

**SCREAM!!**

written by

JOHNO1995 / KJ242KM3

CAST LIST

SAM CARPENTER - Melissa Barrera  
TARA CARPENTER - Jenna Ortega  
GALE WEATHERS - Courteney Cox  
KIRBY REED - Hayden Panettiere  
MINDY MEEKS-MARTIN - Jasmin Savoy Brown  
CHAD MEEKS-MARTIN - Mason Gooding  
ENDER SNOW - Jack Champion  
DR. PINKA - Henry Czerny  
CARLY GLASS - Liana Liberato  
DET. TED FREEMAN - Dermot Mulroney  
APRIL - Devyn Nekoda  
GIDEON - Tony Revolori  
DAMIEN - Josh Segarra  
TERESA - Sydney Sweeney  
RACHEL BLISS - Samara Weaving  
JUDY HICKS - Marley Shelton  
VOICE - Roger L. Jackson

TEASER

EXT. KIRBY'S HOUSE, BACK PORCH - NIGHT - **FLASHBACK**

Heavy breathing starts us off. Gurgling.

**"WOODSBORO, CALIFORNIA - 2011"**

KIRBY REED lies in a pool of her own blood on the back porch. She's been stabbed deep in the gut.

KIRBY  
Ch--Charlie--

She starts to crawl across the back porch, leaving a trail of her blood behind her.

She makes it to the back sliding door, opens it, and crawls inside--

INT. KIRBY'S HOUSE, BASEMENT - NIGHT - **FLASHBACK, CONT.**

The door closes shut behind her. She hears a voice from upstairs.

SIDNEY (O.S.)  
Kirby?

KIRBY  
Helllllppp--

Kirby slowly slips into unconsciousness. Everything goes BLACK.

A few seconds pass until--

INT. KIRBY'S HOUSE, FOYER - NIGHT - **FLASHBACK, CONT.**

ARCHIVE FOOTAGE of SHERIFF DEWEY RILEY and DEPUTY JUDY HICKS entering Kirby's house. They find the bodies, the chaos. Dewey removes his hat.

INT. KIRBY'S HOUSE, BASEMENT - NIGHT - **FLASHBACK, CONT.**

--we follow DEPUTY JUDY HICKS down the stairs, her gun drawn.

JUDY  
Oh, my God.

She finds KIRBY's body lying on the floor. Judy feels for a pulse. Hope sparks in her eyes.

JUDY (CONT'D)  
We've got a live one down here!!

Judy puts pressure on Kirby's wound, gives a smile.

JUDY (CONT'D)  
We're gonna get you through this,  
okay? Just stay with me, Kirby!

INT. AMBULANCE - NIGHT - **FLASHBACK, CONT.**

DEPUTY JUDY HICKS sits alongside KIRBY in an ambulance. She's holding her hand. Kirby is hooked up to all sorts of equipment.

JUDY  
Hey, sweetheart. Listen, it's over.  
It's all over. We caught them, they  
won't hurt you. They're not gonna  
hurt you anymore.

Kirby groans, barely conscious, but we see her hand squeeze Judy's tightly.

EXT. REED RESIDENCE - NIGHT

Establishing: an aesthetic house, surrounded by a gate. Cabin vibes. Very atmospheric, not huge. A car pulls up, its head-lights giving a better view of the home thru mist & fog.

**"ANN ARBOR, MICHIGAN - 2023"**

EXT. REED RESIDENCE - NIGHT

TERESA, a pretty woman (late 20s, academic, confident), steps out of her vehicle and looks upon the house. She takes a deep breath as she approaches the large gate.

TERESA  
C'mon, Teresa... it's okay. Get  
it together.

Teresa pulls out her phone, texting someone named BABE at the top of the text chain. She types:

*I'm here. Let security know?*

Babe's reply:

*Got it. You'll hear a buzz.*

A few seconds pass by, of Teresa standing outside the house. She examines the wilderness around her. We're pretty deep in a wooded area. It's cold, evident by her breath escaping her lips and her shivering.

The gate buzzes and slides open. Teresa walks on through.

EXT. COURTYARD - NIGHT

Teresa walks up to the front door, a security guard opens the door. BARNEY (early 40s, chipper).

BARNEY

Good to see a lovely lady around here, we don't get much visitors! I'm Barney.

TERESA

Teresa. Pleasure to meet you.

She shakes his hand.

KIRBY (O.S.)

Quit flirting with my woman, Barney.

KIRBY enters frame, smirking. She pecks Teresa on the cheek with a kiss, gestures for her to enter:

KIRBY (CONT'D)

I'm so glad you came all the way out here.

TERESA

I'm glad you invited me.

INT. REED RESIDENCE, HALLWAY - NIGHT

KIRBY walks with TERESA through the hallway of her house. Movie posters line the walls. Classics like "JAWS", "HALLOWEEN", alongside contemporaries like "HEREDITARY", "THE BLACK PHONE"... Teresa is beaming, in awe.

TERESA

Are these all original print?

KIRBY

Not all of them, no.

TERESA

I haven't seen Jaws, can you believe that?

KIRBY

No way. Everyone's seen Jaws. So much for being a horror geek.

TERESA

Maybe we can fix that tonight?

KIRBY

You know what's better than watching a movie about people swimming? Actually going for a swim.

TERESA

I did get your text about a bathing suit, but I didn't think you were serious. October in Michigan isn't very kind to pools.

KIRBY

Yeah, but a heated in-door pool? Even Michigan can't ruin that.

TERESA

Then I'm in.

She laughs. Her phone buzzes, she looks at it.

TERESA (CONT'D)

I have a new friend sliding into my DMs. Figured you'd be jealous. I mean, look at that... I don't even remember the last dude I dated, but...

Teresa flashes the phone to Kirby. It's an image of a buff abdomen. It's eerily familiar. Teresa is just fanning herself in faux-heat.

KIRBY

That's... Channing Tatum.

Teresa gives it another look.

TERESA

Holy shit you're damn right. From his...

KIRBY  
 (softly, familiar)  
 ...Abercrombie days.

She looks around. A soft breeze whistles through the open window nearby, sending a shiver down Kirby's spine.

KIRBY (CONT'D)  
 Someone needs to twist his time machine back to present-day... STAB 6 is what? Like, 2004?

TERESA  
 Yeah... Now the craze is all about STAB, with the silent 8. The introduction of Kirby Reed. Touted as this generation's spunky 'Sidney Prescott' counterpart. Though you ended up killing the franchise, didn't you?

KIRBY  
 (smiles, waving her off)  
 I get it, enough...

Teresa's phone shimmies again.

TERESA  
 My new pal seems to think he's funny.

KIRBY  
 Huh?

TERESA  
 (reading from her phone)  
 "What's your favorite scary movie?"

KIRBY  
 Gimme that.

Kirby marches toward Teresa, takes her phone.

KIRBY (CONT'D)  
 The guy's name is Charlie Roberts.  
 (beat)  
 You seem to be not getting all the references. So much for horror geek. Quite frankly, I'm disappointed in you... I thought I taught you well!

She tosses Teresa the phone back carelessly. Teresa is offended.

TERESA

I happen to like the good horror movies. THE EXORCIST. THE SHINING...

KIRBY

(amused)

Rob Zombie's HALLOWEEN and its shitty sequel.

TERESA

I thought it was an interesting take on the classic story of Michael Myers! Sheesh. Your opinion's obviously the truth I guess.

Kirby smiles playfully.

KIRBY

Damn straight. You deleted that douche yet?

TERESA

Yeah. Why, you jealous?

Kirby gets hyper-defensive, now. She lifts her shirt, shows off her SCAR.

KIRBY

Not jealous. Precautious.

Teresa puts her fingers on the scars. Her gaze softens.

