

SCREAM

SCREENPLAY BY
CMAN710

BASED ON THE "SCREAM" FRANCHISE BY
KEVIN WILLIAMSON, WES CRAVEN, AND EHREN KRUEGER

FIRST DRAFT: 07/25/2020
TEST DRAFT: 07/29/2020
RELEASE DRAFT: 08/12/20

A ringing telephone...

OPEN ON:

INT. HOME - KITCHEN - NIGHT

A house phone.

It sits there ominously for a moment before a hand reaches down and answers.

GIRL (V.O.)

Hello?

Pull up to reveal:

IRIS JOYNER (17) beautiful and tough. A sort of edge to her that sets her apart from the fray.

No response comes.

IRIS

Hello?

There's no response. Nervousness enters her features. She hangs up. She turns around before...

It rings again.

Iris answers.

IRIS (CONT'D)

Hello!?

BOY (V.O.)

Whoa, sorry babe. I had a bad connection.

Iris breathes a sigh of relief - crossing to the island in the small, somewhat messy kitchen. It's upper-middle class.

IRIS

Sorry. I've been getting prank calls all night.

BOY (V.O.)

What kind?

IRIS

I don't know, they never answer. It's frickin' annoying.

She grabs a bowl of popcorn off of her island, taking it to a nearby table strewn with papers.

IRIS (CONT'D)
Did you make it to the movies yet?

BOY (V.O.)
Yeah. Place is a dead zone.

IRIS
I told you, no one wants to see that shit a fifth time. You'd probably have a better time studying with me.

BOY (V.O.)
Maybe...

Slow transition into...

EXT. WOODSBORO COMMUNITY CINEMAS - MAIN ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

By contrast, it's an older, run-down theater. Think the old school ones from the fifties. Tonight it's all gussied up with GHOSTFACE apparel.

A marquee reads:

"THE WOODSBORO MURDERS
EXCLUSIVE SCREENING: 10PM"

There's a few stray teens, and even a few adults. But you could hardly call it a big crowd.

At the old school ticket booth we find the boy on the phone...

TREY VARGAS (17) messy handsome and full of energy. Maybe a little "too" excited about things.

TREY
At least Ethan isn't here trying to crash the party.

IRIS (V.O.)
I mean. I can't blame him. Jasmine was *your* cousin too.

TREY
That was eighteen years ago. I think I'll live with myself.

Trey takes his ticket - stepping away from the booth as he scans the crowd.

TREY (CONT'D)
You still going to Marty's party tonight?

IRIS (V.O.)
I wasn't invited. Go figure.

TREY
It's OK. Twenty bucks says someone calls the cops, again.

He moves toward the front door - holding it open for a couple of teenage girls.

TREY (CONT'D)
Either way. I should be there like one-ish? If you're sure your parents won't mind.

A third figure steps through the door he's holding open. His gaze raises for a single moment...

We get a glimpse of THE GHOST. Or someone dressed like them.

His gaze meets Trey's only for a moment before he's gone.

INT. JOYNER HOUSEHOLD - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Iris is now seated at the table, she smiles, twirls her hair in anticipation.

IRIS
I can't wait.

An incoming call alert sounds out. Iris frowns, removes her phone from her ear.

IRIS (CONT'D)
Shit, I think this is my mom. I'll talk to you later babe, enjoy the movie.

She switches calls.

IRIS (CONT'D)
Hey, mom.

MAN'S VOICE
Hello, Iris.

Iris appears surprised for a moment. Slides the phone from her ear again: an unregistered number.

IRIS

Oh... Uh, I'm sorry I read the number wrong.

MAN'S VOICE

That's OK.

IRIS

So... Who is this?

MAN'S VOICE

You don't recognize my voice?

IRIS

Should I?

Iris' eyes scan the room - she's playing it off. But of course she does.

MAN'S VOICE

You live in Woodsboro. I thought everyone there knew it.

IRIS

Ace. Is this you? Because your Ghostface impression is really lacking.

There's silence on the other end.

IRIS (CONT'D)

Look, you know I hate those movies. So can you drop the app?

MAN'S VOICE

What app?

IRIS

The one you're obviously using.

MAN'S VOICE

Can I ask you a question first?

IRIS

If it'll get you off the phone faster.

MAN'S VOICE

Why don't you like scary movies?

IRIS

Real life's scary enough... Are we done yet? I really got to get back to studying.

MAN'S VOICE

Depends.

IRIS

On what?

MAN'S VOICE

How soon I'm done with Trey.

Iris' eyes narrow. Wait what? But there's a beep. The call ends. Iris stares down - "UNKNOWN NUMBER".

For a moment - she hesitates. Then turns to "TREY" on her phone. Calls.

INT. WOODSBORO CINEMAS - LOBBY- CONTINUOUS

The lobby is mostly empty and devoid of life.

Trey bounces on his feet as he stands in front of the concession stand. He eyes "SCREAM" merchandise carefully. Such as masks, DVDs, and a couple fake knives. The kind of stuff you can find in costume shops.

As soon as his phone rings, he answers.

TREY

Miss me already?

IRIS (V.O.)

No... No. I just got a really creepy phone call.

TREY

Oops. The "Scream" voice?

IRIS (V.O.)

Tell me that was you.

TREY

I'm innocent this time. I promise.

Iris is silent on the other end for a moment. Trey collects his nachos from a theater employee.

TREY (CONT'D)

You gonna be OK? I can always turn around.

IRIS

I don't know. I don't want to ruin
your night. It's probably Ace.

TREY

He's at Marty's tonight.

Trey turns around slowly and catches sight of... GHOSTFACE.
He's standing at the ticket taker. Takes his ticket and then
stares right at Trey.

Trey gives a thumbs up, mouths "awesome costume".

TREY (CONT'D)

Look, it's premiere night.
Someone's probably being a dick.

IRIS

They mentioned you by name.

TREY

A very specific dick. Can you blame
them though? The hype is real.

Trey eyes the nearly empty lobby again and grimaces. From a
nearby theater RED RIGHT HAND by NICK CAVE AND THE BAD SEEDS
grabs his attention.

TREY (CONT'D)

Shit! The movie's starting!

IRIS

Trey... I'm serious, be careful.

TREY

Everything's going to be fine. I
promise. If it makes you feel
better, I'll swing by after the
movie.

Trey hangs up, urgently making his way toward Theater 5. The
music continues to flood through as he takes hold of the
door, swings it open...

He turns to see that Ghostface is there. Holds it open like a
gentleman.

TREY (CONT'D)

Seriously though, awesome costume.

Ghostface steps inside, with Trey right behind him.

INT. WOODSBORO CINEMAS - THEATER 5 - CONTINUOUS

Trey is making his way down the hallway as a clearer view of the film comes into view... On-screen a Drew Barrymore stand-in is being chased around her home.

Trey smiles wide, taking it all in as Ghostface drags behind. He follows Trey up the stairs. But it's quickly evident they're the only two even *in here*.

TREY

Wow. Tough crowd, huh? There were only like five people when I saw "4" too...

Trey starts into a row in the middle. Plants himself down as Ghostface follows. He plants himself down beside Trey.

Trey's eyes linger over to Ghostface, a little weirded out.

TREY (CONT'D)

Hey... Think I can get some space? You have the whole theater buddy.

Ghostface sits their in silence. Eerily resembling Maureen Evans and Ghostface before them.

Then Ghostface digs into his pocket, finds something: a phone. Trey frowns.

TREY (CONT'D)

Really dude, in the theater?

Ghostface plays around with it, a sound emits. And then he's raising it up and pointing it toward Trey.

INT. JOYNER HOUSEHOLD - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Iris is finishing up a bowl of popcorn as her FACETIME goes off.

She frowns. Hesitates a moment, then answers to see:

Trey. In his seat. He's looking directly at the camera.

IRIS

Trey?

TREY

Look man, we're in a theater, so do you think you can just...

And then his eyes *bulge*...

Iris' eyes soften in confusion as blood starts to spew out of Trey's mouth.

The Facetime pans down to reveal he's been *stabbed in the stomach*. Ghostface rips the Buck 120 lodged in there out.

Iris *screams!*

TREY (CONT'D)
Dude, what the fu -!?

Ghostface raises the knife again, and first person-POV stabs Trey in the throat!

Trey gasps for air and falls back, over the seat behind him. Bleeding profusely.

IRIS
Holy shit! OHMYGOD!

Iris doesn't hesitate. She hangs up and begins to dial 9-1-1 in an absolute frenzy. Pulls the phone to her ear... Iris is absolutely *hysterical*.

OPERATOR
9-1-1 what's your emergency?

IRIS
Ohmygod! You've gotta help me, he's dead. He's dead. He's dead. He's fucking *dead*.

OPERATOR
Miss. I'm going to need you to calm down... Start from the beginning... Who is "he"?

Smash!

Iris' eyes gaze upward immediately and grabs the largest, sharpest knife out of the block.

IRIS
Fuck... It's Trey... Trey Vargas. He's at that stupid movie premiere!

OPERATOR
I'm sorry m'am. I'm going to need you to calm down, I can't quite understand you.

CRASH! Iris freaks even more. She tries to get herself together, she begins to run for the hallway, and toward the front door.

IRIS
Please! Just get someone down to
Woodsboro Cinemas! Someone's been
murdered.

Iris hears another noise nearby as she hangs up. Her voice
gets quieter.

IRIS (CONT'D)
Fuck!

Phone in one hand and knife in the other, she makes her way
to the nearest doorway. Peering around the side...

The hallway's empty. But the shattered remains of a *glass*
door litter the floor. SHIT. Iris goes for her phone again
but this time the phone lights up...

UNKNOWN CALLER

With a shaky hand, she answers.

IRIS (CONT'D)
Get the fuck out! The cops are on
their way *right now!*

MAN'S VOICE
Are they really? I don't think they
heard you.

Iris curses quietly under her breath as she attempts to slide
her way through the doorway...

IRIS
Fuck you, what do you want from me?

MAN'S VOICE
From you? Nothing. You're just
knife fodder.

IRIS
Fuck you.

MAN'S VOICE
You'll never get the chance.

The line goes dead. Iris slams it against the doorway, "Fuck
it". She bolts through it at lightning speed.

INT. JOYNER HOUSEHOLD - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

And out into the hallway just near the foyer.

She makes a quick beeline for the broken door. Her pace quickens, panic overcoming her as...

GHOSTFACE steps through. He never stepped inside.

Iris' eyes bulge and she barely dodges the violent swing of his knife as it swings down inches from her face.

She *screams!*

Iris turns face and runs into the living room. Turning around to swing her own knife.

But Ghostface is faster. He grabs hold of her wrist. Hard. And begins to struggle...

Eventually. He has the upper hand. The knife flies from her hand.

He stabs Iris *deep* in the chest. Iris cries out in pain! Backing up and falling onto her back.

She crawls back on the carpet. Blood staining it as she attempts to make it away from Ghostface. He doesn't ever give her a chance though.

He grabs her by the back of the hair and slams her face hard into the TV. She goes down, face bloody and bruised as he raises his knife to strike again.

As she reaches up to steady herself he again *violently* stabs her in the back. Iris screams! Her hand reaches the TV set but only smears it with blood on the way down.

Her eyes stare up at Ghostface, now hovering over her - hauntingly. She shakes her head quietly, and opens her mouth. Blood drizzling down. As if she wants to say something...

Ghostface takes his knife in both hands, quietly raising his knife.

Rather than speak... All Iris can do is let out one final heart-wrenching *SCREAM!*

The blade strikes down right between her eyes.

THUNDER CLAP TO
BLACK.

TITLE CARD: **SCREAM**

FADE IN:

INT. MILLS HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - MORNING

FOCUS ON: A computer.

"CHAPTER ONE" and some snippets of writing are open. The keyboard types... Then it backspaces. Rinse and repeat a few times.

Slowly move back to reveal the writer:

AMY MILLS (36) a tired, but strong-willed woman. Haunted by the past. She's chewing her fingernail.

She's on a couch - computer on a coffee table.

AMY

I've given Random House thirteen good years, right?

Amy frowns, deletes it again.

AMY (CONT'D)

Or maybe I'm just running out of muse.

Amy leans back - sighs deeply. Her head only lifts again when footsteps bound down the staircase.

Down comes **SEAN MILLS** (18) handsome. A bit of a leader - likes to take charge. But loves to have "fun".

He's quickly followed by **ACE DUVAL** (17). A less handsome party animal. Sean's second-in-command.

ACE

I'm telling you, man. Marty digs me.

SEAN

Maybe. But you gotta be careful with that - you only broke up with Lily last month.

ACE

Yeah. I get it. Her heart is still bleeding out and whatever... But she and I just don't *vibe* like Marty and I do. She and I have something special. (Smiles) A connection.

SEAN

How much did you have to drink last night again?

Ace slugs his shoulder as they head into the living room.

ACE

Hey Mrs. Mills. Thanks again for the save last night - I'd have gone home. But you know how my dad is.

AMY

One of these days you're going to get us into trouble.

ACE

One day - but not today.

SEAN

Hey mom, is it OK if Ace and Hannah come over after school? We were going to binge Vampire Diaries.

ACE

Correction - you two were going to binge Vampire Diaries. I was gonna oggle Nina Dobrev and call it a day.

Sean gives an eye roll - Amy simply smiles.

AMY

Sure. Just call me when you're on your way home?

SEAN

Will do. Come on, Ace.

ACE

See ya, Mrs. M.

Amy gives a smile and nod as the two exit stage left and out the front door. Amy finally concedes - closes up the computer.

MAN (V.O.)

You're coming with me to see her, right?

Amy turns to see this time it's **JAMIE MILLS** (36) still a nerd. But an older and wiser one.

AMY

Is Lea coming today?

JAMIE

I'm meeting her at the town square at two. Before I go to set.

AMY
... You still don't find it...
Weird she's coming back? After all
this time?

JAMIE
She probably wants peace of mind.

Amy doesn't look so sure - she stands to her feet.

AMY
I'll think about it. Need a lunch?

JAMIE
Already packed. (Pause; Leans in
for a kiss) Love you.

Amy hesitates, but leans in and kisses him. After a moment,
she re-opens her laptop. Opens google. Types in: "LEA
WALTERS".

She hesitates a moment before clicking "search".

SNAP TO:

EXT. WOODSBORO, CALIFORNIA - MORNING

EST SHOT:

This is a very different Woodsboro.

Still the same "hometown" feel. But the buildings are
different, the structure is different. It also gives an
almost "tourist trap vibe".

