pats Leigh on the back and charges off. She rounds back to address Deputy Hicks --

GALE (CONT'D)

This a new recipe, Deputy Judy?
It's fantastic.

Hicks winces at the nickname, but she manages a smile at Gale's sincerity.

DEPUTY HICKS

Thank you, Gale.

As Gale walks off -- Leigh rolls her eyes at the starry-eyed Deputy and charges out the front doors.

INT. SHERIFF BROWN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

A fist slams onto a plain white desk...

PAN up, following the hand to reveal SHERIFF NORMAN BROWN. The new Woodsboro head honcho cop, he's no-nonsense and very by-the-book, with a tinge of compassion in his big brown eyes.

NORMAN

...Sheriff Norman Brown. Under the circumstances, I can't say it's good to see you Sidney, but... you get it.

Sidney nods. The new sheriff isn't wasting any time. Cuts right to the chase.

NORMAN (CONT'D)

It was the costume? Are you sure?

Sitting in a chair in front of Norman's desk is SIDNEY, GALE stood behind her. DEWEY stands beside Norman.

SIDNEY

I think I'm pretty sure.

GALE

It's not like she hasn't seen the damn thing four times before already...

It's clear Norman's not in the mood.

NORMAN

It's just... A small town like this, it's hard to even think of one massacre happening let alone two. Now there might be a third? I'm just confused.

SIDNEY

It's fine... We all feel the same.

NORMAN

This room's like a pot filled to the brim with boiling tempers...
(beat)
Maybe you should skip town. For your protection...

SIDNEY

I'm not running. This psycho said he killed Kirby, I don't think me skipping town is going to stop anything... It might just make things worse.

Despite her tormented soul, Sidney's still as tough on the inside as she was a year before... She stares at Norman determinedly... The frustrated sheriff sighs.

NORMAN

...Hmm. You did say on the phone he mentioned how you two were...

SIDNEY

Connected, yeah.

We focus on Gale's purse. It's similar to the one in SCREAM 3- with holes in it. We see a small light. She's got a camera in there - recording this whole thing.

Beat.

Dewey finally speaks up.

DEWEY

Sid, you might be right. It'd be best if you did stay here, if you leave, the killer might just go crazy. Kill more to get you back where he wants you...

SIDNEY

(nods)

Like Roman.

Dewey nods. There's a deep understanding between these two that, despite his annoyance at Dewey one-upping him, even Norman can see it.

NORMAN

Maybe you're right.

(pause - thinking about it)

We'll keep you under police protection. Deputies Riley and Hicks will keep you under heavy surveillance.

Dewey winces at this -- 'Deputy Riley'.

NORMAN (CONT'D)
Hicks will take you out the side
exit to a squad car, to avoid the
press...

The door opens. It's DEPUTY HICKS. Sheriff Brown gets up to
leave, charging into the bullpen seconds after Hicks enters.

DEPUTY HICKS
You ready, Sid?

There's a poignant silence.

SIDNEY
...Yeah. Just give me a sec.

Judy nods and waits by the door. She looks at Dewey -- sees
something's up.

DEPUTY HICKS
You okay, Sheriff?

DEWEY
That's sweet of you, Judy, but I'm
not the sheriff anymore.

DEPUTY HICKS
I think it's ridiculous that you
were voted out.
(beat)
I voted for you, just so you know.

DEWEY
(smiles)
You've already told me that.

DEPUTY HICKS
I just figured you'd like to know
there's people here that still
believe in you.

There's a pause. Dewey sighs.

DEWEY
To answer your question... No. I'm
not okay. This is the worst thing
that could've happened.

Deputy Hicks and Sidney exchange looks -- they're sad, both
feeling Dewey's pain.

SIDNEY
It'll be fine, Dew. Love you.

Sid gives him a timid smile as she follows Judy out of the door. Gale moves toward Dewey.

GALE
...Dewey...

She kisses him.

GALE (CONT'D)
...At least Sidney's okay.

DEWEY
For now.
(sighs)
I can't let this happen again. But
now with Norman in charge, I'm even
more powerless than before...

GALE
But now that you're not the sheriff
anymore, you've got less
responsibilities...

She winks at him, pats him on the chest playfully.

DEWEY
...You're right.

He smiles.

DEWEY (CONT'D)
We can go rogue.

GALE
Yeah. Me and you together. For
old times' sake.

Gale hugs him tighter...