TERESA

I'm sorry. I thought you'd be used to all the pranks by now, I didn't mean--

KIRBY

I am, I am. I'm the one who should be sorry. It's been over a decade and I'm still a raging mess. I could never be the 'next Sidney'. That sort of pressure's not for me.

She kisses Teresa, then pulls away.

KIRBY (CONT'D)

Let me finish dinner. Get comfortable at the pool, and I'll bring dinner to you and join ya.



TERESA  
Sounds good.

KIRBY  
Just promise me you deleted him?

TERESA  
I promise. Where can I change?

KIRBY  
Right down the hall here...

Kirby leads Teresa down the hallway, into a room--

INT. REED RESIDENCE, KITCHEN - NIGHT

KIRBY tends to a pot on the stove. She stirs everything up. A shadow descends, reflected from the hallway on the refrigerator next to her.

This catches her eye. She turns around.

KIRBY  
Barney, that you?

No response.

She sighs, shakes it off. Paranoia is read on her face. Judging by her frustration, this isn't new for Kirby. She slams her fist on the counter, acting as our transition...

INT. REED RESIDENCE, INDOOR POOL - NIGHT

POV: The glass roof of the indoor pool room; TERESA wades through the pool. It's a room surrounded by glass floor-to-ceiling windows.

The retractable pool cover begins to fold over the pool. The humming is evident.

ON Teresa now, as she watches as it comes close to her. That's odd.

She presses a button on the panel of the pool. The cover stops where it's at. From the pool, we can see the hallways of the Reed house through the glass windows.

BARNEY is visible in the background. Patrolling.

Suddenly, GHOST FACE runs up behind him and, like an assassin, lifts his BUCK hunting knife and CUTS BARNEY'S THROAT just as Teresa -- facing the camera and not Barney -- goes underwater.

INT. REED RESIDENCE, HALLWAY - NIGHT

A choking BARNEY is pinned against a wall by GHOSTFACE, Buck hunting knife having slashed his throat. Barney is holding his gun in his hand.

A struggle of pure force. The weakened Barney is losing. The gun is aimed directly under his chin, Ghostface's finger pulls the trigger.

BANG! Brains paint the white wall behind Barney and he slumps with a THUD.

INT. REED RESIDENCE, INDOOR POOL - NIGHT

TERESA is still underwater as the gunshot rings out. Through the glass windows we see Ghostface dropping Barney's body and disappearing down the other side of the hall, dragging Barney with him. SHIT.

Teresa resurfaces, takes in a deep breath.

INT. REED RESIDENCE, HALLWAY - NIGHT

KIRBY hears the gunshot. She tosses aside the food she's got for her and Teresa. FUCK IT.

She runs to a closet nearby, throwing it open and finding:

An entire arsenal of weaponry. Doomsday prepper shit. She grabs a PUMP-ACTION SHOTGUN, whips around, and scans the hallway.

She's loading her weapon.

KIRBY  
Teresa...!

INT. REED RESIDENCE, INDOOR POOL - NIGHT

TERESA climbs out of the pool. She starts to dry herself off, sitting down.

TERESA  
 (to herself)  
 Kirby, where are you?

She happens to turn and see the red splatter on the wall where BARNEY's body had occupied. Her face contorts. Shit.

TERESA (CONT'D)  
 Oh my god. That's blood.

Teresa goes to grab her phone, sees a message--

It's a picture message.

Of her, from behind. Climbing out of the pool.

Teresa's eyes widen, she registers, turns around... SMASH!!

A lamp is thrown through the glass floor-to-ceiling window panel on the left side of Teresa. She stumbles with a screech.

GHOSTFACE rushes at her, knife drawn. She's met with a HUNTING KNIFE to the shoulder. She cries out -- a scream of pure pain -- as her GHOSTFACE attacker holds her up, props her against him as a shield...

Glass explodes from the other side. KIRBY steps in, aiming her shotgun at Ghostface.

KIRBY  
 LET HER GO, MOTHERFUCKER!

The Ghostface attacker presses a button on his hood, activating his VOICE MODULATOR, as he holds Teresa hostage between him and Kirby.

VOICE  
 Eleven years. You've hid out, moved from place to place. Never letting anyone in. That was for the best, wasn't it, Kirby? Look what you ended up dragging in.

KIRBY  
 Spare me the bullshit. She has nothing to do with this.

VOICE  
 And truly, neither do you. This really is nothing personal. I'm just cleaning up a mess that was left for me.

Ghostface paces around with Teresa, until he suddenly THROWS her in the direction of Kirby's shotgun. Ghostface dives, SMASHING Kirby's face in with the HILT of his hunting knife. She goes DOWN--

INT. REED RESIDENCE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

TERESA'S POV

A WIDE VIEW OF THE YARD FROM THE LARGE GLASS WINDOW.

Teresa slowly comes to, sprawled out on the carpet. Her eyes welling with tears, her face trembling as she looks around.

The yard is a sea of darkness.

UNTIL, SUDDENLY, THE LIGHTS OUTSIDE SNAP ON.

Teresa blocks her eyes, the light is obnoxiously bright to her. As she finally adjusts to it, she lowers her arm and sees directly across from the boathouse, sitting in the middle of the yard, is Kirby in a patio chair.

Her arms and face smothered in electric tape, keeping her down and quiet.

Kirby struggles to free herself, crying. This is all just SO familiar to her.

Teresa uses her uninjured arm to push herself up and beat against the glass.

TERESA

No!

Her phone, lying neatly on the carpet next to where she was left, rings. She instantly answers.

TERESA (CONT'D)

Hello?

VOICE

I know what you're thinking -- hang up and call 9-1-1, right? Well, if you do that, Kirby dies.

TERESA

Please just let her go. You said this was nothing personal. You could've just killed us back there, why the theatrics?

VOICE

I was feeling nostalgic. Pop quiz time, Teresa. Let's see how much of Kirby's horror-geek knowledge rubbed off on you. I'm starting with an easy one: who's the horror villain who was originally known as 'The Shape'?

TERESA

Michael Myers!

VOICE

Good! That was GOOD!

(beat)

Next question: What was the name of the 2009 remake of a 1972 movie directed by--?

TERESA

The Last House on the Left!

IN THE YARD

Kirby watches, her eyes widened in terror. Roles reversed.

BACK ON TERESA

VOICE

Directed Evil Dead--

TERESA

--Sam Raimi!

VOICE

Karen Black starred in which movie?

Teresa shakes her head.

TERESA

I don't fucking know! I haven't even seen Jaws, for Christ's sake!! Everyone's seen Jaws...!

VOICE

I'm sorry--that's the wrong answer! You lose, Teresa.

TERESA

You fucking cow--one more question. Please!

Teresa and Kirby's eye contact doesn't break. It's the longest fucking silence over the line...

...CLICK. He hung up.

Teresa makes a split-second decision and RIPS the door open. She runs out.

EXT. REED RESIDENCE, BACKYARD PATIO - NIGHT

TERESA charges into the yard, skidding on her knees to KIRBY, tied in the chair.

Kirby's arms are now freed, and then Teresa goes for the tape on her lips.

KIRBY

Thank you. Now, let's get the fuck out of here!

TERESA

Is there anyway through the sides of the house?

KIRBY

(shaking her head)  
Building this place like Fort Knox definitely has its fucking disadvantages now that I'm in this kind of situation. We gotta go back in.

TERESA

Shit!

Kirby's hand grips Teresa's. Then, no more time wasted, they run together, back through the doors they ran in from--

INT. REED RESIDENCE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Teresa uses her free hand to dial 9-1-1 on her phone.

GHOSTFACE suddenly swoops down the stairs, startling Teresa enough to drop her phone. 9-1-1 is still dialing.