Some shops are literally advertising "AS SEEN IN SCREAM" or
have some sort of Ghostface merchandise.

This Woodsboro doesn't hide its past. It relishes in it.

CLOSE IN ON:

One storefront. Advertising the new "WOODSBORO MURDERS" film.
The window has been smashed, the area defaced.

"**MURDERERS**" is sprawled in red paint.

Sheriff **MILES LAWSON** (50s) is inspecting the damage. He looks
perpetually tired. Stern and tough.

He turns to a deputy.

SHERIFF LAWSON
Get forensics down here... Someone
knew what was coming.

The deputy nods his head. Lawson simply stares in disgust.

SHERIFF LAWSON (CONT'D)
Get someone to rub this off while
they're at it. No one needs to see
this...

He turns his head - they've already got a crowd. Mostly teenagers, some move to take pictures, others try to ignore it as they head across the street to...

WOODSBORO HIGH SCHOOL

It's bigger and newer than the film version. Definitely different looking. There's no fountain across the street either.

GIRL (V.O.)
The pic went viral in seven
hours...

INT. WOODSBORO HIGH SCHOOL - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

ON: A phone screen.

On it is the graphic aftermath of Iris and Trey's attack. Namely the gutted body of Trey.

GIRL
Fuck's sake. Who would do something
like that?

The phone lowers to reveal **MARTY RICHARDS** (17) "party girl". She's a tough vixen with a friendly disposition. But don't cross her.

MARTY
That's the thing. No one can figure
it out! It's sick, right?

LILY TOWNSEND (17). Outspoken as well, but sweeter about it. A bit nerdy; takes a closer look.

LILY
You're telling me someone killed
them both at the same time.

MARTY
 ("Yup")
 Two killers... Creepy shit.

LILY
 I think I'm gonna be sick.

MARTY
 I've seen worse. But I'm in some
 weird Facebook groups.

Lily side-eyes her, Marty smirks. Bad joke.

MARTY (CONT'D)
 Are you shocked though? No one
 liked Iris...

LILY
 But Trey? The guy was so sweet.

MARTY
 At least until you got a few drinks
 in him.

Lily begins to notice as several phones go off in the
 hallway. But before long comes across something more
 concerning:

BAN SCREAM

A table with several flyers stating that in big bold letters.

MARTY (CONT'D)
 Shit... Ethan sure wastes no time
 does he?

LILY
 Unbelievable. (Frustrated) I need
 to go check on my dad.

MARTY
 Safe to say.

Lily storms past Marty as she's left watching the hallway
 descending into chaos.

INT. WOODSBORO HIGH SCHOOL - PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Someone else holding it out.

MAN (O.S.)
 Care to explain yourself, Ethan?

Pull over to reveal **ETHAN BAKER** (18) reclining in a seat. Rebel with a cause. Hates horror - hates this town. Nice enough guy though.

ETHAN

I don't see how I'm doing anything wrong.

The principal, **MICHAEL TOWNSEND** (40) looks pressed. Was the "Cotton". He's a sweet guy, beloved by the students. Still haunted.

MICHAEL

This is inciting fear in your fellow students. I've already had one complaint of a girl breaking down.

ETHAN

(Angry)

And how do you think I feel!? Trey was my cousin!

Michael throws up his hands. Ethan's eyes narrow.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

This town is trying to push it under the rug. Just like they do everything else! If I don't say something, who will?

MICHAEL

Be that as it may - I can't have you terrorizing the student body.

ETHAN

Are you even listening to me? Maybe I should spell it out for you: MY COUSIN IS DEAD. At the premiere of that fucking joke of a movie.

MICHAEL

And I'm very sorry for your loss...

Ethan scoffs - can't believe this. He's already grabbing his backpack.

ETHAN

Don't give me that... I don't need a pity party. I need you and the rest of this town to wake up.

MICHAEL

We're not done talking -.

ETHAN

No, you're not done talking. But I am.

Ethan starts for the door - Michael isn't amused.

MICHAEL

Three weeks detention.

ETHAN

I'll be in my usual spot.

The door opens before Ethan can step out. In steps Lily - with the flyer.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

Hey Lily...

He maneuvers his way out. Lily looks bewildered.

MICHAEL

Those flyers better be down young man! (Sighs) Oh, who am I kidding? He isn't listening.

LILY

Dad... Half the school is freaking out.

MICHAEL

You don't think I know that?

LILY

Well, it gets a little worse... The press is here.

MICHAEL

Shit!

Lily steps out of the way as Michael frantically makes his way out the door now to.

WOMAN (V.O.)

This is Rhoda Jensen, live in Woodsboro with Top Story. That's right, you heard me... Little Woodsboro, California. Better known as home to the mass-media franchise, *Scream*.

EXT. WOODSBORO HIGH SCHOOL - FRONT ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

Kids are gathering around to record the insanity with their cell phones. The media is everywhere. But pan over until we find a young woman holding a Ghostface mask.

Enter **RHODA JENSEN** (30s). Tough-as-nails. The fresh face of "Top Story", good at what she does. A snoop like Gale.

RHODA

This Friday, a new film based on the 1994 murder spree, "The Woodsboro Murders" is scheduled to release. But it seems a body count has started early here in this sleepy little town.

She shakes her head.

RHODA (CONT'D)

Teenagers Trey Vargas and Iris Joyner's lives were cut horribly short last night at the local "Woodsboro Cinemas". (Beat) For a town that hasn't seen a single unsolved murder since Amy Mills brought an end to the rampage of Scott Lawson and Jeremy Kent - this comes as a disheartening blow...

In the crowd, find a single woman watching while leaned against a tree. This is **LEA WALTON** (50). A barely-functioning alcoholic. Got it all - now regrets it.

She's smoking and looks unhappy.

RHODA (CONT'D)

Woodsboro PD is not releasing the names of any suspects. Nor do they have reason to believe - despite the location, that this has any connection to the 1994 Murders. But as always, if there is one, I promise to find it. (Smiles) Once again, I'm Rhoda Jensen from Top Story. Back to you, Marshall.

A moment, Rhoda finally breathes and hands over the mic. But rather than compose herself - she turns and heads towards Lea.

RHODA (CONT'D)
Holy shit. I'm sorry... I hope I'm not intruding. But I saw you over there and just *had* to say hi.

Lea pushes her sunglasses down - "really?" Rhoda just smiles.

RHODA (CONT'D)
I can't believe it, you're actually her! The "Lea Walton". I'm just... Wow.

LEA
(Mocking)
Wow! (Beat) So you're the new girl they're all buzzing about? You've got talent. I'll give you that.

She fully removes her sunglasses and puts out her cigarette.

LEA (CONT'D)
You know. Fuck it. Let me just be forward. What the hell is Top Story doing here?

RHODA
Well... I was here to cover the premiere. But then - well y'know... They just want me to cover the story - get the scoop.

LEA
You want my best advice kid?

RHODA
Absolutely! I'd give anything to pick your brain.

LEA
Good. Then listen carefully. (Leans in) Get outta dodge, ditch the job while you still can.

Rhoda's face falls - she's greatly disappointed.

RHODA
I mean... That's not what you did, right? You wouldn't even be where you are -.

LEA
Where I am? On my third bottle of tequila for the morning? (Beat;
(MORE)

LEA (CONT'D)

Off-Rhoda's look) Look, you have the talent. But don't make my mistakes. You don't want that kind of glamour.

Lea's had enough - she starts to walk away. Rhoda looks a bit defeated.

RHODA

Thanks. It was nice to meet you.

She turns around, notices her cameraman watching. She arches her eyebrows.

RHODA (CONT'D)

She really let herself go. (Beat) Hey, you got our reservations at the motel set, right? (Off-his nod) Good. I want to get my shit dropped off... Then I'll see about talking to Amy Mills.

The cameraman silently stalks off. Rhoda turns her head, and watches Lea walk off until she's in the distance.

INT. WOODSBORO HIGH SCHOOL - CLASSROOM - MORNING

School is now in session.

Most of the class is still talking - but not about the murders anymore. Lots of other gossip: dating gossip, schoolyard gossip, childish things.

FOCUS ON: Sean. Who's seated near the back. His eyes are on something else, an empty seat. He leans over to Ace.

ACE

Hey, what did you get for number thirteen?

SEAN

Do you think they're gonna question us?

Ace side-eyes him.

ACE

Sure. Trey was our friend - but we were at Marty's party last night.

SEAN

I wish Hannah were here right now.

Sean stares over toward an empty seat. Ace frowns a bit, turns to meet his glance.

ACE
It's not like her missing class is anything new.

SEAN
Usually we'd ditch together.

ACE
You guys got into a fight last night, didn't you? Maybe she's still pissed...

Before their conversation gets any further, the teacher at the front of the room holds up a slip. A deputy slips out the door.

TEACHER
"Ace", your turn.

ACE
Wish me luck...

Ace gets up to his feet, approaches the desk and takes his slip.

INT. WOODSBORO HIGH SCHOOL - PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - MINUTES LATER

Lily sits in front, tapping her foot when Ace arrives. He stops, she looks over at him awkwardly.

LILY
Hey.

ACE
Hey.

Ace awkwardly takes a seat down next to her. Peers over at the principal's office.

LILY
Can you believe this?

ACE
What? The murder? I'm surprised something like this didn't happen sooner.

LILY
Of course you did...

She pauses. Ace takes out his cell phone, clearly wants to avoid making conversation.

LILY (CONT'D)
... So, Marty was talking about you
this morning. Are you guys. Y'know.
A thing now?

ACE
Don't know, I haven't asked her
yet.

LILY
I thought we were still, y'know.
Just on a break, maybe?

ACE
Lil. You're a good friend. A *great*
friend actually. But I just
don't... Feel that way about you.

Lily's face drops, serious disappointment etched in her expression.

ACE (CONT'D)
Besides, this is literally, the
worst time to talk about this. Our
friend died last night.

LILY
Who do you think even did it?

ACE
Someone with a grudge. Let's face
it, Iris pissed off a lot of
people. The timing was just to
cover their ass.

The door to the office opens again, Ace peers up. An officer sets his eyes straight on him.

OFFICER
Bradley Duvall?

ACE
Ace. It's just Ace...

Ace gets up as he turns to look over at Lily. Another awkward half-smile.

ACE (CONT'D)
Uh... See you at lunch?

Lily just half-smiles back as he disappears into the office. She remains seated there, shaky and nervous.

JAMIE (V.O.)

(Pre-lap)

It was obviously some unhinged
"Scream" fan. Remember those kids
in Lynwood in '98?

INT. COFFEE HOUSE - MORNING

A small coffee shop, just off the Woodsboro town square. It's half-empty. Very calm and homey feeling.

The emptiness makes it easy to find Amy, Jamie, and Lea at one of the tables.

LEA

Did you see the returns on "Scream
4"?

JAMIE

Have you seen the message boards?
It still has a very vocal fanbase.

LEA

Yeah - I've seen those. They're a
joke.

Lea takes a sip out of her coffee, gives a "gag" before taking a small flask out and pouring some alcohol inside.

AMY

They didn't get away with it...

JAMIE

None of them did. Which is what
makes this weird.

LEA

Weird, how?

JAMIE

You didn't hear? They didn't catch
the guy! No prints. No clues.
Nothing.

LEA

So?

JAMIE

So - the guy's smart. Too smart.

AMY

Jamie, if you're trying to make me feel better... You're doing a shitty job.

She glares lightly in Jamie's direction. Jamie leans back - he takes a hold of her hand.

JAMIE

I didn't say they wouldn't catch him.

AMY

You didn't say they would.

LEA

So what if they don't? It doesn't mean anything. (Beat; Off-Jamie's look) Does it?

JAMIE

I don't know yet. It's been a long time since this kind of thing was my forte.

LEA

Oh please - you're a director now.

Jamie shakes his head - Lea takes another sip. Looks between the two of them.

JAMIE

I have my theories... But I'd rather go with an isolated incident. Least then I can get to sleep tonight.

A small ping from his phone. He frowns.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Speaking of, though. I have to go. They need me on set again in fifteen.

AMY

I'll pick you up... After I drop Sean and Ace off at the house.

LEA

We both will. Strength in numbers. Always.

Jamie smiles - he gives Amy a kiss on the cheek as he starts off in a hurry. Amy looks up at Lea - who tries to give a reassuring smile.

LEA (CONT'D)
He's right. We're all probably just overthinking it.

AMY
I hope you're right.

Linger on these words as she stares out at the scene across the street. Barely visible from the window...

EXT. WOODSBORO HIGH SCHOOL - SENIOR QUAD - AFTERNOON

BIRDS EYE VIEW:

The mania still hasn't died down - as is visible across the street as we slowly roll over toward the high school again.

MARTY (V.O.)
You know - this would be so much cooler if we were actually sitting around a fountain.

Slowly scroll down to find some of the kids: Marty, Sean, Ace, and Lily. Sitting at one of the outdoor lunch tables in a small quad. Watching from a distance. Other students go about their day around them.

ACE
That fountain is actually in Santa Rosa.

MARTY
("Duh")
I know, but the movie made it look so badass.

Marty spins around, moves onto another subject.

MARTY (CONT'D)
Well, I'm not going to stay sulking. So - I've decided I wanna hold a vigil.

LILY
A what?

MARTY
A vigil. Like a memorial service? Come on, it'd be so dope.

ACE
For Trey? I'm in.

SEAN
You really want to party right now?

MARTY
Chill, Sean. It's not a (air
quotes) "party", really.

Marty rests her head on Ace's shoulder as Lily stares at them
- uncomfortable.

MARTY (CONT'D)
Besides, isn't that what your mom
did?

SEAN
Before her friends got butchered.

MARTY
I thought Jasmine was her friend?

SEAN
She sat behind her in English. I'd
hardly call them friends.

The group goes silent as ETHAN trails by. Their gaze lingers,
his eyes darkly meet Sean's as he crosses to an empty table.

LILY
Do you guys think we should invite
Ethan?

ACE
Invite Ethan? That's... That's a
joke, right? The guy is bad news.

LILY
It was his cousin.

MARTY
Trey hated him too.

SEAN
Jasmine was his sister.

ACE
We aren't holding a vigil for
Jasmine.

Ethan is staring at them from his lunch table, practically
jabbing his fork into his "salad".

MARTY

I'll think about it. I'm gonna need a venue anyway.

ACE

You mean after Tony Anderson trashed your place?

MARTY

My parents are gonna kill him for the TV.

Sean gathers up his tray himself and tosses the remains of his lunch. Looking over at them.

