

# TB

## SCARY MOVIE

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Shooting Script

**REVISED**

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# TB

## SCARY MOVIE

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FADE IN

1

ON A RINGING TELEPHONE.

A hand reaches for it, bringing the receiver up to the face of CASEY BECKER, a young girl, no more than sixteen. A friendly face with innocent eyes.

CASEY

Hello.

MAN'S VOICE

(from phone)

Hello.

Silence.

CASEY

Yes?

MAN

Who is this?

CASEY

Who are you trying to reach?

MAN

What number is this?

CASEY

What number are you trying to reach?

MAN

I don't know.

CASEY

I think you have the wrong number.

MAN

Do I?

CASEY

It happens. Take it easy.

CLICK! She hangs up the phone. The CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal Casey in a living room, alone. She moves from the living room towards the kitchen. It's a nice house. Affluent.

\*

The phone RINGS again.

Casey runs back and grabs the phone.

\*

CASEY

Hello.

MAN

I'm sorry. I guess I dialed the wrong number.

CASEY

So why did you dial it again?

MAN

To apologize.

CASEY

You're forgiven. Bye now.

MAN

Wait, wait, don't hang up.

Casey stands in front of large french doors. It's pitch black outside. \*

CASEY

What?

MAN

I want to talk to you for a second.

CASEY

They've got 900 numbers for that. See ya.

CLICK! Casey hangs up. Amused. Annoyed.

2 OMIT

2 \*

3 EXT. CASEY'S HOUSE - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING

3

A big, country home with a huge sprawling lawn full of big oak trees. It sits alone with no neighbors in sight.

The phone RINGS again.

4 INT. KITCHEN

4

Popcorn SIZZLES in a pot on the stove. Casey covers it with a lid, reaching for the kitchen's portable phone. \*

CASEY

Hello.

MAN

Why don't you want to talk to me?

CASEY  
Who is this?

MAN  
You tell me your name, I'll tell you mine.

CASEY  
(shaking the popcorn)  
I don't think so.

MAN  
What's that noise?

Casey smiles, playing along, innocently.

CASEY  
Popcorn.

MAN  
You're making popcorn?

CASEY  
Uh-huh.

MAN  
I only eat popcorn at the movies.

CASEY  
I'm getting ready to watch a video.

MAN  
Really? What?

CASEY  
Just some scary movie.

MAN  
Do you like scary movies?

CASEY  
Uh-huh.

MAN  
What's your favorite scary movie?

He's flirting with her. Casey exits the kitchen and CAMERA MOVES WITH HER, back down the hall, past the dining room towards the living room, talking as she walks.

CASEY  
I don't know.

\*  
\*  
\*

MAN

You have to have a favorite.

Casey thinks for a second.

CASEY

Uh..HALLOWEEN. You know, the one with the guy with the white mask who just sorta walks around and stalks the baby-sitters. What's yours?

MAN

Guess.

CASEY

Uh...NIGHTMARE ON ELM STREET.

MAN

Is that the one where the guy had knives for fingers?

CASEY

Yeah..Freddy Krueger.

MAN

Freddy--that's right. I liked that movie. It was scary.

CASEY

The first one was, but the rest sucked.

MAN

So, you gotta boyfriend?

CASEY

(giggling)

Why? You wanna ask me out?

MAN

Maybe. Do you have a boyfriend?

GIRL

No.

MAN

You never told me your name.

Casey smiles, twirling her hair. She's now back in the living room, standing near the french doors, taking a video out of a store bag.

\*  
\*  
\*

CASEY

Why do you want to know my name?

MAN

Because I want to know who I'm looking at.

Casey spins around like lightning facing the french doors. \*

CASEY

What did you say?

MAN

I want to know who I'm talking to.

CASEY

That's not what you said.

MAN

What do you think I said?

Casey CLICKS on the outside light. A flood light illuminates the backyard. Her eyes survey the grounds. But they're empty. \*

No one's there. She turns the light out.

(OS) She can hear the popcorn popping. Now, instead of a friendly sound, it's increasingly nerve-rattling. \*

CASEY

I have to go now.

MAN

Wait...I thought we were gonna go out.

CASEY

Nah, I don't think so...

MAN

Don't hang up on me.