INT. REED RESIDENCE, HALLWAY - NIGHT

Kirby and Teresa are so close to the front door as GHOST FACE LUNGES FROM THE OTHER SIDE OF THE HALLWAY, HE DOUBLED BACK.

Kirby throws a punch, knocking Ghostface on his ass. She goes to stomp him, to keep it going, but he SWINGS his knife up. He's back up quickly.

Kirby has no choice but to retreat. Teresa grabs her by the arm--

INT. REED RESIDENCE, REC. ROOM - NIGHT

The girls race into the REC ROOM. Kirby locks the door shut behind her.

A pool table, TV, game consoles, plush couch, and a glass balcony door make up this cool, yet charmingly simple, room.

TERESA

Now what?

Kirby gestures to the balcony doors.

TERESA (CONT'D)

We jump!?

KIRBY

We don't have any other choice.

The door is wrestled open -- Teresa's panicking.

KIRBY (CONT'D)

Shit, we have no time... He'll be right on our asses.

POUNING ON THE DOOR. BAM! Their attention snaps to it--

KIRBY (CONT'D)

I've got another idea. C'mon!

BAM! BAM! The door finally BUSTS open -- and GHOST FACE stomps inside.

SCANS the scape of the room. It's dead quiet. NO ONE in sight. The balcony doors are open. He charges for them--

AS HE MAKES HIS WAY ONTO THE BALCONY, KIRBY POUNCES FROM UNDER THE POOL TABLE, AND LOCKS THE DOOR SHUT BEHIND HIM.

Kirby flashes him the middle finger with a victorious smile, before taking Teresa's hand and running for the door --

Without hesitation, Ghost Face KICKS through the glass, shattering it into a million reflections of that terrifying white mask all over the floor.

INT. REED RESIDENCE, HALLWAY - NIGHT

Kirby races down the hall, finding BARNEY's discarded body here. Ghostface suddenly leaps out at poor TERESA and drags her backward.

Ghostface pins Teresa against the wall, SLAMS his hunting knife into her face. He pulls the knife out and then goes for two swift stabs to the HEART.

Kirby TACKLES him, SHRIEKING in horror. Teresa's dead body falls.

Kirby PUNCHES her assailant multiple times, but he WHIPS his knife at her, SLICING open her arm at the wrist. Blood sprays everywhere and she FALLS with a scream.

Ghostface then DIGS the knife into her back. She CRIES out. Blood splatters on the wall behind the Ghost as the knife is mercilessly ripped out of her back... Kirby KICKS him. He falls back.

She crawls to BARNEY's discarded body, grabs the gun at his holster.

KIRBY

Bring it on, you degenerate sick  
fuck!

Recklessly, Ghostface RUSHES at her--

--BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

That last one is a HEADSHOT right through the white GHOST MASK, painting it crimson as his head explodes from beneath it. Ghostface falls to his knees then slumps face-first against the floor.

Kirby's eyes shut, her head hits the floor and her hand limply lets go of the gun.

We're left on this bloodbath as we crash to the opening credits:

**SCREAM!!**



ACT I

EXT. STREETS OF BROOKLYN - MORNING

ESTABLISHING shot. Bustling street. Outside a modest apartment complex.

**"BROOKLYN, NEW YORK"**

INT. SAM'S APARTMENT - MORNING

SAM CARPENTER, two years older, is on her cell phone. She's smiling as she prepares a cup of coffee. The apartment is not super charming. Not much furniture. It doesn't really feel like home. There's an anxiousness on Sam's face that's hard to define.

SAM

Hey, you made it to campus okay?

TARA (O.S.)

Yeah, I'm here. Class starts in like ten, I'm gonna meet with Chad and Ender and the three of us will walk together.

SAM

Okay good.

She peers out the window and spies her neighbor DAMIEN (late 20s, handsome, fit, charming, and self-aware) on his balcony. Shirtless. Watering plants. She rolls her eyes.

SAM (CONT'D)

Hottie McThottie is out watering his plants again.

TARA (O.S.)

Does he have a shirt today? Hmm, actually--Let me take a wild guess... that's a no.

Sam laughs.

SAM

Ding-ding-ding. You're good at this!

TARA (O.S.)

What a nice view for you, then. I'm jealous.

SAM

I don't want to intrude, so just call me when you get out and you're on your way back here.

TARA (O.S.)

Will do, mother Hen.

SAM

I love you.

TARA (O.S.)

And I love you, too.

They hang up. Sam's gaze falls back to the boy-toy's balcony, but he's gone.

EXT. BLACKMORE UNIVERSITY, BASKETBALL COURT - DAY

A basketball *swish!*'s through the hoop, we pull out to see: CHAD MEEKS-MARTIN. A couple years older, still cheery but definitely moving with a limp.

He's playing basketball with ENDER, 19. Shy, geeky, but "a snack". He's uncomfortable and out of his element here.

CHAD

(playful trash talk)

Come on, man. You've gotta keep up. I'm majoring in Schooling Fools with a minor in Humiliatiooon...!

Chad tries to shoot again, but Ender leaps up, smacks the ball aside. Out of bounds. Chad beams. Ender looks surprised.

CHAD (CONT'D)

So white man **can** jump!

ENDER

Seems a little late in the summer for a **block** party don't you think, Chad?

Chad's got his back turned to Ender; we see it in his face though, pain.

Ender motions to the sideline--TARA is there, waves.

ENDER (CONT'D)

Last I checked, dude, your minor's actually in, uh...

(MORE)

ENDER (CONT'D)

Theater, and you've got class in like ten minutes. We should, um, probably give up while we're ahead.

Chad gets the ball, shoots. He scores again. He's hurting, though. But he smiles through the pain, thumbs-up. Ender is shaking his head in disbelief, looking concerned.

CHAD

Hell yeah. Agreed.

ENDER

Nice. Don't kill yourself, ok? You're obviously the superior athlete, punctured kidneys and all.  
(fakes praise with prayer hands and bows)  
You've got nothing to prove here. You know, I was in little league baseball for a tiny bit but I quit because I told my mom sports make me sweat too much.

CHAD

(laughs)  
So I see not much has changed.

Chad and Ender jog to join TARA, who's smiling.

TARA

(to Ender)  
Did gimpy wipe the floor with you again, Ender?

ENDER

Not sure if I should be offended or...

CHAD

Not sure if I should be offended or...

TARA

Listen, I'm part of the club too.

Tara shows off the scar on her hand from her attack in the last movie.

TARA (CONT'D)

(nudging Chad)  
Today's the big day for us theater dorks. Auditions.

CHAD

You feeling good about it?

TARA

Honestly, I'd just like to get it over with.

ENDER

Pinka still being a hard-ass?

TARA

And flirting hardcore with me every step of the way? Yes and yes.

INT. GOOD MORNING WITH GALE WEATHERS, SET - MORNING

GALE WEATHERS sits at the desk of her morning show, GOOD MORNING WITH GALE WEATHERS. She's wrapping up a monologue of sorts, something lighthearted. Tonal shift time:

GALE

So I really hate to break the banter this morning, but -- something serious and upsetting has come to my attention.

The audience is silent. The pause unbearable.

GALE (CONT'D)

Kirby Reed, survivor of the 2011 Ghostface killings, was killed last night alongside her girlfriend and bodyguard. The assailant, who was also killed, was found wearing a Ghostface mask.

The audience murmurs.

GALE (CONT'D)

My stance has been very clear. Though I've been complicit, if not holding myself directly responsible, for the insurgence of this mask and catapulting it to the fame it currently has, I am condemning Ghostface, the STAB franchise, all of it. Too many people--good people--have died for me to stand by and allow it to continue. This is going to end. Kirby nor any of the others will have died in vain.

(beat)

We have an exclusive source on the murder, who is willing to share some information with us.

(MORE)

GALE (CONT'D)  
 (to her off-camera crew)  
 Connect him, please.

