

SCREAM 3

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2nd DRAFT – REVISED

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FADE IN:

A big dramatic crescendo as we --

OPEN ON:

EXT. HOLLYWOOD FREEWAY – SUNSET – AERIAL

Friday night traffic as usual. Things appear to be backed up all the way to the valley. A cacophony of car horns rise up on the soundtrack as we slowly DISSOLVE INTO:

INT. FORD EXPLORER – NIGHT

A new 99' Explorer sits in the midst of the gridlock. Behind the wheel is hot teen heartthrob and Hollywood everybody BEN DAMON. Ben is handsome, studly, in his early 20s. However, aside from being just another pretty face in the city of angels he's also a cocky, arrogant prick. Ben's in the middle of a heated argument on his cell with his Agent, Cathy.

BEN

(into cell)

God dammit Cathy I have no time for this crap!
I'm supposed to be at the premiere of STAB 2 right
Now, arm and arm with my girlfriend cause she's got
a bit part in that over advertised piece of shit and
I'm just going to humor her. You mena to tell me that
in all your squandering the best you can do for me is
A bit role in STAB 3: RETURN TO WOODSBORO?! Come on!
It's just another cheap slasher flick! How dare you
offer me such a role! I've done Shakespeare! I've
worked with directors like DePalma and Scorsesse and
you offer me this crap?! It's insulting. I should
fire you and go to ICM.

CATHY(O.S.)

(off phone)

Ben, I will not sit around and listen to you bad
mouth me! Without me you would've never gotten as
famous as you are today. The least you can do is
show me a little god damn respect.

BEN

(into phone)

You want Respect, Cathy? Here's your respect.
FUCK YOU! You're fired.

(Ben hangs up)

Unfucking believable.

Ben socks the steering wheel out of frustration. The horn blares uncomfortably.

BEN
Stab 3: Return To Woodsboro.
Pah. What's next, Friday The 13TH PART 15:
JASON DOES BROADWAY?

Ben's phone rings. He answers it.

BEN
(into phone)
What's up, B.D. with the B.D.

WOMAN'S VOICE
(off phone)
Hardly as large as I'd like it to be.

BEN
Christine?

CHRISTINE(O.S.)
No, Jennifer Love Hewitt.
Of course it's me, silly.
And I feel like an ass standing
in this theater lobby all by myself.
Where are you babe, the movie starts
in twenty minutes.

BEN
Look, I'm stuck on the freeway. I think
there was some big accident. It could be
a little while so I don't want you to start
freaking if I don't get there at exactly,
(checks watch)
Eight thirty.

CHRISTINE(O.S.)
All I'm saying is I'm gonna be royally
p.o.'d if you don't catch my acting debut.

BEN
(putting up faux-enthusiasm)
Oh I wouldn't miss it for the world.
I bet you did such a great job.

CHRISTINE(O.S.)
I did. Hon, although I got a total of
six minutes screen time, they're the
best six minutes of the movie.

BEN
Heh heh I bet they are babe. I bet they are.
Look, my battery's dying . . .

But of course, we notice Ben's battery is fine, he's just trying to cut the
conversation short.

CHRISTINE(O.S.)
Alright Hon, talk to you when the lights go down.

Ben smiles.

BEN
Sure thing.

Ben hangs up. He reclines back in his seat. Camera slowly pans out the windshield revealing the huge traffic pile up awaiting him. He's not going anywhere.

CLOSE ON GLOVE COMPARTMENT.

Ben opens the glove compartment. Papers scatter out. Ben reaches for a card.

CLOSE ON CARD -

A small white business card: 1-900-WET-4-COCK

Ben smiles, begins to dial out when suddenly, RING RING! The cell comes to life in his hand.

BEN
(startled)
Jesus.
(answers call)
Hello?

VOICE
Hello.

BEN
Who is this?

VOICE
Who is this?

At this point we know who the caller is. It's the nightmarish deep voice we've all come to know and hate from the first two films. It's never sounded so evil. So sexy.

BEN
Well what number are you trying to reach?

VOICE
I don't know.

BEN
I think you got the wrong number, buddy.

VOICE
Do I?

BEN
(peevied)
Uh-huh. Look bro, my battery is running out.
Really wish I could chat, but I can't so, later.

VOICE
Wait, wait. Don't hang up.

BEN

(angrily)
Asshole, Can't talk.

VOICE
But your voice sounds so familiar.

Ben smiles.

BEN
Does it now?

VOICE
You almost sound like that guy from THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT CARRIE. Ben. Ben Damon.

BEN
(smiling profusely)
Well ya got me. That's me. I'm Ben Damon.

VOICE
Really? You're such a talented actor.

BEN
(loves the praise)
Thanks.

VOICE
Now let's see you act your way out of this one.

The voice seems to have changed tones. It now sounds a lot harsher, angrier if you will.

BEN
What do you mean?

VOICE
I mean, I'm standing right outside the LADIES ROOM door at the PLAZA THEATER. Your girlfriend Christine is in there. She's all alone. Everyone's in the auditorium waiting for the film to start.
(laughs coldly)
I've got my knife.

*NOTE: At this point we intercut shots of the empty lobby and halls of the PLAZA THEATER. A POV shot standing outside the LADIES ROOM door.

BEN
(turning pale)
Listen you sick fuck, is this your idea of a joke?

VOICE
More of a game really.

BEN
What kind of a game?

VOICE
You seem to be familiar with the STAB movies.

Here's how we play. I ask you a question.
You get it right, your girlfriend lives.
You answer wrong, she dies.

BEN

I swear to God if you lay a finger on her
I'll fucking kill you!

VOICE

Maybe so, but right now, we play the game.
First question, Your girlfriend's counting on
you, Name your girlfriend's character in STAB 2?

Ben groans. He bangs his head against the steering wheel, if only he'd have
paid attention to Christine he might have known this.

VOICE

Come on. Don't you know?

BEN

(hesitating)

It's CICI! Cici's the name of the character
she plays in the movie!

VOICE

Very good. Now we play ROUND 2.

BEN

What?! But I did everything you said to do!

VOICE

That's right. And you beat ROUND 1. Now we're
taking the game to a whole new level. Meet me
beneath the Hollywood sign in ten minutes.
I'll have your girlfriend. We'll be waiting.

BEN

What?!

VOICE

Good bye Ben.

Click. The killer hangs up. Ben flips open the phone, dials 911. Ringing and
then . . .

RECORDED MESSAGE

(off phone)

Due to the high volume of calls this evening,
Dispatch is temporarily shut down. If this is
not a real emergency please call another dep-

Ben hangs up, dials CHRISTINE's number. RINGING, then--

VOICE

You're not playing by the rules Ben.
Don't you want her to live?

BEN

I swear to God if you lay one hand on her!

VOICE

No! You listen to me, if you're not where I want
you in fifteen minutes I'll hollow her out.
Do you understand?

IN THE B.G. we hear CHRISTINE's horrific screaming.

The killer hangs up. Ben looks ahead, traffic is picking up. He puts the SUV
into gear, peels out the nearest opening, narrowly avoiding collision. His car
screeches down the off ramp.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS - NIGHT

Ben comes screeching around the corner in his FORD EXPLORER. Tires smoking.
Sparks flying. The HOLLYWOOD sign stands like an impending pall in the
awaiting b.g.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOLLYWOOD SIGN - NIGHT

The SUV comes to a screeching halt alongside the hilly, narrow road. Ben jumps
out of his car, cell phone in hand. He looks up at the towering sign standing
ahead of him, contemplates. Does he really wanna go up there? He looks into
his SUV, gets an idea.

THE BACK --

--is opened. Ben reaches in looking for a weapon. AN OLD BEACH CHAIR. Not
gonna do the trick. A pair of old shoes. Nope. Then he finds it, a LOUISVILLE
SLUGGER with "ACTORS AT BAT FOR BRAIN CANCER" written across it.

BEN

(to himself)

Thank God I decided to do some community service.

Ben takes the bat, closes up the back of the SUV. He begins to walk towards
the sign when suddenly --

HIS CELL RINGS.

Ben answers the call.

BEN

(into phone)

Yeah.

VOICE

Very good. You follow directions well.
Now for the final part of the game.
Put down the bat and approach the sign,
slowly.

Ben makes a disgusted face, tosses the bat into the bushes. He approaches the
sign, keeping his eyes trained in all directions.

BEN
(into phone)
Where are you?

VOICE
Closer than you think.

BEN
(into phone)
Alright I'm here. What the fuck do you want
from me?

VOICE
To see your reaction.

BEN
Reaction to what?

Ben passes under the huge, pallid "H" in the sign. What seems at first like a gentle raindrop, beads down Ben's forehead. He rolls back his head, his legs turning to jelly, his eyes widening in horror.

BEN
OHMYGOD! NO!
CHRISTINE --

Has been gutted from neck to groin. She has been fastened to the cross-bar in the "H" with heavy rope. Her lifeless body sways ever so gently in the Southern California wind. Utterly horrified, Ben staggers into the shadows, not seeing --

THE GHOST as he rises from the void, knife in hand. In one quick, brutal stab, the knife is driven into Ben's spine. Ben screams as he's turned around, face to face with his attacker.

BEN
(screaming)
BUT I'M THE KILLER IN STAB 3!

THE GHOST
You just lost the role Ben.
Consider this your parting gift.

AND WITH that, the GHOST drives the bloodstained knife into Ben's heart, causing a vicious eruption of crimson.

CUT TO:

TITLE CARD. "SCREAM 3"

OPEN ON:

EXT. TOTAL ENTERTAINMENT SET - DAY

GALE WEATHERS, the flashy thirty-something news anchor and author of the WOODSBORO MURDERS. She sits behind a desk on the really ditzy, loud set for TOTAL ENTERTAINMENT, an ET style program with a live studio audience.

GALE

Good morning Hollywood. And today officially starts the Summer movie season. Opening the box office this week is Jeff Bridges and Tim Robins in Arlington Street, Eugene Levy and Jason Biggs in American Pastry, and Tori Spelling and David Schwimmer in STAB 2, based off my best selling book the WINDSOR MURDERS.

CAMERA pans across the audience. Many of them are dressed as the GHOST. A sea of white screaming faces. Very eerie and unsettling.

GALE

Well I see a lot of the audience has dressed to the occasion. Today we have director of the upcoming STAB 3: RETURN TO WOODSBORO, Roman Bridger. Why don't we give Mr. Bridger a nice welcome to the set of Total Entertainment.

The crowd goes wild with applause and faux-knife slashes as ROMAN BRIDGER, ravishingly handsome, 29, tall and stocky, enters stage dressed in a flashy white suit. He sits down on a chair beside Gale's desk, places a STAB 3 coffee mug beside Gale's hand.

ROMAN

Good morning Gale. Pleasure to be here.

GALE

It's a pleasure to finally meet you, Roman.

ROMAN

(addressing audience)

Well it's a honor to be here amongst so many fans of the genre. And I must say that any of you worried that Jerry Rapp, or Tori or David not returning to complete the STAB trilogy, have no fear, Roman is here. Aided with my excellent cast of newcomers I believe we're going to pull off one of the best Stabs yet.

GALE

Roman, from your enthusiasm it certainly seems that way.

(a beat)

Honestly though,

(smiles)

tell us, what's your favorite scary movie?

ROMAN

(a long pause)

Honestly, my life.

A eclectic hush falls over the crowd. Roman appears somewhat sinister in this light. Gale gazes deeply into Roman's eyes.

GALE

Your life?

ROMAN

Well if you were in my shoes, dealing with those big Time Sunrise Studio producers like I do on a daily basis, you'd watch how quick your life goes from a Walt Disney picture to a Tobe Hooper flick.

Roman smiles. The true costumed horror film buffs in the audience break into applause. Gale, somewhat distracted, other what not caring what this second rate director has to say, gazes at a costumed individual at the far corner of the set, watching from a half-open exit door. Now it could be just her imagination running away with her and her atmosphere but it almost appears as if the figure is pantomiming slitting his throat with a gleaming blade.

A LOUD BUZZING O.S. Gale is startled out of her skin. She looks up at a sign hanging over the stage. THE WORD "COMMERCIAL BREAK" is illuminated in flashing red light. Gale sighs, looks back to the exit. The GHOST is gone. She turns to Roman.

GALE

Would you excuse me for a moment?

ROMAN

(smiling)

Sure.

Gale bolts for --

INT. BACKSTAGE - TOTAL ENTERTAINMENT SET - DAY

Gale races around the corner of the set, smashing right into -

DETECTIVE MARK KINCAID, L.A.P.D. Mid-thirties. Handsome with piercing eyes. He grabs Gale by her shoulders, shepherding her aside.

GALE

Jesus Christ you scared the shit out of me.

DETECTIVE KINCAID

I'm sorry Miss Weathers. Allow me to introduce myself, MARK KINCAID, L.A.P.D.
(flashes badge)

Are you familiar with the actor Ben Damon, or the actress CHRISTINE PERKINS?

GALE

Well I interviewed Damon once for the show. He was a real obnoxious fuck. Any way, the second one, Christine Perkins, she had a part in Stab 2, didn't she? She was playing CICI.

DETECTIVE KINCAID

Both of them were found brutally murdered this morning under the Hollywood sign. Autopsy reports having come back to me yet but the bodies looked like something out one of the Stab films.

GALE

So is that why you're here? Is that why you're

holding me from my show, to tell me about some brutal homicide I'm not even involved in?