EXT. WOODSBORO POLICE STATION - BACK EXIT - NIGHT

Deputy Hicks escorts Sidney outside. Sidney looks around -- it's all eerily familiar for her, reminded of the time she and Tatum left with Dewey all those years ago.

The sound of a trash can knocking over surprises Judy. She draws her gun, giving Sid a scare.

SIDNEY
What's wrong?

DEPUTY HICKS
I heard something...

Judy moves toward the source of the noise.

DEPUTY HICKS (CONT'D)
I know you're there! Step out,
I've got a gun --

ZACH (O.S.) MISSY (O.S.)
I told you you were gonna Oh shut it!
land us in deep shit.

Sidney recognizes these voices. MISSY and ZACH step out from the corner, Zach's got trash on his shirt and he's wiping it off, frowning.

ZACH
Speaking of deep shit, look at all
the garbage I got on my shirt. I
just got this, too... Goddamnit...

MISSY
I'm sorry, Deputy. We just... we
heard about what happened and
wanted to come out here and see
Sidney.

ZACH
We?! More like YOU, with me being
dragged out here to be used as your
human shield in case the police
shot at you for being batshit
insane.

DEPUTY HICKS
You can't just sneak back here.

SIDNEY
What do you want?

MISSY
Just to talk. You're like... my
role model, Sidney.

SIDNEY
Yeah. I can see I really helped
model for your hairdo.

Missy chuckles nervously.

MISSY
(sheepishly)
Yeah, I sort of showed my stylist
the picture from your 'Meet the
Author' blurb on the back cover of
your book.

(MORE)

MISSY (CONT'D)

(beams)
Ya like it?

SIDNEY

It... looks good on you.

It's obvious Sid's growing uncomfortable. Deputy Hicks hesitates in lowering her gun.

DEPUTY HICKS

You two should go.

Zach looks at Missy urgently.

ZACH

See, someone who agrees with me. I don't understand how I let you even talk me into doing this stuff sometimes --

MISSY

It's cause you love me, Zach.

ZACH

Oh, that is true... You ARE my bitchtits. My crazy, crazy bitchtits.

Hicks handles her gun -- Zach backs up a bit.

MISSY

Maybe we should go now.

ZACH

Yeah, NOW you wanna listen to me...

MISSY

I'm glad you're okay, Sid. I was worried...

Zach grabs Missy by the arm and takes off with her. Deputy Hicks glances at Sidney.

DEPUTY HICKS

You know those two?

SIDNEY

Yeah. They go to my counseling meetings...

Hicks gives a low nod.

DEPUTY HICKS
They're lucky I'm in a good mood
and not reporting them.

Sidney gives a soft chuckle and follows Hicks to her squad car.

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - NIGHT

GALE'S LOCAL NEWS VAN is parked outside this plain-looking, red brick building. Establishing. It's a spooky night.

INT. NEWS VAN - NIGHT

EDDIE'S overlooking the monitors. Screens showing a camera's view of the outside of the OFFICE BUILDING, from plenty different angles. The one in dead center displays the footage from Gale's purse -- Eddie's playing it back, watching intently. The door beside him suddenly slides open, startling Eddie as --

-- LEIGH makes her way inside. Now sporting something more casual, a pink tank top and black jeans. Her bleached blonde hair let down over her shoulders. She's totally sexy. She shuts the van door behind her, smiling at him. He scrambles at the screens, turning off Gale's "purse cam" footage.

EDDIE
What the hell? You're not supposed
to be in here...

LEIGH
Word around the block is that Gale
has a lead.

EDDIE
We have our theories. Why do you
care?

LEIGH
Because I like to hear the dirt.
The gossip.

EDDIE
You're not in Hollywood anymore,
you're no long paparazzi, and
you've certainly lost your sex
appeal... So you're hardly
relevant anymore, Leigh.

(beat)

(MORE)

EDDIE (CONT'D)
To be honest, Sidney Prescott would
be more likely to get any
information than you...

Leigh gasps. Completely offended.

LEIGH
...I lost my *sex appeal*? Says the
guy who cheated on his Turkish
delight for me.

Eddie rolls his eyes.

EDDIE
You were a good lay, but otherwise
a total downgrade that I regret.
Get out.

LEIGH
Get over yourself, Eddie. How
about I prove to you that I'm still
worth your time?

EDDIE
(smirking)
Oh, yeah, sure. You do that, you
prove to me that you're still
sexy... And I'll give you the
lowdown on everything Gale and I
have found. Our lead.