SEAN

It's not the worst idea. If my mom will even let me leave the house.

ACE

That's a big "IF".

Sean checks his phone - then searches the courtyard. No sign of Hannah.

SEAN

Listen, I'll catch up with you guys later. I gotta do something.

Sean heads off - almost instantly Ethan's gaze removes itself from his former table.

MARTY

What's his deal?

ACE

Hell if I know. Whatever it is he ain't talking.

MARTY

Hannah won't say either. Honestly, I think they broke up.

LILY

No way. They've been together since freshman year. Besides, I heard Hannah's parents pulled her out of school.

Marty shrugs her shoulders. Then taps her fingers a bit.

MARTY

So - anyone else's parents out of town?

Ace looks over at her - just sort of chuckles. But keeps his eyes fixed on Ethan across the way..

EXT. WOODSBORO, CALIFORNIA - SUBURBS - AFTERNOON

SEAN (V.O.)

She never showed up at lunch...

On a normal block in Woodsboro - several seconds pass before Sean and Ace come into view, fresh out of school.

ACE

What did you guys argue about anyway?

SEAN

College applications. She thinks I'm not taking them seriously enough.

ACE

College is a year away, Hannah needs to chill.

SEAN

That's what I said. She called me an underachiever.

ACE

And then she ditched, ironic.

Sean rolls his eyes a little.

SEAN

She'll get over it. I hope.

ACE

If not I see a very expensive date night in your future.

Ace suddenly stops him in his tracks. Sean throws his hands up in confusion.

ACE (CONT'D)

Wait, is that the chick from Top Story?

SEAN

You knew Lea was coming over...

ACE

Not *that* chick. The hotter one. From the new version?

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)
Rigghhhht. 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 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.

AMY (CONT'D)

It's OK. I called them.

A beat. Sean and Ace look at each other in surprise.

TIME LAPSE:

Amy, now standing outside the house. Only herself and Rhoda.

Rhoda is making motions to her cameraman as Ace and Sean watch from behind. After a long moment Rhoda fixes herself up and speaks up.

RHODA

Alright - so... This should be really easy. The camera's going to roll in about like... Ten...

She begins counting off as Amy stares seriously into the camera.

RHODA (CONT'D)

Thanks Mitch! Once again, this is Rhoda Jensen reporting live from Woodsboro, California. With a special guest. (Beat) Eighteen years ago... The woman standing beside me, Amy Mills bravely stood up to two budding psychopaths. Making her a hero, and forever cementing her status as "final girl" -.

AMY

Excuse me, Rhoda. I hate to interrupt. But can I say something?

Rhoda turns to her - a little surprised to be cut off.

RHODA

Well, I mean. I haven't really
gotten to your part Ms. -.

Amy takes the microphone from her. Rhoda looks stunned.

AMY

I have a message for Top Story...
And the rest of the press that are
giving this sick fuck the *attention*
he probably wants.

Rhoda looks stunned.

AMY (CONT'D)

Leave Woodsboro. Find another
story. Eighteen years ago, this is
exactly how it all started... My
friends *died* because you
sensationalized a psychopath. And
now, you're just doing it again.

Sean looks a little stunned, he tries to step forward.

AMY (CONT'D)

This isn't one of those fucking
Hollywood films. We aren't just
actors who can walk off set just
fine. This is real life. (Beat) And
to the son of a bitch who killed
those kids. If you really had half
the balls? You'd have come for me
instead.

She leans forward.

AMY (CONT'D)

I don't know who you are. But only
you can come forward and *stop this*.

RHODA

Cut!

AMY

Come for me asshole, or do you have
the balls to try what the psycho
you're emulating started?

She shoves the microphone back into Rhoda's hands. As she's
left speechless. Sean's going after Amy as she heads into the
house - deeply concerned.

ACE
That was fucking *awesome*.

Rhoda stares over at her cameraman as the door slams in her face.

RHODA
Well... That went well.

She shoves the mic into her cameraman's hands next. Extremely annoyed.

INT. MILLS HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

It's night now.

The Mills house is quiet. Other than some laughter, and the sound of popping popcorn. Pull around to reveal Sean and Ace. Sean's by the microwave - and Ace at the kitchen counter.

ACE
I'm just saying "Scream" didn't do your mom justice.

SEAN
I think it was a bad idea.
Provoking him like that.

ACE
As opposed to what?

SEAN
I don't know, ignoring it?

ACE
You can't ignore something like that. It's the first murder like this in eighteen years.

Sean takes the popcorn out of the microwave, pours it into a bowl. Ace is already eating as he sets it down.

SEAN
You think they'll figure out who did it?

ACE
I mean - it shouldn't be that hard.
Just look next door.

Ace turns his head - Sean does too.

OUT THE WINDOW:

Ethan is just barely visible.

The house next door is only vaguely visible from here. But it's one story and plain looking. Visibly dark on the inside too.

SEAN

Come on, you don't really think
Ethan did it?

ACE

Yeah, you didn't grow up with him.
The guy's a creep.

SEAN

I mean - he's an ass. But a killer?
I don't see it.

ACE

They said the same thing about
Scott Lawson - and well, you see
how he turned out.

Sean makes a face - he doesn't look very pleased.

SEAN

Not like this is the start of
anything...

ACE

Nah, I doubt it. Let's face it.
Ghostface had his day. But it's
long passed.

Ace takes a controller off the counter, flicks on the TV in the next room - a small den. The near-end of SAW comes on. Ace frowns.

ACE (CONT'D)

Now it's all torture porn. And
demons hunting kids... Oh, how the
mighty have fallen.

SEAN

Can we watch something else?

ACE

I thought "Saw" was your favorite?

SEAN

Not in the mood.

Ace shrugs - he changes the channel. Begins flipping. Sean watches from the window as Ethan goes about his business before walking past his viewpoint.

Ring!

SEAN (CONT'D)
Hey, get that?

Ace turns his head toward the counter next to him. And the cordless phone.

ACE
Mills residence.

MAN'S VOICE
Is Sean home?

Ace pauses - he looks to Sean - practically starts to chuckle.

ACE
Wow. That's. Real mature, Ethan.

MAN'S VOICE
Who's Ethan?

ACE
"I'm gonna gut you like a fish!".
Come on dude, fuck off. Your voice
is so fake.

SEAN
Who's on the phone?

Ace waves his hand - "One second".

MAN'S VOICE
I'm not fake - but you are. You're
nothing compared to Randy.

ACE
Yawn. You're boring me.

Sean gets annoyed - he grabs the phone from Ace.

SEAN
Who is this?

MAN'S VOICE
Hello, Sean. What's your favorite
scary movie?

SEAN

Oh jeez. Ace was right - get a life, Ethan.

MAN'S VOICE

For the last *fucking* time, I'm not Ethan.

SEAN

Who the hell are you then?

MAN'S VOICE

Your new director. Doing a little *location scouting*.

SEAN

(Humoring him)

Oh yeah, what's the movie?

MAN'S VOICE

"Scream 5". But this time I'm filming it on-location.

SEAN

OK. Now *I'm* bored. Are you going to get to the point or not?

Sean takes a few steps toward the window. He's laughing. And leaning to the side. Ace is listening in too.

SEAN (CONT'D)

Seriously, Ethan, I...

He stops dead in his tracks. Eyes widen. The soundtrack *thuds*.

Out the window is ETHAN.

No phone in hand. But instead two large garbage bags. Even Ace's face crumbles with that.

SEAN (CONT'D)

Who... Who is this?

MAN'S VOICE

Wouldn't you like to know? You really should be asking *who's next?*

SEAN

Listen, jackass. I'm calling the police.

MAN'S VOICE

I've got them running circles
around this place looking for me.
You really think they'll make it in
time?

Sean is grabbing his cell phone off the counter. Ace turns
around - concern in his face. He takes the phone back.

ACE

Alright, I'll play along, who's
next?

MAN'S VOICE

Not so fast. Let's play a game
first.

ACE

Alright. Sure, I was born for this.
Hit me, copycat.

MAN'S VOICE

Name the killers in "Scream".

ACE

Trick question. Billy Loomis, Stu
Macher, and Roman Bridger.

MAN'S VOICE

Smart kid. You really might know
your stuff... But warm up's over.

Sean begins to dial 9-1-1, he pulls the phone to his ear and
turns to stare out the window again.

ACE

Don't I at least get a hint?

MAN'S VOICE

No. Name the killer in Urban
Legend.

ACE

Brenda. Come on. You gotta do
better than that...

The police finally can be heard getting on the line.

SEAN

Hello? This is Sean Mills at 1616
Ridgecrest Drive. I'm calling to
report a stalker... (Beat) I... I
don't know.

(MORE)

SEAN (CONT'D)
Someone on the phone I guess.
They're talking in the Scream -.

Sean's eyes start to narrow as he looks outside again. This time he notices a shadow move along the side...

His eyes widen. Turning toward Ace.

SEAN (CONT'D)
Shit! Just get someone down here as quickly as you can!

ACE
Where are you going?

SEAN
It's Ethan! He's going after Ethan!

Sean is sprinting towards the front door. Ace doesn't look so sure.

ACE
Police are on their way... Last chance to stop this.

MAN'S VOICE
Too bad your friend has the wrong idea. Do you?

Ace moves toward the island of the kitchen. He slowly runs his fingers along it, he grabs hold of the kitchen knife.

ACE
Why would I tell you?

MAN'S VOICE
Alright then, next question...

EXT. ETHAN'S HOUSE - SIDE YARD - CONTINUOUS

Sean comes running out the front door to his house.

Ethan is putting away the last of his trash just in our line of vision. He looks up - unamused.

ETHAN
What's got you so spooked?

SEAN
You need to get out of there... Get in my house. The cops are on their way.

ETHAN

Have you gone mental? I'm not going anywhere near -.

SEAN

(Quiet)

The killer's in your yard, dude.
Now swallow your fucking pride and
get your ass in here.

Ethan's face shifts to one of confusion.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. MILLS HOUSE - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Ace continues to grip the knife tightly to his chest. Still on the phone. Obscured quietly by the shadows as he quietly approaches...

The back room.

MAN'S VOICE

Name the Lois Duncan adaptation
starring Jennifer Love Hewitt.

ACE

I Know What You Did Last Summer.
Are you even trying?

There's silence as he finally reaches the edge of the hallway. Peering into the back room...

MAN'S VOICE

In *Scream*, where did Casey find
"Steve"?

INT. MILLS HOME - BACK ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Ace moves into the darkened sitting room. A big glass door in front of him - the dread creeping up on him.

ACE

The back porch...

He hesitates... There's no answer. Slowly, he reaches up for the light switch.

He *clicks it on*.

INTERCUT:

Sean and Ethan are still by the fence. Ethan looks like he's about to give further argument...

Ace's blood-curdling scream breaks the silence!

Sean's eyes widen, he pushes away from the gate.

INTERCUT:

Ace has dropped his phone to the ground. Trying not to hurl.

ANGLE ON:

Outside the glass door.

HANNAH is sitting in a chair wrists and ankles bound to it. Mouth taped shut...

Guts spilled *everywhere*. She's a bloody mess. Barely recognizable.

EXT. ETHAN'S HOUSE - FRONT YARD - CONTINUOUS

As Sean backs up further...

Ethan's eyes widen. *Something moves through the darkness.*
It's THE GHOST.

Coming in hot and fast with his knife raised high above his head.

ETHAN

Lookout!

Sean spins around as the knife comes close to connecting with his shoulder.

Instead he elbows him, hard. Hopping over the gate as he and Ethan take off running. Ghostface is just as agile. Sprinting across the yard in pursuit.

Sean shoves some of the trash cans over as they go. Making it up the steps of the house.

It doesn't deter Ghostface.

He rushes up the stairs and slams himself against the door the pair attempt to close.

INT. ETHAN'S HOUSE - FOYER - CONTINUOUS

Inside is an upper middle-class home. Though it barely looks like it's even lived in.

Ethan and Sean are putting all their weight against the door. Ghostface pushes harder, and harder...

Eventually, Ethan loses his grip and Ghostface pushes his way in. He goes right for Sean, pushing the dazed boy against the wall.

SEAN

Ethan, run!

"Shit!" Ethan doesn't waste any time, he makes a bolt for it.

Sean struggles as Ghostface presses the knife against his skin. But finally throws his head against Ghostface's mask. Knocking him back.

In the ensuing struggle he takes a swipe and slashes across Sean's chest with the knife.

Sean takes off running after Ethan as Ghostface staggers back. As he gains his composure *police sirens* can be heard in the distance.

The Ghost turns his head.

EXT. ETHAN'S HOME - SIDE YARD - CONTINUOUS

Sean comes running out a side entrance. Bleeding. As police cruisers begin to pull up. He flags them down as Ethan also attempts to from the front yard.

Sean reaches Ethan. Puts his bloodied hand on his shoulder.

ETHAN

Where is he?

SEAN

Inside. He's in -.

But as Sean turns around - they can both see the door he came out of close again. And a figure taking off into the night...

SNAP TO:

EXT. MILLS HOME - FRONT YARD - MINUTES LATER

It's chaos now.

The police, EMT's, and even the press have swarmed upon the Mills and Baker residences. Ace is standing by - texting his parents.

Sean is being looked after by a couple of EMTs. And Ethan - looking dazed and confused... He's standing to the side giving a statement.

SEAN

(A complete wreck)

She can't be dead... She just can't.

Sheriff Lawson rubs his mouth silently - his eyes directly on him.

SHERIFF LAWSON

I'm so sorry, Sean. There was nothing you could have done.

SEAN

Yes there was! I should have figured it out sooner - should have known...

SHERIFF LAWSON

The coroner thinks she was already dead long before Ace found her.

Sean looks down at the ground again.

A car pulls up to the scene. Immediately, Amy is rushing over in a hurry.

AMY

Sean! Sean! Oh God.

Sean gets to his feet and lets Amy embrace him tightly. Jamie and Lea are out right behind her with Jamie hurrying to embrace him as well.

JAMIE

Damn - now that's a wound. You OK, bud? Still in one piece?

SEAN

... Not really. Hannah. Hannah's dead... And it's all my fault.

Lea is standing back - eyes scanning around. The cameras, the cops, the paramedics, it's all too much.

She backs up slowly... Nearly knocks into Rhoda.

RHODA
Hey, are you OK? You look a little pale...

LEA
I can't... I can't do this again. I shouldn't have come back...

Rhoda looks stunned as Lea starts to back away - she can't even bring herself to say something or talk to Amy or Jamie.