A phone ringing occurs. A click indicates someone picked up.

GALE (CONT'D)  
 Hello?

VOICE  
 You really think this is over,  
 Gale? Kirby was just the beginning.  
 Her attacker just a pawn. This is  
 just heating up.

GALE  
 (to her off-camera crew)  
 Seriously? You didn't background  
 check this guy?  
 (back to the phone)  
 Go ahead and come for me if you  
 have the guts. I'm not scared of  
 you.

VOICE  
 But you should be. You're right,  
 this needs to end. No more people  
 need to get hurt. This isn't about  
 them, it's about the rest of you.  
 The ones that got away, the--Final  
 Girls, so to speak.

GALE  
 I've heard enough.

She waves to her crew. The phone call clicks.

INT. GOOD MORNING WITH GALE WEATHERS, BACKSTAGE - MORNING

GALE walks briskly with some producers.

GALE  
 How the fuck could you let that  
 happen? Seriously?

PRODUCER  
 I'm sorry, Miss Weathers, we just--

TED  
 Excuse me. Gale Weathers?

Gale turns to see TED FREEMAN (late 50s, a smile that could  
 kill, charming).

GALE

Yes?

TED

Call me Ted, I'm with the NYPD. I was on my way here to talk about what happened with Kirby Reed last night when I heard about your live, on-air call--

GALE

Convenient.

TED

Can we talk?

INT. GOOD MORNING WITH GALE WEATHERS, DRESSING ROOM - MORNING

TED shows off a photograph of a man in his thirties.

TED

I have friends in the Michigan State Police, who shared this information with me and I thought it'd be of interest to bring this to you.

GALE

That's David Ramirez.

TED

Yes, Woodsboro resident. Now the next confirmed murderer to don the Ghostface costume.

GALE

Him? He killed Kirby Reed? I'm sorry Detective, but what does this have to do with me?

Another photograph. A note pinned to the front door of Kirby's house, a postcard for 'BROOKLYN, NEW YORK'

GALE (CONT'D)

Jesus Christ. The phone call today was the killer's voice--"no more people need to get hurt", "this ends today"--he called us The Final Girls.

TED

I don't follow?

GALE

Sounds like this killer is targeting survivors of previous sprees.

TED

Do you think that could also mean families connected to the sprees because, um, I have kind of a weird connection.

GALE

Oh? I take it that's why you introduced yourself as Ted and not Detective--

TED

--Freeman. Detective Freeman.

Gale's gaze shifts.

GALE

Related to Amber Freeman?

TED

Yes. She was--she was my daughter.

GALE

Well, shit.

TED

There's some other--pertinent--information about Kirby Reed's attack I'd like to share with you. But you need to promise that this is off-the-record.

Gale squirms in her seat, intrigued.

Ted shows Gale a photograph of KIRBY REED laying in a hospital bed. Injured, but alive.

TED (CONT'D)

Kirby Reed survived her attack. She's requested that we keep that knowledge a secret. She had a gut feeling that whoever did this was not working alone, and based on that call you received today, her gut was right.

INT. BLACKMORE UNIVERSITY, BOOKSTORE - DAY

An eager MINDY MEEKS-MARTIN sits with CARLY (19, pretty, confident, fun) at a cafe booth inside of the CAMPUS BOOKSTORE. APRIL (20, loving, observant) is stocking shelves behind them, obviously an employee.

CARLY

So let me get this straight, Rachel Bliss comes to our campus to harass you?

MINDY

Uh-huh.

CARLY

Throws around the idea of a conspiracy theory involving your friend who tried to kill you?

MINDY

(nodding)  
That's right.

CARLY

And now you're... meeting with her?

MINDY

And you're both going to be here to support me, and to calm me down if necessary.

CARLY

I might not be of help here. I'm gonna geek out, Mindy, I'm obsessed with Rachel's true crime content.

APRIL

What made you suddenly change your mind about meeting with her?

MINDY

Something that Tara and Chad probably don't even know about yet...

Mindy whips out her phone -- headline: "WOODSBORO SURVIVOR KILLED; ASSAILANT ALSO DECEASED"

CARLY

What the fuck?



MINDY

It was another killer in a Ghostface mask. Kirby Reed was a legend in Woodsboro High--the sole survivor of the 2011 killings--and now she's toast.

April approaches, concern in her eyes. She drapes her arms around Mindy's shoulders.

CARLY

I mean, it's better to be safe than sorry.

April kisses Mindy's cheek and removes herself, looking skeptical.

APRIL

What is even your motive for meeting with her, Mindy?

MINDY

(shrugs)

If you can't beat 'em, join 'em.

Carly laughs at this.

MINDY (CONT'D)

Maybe Miss Bliss can dig into what happened to Kirby and we can help make sure it keeps a new iteration of Ghostface very far away from us.

CARLY

(assured)

Whoever did it is dead, Mindy.

MINDY

For now. Until the next one decides to show their eternally-frozen-in-faux-fear face to mock me yet again.

CARLY

Alright ladies, I'm gonna shower before class. I'll see you all later. Don't pick any fights, Mindy.

MINDY

No promises.

INT. HOTEL POOL - DAY

RACHEL BLISS (late 20s, whip-smart) is lounging at a hotel pool at some bougie hotel in NY, on a chair by the indoor pool. She's on the phone with someone.

RACHEL

Bliss here. What's the word for tonight?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. CARLY'S APARTMENT - DAY

GIDEON (20, party boy) is sitting on his bed, talking with RACHEL on the other end. We hear the shower going in the background.

GIDEON

Party's still going on. Want me to keep an eye on roomie and her friends still?

RACHEL (O.S.)

Yeah, just report back to me when you hear anything. Looking for anyone specifically into Reddit...

GIDEON

I've been really good about not asking too many questions since you scoped me out and recruited me to spy on them... but this has to be about Tara Carpenter, doesn't it? The amount of money you're offering me... the potential for sex...

We hear the shower turn off. Gideon gets antsy.

RACHEL (O.S.)

...No one ever said anything about that last one, sweetie. Don't hold your breath.

GIDEON

...A boy can dream. I know what you do for a living, Rachel, I'm not dumb.

CARLY exits the bathroom, wearing only a towel. She waves at Gideon.

CARLY  
Good mornin'...

She notices he's on the phone. Eyes widen, looks apologetic, mouths to him: *Oh, sorry!*

INT. HOTEL POOL - DAY

RACHEL  
Tara Carpenter has a lot of  
baggage.

Rachel waits for a reaction.

RACHEL (CONT'D)  
Someone around?

GIDEON (O.S.)  
Mhmm, yeah. Sounds great. I'd love  
to take Calc next semester...

RACHEL  
I'll take that as a yes. Just keep  
your mouth shut, and your ears  
open. I'll be peeking around  
tonight at that party. I've got a  
gut feeling and if there's anything  
I learned from my old pal Gale  
Weathers, it's to trust my gut.

Rachel hangs up, closes her eyes, and stretches out on the  
chair. She smiles with self-satisfaction.

INT. PHARMACY - DAY

SAM stands at the counter of her pharmacy.

PHARMACIST  
New prescription?

SAM  
Um, yeah.

PHARMACIST  
This stuff is pretty strong for a  
petite thing like yourself. Your  
doctor sure about this one?

SAM  
Yeah, we discussed it.

PHARMACIST

Lots of possible side-effects.  
Don't drive for a while, you could  
kill somebody.

SAM

Yeah, the blackouts. I'm aware.  
Thanks.

Sam grabs the bag from the pharmacist, who watches her head  
out.

PHARMACIST

If you need anything, give us a  
call.

SAM

Will do. Thank you.

The pharmacist looks at a coworker, eyebrows raised, judg-y.