LEIGH
Don't you remember the comparisons
between me and McGyver? I can bend
people together like bubble gum and
a pocket knife--

Leigh begins peeling at her tank top... She stops right at
him, leaning close but never touching. One last attempt to
seduce him.

She throws her arms around Eddie's shoulders. Beams widely,
but he tries to keep his attention on the monitors and not
look back at Leigh...

LEIGH (CONT'D)
Stop molesting these goddamn TV
screens...

She smacks the power button on one of the screens nearby...
She whispers with a wide smile -- leaning in. Nibbling on
his ear as she speaks...

LEIGH (CONT'D)

'Atta boy...

(beat)

I always... get... what I want.

(beat)

And I always... have fun... doing it.

Eddie's lips slowly spread into a smile himself...

EDDIE

...This... This is promising.

Leigh's tank top comes off and she keeps kissing -- kissing -- kissing. As Leigh goes to unhook her bra --

THE VAN DOOR SUDDENLY RIPS OPEN, RIGHT ON CUE.

They jump -- and look up awkwardly --

To see GALE.

Her face totally reading an expression of "OH, HELL NO."

Ready to lay the smackdown.

GALE

What the hell?

Gale lunges into the van, wraps her arms around Leigh and throws her to the ground outside. Leigh gives a yelp, Gale looks at Eddie wildly.

GALE (CONT'D)

First day on your job and you're sleeping with the enemy? In MY van, too.

He goes to speak, but she just slides the van door shut right on him. He sighs...

EDDIE

...Shit.

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - FRONT LOT - NIGHT

Leigh regains her composure, picking herself up from the ground and dusting herself off. She smirks at Gale, who's beyond pissed.

LEIGH

Interesting choice of lot, Gale. You've really upped your game.

GALE

Fuck you. How did you find us?

LEIGH

Great minds think alike. Who else makes most sense?

(pause)

Sidney's stalker fiend, the Missy whore. A little bit of my sleuthing led me to find out that she's coming in late tonight. The question is; Why?

GALE

Oh and you plan on figuring it out?

LEIGH

I'm gonna get this story, Gale. Consider this a challenge...

Gale wants to rip her apart, her hand balls up into a fist and her arm twitches. She turns toward the van and pulls the door open. Stares down Eddie, who climbs out of the van upon her motion, staring at Gale with puppy-dog eyes.

EDDIE

...Gale, I...

GALE

Grab the camera. We're getting inside that goddamn building.

Gale whips around -- Leigh's already gone. She frowns.

EDDIE

For what?

GALE

If you're gonna play the game, you gotta step up. Sometimes in journalism you don't have to break boundaries, you have to completely demolish them.

Eddie nods, reaching inside for his equipment. A look on his face of pure relief, that Gale hasn't mentioned the fact he was in the van with Leigh --

GALE (CONT'D)

Oh and by the way...

Eddie's face contorts. *Uh-oh. Spoke too soon.*

He grabs his stuff and turns around, to find Gale's face right in front of his. Looking like a lioness ready to devour a gazelle.

GALE (CONT'D)

If I ever catch you doing something stupid like that again, Eddie, I'll cut your goddamn balls off.

EDDIE

Hey, you know, that's really hot! I love the whole "animalistic" attitude.

GALE

Shut the fuck up, stop kissing my ass, and MOVE.

She storms off, snaps her fingers as she does. He's left in a trance until he finally snaps back into reality, shuts the van door, and chases after her...

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - CUBICLES - NIGHT

A DARK ROOM.

A light switch FLICKS on.

It's MISSY. She's stalked her way into a room in the office. She boots up her computer, ZACH walking in after her.

ZACH

What are we doing here?

MISSY

...I already TOLD you. I have to fax these numbers over to the Houston branch by morning and I don't plan on coming in tomorrow so I'll throw this shit at him now. It'll only take a minute...

(beat)

Can you get the car and pull it up so we can get out of here fast? It's fucking cold out there.

ZACH

It's cold so you're sending me out to freeze MY ass off so you can be warm?

MISSY

The car is going to be warm, Zach.
Please?

He sighs. He holds his hands out, she gives a lively smile and tosses him the keys. Zach disappears and Missy takes a seat at her desk, booting up her computer and pulling a folder out of her purse. She sets up a paper in the fax machine.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - HALLWAY - NIGHT

ZACH moves through the hallways. It's dark and creepy around here. No one around. There are no lights lit around here, considering it's after hours.

