

TEASER

FADE IN:

CLOSE ON AN IPHONE. It quickly illuminates and vibrates on a wooden table.

EXT. BEACH - DUSK

The beaches of ORANGE COUNTY, CALIFORNIA.

A generic rock-instrumental in the background opens--  
creating that MTV's "The Hills," style and tone.

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Someone with money definitely lives in this fashionable beachfront mansion.

The TRI-TONE sound effect of an incoming text message sounds--

KIM  
(O/S)  
Oh my god -- Lisa.

INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

KIM, 20, comes into the living room through the sliding deck doors.

LISA  
What's up, K?

LISA, also 20, looking like she just rolled out of bed, lounges on a large, comfy sofa with her iPhone in hand.

Both girls retain that dramatic tone that incorporates dragging out their speech as the audience's view rapidly changes from one camera angle to next.

KIM  
Carrie will not stop texting me.

LISA  
What is she saying?

Kim plops down right next to her housemate.

KIM  
She's denying everything and I'm  
like, I know you were talking  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

KIM (cont'd)  
 --BEEP-- about me. Everyone has  
 been telling me about it.

CELLPHONE TEXT: [FROM] CARRIE: "I never accused u of  
 anything, Kim. Don't make [blurred] up cause you feel  
 guilty!"

LISA  
 (reads message)  
 Oh yeah, she totally thinks you're  
 the killer. One of them at least.  
 She told me and Brady that at the  
 bonfire the other night!

KIM  
 I know! Danny told me that she was  
 all suspicious of me losing my  
 phone and --BEEP--. I was like,  
 what? Have you never lost your  
 --BEEP--ing phone? Am I like the  
 first person to ever lose their  
 --BEEP--ing cellphone? And now  
 because of this bitch, I feel like  
 everyone is scared to hang out with  
 me. Ugh.

Kim continues to type out a text message.

LISA  
 --BEEP-- her. I mean, I know you're  
 not the killer, that's for sure.

INT. ROOM - UNKNOWN TIME

IN A ONE-ON-ONE:

LISA  
 Kim is totally not the killer. The  
 fact that anyone could believe that  
 is just... no. Nah-uh.

Lisa can't help but snicker.

INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Kim is sunk into the couch, eyes ever-rolling back and forth  
 as she stares into her cellphone an inch from her face.

KIM  
 I'm not worried about you, Lis'. I  
 know you wouldn't --BEEP--ing stab  
 me in the back like that.

(CONTINUED)

LISA  
Well...

Kim looks up--

LISA  
Not in the back--

*SVING!*

Lisa brandishes the signature BUCK 120 KNIFE--

Kim SCREAMS as Lisa goes to stab her when--

THE SCREEN FREEZES

and a spinning BUFFERING SYMBOL appears at the center of the screen.

CONNIE  
(O/S)  
Ugh. Fuck.

PULLING BACK

we are revealed to have been watching all of the above on a iPad screen.

ACT ONE

INT. CONNIE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Lounging on the bed is the inquisitive and nerdy, though sexy **CONNIE PALMER** and her best friend, the equally nerdy, though a tad overweight and not nearly as cool, **ERICA RAMIREZ (both 17)**, planted comfortably before the TABLET in front of them.

ERICA  
Oh my god, Connie! Oh my god --  
hurry! Lisa IS the killer?!

CONNIE  
So stupid! I think we're the only  
people still watching this shit.

Erica's cellphone BUZZES.

ERICA  
It's Natalie.  
(answering)  
Hello?

INT. CAR - NIGHT

It's **NATALIE TYLER (17)**, driving at a high speed.

NATALIE  
O-M-G, did you see the Stab finale?

INT. CONNIE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Erica slams her hand down on the bed.

ERICA  
No! The screen froze on Connie's tablet.

NATALIE  
(O/S)  
Oh my god, it was crazy!

ERICA  
The last thing we saw was Lisa pull out that knife and Kim screamed.

NATALIE  
(O/S)  
Oh, so then you still haven't seen how it really ends, yet.

Connie looks up from the tablet.

CONNIE  
The video was just taken down.

ERICA  
Ugh. Goddamit, they just took it down.

Connie swipes and clicks before her cellphone vibrates from an incoming text message.

CONNIE  
Shit! Erica, Logan just text me.

ERICA  
Oh, shit. What'd he say?