Sheriff Lawson starts away as Rhoda tries to stop him.

RHODA
Sheriff? What the hell is going on here?

SHERIFF LAWSON
The fruits of the media's labor happened...

RHODA
(Shocked; Disturbed)
Someone else actually died?

SHERIFF LAWSON
Come to the press conference like the rest.

Lawson walks away to stop the swarm of reporters. Rhoda is looking around - her cameraman heads up.

CAMERAMAN
Hey, should I start rolling?

RHODA
No... No. I think I need a second - to gather my thoughts.

CAMERAMAN
This is a major breaking story, Rhoda. You know they'll want something -.

RHODA
Listen, shit-for-brains. I wasn't expecting this. This is way bigger than I thought. We need to regroup... Think about what to do next.

Rhoda stops - she's completely torn.

RHODA (CONT'D)
I need a beer...

As Rhoda walks off...

JAMIE (V.O.)
(Pre-lap)
Do we have to have the Baker kid
over?

INT. MILLS HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - LATER

Jamie is going into their closet, pulls some spare sheets and a blanket down. Amy doesn't look that happy either.

AMY
His parents are out of town for
another week... And his house is
effectively a crime scene.

JAMIE
So is our backyard. (Beat) Never
mind the fact he's got a hate-boner
for us.

AMY
"Hate-boner"?

JAMIE
I don't know. I heard Sean say it
once - sounded catchy. (Checks
phone) I can't believe Lea just ran
off.

AMY
It was too much for her... And I
don't blame her. (Beat) Either way,
hate-boner or not. I was in his
position once. I'm not leaving him
alone in that house.

Jamie sighs then hands the stuff over - sighs deeply.

JAMIE
I just... I know that big heart of
yours and all. But the kid's bad
news - and high on my list of
suspects.

AMY
Do we have to make a suspect list?

JAMIE

Call it a work in progress...
Either way, I'm telling Sean to
sleep with his door -.

ETHAN

(Soft)

Uh, excuse me?

Jamie's eyes widen - they both turn to see Ethan is in the doorway.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

Sean actually offered to let me
sleep in his room. If that's OK? I
don't mind taking the floor.

AMY

We have a blow-up bed. No need.

Ethan looks awkward as Amy approaches.

ETHAN

And if I were the killer - I
wouldn't be crapping my pants right
now... (Beat) It's weird saying
this, but thanks for letting me
stay. That's uh, really cool of
you.

AMY

If it's any consolation I hate the
movies too...

Ethan actually gives a half-smile at that.

AMY (CONT'D)

Any luck getting your parents?

ETHAN

No... I guess wherever they are the
reception sucks. (Annoyed) Really
typical.

Ethan takes the sheets carefully and starts away as Amy turns her head back to Jamie.

AMY

Yeah... He's a real Jeffrey Dahmer.

Jamie takes a deep breath as he looks down and begins to text Lea again.

PULL OUT FROM:

The text.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

We pull out to reveal it's on a different cell phone: LEA'S.

Her suitcase is open on a bed and her clothes are strewn out on the other side. She's piling them in, flustered.

The room looks lived in enough but is small - only two beds, a TV, and the bathroom door on one wall.

She picks up her phone:

"WHERE ARE YOU? PLEASE PICK UP."

Lea frowns. She throws it onto the bed again and begins zipping up her suitcase.

Knock. Knock.

The door? Lea looks back.

LEA
Just a sec.

Knock. Knock.

Lea looks completely annoyed, she storms over.

LEA (CONT'D)
I said, just a...

She throws open the door to find *no one*. Lea frowns and looks around - startled. She takes a step back, slams the door shut - locks it, bolts it.

Then peers out the peephole.

THROUGH THE PEEPHOLE:

No one.

The outside is desolate except for the road and a few assorted buildings.

DING!

A text pops up: "CAN'T SEE ME?"

Then FACETIME VIDEO. The phone number is unknown. Lea frowns - she accepts it.

ANGLE ON:

The phone. You know who it is before they even pop up. Ghostface waves his knife tauntingly at her - obscured by darkness.

We can see white walls though. Wherever it is, is dark and dingy.

LEA (CONT'D)
I don't have time for games,
asshole. You want me? Come get me -
I fucking dare you.

Ghostface stares at her silently. Tilts his head...

"AS YOU WISH." Pops up on her phone.

Lea backs up - she goes underneath her pillow and takes out a small revolver. Just as...

Bang! Bang!

It's louder now. Lea turns her attention to the door - attempts to shoot her gun - but *click!* It's not loaded. Lea looks down stunned.

MAN'S VOICE
Should've kept running, Lea.

Lea looks down on the phone and only now sees it's...

A BATHROOM

Lea spins around as the door to the bathroom kicks open! A body drops - a maid - clearly how he got in. Lea *screams!*

Ghostface charges out and swings his knife violently for her. She dodges, it misses her face only by inches.

LEA
Sonofabitch!

Lea runs for the door, but Ghostface isn't having it. He throws her violently against one of the beds. Shoves her hard against it.

LEA (CONT'D)
Please! PLEASE! NO. NO. I was just
leaving. I swear to god, I was just
leaving...

The Ghost tilts his head - as if mildly amused.

But he goes to town. Plunging the knife in and out of Lea like some kind of animal. Lea attempts to fight him off, throwing punches.

He's holding her down. Just keeps driving it home. Lea's struggling gets weaker... Weaker...

Blood cascades down the comforter... Down to the floor.

As Lea's breathing labor - Ghostface removes himself from the *unrecognizable mess* that was her body. He wipes the blood from his knife - then walks away.

Lea stares at him - the last of her strength leaving her.

LEA (CONT'D)

I... Hope... It's... Worth it.

She lets out one final breath. Then her eyes glaze over.

EXT. MOTEL - CONTINUOUS

Focus on the door:

A single sign is placed over the knob. DO NOT DISTURB. Linger on this, then the faint sound of a body being *dragged* inside.

INT. MILLS HOUSE - SEAN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

It's late.

Ethan's on a blow up bed, and Sean's sitting up in bed. Eyes on his cell phone: pictures. Happier days. His friends. Trey. Hannah...

Ethan looks over.

ETHAN

I feel like I owe you an apology.

SEAN

It took you this long?

Ethan grunts, sitting up.

ETHAN

Look - I'm trying, OK? But you had to look at things from my perspective too...

He stops for a moment, then adds.

ETHAN (CONT'D)
I just don't get it though...

SEAN
Get, what?

ETHAN
Your mom basically inspired this
guy's go-to target, right?

SEAN
Get to the point...

ETHAN
So why does it feel like he's
targeting you?

Sean is silent - he turns to look at Ethan - who looks dead serious.

ETHAN (CONT'D)
She challenged him on live TV. We
all saw it - but she wasn't even
home when this went down. (Beat)
It's like he just wanted you to
see.

SEAN
... Why would he do that, though?

ETHAN
Hell if I know. I've never seen a
single *Scream* movie. Have you?

SEAN
Ace made me sit through them...
Don't tell my mom.

Sean is now sitting there - thinking deeply.

SEAN (CONT'D)
But you're right... If Ace hadn't
taken the phone... I would have
found her.

Sean sets his phone down as Ethan goes to lay back down.
After a moment, Sean gets up from his bed.

ETHAN
Where are you going?

SEAN
To talk to my parents...

Sean steps out of his bedroom as Ethan looks confused.

ETHAN

It's almost one in the morning.
(Beat) Eh, whatever.

He lays back down.

INT. MILLS HOUSE - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Sean has stepped out into the hallway quietly - making his way along the side of the house. He comes across a door and moves to knock when...

JAMIE (O.S.)

He's old enough to know, Amy.

AMY (O.S.)

I've kept quiet about this for a reason. We agreed to never talk about it for a reason.

Sean stops dead in his tracks - he puts himself close to the door. Keeps his ear on it.

JAMIE (O.S.)

And if that's what this is about?
Then what? We can't run away from this - someone obviously has it all figured out.

AMY (O.S.)

(Low; Soft)

If we tell him now it'll destroy him. It'll destroy all of them.

Sean is silent - he listens closely. Disturbed, fearful. What is going on?

JAMIE (O.S.)

We're gonna talk about this again in the morning... I'm not dropping it.

And then silence - Sean raises his fist to knock. But he hesitates, finally lowers it again and starts off.

EXT. WOODSBORO HIGH SCHOOL - FRONT YARD - MORNING

EST:

The school is desolate.

It's obvious most people have pulled their kids out of anxiety. About half the student body of the day before can be seen.

MICHAEL (V.O.)

(Pre-Lap)

I just don't see a reason to close the school... Not yet anyway.

INT. WOODSBORO HIGH SCHOOL - PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Michael steps into the office - very flustered with Sheriff Lawson right behind him.

SHERIFF LAWSON

Three of your students are dead, Michael. Even you have to realize how bad this looks.

MICHAEL

(Glares Darkly)

Of course I know how bad this looks... But all closing the school will do is create more panic. (Beat) Look, I've banned the mask from campus. Already expelled three kids this morning, what more can we do?

SHERIFF LAWSON

What more you can do is suspend classes until we catch the bastard. I've already instituted a curfew starting tonight.

MICHAEL

Yeah, and do what? Put me and all the hard-working staff in this school out of a job? (Beat) No offense, *sheriff*, but it could be weeks before you have the guy. Woodsboro PD isn't worth jack shit in these situations.

The two stare each other down. Interrupted only by a knock on the door. Michael looks up to see Amy.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

... Amy. What do I owe the pleasure?

AMY

I was... Actually hoping to talk to Miles.

Michael looks surprised - he side-eyes them both.

MICHAEL

If it gets him off my ass. Be my guest... (Beat; Firm) Either way, we're not closing, sheriff. And I won't budge.

Sheriff Lawson looks ready to argue again, but he sees the look on Amy's face. He frowns a little - knows what's coming.

EXT. WOODSBORO HIGH SCHOOL - FRONT YARD - MINUTES LATER

Amy and Sheriff Lawson are now off to the side - in private. Everyone has already taken themselves inside, at least those who are going anyway.

AMY

... Jamie thinks it's time I told Sean the truth.

SHERIFF LAWSON

The truth... Amy. I know what you're thinking. But we don't...

AMY

(Interrupting; Exhausted)
We don't know that it isn't about that either...

Sheriff Lawson stands there for a long moment. He looks around.

SHERIFF LAWSON

Scott's been dead for eighteen years... And I never told a soul about that baby.

AMY

I've known people... People that asked me about that night. It was my fault... I told Lea that he and I... That we...

She closes her eyes and takes a deep breath.

AMY (CONT'D)

And then that asshole Williamson said "the film needed a sex scene".

SHERIFF LAWSON

(Beat; Jarred)

So how do you want to do it then...
Tell him together?

AMY

He's your grandson. I don't think
it'd feel *right* to keep you out of
this.

Lawson nods his head slowly - he's about to respond further
when his radio goes off.

SHERIFF LAWSON

Lawson here.

MAN (V.O.)

Sheriff, we really need you down at
Motel Harris... We got reports of
something wrong in one of the
rooms.

SHERIFF LAWSON

Alright, I'm on it. Sorry, Amy. The
whole town's gone mad. I need to
run... We can do this tonight -
I'll call you.

AMY

No. Go. Just... Stay safe and let
me know if you hear anything...
Please?

Lawson tips his hat and heads off as Amy continues to look to
the side, biting her nails nervously.

EXT. MOTEL HARRIS - MORNING

The same hotel from the night before.

The exterior is about as dank and falling apart as one
expects. Overtly creepy. A lot of shady shit probably goes
down here.

Rhoda steps out onto the second story for a smoke. Almost
immediately, however, her attention is turned...

A commotion on the first floor.

RHODA

Hey! What's going on!?

A young man looks back up at her.

YOUNG MAN

Don't know - they found a lot of blood though.

Her brow furrows - she immediately is headed down the steps to the first floor.

The commotion becomes more clear now. An open doorway, leading into what was Lea's room. It's splattered in blood.

YOUNG WOMAN

Did you hear? They think this was Lea Walton's room...

YOUNG MAN

No way! I don't see any bodies.

Rhoda catches the conversation. Her eyes bulge and she backs up, looks ready to run.

But instead, she takes out her cell phone. Dials a number.

RHODA

Jimmy? Yeah, it's Rhoda. You said you were friends with Jamie Mills in college right?

Some talk on the other end - Rhoda's discomfort is quickly growing.

RHODA (CONT'D)

Yeah - get his number for me. This story just took a fucking *interesting* turn.

She hangs up - her hand shaky as she continues to stare at the open doorway.

INT. WOODSBORO HIGH SCHOOL - STUDY HALL - CONTINUOUS

A massively crowded, smaller room - with only a few tables. Lily traverses the crowd - finds the table she's looking for: Marty's.

Marty looks completely crestfallen - a polar opposite to the day before.

LILY

I can't fucking believe my dad!

MARTY

What's wrong now?

LILY

He told Sheriff Lawson to fuck off.
He's going to keep the school open.

MARTY

It's not like closing up would
deter him. You heard about the
curfew, right? If that doesn't stop
it nothing will.

Marty closes her book - leans back and tries to keep herself
calm.

MARTY (CONT'D)

I can't believe this is
happening... Hannah never had a bad
word for anyone, and now she's
gone...

LILY

Are you going to be OK?

MARTY

Of course I'm not OK! She was my
best friend and he ripped her open
like a fucking pig.

Marty stops herself...

MARTY (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. I'm just - I'm not in a
good place right now.

LILY

No, you're alright. I think we all
feel that way... I tried calling
Sean last night and he wouldn't
even pick up.

MARTY

I heard he spent the night with
Ethan in the house... That had to
be awkward.

Lily looks to the side - everyone is watching them.

MARTY (CONT'D)

What's their deal?

LILY

They think we're marked for death.
Apparently some asshole has started
passing around a "kill list" as a
joke.

MARTY

What is wrong with people?

Marty gets up, she's already had enough. Stuffs her book into her bag and shoulders it.

LILY

Probably a coping mechanism. No one wants to think they're next and if they pin it on our friend group....

MARTY

(RE: Onlookers)

News flash: Ethan Baker is not my friend. And he was almost cut the fuck up too.

A cell phone beeping gets their attention. They look down at Marty's phone: it's a text from Ace.

MARTY (CONT'D)

"Meet me in the courtyard at lunch".

LILY

Group text? What's on his mind? Don't we all meet anyway?

MARTY

Look who's in it.