EXT. BLACKMORE UNIVERSITY, COURTYARD - DAY

TARA, CHAD, ENDER, and APRIL are walking together through the  
campus. Reporters are everywhere. Tara and Chad look  
concerned.

APRIL

Is that who I think it is?

ENDER

Huh? Who? I can't see--

CHAD

Need me to lift you up, munchkin?

TARA

Uh-oh. No way.

We pan through the crowd and see GALE WEATHERS in a bright  
blue pantsuit, camera facing her.

GALE

A Woodsboro survivor's life has  
been claimed in a deadly attack in  
Michigan. David Ramirez, a  
Woodsboro resident with a deadly  
connection to the Carpenter sisters  
who were at the forefront of the  
last Ghostface massacre, was the  
attacker. But based on the call I  
received this morning on my show,  
this isn't over...

Tara overheard all of this. Something about 'David Ramirez' caused her face to twitch. Angrily, she storms over to Gale. We see SAM scurrying toward her in the background.

TARA

What the hell are you doing?

GALE

My job.

TARA

Well I'd appreciate it if you kept my name and my sister's name out of your mouth--

GALE

Whatever happened to letting those fuckers die in anonymity? Then you had to go and be a consultant for the next STAB movie, which thankfully fell apart anyway...

SAM

That's rich, coming from you. C'mon Tara, we don't need to hear this, let's go--

GALE

Dewey deserved better. He deserved not to be overshadowed by those inbreds. He was a hero. He was... he was my better half.

Tara winds round, looks Gale in the face. There's a beat here.

TARA

Yeah. At least your better half had integrity. Air that to your dwindling audience.

Tara and Sam storm off. A bewildered Chad, Ender, and April follow.

EXT. BLACKMORE UNIVERSITY, PARKING LOT - DAY

Sam waves casually to Tara's friends. Chad waves, Ender and April wave back *uncomfortably*.

CHAD

Mindy and I'll pop by tonight. We can run through your lines.

TARA  
Sounds good.

ENDER  
(innocently)  
If at any point, you know, we could  
be invited over, or you could come  
hang at the dorms with us, I could  
always help with lines too.

APRIL  
(shooting Ender a look)  
Tact, man.

Ender looks at his feet, embarrassed.

SAM  
Not happening. Let's go, Tara.

Tara starts to walk, but she stops at Ender.

TARA  
That was sweet. Thanks.

Ender smiles back at her. As Tara walks back toward the car,  
Chad slaps Ender upside the head playfully.

CHAD  
Nice, dude. Don't piss off Sam.  
You'll lose your shot...

ENDER  
Ow. Okay, okay, sorry.

INT. SAM'S CAR - DAY

SAM and TARA are in the car together, Tara looks like she's  
fighting through annoyance.

SAM  
I'm, uh, I'm sorry about that back  
there. Your friends seem nice, it's  
just--

TARA  
(interjecting)  
I get it. It's fine. I trust them,  
I wish you would trust my judgment  
once in a while. And Chad's, and  
Mindy's. We went through the same  
shit, too.

Sam gets quiet. Tara tries to unease the tension.

TARA (CONT'D)  
 You're gonna come to the show  
 though, right?

Sam smiles. Not a big confidence booster for Tara, though.

SAM  
 Of course. Of course I'll be there.

Off Tara's glance:

INT. APARTMENT COMPLEX HALLWAY - EVENING

SAM is doing LAUNDRY. She exits the room where laundry is done communally in her building, and bumps into DAMIEN. The handsome neighbor she was eyeing early.

DAMIEN  
 Didn't mean to spook ya, sorry.

SAM  
 No, it's okay. You're good.

DAMIEN  
 5D, right? I'm 5A. You might not recognize me with the shirt and all.

Sam stops for a moment, laughs. Then:

SAM  
 You know, I knew there was something different about you.

DAMIEN  
 I'm Damien.

SAM  
 Sam.  
 (back to small talk)  
 It is a nice shirt.

The shirt is for a theater troupe. Sam's taking note.

DAMIEN  
 I'm pretty proud of it.

SAM  
 You're an actor?

DAMIEN  
 I am. On weeknights I tend bars just to complete the cliché.  
 (MORE)

DAMIEN (CONT'D)

Just another out-of-work actor  
trying to find my purpose.

SAM

Lot of that going around.

DAMIEN

What about you?

SAM

I'm not... studying anything or  
doing anything, really. My sister  
goes to school here; it's a long  
story.

She waves it off casually. Damien raises an eyebrow.

DAMIEN

A long story you would be  
interested in telling me? Or a  
long story that's none of my  
business and I should just fuck  
off.

SAM

Well... can I get back to you on  
that?

DAMIEN

You absolutely can. Hey I get it  
though, y'know. Family can be  
rough.

SAM

You have no idea.

TARA (O.S.)

Sam! You should get up here!

DAMIEN

Is everything ok?

SAM

I don't know, but you shouldn't  
really care about that anyway. I  
highly recommend that you stay away  
from me.

DAMIEN

Not sure how to say this in the  
least creepy-est way possible, but:  
What if I don't want to?



He's charming, and Sam hates him for it right now. She shakes her head.

SAM

I don't know who I can trust. And I don't know you, so...

DAMIEN

...so don't trust anyone.  
(nods)  
Got it.

He gives a smile, waves at her, and exits. Sam watches him go, before going into her room.

INT. SAM'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

SAM, TARA, MINDY, and CHAD stand around the TV as the news report of KIRBY and GALE plays. Mindy is on her phone.

MINDY

...True crime is the new horror. The current obsession. Everyone's watching their informative murder porn--

CHAD

*South Park* coined the term. Not letting you take credit for it.

MINDY

...Hush!  
(continuing)  
Anyway, a Ghostface offs a previous survivor, threatens one of the legacy survivors--this has gotta be connected to Rachel Bliss.

SAM

Rachel who?

MINDY

The true crime podcaster who came to town last week. She followed me around, trying to get info on what happened in Woodsboro. That's gotta be it!

TARA

Mindy, I'm sorry but you're going way too fast here, I don't follow--

CHAD

She's right. It makes sense.

Tara and Sam share a glance, confused as fuck.

MINDY

Thank you!

CHAD

She's trying to make the true crime, targeting the survivors of previous Ghostface murder sprees.

MINDY

Let's face it, that's gotta be a serial killer's goldmine, right? Target the Final Girls. That's what he called us on Gale's phone call this morning...

CHAD

Kinda offended here.

SAM

And outnumbered.

Chad just shrugs.

SAM (CONT'D)

You guys should just skip classes. Cut everyone off. It's not safe.

TARA

What? Are you serious? So I can't have friends but you can flirt with the shirtless guy across the hall and that's okay?

SAM

We just talked in the hallway, Tara. It's not that serious. And I turned him down.

Sam sighs.

SAM (CONT'D)

Maybe I'm overreacting. But we need to be safe. I don't trust anyone but you guys. Just the four of us. We have to stick together if shit continues to hit the fan.

CHAD

I mean, who knows? Coulda just been some weirdo playing an unfunny prank on Gale this morning. I'm all for being safe but man... I don't wanna live my life in fear forever that some copycat psycho is gonna gut me.

Mindy nods in agreement.

MINDY

We'll keep in touch though. Chad and I can stop by here every night.

CHAD

We can even get Tara home so you don't have to leave Sam, if you're worried about it.

Sam looks overwhelmed. Tara just comes up and hugs her sister. A tender moment.

SAM

Sounds like a good idea.

CHAD

We'll see ya.

Chad and Mindy shuffle out. Sam's phone starts to ring. She wipes away tears, smiles at Tara. She picks it up.

SAM

Hello?

VOICE

Hello, Samantha.

Sam's eyes widen. She puts her phone on SPEAKER. Tara listens in.