CLICK! Casey hangs up. She checks the french doors making sure they are locked, then moves for the kitchen. But before she's halfway there... \*

THE PHONE RINGS.

She stops. Hesitates. The popcorn is a steady OS clatter of popping kernels now. She swallows, then answers. \*

CASEY

Yes?

MAN

I told you not to hang up on me.

CASEY  
What do you want?

MAN  
To talk.

CASEY  
Dial someone else, okay?

CLICK. She hangs up. The phone RINGS again. She swears.  
Frozen in the door of the kitchen, she sees the popcorn is  
starting to burn - so is she. She punches the phone back on.

\*  
\*  
\*

CASEY  
Listen, asshole...

MAN  
(deadly serious)  
NO, YOU LISTEN, YOU LITTLE BITCH. IF  
YOU HANG UP ON ME AGAIN I'LL GUT YOU  
LIKE A FISH. UNDERSTAND?

Total silence. He has gotten her full attention.

CASEY  
Is this some kind of a joke?

MAN  
More of a game, really.

Casey eyes the living room's french door, then looks up the  
hallway to the front door...suddenly she's running!

\*  
\*

AT THE FRONT DOOR

\*

She streaks to the front door. It's unlocked. She bolts it.

\*

CASEY  
I'm two seconds from calling the police.

MAN  
They'd never make it in time.

Casey moves her face flush against the door, her eye looking  
through its glass pane.

\*

5 ANGLE THROUGH GLASS.

5

\*

A distorted view of the front porch. It is empty. She  
relaxes a bit, relieved.

6

6

CASEY  
What do you want?



MAN  
(pure evil)  
TO SEE WHAT YOUR INSIDES LOOK LIKE.

Casey's jaw drops. Fear storms her face. She hangs up the phone, throwing it down on a side table when...

THE DOORBELL CHIMES.

Casey leaps out of her skin. She turns to the door as it CHIMES again.

CASEY  
(calling out)  
Who's there?

Another CHIME. She moves to it.

CASEY  
(louder)  
Who's there?

No answer. Fuck this.

CASEY  
(yelling)  
I'm calling the police!

She goes for the portable phone. Just as she picks it up...

IT RINGS.

Casey almost drops it, losing her breath...

She brings it to her ear with trembling hands, saying nothing...listening, waiting...

A long silence. And then.

MAN  
You should never say "Who's there?".  
Don't you watch scary movies? It's a  
death wish.

Casey clutches the wall, nearly collapsing. She tries her damndest to hang tough. Backs away into the living room.

CASEY  
Look, enough is enough. You had your  
fun now you better leave me alone or  
else.

MAN

Or else what?

CLOSE ON her face, her mind thinking, calculating...

CASEY

My boyfriend will be here any second and he'll be pissed when I tell him...

MAN

I thought you didn't have a boyfriend.

Busted. She holds steady.

CASEY

I lied. I do have a boyfriend and he'll be here any second and your ass better be gone.

MAN

Sure...

CASEY

I swear it. And he's big and plays football and will beat the shit out of you.

MAN

I'm getting scared.

CASEY

I'm telling the truth. I lied before...

MAN

I believe you...

CASEY

So you better leave.

MAN

His name wouldn't be Steve, would it?

Silence. Casey buckles at the knees, losing it.

CASEY

How do you know his name?

MAN

Go to the back door and turn on the patio lights--again.

Casey, terrified, forces herself to move...stands, steps to the glass doors. Her shaky hand finds the light switch... she hits it. The back yard is lit. A pool. A terrace, and...

\*

\*

\*

\*

7     Sitting in a lawn chair in the middle of the backyard is a 7  
big, line backer of a guy, her boyfriend...

STEVE

tied and gagged. He's been roughed up, but he's alive.  
CLOSE ON his eyes..wide in fear..staring at his girlfriend,  
pleading with her.

8

8

CASEY

Oh Godddddd...

Casey SCREAMS. Her hand moves to unlock the door. \*

MAN

I wouldn't do that if I were you.

Terror rides Casey's face. She's petrified.

CASEY

Where are you?

MAN

Guess.

Her eyes search the yard, combing bushes, trees. He could  
be anywhere--anywhere.

CASEY

(begging)

Please don't hurt him.

MAN

That all depends on you.