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Natalie sits at a red light, holding the phone up with her shoulder and tying her hair back.

(CONTINUED)

NATALIE  
What? What's going on?

ERICA  
(O/S)  
Logan Bennett just randomly text  
Connie.

NATALIE  
Oh shit--

INT. CONNIE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Both still lying side by side, Erica watches as Connie texts  
Logan back.

NATALIE  
(O/S)  
What'd he say?

ERICA  
(reads)  
"Hey, did you see the Stab finale?"  
Smiley-face, smiley-face,  
smiley-face!

NATALIE  
(O/S)  
Oh shit!

Connie types back now with a huge smile on her face.

ERICA  
(reads)  
"Tablet froze. Ugh!--"

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Natalie pulls up in front of a random house.

ERICA  
(reading O/S)  
"Stupid laws!" Angry, sad and  
heartbroken emojis galore.

Natalie honks the horn of her car.

INT. CONNIE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Connie lay beside Erica, texting away.

ERICA

Are you in your car? Where are you?

NATALIE

(O/S)

Yeah, I had to give my mom a ride.

ERICA

Where? The curfew's gonna start soon.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Natalie stares impatiently out the window at the house.

NATALIE

Yeah and I'm gonna kill her if she doesn't hurry up.

She presses down on the HORN twice more.

NATALIE

You staying at Connie's tonight?

INT. CONNIE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Erica stands and browses Connie's collection of Gale Weathers books and STAB FILMS on Blu-Ray. "Out of Darkness" included in the collection, on the shelf.

ERICA

Yeah, her mom's working tonight.

NATALIE

(O/S)

Alright well, speaking of moms... we better get on our way.

ERICA

Alright. I'll see you tomorrow. Be careful.

NATALIE

(O/S)

Kay, babe. See ya later.

Erica drops the phone from her ear.

(CONTINUED)

CONNIE

What is she doing out? The curfew starts in like ten minutes.

Erica falls onto the bed on her stomach.

ERICA

I don't know. Picking up her mom or something. What's going on with Logan?

CONNIE

He wants to get together and finish the Stab finale.

ERICA

Ooohhhh! It's about time he came around.

CONNIE

Tell me about it.

EXT. CONNIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

ESTABLISHING--

It's a gorgeous home shadowed by the trees and vines growing all along the front of the house.

ACT TWO

INT. CONNIE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - LATER

Erica takes a seat at the island counter as Connie reaches into the freezer and pulls out two pints of ice cream.

CONNIE

Wasn't for this curfew bullshit, I'd have Logan here already. Mom's at work, Dad's on his honeymoon. Got this free house all to myself.

ERICA

And you're stuck sleeping with me, instead. There's no other cockblock like living in Woodsboro.

CONNIE

Fucking Will Cobbett. Let's go see if there's any updates on that whole mess.

(CONTINUED)

ERICA

I still can't believe that you  
think he did it.

As the girls pass O/S, CLOSE IN on a photo of Connie with  
**WILL COBBETT (17)**.

INT. CONNIE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The girls come into the living with their ice cream and  
cellphones in hand.

CONNIE

And I can't believe that you'd  
doubt that anyone from this town  
wasn't capable of murder.

ERICA

But that's just not who Will is.  
He's always been so sweet and  
passive.

They settle into the couch, comfortably.

CONNIE

Maybe all those hits to head on the  
football field destroyed his  
conscience. Would explain the rest  
of the team... And O.J.

ERICA

Connie, you and Will are cousins!

CONNIE

So were Jill Roberts and Sidney  
Prescott. Look, Woodsboro has a  
long and very ugly history of  
murder and deception and... family  
drama, of course. It's a small town  
and everyone is connected, in one  
way or another, either to Jill or  
Charlie Walker or Billy Loomis--

ERICA

Stu Macher's father worked with my  
dad.

CONNIE

Now my cousin is added to the list.  
Woodsboro itself is like a metaphor  
for the killer -- for Ghostface;  
the truth and secrets are hidden  
behind an evocative facade -- a

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONNIE (cont'd)  
mask. Beautiful town -- breeder of  
homicidal maniacs.

ERICA  
That was deep, Con'.

CONNIE  
Sorry, been reading some Edgar  
Allen Poe, recently. There's this  
one short story, "The Masque of Red  
Death." It got me thinking about  
the kind of place Woodsboro is and  
the faces that are worn by those  
who inhabit it.