VOICE (CONT'D)

Oh. Poor Samantha. Watching as your sister gets to live her life, move on, while you wallow, drowning in pity, guilt, self-hatred and fear. The truest of tragedies not even a Theater minor can top. The biggest tragedy of this whole movie, though? You were right.

SAM

Fuck you.

Sam hangs up. She sighs. Tara stares at her, wide-eyed.

TARA  
Well, shit.

EXT. CAMPUS COURTYARD - MORNING

A large, wide open area. MINDY, CHAD, ENDER, CARLY, and APRIL are all here, lounging in the grass. TARA is strolling in, we follow her.

CARLY  
Well, look who decided to show her pretty little face. Hey, girl.

TARA  
Ugh, sorry, I had to escape Alcatraz.

MINDY  
I could tell she was going to start being difficult.

CHAD  
She just cares a lot, that's all. When things start to die down and cool off, I'm sure she'll relax and be cool.

APRIL  
I'm honestly surprised you made it.

TARA  
If she had her way, I wouldn't have.

CARLY  
You have to find a way to get to the mixer tonight. It's freaking Halloween, Tara, and we got matching costumes--!

TARA  
I know, I know. I'll do my best.

MINDY  
(shrugs)  
Don't even bother trying to convince her, just sneak out. You'd be wasting your breath.

APRIL

Can we talk about maybe something more positive? Anyone got anything good?

ENDER

Oh! My mid-term interview with Bruce for the radio show is in like fifteen-ish minutes and I think April and I've got it in the bag.

CHAD

Sick, dude. You two have the highest ratings in Blackmore U radio history, right?

MINDY

So like, eleven people?

April nudges her.

APRIL

(a good sport)  
Actually, twelve!  
(beat)  
My interview is scheduled right after yours, actually. Good luck, Ender.

ENDER

Thanks, you too. But we don't need it!

They fist-bump.

CARLY

In other news, I think Gideon's finally getting over our one-night stand...

APRIL

Cute. Super charming.

MINDY

(impressed)  
Honey, you're starting to sound more like me.

APRIL

You're rubbing off on me.

MINDY

You know you love it.

ENDER

I better head off now. I'll uh,  
I'll see you guys tonight then?

CHAD

Later, tater.

ENDER

Gotta scoot, my newt.

Ender heads off.

MINDY

You two are so cute, Chad. We sure  
I'm the gay twin?

April snuggles her.

APRIL

Yeeeeahhhh.

CARLY

Ender is actually going to a party  
tonight? Who convinced him?

CHAD

Mostly me, but his incentive was  
that Tara would be there.

Tara rolls her eyes.

CHAD (CONT'D)

He's so into you, Tare, come on.  
Give it a shot.

TARA

I don't know, Chad, after Sam and  
Richie and then me and Amber...

CARLY

Wait. Tara, you swing both ways?

TARA

I had a... brief fling with my best  
friend back home. The one who tried  
to kill me.

CARLY

Okay. Slay.

TARA

Not punny.  
(beat)

(MORE)

TARA (CONT'D)

Ender's nice. I... don't know if I'm ready for that.

MINDY

Is it you you're speaking for, or helicopter mom?

Mindy gestures. They all look. Sam's car is parked in the lot nearby. Tara sighs.

TARA

Let's get to class early. She can't stare at me if I'm inside.

They pack up.

INT. AUDITORIUM - DAY

TARA, CHAD, ENDER are seated together. GIDEON is also here, among a different crowd of students behind them, keeping a watchful eye. PINKA (mid-60s, poised, virile) is the professor, talking to his class.

PINKA

...Now before I run through the scenes with all of you again, I'd like to speak to Tara and Chad, please. While I take them backstage, I need each of you to run through, practice your lines individually.

Chad and Tara exchange looks before heading off. Ender watches. So does Gideon.

INT. AUDITORIUM, BACKSTAGE - DAY

PINKA addresses TARA and CHAD.

PINKA

I've been keeping up with the news. How are you two holding up?

CHAD

Um... good, I guess. We didn't know Kirby. So...

PINKA

I heard a rumor.

CHAD

Oh yeah?

PINKA

Yeah, that she faked her death. Is hiding, to guarantee her safety. Smart cookie, if it's true. Rachel Bliss has been going on about it in her podcast--

TARA

We're doing fine, thank you.

PINKA

Some... representatives from the canceled STAB continuation came by, they're offering to do some memorabilia showcase at our show. They offered a very generous donation.

TARA

And you accepted? I'm sorry Mister Pinka, but we danced with the devil before and we don't want anything to do with that again.

PINKA

I know you consulted with them on their canceled project, and then turn your backs when Gale Weathers decided to sue and stir up so much controversy with Sidney Prescott to try and get the movies banned from circulation. There was a lot of drama, assuredly, but there will be a cash payout for the both of you. Mindy and Sam, too. The University is very privy to the traumatic events you endured and we...

TARA

(interrupting)

Professor, is this discussion even necessary? It doesn't really sound like we have much of a say here.

Hesitantly, Pinka sighs.

PINKA

Unfortunately, no. This was to serve more like a warning than anything else.

CHAD

We'll still be there. Right, Tara?



Tara's conflicted. But then:

TARA

Yeah. We'll be there. I don't want to talk with those people, though. Chad and I have been through enough.

PINKA

Of course.

EXT. FRAT HOUSE - NIGHT

Establishing. A busy party street, in the nighttime. Pumpkins. Halloween lights and banners line the street.

CARLY is dressed as Glinda the Good Witch in a cute pink dress with a wand. MINDY and APRIL are twinning as TETHERED from Jordan Peele's "US", a cute couple's costume.

RACHEL

Cute costumes, ladies.

RACHEL BLISS approaches from behind. All cocky and shit. Mindy isn't having it.

MINDY

What are you doing here?

CARLY

Oh my god, Rachel fucking Bliss. I'm like, your biggest fan, you have no fucking clue. Sign my bra. Please.

Rachel brushes Carly aside, who frowns, approaching Mindy.

RACHEL

I'm trying to get the scoop, since you left me on "Read" last time we talked... who's StabHead?

MINDY

I told you before that I have no idea what you're talking about.

RACHEL

The recruiter. The mastermind. The one who got away. Richie Kirsch and Amber Freeman weren't smart enough to plan out a spree, they just got lucky that everything fell into place for them as well as it did.

(MORE)

RACHEL (CONT'D)

Someone else got them together,  
pulled the strings. A STAB  
subreddit lurker calling himself  
StabHead. An account that  
disappeared conveniently later--

MINDY

My friends and I have nothing to do  
with that. Leave us alone.

RACHEL

Maybe I'm not throwing suspicion at  
you? Seems a bit guilty.

Carly and April both shoot Mindy worried looks.

APRIL

She's not worth it, Mindy, let's  
just go have fun.

RACHEL

Someone who planned to get away, to  
not get caught. I don't even know  
if Richie or Amber knew who  
StabHead was. They were smart,  
stayed anonymous.

GALE (O.S.)

Rachel, you heard them.

GALE WEATHERS approaches.

GALE (CONT'D)

Leave them alone. Crawl back to the  
hole you came from.

MINDY

What are you still doing here?

GALE

(to Mindy, Carly, April)  
Keeping an eye on you three. Go  
have fun.

(re: Rachel)

I'll handle this weasel.

Mindy's glance stays on Gale, even as April and Carly drag  
her to the party. We're left with Gale and Rachel.

RACHEL

Still bitter I left your side?  
Started my own journey?

(MORE)

RACHEL (CONT'D)

Found a lead on a previously-thought open-and-shut case that was right under your nose?

GALE

I didn't need you, never did. I poured a lot of heart and resources into making you the best you could be. To mentor you. Then you stabbed me in the back, talked shit about me... just to steal ratings.