DETECTIVE KINCAID

I wish that was all Miss Weathers, but there's more. The killer left a note.

GALE

A note?

Detective Kincaid reaches into his back pocket, pulls up a newspaper clipping in a ziplock evidence bag. He holds the bag up For Gale to see.

EXTREMELY CLOSE on the ARTICLE . . . "MAUREEN PRESCOTT, MOTHER AND WIFE, FOUND BRUTALLY RAPED AND MURDERED IN BEDROOM". A b/w photo of Sidney's mother Maureen stands hauntingly before the camera.

GALE(O.S.)

That's Sidney Prescott's mother.

DETECTIVE KINCAID(O.S.)

There's more.

Kincaid flips the article over. Someone has scrawled in black marker across the back "SIDNEY".

DETECTIVE KINCAID

I've tried to get in touch with Sidney Prescott, but she's keeping herself very well hidden. You're my one and only hope in finding her. Her life may be in grave danger.

GALE

I'd love to help, really I wouldn't mind being sliced at again by a maniacal psychopath, but I honestly don't know where Sidney is. After Windsor she dropped off the face of the Earth. The only other person that might know is,
(gale hesitates),
not going to talk.

DETECTIVE KINCAID

And who would that be?

CUT TO:

EXT. SUNRISE STUDIOS BACK LOT - DAY

A red BMW convertible speeds through the back lot. Behind the wheel is DEWEY RIELLY. Former Police Officer, turned Technical advisor on the red hot set of . . . STAB 3: RETURN TO WOODSBORO.

All around the lot are promotional banners and posters for the film. Dewey parks his car outside a soundstage, exits.

CUT TO:

INT. STAB 3 SET - DAY

A huge replication of Woodsboro in a building about the size of an airplane

hanger. In one corner we've got the Macher and Prescott homes. In another corner stands the infamous Becker house where the nightmare all began. In other regions are sights like the Town Square and Market, an exterior for the Woodsboro Police Station, A TOP STORY news van, etc.

DEWEY, Enters set, bumping into his movie alter-ego --

TOM PRINZE, a Hollywood poster boy. Very cool. Not so debonair. A shoddy copy of Dewey at best. However, the conversation between the two is friendly, and they exchange greetings.

TOM
Hey Dew, did you hear?

DEWEY
No, what?

TOM
Somebody iced Ben Damon and his girlfriend.

DEWEY
That's Hollywood Tom. One day you're making movies in the hills, the next day you're posing for the coroner downtown on a slab.

Dewey's obviously gotten a lot colder since the last film. He walks past a clique of STAB 3'S MAIN CAST:

There's:

SARAH DARLING: 30, playing a 25 year old bimbo. Very hot. Very blonde. Ample cleavage.

ANGELINA TYLER: 20. Extremely naïve looking. She won her part in STAB 3 playing Sidney through a phone in radio contest. She's timid, with short dark hair. Out of the entire cast, she is the closet to Sidney, they got.

And also the loveable

TYSON JACKSON: late 20's, African-American, all attitude.

The three flip through pages of the STAB 3 script, conversing freely about the production.

SARAH
Goddamnit I am getting so fed up with these re-writes. It's like every five minutes there's a new script. God, and you just know this all because of STAB 2's script winding up on the internet two months after it wrapped shooting.

TYSON
And still the film is Number One at the box office this weekend. Beat out American Pastys and Arlington Street.

ANGELINA
I think Jeff Bridges is getting tired.

TYSON

Nah I think it's doing so damn well because one of it's players got iced. I just hope none of us end up dead.

ANGELINA

Oh that's right. Those poor poor people. God Ben Damon was such a hottie.

TYSON

(sighs)

And that CICI chick wasn't that bad either but I'm really concerned about my safety now.

SARAH

What are you talking about?
The murders were a completely isolated incident.

TYSON

(reading from script)
SCENE 32. INT. CANDY'S LIVING ROOM – NIGHT.
"What are you talking about Ricky, the murders were a completely isolated incident".

SARAH

Would you give that script a rest?
It's like a friggen umbilical cord to you.

TYSON

I'm just saying, though. What if there's someone out there stalking actors? Huh? Then what?

ANGELINA

There's always someone out there stalking actors. Look at that woman from the Commish.

TYSON

Melinda McGraw?

ANGELINA

No, the other one. The one who played his wife.

SARAH

I know who you're talking about. Rebecca something.

ANGELINA

Yeah I think. Anyway, point is, she had a stalker. Sonny Bono had a stalker. David Letterman had one too. So did Heather Langenkamp, Brooke Shields, Jody Foster, --

TYSON

Listen Miss ingénue, your cheering me up to much, Give it a break.

Tom walks into frame, sits down next to Angelina, subtly putting his arm around her. She shoves him away.

TOM

What? What'd I do? Relax your crack sweetheart
I didn't rip those two fucks up last night.
Jeez.

(lights up a smoke)

So what are you doing tonight?

Totally repulsed, Angelina gets up, races off set.

TOM

Talk about moody.

Tom leans back seductively, his crotch in full view, staring at Sarah with bedroom eyes.

TOM

And how about you good looking?
Got any plans for later?

SARAH

Eww yeah, finding a guy to have sex
with that doesn't look like you.

Sarah, following suit laid by Angelina, scampers off set. Tom looks up at Tyson, smoke blowing out his nostrils.

TYSON

Oh no. I ain't into that shit.

Tyson races off set. Tom laughs, covers his face.

CUT TO:

DETECTIVE KINCAID AND GALE.

They walk through the set. Gale's mesmerized. Kincaid is all business.

GALE

Déjà vu-do.

The pair come to a halt on the driveway of what is supposed to be the Macher Residence. Everything from the smashed beer bottles in the garage, to the boat on the driveway is mimicked to a perfect t. Even a foam dummy Of TATUM RIELLY dangles from the doggy door, head squashed a bloody mess.

GALE stares at the swaying dummy, haunted.

VOICE(O.S.)

Well well, someone dies and Gale Weathers
comes running. What a shock.

GALE looks up. DEWEY stands beside her.

DETECTIVE KINCAID

Mr. Rielly? My name is Mark Kincaid.
I'm with the L.A.P.D. Are you aware of last night's
Events?

DEWEY

Yeah. A real tragedy.

Dewey stares daggers through Gale. There is a real bitter coldness between the two.

GALE

Dewey, personal lives and pasts aside,
this is about Sidney. We need to know where she is.

DEWEY

What so you can just exploit her again with another
book? Sid doesn't need you Gale.

GALE

(to Kincaid)

Show him.

DETECTIVE KINCAID

Mr. Rielly, this was found alongside the bodies of
Ben and his girlfriend.

Kincaid hands Dewey the ziplocked clipping. Dewey examines it, his fear slowly growing.

DEWEY

I promised Sid I'd keep her in seclusion.
I promised her nobody would ever find her.
If you don't mind Detective, I'd like to
approach her with this on my own and see
what she'd like to do about it.

Kincaid nods.

DETECTIVE KINCAID

That's fine Mr. Rielly, but if anyone else
should die, I'm going to have to get a warrant.

DEWEY

Understood.
(a beat)
If you'll excuse me Detective.
(coldly)
Gale.

Dewey walks off camera. Kincaid puts his hand on Gale's shoulder.

DETECTIVE KINCAID

I'm going to have a little chat with the
producers. Don't wander off. I may need you.

Gale nods as Kincaid disappears into the backdrop of the set. A Shrill voice
O.S.

WOMAN(O.S.)

GALE WEATHERS! Oh my God!

Jennifer Jolie, an ambitious young starlet, playing GALE in the latest Stab,
rushes towards her, with arms wide open. She's decked out in the flashy neon

green ensemble Gale wore in the first film and even sports a fake shiner on her right eye. Gale is obviously pissed. She knows this actress and doesn't really want to be in her company very long.

Gale
Shit.

Jennifer
Listen, I know we've never met, and
I don't mind you never returning my calls,
but I have to tell you that after two films
I feel like I am in your mind.

Gale
Well, that would explain my constant headaches.

Jennifer
(defensively)
You know I'm sorry that things didn't work out
on '60 Minutes II', but 'Total Entertainment'
that's a pretty good fall back.

Gale
Thank you. I'm sorry that things didn't work out
with Brad Pitt, but being single, that's a pretty
good fall back.

Jennifer
Gives me more time for my work.
After all, Gale Weathers, you're such a complex
character.

Gale
And to be played by an actress with such
depth and range.

Dewey steps back into the picture, cell phone in hand.

Dewey
No answer at Sid's. Where'd
the Detective go?

JENNIFER
(excitedly)
DEWEY!

Gale stares at the couple, just processing things in her head.

Jennifer
(fondles Dewey's butt)
Gale, I think you'll really appreciate
my character work in this one, someone's
helped me understand the real you.

Gale
Someone?

Jennifer
The ruthless ambition, your private

self-loathing, and that lost and lonely
little girl inside.

Gale
Lost and lonely what?

Jennifer
You heard me.
(takes Dewey's cellular)
Thanks Dewey. I'll return it.

Gale
Lost and lonely what?

Dewey
Little girl inside.

Gale
I thought you were supposed to be in
Woodsboro!

Dewey
Well, I'm surprised you thought about me
at all. Listen I gotta get back to
trying to get hold of Sid.
Besides, she's more important than you ever were.

Gale
Wait! Dewey we can work on this together!
As a team! Like in the past!

Dewey
No really Gale, that's a sweet offer, but this
time I'd like to catch the killer before
the body count gets any higher.
(a beat)
Toodles.

Dewey walks away leaving Gale alone. Kincaid enters frame, talking to two producers. The elder, sixty-five year old BUDDY SHAYNE, a towering, hefty man with gray hair. The second, bigwig horror producer JOHN MILTON, a creepy fifty-something with penetrating eyes and a menacing demeanor. The two talk, ignoring Gale the entire time. She's almost eavesdropping on their conversation.

MILTON
I can assure you that security on the set
will be at an all time high. Again, the
deaths are sheer tragedy.

DETECTIVE KINCAID
Well, I'd hate to see the production shut down.
(laughs)
I myself am a big STAB fan.

BUDDY
Really?
(smiles)
Have you ever thought about acting?
You've got just the right face.

DETECTIVE KINCAID

I am kind of dedicated to my job.
Although I do enjoy taking acting
classes on my weekends. I grew up
around these studios anyway. I know
my way around. My Uncle was a screenwriter
for PARAMOUNT.

MILTON

Really, what was his name?

Before Kincaid can finish, Gale butts in.

GALE

Excuse me Detective, I think we have some
business to attend to.

MILTON

(flabbergasted)

GALE WEATHERS?! What are you doing here?

No press on the set!

(to security)

No press, no press on set!

Get that woman out of here.

SECURITY GAURD

(approaching)

Yes, Mr. Milton.

DETECTIVE KINCAID

No, Mr. Milton, Miss Weathers is with me.

Milton nods his head, flags down the guard. He walks away.

MILTON

Well then, I guess I'll be leaving then.

GALE

Oh come on! Why the hostility?

MILTON

Listen Lois Lane, I love your show and
all but last month I happened to catch
your little segment on me and how my wife
left me because I'm a sex addict who
enjoys screwing fifteen year old girls.
It was a real eye opener my lawyers are
still thinking about bringing to your
superior's attentions.

GALE

(shit-eating smile on her face)

They're the ones who approved it.

Milton storms off camera, Buddy following close behind. Gale looks up at
Kincaid.

GALE

Alright Kincaid, no where to?

DETECTIVE KINCAID

I go to the police station and do my job,
and you go back to being Gale Weathers.

GALE

Oh. I thought you wanted me to stick around.

DETECTIVE KINCAID

Look, Miss Weathers, if there's a problem,
give me a call. Here's my card. I'm always there.

Kincaid hands Gale his card, begins to walk out of the building.

GALE

Shit. Can I even get a ride home?

CUT TO:

INT. SIDNEY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

SIDNEY PRESCOTT, the stoic, survivor. Now 24, she lies peacefully in bed, her black lab PETE curled up in a ball at her feet. A noise startles the animal awake. It sets off the bed barking hysterically at --

THE BEDROOM WINDOW

SIDNEY --

--awakens. She squints her eyes to try and make out what her dog is going into conniptions over. Then she sees, and her face loses any trace of color.

MAUREEN PRESCOTT'S GHOSTLY WRAITH is pressed up against the window. She's wearing a tattered, blood soaked night shift. Her voice is muted but her lips are moving as if trying to relay a message to Sidney. Sid's hysterical crying. She slides off her bed, makes her way towards the window when suddenly --

MAUREEN slides down the glass, as if being pulled by something beneath the window sill. Something we don't see . . . yet.

SIDNEY

(crying)

Mom!

Left behind in her wake are five bloody streaks running down the glass. The streaks begin to bleed, as if each wound themselves. They bleed right through the glass. Sidney reaches out to touch them when suddenly --

THE GHOST springs up behind the window, shatters the glass pane with his fist. SIDNEY screams --

AWAKENING IN BED FROM HER NIGHTMARE.

Her dog's barking wildly.

THE WINDOW is fine.

SID crawls out of bed, disappearing out of the room.

CUT TO:

INT. SID'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

Sid's washing up at the sink. She wipes the tears from her eyes. She shuts off the running water, looks up into the mirror. Her demeanor definitely shows the wear and tear of all that's happened to her in her past.

CLOSE on SIDNEY'S WRISTS. Two ugly scars run up Sid's wrists. Battle Scars of a war waged between her own personal demons if you wish. Former Suicide Attempts former engraved on time.