Erica sports that what-the-fuck look, while Connie sits in a  
trance of thought for a BEAT.

CONNIE  
Actually, Rod Serling -- the  
creator of the original Twilight  
Zone show -- he totally ripped the  
story off in this one episode.

ERICA  
I don't think I've ever seen it.

CONNIE  
No wonder you find "Stab: The TV  
Show" good.

ERICA  
You've watched the entire season  
with me... Bitch.

CONNIE  
I know, but it's nothing like the  
movies. They should've just called  
it, "Killing Off the Kardashians."

ERICA  
I wish they *would* kill off the  
Kardashians. The show, I mean.

CONNIE  
See! How do I know that deep down  
you don't truly mean that in some  
sadistic, psychopathic,  
Woodsboro-native way?

(CONTINUED)

ERICA

Uh, what?

CONNIE

Do you want to kill people?

ERICA

What are talking about? Of course not!

CONNIE

But how can I know that for sure?

ERICA

I don't fucking know -- because we grew up together and you've known me our whole lives?

CONNIE

I grew up with Will and he slaughtered two people last week!

ERICA

Allegedly.

CONNIE

Erica, they caught him after curfew with a Ghostface costume in his car... the night that Alex and Carolyn were murdered... on the 20th Anniversary of the Woodsboro murders. Not to mention, it was no secret, from anyone *but* Will, that Carolyn was cheating on him with Alex. It's... indisputable.

ERICA

No, it's innocent until proven guilty. Can we just watch the news?

CONNIE

Fine.

Connie flips on the TV and switches the channels until she finds the shot that is fixated on news reporter, **PHILIP HOLMES (30)**.

HOLMES

(on TV)

While classes resume tomorrow at Woodsboro High School, Sheriff Riley has been adamant that the town curfew will not be lifted until further notice.

(CONTINUED)

The screen cuts to our old friend, **SHERIFF DEWEY RILEY(45)**.

DEWEY  
(on TV)  
Until we know for certain  
that William Cobbett acted  
alone, the nine-o'clock  
curfew will remain in  
effect.

ERICA  
Sheriff Riley is so hot.

Connie sits on her cellphone on Facebook, clearly stalking Logan Bennett's profile; he's quite attractive from what can be seen of that small image on the phone.

CONNIE  
I concur. Gale was crazy to give  
that up.

HOLMES  
(on TV)  
With special permission  
from the police, we're  
standing here at Woodsboro  
Town Square where it's  
almost completely desolate.

ERICA  
Well, her career has gone  
into the toilet recently,  
so...

CONNIE  
Her books are still best sellers.

HOLMES  
(on TV)  
But still, now almost a week since  
the murders of Carolyn Rogers and  
Alexander Marlon--

A PHOTO OF THE COUPLE APPEARS ON-SCREEN.

HOLMES(CONT'D)  
curfew breakers are on the rise,  
with the town issuing more tickets  
in the last week than in the last  
three months -- more than likely a  
sign of Woodsboro's growing  
frustration with the effect these  
murders have had on the town.

CONNIE  
Ugh. Everyone's just waiting for  
the next murder to take place.

Erica begins a call.

CONNIE

Who are you calling?

ERICA

Natalie. I want to make sure she got home alright. She hasn't responded to any of my texts.

The call rings and rings--

MAN'S VOICE

(from phone)

Hello?

ERICA

Hello? Nat?

MAN'S VOICE

Oh, I'm sorry, Natalie can't come to phone right now.

Erica recognizes the voice. She lets out a short laugh and rolls her eyes. But alright, she'll play along...

ERICA

Oh, yeah? Why is that?

MAN'S VOICE

Because she's busy bleeding all over the fucking floor, at the moment!

Erica pauses and pulls the phone from her ear. Connie stares on, eating spoonfuls of ice cream.

ERICA

Natalie, you're a real ass, ya know that? Thanks for answering my texts.

(to Connie)

She's doing the Ghostface thing.

CONNIE

They still make that app?

ERICA

Yeah, real nice. How sensitive, Nat.

MAN'S VOICE

(O/S; over the phone)

Tell me something, Erica -- would you rather watch me disembowel

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MAN'S VOICE (cont'd)  
Connie or take the blade first? I  
promise, I'll make it quick.