RACHEL

I learned from the best.

That hurt.

GALE

I've done a lot of shit in my time, and it always came back to bite me in the ass. Leave these kids alone. You can investigate whatever breadcrumbs you're following without involving them. They deserve to live their lives. Isn't that what your whole show is about? Emphasizing the victims, not the killers. Show that you practice what you preach.

RACHEL

It does mean a lot that you've listened to the show, Gale. I'm gonna continue to do things my way, you can proceed however you wish. But your old-school reporting isn't going to match up to me. You're just... irrelevant now.

GALE

That will happen the day hell freezes over. You want to make this a contest? Fine. But it's in your best interest to leave them out of this. I can and will involve the authorities.

Rachel huffs off.

INT. SAM'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

SAM is on the couch, sleeping. She's blacked out. Her pill bottle is spilled on the table. TARA, dressed in a witch costume, looks at her, sadness in her eyes.

A text from CARLY rolls through:

*OMG, totally forgot about buddy system. I'm already at the party. I feel so bad.*

Tara sighs. Of course. She types back:

*It's fine. I'll head there myself.*

Carly replies:

*Ok, I'll walk you back! See you soon, XO*

She hesitates before leaving.

EXT. SAM'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

TARA exits the building and makes her way to the SUBWAY entrance, descending down the stairs.

EXT. FRAT HOUSE - NIGHT

We track TARA, walking down the street from the exit of a subway station some time later. She approaches the frat house. Tara's phone begins to ring. She picks up, smiling.

TARA  
Hello? Mindy?

MINDY (O.S.)  
Where the fuck are you?

TARA  
Literally about to walk in. Carly was supposed to pick me up. Buddy system and all... but she forgot. What's wrong?

MINDY (O.S.)  
I can't find Chad, I'm kinda worried. Are you almost here?

TARA  
Yeah, I'm approaching the house now.

MINDY (O.S.)  
 We're in the living room, make a  
 right as you walk in.

TARA  
 Okay, okay, I'm coming in. Try not  
 to freak, Mindy. I'm sure Chad's  
 fine.

Tara hangs up, slides her phone back in her hand bag. She  
 starts up the stairs to the frat house.

POV: Someone across the street. Watching.

INT. FRAT HOUSE, FOYER - NIGHT

GIDEON strolls through a crowd in the party, decked out in  
 neon glowsticks strewn around his neck and appendages. He  
 lifts a beer in each hand--double-fisting--as he passes the  
 group.

He stops when he sees MINDY, APRIL, and ENDER (in a SCOTT  
 PILGRIM costume).

GIDEON  
 My dear friend Mindy, it's been a  
 true pleasure getting to know you--

MINDY  
 You're drunk, you're creepy, and  
 I'm a lesbian. Oh, and not to  
 mention, I'm not in the mood for  
 dealing with your shit. Have you  
 seen my brother?

GIDEON  
 He wandered upstairs I think. I  
 just saw him, I swear--

April sees the concern on Mindy's face, holds her hand.

TARA enters. On Ender's smile:

ENDER  
 Hey.

TARA  
 Hey, guys. Any news on Chad?

APRIL  
 Last I saw him was with Vanessa.  
 That weird girl. Maybe we should  
 go up and see if we can find him?

MINDY  
 Alright, sounds good.

Mindy and April take off, leaving a bobbing-to-the-music Gideon with Tara and Ender.

GIDEON  
 You still hosting that radio show,  
 Ender?

ENDER  
 Yeah. You listen?

GIDEON  
 Nah, was just asking.

ENDER  
 Oh. Okay. Cool. What're you  
 supposed to be?

Eyes on Tara now:

GIDEON  
 Neon.

TARA  
 Neon's a costume now? Just plain  
 old neon?

GIDEON  
 It's a play on words. I'm a  
 Chemistry major.  
 (beat)  
 Wanna head off with me, Tara?

TARA  
 No, I'm good. Where's your more-  
 tolerable co-ed roommate that  
 you're totally not fucking?

GIDEON  
 Carly just refuses to make things  
 exclusive! Co-ed roommates are  
 impossible, yo. She's wandering  
 around.

TARA  
 Well, go chase after her, then.  
 Goodbye, Gideon.

Gideon waves her off and exits. Tara smiles at Ender.

TARA (CONT'D)

I know this isn't your scene. I'm sorry we dragged you out.

Tara's eyes fall on a pair of GHOSTFACES in the crowd. She shudders. Ender sees this, tries to turn on the humor to comfort his friend. He steps in front of her vision, to try and distract her.

ENDER

(dripping with sarcasm)  
Socializing, drinking til you're reduced to nothing but a total douchebag. You kidding? Totally my scene.

Tara laughs. Truly appreciative.

ENDER (CONT'D)

Buddy system is crucial. I'm sorry Carly ditched you.

TARA

I should've expected it. A party this big... Carly couldn't wait. Thanks for being so understanding, Ender.

ENDER

No problem. I'm gonna use the bathroom, I'll be right back, okay?

Off her smile...

INT. FRAT HOUSE, 2ND FLOOR HALLWAY - NIGHT

MINDY and APRIL made it upstairs, moving past party people.

MINDY

We'll be better off if we split up here, text me if you see him.

APRIL

Will do.

INT. FRAT HOUSE, BEDROOM - NIGHT

MINDY is walking through the upstairs hallway, pushing past people and leading her into a BEDROOM.

MINDY

Hello?

She sees nobody. Turns on the light. Still nobody. Her face reads satisfaction with this result.

INT. FRAT HOUSE, 2ND STORY HALLWAY - NIGHT

We're on CHAD MEEKS-MARTIN. His costume is a FOOTBALL PLAYER. Kind of ironic. He's with a girl, VANESSA (20, dark aura) in the crowd. She's in a PUNK/EMO costume. They're dancing on each other. Obviously drunk.

CHAD

This is fun! We should do this more often--

VANESSA

You're awkward to dance with.

CHAD

Well, that's actually kind of rude. Just a couple of years ago, I got stabbed seven times, so forgive me if my dancing skills aren't so refined. Severed nerves and all.

Vanessa gives him a look and drifts away into the crowd of dancers, away from Chad. He sulks, defeated.

CHAD (CONT'D)

Seriously? You seemed like the type that would find that shit attractive. Fuck.

Chad turns around to see APRIL, who shakes her head at him. She's surprised him, so he gasps a bit.

APRIL

Scars are typically cute, but the whole "seven times" thing gives off a vibe that maybe you deserved it.

CHAD

You scared the shit out of me. Do I bring up my stab wounds a lot? Sorry, drinking unearths trauma for me.

APRIL

Let's go, homie. Big sis is worried.

He groans pitifully.



CHAD

I was born first, you know. Don't  
let her fool you...

She puts an arm around him and helps guide him out of the crowd.

ELSEWHERE, SAME FLOOR:

FOLLOW GIDEON through a crowd. He takes a swig of one of his two drinks. He reels, falling back.

GIDEON

Yo.

The room starts to spin. He's not doing too good. He leans against the wall.

CARLY is dressed in a pink dress and holds a magic wand. She taps Gideon's head, not even noticing he looks like death.

CARLY

I bless you with my--

GIDEON

(interrupting)

Seriously, Carly, can't you see I look like total shit? I'm gonna puke on you if you don't shut up.

CARLY

No need to be an asshole.

GIDEON

Says the Wicked Bitch of the East.

CARLY

I'm Glinda, the good witch. I'm so damn good that I'll lead you to the nearest bathroom. You've drank too much, my child.

She grabs him by the arm and helps him through the party crowd. She takes him to the bathroom door, opens it.

As Gideon rushes in and shuts the door behind him, we hear WRETCHING noises from inside almost immediately.

Carly just spins her wand at the doorknob and backs away with a bow, chuckling.