He looks around and furrows his brow. He pulls out his PHONE and uses the beam of light from its screen to light his way.

ZACH

(to himself)

Shit. How the hell do I get outta
here?

EXT. PARKING GARAGE LEVEL 3 - OFFICE - NIGHT

A dimly lit lot. It's completely empty, most of the lot blocked off by cones and rope.

ZACH

(to himself)

I don't see why these spots gotta
be blocked off -- just tryna' piss
me off, I bet.

Zach keeps going, makes his way down toward --

EXT. PARKING GARAGE LEVEL 2 - OFFICE - NIGHT

LEVEL 2. The car's parked right there. ZACH clicks the car keys, unlocking the car with a beep.

INT. MISSY'S CAR - NIGHT

Zach opens the door and slides into the seat -- he starts the ignition when --

A PAIR OF HANDS POUND ON THE WINDOW.

ZACH COMPLETELY FLIPS OUT, GIVING A YELL AND SWINGING THE DOOR OPEN INSTINCTIVELY -- HITTING WHOEVER WAS OUT THERE.

EXT. PARKING GARAGE LEVEL 2 - OFFICE - NIGHT

Zach leaps out of the car, still trying to regain his composure. He goes to run, but sees LEIGH leaning against a wall post, holding her ribs where Zach smacked her with the door. She's enraged.

LEIGH
What the hell's your problem!?

ZACH
What's MY problem? I'm not the one randomly pounding on people's goddamn like a madman!

LEIGH
(interjecting, rudely)
Where's Missy? I need to talk to her.

ZACH
She's inside. I'm getting the car up front for her, why?

Leigh moves for the passenger door, and Zach looks confused. She climbs in and he peeks in.

ZACH (CONT'D)
What are you doing?

LEIGH
You're giving me a ride, sweetheart.

ZACH
Who said I'd -- ?

LEIGH
Fine.

Leigh sees that Zach left the keys in the ignition. She slides to the driver's side, LOCKS the door on Zach. He tries to open it up.

ZACH
Wait, no, I'll do it -- !

LEIGH
I can handle myself, hun. Thanks though.

Leigh puts the car into gear, and pulls out of the parking space. Zach chases after the car --

ZACH
THAT'S NOT MY CAR!!

CLOSE on Zach's face as she slows to a stop, breathing heavily.

ZACH (CONT'D)
Goddamnit...

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - CUBICLES - NIGHT

MISSY is finishing up, packing her things into her bag. She pushes her chair in under the desk and walks out of her cubicle -- examining the rows upon rows of empty cubicles. The atmosphere's definitely creepy.

She moves confidently through the aisle -- a shadow breezes by that she doesn't notice but we do. Missy's phone suddenly rings. She doesn't bother checking the ID.

MISSY
Hello?

MAN'S VOICE
Hello Missy.

MISSY
Zach, I hope you're out front, I'm on my way out.

MAN'S VOICE
This isn't Zach.

MISSY
Oh, sorry. I didn't even bother check my caller ID, I was waiting for a call so I just assumed --
(beat)
Who is this?

MAN'S VOICE
Someone who's hungry for blood. Sidney escaped earlier, but that's okay. That was just a stunt to scare her. You, Missy? You're just in my plans so I can stack up a decent bodycount. Do you wanna die here?

(MORE)

MAN'S VOICE (CONT'D)
Face down on your cubicle, tongue
shoved down your throat? Cause I
can make it happen. And I just
might...

Missy's face falls -- her eyes dart around the cubicles.

MAN'S VOICE (CONT'D)
Because you're on the list.

The lights in the office suddenly SNAP off.

Missy hangs up. She shakes a bit, unnerved. As she reaches
a corner and the door's in her sight, it swings open and she
sees a shadow enter.

Missy flashes the light from her phone in that direction,
readying her purse to swing only to find --

GALE RILEY. Behind her enters EDDIE, with his camera.

GALE
(beaming)
She's here. We beat Leigh to it.

MISSY
Gale Riley? Oh thank God... I just
got a call. It was the killer.

GALE
(her face falling)
What? What did he say?

MISSY
He's going to claim another victim
tonight. He said I'm on his list.

Eddie doesn't do much to ease the girl's panic.

EDDIE
Let's get out of here, then before
he skins us like rabbit.

MISSY
(losing it)
Ohhh God...!

GALE
Don't freak out on me, Missy.