ERICA  
Okay Natalie, you're hilarious. You  
know how much I hate that stupid  
voice.

MAN'S VOICE  
(O/S)  
Well, I happen to like your voice.  
So much so, I'm going to cut it  
right out of you!

ERICA  
Alright, enough!

MAN'S VOICE  
(O/S)  
Cherish these moments -- you're  
next to die, Erica!

ERICA  
Alright, Natalie. Fuck you!

Erica ends the call.

CONNIE  
Dude, what the hell?

ERICA  
She's an asshole. She always has to  
take the joke one step too far. I  
hate that Ghostface voice.

CONNIE  
Again, no wonder why you like the  
show.

(BEAT)  
Hey, what if she wasn't joking?

ERICA  
What do you mean?

CONNIE  
What if that really was the killer?

ERICA  
But they caught--

(CONTINUED)

CONNIE

Ha-ha! I thought you didn't think Will was guilty? Not to mention, his partner could still be out there. There's almost always a second killer involved.

ERICA

Whatever, now I'm really fucking freaked out. Ugh. Why didn't we just stay at my house?

CONNIE

'Cause your parents suck.

Erica jumps up.

ERICA

Can we please just go back up to your room and watch How I Met Your Mother?

CONNIE

I thought we were gonna watch more Twin Peaks.

Connie follows, switching off the TV on her way out.

ERICA

I hate this stupid town.

The girls exit the living room, turning out the lights.

Light from the outside shines through the window panes and illuminates an area of the living room. It briefly SHADOWS OVER as if SOMEONE passed by outside.

ACT THREE

INT. CONNIE'S ROOM - LATER

The girls are getting ready for bed. Only the sound of their changing clothes fills the room for a BEAT.

*BUZZZZZZZ-BUZZZZZZZ* -- Connie's phone lights up on the dresser the exact moment Erica's phone vibrates on the bed.

Connie reaches for her phone, first.

CONNIE

Natalie just sent a Snapchat.

Erica snuffles as she retrieves the message.

(CONTINUED)

IN CONNIE'S HAND--

SNAPCHAT PIC: Natalie lay on the floor in an unspecified location, eyes wide open, blood spewing from her mouth.

CONNIE

(gasp)

What the fuck!

ERICA

Oh my god!

The Snapchat timer quickly runs out and the image disappears.

Erica and Connie stare speechlessly, when suddenly--

*BUZZZZZZZ-BUZZZZZZZ--*

ON ERICA'S PHONE, another Snapchat message arrives. Her finger clicks on it--

IT'S A VIDEO: a CLOSE-UP on GHOSTFACE, the video turns back and forth with the mask encompassing the entire screen. Before the timer can run out, the camera pulls away from the mask and turns to reveal the surroundings of a dark, though recognizable room.

CONNIE

Was that... the living room?

Erica is mortified, frozen--

An OFF-SCREEN *THUMP* startles her--

ERICA

What the hell was that?!

*DA-DUM!* It's closer...

Connie bolts for the bedroom door and silently closes and locks it.

CONNIE

(whisper)

Someone's in the house!

ERICA

I'm calling 9-1-1!

*CRASH -- THE WINDOW SHATTERS IN AS GHOSTFACE COMES EXPLODING THROUGH--*

Connie and Erica turn and SCREAM IN UNISON--

Connie flings open the door and the two bolt out of the room--

INT. CONNIE'S HOUSE - HALLWAY/STAIRS - NIGHT

Connie and Erica speed down the hallway, Connie running into a SPARE ROOM along the way and Erica proceeding down the stairs.

Connie slams the door shut and locks it on the other side.

Erica, screaming her head off, jets toward the bottom of the stairs when a KNIFE reaches through the banister and slices her ankle, tripping her and sending her tumbling down the remaining steps.

INT. CONNIE'S HOUSE - SPARE ROOM - NIGHT

Connie stands in front of the door in the dark room, crying as she listens to Erica fall down the stairs OFF SCREEN.

INT. CONNIE'S HOUSE - BOTTOM OF THE STAIRS - NIGHT

Erica crashes to the foot of the stairs, her cellphone flying OFF-SCREEN.

A BEAT passes before she groans and attempts to move.

A PAIR OF BLACK BOOTS STEP BEFORE HER.

