

INT. WES'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

AIMEE TEEGARDEN

Oh my God, please --

AIMEE turns a corner, entering the kitchen, running right into-- BRITT. She shrieks as Britt gives her a horrified look - scanning the blood all over Aimee's hands. She backs up wooriedly.

BRITT ROBERTSON

Ohmygod, whose blood is that?

AIMEE TEEGARDEN

Erik's. He-- He's dead. I'm sorry, he's dead...

BRITT ROBERTSON

Who did this? Oh fuck. Where is everybody?

AIMEE TEEGARDEN

I don't know! It's like they all just fucking left --

The house phone rings on the counter, both girls jump with SHRIEKS.

AIMEE TEEGARDEN (CONT'D)

You get it.

BRITT ROBERTSON

Me? Why me!?

AIMEE TEEGARDEN

(soft whimper)

Please?

BRITT ROBERTSON

You're gonna fucking owe me if we get out of here, you know that?

Britt snatches up the phone. Answers.

BRITT ROBERTSON (CONT'D)

Who is this?

MAN'S VOICE

Ah, Britt and Aimee. In a big house. It's dark. Someone's watching. Killing. Ironic, isn't it?

BRITT ROBERTSON  
Where the *hell* are you?

MAN'S VOICE  
All in due time, Marnie.

BRITT ROBERTSON  
I'm not fucking Marnie!

MAN'S VOICE  
Wanna be Jenny then? You guys can swap roles again --

BRITT ROBERTSON  
Fuck you!

She hangs up... Tosses the phone angrily on the ground. She swings around to face Aimee, who looks freaked out.

AIMEE TEEGARDEN  
What'd he say? Oh God, did you piss him off?

BRITT ROBERTSON  
He wanted me to switch roles with you. You Marnie, me Jenny. But...

AIMEE TEEGARDEN  
But what...?

BRITT ROBERTSON  
I'd much rather switch roles with Emma.

AIMEE TEEGARDEN  
Sorry?

BAM! A knife right into Aimee's chest. She looks down -- taking a quick glimpse of the knife in Britt's hand, thrust right underneath her boobs. Aimee looks up pleadingly.

AIMEE TEEGARDEN (CONT'D)  
Y--You?!

BRITT ROBERTSON  
Yes, hun. *Me*. Surprised?

She takes the knife out, Aimee tries to stumble away. Britt stabs her in the back, she cries out. Britt pushes her to the hardwood floor in the living room.

INT. WES'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Aimee crawls away, screaming, and Britt STABS her in the back again, lifting her up and throwing her onto the couch, shoving a pillow over her face and repeatedly stabbing her in the stomach.

Blood sprays everywhere, filling the white couch. Britt stops for a moment, to catch her breath.

BRITT ROBERTSON

(laughs)

Is this familiar to you, Aimee?  
Remember the original opening? MY  
opening, where you died first?

AIMEE TEEGARDEN

It was replaced -- for a reason.

Britt's eyes WIDEN. They light up with a fierce fire.

BRITT ROBERTSON

Oh yeah? Why was that?

AIMEE TEEGARDEN

--Cause it FUCKING SUCKED.

BRITT ROBERTSON

That's not the kind of thing you  
say to a psycho when you're trying  
to beg for your life.

Pissed, Britt THROWS Aimee onto the nearby coffee table, she smashes right through the glass. Aimee's still alive, she looks up at Britt, pleadingly...

BRITT ROBERTSON (CONT'D)

Ready to beg yet?

Aimee shakes her head - a defiant no. Britt's nostrils flare... she GRABS her by the collar and LIFTS her up, throwing her to the hardwood floor.

Britt raises the knife. LAUGHS.

BRITT ROBERTSON (CONT'D)

BEG. GET ON YOUR KNEES LIKE A  
FUCKING DOG AND BEG

Aimee goes to SCREAM, but Britt GRABS her by the neck, and STABS her right above the breasts. Aimee's hands GRAB for the house phone as Britt drops her again.

She presses the TALK button, trying desperately to finger for the 9-1-1 buttons, but she can't quite do it as Britt GRABS her LEGS and begins to DRAG her toward the front door...

EXT. WES'S HOUSE - BACK PATIO - NIGHT

ADAM BRODY, sat at the patio with COURTENEY and NEVE, turns his head toward the house.