CASEY

Why are you doing this?

Tears find their way, streaming down Casey's face.

MAN

I wanna play a game.

CASEY

No...

MAN

Then he dies. Right now.

CASEY

NOOO!

MAN

Which is it?

A long silence. Casey touches the glass...staring at Steve...this big jock of a guy is crying too.

CASEY

What kind of game?

MAN

Turn off the light.

9 Her hand goes to the switch...Steve tugs and pulls at his 9  
straps...as if begging her...his face sweat and tears...

CLICK

10 He disappears in the darkness. Casey moves away from the 10  
glass, unbelieving, horrified. \*

MAN

Here's how we play. I ask a question.  
If you get it right--Steve lives.

Casey crouches down behind the TV, ripping a lamp cord from  
its socket, darkening the room. Her body quivers. \*

CASEY

Please don't do this...

MAN

Come on. It'll be fun.

CASEY

No...please.

MAN

Its an easy category. Movie trivia.

CASEY

(begging)  
..please...

MAN

I'll even give you a warm-up question. \*

CASEY

Don't do this. I can't..

MAN

Name the killer in HALLOWEEN.

CASEY

No...

MAN

Come on. It's your favorite scary movie, remember? He had a white mask, he stalked the baby-sitters.

Casey goes silent...a nervous wreck...she can barely speak much less think.

CASEY

I don't know...

MAN

Come on, yes you do.

CASEY

Please..stop...

Casey is SOBBING.

MAN

What's his name?

CASEY

I can't think.

Casey has officially reached hysteria, petrified beyond all reality.

MAN

Steve's counting on you.

Suddenly...through tears...Godsent...

CASEY

(a whisper)

Michael...Michael Myers.

MAN

YES!

Casey SIGHS...relieved.

MAN

Now for the real question.

CASEY

NOOOO....

MAN

But you're doing so well.

CASEY

Please go away! Leave us alone!

MAN

Then answer the question. Same category.

Casey is a blubbering, wet mess on the floor.

CASEY

..please..no...

MAN

Name the killer in FRIDAY THE 13TH.

A mad smile purses Casey's lips. She knows this. She leaps up, through tears, screaming...

CASEY

JASON! JASON!...JASON!

A slight PAUSE.

MAN

I'm sorry. That's the wrong answer.

CASEY

No it's not. It was Jason.

MAN

Afraid not.

CASEY

It was Jason. I saw that goddamned movie twenty times. It was Jason.

MAN

Then you should know Jason's MOTHER-- Mrs. Vorhees was the original killer. Jason didn't show up until the sequel.

Casey is stupefied.

CASEY

You tricked me...

MAN

Lucky, for you there's a bonus round. But poor Steve..I'm afraid..he's out.

This implication sends chills down Casey's spine. She flips on the yard lights to see...

\*  
\*

eyes wide, sitting in the lawn chair, clutching his belly...his head falls slack...his hands fall away...a mass of blood and ripped flesh...within seconds, his insides lay on the ground between his feet...steam rising.

- 12 A SCREAM erupts from the bottom of her soul as Casey collapses to the floor...nearly passing out. CLOSE ON her face...pale and ghostly white. She SOBS. 12

MAN

Final question. Are you ready?

She doesn't answer. A long, maddening silence. Casey, reaches up and CLICKS off the light, making Steve go away...wishing, hoping...

CASEY

..leave me alone..please...

MAN

Answer the question and I will.

Casey is curled up on the floor like an infant, rocking slowly back and forth.

MAN

What door am I at?

CASEY

What?

MAN

There are two main doors to your house. A front door and the patio doors. If you answer correctly--you live.

From where Casey sits she can see both front and back doors. She deliberates...with her last bit of strength she tries to strategize. Eyeing both, the front door...the back door...trying to decide between the two.

CASEY

Don't make me..I can't...I won't.

MAN

Your call.

In the darkness, Casey reaches up to a desk, fumbles around and soon comes up with a LETTER OPENER--but it's pathetically small.

Casey looks around her...she looks down the hall to the front door...then turns back to the patio doors as they suddenly...

13 SHATTER TO BITS...

13 \*

as a large wooden lawn chair comes flying through it.  
Exploding glass sprays everywhere.