Sobbing, Erica peers up--

INT. SPARE ROOM - NIGHT

ERICA CRIES OUT OFF-SCREEN.

CONNIE

Oh, god.

Connie sobs as she takes a few steps of disbelief back away from the door.

Her phone in hand, she attempts to call 9-1-1, her hand shaking uncontrollably. In the midst of not paying attention--

She steps back toward a window where-

CRASH -- GHOSTFACE 1 BURSTS THROUGH IT FROM BEHIND CONNIE(a la Jason Voorhees)--

Connie SCREAMS as his arms reach around her.

INT. BOTTOM OF THE STAIRS - NIGHT

Erica pleads for her life on her hands and knees, staring up at the mask of GHOSTFACE 2, begging for mercy.

ERICA

Please! Please, I'm begging you!  
Please don't kill me!

Erica weeps with no resistance, no fighting back.

Her tears fall to the floor in front of her knees as she stares up into the curvy black holes of the mask.

A BEAT passes before--

Ever so calmly, Ghostface 2 brings the knife to Erica's neck and steadily draws it across, releasing a stream of crimson in its path.

Erica's jaw drops as she reaches for her draining neck.

Her Killer just stares down as she falls onto her side, spilling blood into a puddle around Ghostface's boots.

Erica dies slowly at the Killer's feet.

Ghostface 2 BREATHES HEAVILY under the mask. A hand reaches up and pulls the mask down AND OFF--

Erica looks up in her last moments to see-

NATALIE standing over her!

Erica chokes up.

CONNIE SCREAMS OFF-SCREEN -- *THA-DUMF*--

Natalie's eyes shoot up the stairs--

EXT. CONNIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Connie and Ghostface 1 roll down the slant of the roof outside the broken spare room window. Over the edge they go--

landing in the grass on side of the house.

Connie screams and jumps up as Ghostface 1 lunges at her with the knife. The Killer narrowly misses, the blade stabbing into the grassy ground.

(CONTINUED)

CONNIE  
Help! Help, someone!

Connie disappears into the darkness around the back of the house.

EXT. BACK OF CONNIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Connie comes running around the side of the house and up to the deck to the back door where under the mat is a key. Glancing over, Connie sees Ghostface swing around into view.

Still shaking uncontrollably, Connie can't steady her hand even to get the key into the lock. She cries and stomps her feet in severe panic, looking up to see--

GHOSTFACE SWINGING AROUND THE CORNER--

Connie screams, finally getting the key into the lock as Ghostface 1 comes charging up the steps of the deck.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Connie spills onto the kitchen floor, her hands never letting go off the key stuck in the lock. She cries out, ripping the key out and slamming the door shut and locking it again.

She peers through the window pane and sees--

NO ONE.

Connie runs over to the house phone on the kitchen wall when IT RINGS.

CONNIE  
(answers)  
Help! Please, help me! The killer  
is here -- he's at my house!  
Please!

A BEAT OF SILENCE.

CONNIE  
Hello?

MAN'S VOICE  
Hello, Connie.

Connie screams and cries out, reflexively throwing the phone across the room.

BRMMMM--

(CONTINUED)

CONNIE

Erica?

No immediate response. Connie pulls a Michael Myers-esque kitchen knife from the knife block on the counter.

ER-ER-ER-ER-ER -- the phone is still ON, lying on the floor.

Connie grabs the phone when the CLOSET DOOR SHOOTS OPEN and Ghostface 2 pops out right in front of her--

Connie screams and runs back, putting the island counter between her and Ghostface.

In a short standoff, Ghostface commits to one direction and Connie runs in the other, running around the island and out of the kitchen into the living room and out to--

INT. THE FOYER - CONTINUOUS

At the foyer is where Connie meets with the sight of Erica's bloody, dead body.

Connie pauses and screams. Ghostface 2 coming up behind her, Connie turns, receiving a stab in the ribs, but also putting her knife right into Ghostface's shoulder -- Natalie cries out under the mask.

Connie hops over Erica's body and bolts up the stairs--

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Connie shrieks all the way to the bathroom--

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Connie locks herself in and flips on THE LIGHT.

Still balling, she turns to the sink where she drops the bloody kitchen knife.

IN THE MIRROR Connie sees her face a bit scratched up, but turns to see the stab wound on her side. It's painful and bleeding a lot.

With her bloody hand, she grabs a white hand-towel and presses onto the wound, crying out in pain.