Lily notices at the single unregistered number.

LILY

You don't think...

MARTY

Better not. Or I'll kill him.

They step outside of the study hall as the scene transitions to...

EXT. WOODSBORO HIGH SCHOOL - COURTYARD - EARLY AFTERNOON

The remaining teens are gathered at the same table as the day prior. No lunch is present - but Ace has brought some stuff:

DVDs. "SCREAM". "URBAN LEGEND". "I KNOW WHAT YOU DID LAST SUMMER". "CANDYMAN". "BRIDE OF CHUCKY". And a DVD player.

Sean reaches forward, not impressed.

SEAN

What exactly do you mean by a
"trap"?

LILY

Isn't it obvious? We've all seen
the first movie, right?

A lightbulb ticks on in Sean's brain - eyes swiftly turning
to Ace.

SEAN

You wanna go through with Marty's
vigil? Are you kidding me? That's
open season on all of us.

ACE

Alright, alright. I know it sounds
crazy.

SEAN

Suicidal.

Ace shrugs his shoulders a little, but picks up "SCREAM" and
"I KNOW WHAT YOU DID LAST SUMMER" holding them up.

ACE

Think about it. We grew up on these
movies - well... Some of us anyway.
The point is, we know the rules. We
know what the killer's next move
is.

SEAN

(Suddenly getting it)
So you want us to use that against
him?

MARTY

I don't think a little get-together
qualifies. We'd need an actual
party...

ACE

So? It's not like you're a stranger
to throwing one. You were telling
me you're getting the community
center together. "Screw the Curfew -
Don't Give Up The Ghost".

ETHAN

Not all of us watch horror movies,
Ace. Do you really expect us to...

ACE

Do your research? Hell yeah I do.

Ace gives a smirk.

ACE (CONT'D)

It's time to watch and learn.
Because like it or not - it's the
only way we're getting out of this
thing.

The group is completely quiet - Sean leans back, considering.

SEAN

I say we do it. He's right - this
guy's coming for all of us anyway.
At least if we set the terms it
puts him on our home turf.

Everyone else looks less-than-enthused. But Sean sets his
hands down on the table and looks serious.

SEAN (CONT'D)

We gotta try something, guys. For
Trey... (Beat; Sad) For Hannah.

They all look at each other - the silence lingers.

MARTY

Well, we got one day to do this...
So which one's first?

Ace gives a determined smile of satisfaction.

INT. WOODSBORO COFFEE HOUSE - EARLY AFTERNOON

Rhoda is seated near the back, sipping her coffee quietly as
she waits... And waits...

Finally the front door opens to reveal Jamie.

Rhoda waves him over - he just looks confused. Heads over to
the table and slides in.

JAMIE

I'm just going to start with how
insanely confused I am.

RHODA

Don't be - you know why I'm here.
(Off-his look) For information.

JAMIE

... Information? Isn't that your job?

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

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?

JAMIE

After what you're putting my family
through, what makes you think I'm
going to want to help?

Rhoda had a feeling he'd say that. She pulls out her cell
phone - swipes over to a picture of Lea's hotel room.

RHODA

Because that was Lea Walton's motel
room a few hours ago... Which means
you have a target on your back too.

Jamie's facial expression drops.

RHODA (CONT'D)
So break it down for me, Jamie,
what are...

Transition her voice out to...

ACE (V.O.)
The rules this time?

PAN OUT TO:

INT. RICHARDS HOME - LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

It's a much nicer home.

Spacious, comfy. With multiple couches, and a giant HD TV on which one can find a scene from **SCREAM**.

The teens are arranged in various places. With Ace at a nearby coffee table with a notebook and pen - taking notes.

MARTY
Well, we know the same rules don't
apply as last time. The killer goes
out for a beer and Sidney gets
laid...

Sean picks up a few DVDs they've already gone through.

SEAN
I don't get why we're going over
Valentine or Cherry Falls either.
Those were from like 2000....

ACE
They're offshoots of Scream - that
makes them still relevant to the
killer's agenda. (Beat) Same reason
Scream 3 is in the pile.

SEAN
But we don't count "Scream 4"?

ACE
That's only relevant to remakes,
we're out of that fad.

Sean shrugs - "fair enough". Ethan holds up a hand.

ETHAN

I have a question. The life expectancy for the best friend is short as hell... So shouldn't you already be dead, Duvall?

Ace flips the bird. Lily pipes up next.

LILY

Don't trust the authority. That movie "The Faculty" fucked that one up for me.

ACE

Nice one, Lily! It's the Mrs. Loomis/Mrs. Voorhees effect.

ETHAN

So, no cops then?

ACE

The apple doesn't fall far from the tree, my friend. And besides, they're practically useless anyway. It's truth in movies.

SEAN

Virgins can die now. If we're counting Cherry Falls. I saw that one.

LILY

But it's still good to keep your purity. What about "I Know What You Did Last Summer"?

MARTY

Yeah right, even I'd bang Freddie Prince Jr.

Ace spits out the beer he was just sipping on.

ETHAN

OK. I'll say it - don't answer the phone. It means you're basically marked for death.

As if on cue, *ringing*. Sean turns his head toward the nearby side table. "MOM".

ETHAN (CONT'D)

I'm not picking that up.

Sean picks it up - he looks thoughtful for a minute. But declines.

SEAN

Alright, so Ace is right. We need to throw a rager - without getting the cops called on us. That's... Easy.

MARTY

That won't be hard. I rented the YMCA outside of town. Hardly anyone goes out there.

ACE

Next to the old Blockbuster? Old Ghostface stomping grounds. I like it.

LILY

I don't. My dad isn't going to let me party that far out of town if he does at all.

ACE

You're not going to tell him. No authority figures - even our parents. *Especiall*y parents with that kind of history.

LILY

Are you actually suggesting my dad would do something like this?

Stark silence falls over the room. Ace and Lily have a stare-down - he gives an awkward look.

ACE

Lily - on the grounds of wanting revenge, I'm just saying - it could be any -.

LILY

My dad isn't a killer, Ace.

SEAN

And neither are mine... I think.

ACE

Look - do you guys want this plan to work or not?

LILY

Fine. But how would it even work if the killer doesn't know where we are? Supposing it is one of them...

Ace chuckles - waggles his finger.

ACE

The killer's gonna know, Lily. The same way he knew where Sean and Ethan would be last night...

LILY

I'm not following...

ETHAN

He still thinks it's one of us too...

Silence. Everyone's on edge now - looking at Ace.

ACE

I mean, I haven't ruled out any suspects...

Ace quickly turns around - clearly notices the new tension in the room.

ACE (CONT'D)

So... Scream 2, anyone?

TIME LAPSE:

Same room.

Now cleared out - with the exception of Ace and Marty. They're picking up the popcorn, cleaning up the mess.

MARTY

You really think this is going to work?

ACE

It has to.

Marty nods her head, Ace turns and puts his hands on her arms.

MARTY

You just... You have everyone so freaked out. What if we can't pull it off. What if he outsmarts us... Or it's really one of us?

ACE

Marty - it's going to be OK. We're in this together - to the end.

MARTY

How do I know you're not the killer? Maybe this is your sick idea of luring us into a trap.

Marty takes the nearby bowl of popcorn and enters an adjacent room with Ace following behind her.

INT. RICHARDS HOME - KITCHEN - NIGHT

It's a spacious, sterile kitchen. The type of place that looks like it should be in a model home. Ace stops Marty calmly, turning her around.

ACE

Because I would never let anything bad happen to you.

MARTY

That's a big promise when we're just friends.

ACE

Are we just friends...?

Marty looks him in the eyes, Ace surprises her with a kiss. Just plants it right on her. Marty lets him - it lingers a moment before she pulls away.

MARTY

What took you so long?

ACE

I don't know. Been making this up as I go along.

This time - Marty pulls him in for the kiss. It's even longer.

MARTY

Are your parents still out of town too?

ACE

Yeah... Why?

MARTY

You wouldn't let me go to bed alone would you? With all of this stress?

Ace looks confused - but after a moment catches on. They kiss again, Ace fumbles with his pants as she pulls him out of the room and out of frame...

INT. MILLS HOME - FOYER - CONTINUOUS

The front door opens.

Sean finally steps inside, placing his keys on the nearby dresser. He turns around to find Amy almost instantly.

AMY

Where have you been? I've been calling for the last two hours...

SEAN

I needed to clear my head. Why, what's going on?

Sean takes a few steps inside and immediately finds SHERIFF LAWSON in the living room. A long pause. Sean stares Amy in the eyes.

AMY (V.O.)

I asked Miles to keep quiet about it. Until you were old enough to understand...

INT. MILLS HOME - LIVING ROOM - SOMETIME LATER

Sean is in a loveseat - looking mildly distraught.

Lawson is in one chair in front of him, while Amy awkwardly sits beside him.

SEAN

I figured that part out already. But why? Why would you and dad lie to me about something like this?

SHERIFF LAWSON

Don't blame 'em, Sean. They were trying to do what was best for you.

SEAN

Sure. When we were living in New Mexico maybe. But after we came here? You guys had to know sooner or later I was going to put two and two together.

Amy catches onto that light a hawk.

AMY
When did you figure it out?

SEAN
I overheard you and dad last night.

SHERIFF LAWSON
There's no telling that these
murders are connected at all, Sean.
It could just be coincidence.

SEAN
Your son is the *boogeyman* around
here Sheriff. Of course that's what
this is about.

Sean pushes up from the couch. Done with this conversation.

AMY
Sean -.

SEAN
No... Don't. I need some time to
process this.

Sean heads for the staircase, stops at the foot of it to take
a single look back. Then heads back up. Amy rubs her face,
frustrated.

AMY
He's right...

SHERIFF LAWSON
You only wanted to protect him.

AMY
I'm sorry... I thought this would
go differently.

Sheriff Lawson gets to his feet. He approaches Amy, puts a
hand on her shoulder.

SHERIFF LAWSON
It's OK. I'll send a few deputies
to watch the house tonight. Just in
case.

He looks back to the staircase - looks to contemplate for a
moment. Then heads out himself.

Leaving Amy alone.

EXT. WOODSBORO, CALIFORNIA - MORNING

A stark contrast of the last few days.

The streets are empty. Shops open - but deserted. Pretty much every piece of GHOSTFACE paraphernalia has been pulled.

Slowly pull up towards...

EXT. WOODSBORO HIGH SCHOOL - FRONT ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

The school has a "forced shut down" notice on the front door as what few cars were there leave.

Michael stands at the front door. Anger in his eyes.

AMY (O.S.)

Michael...

Michael's eyes widen as he finds Amy among the crowd of confused parents.

MICHAEL

What are you doing here?

AMY

Hoping to find my kid. He didn't come home last night.

MICHAEL

Yeah, get in line.

Michael starts to walk past Amy. She looks completely confused as she attempts to follow.

AMY

Maybe they're together? They run in the same -.

MICHAEL

Look, if it wasn't obvious enough. I'm trying to *avoid* you.

Michael spins around - Amy's dumbstruck.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Look - everything was fine a year ago. Sure, I still got stares... But I was keeping a low profile -.

AMY

You can't really blame me for what's happening.

MICHAEL

Really? Because the bodies weren't turning up until you came back here.

Amy gets defensive - her eyes turn into a glare.

AMY

My dad died -.

MICHAEL

But you didn't. You still *came back*. You still brought that memory back to this town...

He turns back around, and grabs the paper off the door, and shoves it right into Amy's chest. To make a point.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Now thanks to you, I'm not only a suspect. But I'm out of a fucking job.

Amy stares down at the paper. She's at a loss for words. Michael starts off down the steps, done.

Her stare moves from the paper to the crowd of other parents. She sees it all again: the stares. The whispers. All the blame.

TIGHT ON: Her eyes and deep regret as we SNAP TO:

EXT. WOODSBORO TOWN LIMITS - CONTINUOUS

Just outside of town.

It's a smaller part of the community, not really used. But still there. There's lots of old farmland, a few barns...

A car pulls down the road - but it isn't Lily's.

As they keep going they finally reach their destinations. Two buildings.

One is the YMCA building. Older. But in good condition and absolutely massive. But completely out in the middle of nowhere.

Beside it is only one other standing "monument" to horror history.

A BLOCKBUSTER.

It's closed down, totally in disrepair by now. Boarded up. "FOR RENT" written on multiple boards. A big "NO TRESSPASSING" on others.

The car finally pulls to a stop in front of the YMCA.

EXT. YMCA - FRONT ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

Three car doors open up, and out step Sean, Ace, and Marty respectively. Ace shoulders a ruddy old duffle bag.

ACE
Oh yeah, this'll do.

SEAN
It's pretty far out. We may need cops. Anyone got a signal?

MARTY
YMCA has free wi-fi. Trust me. I got it all covered.

Sean nods his head - shakes his nerves. Ace approaches the front doors.

ACE
The real question is how far we take this. I'm prepared to literally booby trap the place.

MARTY
Babe. We're looking to catch a killer - not massacre the entire student body.

ACE
Point taken. Then we need to find the security office.

SEAN
I doubt they'll let us in there.

ACE
They will when I bribe the guard.

Ace pulls out a roll of twenties from his pocket. Sean raises his eyebrows.

SEAN
Where did you get that?

ACE
Don't sweat it. I figured we'd need
it - especially when they found out
we're throwing a rager in here.

Ace pushes the door open - enters inside. Marty and Sean
share a look.

SEAN
Any idea what's going through his
head?

MARTY
Not sure we wanna know.

She follows him inside - with Sean close behind.

INT. NEWS VAN - CONTINUOUS

Close in on screens.

At first they appear to be from a bigger screen - but it's
only a computer. Handled by RHODA. They show different parts
of the YMCA - on the inside.

JAMIE is behind her, hand rested on the seat, he turns to
her.

JAMIE
Damn, you sure hacked their system
fast.

RHODA
I picked up a thing or two in
college. (Beat) You really think
there's gonna be a party tonight?

JAMIE
There has to be. The movies all
lead to one. It's a genre staple.

RHODA
Last time it was a house party.

JAMIE
You've obviously never met Marty
Richards.

Rhoda shrugs - before handing him what appears to be an ear
piece.

RHODA

I'm gonna need you to keep that on all the time. Otherwise I won't get audio worth shit. You got a plan for this?

JAMIE

Get in. Keep an eye on my kid. Get the bastard.

RHODA

And if your kid *is* the bastard?

Jamie looks over - dumbstruck by the comment.

RHODA (CONT'D)

What? You can't tell me you haven't considered it.

