

SCENE 1:

Sean looks up - curious now. Sure enough RHODA is stepping out of her news van. Right outside a house: presumably his. He's hurrying up to her.

SEAN

Excuse me? (Ignored) Excuse me?

RHODA

What can I do for you kid? I'm busy.

SEAN

Yeah - uh. Do you have a permit to be here? Because in case you didn't know this is private property.

RHODA

I don't see a gate or any "NO TRESSPASSING" signs. So, it can't be too private can it?

Rhoda stares him up and down.

RHODA (CONT'D)

Oh shit. You're the son. Hey! Reggie, get the camera.

ACE

Yeah. Mr. Mills, nor his family need to be doing any interviews right now.

RHODA

(Sizes him up)
And you are?

ACE

I'm Mr. Mills' legal council.

RHODA

(Pftt)
Rigghhhhht. Well, if you both will kindly step out of my way. I wasn't interested in talking to the kid. Is your mom in?

SEAN

She wouldn't want to talk to you either. She's probably a wreck as is, so I think it's about time you left.

RHODA JENSEN SIDES 2.

Rhoda gives an eyeroll - she tries to move up the driveway. But Sean is quick to block her path.

RHODA

Kid. I'm just doing my job. And I'd really appreciate you not making this any more difficult than it already is.

SEAN

And I'd appreciate you getting the fu -.

AMY (O.S.)

Sean.

Sean turns his head - in the altercation neither noticed Amy has stepped out onto the front porch.

SCENE 2:

Rhoda takes a cigarette out of her purse - turns her attention to Jamie.

RHODA

I didn't want to be a reporter originally, y'know.

JAMIE

That's... Surprising.

RHODA

This was supposed to be a stepping stone. Get my face and name out there... I've just always been good at it. (Honest) My thing's writing - I'm damn good at it too. But fiction doesn't really sell these days...

She takes a drag, then puffs out a ring of smoke.

RHODA (CONT'D)

It's all about true crime. True crime sells.

JAMIE

Is that why you decided to stay? Write a new book? Get the jump?

RHODA JENSEN SIDES 3.

RHODA

I don't know that part yet. I came here to cover a movie premiere. But this is a bit above my pay grade.

Her hand gets a little shaky.

RHODA (CONT'D)

I saw my first dead body last night, Mr. Mills and something tells me it won't be my last. Top Story's refusing to let me leave until this all blows over...

JAMIE

So why did you call me?

RHODA

You're the horror movie expert. (Off-His Look) Come on, I was a nineties kid - you don't think I've seen *Scream*. I'm here for your insight...

JAMIE

Is this on-the-record?

RHODA

Strictly off it. Like I said, I don't even know if there's a real story to get ankle-deep into. (Beat) If I'm going to sideline a lot of my morals... I need to know it's worth it. That this is my out.

Jamie crosses his arms, he leans back - seems a little smug in his smile.

JAMIE

After all these years I'm still the go-to then, huh?

RHODA

Don't let it go to your head. I don't like teenagers... You're just the lesser of two evils.

She returns his smirk with one of her own.

RHODA (CONT'D)

So start breaking it down for me - what's really going on in your sleepy little town?