\*

This ignites Casey. She springs to her feet...bolting  
through the dining room to the kitchen. Moments later,  
behind her, a SHADOW moves quickly through the shattered  
doorframe.

\*  
\*  
\*

14 ANGLE ON CASEY IN KITCHEN

14 \*

The whole area is thick with SMOKE, the popcorn pot glowing  
red hot on the stove. Casey ignores this, stopping breathless,  
listening to FEET ON CRACKING GLASS. She can hear him move to  
the foyer...to the front door.

\*  
\*

She stares at the tiny letter opener in her hand. Suddenly  
puts it down and snatches up the largest CHEF'S KNIFE she can  
find from a drawer. Much better.

\*  
\*  
\*

Holding the knife in one hand, the phone in the other, she  
slips silently across the family room connected with the  
kitchen to

\*  
\*  
\*

ANOTHER DOOR. She eases it open. Slips outside.

\*

15 EXT. REAR OF HOUSE - SAME

15 \*

She eases the door shut, but despite her best effort the  
door's latch falls into its slot with a terrifyingly LOUD  
SNAP!

\*  
\*

Casey FREEZES. Hears the intruder's running steps pound  
into the kitchen. Hears his voice, floating to her,  
mocking...

\*  
\*  
\*

MAN

I can hear you. I know you're here.

Casey stops breathing. She must pass the three curtainless  
windows to get away. She gets to the first one and peeks in...

\*

The FIGURE has pulled open a kitchen closet, searching for  
her.

\*

Casey creeps to the next window, she looks in...the FIGURE  
is completely on the other side of the kitchen moving toward  
the hall that leads to other parts of the house.

\*  
\*

She moves to the third window...she peeks in to see the  
FIGURE...

\*

STARING BACK AT HER...



His face covered with a ghostly white mask, inches from her...his eyes piercing through...soulless...Casey SCREAMS BLOODY MURDER as a hand...

CRASHES through the glass window grabbing hold of her knife arm at the wrist! She beats at him trying to free herself... her nails dig into his arm...he snatches her knife away just a second before she wrenches free. The hands disappear inside the house...

16 EXT. CORNER OF HOUSE

16

Casey sails around the corner of the house, eyeing the front door. It remains closed. Her eyes cover the sprawling, country yard when suddenly...

HEADLIGHTS APPEAR

in the distance, coming down the road towards the house... she recognizes them instantly. Mom...Dad...she tears off down the side yard towards them...moving like lightning...

The car turns into the driveway...Casey SCREAMS, waving madly, rushing by a tree as...

THE GHOST MASKED FIGURE APPEARS

Casey stumbles back, catching her balance...the FIGURE moves on her, arm poised high...a flash of silver...and Casey is struck, across the chest. She looks down to see her shirt blossoming red...a look of bewilderment as she drops to one knee.

The knife rises again...Casey throws her hand forward...the blade comes down...but it's blocked by the portable phone still in her hand. She turns, staggering to...

17 EXT. DRIVEWAY

17

A MIDDLE-AGED COUPLE emerge from the parked car. They move to the front door completely unaware of what's happening to their daughter, only feet from them.

18 EXT. FRONT YARD

18

Casey stumbles forward...her parents ten feet away...she opens her mouth to scream but no sound resonates...she is beyond words...staggering, swaying...the FIGURE moving behind her.

19 EXT. FRONT DOOR

19

Her parents approach the door.

FATHER  
That fish smelled strong.

MOTHER  
I told you to send it back.

The father discovers the front door ajar. A puzzled look. Casey is right behind them with one arm outstretched. If they'd only turn around...

They enter the house and close the door as...

Casey collapses on the ground, clutching her bloody chest...the FIGURE upon her. Casey twists around, clearly dying, but somehow finds the strength to reach up and snatch off the mask: the look in her eyes at what she sees is beyond description.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

20 INT. FOYER

20

The father sees straight back into the kitchen...the shattered patio door.

FATHER  
Jesus...

MOTHER  
What is it? Where's Casey?

FATHER  
(calling out)  
Casey? Casey?

They're panic stricken. The father heads for the shattered door. The mother, seeing smoke in the kitchen, races in there.

\*  
\*  
\*

21 EXT. FRONT YARD

21

CLOSE ON Casey...she's dragged by her feet through damp soil...the life going fast from her body...her hand still clutching the phone.