JAMIE

Sean wouldn't...

RHODA

I'm just saying. You can't forget that psychosis is an inherited trait.

Jamie sits there - looks disturbed. Only moving when he sees Sean, Marty, and Ace are indeed on the camera.

RHODA (CONT'D)

Shit. OK. You win. What now?

JAMIE

We watch. And wait.

RHODA

Looks like they're the only three in there.

JAMIE

Just keep an eye on the cameras.

Jamie's phone *rings*. He pulls it out - to find AMY's picture and name. "Shit". He holds up a finger.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

I'll be -.

He stops himself.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Eh, just keep an eye on the camera.

He pulls open the news van door, and steps out. Rhoda looks over a moment - then back at the camera.

INT. MILLS HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Amy is at the island. Drinking a glass of orange juice and tapping her fingers. Her eyes nervously glance back and forth to the news.

JAMIE (V.O.)

Hey...

AMY

Where are you? I called the set but they said you took the day off.

INTERCUT:

Jamie standing outside the News Van. Just a few yards from the YMCA.

JAMIE

It's complicated. Some things came up... I promise - I'll explain everything later.

AMY (V.O.)

I don't like the sound in your voice, Jamie.

JAMIE

I'm fine. Don't worry about me. I'm with a friend. Everything's going to be alright.

BACK TO:

Amy. She looks more concerned than ever now.

AMY

Are you with Sean...? He wasn't here this morning either.

JAMIE

I think he went to do something with Ace and Marty. He sent me a text this morning.

AMY

... Just. Tell him to call me? I'm worried.

JAMIE
Alright. I love you.

AMY
(Nervous)
Love you too...

She hangs up - continues to appear nervous as she peers at the television.

Her cell *rings* again.

Amy stares for a long moment before approaching - answers automatically.

AMY (CONT'D)
Sean?

MAN'S VOICE
You *wish* it was Sean.

Beat. Amy's face falters.

MAN'S VOICE (CONT'D)
Hello, Amy. Nice to hear your voice again.

AMY
My turn then?

MAN'S VOICE
Not yet. I'm saving that for just the right moment.

AMY
If you want me - grow a pair and come and get me.

MAN'S VOICE
Oh that's cute. You think it's all about you. Keep dreaming. I've got a whole lot of fish to fry.

Amy's fist clenches, anger rises.

MAN'S VOICE (CONT'D)
You're no Sidney Prescott - so quit playing the hero. Heroes end up dead.

AMY

I may not be Sidney Prescott. But I
still put a bullet in Scott
Lawson's head... And I'll gladly
put one in yours too.

Amy grabs hold of a knife on the block. A stern look on her
face - prepared for anything.

MAN'S VOICE

We'll see. Keep your line open.
I've got a little *surprise* planned
tonight. I'd just hate for you to
miss it.

Beep. The phone goes off. Amy lowers her phone as the sound
of YOUTH OF AMERICA by BIRDBRAIN floods in.

EXT. WOODSBORO TOWN LIMITS - EVENING

EST:

It's CHAOS. Just down the road from the YMCA and Blockbuster.

Kids are speeding down the road - ready to party. Total
chaos. And in the distance we see that it's even crazier. If
the whole school isn't there already. They're on their way.

EXT. YMCA - FRONT ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

EST:

More chaos.

Kids pile in of all ages. Some definitely don't look high
school students either. LILY is at the front, door checking
and letting people in.

Her eyes scan the crowd, she stops a couple from entering in
GHOSTFACE masks. Scowls a little.

MOVE IN THROUGH THE DOUBLE DOORS AND INTO:

INT. YMCA - MAIN GYM - CONTINUOUS

EST:

Marty and company really went all out.

The gym is now a makeshift dance floor. Strobe lights swing along the room with multiple kids all making a ruckus or dancing.

A no-name DJ is up at the front. Where "YOUTH OF AMERICA" is still jamming.

It's been turned into a makeshift night club of sorts.

INT. YMCA - SECURITY OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

A small security room.

There's a large panel with multiple screens on it - multiple camera feeds as well. Also found are several chairs, and a few microphones - likely to the multiple speakers throughout.

Ace is at the panel - scanning the different feeds. While Ethan and Sean are nearby.

ACE

Yep - everything's working...
Should be good.

ETHAN

I can't believe you bribed
security.

ACE

I can't believe it was that easy.

He reaches down and looks at his phone - checks the time.

ACE (CONT'D)

OK it's 8:30, everyone should be
here by now...

SEAN

You think he is?

ACE

Depends on what his plan is. Either
way, the guard has my number and is
supposed to get a hold of me the
second something is off.

SEAN

And until then...?

ACE

We go down and enjoy the party.

ETHAN
("Air Quotes")
"Enjoy".

ACE
Yeah, enjoy. Anyone seen Marty?

ETHAN
Have you even tapped that yet, or
are you just stalking her?

ACE
Sure did. Jealous?

ETHAN
I have a girlfriend - she just
doesn't live in Woodsboro.

Ace rolls his eyes - "Yeah right." He steps over to the door
and looks between them.

ACE
Just remember. Stick to groups -
and try not to die on me, OK?

SEAN
We got it, Ace. Go check on Marty.

Ace gives a two finger salute before heading out. Ethan side-
eyes Sean.

ETHAN
I still don't trust him.

SEAN
Ace? He'd never.

ETHAN
You two are close right?

What's he getting at? Sean stares him dead in the eyes.

ETHAN (CONT'D)
The one thing watching all those
movies taught me? Being close is
dangerous.

Ethan starts to exit the room as well as Sean turns back to
the screens.

INT. YMCA - MAIN GYM - MOMENTS LATER

Party music continues to fill the area.

In the sea of kids we find Marty. She's doing a waterfall from a beer bottle.

Ace has made his way down to the floor. Wades through the sea of partying teenagers and reaches Marty.

He leans in, and kisses her. Marty smiles - leans back for a kiss.

ACE
You outdid yourself.

MARTY
You said it yourself - this is my kind of shit.

ACE
I just hope we can keep up with everyone in here. (Beat) Any sign of the cops?

MARTY
Relax, Ace.

ACE
Hard to relax. I'm nervous as shit.

Ace traces the crowd but doesn't see anything unusual. He leans in.

ACE (CONT'D)
Any sign of five-0?

MARTY
Surprisingly? No. I don't think they realize we're here yet.

ACE
Good.

Ace's eyes finally hit someone.

ACE (CONT'D)
Shit.

MARTY
What?

ACE
Look who's crashing the party.

Marty turns around to find RHODA. She frowns.

MARTY
Oh *hell* no.

Marty steps through the crowd to get to Rhoda - but she's lost in it.

MARTY (CONT'D)
Great, should have known...

ACE
It's OK.

MARTY
Really? Because she was my first suspect.

ACE
Too obvious. She's hungry for fame, not blood. Which means she's another set of eyes.

MARTY
You think she rigged the place with cameras?

ACE
Definitely.

Marty looks nervous, chews her lip as we...

FLIP TO:

RHODA.

Further in the crowd. She's on the phone.

RHODA
Better have a reason for me to have to abandon my post, Mills.

INT. YMCA - SECOND FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

Jamie is on the second floor - watching over the party. He looks around, nervous.

JAMIE
Look, something just doesn't feel right. And I feel like I could use a second set of eyes.

RHODA
I was already in the truck -.

JAMIE
In person, Rhoda.

Jamie lets a few partying teens scurry by.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
I don't know - I just feel like
with a party this big we can cover
more ground this way...

RHODA (V.O.)
Or I could make myself a target.

JAMIE
You probably already are.

He passes by a large glass case of different sporting events
and pictures when something catches his eye. Jamie stops -
there's movement. And machinery sounds.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
What the hell...?

RHODA (V.O.)
What's wrong? You see something?

JAMIE
Maybe.

Jamie starts to make his way back. His entire body tense.

RHODA
Jamie? Don't leave me in suspense.

ANGLE ON:

The case.

As Jamie gets closer we notice something small, rectangular,
and moving.

POV SHOT:

The time stamp and grainy black and white features of the
shot suggest a security camera.

Jamie moves into frame, he crouches and stares right at the
camera.

JAMIE
Shit...

NORMAL POV:

Jamie backs up - understanding.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
There's a security camera in here.

RHODA (V.O.)
What do you think we've been
hacking?

JAMIE
Not that kind of security camera...

We see it too: a smaller, handheld one. Barely hidden behind
a few pictures.

RHODA (V.O.)
You don't think...

JAMIE
He's watching us too.

Jamie opens up the glass door and reaches in. Pulls it out
carefully.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
Rhoda, I -.

MARTY (V.O.)
Hey, didn't you hear? No press
allowed.

Jamie's eyes widen - he sets the camera down a moment "Oh
shit".

INT. YMCA - MAIN GYM - CONTINUOUS

Rhoda has turned around to find her phone in Marty's hand.
She's found her and looks pissed.

RHODA
Listen, kid. I ain't got time for
your bullshit.

MARTY
Funny. I could say the same thing.

RHODA
Give me my phone.

MARTY
Only if you agree to leave.

RHODA
I'm not here to cause trouble.

MARTY
Doesn't matter. We've all had it
with the press in this town. So as
the host I'm politely asking you to
leave.

RHODA
This is "polite"?

MARTY
I'm not telling you to fuck off, am
I?

Rhoda looks even more frustrated. She grabs for her phone.

TIGHT ON:

Jamie - up in the same area. He hangs up, frustrated and
stats off.

Just as Rhoda manages to grab her cell phone. Lifts it to her
ear.

RHODA
Shit! Great, he hung up.

MARTY
Who hung up? (Silence) Who did you
plant at the party?

Rhoda shakes her head and disappears in the crowd. As someone
passes by Mary - she snatches the alcohol from their hand.

MARTY (CONT'D)
Well...

She gets out her phone to text: "We have a problem" to an
unknown recipient.

INT. YMCA - SECOND FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

Jamie speed walks away from the case, weaving his way through
a couple of teens as they head down the nearby staircase
beyond a sole doorway.

Jamie's headed there too when someone steps out of the
shadows -

GHOSTFACE

Jamie stares him dead on for a moment before examining other options. There are none. He's blocking the only exit. And they're all alone.

For a moment - they stare each other down. Jamie doesn't show any fear.

JAMIE

Come on, then... Are we just gonna stand here all day?

Ghostface tilts his head to the side in obvious confusion.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

I'm pretty sure I know who you are. And honestly? Not impressed. Have to admit you upped the game a little... But you're just as big a coward as they were.

Ghostface doesn't reply, he simply steps out of the doorway - closing it behind him. Jamie stands his ground but Ghostface has started to slide out his knife.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Do I have to say it again? Get on with it you second-rate piece of shit!

Just when Jamie takes a step backward, Ghostface lunges violently. Jamie is knocked against the railing between him and a multiple foot drop.

The music overhead blares - silencing the sounds of a struggle.

Ghostface presses the knife against Jamie's skin. But Jamie has a grip of his wrist now, slams his head forward.

The killer staggers back as Jamie sprints down the narrow hallway. Multiple strobe lights illuminate them in greens, yellow's, and even reds.

Jamie tries one door. Locked. Then another. Also locked.

Panic is setting in now. But he hasn't given up.

Ghostface swings his knife for him, missing him by inches as the knife is lodged into the nearby wall.

From inside of his pocket, Jamie's cell phone vibrates. RHODA's name is faintly visible.

Jamie finally reaches a door that's open. He throws open the door and enters...

INT. YMCA - EQUIPMENT STORAGE - CONTINUOUS

It's big and crowded. Different sporting equipment, including bench presses and the like are scattered around.

Jamie dives behind a nearby basket full of sports balls. He closes his eyes, takes in a sharp breath.

Ghostface enters, taking his time. His movements deliberate. Jamie reaches for his phone - brings it out.

ANGLE ON:

The single light.

Ghostface turns his head toward it. Changes his approach as he makes his way toward Jamie's hiding place.

The light continues to illuminate... Jamie sends out a pleading text toward Rhoda.

Then as Ghostface approaches close enough. He slams the cart forward. Hitting him square on in the chest. Jamie gets to his feet and runs again.

He sprints to the door while Ghostface gets to his feet. He's had enough...

He runs forward and tackles him against the door. Stabbing Jamie square in the back!

Jamie gasps in pain.

Ghostface wrenches the knife out and shoves Jamie forward onto the ground.

JAMIE
Fucking bastard...

Jamie's about to get up again but Ghostface isn't having it. He slams the knife into Jamie's leg as he *howls* in pain. Dragging himself along the ground.

Ghostface turns his attention to the weights, grabbing one just as Jamie is attempting to pull himself to his feet.

Wham!

A weight right across the face. Jamie chokes on blood and hits the ground writhing. He shakes himself aware just in time to see Ghostface standing over him again.

Jamie is barely conscious. Stares Ghostface right in the eyes.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

... You gonna at least tell me who the fuck you are?

Ghostface stands there a long moment, reaches up.

They reach up and...

ANGLE ON: Jamie. We can tell they've removed the mask. A mix of disgust and satisfaction seems to appear on his face. He holds his head up.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Fuck you and -.

Wham!

The weight slams right into his forehead. Caving it in and silencing him forever. As the phone continues to ring.

INT. MILLS HOME - KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Amy is leaning against the doorway as Sheriff Lawson taps his fingers on the countertop - impatiently watching the phone.

SHERIFF LAWSON

You don't know where your son went tonight?

AMY

I got as much as "out" with his friends.

SHERIFF LAWSON

There are multiple parties going on tonight. I could just start knocking doors down.

AMY

I can call him again.

SHERIFF LAWSON

If he wanted you to know where he was - he'd have answered the first three times.

Amy sucks a breath in through her teeth. Lawson places his hands on her shoulders.

SHERIFF LAWSON (CONT'D)
Amy... You need to keep a level head. You're no good to anyway under so much -.

And then the phone rings... Amy launches herself for it, answers.

AMY
Sean?

MAN'S VOICE
No. But I *do* know where to find him.

Amy's face falls - but she looks at Sheriff Lawson before putting it on speaker.

AMY
Where are they?

MAN'S VOICE
Not so fast. I can hear Lawson's breathing.

Lawson eyes her in surprise, Amy tries to keep herself calm.

MAN'S VOICE (CONT'D)
If I see a single cop here - no one leaves this party alive.

Amy is reluctant, but finally takes the phone off speaker.

MAN'S VOICE (CONT'D)
That's better. Take your car and start driving.

AMY
Where the *fuck* are you?