Missy takes a deep breath and follows Gale and Eddie toward
the door.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Leigh's walking through the hallway of the office building. Her phone rings as she enters the only open door. Her interest piqued, she moves inside --

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

Leigh answers hastily as she peeks through windows and passes by doors -- it's dead silent in there.

LEIGH

Look, I don't know who this is but
I don't have time for --

MAN'S VOICE

My list is officially narrowed
down.

LEIGH

What?

MAN'S VOICE

Congratulations. *I pick you.*

Leigh is about to say something snarky by the bitchface she's giving when --

A GHOST FACE KILLER SPRINGS FROM THE DARKNESS.

The knife flashes and she barely has time to react as she's pinned against the wall, the knife stuck in her stomach.

SHE SCREAMS.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - HALLWAY - NIGHT

GALE, EDDIE, and MISSY hear Leigh's screaming.

EDDIE

That sounds like Leigh.

GALE

Shit... Yeah, you'd know wouldn't
you?

The three of them rush in the direction of the screams. Missy's conflicted, but follows them anyway.

MISSY

(sarcastically)

Yeah, run TOWARDS the screams...!

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

The GHOSTFACE wrenches Leigh back by her long blonde locks and, with a massive effort, TOSSES her onto the conference table. She lies there limply as the GHOST FACE climbs on, pinning her down with his own body.

HE QUICKLY STABS LEIGH IN THE STOMACH.

He rips the knife out and blood splashes on the windows behind him.

She lifts her arms up, weakly, but it's not going to save her. The knife just tears into the flesh in her arms, ripping it in and out until she drops them, completely leaving her entire body prone to more wounds.

And Ghost Face is relentless. Stab upon stab, completely tearing into Leigh. She tries to fight back -- weakly lifting her arm to smack. But she can't muster much strength so it's useless.

Leigh looks up at her attacker-- groaning.

LEIGH

F--Fuck you. Sonuvabitch, I hope
you burn in hell...

As a final form of rebellion, Leigh SPITS the blood that bubbles and pools in her mouth right into the killer's pale mask.

Ghost Face tilts his head at her before DIVING right in again for another deep stab to her gut. He wraps his arm around her -- bringing her in close to his body. Like an eerie hug.

Leigh's mouth opens -- her eyes seem to POP from their sockets and the color leave her face -- staring up at the Ghost mask in a look of pure horror, shock, and pain.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - HALLWAY - NIGHT

GALE, EDDIE, and MISSY are running blind...

MISSY

The screaming's stopped, how are we
supposed to find her?

The light from Eddie's camera BEAMS around -- he STOPS at one room. The windows completely coated in blood. He looks back at Missy.

EDDIE

That's a good start, yeah?

MISSY

Oh my god, we have to run.

Eddie ignores her. He throws the door open, with Gale by his side --

IN THE CONFERENCE ROOM

GHOST FACE, masked stained with thick red blood, is putting the finishing touches on LEIGH. She's propped up and posed in the plush head chair at the end of the conference table, her stomach completely TORN open. Massive amounts of blood and muscle tissue drip and hang from the massive open wound. Ghost Face admires his work. He spins Leigh to face Gale and Eddie. Her cold, DEAD eyes STARE right into Eddie's. He looks horrified as Ghost Face rips the hunting knife from Leigh's open stomach, letting her guts spill onto her lap.

EDDIE

You sick FUCK--

Ghost Face WIPES the knife as clean as it can get, with his gloves, before grabbing the arms of the chair and giving it a hefty shove toward the window.

Leigh's body CRASHES through the window.

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - CONTINUOUS SHOT

Leigh's body falls about three stories from the window, glass reigning down from around her. She hits the ground with a blood SPLASH, and the chair breaks apart on the ground beside her.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

Gale and Eddie remain shocked as Ghost Face WHIPS his attention at them, his gleaming knife ready for more.

That's when he charges after them. They flee into the --

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - HALLWAY - NIGHT

-- HALLWAY.

Missy runs down the hallway they came, shrieking at the top of her lungs, while Gale and Eddie run together. Ghost Face takes chase after them --

They bolt around a corner. Gale holds place against a wall. Eddie keeps going...

As Ghost Face comes round that corner -- WHAM! Gale swings her arm across the killer's face, knocking the Ghost back. Ghost Face wrestles with Gale, pushes her against a wall. Ghost Face swings the knife, she ducks. Eddie, who kept going, doubles back at this point.