22 INT. KITCHEN/FOYER

22

Back in the house. The mother turns off the stove - sees no sign of Casey. Races back down the hall to the foyer.

\*  
\*  
\*

MOTHER  
Where is she?

FATHER  
Call the police.

The mother moves to the phone in the foyer, picks it up...there's no dial tone. She jiggles the base.

FATHER  
(searching)  
Casey? Where are you honey? Call the police, goddammit.

MOTHER  
The phone's dead.

Then...the softest...faintest voice is heard...

CASEY  
(from phone)  
Mom...

MOTHER  
Oh dear God..Casey baby.

The slightest breath....a whimpering almost...from the receiver.

CASEY  
(from phone)  
..help me...

MOTHER  
She's here, God, I can hear her.  
Where's my baby?

The husband returns to the foyer, finding his wife clinging to the phone. \*

FATHER  
Where is she?

MOTHER  
I can hear her. Oh Mother of God, I can hear her.

The father upturns the living room. Then on some dark instinct looks out into the patio's blackness. \*

FATHER  
Casey! CASEY!

MOTHER  
Not my daughter...not my...

The husband flicks on the lights, reels back and grabs hold of his wife before she can see... \*

## FATHER

Get in the car and drive down to the  
Mackenzie's.

The mother throws the front door open and rushes out...the  
father moves for the stairs, then freezes when a scream echoes  
out. That of his wife. He tears back down to the front door. \*

23 EXT. FRONT DOOR

23

The father rushes out the door to find his wife, on her  
knees, bent over, retching. His eyes move beyond to a tree  
in the front yard...his stomach fails him...his dinner  
rises...as he bears witness to the single, most horrifying  
sight he'll ever see.

That of his only daughter as she hangs from a big, oak  
tree...strung up...very much dead...her stomach ripped open.

BLACKOUT!

BEGIN MAIN TITLES.

24 INT. BEDROOM - SAME NIGHT

24

A teenage girl's room. Neat and pinkish. On the bed,  
amongst age-old stuffed animals lie opened school books.  
The CAMERA PANS to a desk against the wall where...

SIDNEY PRESCOTT

a young girl of 17, sits, her face glued to the computer  
monitor in front of her. CLOSE ON her face. Sharp and

clever with deep, lonely eyes. She's comfortable in a plain, flannel nightgown.

Her hands are at work, typing feverishly, when suddenly...

CRASH--BOOM

A noise behind her. She turns abruptly, eyeing an open window across the room. A SCRATCHING sound. She stands and moves toward it.

25 EXT. WINDOW

25

Sidney sticks her head out the window. The late night wind hits her face as a SHADOW appears to the left of her, a hand reaches out, grabs her and suddenly a FIGURE is on top of her...

26 INT. BEDROOM

26

Sid SCREAMS...pulling away from the FIGURE...breaking free, falling back onto the floor.

VOICE

(O.S.)

Hey...it's just me.

Sid looks up to see...

BILLY LOOMIS

A young, strapping boy of seventeen. Handsome and alluring. A star quarterback/class president type of guy. He sports a smile that could last for days.

SIDNEY

Billy? What the...

BILLY

I'm sorry. Don't hate me. You sleep in THAT?

Billy pulls himself through the window.

SIDNEY

(whispering)

My dad's in the other room. What are you doing here?

BILLY

I'll only stay a sec.

Suddenly...

The bedroom door BURSTS open. The doorknob catches on the open closet door behind it jamming it, holding it in place.

VOICE  
(from behind door)  
What's going on in there?

Billy quickly rolls out of sight behind the bed. Sidney unjams the door to reveal...

MR. PRESCOTT, late 40's, a severe presence. A distracted man, nervous and pre-occupied.

MR. PRESCOTT  
Are you okay?

SIDNEY  
Can you knock?

MR. PRESCOTT  
I heard screaming.

SIDNEY  
No you didn't.

MR. PRESCOTT  
No? Oh, well...I'm hitting the sack.  
My flight leaves first thing in the morning. Now the expo runs all weekend so I won't be back til Sunday. There's cash on the table and I'll be staying...

SIDNEY  
..at the Hilton...