CUT TO:

EXT. SID'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Sid's house is deep within the Napa Valley. Secluded amongst verdant vineyards and orchards that are now covered by the darkness of night. A full moon hangs ominously in the sky above.

A light burns from within the two story farmhouse. A phone dialing out rises in pre-lap as we --

CUT TO:

INT. SID'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Sid sits in a cluttered office. On the wall hangs a poster for the FALL OF TROY (her play from SCREAM 2) and a poster proclaiming WOMEN'S RIGHTS with CALIFORNIA WOMEN'S CRISIS center written beneath that.

A THREE-RING BINDER with a cover boasting CALIFORNIA WOMEN'S CRISIS CENTER is thrown open.

THE PHONE--

SID PUTS ON A HEADSET, dials a number. RINGING.

SIDNEY

(into headset)

This is Laura in Monterey reporting
in for work.

OPERATOR(O.S.)

Alright Laura I'll patch you right
in to a call.

SIDNEY

Thanks.

A click. A woman's voice comes on the other line. It sounds very familiar.

WOMAN(O.S.)

Hello?

SIDNEY

Yes, hi I'm Laura, I'm a trained counselor.
How can I help you.

WOMAN(O.S.)

Laura I think I just killed somebody.

SIDNEY

Are you sure?

WOMAN(O.S.)

Uh-huh I'm sure. I've killed someone!
OH MY GOD I'VE ACTUALLY KILLED SOMEONE!

SIDNEY

Well then the people you need to call are the police.

WOMAN(O.S.)

No I need to call you. Just you.

SIDNEY

I'm sorry, your voice.

WOMAN(O.S.)

Don't you want to know how you can help, Sidney?
(a beat, Sid goes blank)
Are you listening to me, huh?

SIDNEY

Who the fuck is this?

WOMAN(O.S.)

It's mother, Sidney, now be a good
girl and turn on the news. DO IT!

Sid reaches for the remote control, flips on a small TV lying across the
office.

ON THE TV --

A REPORTER stands with the HOLLYWOOD SIGN in the b.g.

REPORTER

The mutilated bodies were discovered late
last night by the L.A.P.D, prominent actor
Ben Damon was slated for a role in the
upcoming STAB 3: RETURN TO WOODSBORO --

Sidney shuts off the TV as a familiar voice cuts through the din:

VOICE

Do you think it's over Sidney?
Do you?

SIDNEY

W-what do you want?

VOICE

I want to finish what I started.
I want to finish the game.

SIDNEY

You sick fuck I'm tracing this call
as we speak! The police are gonna nail
your ass!

VOICE

(laughs coldly)

Let them try. You'll never find me.
I've already gotten away with murder before.
For instance, Maureen Prescott.

SIDNEY

(tears welling)

No. You didn't kill my mother. Billy Loomis
and Stu Macher did.

VOICE

Heh. So you think Sidney. So you think.
It's all been building up to this Sid.
Every STAB. Every SCREAM. Every ounce of
blood that's been spilled has all been
leading up to this moment. WELCOME TOTHE FINAL ACT.

SIDNEY

The final act? Well let's play asshole!

VOICE

No. We play in my court this time.
Come to Hollywood. STAB 3's going to cutting
corners cast-wise. And I've got my eyes set
on a technical advisor named Dewey Rielly.

The killer laughs coldly. Sidney wanes.

SIDNEY

(crying)

If you lay a hand on him I'll fucking kill you!

VOICE

Great. A spirited one. I'll be seeing you
real soon Sidney. Real soon.

Click. The killer hangs up. Sid's left trembling. She rips the headset out of
the phone, reaches into her desk for a loaded.38 special. She stands up, and
peers out her office window.

SIDNEY'S P.O.V. – THE DARK, OMINOUS NIGHT.

CUT TO:

EXT. SUNRISE STUDIOS – NIGHT

Sarah Darling drives through the main gates in her porsche, rounds a corner.

EXT. STAB 3 PRODUCTION OFFICES – NIGHT

Sarah parks outside the production offices, gets out of her car.

KILLER'S P.O.V – watching from the rooftop, Sarah approaching the dimly lit
offices.

CUT TO:

INT. STAB 3 PRODUCTION OFFICES – NIGHT

Sarah steps into the office. It's desolate. Silent. All over the place are

promotional items (standees, posters, banners) for STABS 1-3. Sarah passes a big cardboard GHOST.

SARAH
STAB 3. Oh God I've gotta get myself
a better agent.

Sarah walks down a hallway.

SARAH
(calling out)
Anybody home?

Sarah passes Roman Bridger's office. It's half-open.

SARAH
Doubt that.
(door slams shut O.S.)
Anyone here?

Sarah continues further down the hall when suddenly --

TYSON comes reeling out of a doorway, a huge knife jutting out his back, blood trickling down his mouth. Sarah lets out a bloodcurdling scream while Tyson breaks into hysterics.

TYSON
Stan! My man does great work.

Stan, a bearded, middle aged make-up effects guy steps out behind Tyson, slaps him a high-five.

STAN
Thank you. Thank you very much.

SARAH
Fuck you very much!
Tyson go to hell!
What the hell are you doing here?
Where's Roman?

TYSON
Roman and everybody else went home for
the night. I'm here for a make-up test.

SARAH
Make-up. You need it.
(a beat)
Hey, Roman isn't here?

TYSON
No.

SARAH
Damn. He called my roommate and told her
he had some important things he wanted to
go over with me in his office tonight.

STAN

(jokingly)
Yeah I bet.

Stan pantomimes the "blow job" gesture. Tyson laughs, slaps him another high-five. Sarah makes a disgusted face as the two men leave the offices. Sarah sighs, ducks into Roman's office.

INT. ROMAN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Roman's office is a clutter of old movie memorabilia. Sarah plops down behind Roman's desk, admires his old TRANSFORMER toys and two brass MUSIC VIDEO AWARDS. Sarah examines the award.

SARAH
(reading inscription)
For the honorary field of directing and
cinematography in music videos.
How to the point.

The phone rings scaring the shit out of Sarah. She drops the award, causing it to smash against the edge of the desk, snapping the head clean off. Sarah hesitates, answers the call, putting it on speaker phone.

SARAH
Oh shit.
(into phone)
Hello? Director's office.

ROMAN
Sarah, it's Roman, I'm sorry I'm running
late, I'm still on the 405, I'm about 10
minutes away.

SARAH
Oh it's no problem, I'm just... looking at
your music video awards.

Sarah tries fixing the award with some scotch tape.

ROMAN
All right, since I got you on the phone,
let's talk about your character.

SARAH
What character? I'm Candy, the chick who
gets killed second. I'm only in two scenes!

ROMAN
You're not happy with your part.

SARAH
I'm not happy that I'm 35 playing a 21 year old.
I'm not happy that I have to die naked! And I'm
not happy that my character is too stupid not to
have a gun in the house after her boyfriend's been
cut into McNuggets.

ROMAN
Um hmm... umhmm great, so let's run the

lines.

SARAH
Huh, fine.

ROMAN
Page 22, Candy's big moment.

SARAH
Page 22.. Ring ring. Hello?

ROMAN
Hello.

SARAH
Who's this?

ROMAN
Who's this?

SARAH
This is Candy. Hang on, let me get some clothes. See! I don't understand why I have to start the scene in the shower! The whole shower things been done, 'Vertigo' hello! And I mean, my boyfriend just died, why am I showering?

ROMAN
Why don't we just read the scene? Candy, is that like candy cane or candy apple?

SARAH
Whatever. Come on, who is this? I think you have the wrong number.

ROMAN
But you know my favorite name?

SARAH
I'm hanging up right now.

ROMAN
It's Sarah.

SARAH
Roman that's not the line.

ROMAN
It is in my script.

SARAH
Has there been another goddamn rewrite?
How the fuck are we supposed to learn our lines when there's a new script every 15 minutes?

ROMAN
It's not just a new script, it's a new movie.

SARAH
What? What movie?

ROMAN
My movie.

A pause, then a familiar dark natured noise enters our ears, the killer's sinister voice.

VOICE
It's called, Sarah gets sliced like a
fucking pig.
Still in character, Sarah?

Sarah tosses down the phone, bolts out of the office.

INT. HALLWAY – NIGHT

Sarah stops in her tracks. Through the smoked glass of the front door she sees a shape approaching. She screams, spins around, runs for the prop room.

INT. PROP ROOM – NIGHT

Sarah locks the door, backs up right into --

AN ARMY OF GHOSTS!

AT LEAST THIRTY GHOST COSTUMES dangle from hooks on costume racks. Sarah catches her breath, dives into one of the racks. She pulls up her cell phone, starts to dial.

INT. STAB 3 – PRODUCTION OFFICES – NIGHT

A SECURITY GUARD opens the front door, pokes his head into the offices.

SECURITY GUARD
Mr. Bridger?

No answer. The guard nods, backs out of the offices, locking them with SARAH and the killer inside!

CUT TO:

INT. PROP ROOM – NIGHT

Sarah's waiting on eggs as a digitized pre-programmed commissary menu for Sunrise Studios drags out.

SARAH
Shit.

Sarah momentarily glances behind her, just noticing, a pair of black work boots stepping off the costume rack. Before Sarah has a chance to scream, the ghost jumps down and shoves the rack hard sending a screaming Sarah into the next room. She goes flying out, slamming into a metal table covered with prop weapons.

THE GHOST --

Stomps into the second prop room, knife raised. Sarah leaps up, starts to chuck the prop knives at her attacker, screaming furiously.

THE PROP knives, hit the ghost, and bend as they bounce off his body and onto the floor. The killer shakes his head angrily, stalks towards his prey.

SARAH
(screaming)
No! No! Noooo!

The ghost drives his knife into Sarah's chest, once, twice, and delivers a final killing blow to her Adam's apple. She staggers forward. Her killer grabs her by her long buxom hair, and hucks her into a glass door.

THE DOOR EXPLODES, SARAH'S BODY falling through, shards of glass tearing out her back.

THE KILLER, stands in the shattered doorway, bloody knife in hand. An alarm resonates in the b.g. The killer wipes his knife clean, races off screen.

A NICE PSYCHO-ESQUE close up of the dead Sarah's eye as Blood swirls into the pupil.

SHOCK CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY 39 - N. CALIFORNIA - NIGHT

The highway is desolate. It's late. Sidney speeds into frame in her HONDA CIVIC.

CUT TO:

INT. HONDA CIVIC - NIGHT

Sidney's tapping her thumbs nervously against the steering wheel as an eerie song filters off the radio. The only light comes from the unsettling neon green digital clock/radio read-out. Sidney increases speed.

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY 39 - N. CALIFORNIA - NIGHT

Sid passes up a road sign indicating LOS ANGELES - 64 MILES

CUT TO:

EXT. SUNRISE STUDIOS BACK LOT - NIGHT - EST.

The lot is crawling with police vehicles.

CUT TO:

INT. STAB 3 PRODUCTION OFFICES - NIGHT

Kincaid and Gale stare at Sarah Darling's corpse as it's zippered up into a black rubber body bag and carried off by forensic technicians.

DETECTIVE KINCAID
That's STAB 3, Miss Weathers.
It looks like we're going to
be getting a warrant to speak
with Miss Prescott anyway.

GALE

Shit. Sarah Darling.

(a beat)

I interviewed her too.

God, it's happening again isn't it
Detective?

DETECTIVE KINCAID

Yes well we have a suspect, so don't
get that worried.

Gale's eyes light up. She grabs Kincaid's shoulders.

GALE

Who?

DETECTIVE KINCAID

I'm not at liberty to tell you that
Miss Weathers. You're no longer working
with the L.A.P.D. I don't even know why
you're standing in here right now. By
all means I should have you thrown out.

GALE

But you won't. You're a good man detective.
We think alike. I know you need my help.
And I know you know I need your help.

DETECTIVE KINCAID

In my fifteen years as a homicide detective
I've never met a single soul as pushy and
brazen as you are Miss Weathers.

GALE

Please, call me Gale.

DETECTIVE KINCAID

Deal, but I'm still Detective Kincaid,ok?

Gale smiles. DETECTIVE TOM WALLACE, Kincaid's cohort and partner. He's in his
late thirties. Family man. Wallace enters frame with a folder in his hands.

DETECTIVE WALLACE

Mark, Bridger's in custody. We traced his
phone records. He's the last person to
speak to Sarah Darling before she died.
Or at least call her home.

GALE

Wait a minute, Roman's your suspect?

DETECTIVE WALLACE

Listen, Diane Sawyer, this here is classified
information. Why don't you go investigate
the bad meat at the A.P.
This is police work, not Pulitzer material.

GALE

Hey, fuck off.

DETECTIVE KINCAID
No, cool it Wallace. She's working with me.

DETECTIVE WALLACE
(cocky)
Well then. Looks like I'll go dust for
finger prints with Barbara Walters.

Wallace arrogantly walks off camera. Gale looks at Kincaid.

GALE
So, what now?

CUT TO:

INT. INTEROGATION ROOM - POLICE STATION - NIGHT

A frazzled Roman is seated at a long conference table while Wallace and Kincaid grill him with questions.

DETECTIVE KINCAID
Mr. Bridger, you didn't tell us you spoke
with Sarah Darling before she died.

ROMAN
That's because I didn't.

DETECTIVE WALLACE
The guard said she was there for a meeting with you.

ROMAN
What meeting?