With her other shaky hand, she begins to dial 9-1-1.

With her head down, THROUGH THE MIRROR, we see a DARK FIGURE rise from behind the foggy shower curtain right behind Connie. Her hand shaking too much to dial, she glances up just as the shower curtain is ripped open--

(CONTINUED)

Connie spins around to greet Ghostface 1 with a blood-curdling roar from the depths of her lungs--

Ghostface stabs at her repeatedly in the chest as Connie screams, endlessly, leaning back against the counter.

The Killer grabs her by the throat and holds her up against the mirror. Connie's blood streams from her mouth and pours onto the black glove.

Gazing right into her Killer's mask, with her last bit of life, Connie reaches up and pulls it off. In the mirror behind her head, we are revealed the face of **LOGAN BENNETT(17)** -- our second killer, sporting a broken nose and two black eyes and shaved head.

Connie can almost muster a gasp as Logan stands there, smiling. He leans in to whisper in her ear.

LOGAN

I'm here, Connie, for the Stab finale.

Logan kisses her bloody, open mouth.

Pulling away, he clenches his blood covered teeth and furiously stabs Connie one last time.

EXT. CONNIE'S HOUSE - LATER

The house is seemingly undisturbed. Some lights are on.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Natalie sits in a chair, with the robe pulled down to reveal her wounded shoulder. Doesn't look too bad. Logan treats it with some peroxide and a rag.

NATALIE

Ah!

LOGAN

Sorry. You're gonna need stitches, but I don't think it's too bad.

NATALIE

Fuckin' bitch. Her mother's gonna find her turned inside out.

LOGAN

Battle wounds. They happen.

Logan uses duct tape to close up the wound and bandage it.

(CONTINUED)

NATALIE

Alex nearly knocked you out. What did you tell your parents about that one?

LOGAN

Skateboarding accident. Alright, that's the best I can do.

NATALIE

It hurts like a bitch.

LOGAN

We gotta get out of here.

Natalie's cellphone RINGS.

NATALIE

Shit, it's my mom.

LOGAN

Don't answer it.

NATALIE

I have to. She'll immediately assume I'm a victim and call the police, if I don't. Ugh.

(answers)

Hi, mom... Oh no, we lost track of time studying so I'm just gonna stay at Logan's, tonight... Ugh, Mom, the fact that you'd even suggest that -- you've met Logan, he's fucking gross!

Logan perches his lips and rolls his eyes like, "seriously?"

NATALIE

(on the phone)

Alright, I'll be home in the morning when the curfew ends. Yes, Mom, I'll be fine. Yes, I'll make sure that their doors are locked before I go to sleep. Alright mother, goodnight. Goodnight. Geez!

Natalie ends the call.

NATALIE

Sometimes I wanna add that woman to our list... And then I feel really bad about it.

(CONTINUED)

LOGAN

Like you're capable of feeling bad.  
Can we get the fuck out of here?

NATALIE

Yeah, we should turn off the  
lights.

DUN -- THE POWER GOES OUT.

LOGAN

Shit.

NATALIE

What the hell?

Natalie's cellphone RINGS again.

NATALIE

Ugh.

Looking down, she sees that the number is blocked.

LOGAN

Don't answer it. Let's just go.

NATALIE

What if it's--

LOGAN

What? Calling to check in? Fuck  
that. Let's go.

Natalie ignores the call and the two head to the back door.

EXT. BACK OF CONNIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

INT....

Natalie holds herself up against the counter top, pressing  
down on her stomach wound.

NATALIE

No! I'm the killer, goddammit! I'M  
THE KILLER!

The back door opens--

GHOSTFACE B enters the kitchen.

GHOSTFACE C steps out from the living room.

Natalie, still in the costume robe, is surrounded by a trio  
in masks.

(CONTINUED)

NATALIE  
FUCK YOU!

Natalie makes a break for it, but is immediately stabbed in the gut by Ghostface B before the accomplices lunge at her.

Centered, Natalie is consumed by the black robes viciously shanking her over and over and over.

Natalie falls into the darkness as she let's out a PIERCING SCREAM--

THUNDER-CLAP!

OPENING MONTAGE

CUE "RED RIGHT HAND" by NICK CAVE AND SEEDS THEME SONG

TITLE CARD: SCREAM... THE SERIAL

CREDITS