ADAM BRODY  
You guys hearing that?

NEVE CAMPBELL  
Yeah... Weren't the kids all inside hanging out?

They hear the SCREAMS.

NEVE CAMPBELL (CONT'D)  
Something's happening...

COURTENEY COX  
They're just kids, you know how kids are...

NEVE CAMPBELL  
That didn't sound like a "just partying" scream, Adam.

ADAM BRODY  
You're not going in there alone.

Neve nods - Adam follows her in. Courteney hesitates.

COURTENEY COX  
I think I'll stay out here. Wait for David to come back.

Neve gives her a nod, and she and Adam rush toward the house.

INT. WES'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

NEVE and ADAM rush into the house. They see AIMEE's bloody handprints on the counter. They exchange horrified looks.

ADAM BRODY  
He's here...

NEVE CAMPBELL  
Damn it, I wish this shit just stayed in the movies...

ADAM BRODY  
I'll call the police.

Adam checks his phone.

ADAM BRODY (CONT'D)  
Shit. No signal. I'll try out back.

NEVE CAMPBELL  
I thought you didn't want to leave me?

ADAM BRODY  
I -- Do you want me to call the cops or what?

NEVE CAMPBELL  
(hesitates)  
I'm not like Sidney. That's not... That's not me.

ADAM BRODY  
You've played the part for nearly two decades, Neve. You can channel your inner Sidney Prescott, right?

Neve gives a smirk.

NEVE CAMPBELL  
I'll try.

ADAM BRODY  
I'll be right back. I promise.

Neve nods. Adam runs out with his cell. Neve sees the house phone that Britt tossed on the floor by her feet. She picks it up - sees if there's a tone on that.

There's not.

But she can hear something faint. GURGLING.

NEVE CAMPBELL  
Hello?

AIMEE TEEGARDEN  
...Neve?

NEVE CAMPBELL  
Aimee? Oh God, Aimee is that...?

AIMEE TEEGARDEN  
...Help... Help...

NEVE CAMPBELL  
Where are you? Aimee, what's going on?

EXT. WES'S HOUSE - FRONT LAWN - CONTINUOUS

CLOSE ON Aimee...she's dragged by her feet through damp soil and grass, leaving a trail of crimson behind as she is. The life is leaving her body quickly, still clutching the phone, giving nothing but gargles...

INT. WES'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

NEVE desperately attempts to get AIMEE to talk after hearing her desperate grumbles and gargles...

NEVE CAMPBELL  
Aimee, please talk to me...

The phone CLICKS. The phone has no dial tone after that. Neve hangs up.

NEVE CAMPBELL (CONT'D)  
Shit...

Neve rushes into the --

INT. WES'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

-- Living room. She sees the GRUESOME MESS of BLOOD all over the couch -- the shattered COFFEE TABLE -- and the TRAIL of BLOOD leading out the OPEN FRONT DOOR.

Rushing for the open door, NEVE bolts out--

EXT. WES'S HOUSE - PORCH - CONTINUOUS

NEVE gasps in HORROR at the sight she sees in front of her.

NEVE CAMPBELL  
OH FUCK NO--

She gives a HORRIFIED SCREAM -- and we PAN around to see WHAT SHE SEES --

EXT. WES'S HOUSE - FRONT LAWN - CONTINUOUS

AIMEE's body. Strung up on the big oak tree by ropes, definitely DEAD. Her stomach RIPPED open from groin to sternum, guts lying in a heaping pile below her gutted body.

EXT. WES'S HOUSE - PORCH - CONTINUOUS

BRITT ROBERTSON  
(O.S.)  
She wanted to be the next Casey  
Becker.

NEVE spins around -- BRITT stands there. An evil SMIRK on her face. Blood covers her body from AIMEE's murder, splattered all over that usually petite face.

BRITT ROBERTSON (CONT'D)  
...So that's what she got.

NEVE CAMPBELL  
Britt? *You?*

BRITT ROBERTSON  
Oh, I'm not alone. My partner's taking care of your friends right now.  
(SMILES)  
But you and I. It's time we had a bit of a talk dontcha think?

Neve tries to flee, but Britt grabs her by the arm, pulls her around to face her, and HEADBUTTS her. Neve collapses in her arms, unconscious, and Britt DRAGS her back inside--