DETECTIVE WALLACE
We talked to her roommate, too. Says you called Sarah
and told her to come down to the studio. Roommate
answered the phone, says it was you.

ROMAN
Wait a minute! I never called her! I never told
her to go anywhere!

DETECTIVE KINCAID
Roommate says she knows your voice, Mr. Bridger.

ROMAN
Well, she wasn't speaking with me! Look, I did
not call Sarah Darling!

DETECTIVE KINCAID
Sarah Darling said you did.

ROMAN
Someone is trying to ruin my movie.
Someone wants to kill my movie!

DETECTIVE WALLACE
Hey, look at it this way, if anything this'll
be something interesting to put on the

director's commentary for when the film hits DVD.

ROMAN

(dry laugh)

Ha! Too late, studio's shutting down production.
Called my film a risk! Do you believe this shit?
They're actually shelving my film because there's
been one ensie little murder. God, three people died
during the filming of The Exorcist.

DETECTIVE KINCAID

Well I doubt they were stabbed to death and I
strongly doubt the killer of them left messages
on the scene for the police to find.

Camera pans through a two-way mirror into . . .

INT. VIEWING ROOM - POLICE STATION - NIGHT

GALE AND DEWEY stand, gazing through the two-way mirror. Roman can't see them.
They watch nervously.

DEWEY

They found another note?

GALE

Uh-huh. Another News clipping. Another one
about Sid's mom. Dewey, whether we like it or
not it looks like we're going to have to go
back into our past.

DEWEY

You mean OUR past as in Me and Sid.
This has nothing to do with you Gale.

GALE

This has everything to do with me Dewey.
I was the one who brought the nation's
attention to this shit anyway. I'll be
damned if I'm gonna sit around and pass
on the buck again.

DEWEY

Do you really mean it this time Gale?

GALE

Yes. Look, let's get something straight
Dewey, I got into this shit cause the police
came looking for ME. Not cause I'm out to
make the SUNRISE STUDIOS SLASHINGS.

DEWEY

Why would the police come to you?

GALE

Again, I am the author of the definitive book on
the Woodsboro murders.!

(a beat)

What about you?

DEWEY

What about me?

GALE

You said you'd never leave Woodsboro, 'The only place that's real!' But now you're here. Not with me. Dewey, I took care of you. I waited until you were well. I couldn't stay there, I mean, it's like dog years, one year in Woodsboro is like seven everywhere else.

DEWEY

So it's off to London for a week? New York for a month? L.A Forever?

GALE

It was fucking '60 Minutes II'! I couldn't say no! I could've been the next Diane Sawyer!

DEWEY

What's wrong with just being Gale Weathers? I liked her!

GALE

It didn't work Dewey. We tried, we're different.

DEWEY

You used to say that was our strength.

GALE

Dewey, you're not just here because of that second rate K-Mart, straight-to-video version of me, are you?

DEWEY

Brace yourself, Gale, all of this is actually not About you.

GALE

All of what Dewey? You do know something, don't you?

DEWEY

Off the record.

GALE

Always.

DEWEY

Two months ago, the Woodsboro police got a call from a woman who said she was with 'Stab 3'. She wanted to see the file on Sid, for research.

GALE

And?

DEWEY

The boys said no. She wouldn't give her name. A month later, the station gets broken into, the file room ransacked.

GALE
Someone stole Sid's file?

DEWEY
I already removed it. I think someone on the film was trying to find Sid, and that's the only reason I came here. To make do a little private investigating of my own and make sure no one here was planning anything.

GALE
(whips out cellular)
I'm sorry, this is too good!

DEWEY
What part of 'Off the record' don't you understand?

GALE
Right. Sorry.
(a beat)
Do you think he did it?
(RE: ROMAN)

DEWEY
(his beeper goes off)
I've got my suspicions but still,
nothing you say can ever make me take
my eyes off one person.

GALE
And who is that?

But Dewey doesn't answer. Again, he's staring daggers through Gale. Years and years of bottled up resentment is finally surfacing.

DEWEY
Jennifer needs me.

GALE
Jennifer?! Wait, where are you going off to?

DEWEY
I'm on duty.

Dewey races out the room. Gale pauses, stares at the interrogation. Wallace has reduced Roman to tears. It's pathetic. Gale bolts after Dewey.

CUT TO:

EXT. SAN FERNANDO VALLEY - NIGHT

The wind rushes past the camera. A huge panoramic view of L.A. FULL MOON hangs in the sky. A coyote howls in the near distance.

CUT TO:

EXT. JENNIFER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A nice low ranch tucked away in the valley. Dewey rolls up Jennifer's driveway in his truck. Gale follows behind in her VW JETTA.

DEWEY
(noticing Gale)
Stop following me.

GALE
I happen to work for the police god dammit!

DEWEY
You're not a detective.

GALE
Neither are you, Magnum P.I.

DEWEY
Gale, your engine's still running.

GALE
Fuck!

Dewey shakes his head in disgust, disappears into the house. Gale runs back to shut off her car. From out of the bushes lunges --

TOM PRINZE, loaded off his ass, still holding a half-filled bottle of JOHNNY WALKER BLACK LABEL SCOTCH in his hand.

TOM
Gale Weathers. What a surprise.

GALE
Tom Prinze, tanked as usual.
That's a shocker.

TOM
Hey I really liked that piece you did on me last month. The one where you said my car accident was caused by me drinking and drugs, and how I faked the tire blow-out just so my insurance wouldn't sky rocket.

GALE
Heh, well, that's TV journalism for ya.
Stage the news to boost ratings.

TOM
Really, cause that stunt lost me the lead role in Roman Polanski's latest picture. Huh, what a coincide I was picked up by Roman Bridger. Well, not exactly the Roman I wanted. Get my point? STAB 3 is bullshit. Fuck, because of your big mouth I'm here, drinking piss water SCOTCH with Second rate fucking celebrities like Jennifer Jollie and yourself!
(a beat, subtle)
Hey, I just got an idea. Maybe I should Have a look at your break line. That your

car over there?

Gale pushes Tom's chest. Stopping him.

GALE

I think we should go inside. I have to have
a talk with the cast. ALL OF YOU.

TOM

(laughs)

You mean what's left of us.

(tosses empty bottle aside)

Yeah I'm running on empty anyways.
Gotta refuel.

Tom and Gale walk into the house. Something stirs in the bushes.

CUT TO:

INT. JENNIFER JOLLIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Gale and Tom enter. Jennifer is crying hysterically in Dewey's arms. She sees Gale, looks up with anger written all over her gaudy, over rouged face, her make-up running in a comical, almost homage to Mimi on the Drew Carey Show.

JENNIFER

You! How can I ever get any fame playing you!

GALE

Dewey, what the hell is she rambling about now?
What's wrong Jen, see yourself on one of those
USA NETWORK winners you did and realize how badly
you suck at acting?

JENNIFER

God damn you Gale Weathers!
Don't you see? The killer is choosing his
victims as they die in the script!
Ben Damon's character was the first one to get offed.
So was his girlfriend - but she wasn't cast yet so
his real girlfriend was killed - then Sarah Darling's
Candy, and now me!

GALE

Wait a second, whoa! Calm down!
Number one there were five different
versions of the script given out.
Ben Damon was given a fake script because
he was only being offered the role.
It only had fragments of real scenes from the
actual script. And what, I die in STAB 3?

Everyone is silent. Dewey nods his head. Gale rips the script from Jennifer's hands.

GALE

(reading script)

AND I DIE NAKED?! UGH!

This is complete bullshit.

Who wrote this piece of crap?

JENNIFER

I know right. It was kinda weak.
That's cause Will Kennison only wrote
a rough treatment of it.
The script was written by some new guy.
He wrote Arlington Street.

GALE

Still that was a much better movie,
I saw it at the premiere last week.
God, what the hell am I getting sidetracked
with this shit for?! We've gotta get down to business.

A teary-eyed Angelina Tyler rises up from the couch, approaches the group.

ANGELINA

(crying)
What are you talking about?
Because of this shit I'll probably never
act in a Hollywood film again.

Tom throws his arm around Angelina, squeezes her tightly.

TOM

Hey good looking, if you play your cards right,
I may be able to sit you down on my casting couch
and try you out for a few films my production
company is working on.
(a beat)
How do you feel about a DEEP THROAT remake?

Angelina squeals in disgust, elbows Tom, racing out of the house. Tom groans,
follows after her.

TOM

I'll be right back.

CUT TO:

EXT. JENNIFER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Tom walks out into the darkness, looks around. Angelina's nowhere in sight.

TOM

(calling out)
Angelina! Hey! Where the hell are you?
I was only playing! Hey look, I can really
get you a bit part! Just come on out! Ok?
(pauses)
Damn it. There goes my chances of getting
some head from her.

Tom whips out a joint, pops it in his mouth. He lights it, walks around the
side of the house. A noise catches his attention. A low, muffled squealing.

TOM

Aaaangelina?

Tom turns to a guest house. The door is half open, darkness spilling out. Tom smirks, steps inside.

CUT TO:

INT. GUEST HOUSE - NIGHT

The entire small interior of the GUEST HOUSE / DEWEY'S LIVING QUARTER'S IS BLACKENED BY THE NIGHT. Tom cockily waltzes about, not noticing one of the black shadows peeling off the wall.

IT'S THE GHOST!

TOM
Angelina?

Tom stops in his tracks. He looks down. Lying in a pool of blood at his feet is ANGELINA TYLER! Tom screams, staggers backwards right into the arms of --

THE GHOST --

TOM
You fucker!

The GHOST slashes open Tom's arm. Tom screams, backs up into the kitchen. The ghost grabs him by the throat, begins choking him mid-air. He slowly begins to lift him off his feet, angling the knife, readying to make the kill blow. Tom gags. He can't even scream, the killer's crushing his voice-box, causing a trickle of blood down his lips.

TOM
(gagging)
Fucker!

THE GHOST brings the knife down, piercing Tom's heart, pinning him to the closet. Tom kicks around for a moment before finally going limp. The GHOST steps back, admiring his work.

CUT TO:

INT. JENNIFER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Jennifer, Gale, and Dewey are pacing around nervously.

JENNIFER
Shit! Where the hell are Tom and Angelina?

GALE
I don't know. Screw them. Look, what's important is that we stick together.
No matter what. If anyone is next it's you or me Jen.

DEWEY
What about Sidney?

JENNIFER
What about her?

Suddenly, a knock at the door. The three are startled. Dewey looks at the front door.

DEWEY
Ssh. Maybe it's Tom or Angelina.
I'll get it.

JENNIFER
What if it's the killer?

GALE
Oh use your brain drama queen!
Do the killers ever knock on the fucking door?
Ever see Jason do that before burying an axe in
some big titted blonde's head? Or maybe Michael or
Chucky? Huh?

Jennifer sticks her tongue out at Gale. Dewey reaches into a holster tucked away under his jacket, drawing up his 9mm.

DEWEY
Don't worry. I'm prepared for anything.

GALE
Amen boy scout, now answer the fucking door!

Dewey nods his head, slowly makes his way towards the door. Gale and Jennifer huddle together, follow close behind.

JENNIFER
Do you smell something?

DEWEY
(smirking)
It's Gale. She farts when she gets nervous.

Gale makes an angry face, slaps Dewey upside the back of his headplay fully. Dewey steps up to the front door. IT'S NOT LOCKED. He reaches for the knob, turns it when suddenly --

THE POWER SIZZLES OUT!

EVERYONE SCREAMS!

DEWEY
Alright don't panic! Just a fuse.

Dewey throws open the door. ANGELINA'S CORPSE drops into the doorway. A SYMPHONY OF SCREAMS.

DEWEY
Hurry! Everyone out the back way! Now!

Dewey, Gale, and Jennifer race for the French doors in the living room leading outside to the pool and backyard. A PHONE RINGS somewhere in the house.

GALE
Who's phone?

JENNIFER

Oh shit it's my cell!

DEWEY
Answer it!

Jennifer answers her cellular.

JENNIFER
(into phone)
Hello?

VOICE
Hello Jennifer. Wanna play a little game?

JENNIFER
It's him! It's the killer!

Gale rips the phone out of Jennifer's hands.

GALE
(into phone)
Listen you sick bastard, what the fuck
do you want?

JENNIFER
What's your favorite scary movie Gale?

GALE
I dunno but I can tell you that your's
will be the home video footage of me
sticking my foot up your ass! Now come
out and fight like a real man you pussy!

GHOST(O.S.)
I just might!

THE GHOST comes running out of closet, knife swinging wildly. Jennifer screams, races for the patio door. The ghost lunges for Gale. Dewey draws up his gun, fires.

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! The GHOST takes six slugs In the chest. He goes smashing through a coffee table, motionless. Dewey backs into Gale's arms, smoke rising from the muzzle of the gun.

JENNIFER
God damn it you two! Run! Hurry!
He's dead!

GALE
No! He's not dead! He's still breathing!
Look!

DEWEY
Gale he's dead. Come on. Let's get out
of here.

Dewey turns Gale towards the patio door. A noise O.S. Dewey pauses, turns around --

THE GHOST IS GONE.

Dewey looks to the patio door.

SO IS JENNIFER.

DEWEY
OH. OH GOD. GALE --

GALE
What?

DEWEY
(screaming)
GALE BEHIND YOU!

The ghost barrels out from under the couch, knife raised. Dewey winds back, kicks a chair out in the Ghost's path. The ghost trips, goes crashing through the chair, coming smashing down onto the floor, knife burying into the hardwood. Dewey and Gale run for the patio when suddenly --

JENNIFER comes dodging out of the kitchen wielding a butcher knife.