MAN'S VOICE
Ah. No spoilers. Don't worry - your big scene is almost here.

BEEP.

The killer disconnects the call again. Amy cusses but turns to Lawson.

AMY
He wants me to start driving.

LAWSON
Location?

AMY
He hasn't told me yet.

LAWSON
He's playing mind games, Amy. I'm not letting you go there alone.

AMY
You heard him. We don't even know how many there are!

Amy grabs her keys off the island, starts to walk away as Lawson takes her arm.

LAWSON
I'm going with you.

AMY
He said no cops.

Lawson looks at Amy - then pulls off his badge.

LAWSON
No cops...

Amy gives him a look in the eyes.

LAWSON (CONT'D)
Let's catch the son of a bitch.

TIGHT ON: Amy's looks of determination.

INT. YMCA - MAIN GYM - CONTINUOUS

Sean has made his way to the main floor.

His eyes scan it as he watches several teens playing beer pong. One teen misses it. Takes a chug. The whole group cheers.

As Sean turns around he finds -

GHOSTFACE

The mask. Lily is holding it.

SEAN
Jesus, Lily.

LILY
I found my third guy coming in with this.

SEAN
Where the hell is everyone getting these?

LILY
They say they're passing them out by the old Blockbuster.

"Shit." Sean looks flustered as Ace heads over - overhearing.

ACE
Don't worry, I'll take care of it.

LILY
Really? Because it's Freddy Jacobs doing it...

ACE
Freddy's an asshole. But I'm not afraid of him.

Ace starts to back up into the crowd. Lily looks after him with worry.

LILY
Did you smell alcohol?

SEAN
Half the party's drunk.

LILY
Any sign of our Ghost-faced friend?

SEAN
Ethan's supposed to be keeping watch upstairs and I got... (Checks phone) Nothing.

LILY
Maybe we had the wrong idea?

SEAN
I don't know... But I don't like how quiet it is either.

The two look after Ace, but he's by now disappeared.

EXT. YMCA - FRONT ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

Ace makes his way down the steps, Marty's now behind him.
He's got her hand in his.

MARTY
You're not really dragging me to a
fight between you and Freddy -.

ACE
Sure I am. But I also thought we
could be... Alone?

MARTY
How romantic.

They step down the steps and then start into...

EXT. OPEN FIELD - CONTINUOUS

The area between the YMCA and the Blockbuster. Marty puts her
arm around his now, leans her head against his shoulder.

MARTY
I thought we were looking for the
killer...

ACE
This is a lead. Who knows where
Freddy got those masks.

MARTY
Also a good trap.

ACE
That's why I didn't go alone.

Marty looks at Ace. He seems calmer than she is.

MARTY
Hey... So that virgin rule... It
doesn't mean anything, right?

ACE
We're gonna find out.

Marty chews her lip - even more nervous.

MARTY
I just couldn't die a virgin...

ACE
I was your first time?

MARTY
I wasn't yours?

Ace looks awkward.

MARTY (CONT'D)
Holy shit - you and Lily?

ACE
Let's just.... Wait.

Ace unlocks his hand from Marty's as he takes out his cell phone and turns on the flashlight.

MARTY
What is it?

Ace approaches...

EXT. BLOCKBUSTER - PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

The side of the building. And RHODA'S VAN.

MARTY
I thought I kicked her out?

ACE
Apparently she didn't take the hint.

Ace checks his bars, it's a dead spot.

ACE (CONT'D)
Go back to the YMCA and tell Sean.

MARTY
You're coming with me, right?

ACE
It's OK. I'll be there in a minute.

Marty looks unsure - stares up at the Blockbuster. Ace shakes his head, nods over.

ACE (CONT'D)
Go. I promise.

She considers this for a minute, leans forward and kiss him before rushing back. Ace turns around, keeps the cell phone light on as he approaches the front of the store....

To find nothing. Nobody.

Ace curses under his breath. He gives an eye roll and turns around as the light reflects off the window. As he moves it over he sees...

A shape move around the side of the building.

ACE (CONT'D)
Freddy... If that's you jig is up.

Ace steps around the side of the Blockbuster to find -
NOTHING.

But the open back door. Ace frowns.

ACE (CONT'D)
Nope. Fuck you. I'm not an idiot.

Ace starts to lower his phone when...

An ear-piercing scream grabs his attention. Ace's eyes widen, he runs forward with his phone lighting the way.

He reaches the door and quickly steps inside...

INT. BLOCKBUSTER VIDEO - CONTINUOUS

Ace turns both ways, light illuminating the interior.

Old standees, videos, and DVDs are littering the floor. The store's a mess, a fossil of another time.

He moves deeper inside. Some rustling noises sound out in the dark. He steps over different objects. Some broken glass.

Moaning.

He turns around and rushes toward the noise.

Eventually - his phone's flashlight sweeps onto:

RHODA

On the ground, getting up and having tripped.

ACE
Fuck's sake, are you alright?

RHODA
Tripped and twisted my ankle.

ACE
What are you even doing out here?

RHODA
I thought I saw something inside.
What are you doing out here?

Ace shakes his head.

ACE
I heard someone was giving out
Ghostface masks...

RHODA
He was - I think he took off.

Ace shrugs his shoulders, takes a step back before shining his light around the store.

ACE
You said someone was in here?

RHODA
The back door was open.

ACE
That doesn't mean you go exploring.
That's a death wish.

Rhoda snorts, she looks around herself.

RHODA
You may think you know what's going
on but I doubt it.

ACE
What's that supposed to mean?

RHODA
Before your girlfriend kicked me
out my... Associate. Told me that
he found *cameras*.

ACE
Duh. They're everywhere.

RHODA
Mobile cameras.

ACE
He's watching us. Fuck. I should
have known.

A nearby sound grabs Ace's attention. He spins around this time.

RHODA
Bet he lured us both here?

ACE
Most definitely.

Rhoda immediately starts moving for the back door. Ace switches the light off as they traverse the old rows.

Rhoda turns around, squints her eyes.

RHODA
I can't see shit now!

ACE
Don't want them to know if he is here...

Rhoda frowns, she moves forward, keeping her head peeped up over the rows. She turns around just to come face-to-face with...

GHOSTFACE

She jumps back. But Ace quickly sees it's a standee:

SCREAM
NOW ON DVD

Rhoda quickly realizes too.

Ace keeps moving, keeping crouched.

Rhoda looks around, then turns again to see GHOSTFACE. This time a mask. Propped up there as a joke.

RHODA
I fucking hate this town...

Rhoda moves past now as Ace reaches forward. Taking hold of the mask and looking it over.

ACE
Maybe it's just Freddy after all.

RHODA
No shit, sherlock.

Ace frowns a little as Rhoda makes it to the back door. He takes a deep breath and turns the flashlight back on his phone.

Illuminating GHOSTFACE on the other end of the aisle. Ace's eyes widen as the killer charges at him.

Thinking quick he dodges the incoming blow of the knife. Stumbling over the knife lodges right into one of the displays.

He rips it out and swings the knife again violently.

ACE

RHODA!

Rhoda turns around - "Shit." She rushes forward and attempts to tackle Ghostface from behind.

Ghostface however sees her coming. He turns around and *strikes* her in the shoulder blade, hard.

ACE (CONT'D)

Fuck!

Rhoda goes down, bleeding - but alive as Ghostface gives chase to Ace. He throws down a display, nearly knocking the killer over.

Ghostface keeps pace, but Ace is already at the front doors. He slams against the pair but quickly finds it's *locked*.

He turns back around but Ghostface clearly blocks the way to the entrance. Ace doesn't say anything but gives a challenging shrug.

Ghostface flings himself forward - but he lets him this time. He catches the knife as it goes down. Ghostface doesn't see this coming.

With all of his strength he grabs the back of his cloak and slams him against the glass.

Ace sprints for the aisle. Where he left Rhoda. Who is attempting to get to her feet.

ACE (CONT'D)

Come on, we gotta go.

He tries to help her to her feet, Rhoda groans in pain.

RHODA

He didn't kill me...

ACE

I don't get it either. Let's go.

Ace pushes her forward and they begin to run, Rhoda much weaker than himself.

The teen turns his head - Ghostface is gathering his barings and is headed right after them. As Rhoda makes it out the door - Ace takes his time getting out and slams it shut.

EXT. BLOCKBUSTER VIDEO - PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Ghostface slams against it. This time nearly knocking Ace over as Rhoda runs towards her van.

After much struggle, Ghostface slams the door open. Rhoda turns around - her eyes widen as he strikes Ace - right in the chest.

RHODA

No!

Ace stares at Ghostface in pure horror as the killer slashes sideways. He falls to the ground as Rhoda watches in pure horror. Blood seeps out from bellow him.

Ghostface looks up from Ace to Rhoda. Who quickly slams the van door shut.

INT. RHODA'S VAN - CONTINUOUS

Rhoda pulls herself inside.

She wastes no time and immediately, wounded shoulder and all, crawls up into the front seat. Nearly falling over as she does.

The door flings open. Revealing Ghostface. Rhoda is quick to turn her head - her eyes wide. Without hesitation she grabs for her keys.

As he starts to make his way for her she turns the keys in the ignition and floors it. Ghostface is caught off-guard.

He falls back, but grabs hold of the seat. Rhoda drives violently, swerving one way. Then the other.

RHODA

Get the fuck away from me!

Ghostface raises his knife and stabs her again in the shoulder. Rhoda *screams!* She lets go of the steering wheel and throws her head back.

Ghostface stumbles and falls backward. But Rhoda has already lost control of the vehicle.

It spins and spins. Before a tree comes into view. *Smash!* The airbag deploys, Rhoda falls forward.

EXT. OPEN FIELD - CONTINUOUS

Ghostface pulls himself to his feet as the car alarm screams out.

Wiping his knife clean on his robes, he makes his exit. Disappearing before he can notice...

Rhoda, *alive*. She climbs from the wreckage of her truck. Dazed and bloody.

RHODA
Fuck... FUCKKKK.

She stumbles forward - the sound of the party still going on in the distance.

RHODA (CONT'D)
Move it, Rhoda...

She staggers as quickly as she can toward the YMCA. Fear in her eyes.

INT. AMY'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Amy and Lawson are driving along. Amy in the passengers seat, looking at her phone nervously.

SHERIFF LAWSON
So these kids your son hangs out with...

AMY
They're good kids.

SHERIFF LAWSON
I'm sure you thought they were, but let's consider things a second...

Amy looks at him, their eyes meet nervously.

Amy is about to reply when her phone begins making noise. She pulls it up - FACETIME. Amy looks at Lawson. She answers.

ON SCREEN: From a distance, we can see RHODA. Sprinting for the YMCA. Still looking back.

AMY
Christ, they're at the YMCA.

LAWSON
Hold onto something.

He changes directions on the car. And floors it.

EXT. YMCA - FRONT ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

Rhoda reaches the front steps and practically falls into the arms of the first few kids she sees.

RHODA
Help me. God fucking dammit! He's here!

TEEN
Whoa! Slow your roll!

Rhoda pushes past them - the kids look startled but as they turn there's no sign of Ghostface.

INT. YMCA - ENTRY HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Rhoda pushes her way inside - keeps looking over her shoulder as she runs straight into ETHAN.

ETHAN
Whoa! Slow down!

RHODA
Fuck! You gotta help me! He's here!

Ethan puts an arm around her shoulders - he looks stunned.

ETHAN
Somebody get me some help!

Ethan looks back up toward the door.

ETHAN (CONT'D)
Where is he? Still out there?

RHODA
I don't know... I think I lost him.

ETHAN
Anyone else?

RHODA
One of the kids is dead... Fuck, I forget his name.

Ethan starts to lead her to the side. Rhoda tries to keep her cool but he turns his head and watches.

INT. YMCA - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Ethan sets her up against a wall. Rhoda takes a few deep breaths. She shakes her head.

RHODA

Fuck me. We need to call the cops.

ETHAN

Yeah. Yeah. I just... How much did you see?

Rhoda looks at him suspiciously. Ethan looks more nervous as he looks around.

RHODA

Nothing... I just crashed my van and made a run for it. But my phone's busted...

Ethan is silent. It becomes obvious what he's observing: a security camera. They're just in the blind spot.

RHODA (CONT'D)

What are you waiting for? We need to call the cops!

ETHAN

... Too soon.

Rhoda turns around in confusion only to find the BUCK 120 stabbed into her ribs. Rhoda gasps for air. Her eyes widen as she stares into Ethan's eyes.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

Sorry. But you should have stayed out of it.

He rips the knife out violently. Rhoda gasps out for breath as he violently stabs her a second time in the chest then takes the back of her head and slams it forward against the wall.

Rhoda stops moving.

Ethan takes a few steps back, stores the knife in the back of his pants and slams the door shut.

INT. YMCA - SECURITY OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Sean has made his way up here again - with it obviously being empty. The door finally opens and Lily steps inside.

SEAN
What's the matter? Have you seen Ace?

MARTY
I left him handling Freddy. But there's something else...

SEAN
What now?

MARTY
No, but we found out Rhoda's here... I kicked her out but.

SEAN
She never left. Fuck.

MARTY
What's wrong?

Sean holds up something in his hand: one of the camera's like Jamie discovered.

SEAN
We've been set up.

MARTY
No one knew what we were planning... Who the hell would?

SEAN
I don't know...

Sean looks over at the screen and quickly notices: the kids are filing out of the party. He narrows his eyes.

SEAN (CONT'D)
Where is everyone going?

Marty looks at him a moment - she blinks as a *ding* sounds out. Removes her phone.

"COPS GOT CALLED. PARTY'S OVER."

It's from an UNKNOWN CALLER. She looks up to see Sean's phone out, he clearly got the text too.

MARTY
He's breaking up the party.

SEAN
We need to get the hell out of
here.

Sean shakes his head and opens the door. As he throws it open, however, he's met with Ghostface.

Sean's eyes widen. Stunned for a moment.

Ghostface rushes into him and Sean grapples with him. Marty screams! The two struggle...

SEAN (CONT'D)
Get off of me, you son of a bitch!

Ghostface stabs at him - Sean dodges. The knife stabs into the nearby control panel. Sparks fly.

Marty looks for any kind of weapon. But she's at a loss.

Sean catches the knife's second swing, he tries, in vain, to move it away. But it catches his neck. Sean's stunned...

Then *slash!* Right across the throat. His eyes widen - there's no time to process what just happened. Marty *screams!*

Sean turns around and grasps at his neck. Reaching out to her as blood pours down it.