MR. PRESCOTT  
..out at the airport, so call if...

SIDNEY  
..I need anything. Got it.

He gives the bedroom a quick once over.

MR. PRESCOTT  
I coulda swore I heard screaming.

Sidney distracts him, giving him a peck on the cheek.

SIDNEY  
Have a good trip.

MR. PRESCOTT  
Sleep tight, sweetie.

He gives her a wink and pulls the door closed. Billy reappears.

BILLY  
Close call.

SIDNEY  
What are you doing here?

Billy takes a flying leap and lands on the bed.

BILLY  
It just occurred to me that I've never snuck through your bedroom window.

SIDNEY  
Now that it's out of your system.

BILLY  
And I was home, bored, watching television, THE EXORCIST was on and it got me thinking of you.

SIDNEY  
Oh it did?

BILLY  
Yeah, it was edited for TV. All the good stuff was cut out and I started thinking about us and how two years ago, we started off kinda hot and heavy, a nice solid "R" rating on our way to an NC17. And how things have changed and, lately, we're just sort of...edited for television.

SIDNEY  
So you thought you could sneak in my window and we would have a little take-out. \*

BILLY  
No, no. I wouldn't dream of breaking your underwear rule. I just thought we might do some on top of the clothes stuff.

She snuggles up next to him, planting a kiss on his lips. Passionate and gentle. He, however, responds like a shark, moving on top of her, his hands everywhere as he presses into her...Sidney breaks away.

SIDNEY  
Time to go, stud bucket.

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Billy sits up. His heart isn't racing...it's POUNDING.

BILLY  
See what you do to me.

SIDNEY  
You know what my dad will do to you?

BILLY  
I'm going..I'm going.

He moves to the window. She follows.

SIDNEY  
I appreciate the romantic gesture.  
She gives him a kiss goodnight. Sweet and simple.

BILLY  
(whisper)  
Hey..about the sex stuff. I'm not  
trying to rush you. I was only half  
serious.

She kisses him again as he eases through the window.

SIDNEY  
Would you settle for a PG-13  
relationship?

BILLY  
What's that?

She pulls her flannel gown open for a split  
second...flashing her left breast. His mouth drops  
open...surprise, shock. Their eyes meet. They share a  
smile.

SIDNEY  
Get outa here.

27 EXT. SCHOOL - MORNING

27

CLOSE ON A SIGN

"WOODSBORO HIGH SCHOOL. HOME OF THE FIGHTING PANTHERS"

\*

THE CAMERA PULLS BACK TO REVEAL a picture perfect small town  
school. Old and charming. Students come and go, moving  
about. Nothing unusual, except for the...

six police cars, four news vans, flashing cameras, and  
crowds and crowds of lookie-loo's gathered just off campus.



28 EXT. SIDEWALK

Sidney approaches the school seeing the commotion. Four different REPORTERS stand in front of four different cameras giving four different news reports.

She moves past a policeman standing guard. Her interest piqued, she stops at the first reporter who is...

GALE WEATHERS

Thirties. Her smart face is overshadowed by a flashy smile and a massive mane of chemically enhanced hair.

GALE

(for the camera)

The small town of Woodsboro, California was devastated last night when two young teenagers were found brutally murdered. Authorities have yet to issue a statement but our sources tell us that no arrest has been made and the murderer could strike again... \*

ON SIDNEY. Moved, disturbed. From behind, a finger taps her shoulder. She spins around to see...

TATUM RILEY, same age, feisty, carefree.

TATUM

Do you believe this shit?

SIDNEY

What happened?

They break away from the crowd and head for school.

TATUM

Oh God! You don't know? Casey Becker and Steve Forrest were killed last night.

SIDNEY

No way.

TATUM

And not just killed, Sid. We're talking splatter movie killed--split open end to end.

SIDNEY

Casey Becker? She sits next to me in English.

TATUM

Not anymore. Her parents found her hanging from a tree. Her insides on the outside.

SIDNEY

Do they know who did it?

TATUM

Fucking clueless--they're interrogating the entire school. Teachers, students, staff, janitors...

SIDNEY

They think it's school-related?

TATUM

They don't know. Dewey said this is the worse crime they've ever seen. Even worse than...

(stopping herself)

Well it's bad.