JENNIFER
(screaming)
DIE MOTHER FUCKER!
DIE! DIE! DIE!

Jennifer slips on something, goes backflipping to the ground. Gale grabs her. Helps her up.

GALE
Come on!

THE GHOST comes to life, grabbing a lighter off an end table. He lights a trail of gasoline, running from the floor to the kitchen (i.e. the smell Jennifer mentioned earlier and what she slipped on seconds ago). A HUGE flame trail lunges towards the two women. They scream.

DEWEY
OH SHIT! RUN!

CUT TO:

EXT. BACKYARD - JENNIFER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Jennifer, Gale, and Dewey take off out the patio doors when suddenly KA-BOOM! THE WINDOWS BLOW OUT! THE ROOF SPLINTERS.

A HUGE CONFLAGRATION! The three dive into the swimming pool as debris rains down onto the Earth.

THE GHOST --

WATCHES FROM THE SHADOWS, FLAMES BOUNCING OFF HIS PALLID WHITE MASK.

SIRENS ARE HEARD IN THE NEAR DISTANCE.

AS THE GHOST RUNS OFF INTO THE NIGHT, HE DROPS ANOTHER NEWSPAPER CLIPPING ON THE GROUND. IT BLOWS IN THE WIND.

CUT TO:

THE NEWSPAPER CLIPPING - ECU

IT'S FLIPPED OVER BY A PAIR OF HANDS. SCRAWLED ON BACK IS:"I KILLED HER"
WE ARE:

INT. DETECTIVE KINCAID'S OFFICE - DAY

DETECTIVE KINCAID paces around his room. A battered and bruised Dewey and Gale sit beside his desk in Police Uniforms (since their old clothes has obviously been drenched).

DETECTIVE KINCAID
Whoever it is, now is taking credit
for Maureen Prescott's murder.

GALE
But we know who killed Maureen Prescott,
Billy Loomis and Stu Macher. I mean, they
even told Sidney how they did it!

DETECTIVE KINCAID
Yeah, but, if I'm not mistaken, you said in
your book that Sidney got it wrong before.
She accused Cotton Weary of murdering her mother,
and he was sent away for it! Maybe there is a
third killer. Sidney Might know something

Kincaid's eyes appear as if questioning Dewey.

DEWEY
I told you, I don't know where Sidney is.
And even if there was a third killer,
Sidney doesn't know about it.

DETECTIVE KINCAID
That is for me to decide. I need to talk to her Mr. Riley,
she is a key element in this case. I have a press
conference
in an hour, and I need to explain why there are four dead
celebrities.

GALE
Four? There are five.

DETECTIVE KINCAID
Ben Damon. Christine Perkins. Sarah Darling.
Tom Prinze. That's four, last time I learned
how to count.

DEWEY
What about Angelina Tyler? She was there too.

DETECTIVE KINCAID
Police are still searching through the debris.
Could be days before we find her . . . that is,
if she's even there.

Kincaid seems to be getting a morbid charge out of all of this. He smirks ever

so nefariously at Dewey.

GALE

OK, look. We all know that this has something to do with 'Stab 3'. What we do not know is why the killer keeps leaving articles about Maureen Prescott.

DETECTIVE KINCAID

Actually, there was more this time. This time, we found a picture too.

DEWEY/GALE

(together)

What?

Kincaid holds up a second ziplocked evidence bag. Within is a blurry 5x4 of MAUREEN PRESCOTT exiting a motel room with COTTON WEARY. Kincaid turns it over. Also, written on it's back is 'I KILLED HER'

DETECTIVE KINCAID

Before you jump to conclusions, the man in the picture, COTTON WEARY, is out of the country on business. His alibi checks out. Seems he's got a TV show in Australia, 100% COTTON. It's supposedly the biggest thing down under since Yahoo Serious, but that's besides the point.

DEWEY

What does this have to do with Sid?

DETECTIVE KINCAID

Who knows more about Maureen Prescott than her own daughter?

DEWEY

Well Sid's dad couldn't help you and he was married to Maureen.

DETECTIVE WALLACE

(chiming in)

What's your problem? Last night you were almost charcoal. You gonna help us or what?

DETECTIVE KINCAID

Do you wanna have this conversation with a polygraph?

DEWEY

Is that a threat, Detective?

DETECTIVE KINCAID

When it's a threat, you'll know it.

DEWEY

(a beat)

Is that a threat?

GALE

Boys, boys, why don't we compare our gun calibers later? The issue is Maureen Prescott!

DETECTIVE KINCAID

Wrong, this issue is Sidney Prescott! And either Mr. Riley is going to obstruct justice or is going to put me in touch with her. So, where is she?

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY – POLICE STATION – DAY

Dewey is on his cell phone.

SIDNEY'S ANSWERING MACHINE(O.S.)

(off phone)

Hi, you've reached the machine. Leave a message, talk as long as you'd like.

DEWEY

Sid it's me, this is the sixth time I've called.

(Sid turns the corner, is ushered down the hall by a cop)

Please pick up, I wanna make sure you're Okay.

(Dewey notices Sidney approaching him)

Sid!

SIDNEY

DEWEY!

The two run into each other's arms, embrace tightly.

DEWEY

What are you doing here? I told you to stay hidden! It's not safe for you up here.

SIDNEY

Well it's not safe for me up there either. The killer found me Dewey. He called me last night.

DEWEY

What?

SIDNEY

I figured I'd be safe If I was at least up here with the people I care about.

(a beat)

Now where's this Kincaid guy the news is talking about? I found this place from a FOX 5 TV NEWS REPORT. Heh.

DEWEY

Follow me.

Dewey walks Sid into Kincaid's office.

INT. DETECTIVE KINCAID'S OFFICE – DAY

DEWEY

Detective Kincaid?

DETECTIVE KINCAID

What Rielly?

DEWEY

There's someone here who wants to help.

GALE

Oh my God! Sidney, you ran fast or what? Hey.

SIDNEY

Hi, Gale. I'm glad you're all right.

For a change, instead of an exchange of fists, the two share a warm hug.

GALE

Thank you.

DEWEY

Sid, this is detective Kincaid.

DETECTIVE KINCAID

Nice to finally meet you, Sidney.

DEWEY

The killer called her.

DETECTIVE KINCAID

What? When?

GALE

What'd he say?

SIDNEY

Oh, you know, the usual small talk,
"What's new, how ya been, how do you want
to die?"

DEWEY

Sidney, do you have any idea how he could've
gotten your number?

DETECTIVE KINCAID

He could've monitored the calls on a scanner.
Did you call her from the set?

DEWEY

No.

GALE

Do you have her number stored in your memory?
(Dewey thinks)
Phone memory!

DEWEY

Oh. Yeah, I guess I do.

GALE

Has anyone else every used your phone?

DEWEY

Just Jennifer.
(To Kincaid_)

And you.

DETECTIVE KINCAID

Hey, I'm the cop here. You're in my office, Riley.

Sidney notices the clippings and the photograph of Maureen.

DETECTIVE KINCAID

The killer leaves a newspaper clipping at each murder, Sidney. Recently he's also left a photo of your mother.

SIDNEY

Why didn't you tell me? This is my mother, Dewey. Why didn't you say something?

DEWEY

I was afraid they were bait, something to, ya know, trick you out of hiding.

SIDNEY

Listen, Detective, I wanna see this studio where all this shit's going down.

DETECTIVE KINCAID

Are you sure?

SIDNEY

Absolutely.

CUT TO:

EXT. SUNRISE STUDIOS BACK LOT - DAY

Kincaid and Dewey's cars drive through the lot. They drive over towards a row of trailers, park.

KINCAID disappears to do something else while GALE, DEWEY, and Sidney get out of Dewey's truck.

DEWEY

Alright Sid, over there is the STAB 3 Production offices. That's where Sarah Darling was murdered last night.

SIDNEY

Mm, what a waste of Silicone.

(a beat)

What does my mother have to do with this all Dewey? We're a long way from Woodsboro.

A figure lunges out of nowhere, startling all three of them. It's a young, scrawny goth girl in heavy make-up.

This is KAREN COLCHECK, 22. She holds something in her hand, a video tape marked SCARY MOVIES 101.

SIDNEY

Oh my God Karen you scared the shit out of me!
What are you doing here?

GALE
Who's this.

DEWEY
Karen Colcheck. From Woodsboro.

SIDNEY
She was Randy's only girlfriend . . . ever.

KAREN
(smiling)
That's me. First and Last.

Sidney hugs Karen. So does Dewey.

SIDNEY
It's been a while? You still working
at Bradley's?

KAREN
Nope. They opened up a Hollywood Video
down the street. It pays better.
Anyway, I'm here because I heard on the
news about the murders and well, I found
this while rooting through Randy's things.

Karen holds up the video.

CUT TO:

CLOSE-UP VIDEO MONITER.

SCREEN FLICKERS TO LIFE REVEALING THE FACE OF --

RANDY MEEKS, DEARLY DEPARTED VIDEO GEEK FROM SCREAM 1 and 2

RANDY
Told you I'd make a movie someday, huh?

WE ARE:

INT. TRAILER - STUDIO LOT - DAY

Sidney, Gale, Karen, and Dewey are gathered around the inside of the small,
cramped trailer watching the tape.

SIDNEY
Oh MY god.

RANDY
Well, if you're watching this tape, it means
as I feared, I did not survive these killings
here at Windsor College. Anyway, the reason
I am here is to help you, so that my death
will not be in vain. That my life's work, will
help save some other poor soul from getting mutilated.
If this killer does come back, and he's for real,

there are a few things that you gotta remember. Is this simply another sequel? Well, if it is, same rules apply. But, here's the critical thing. If you find yourself dealing with an unexpected backstory, and a preponderance of exposition, then the sequel rules do not apply. Because you are not dealing with a sequel, you are dealing with the concluding chapter of a trilogy.

DEWEY

A trilogy?

RANDY

That's right. It's a rarity in the horror field, but it does exist, and it's a force to be reckoned with, because true trilogies are all about going back to the beginning and discovering something that wasn't true from the get go. 'Godfather', 'Jedi', all revealed something that we thought was true, that wasn't true. So if it is a trilogy you are dealing with, here are some super trilogy rules. One, you got a killer who's gonna be super human. Stabbing him won't work, shooting him won't work, basically in the third one, you gotta cryogenically freeze his head, decapitate him, or blow him up. Number two; anyone including the main character can die. This means you, Sid. I'm sorry, it's the final chapter. It can be fuckin' 'Reservoir Dogs' by the time this thing is through. Number three; the past will come back to bite you in the ass! Whatever you think you know about the past, forget it. The past is not at rest, any sins you think were committed in the past are about to break out and destroy you. NUMBER FOUR, Never, ever under any circumstances go running off by yourself, cause if Friday the 13th has taught us anything, it's that the next time we're gonna see you, you're gonna have a fence post jutting out from your back. So in closing, let me say good luck, God Speed, and for some of you, I'll see you soon, cause the rules say, some of you ain't gonna make it. I didn't, not if you're watching this tape.

CUT TO:

EXT. SUNRISE STUDIO BACK LOT - DAY

Sidney and Karen are hugging.

SIDNEY

Thanks Karen. You be careful.

KAREN

Don't worry Sid. I got tickets to see Family Feud. I did have a somewhat ulterior motive for driving all the way down here.

Karen smiles. She hugs Sidney one more time, scampers away.

GALE

I've got an idea, I'll hook up with you guys

later.

DEWEY

Do you want us to come with you?

GALE

I work better alone. Why don't you do some snooping around the set?

Gale runs off.

SIDNEY

I can see nothing's changed.

DEWEY

No.

CUT TO:

EXT. SUNRISE STUDIO FILM ARCHIVES - DAY

Gale's banging on the door trying to gain access. Nobody home. Gale notices the card lock and the sign reading 'AUTHORIZED PERSONAL ONLY'. Gale smiles. Since when has this ever stopped her before. She reaches into her pocket book, pulling out a couple of credit cards, a video store card, etc. She tries them in the lock. NOTHING.

A hand reaches down, grabs Gale from behind. She lets out a blood curdling scream. It's only JENNIFER.

JENNIFER

Geez.

GALE

What the hell are you doing?

JENNIFER

Being Gale Weathers. What the hell are you doing?

GALE

I am Gale Weathers!

JENNIFER

Here's how I see it. I've got no house, no movie, no gun, and I'm being stalked. Because someone wants to kill me? No, because someone wants to kill you. So now, starting now, I go where you go. That way, if someone wants to kill me, I'll be with you, and since they really want to kill you, they won't kill me, they'll kill you. Make sense?

GALE

None.

JENNIFER

You know in the movies, I play you as being much smarter.

GALE

And as a sane person. For you that must be quite a stretch.

JENNIFER
That's funny.

GALE
Ha. Maybe I should join SNL.

JENNIFER
Need to get in that building?

GALE
(sarcastically)
No really?

JENNIFER
There a story in that building?

GALE
Possibly.

JENNIFER
(flashing a Sunrise Studios Key Card)
Gale Weathers would find a way.
(she swipes and opens the door)

Jennifer opens the door, steps in first. Gale follows, door closing ominously behind them with a loud CLACK.

CUT TO:

INT. BASEMENT HALLWAY – ARCHIVES – DAY

Gale leads the way down the dark hall.

JENNIFER
Basements creep me out.