EDDIE

Gale!

Gale PUNCHES at Ghost Face, who DUCKS and CHARGES at her like a cannonball right to her stomach. Eddie rushes over -- SWINGS his camera at Ghost Face's head. Knocks the killer back. With one dizzied swing, Ghost Face LANDS the knife into Eddie's CHEST. He yelps as the Ghost falls back, seemingly unconscious, taking the knife with him.

Grasping his bleeding wound, Eddie winces. Gale helps him.

GALE

That was brave. But stupid.

(beat)

Thanks.

EDDIE

(seething)

Don't mention it.

The duo meet up with Missy at the intersection at the end of the hall.

GALE

You work here. Where do we go from here?!

Eddie spins back to where Ghost Face was after he knocked the killer out, hand still on his chest wound. But there's no sign of Ghostface. Completely vanished...

EDDIE

Shit. He's gone. We have to hurry.

Missy leads the way --

EXT. PARKING GARAGE LEVEL 3 - OFFICE - NIGHT

The door rips open and GALE, EDDIE and MISSY charge out. They see Missy's CAR parked at the curb. The tinted windows aren't much good for them as Missy tries to look for Zach --

Missy rips open the driver's side door --

And there's ZACH. He jumps.

ZACH

Jesus Christ! You won't believe what happened to me. Some blonde bitch carjacked your ride, pulled up here.

GALE

Yeah, well that "blonde bitch" is DEAD.

ZACH

What?

EDDIE

Completely ripped to shreds, dude. Let us in and get us out of here--

ZACH

She took the keys, she still has them. Shit...

Zach climbs out of the car, Missy looks in a frenzy.

MISSY

Now what?

GALE

I guess we have to take the elevator and get down to the main lot outside...

MISSY

I'll call the police.

The four of them rush for the elevator at the other side of the lot. Missy dials 9-1-1 as she runs. The elevator door opens and they step in --

INT. ELEVATOR - NIGHT

-- As they enter, the four wait for the doors to shut. Missy gives a relieved sigh, sinking into Zach's arms as she's on the phone.

MISSY

Yes, this is Missy Bennet... I'm at the Nova Corp Computer Tech. building on Main Street. There's been a murder.

Eddie and Gale exchange looks. Just then -- The elevator dings and the doors slide open.

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - FRONT LOT - NIGHT

CRIME SCENE TAPE surrounds the entrance of the building. PAN across as we see reporters surrounding the vicinity.

EDDIE's packing equipment into the van. He's got a patch underneath his shirt where he was stabbed. Yes, even despite his injuries, Gale's making him pack. DEWEY approaches.

DEWEY

What you did here tonight was
admirable.

Eddie turns around to face Dewey. Nods.

EDDIE

Thanks.

DEWEY

You saved my wife's life. Thank
you.

(beat)

How's your chest? Just a flesh
wound?

EDDIE

Yeah, but... flesh wounds hurt.

He flicks a smile to Dewey, who manages to force one back. Their smiles disappear as Leigh's body is rolled out on a gurney, covered, but a decent amount of blood still showing through. It grows suddenly solemn.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

If I wasn't there to watch him do
it, I wouldn't have even known it
was Leigh when he was finished...

(beat)

This killer's a savage... the way
he rips these people apart.

ON DEWEY -- he sighs.

Pained. He's still in disbelief that it's happening again, and that he's once again POWERLESS.

DEWEY

I know it's tough, but... You learn
to deal with it.

BEAT.

DEWEY (CONT'D)
(on a lighter note)
I hope Gale hasn't been giving you
too much trouble.

EDDIE
She can be a bit of a bitch, but
she's alright. Not the worst boss
I've had.

Dewey's taken aback by his blunt honesty. But he manages a soft smile after the initial shock of his response wears off...

DEWEY
Yeah, me neither.

Eddie laughs slightly... Then goes back to serious.

EDDIE
Do I need to be taken in for
questioning?

Dewey contemplates this... As he goes to answer, Sheriff Brown approaches.

NORMAN
No. Just go home... Lock your
doors, and get some rest. And
tomorrow? Try not to let Gale talk
you into anymore of this super
sleuth stuff. We don't need
anymore blood on your hands.

Norman motions for Dewey to follow. The two leave Eddie alone by the van... He gives a heavy sigh of relief as they go.

PAN OVER to MISSY.