\*

Sidney looks back at Gale, her face deeply pained.

29 INT. CLASSROOM - LATER

29

A frumpy old woman, MRS. TATE, faces her class. Her hands clasped together. A tragic look upon her face.

MRS. TATE

...a terrible tragedy. An unbearable loss. It's days like today we need prayer in school...

Sidney sits near the rear of the room. The desk in front of her sits vacant. Sidney can't take her eyes off it.

The door opens and a STUDENT enters with a slip of paper. He hands it to Mrs. Tate.

MRS. TATE

Sidney. It appears to be your turn, dear.

30 INT. PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE

30

The room is at capacity...wall to wall with police, and the likes. Some sit, stand, lean...

SHERIFF BURKE, a round man in his fifties, wipes the stress from his face.

SHERIFF BURKE

Who's up next?

A young officer looks at a clipboard. This is DEPUTY RILEY, better known as DEWEY. He's a big guy, 20's, handsome in a scrubbed-clean boyish way.

DEWEY

Sidney Prescott.

Sheriff Burke gestures to bring her in. PRINCIPAL HIMBRY, 50's, an old codger of a man wearing a sour face speaks up.

MR. HIMBRY

Sidney Prescott. She was daughter of...

DEWEY

We all know Sidney, Mr. Himbry.

SHERIFF BURKE

How she doin'?

MR. HIMBRY

She's adjusted well. Maintains an "A" average. You'd never know she....

Himbry stops short, seeing Sidney in the doorway. He rises and seats her.

SHERIFF BURKE

Hi Sidney.

SIDNEY

Sheriff Burke. Dewey.

Dewey shakes his head seriously.

DEWEY

I'm Deputy Riley today, Sid.

SHERIFF BURKE

How is everything?

SIDNEY

Good.

SHERIFF BURKE

And your Dad? How's he doing?

SIDNEY

We're fine. Thanks.

MR. HIMBRY  
We'll be brief Sidney. The police have  
a few questions they'd like to ask  
you...

Sidney eyes them all nervously.

31 EXT. SCHOOL COURTYARD- LATER

31

Students sit at outdoor tables eating lunch. Crowded at one  
table is the "gang". This consists of Sidney and Billy and  
Tatum.

Next to Tatum, sits her boyfriend STUART, with his arm  
draped across her back. He's a Billy wannabe. Almost the  
jock, almost handsome, almost cool. He tries way too hard.

Across the table is the fifth wheel, RANDY. A tall and  
gangly kid with no such Billy-like aspirations. A witty  
jokester who elevates geek to coolness.

TATUM  
Hunt? Why would they ask you if you  
like to hunt?

STU  
I don't know, they just did.

RANDY  
Because their bodies were gutted.

Sidney flinches.

BILLY  
Thanks Randy.

TATUM  
They didn't ask me if I liked to hunt.

STU  
Because there's no way a girl could have  
killed them.

TATUM  
That is so sexist. The killer could  
easily be female--BASIC INSTINCT.

RANDY  
That was an ice pick--not exactly the  
same.

STU

Yeah, Casey and Steve were completely hollowed out. Takes a man to do something like that.

TATUM

Or a man's mentality.

SIDNEY

(quiet, almost to herself)  
How do you gut someone?

All eyes turn to Sidney. A serious silence. And then:

STU

You take a knife and slit from the groin to the sternum.

Sidney shivers down to her soul. The whole table rolls their eyes at Stu.

BILLY

It's called tact, you fuckrag.

SIDNEY

Hey, Stu? Didn't you use to date Casey?

Stu's taken back, a little off guard. He looks to Sidney.

STU

For about two seconds.

RANDY

Before she dumped him for Steve.

Tatum turns to Stu, surprised.

TATUM

I thought you dumped her for me.

STU

I did. He's full of shit.

RANDY

And are the police aware you dated the victim?

STU

(offended)  
What are you saying? That I like killed her or something?

RANDY

It would certainly improve your high school Q.

TATUM

Stu was with me last night.

RANDY

Ooooooh...before or after he sliced and diced.

TATUM

Fuck you, nut case. Where were you last night?

RANDY

Working, thank you.

TATUM

I thought the video store fired you. \*

RANDY

Twice.

STU

I didn't kill anybody.