GALE
Really, you know you'd make a fascinating
interview. Lifestyles of the Rich and Psychotic.

JENNIFER
Look who's talking Moneybags. You got more
homes than I do.

GALE
(smiling)
Oh I wish I got that one on tape.
It'd put a smile on my face everytime
I'm down.

JENNIFER
(underbreath)
Bitch.

The two turn the corner, stepping into –

INT. CLERICAL AREA – ARCHIVES – DAY

BIANCA BERNADETTE, an aging, former actress in her late forties, early

fifties, sits behind a desk doing paperwork.

Sensing someone else's presence she stops what she is doing and looks up at Gale and Jennifer.

BIANCA
Can I help you?

GALE
I'm Gale Weathers, author of the Woodsboro
and Windsor College murders, and anchorwoman
for TOTAL ENTERTAINMENT. Maybe you've heard of me?

Bianca shakes her head "no".

BIANCA
I don't watch TV and I hate books.
Whatta you need?

GALE
Does the name Maureen Prescott sound familiar to you?

BIANCA
Nope.

GALE
(groans)
Well can you tell me if the woman in this
picture looks familiar to you.

Gale reaches into her pocket, slams down the picture of Sid's mom on Bianca's desk. Bianca looks up, totally unenthused.

BIANCA
Listen, I'm busy. Nobody has access to those
files except studio execs. Can you please go away now?

GALE
Well if you won't work for me, will you work
for the president?

Gale slaps a twenty dollar bill on the desk. Bianca looks up, a bit insulted, slides the money back.

BIANCA
The president . . . of the studio.

JENNIFER
Twenty dollars? Who are you Nancy Drew?

Jennifer turns to Bianca, slides off her ring. She slams the ring onto the desk. It's absolutely stunning.

JENNIFER
Go ahead. It's worth three grand easy.
(to Gale)
My Gale Weather's will stop at nothing to get the story.

How can Bianca resist. She smiles, takes the ring, slips it on her finger.

BIANCA
Follow me.

Gale reaches for her Twenty. Bianca slaps her hand, takes it, folding it up, sliding it between her cleavage.

CUT TO:

INT. FILE ROOM - ARCHIVES - DAY

BIANCA
(staring at picture, flipping through file cabinet)
I know every face in here, respect for the unknown
actor I suppose, myself included. If you're looking
for Maureen Prescott --

GALE
(interrupting)
It may be Maureen Reynolds --

BIANCA
Well you'll find neither.
Rina Reynolds, however,
You will.

JENNIFER
(smiling)
Rina Reynolds. What a stage name.

BIANCA
You should talk, Judy Jurgenstein.

Gale takes the folder from Bianca, opens it up. Inside are 8x10 headshots of MAUREEN PRESCOTT when she was younger. Behind the pictures is a Xeroxed listing of the films she's starred in.

GALE
What are these movies? 'Amazombies',
'Space Psychos' 'Creatures from theSan Andreas Fault'?

BIANCA
Horror flicks. B-Movies from Milton's heyday.

GALE/JENNIFER
(together)
What?

BIANCA
You know, JOHN MILTON, the horror producer?
Those were some of his early flicks.

CUT TO:

EXT. SOUNDSTAGE - SUNRISE STUDIOS - DAY

Sidney stands beside Dewey and Detective Wallace.

SIDNEY
Listen Dewey I have to go to the bathroom.

DEWEY

Do you want me to come with you Sid?
I mean, remember what Randy said?

SIDNEY

No I'll be ok. I've got my mace.
My knife.
(smiles, raises up her fists)
These two lethal weapons.

DETECTIVE WALLACE

Sure you don't need a police escort?
That's what we're here for.

SIDNEY

No really, I'll be fine.

Dewey and Wallace nod. Sid begins to walk towards the soundstage.

SIDNEY

I'll be right back.

CUT TO:

INT. LADIES ROOM - SOUNDSTAGE BUILDING - DAY

Sidney stands at the sink washing her face. She shuts off the water reaches for a paper towel when suddenly, something catches her ear. Almost as if a man's whispered her name 'Siiiiidney'. Sid turns around, stares at the empty bathroom.

SIDNEY

H-hello? Anyone there?

Silence. Sid reaches into her pocket book, draws out a Gravity Knife. She flips open the blade, crouches down on her knees, scanning the row of stalls for feet.

What a relief . . . none. Sid smiles, dismisses what she thought she heard when she sees --

THE RUMBLING AIR CONDITIONING UNIT.

Sidney goes back to drying her face when suddenly --

MAN(O.S.)

(whisper)
Sidney.

This time it's apparent. There's somebody else in the bathroom. Sid begins to make her way towards the bathroom door when suddenly --

WHAM! A STALL door flies open. THE GHOST charging out at full-force. Sid hits the deck, sliding across the floor, deflecting the blow from the knife as the killer buries it into the sink counter. Sid races for the door, killer hot on her trail. SUDDENLY --

WHAM! The storage closet door flies open and a second GHOST comes charging out, knife gleaming. He dives for Sid. Sid takes up her knife, buries it in her attacker's shoulder. The GHOST goes reeling back into the closet. Sidney slams the door closed on him. She dives for the door knob when suddenly, the

first ghost comes running back at her. She ducks as he swings his knife, burying it into the bathroom door. Sid bolts across the bathroom towards a tiny window in the far corner of the ceiling. Using the trash as a booster, she leaps up, slides open the window, and dives out, just as the deadly pair of attackers come back for more.

CUT TO:

EXT. STUDIO LOT - DAY

Sidney comes charging around the corner of the soundstage building. She looks up, realizing she's just ran herself into a dead end.

SIDNEY
(crying)
Shit.

BAM! An exit door flies open. The GHOST comes charging out. Sidney screams, runs for a wooden fence. She begins to scale it, dropping over on the other side just as the killer pierces through it with his knife. Sid takes off running for WALLACE and DEWEY.

WALLACE AND DEWEY,

HEARING THE SCREAMS, spin around, drawing out their guns. Wallace looks at Dewey.

DEWEY
(re:gun)
Don't worry, I've got a permit for it.

SIDNEY
(hysterical)
Jesus Christ Dewey help me!
They tried to kill me in the bathroom!
The killers!

DETECTIVE WALLACE
Wait a second? Killers? There's two
of them now? Aw shit!

Wallace whips out his cellular, dials a number. Sidney falls into Dewey's arms, collapsing like a house of cards, crying hysterically.

DETECTIVE WALLACE
(into phone)
Yeah this is Wallace. We got a problem down
here on the Sunrise Studios lot.
No not another one. At least not yet.
Yeah we've had an attack.
(to Sid)
Do you need medical assistance?
(Sid nods her head 'no')
No. Oh really. Alright, see you in a minute.

Wallace closes up his phone.

DEWEY
What?

DETECTIVE WALLACE

Well I got some good news in a way.
Roman Bridger didn't make those calls
To Sarah Darling. Police let him go.
Here's the bad news: The cellular was
cloned, it's untraceable. We now have
no suspects.

GALE(O.S.)

Dew!

Dewey and Sidney turn around to see an excited Jennifer and Gale race into frame.

GALE

Sidney, what happened?

DEWEY

Nevermind, what'd you two find?

GALE

We did some researching in the archives.
Sid, something dawned on me when I wrote the
book on your mother's murder. For two years
of her life, 1969 up until 1971 she basically
disappeared off the face of the Earth.

SIDNEY

What are you talking about?

JENNIFER

We've found out where she went.

GALE

She was an actress Sidney. Minor
B-Movies. But now we have a new
suspect in this twisted fucking
web . . . John Milton.

DETECTIVE WALLACE

The head of the studio?

GALE

It makes sense doesn't it? It's his
big grandiose swan song from the genre.
What a better way to end than with a bloodbath?

JENNIFER

Sidney, what happened?

SIDNEY

I was attacked in the bathroom.

DEWEY

Wallace, shouldn't you be investigating
the bathroom?

DETECTIVE WALLACE

(looks at building)
I'm waiting for back-up.
I don't carry bullets in my
gun unless I know I'm gonna use em.

Dewey nods suspiciously. Kincaid comes rushing into frame.

DETECTIVE KINCAID

Jesus Christ Sidney, what happened?
I got a call on my cell from home.
They told me that someone was attacked.

DEWEY

And what made you think it was Sidney?

DETECTIVE KINCAID

(glaring)
Sid, get in my car. You're coming
back to the station with me where it's
safe.

GALE

Dewey, Jennifer, I think we should pay
John Milton a little visit.

DEWEY/JENNIFER

(together)
Agreed.

CUT TO:

INT. JOHN MILTON'S OFFICE - DAY

Milton's on the phone with Roman.

MILTON

(into phone)
Roman I know you're upset. But there will
be other movies. I know. Ah, VARIETY called
you a Pariah? Well fuck them. I got a great
script on my desk. It's called TRAGIC
MENAGE TRIOS and it was written by
John Sayles. I'm thinking you for Director.
What?
(knock at the door)
Come in.
(into phone)
No, not to you Roman.
Look I'll talk to you later. Bye.

Milton hangs up as Gale, Jennifer, and Dewey barge into his office.

DEWEY

So you knew Sidney Prescott's mother.

MILTON

Just what the hell do you people think you're doing, barging in here like this? I've got important calls to make. I run this studio.

GALE

Answer the question. You knew Sidney's mom?

MILTON

Who?

JENNIFER

Rina Reynolds.

MILTON

Do you know how many actors have worked for me? Hundreds, thousands.

GALE

Nobody said she was an actor.

JENNIFER

Good twist.

MILTON

What's your point?

DEWEY

No point, I'm just gonna give Detective Kincaid a call.

MILTON

I remember her! She was a bit player in a couple of my movies. A nobody! So what does it matter?

JENNIFER

Oh, Come on! You have made millions off the story of her murder. You're obsessed with HER and you're obsessed with her DAUGHTER!

GALE

Settle down Beavis.

(to Milton)

Why don't you tell us the truth?

MILTON

What the hell are you guys getting at? I make horror films, that's what I do. The Studio came to me with 'Stab'. They came to me, check it out.

DEWEY

But you know who she was.

MILTON

When we did the first 'Stab' I realized I'd known Maureen Prescott before, I mean as Rina.

I couldn't tell anyone. Can you imagine the press?

GALE

And now? I mean, murders on your set and still you say nothing?

MILTON

Get real, that would make me a suspect!

GALE

Just because you knew her?

MILTON

Yeah.

GALE

I don't think so! Just what happened to Maureen when she was in Hollywood?

MILTON

Now you listen to me, Lois Lane, let it go. It's dead and buried. Daddy took ol' Yeller out behind the barn and shot him in the head a long time ago.

GALE

Well how would you like his rotten carcass dug up and drug all over National TV? Why don't you start talking.

MILTON

It was in the 70's, everything was different. I was well known for my parties, Rina knew what they were. It was for girls like her to meet men, men who could get them parts, if they made the right impression. Nothing happened to her that she didn't invite, in one way or another, no matter what she said afterwards.

GALE

Are you saying she was-

MILTON

I'm saying things got out of hand. Maybe they did take advantage of her!. Maybe the sad truth is, this is not the city for innocence. No charges were brought. And the bottom line is, Rina Reynolds wouldn't play by the rules. You wanna get ahead in Hollywood, you gotta play the game, or go home.

CUT TO:

INT. DETECTIVE KINCAID'S OFFICE - DAY

Kincaid stands at his desk trying to put the pieces of this puzzle together. Sidney's seated beside him, staring at a stack of books on 'SCRIPT WRITING and SELLING YOUR WORK IN HOLLYWOOD'.

SIDNEY

What do you know about trilogies?

DETECTIVE KINCAID

You mean like, movie trilogies?

SIDNEY

You seem to like movies, Detective.

DETECTIVE KINCAID

Call me Mark, would you? Cause I'm gonna keep calling you Sidney.

SIDNEY

I'll call you Mark when you catch the killer, Detective.

DETECTIVE KINCAID

All I know about movie trilogies is in the third one, all bets are off.

SIDNEY

(noticing a huge file on her)
Did you request this case?

DETECTIVE KINCAID

No, they tend to put me on the ones that deal with the business. I grew up here, and I know my way around the studios.

SIDNEY

Must be exciting, Beautiful place, beautiful people.

DETECTIVE KINCAID

To me Hollywood is about death.

SIDNEY

Excuse me?

DETECTIVE KINCAID

I'm a homicide detective, remember? When you see what I see day in and day out, the violence that people do to each other, you get haunted. I think you know about that.

SIDNEY

What do you mean?

DETECTIVE KINCAID

I know what it's like to see ghosts that don't go away. To be watching a scary movie in your head, whether you want to or not, watching it alone.

SIDNEY

Ghosts are tough, you can't shoot ghosts.

DETECTIVE KINCAID

Can't arrest ghosts. But the best way to stop being haunted is to be with people. You're here, you're not hiding, you've done the right thing, Miss Prescott.

SIDNEY

Hmm.

DETECTIVE KINCAID

What did you know about your mother?

SIDNEY

I used to think I had the perfect mom, perfect family. Till I found out I was wrong. She had a secret life, and I tried to understand that, and soon as I thought I had, more secrets. I don't know who my mom was.

(a beat)

Sometimes I feel like I'm just learning about my mother for the first time. You know, with TV and those movies and what not. God sometimes I feel like I'm just learning about myself for the first time. Like I'm watching my life instead of living in it.

DETECTIVE KINCAID

(a long beat)

Here's the deal, I'm off to search the soundstage. That's good news.