And then drops...

Marty's eyes fill with tears of disbelief as Sean writhes on the ground. Her face says it all: *what the fuck!?*

Ghostface swings his knife and she dodges the strike barely making it past him.

INT. YMCA - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Marty takes off screaming! The music however blares it out again.

But she's smaller and more nimble than the others - and much faster. Ghostface chases after her but appears to have some difficulty.

MARTY
HELP ME! Help me! Ohhh GOOODDD!!!

She begins down the stairway as Ghostface begins to catch up.

INT. YMCA - STAIRWAY - CONTINUOUS

Marty pushes herself against the wall. Ghostface approaching with his blade raised high.

She waits for him to run at her and then dodges, knocking him off balance as she rushes down the first flight of stairs.

EXT. YMCA - FRONT ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

A car pulls up to the party. Which has practically totally cleared out now.

Out come both Amy and Lawson. Several kids are stumbling out drunk, Amy looks around. Stops a clearly intoxicated group of kids.

AMY

Hey, where's everyone going?

TEEN

Shit man, everyone got a text the cops are on their way. Time to bail.

TEEN #2

I'm not spending another night in jail.

Amy and Lawson recognize this, eye each other.

AMY

We have to move.

Lawson gets his gun out as they rush for the doorway. Just as Amy reaches it however a bloodied hand slams against the wall.

She turns to find **ACE**. Bloodied and beat up but alive.

ACE

Fucker... Got me good.

AMY

Jesus, Bradley.

ACE

Have you seen everyone else? I think he got that reporter... Fuck.

Amy helps Ace put pressure on his stab to the stomach. Just as Marty's *scream* pierces the air. Ace forgets about his own wounds for a moment...

ACE (CONT'D)

Marty!

He pushes past and rushes inside just behind Lawson.

AMY

Ace, don't!

INT. YMCA - MAIN GYM - CONTINUOUS

Marty rushes down the last of the steps and onto the main gym floor.

Ghostface rushes right behind her and manages to stab her right in the back. Marty *screams!* But Lawson has now entered - gun in his hand.

LAWSON

Stop right there!

Bang!

But not from Lawson. On the contrary - it's ETHAN. Holding a smoking handgun in his hand. Lawson looks down at his chest as blood begins to pool down.

Ace and Amy are right behind him - Amy looks horrified, Ace's face says "I knew it."

ETHAN

I thought I said - *no cops.*

Bam!

A second gunshot straight to Lawson's forehead. Ace backs up horrified but Ethan now turns his gun on them.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

Where you goin', Ace? Don't wanna miss the climax do you?

ACE

I fucking knew you were a piece of shit. FUCK!

AMY

Where's my son? Where's Sean?

Amy attempts to run past them but Ethan wastes no time. He takes his knife and *rams her in the stomach.* Amy's stunned as he yanks it out.

ETHAN
Same place you're going, bitch.

ACE
Mrs. Mills!

Ethan levels his gun at Ace - "Nu uh".

ETHAN
Damn, I really thought you'd be
dead right now. There weren't
supposed to be survivors.

ACE
Sorry to disappoint you.

ETHAN
That seems to be your thing.
Doesn't it, partner?

Ace looks over to the second Ghostface with a look of pure
confusion. Then slowly, they reach up - off comes the mask
revealing LILY.

LILY
I wanted a crack at him anyway.
That coin flip wasn't fair.

ACE
Lily - what the fuck?

Lily smiles impishly, removes a more modern voice changer.

LILY/GHOSTFACE
Surprise, *Bradley*!

AMY
Leave him alone - I'm the one you
want!

Ethan smiles, greatly amused as he turns to Amy.

ETHAN
Oh right, you still think this is
about you.

He looks up at Lily.

ETHAN (CONT'D)
Flip for it?

LILY
You wanted her dead more than me.

Ethan looks back up, shrugs his shoulders. Then aims his gun right between Amy's eyes.

ETHAN

This has been a long time coming.

He inspects his cartridge.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

Fuck, out of bullets.

He tosses it aside but as Ace backs up Lily is on him. Knife poised at his throat. Ethan pulls a dumbstruck Amy to her feet as Ace thinks fast.

ACE

... Last man standing. Don't I at least get an explanation as to *what the fuck is going on?*

LILY

Can't I just cut him open...

ETHAN

No. I think he's right... And our timeline's a little off. So.

Ethan nods his head.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

Let's take them somewhere private to talk.

Marty squirms on the ground, but Lily drags Ace carefully toward an open door. Ethan turns to Marty.

He picks up Lawson's gun. Checks the bullets. Then pops another bullet into her but we don't see where it lands before she drops.

Ethan tosses the gun to the side. Far from the door.

INT. YMCA - SUPPLY CLOSET - CONTINUOUS

Another one.

Lily shoves Ace up against some equipment. Ace breathes heavily, attention torn between the two psychopaths. As Amy leans against a wall, mortally wounded.

ACE

So... Secret "Scream" fan or just crazy?

ETHAN

See, that's your problem Ace. You think inside the box. This was never about making another movie.

LILY

We both fucking *hate* that shit. We always agreed on that. This was just the only way you get anyone in this town to fucking listen.

Ethan puts an arm around Ace's shoulders, holds the knife to his throat. He moves him closer to Amy.

ACE

This was never about Sean was it?

ETHAN

Nope. Scott's inability to keep his dick in was just icing on the cake. (Blunt) This is about Woodsboro. And the degenerate fucks that live in it.

LILY

You say we're evil, but really... Real life isn't so black and white. (Smirks to Amy) Just ask Mrs. Mills. She sure didn't twice about ruining my dad's life.

AMY

We cleared his name...

LILY

After you *dragged it through the mud*. You actually think his reputation recovered? That he *wanted* to be stuck in this one-horse town?

Lily delivers a sharp kick to Amy's wound. She cries out. Ace tries to move but Ethan shakes his head, presses the knife into his neck.

ETHAN

How about my family? My parents were already pregnant with me! And thanks to your whore mother...

AMY

Fuck you!

ETHAN

Yeah, fuck you too. (Blunt)
Anyways, thanks to that bitch, they completely lost their mind! My mom can barely hear the phone without losing their mind.

ACE

You're both fucking crazy. Listen to yourselves - you're just as bad as they were.

Ethan grits his teeth, really doesn't like that.

ETHAN

No. No. You see. That's where you're wrong. We're the voice of the people, the real people.

LILY

The voiceless. Bringing the vigilante justice that should have been dealt a long time ago.

ETHAN

Woodsboro needed the wake-up call. They've made money off of this for years. Along with Mrs. Mills and the rest of them...

LILY

It was time to remind them why we were so afraid of that mask to begin with. Remind them of the tragedy. The broken lives. The destroyed homes...

Lily sends another glare Amy's way.

LILY (CONT'D)

And it was time to expose the hypocrites that profited off of it every step of the way.

ETHAN

And we saved the best for last - the so called "heroine". Your heroine.

He stabs Ace in the shoulder, deep, and shoves Ace forward. Ace nearly falls over, but catches himself.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

With all of them dead - the movies die too. The fandom dies. Because we'll never give them the rights to our story.

LILY

And if they try more of those "sequels"? We'll sue them for all they're worth - the "emotional damage" of it all, y'know?

ACE

Doing this won't change anything... You're just destroying more lives.

ETHAN

Maybe we are... But it's like we said. Tragedy is the only thing that makes people listen in this town.

He smirks, prideful.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

And frankly, this felt good... Letting all this... Rage out.

He approaches Ace to drive the knife again. But Amy stands to block his strike.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

I've held this shit in... A long fucking time.

He takes the strike into Amy again. She screams! Staggering back.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

You, and Sean, and the rest of the fucking people that supported them. You've eaten away at me way too long! You've gotten away with this way too long...

ACE

Ethan, you're a fucking lunatic...

ETHAN

Sure am! I'm a *fucking monster*! The monster you, Amy, and the rest of Woodsboro created!

He stabs Amy again - rage in his eyes. Lily's eyes widen. She grabs his arm, and pulls him back.

LILY
Ethan... Chill.

ETHAN
I'll *chill* when they're fucking
dead and we're done with this.

ACE
You'll never get away with this...

ETHAN
Sure I will, you made sure of that!
Those cameras of yours haven't been
recording since I took first watch.

Ace frowns. All confidence seemingly shattered.

ETHAN (CONT'D)
You let us into your plan - and we
made our own. We're the only two
left standing. And as far as the
police know? You went crazy with
that Top Story chick... Slaughtered
everyone...

LILY
You were *Scream's* biggest fan. It
makes perfect sense. Set yourself
up pretty damn well...

And then suddenly, as they begin their approach... Ace's
mouth curves into a smile.

ACE
You're right... I'm it's biggest
fan. And that's how I know, your
plan has one big, gaping hole in
it.

LILY
What's that supposed to mean?

RHODA (V.O.)
Because you left me for dead...

Ethan's eyes widen as he turns around to find Rhoda. She
looks like a fucking mess - but alive. She has a gun in her
hands - probably the Sheriff's.

RHODA

You know in these movies. Someone always comes back.

ETHAN

Fuck, you have more lives than a cat.

RHODA

And my cell phone. Game over, asshole. The cops heard *everything*.

She holds up her cell phone which does read "911". Ethan looks dumbstruck.

Lily lowers her knife - stunned. Giving Ace just the time to elbow her in the ribs and knock her back.

Chaos immediately erupts.

ETHAN

You fucking BITCH.

Ethan lunges forward as Rhoda fires the gun. But he's faster. Her arms slam against the wall and the gun fires into the ceiling.

He slams it out of Rhoda's hand and tackles her out of the doorway and sight.

In the meantime - Lily pounces on Ace.

Ace attempts to throw her off of him as she holds up her knife and slams it into his shoulder. Ace *screams*!

From the side, Amy attempts to pull herself to her feet. As Ace backs up. Taking one of the weights she waits until Lily is close enough...

And *swings* the weight against her.

Lily shrieks! She goes down! Ace rips the knife out of his shoulder and turns around.

LILY

You wouldn't kill me, Ace. Admit it or not you loved me!

ACE

... Confession time: I didn't.

Lily's eyes narrow - she lunges as Ace drives the knife into her stomach. She's shocked. He throws his head forward into a headbutt as Lily goes down.

Ace rushes to Amy's side. She's bleeding out fast.

He pushes his hand against her wounds.

AMY
Bradley, go -.

ACE
No, fuck. You need help.

AMY
Ace. (Weak) It's OK... It's gonna
be OK...

Amy puts her hand on Ace's cheek as behind him, in the shadows, Lily begins to rise.

AMY (CONT'D)
Go...

And then the light leaves her eyes. The last survivor of the Woodsboro massacre is dead.

Ace's eyes fill with tears just as Lily reaches for the knife.

Just as she poises it to strike... Ace reaches for the sheriff's fallen gun. Spins around and...

Bam!

Right between the eyes. Lily's stunned. She crumples.

Ace checks the cartridge a moment, then staggers to his feet and rushes for the door.

INT. YMCA - MAIN GYM - CONTINUOUS

Rhoda is pinned to the ground by Ethan. His knife coming closer and closer to her neck.

Outside however, in the faint distance, sirens can be heard. Police sirens. Ethan's eyes shoot up.

RHODA
I told you, I called 'em. Game over
kid.

Ethan's hand on his knife is shaky, but he stabs Rhoda with the knife once. Lodges it in and then stands to his feet.

He panics "Fuckkk. Fuck. Fuck."

Marty is stirring and pulling herself to her feet as well. As Ethan's back is turned she rushes him - grabbing for his knife.

Ethan spins around, stunned. But not in enough time to stop Marty to grab his knife and *stab him deep in the chest!*

Ethan's stunned. He falls back, bleeding profusely as Ace exits the storage room. Gun still in his hand and holding it just level enough for Ethan to see.

The sirens stop and doors can be heard opening and closing. Along with footsteps.

ACE
It's over, Ethan.

Ethan reaches for the knife in his chest. He rips it out, Marty backs up.

ACE (CONT'D)
Don't do it! Stop!

ETHAN
... We were gonna be heroes.

Ethan looks deep into Ace's eyes. He smiles - wickedly. Disturbed.

ETHAN (CONT'D)
Guess I'll just have to be a martyr.

And without another word, he sits up. Takes the knife and *slashes* his own throat.

Marty, sprayed with blood, *screams bloody murder!*

Ace lowers his gun slowly as the police storm the place. They collect Marty and as Ace drops his gun, collect them too.

Ace's eyes stare in shock at Ethan. Can't believe what just happened.

CLOSE IN ON:

Ethan's face.

Anger turns to... Another smile. Satisfaction. Madness.

He takes his last breath as...

WOMAN (V.O.)
 Reports are flooding in just
 outside Woodsboro of yet another
 horrific tragedy. This time
 claiming as many as six people.
 Including legendary survivors
 Amelia and James Mills.

CUT TO:

INT. NEWS STATION - NIGHT

A young woman - reporting live for TOP STORY in Rhoda's
 place. Jamie and Amy's pictures are on screen as well as LIVE
 FOOTAGE bellow of the scene of the crime.

WOMAN
 Confirmed reports number out two
 killers... And three survivors. In
 what is being called one of the
 worst massacres on US soil.

ON SCREEN:

Footage shows RHODA. Being loaded onto an ambulance. Barely
 clinging to life. But throwing a thumbs up to the camera.

WOMAN
 As the sun rises on a new day in
 Woodsboro, California. One can only
 hope this finally marks the end of
 the long, dark history of the town
 of Woodsboro.

The footage shifts to MARTY. Who is being wheeled out and
 flooded by reporters. Camera flashes everywhere. Especially
 as the body bags come out next.

And then finally: ACE.

His eyes look straight into the camera. In the back of an
 ambulance. We lock in on his eyes a moment as the ambulance
 doors close on him.

WOMAN
 A town that once again, will never
 be the same...

The screen goes black. But the reporter remains as...

WOMAN
 And, in semi-related news...

The small screen beside her COMES BACK ON.

This time it's an image of the GHOSTFACE MASK and a "5" etched on top of it.

WOMAN

Get ready to "Scream" again fans!
Even with current events Hollywood
has just greenlit the much
anticipated fifth chapter in the
horror saga.

CLOSE IN ON: The Ghostface mask. And the 5. Linger on this shot.

WOMAN

We'll have all the gory details,
when we come back after these
messages.

SMASH TO BLACK.

ROLL CREDITS to ONLY THE GOOD DIE YOUNG BY BILLY JOEL.