Missy sits like a stringless marionette on the curb outside. Uniformed COPS, the occasional PARAMEDIC, and gloved CRIME SCENE INVESTIGATORS.

Zach joins her on the curb. He puts a hand over her shoulder, she snuggles her head into his shoulder, just staring at her feet.

Zach notices she's trembling. He takes her hand...

...She hesitates. Pulls away quickly.

ZACH
...I... I didn't mean...

MISSY
It's okay. I just... I can't deal
with this right now, Zach.

He gets it. Pulls away and just sits in awkward silence.
Zach pulls out a cigarette.

MISSY (CONT'D)
You don't smoke cigarettes...

ZACH
Smoking's my stressbuster and with
cops swarming the scene, I've gotta
have something legal...

He lights his. He hands one over to Missy's direction. she
shakes her head, shoves the pack of cigs back at him.

MISSY
You know I don't smoke.

ZACH
After what's happened tonight? I
suggest you'd start...
(beat)
If you wanna talk about it, you can
talk to me.

MISSY
Or Dr. DeWitt.

ZACH
Right. Or Dr. DeWitt.

DECLAN (O.S.)
Or me.

Zach and Missy turn their attention to DECLAN.

DECLAN (CONT'D)
Considering I am your *boyfriend* and
all. Or have you forgotten?

MISSY
Declan, don't...

DECLAN
I want you to stay away from her.

Zach ignores him, continuing to smoke. Declan snags the
cigarette from Zach's mouth and smashes it with his foot.

An attempt at intimidating him. Zach stares at him dangerously, with cockiness, and blows a puff of smoke right in his face.

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

I'm up to offer my guest room to you if you'd like.

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 really is the best idea for you... At least until they catch the killer.

SIDNEY

The way these things usually go, the killer saves me for last... And usually they bump a lot more off than three people.

Jessa sighs.

JESSA

Just remember that I'm here for you, okay, love? We know how each other feel. And I truly mean that.

(MORE)

JESSA (CONT'D)

I'm not the kinda girl who just
spews false hope at people, I truly
am here for you and understand
where you're coming from. You know
that right?

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

SIDNEY

Of course.

Sidney opens her arms - Jessa comes in and the girls hug.

JESSA

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

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 laughs.

JESSA

That's my girl.

The phone rings. Jessa's eyes swing to the phone, then back
at Sidney. Her face just reads total worry. That confidence
and sunny disposition completely washed away in a matter of
seconds.

JESSA (CONT'D)

Should we...?

SIDNEY

I'll check the ID.

Sidney does so. Picks up the phone and answers.

SIDNEY (CONT'D)

Hello?

DEPUTY HICKS (V.O.)

Hey Sidney.

Jessa looks nervous, Sidney looks at her and mouths "Just
Judy." Jessa sighs, relieved.

DEPUTY HICKS (V.O.)
Sidney? You there?

SIDNEY
Yeah. I'm here. Everything okay
Judy?

DEPUTY HICKS (V.O.)
I just wanted to ask you if you
wanted to eat breakfast at my place
tomorrow. I figured you could use
some company, and I wanted to
introduce you to my boyfriend.

SIDNEY
Of course, Judy. That's very nice
of you. You've been talking about
him a lot, but I've never met
him...

DEPUTY HICKS (V.O.)
Yeah, he's great. We've had our
fair share of arguments -- but --
lovers quarrel and all, you know?
They always end well.

Sidney gives a weird look, like "What are you talking about?"
Jessa giggles at her expression. Obviously knowing how odd
Judy Hicks can be.

SIDNEY
Yeah. They usually do, don't they?

DEPUTY HICKS (V.O.)
So I'll see you tomorrow then?

SIDNEY
Yep. Bye.

Sidney hangs up. Jessa smirks.

JESSA
What's Deputy Jeepers Creeper's up
to now?

SIDNEY
Invited me to breakfast tomorrow to
meet her new boyfriend.

JESSA
Ooh. Judy Hicks and a boyfriend
should be interesting. Color me
interested. I'll talk to her, see
if I can come with.

SIDNEY
Cool. That would be fun.

JESSA
Speaking of fun, we need to do some clubbing, yeah?

SIDNEY
Eventually.

JESSA
When was the last time you partied?

SIDNEY
(scoffs)
I don't even remember, honestly.

Jessa smiles at her --

JESSA
We're gonna go to the town one of these nights. Live it up and make it a night to remember. Okay?

INT. WOODSBORO POLICE STATION - BULLPEN - NIGHT