SIDNEY

How is that good news?

DETECTIVE KINCAID

Because, that means that we're dealing with an ordinary, flesh and blood killer. And I know how to handle guys like that.

SIDNEY

Oh yeah, how?

DETECTIVE KINCAID

Catch him, or kill him.

Kincaid readies himself to leave. He snags up his holstered gun, his car keys, jacket, etc.

SIDNEY

Hey Detective? What's your favorite scary movie?

Detective Kincaid pauses, he leans over Sidney's chair, his penetrating eyes glaring right into hers.

DETECTIVE KINCAID

(sotto)

My life.

Kincaid exits, door slamming shut behind him. A beat, then --

SIDNEY

Mine too.

CUT TO:

INT. RECEPTION AREA - MILTON'S OFFICE - SUNSET

Milton steps out of his office into his reception area. Secretary's gone for the night. Milton starts out of the office, disappears.

CLOSE ON A COAT CLOSET.

The door creaks open. Gale, Jennifer, and Dewey emerge from the darkness. Jennifer is gagging.

JENNIFER

Oh God Gale, Dewey was right.
Stop getting so nervous and you
might stop causing me to gag!

DEWEY/GALE

(together)
SHUT UP!

Jennifer's quiet.

JENNIFER

I think Milton's the killer.
I think he just went out to kill another cast member.

GALE

Milton's not a killer. He's a pervert.
He probably went out to buy more KY JELLY for his jack
-off parties he has with his two best friends.

JENNIFER

Rob Reiner and Quentin Tarentino?

GALE

(smacks her forehead out of frustration)
Do you get any of my witty humor?
I mean, you did play me for three movies.
(a beat)
His two hands, dingus.

DEWEY

Ssh ladies.

Dewey leans into Milton's office door, slowly opens it. Darkness spills out. The three disappear inside it.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY - BUILDING - NIGHT

Milton's walking down the hallway. It's dark. Desolate. CAMERA tracks along the paisley velvet carpet as a phone rings O.S.

IT'S MILTON'S CELL. He answers it, pushes the elevator 'up' button anxiously.

MILTON

(into phone)
John Milton.

VOICE

Wanna play a game?

MILTON

Who is this?

VOICE

You tell me. You bankrolled three movies about me.

MILTON

It's you. The saboteur whose been fucking up my movie!
(a beat)

I swear to God if you don't stop I'll find you and have you killed! I shut down production on that piece of shit STAB 3! We had a no talent director and the lousiest Sidney Prescott on the planet but that was besides the point! You still killed MY movie! A John Milton film! And if you ever try and cross me again you'll be sorry. My next movie is gonna be a grandiose step up from this slasher shit! It's a film written and directed by John Sayles.

Milton's going rapid fire.

VOICE

Oh poor John. There's not gonna be another film.
Well, at least not for you.

THE ELEVATOR DOOR OPENS with a ping. A flash of silver and in an instant, John's throat is slashed open, spilling blood. His corpse thuds to the ground. A pair of gloved hands drag him into the elevator. A moments pause and then--

THE GHOST storms out, disappearing down the hall.

THE ELEVATOR DOORS CLOSE ON MILTON'S CORPSE.

CUT TO:

INT. MILTON'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Gale's trying to get a locked drawer on Milton's desk open. It won't budge. Dewey steps into frame, flashlight in hand. He shines the light down on the lock.

DEWEY

Hold on Gale, I'm a pro at this.

Dewey leans in, bumping his head with Gale's.

GALE

Oh Dewey I'm sorry.

The two look at each other and smile. Dewey laughs sweetly. Gale reaches up, rubs his head.

GALE

Here. Let me --

JENNIFER, chimes in. Clearly annoyed.

JENNIFER

Excuse me Gale! What the hell
do you think you're doing?

Gale and Dewey can't help gazing into each other's eyes. In an instant it almost seems as if a long lost love has been sparked back to life.

DEWEY
(shaking it off)
Let's get this drawer open.
If it's locked, there must be something
inside he's trying to hide.

Dewey takes the butt of the flashlight, brings it down hard on the locked drawer. The lock's smashed off.

GALE
Shit. That's gonna leave a mark.

Gale slides open the drawer, reaches in. She pulls up a manilla folder. Dewey shines the light on the folder as Gale opens it up and reads what's inside.

JENNIFER
What? What'd you find?

Gale's eyes widen.

GALE
Paternity test results. Christ Dewey, you're never
going to believe who Milton's kid is.

DEWEY
Who is it?

JENNIFER
(nervously)
Guys! I got a bad feeling.

DEWEY/GALE
(angrily, together)
NOT NOW!

JENNIFER
Guys there's someone else in the fucking room!

DEWEY
Huh?

Dewey and Gale look up and scream as --

THE GHOST rushes out of the shadows. Jennifer bolts for the door. The GHOST jams his knife in her back. She lets out a blood curdling death scream, drops to the floor motionless. GALE and DEWEY share a terrified scream. The killer wipes his blade clean, lunges for them.

DEWEY
(frantic)
Gale run!

Dewey jumps in the killer's path. The killer winds back, cracks the base of the knife across Dewey's skull. Dewey drops to the floor unmoving.

GALE
(screaming)
Dewey!

CLANG! The Killer's blade glistens in the moonlight. He charges for Gale. Gale screams, races out of the office door, slamming it closed on the killer sending him flying onto his back.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY - OFFICES - NIGHT

Gale races down the hallway, frantically trying every door she passes. All of them locked. She reaches the elevator, hits the "down" button. The door opens with a ping. Gale unleashes a horrendous scream --

MILTON --

--has been strung up from the ceiling ventilation duct, gutted from knob to gullet. His entrails lie in steaming heaps at his feet.

GALE staggers away from the elevator, speechless. She screams again.

HER GHOSTLY ATTACKER is coming straight for her.

GALE fakes out the killer, dives into the elevator. He runs ahead, briefly, giving Gale enough time to trip him sending him landing flat on his face. Gale races out of the elevator doubles back down the hallway towards a door marked "stairs". She bolts through the door.

CUT TO:

INT. STAIRWELL - OFFICES - NIGHT

Gale races down the stairs, nearly tripping and falling. She races out onto the ground floor.

CUT TO:

EXT. SUNRISE STUDIO LOT - NIGHT

Gale races out of the office building. A car horn blares. She screams.

KINCAID jams on his breaks, gets out his car. He draws up his gun.

DETECTIVE KINCAID
Jesus Gale what happened?

GALE
(frantic)
He killed Milton! The killer's inside there! Oh God!
(realizing)
DEWEY! Dewey's in there too!
He needs medical help!
He's hurt!

DETECTIVE KINCAID
Alright, calm down. I'm going
to radio in for backup right now.

VOICE(O.S.)

Not so fast. We're not finished.

Kincaid spins around. Gale screams. The GHOST comes charging out of nowhere, slashes open Kincaid's throat, stabs him in the chest. Kincaid drops onto the hood of his car, dead.

GALE pauses. She's screaming hysterically. The killer raises the knife menacingly.

VOICE

I wouldn't run if I were you Gale.
It's only gonna end up with you getting
Skewered like a fucking pig. I need you.

GALE

(nervously)
Awfully late time to be doing an interview.

VOICE

I need you as bait. For Sidney.

Gale closes her eyes, cries as the killer stalks towards her.

CUT TO:

INT. DETECTIVE KINCAID'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Sidney sits in Kincaid's office flipping through the folder marked 'SIDNEY PRESCOTT' It's loaded with newspaper articles and police reports and is basically a scrapbook of obsession. Sidney smirks. Kincaid has drawn little magic marker hearts around a picture of her. She's awakened from her daydream. The phone rings. Sid answers it.

SIDNEY

(into phone)
Hello?

SIDNEY'S VOICE(O.S.)

(off phone)
Hello?

SIDNEY

Who is this?

PHONE SIDNEY(O.S.)

Who is this?

SIDNEY

Um wh-who's calling?

PHONE SIDNEY(O.S.)

Um wh-who's calling?

SIDNEY

Gale, Dewey, whoever, um, call me back,
I can only hear myself.

VOICE

{ a click }
I only her you too, Sidney.

SIDNEY
Who is this?

VOICE
The question isn't who I am. The question is,
who's with me.

GALE
(screaming)
Sidney, stay away!

Sid's face floods with fear. She rushes towards the office door when suddenly,
the voice draws her back, angrily and cautioning.

VOICE
Don't do it! If you do one thing to attract
attention, one thing, I'll kill them both.
Now, do you have somewhere we can be alone?

SIDNEY
Yes.

VOICE
Go there.

Sidney stands up, goes into an inner office, Wallace's.

VOICE
Always hard being friends with you, Sidney.
When you're friends with Sidney, you die!
Well these friends don't have to, Sidney.
It's up to you.

SIDNEY
How do I know their voices are --

VOICE
Are real? How do you know you're not hearing things?
How do you know I'm not someone in your head?
Somewhere, you know.

DEWEY
(frantic)
Don't come here Sidney!

We hear the killer haul back and hit Dewey hard.

GALE
Dewey! No!

VOICE
Or do you?

SIDNEY
You're dead!

VOICE

I don't want them, I want you! It's simple.
You show yourself, they survive, you run,
they die!

GALE
Oh God! Oh God!

VOICE
Don't you want to know Sidney? Don't you want to
know who killed her? Don't you want to know who
killed your mother?

COP(O.S.)
Have you seen Kincaid?

COP 2(O.S.)
NO. But Wallace is around.

SIDNEY
Where?

VOICE
She'd have been so happy, Sidney, to know we'd be together.

SIDNEY
WHERE?

VOICE
I'll call you, when you're on your way.

Click. The killer hangs up. Sidney breaks down crying.

SIDNEY
Fuck!

Wallace's keys rest on his desk. Sid ponders, takes them. She stands up when
something inside her makes her open Wallace's drawer and dig around. She pulls
up a fully loaded handgun.

That's the ticket. She closes the drawer, slinks out the side exit.

CUT TO:

INT. WALLACE'S CAR - NIGHT

Sid speeds through rain-slicked streets. Her cellular rings.

SIDNEY
(into phone)
Yeah?

VOICE
You follow directions good.
Now let's wrap this production.
Go to the Sunrise Studios backlot.
I'll call you when you get there.

Click. The killer hangs up.

CUT TO:

EXT. SUNRISE STUDIOS LOT - NIGHT

Sid parks Wallace's car alongside the studio gates. She gets out, stands on the hood of the car, begins to scale the wrought-iron fence.

CUT TO:

EXT. SOUNDSTAGE - STUDIO LOT - NIGHT

Sidney creeps through the darkened, abandon lot. Again, her cellular rings. Again, she answers it.

SIDNEY
(into phone)
Alright, I'm here. Now what?

VOICE
You're doing real good. Can't
you figure it out? I wanna finish
this where it all began. Woodsboro.

SIDNEY
I thought you wanted me here?

Click the killer hangs up. Sid pockets her phone. She looks up, and is startled out of fright. Posted alongside the sound stage is a huge production poster for STAB 3 with a life-size GHOST wielding a big knife. Sid knows she's in the right place. The door leading inside is half-open. Sid taps the holstered gun, slowly steps into the darkness.

CUT TO:

INT. STAB 3 SETS - NIGHT

Sidney enters. She pauses. As a million things rush through her mind. To her this is like the ultimate return. Everything appears as she last remembers. Sid steps through the dark sets. Her phone rings. She answers it.

SIDNEY
(into phone)
Alright I'm here, now show your face so we can
finish this.

VOICE
It's good to see you again Sidney.
I was growing real impatient.
Go ahead. Explore. I'll catch up with you later.

The killer hangs up. Sid pockets the phone. She walks past the MACHER GARAGE set. Instead of a foam TATUM body dangling from the doggy door, it's KINCAID'S CORPSE! Sidney flinches, covers her eyes. She walks on.

INT. BECKER HOUSE - SET - NIGHT

Sid steps through the living room of the BECKER set. It mirrors the house perfectly. Everything from the shattered patio door to the burnt Jiffy Pop is there. Sid's phone rings. She answers it.

SIDNEY

Yeah?

DEWEY(O.S.)

(off phone)

Help me Sid! The killer's got me!

SIDNEY

Dewey?! OHMIGOD! Where are you?!

DEWEY(O.S.)

Sid I can see you!

SIDNEY

Where are you Dewey?

DEWEY(O.S.)

I'm out back. Tied up. Hurry Sid!

The killer's looking for you!

Quick untie me!

Sid bolts through the shattered patio door out onto the backyard set. Seated before a heated in ground pool, tied to a patio chair, beaten and gagged, is DEWEY RIELLY. He's unconscious and almost appears at first glance like STEVEN ORTH from SCREAM. Sid's jaw drops. This can't be possible. She looks down at the phone.

DEWEY(O.S.)

Good work Sid.

Sid screams, dropping the phone out of fright. She turns around coming face to face with --

THE GHOST

HE STANDS in the patio doorway. A monstrous version of the voice-changing box in hand. He raises up the box, clicks a button and speaks.

GHOST

(Sid's voice)

You play a good game Sidney.

Now it's time to get down to business.

SIDNEY

Who are you?

GHOST

(click-now he's Maureen's voice)

Your other half.

The GHOST rushes Sid. She screams, takes off running. She bolts across the darkened set, running straight up the front porch of a mock-up of her own childhood home. She swings open the front door, slams it closed.