CARLY (CONT'D)

Good luck in there...!

INT. FRAT HOUSE, 2ND STORY BATHROOM - NIGHT

GIDEON is draped over the toilet. He's groaning.

GIDEON  
This isn't normal, fam. Someone  
did something to my drink. CARLY?!  
YOU STILL THERE? CARLY?

Someone starts banging on the door. He groans.

GIDEON (CONT'D)  
Carly?

His phone rings. RACHEL is on the caller ID.

GIDEON (CONT'D)  
Fucking bitch--

He answers, though, changing his tone:

GIDEON (CONT'D)  
Hey, what's up?

RACHEL (O.S.)  
Any update? Hear any tea?

GIDEON  
Nope. But I'm kinda in a precarious  
situation right now so I don't know  
how well I'll be able to  
investigate anything for you.

INT. SUBWAY - NIGHT

RACHEL is walking through the subway system, frowning.

RACHEL  
Gale Weathers is nosing around like  
some weird security guard, so I had  
to dip. I need you, Gideon.

No response.

RACHEL (CONT'D)  
Gideon?

Click.

RACHEL (CONT'D)  
Fuck!

INT. FRAT HOUSE, 2ND STORY BATHROOM - NIGHT

GIDEON is slumped over. Completely drugged out of his mind, over the toilet seat. His phone has fallen to the ground. He's dry heaving, weezing.

The bathroom door flies open. GHOSTFACE steps in, shutting the door behind him. Unlike the fucked-up Gideon before him, Ghostface TURNS the lock and it CLICKS.

GHOSTFACE continues to loom over a dizzied, dazed GIDEON, who is rambling on into the toilet bowl, to no one in particular.

GIDEON  
Somebody drugged me, man... Rachel,  
I can't...

Ghostface tilts his head, facing the shower. A clothesline hangs there, with some clothes that needed to dry off. An idea.

Gideon continues to spit and cough. Ghostface suddenly takes the top of the toilet seat and SLAMS it onto the back of Gideon's head. Ghostface YANKS the clothesline off and WRAPS the wiring around Gideon's neck.

Gideon is choking, vomit leaking from his lips. Ghostface keeps pulling, yanking, with all his might until we hear a sickening SNAP from Gideon's neck and his body goes LIMP.

INT. FRAT HOUSE, 2ND FLOOR HALLWAY - NIGHT

MONSTER MASH is playing over loud speakers. APRIL is hauling CHAD through the hallway. A HELPFUL PARTY KID dips in, helps her carry him.

HELPFUL PARTY KID  
Damn, he's pretty fucked.

APRIL  
Yeah, he went a little too hard.  
Thanks for your help.

Chad sees the twin GHOSTFACES, his eyes widen in drunken terror. He's so distracted he doesn't notice the GHOSTFACE carrying a limp GIDEON passing in the other direction.

We follow GHOSTFACE now, carrying Gideon's DEAD body through the crowd. People are cheering. Ghostface positions it like he's carrying a passed-out friend. People laugh, teasingly boo, and react:

PASSERBY

Dude, Gideon. Not again!

Ghostface brings Gideon to a BANISTER, overlooking the--

INT. FRAT HOUSE, FOYER - NIGHT

--FOYER.

On TARA, still in the foyer. She's socializing with other friends. A few moments pass before:

Gideon's dead body SMASHES into the glass table beside Tara and the other girls. Screams erupt. Chaos ensues.

INT. FRAT HOUSE, 2ND FLOOR HALLWAY - NIGHT

APRIL and HELPFUL PARTY KID are struggling with CHAD as the chaos ensues. MINDY swoops in out of nowhere through the crowd.

MINDY

What the fuck is going on?

APRIL

I don't know, did you hear that crash? We just need to get Chad out of here, he's really messed up.

They get him down the stairs, reaching:

INT. FRAT HOUSE, FOYER - NIGHT

The FOYER. They pass Gideon's body, rushing through the chaos. Mindy reacts audibly:

MINDY

Oh, shit!

EXT. FRAT HOUSE - NIGHT

Sometime after the chaos unfolded, AMBULANCES and POLICE have arrived.

CHAD is being loaded into an ambulance. He's still groggy, but he looks like he's coming to.

MINDY watches, genuine worry on her usually-composed face. APRIL holds her tight, TARA looks out of breath, ENDER and CARLY are confused and mortified.

They watch as the body bag is rolled out.

TED  
Tara Carpenter?

DETECTIVE TED FREEMAN approaches. Recognition in Tara's eyes:

TARA  
Mister Freeman?

TED  
Not really a reunion I was ever expecting to have, but yes. I'm sorry we have to do this under these circumstances. Can you and your friends come down to the station with me, please?

GALE stands nearby. She's choosing to be quiet here.

INT. SUBWAY - NIGHT

RACHEL BLISS walks through the subway alone. No one is around. She checks her phone--the time states clearly that it's 2:35 AM. Approaches a stopped subway train, boards.

INT. SUBWAY TRAIN - NIGHT

RACHEL is alone in this compartment. The train moves along its path. She's trying to call GIDEON. Obviously, she won't get an answer.

RACHEL  
Damn it.

She peers up, looking into the next compartment. A sleeping HOMELESS MAN is the only person there. In the car following it, she gasps -- noticing GHOSTFACE.

RACHEL (CONT'D)  
What the fuck?

The train is continuing on its way. Ghostface enters the next car. Passes the homeless man, brandishing his KNIFE.

RACHEL (CONT'D)  
Oh, fuck.

The train starts to come to a stop. Rachel stands right by the door, tapping her foot.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

Come on... come on!

The door DINGS and slides open. Rachel bolts it, phone in her hand.

INT. SUBWAY - NIGHT

RACHEL runs out of the subway train, bolting it. She is dialing 9-1-1 on her phone, while screaming out to NO ONE:

RACHEL

HEELLLLPPP!! HELP MEEEEEE!!!

She wall-hugs a wide pole as GHOSTFACE exits the train car, her back to him. We see Ghostface approaching from the other side. Rachel holds her breath, then --

-- slides over to the next pole. Ghostface is approaching, coming toward her --

-- she moves to the next one, covering her mouth with her hands. We don't see Ghostface in this shot, until he PEEKS around the corner behind her.

Rachel sees him, SHRIEKS, and swings her phone. He just catches her arm. She yanks away before he can swing with his knife, and she bolts...

INT. SUBWAY, LOWER LEVEL - NIGHT

... running down a flight of STAIRS. She's SHRIEKING.

RACHEL

Somebody, please -- fucking help me?! Goddamnit!!

A security guard approaches her at the end of the stairs.

SECURITY

What's going on, ma'am?

RACHEL

Someone is trying to kill me--

GHOSTFACE leaps from a higher step and SLAMS his knife into the security guard's back, rips it out and then jabs him three more times. Rachel bolts, screaming.

The guard falls, dead, and Ghostface looks up to find Rachel, but she's GONE.

ON Rachel now: She is wall-hugging again, hiding out of Ghostface's line of sight. We can hear a train incoming. Another flight of stairs, leading back up a level, are on the whole other side. She's going for the train.

Ghostface is out of sight here, we focus on Rachel and on her terror. The oncoming car is getting closer. We hear it. Rachel is crouching, moving for the train. Her eyes dart back toward the other flight of stairs. Her mind racing. So many options.

Then she stands, and goes for the stairs. Running as fast as she can, until Ghostface SWOOPS --

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

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

RACHEL (CONT'D)

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

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

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

Rachel's mouth opens -- her eyes seem to POP from their sockets and the color leave her face -- staring up at the Ghost mask in a look of pure horror, shock, and pain. It's the last thing he sees as he manages to heave her forward and her body collides with the oncoming TRAIN in a MESS of blood and flesh.