INT. PRESCOTT HOUSE - SET - NIGHT

Sid locks and bolts the front door. She backs away from it as the killer begins to pounce against it, struggling to get inside. Sid hears something upstairs. Like muffled cries. She races up to investigate.

CUT TO:

INT. SIDNEY'S BEDROOM - SET - NIGHT

Sid enters the set of her bedroom, slowly drawing out the gun she stole from Kincaid's office.

LYING on the bed, bound and gagged, is --

GALE WEATHERS

SIDNEY

GALE!

Sid races over, removes the gag from Gale's mouth.

GALE

Christ Sidney hurry up!
That fucking lunatic is coming!

Sid fumbles with the bindings, manages to untie Gale. Gale sits up.

SIDNEY

Gale he's got Dewey!

GALE

I know! He killed Kincaid!

SIDNEY

I know!

GALE

Let's get out of here!

SIDNEY

(screaming)

GALE WATCHOUT!

KER-SMASH! The GHOST launches himself through the upstairs window. Gale and Sidney bolt for the bedroom door, killer hot on their tails.

CUT TO:

DEWEY --

Dewey comes around. He lets his head loll for a moment before finally beginning to pull and tug on his bindings.

EXTREMELY CLOSE on Dewey freeing one of his hands from the heavy duct tape.

CUT TO:

INT. MAUREEN'S BEDROOM - PRESCOTT HOUSE SET - NIGHT

Gale and Sidney run into the master bedroom set, slamming the door shut and locking it. Sid looks around, her head already swimming from the chaos outside. However, what's inside utterly horrifies her. The walls, the furniture and the bed are splattered with blood. On the bed lies a corpse in a black rubber body bag (supposedly Maureen's body). The door buckles under the killer's blows. Gale and Sidney scream. They can't hold out much longer.

GALE
Jesus Christ Sidney get out of here!
He can't get us both!

A knife splinters through the door, inches from Gale's face. She screams.

GALE
RUNNN!

Sid backs away, hysterical. She raises up the gun, fires into the door. BLAM!
BLAM! BLAM! Gale ducks out of the way. Silence.
The door ceases to move. AND THEN --

THE BODY BAG UNZIPS and the second GHOST emerges, knife in hand. The girls
utter horrified screams. Sid raises up the gun, goes to fire when suddenly --

BAM!

The bedroom door's kicked down and the other killer enters, grabbing Sid by
her shoulders, batting the gun from her hands.

Sid screams, punches her attacker in the chest. He winces.

The second Ghost grabs Gale, holds the knife to her throat, stopping her in
her tracks. Sid makes a beeline for the window, leaps through the glass.

THE WINDOW SHATTERS.

Sid comes flying out onto the patio awning. She rolls over onto the astro-turf
grass, momentarily motionless. And then she comes to. Her eyes flickering
open, blurrily staring up at --

THE GHOST, leering out the shattered window frame.

SID stands up, takes off running towards --

THE MACHER HOUSE SET.

CUT TO:

INT. FOYER - MACHER HOUSE SET - NIGHT

Sid races into the foyer, slams the door closed behind her. Again, locking and
bolting it. She looks around, everything is once again the same as it was in
Woodsboro. This is where the climax of the original battle between good and
evil was fought. It's déjà vu all over again. Footsteps O.S.

DEWEY(O.S.)
(weakly)
Sidney?

Sidney turns around --

DEWEY staggers through the living room doorway, gun in hand.

SIDNEY
(eyes lighting up)
Dewey!

Sidney embraces Dewey.

DEWEY
Where's Gale?

SIDNEY
They've got her!

DEWEY
Sid I want you to stay here!
I'll be right back!
I'm not gonna let them get Gale!

Dewey unlocks the front door, swings it open.

STANDING across the set is THE GHOST, knife raised.

DEWEY
(tightening grip on gun)
Hold it right there you fucker!

Dewey goes to fire. CLICK. CLICK. CLICK. Out of bullets.

DEWEY
(nervously)
OH shit!

THE GHOST winds back, launches the knife. It swirls through space before embedding into Dewey's arm, launching him back through the doorway. Sidney screams. Dewey's unconscious again. The GHOST races for the open door. Sid screams, kicks it closed. Locking and bolting it again. A crash O.S. Sid turns around --

A BODY rolls down the staircase, covered in blood. It comes to a halt at Sidney's feet, an unmoving, rumpled figure.

IT'S ANGELINA TYLER.

She's been brutally stabbed.

SIDNEY
(crying)
Oh God.

BUT ANGELINA'S EYES OPEN. A SICK RICTUS SMILE FORMING on her lips. She pulls out a gun, aims it at Sidney's face.

ANGELINA
Time to sort things out.
Whatta you say?

CUT TO:

INT. MACHER LIVING ROOM - SET - NIGHT

Angelina walks Sidney into the living room at gunpoint. Gale's been handcuffed and tossed onto the couch.

ON THE TV --

HOME VIDEO FOOTAGE of MAUREEN PRESCOTT plays.

SIDNEY

It's you?! All of this is because of you?

ANGELINA

No. Not all of it. Sid, someone really wants to meet you.

Sid tries to run, Angelina trains the gun on her. Causing her to stop in her tracks.

ANGELINA

Uh-un Sid. You're not gonna run off. Not now.

VOICE(O.S.)

You're not going anywhere Sidney. It's time you came to terms with me, and with mother! Maybe you never knew her at all, Sid. Maybe you can't get past the surface of things.

The GHOST enters frame, ripping open his costume to reveal a KEVLAR bullet proof vest.

SIDNEY

Who the hell are you?

THE GHOST

The other half of you! I searched for a mother too, an actress named Rina Reynolds. I tried to find her my whole life. And four years ago I actually tracked her down, knocked on her door, thinking she'd welcome me back with open arms, but she had a new life and a new name, Maureen Prescott! You were the only child she claimed Sidney. She shut me out in the cold forever, her own son!

THE GHOST rips off his mask. IT'S ROMAN. Sidney's deathly quiet.

ROMAN

Roman Bridger, director. And brother.
(a beat)

She slammed the door in my face, Sid. Said I was Rina's child and Rina was dead. And it struck me, what a good idea! So I watched her, made a little home movie, a little family film. Seems Maureen, mom, really got around. I mean, Cotton Weary was one thing, everybody knew about that, but Billy's father, that was the key! Your boyfriend didn't like seeing his daddy in my movies. Didn't like it at all. And once I supplied the motive, all the kid needed was a few pointers. Have a partner to sell out in case you get caught, find someone to frame, it was like her was making a movie.

SIDNEY

All the nightmares. All the hell I went through was because of you, you spineless bastard!

ROMAN

I'm a director Sid, I direct. For example,
Angelina over there,
(Angelina smiles)
She's my partner. I can convince her to do
anything. We've been dating since I met her in
Woodsboro.

SIDNEY

(dryly)
Oh my God, Angie Crick? From English class?

ANGELINA

That's me Sid. I always idolized you. You
were always my hero. That's why I'm here Sidney.
I wanted to make you proud.

ROMAN

And I kinda keep her around cause it's a bit of
a turn-on. You know, in the movies she's you Sid, so every
time I jump her bones, I'm doing YOU, technically.

SIDNEY

(repulsed)
Listen, I have no time for this. I've heard this shit
before! So lets get on with it!

ROMAN

Wait a second Sid. Don't you go jumping the gun.
You haven't seen the best part.
(pulls out tape recorder)
With the aides of the computer revolution of y2kI've
been able to steal your voice.
(presses play)
Ain't it cool? Listen to what the police are gonna
find next to your lifeless, mutilated body.

SIDNEY

(off tape recorder)
I can't take it anymore. This Hollywood exploitation
of the nightmare I lived has to be stopped. I did this to
make you all repent for your sins, and now
I'm pleased I've got my message across. Good-bye.

Sid squirms.

ROMAN

(clicking off tape recorder)
Awesome. What'd I tell ya? Heh. Did youknow that
John Milton, was my daddy?
Yep, he's the one who fucked mommy dearest in the long run.
His parties, his flings, exploited the Hollywood nobody!
That's whyI had to make him pay. Daddy dearest is dead.
Mommy's dead. Looks like I'm an orphan all alone
in this world. What a good reason to --
STAB MYSELF!

Roman stabs himself in the arm. He screams, goes stagger back into Angelina's
arms.

ROMAN

See Sidney, as amateur as Billy and Stu were,
they laid the groundwork for this! See Sidney,
they also set the stage for you! Introducing
to the world Sidney the victim! Sidney the
survivor! Sidney the star!

Roman continues stabbing himself. In the shoulder. In the side. In the leg.
Bleeding and hazed, he hands the gore drenched knife to Angelina.

ROMAN

See Sid, now comes the part where we get away
with it! The part where we win! Cause face it
Sidney, in this world, the bad guys win!

SIDNEY

Roman knock it off! Do you people even know why you
kill people? You kill people cause you choose to and
not because of any other fucking reason!

ANGELINA

(screaming)
Roman make her stop! Make her stop baby she's
freaking me out!

ROMAN

(screaming)
God damn it Sidney!

Roman lunges at Sidney. Sid screams, takes off through the kitchen. Gale rolls
herself off the couch. Angela runs over and kicks her in the ribs.

GALE

(coughing)
Hey bitch, don't ever use prop cuffs to restrain
Gale Weathers.

Gale pops off the handcuffs.

GALE

(leaping up)
I know all the tricks!

Gale barrels into Angelina, tackling her into the coffee table before she has
a chance to move. Angelina struggles to raise her knife.

MEANWHILE --

ROMAN,

--chases Sid into the foyer. She races past the spot where Dewey fell earlier.
He's gone! Roman jumps at her. Sid disappears into another room. THE CHASE
continues.

GALE AND ANGELINA,

Continue the fight. Gale's slamming Angelina's head against the hardwood
floor. Angelina swipes, slashing Gale along the side, deeply. Gale screams,
begins to crawl away. She kicks Angelina in the face. Angelina drops the
knife. Gale stands up, begins to back away.

SIDNEY--

Comes rounding into the foyer again. Roman's right behind her.

SUDDENLY,

WHAM! The laundry room door swings open and the GHOST emerges, KNIFE in hand. He buries the knife deep into Roman's chest, sending him flying backwards. Sidney screams. The ghost stops in his tracks, pulling off his mask --

IT'S ONLY DEWEY. He can barely stand up. He's bleeding profusely from his wounds.

Dewey and Sid embrace.

SIDNEY

Dewey my God I thought you were dead.

DEWEY

Don't worry Sid I'd never leave you like that.

SCREAMING O.S.

SIDNEY

DEWEY! IT'S GALE!

Sidney and Dewey race into --

LIVING ROOM --

Gale's got Angelina in a headlock, right beneath the TV UNIT.

GALE

(screaming)

THIS IS FOR THE STARDOM I NEVER HAD!
BITCH!

Gale releases, leaps up, she pushes the TV set down onto Angelina's head. Angelina screams, her body trembling from the electric shocks and high voltage.

SID and DEWEY stand in the doorway, breathless. Gale approaches them. She and Dewey embrace tightly.

ANGELINA's twitching corpse goes limp.

SIDNEY, spots a gun on the mantle. She grabs it, cocks it.

--FOYER --

THE THREE SURVIVORS STEP INTO THE FOYER. Sid looks down at Roman's corpse.

DEWEY

Watch out Sid. Randy said the killer's always superhuman.

SIDNEY

He wasn't superhuman Dewey.
He wasn't superhuman at all.

THEN A HORRIFYING SCREAM rips through the air.

ANGELINA comes racing out of the living room, face a blackened, Kentucky-fried mess. Everyone screams, one epic last scream. Sid raises up the gun, fires, hitting Angelina dead center between the eyes, sending a splash of blood and brain matter onto the wall behind her.

GALE
WHOA! HOLY SHIT IS THIS GONNA MAKE A GOOD BOOK!

Sid turns to Roman's lifeless body.

POV LOOKING UP ON SID TURNING THE GUN DOWN ON US --

SIDNEY
(pissed)
This shit is really getting repetitive,
you know?

SID scrunches up her face in anger, pulls the trigger. BLAM! A CLEAN PERFECT SHOT TO ROMAN'S HEAD.

Sid drops the gun, walks off set.

CUT TO:

EXT. SUNRISE STUDIOS - THE NEXT MORNING

The police, fire, and ems are all on the scene of the crime.

Dewey's wheeled out of the studio on a stretcher, loaded into an ambulance.

INT. AMBULANCE

Gale's right beside him on a stretcher. She leans over, takes his hand.

DEWEY
Gale, I know this is a bad time and all but what
if we try it out again.
The whole relationship thing.

GALE
(smiles)
Sure, why not. You did Save my life, Mr. Rielly.

Dewey smiles. The two kiss feverishly.

CUT TO:

WALLACE exiting his car. He surveys the damage. Sid passes him.

DETECTIVE WALLACE
Jesus Christ what happened?
I leave for two seconds to take my
kid to the doctor, I come back and it's
the fucking WILD BUNCH.

SIDNEY
It was just something that's been itching

to be completed for the past four years.

DETECTIVE WALLACE

I guess so.

SIDNEY

Take care Detective. Give my regards
to the wife and kids.

Wallace nods his thanks as Sidney walks off through the studio gates, the sun rising overhead, as calm and as casually as if nothing's happened. SLOWLY, we crane up to an aerial looking down upon HOLLYWOOD. ANOTHER DAY IS BEGINNING. AND THIS IS THE PERFECT END FOR A TRILOGY.

CUT TO BLACK

THE END