BILLY

No one's saying you did.

RANDY

Besides--

(perfect Stu mimic)

"Takes a man to do something like that."

STU

I'm gonna gut your ass in a second.

RANDY

(to Stu)

Tell me something. Did you really put her liver in the mailbox? I hear they found her liver in the mailbox.

TATUM

(eyeing Sidney)

Randy, you goon-fuck, I'm eating here.

Stu nibbles at Tatum's neck.

STU

Yeah, Randy, she's getting mad. I think you better liver alone.

Stu cracks up at his own joke. The others just MOAN. Sidney is about to crawl out of her skin, trying hard to ignore it all.

32 EXT. SIDNEY'S HOUSE - LATER

32

A huge two story country home with a spacious lawn. A yellow school bus stops in front and Sidney steps off.

The house looks big and lonely as Sidney moves up the walk to the front door.

33 EXT. SIDNEY HOUSE - BACK DECK - LATER

33

Sidney is on the telephone. She's looking down over spectacular scenery.

SIDNEY

(into phone)

You sure I can stay over? My dad won't be back til Sunday.

TATUM

(through phone)

No prob. I'll pick you up after practice. Hey, are you okay?

SIDNEY

Uh-huh, it's just...you know, the police and reporters...it's like deja-vu all over again.

\*  
\*

TATUM

I'll be there by seven. I promise.

SIDNEY

Thanks, Tatum.

TATUM

Later.

Sidney hangs up as she goes inside. She locks the door carefully behind her. Looks at the dimming day, then hurries away inside.

34 INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER

34

Sidney comes down the stairs, her arms carrying a change of clothes, toothbrush, make-up...

She opens the hall closet and pulls a small overnight bag from the top shelf. Moving past a small sitting room into the living room she loads it up, plopping down on the sofa, hitting the TV remote.

CLOSE ON THE SCREEN

A news reporter fades in.

34A

34A

REPORTER #1

(on TV)

Northern California was shocked today by the teen murders in...

Sidney switches channels.

34B

34B

REPORTER #2

No new developments in the Woodsboro double murder...

The channel switches again. Gale Weathers appears, standing in front of the school. Her white teeth gleaming.

34C

34C

GALE

This is not the first time the small community of Woodsboro has endured such tragedy. Only a year ago, Maureen Prescott, wife and mother, was found raped and murdered...

A PICTURE OF A WOMAN is splashed across the screen. A snapshot. She is beautiful, familiar.

34cont. CLOSE ON SIDNEY

34cont.

eyes frozen, mesmerized by the image. Suddenly she CLICKS the TV off and leaves the room.

SITTING ROOM

Sidney plops on the sofa. Her eyes go to the clock on an end table. 5:45 PM. Her eyes then move to the framed photo next to it...the same snapshot from TV, the woman...healthy, vibrant. An older version of Sidney.

Sidney curls up on the sofa, closing her eyes tight...

34D EXT. SIDNEY'S HOUSE - SUNSET

Wide on Sidney's house as a blood-red sun plunges behind the rim of the valley. A spectacular beautiful shot, the house bone-white in the foreground. Except...now the dark is rushing in...



35 INT. SITTING ROOM - LATER - NIGHT

35 \*

The clock on the end table reads 7:15 PM. Sidney is fast asleep on the couch. The phone RINGS. Sidney leaps up grabbing the portable phone.

TATUM  
(from phone)  
Practice ran late. I'm on my way.

SIDNEY  
(eyes clock)  
It's past seven.

TATUM

Don't worry. Casey and Steve didn't bite it til way after 10.

SIDNEY

That comforts me.

TATUM

I'm gonna swing by the video store. I was thinkin' Tom Cruise in ALL THE RIGHT MOVES. You know, if you pause it just right you can see his penis.

SIDNEY

Whatever. Just hurry.

TATUM

Be cool.

She hangs up the phone. It immediately RINGS again.

SIDNEY

(into phone)

Tatum?

MAN'S VOICE

(from phone)

Hello, Sidney.

IT'S HIM. THE VOICE FROM BEFORE.

SIDNEY

Hi. Who is this?

MAN

You tell me.

Sidney thinks, trying to place his voice. It's sounds a little distorted.

SIDNEY

I have no idea.

MAN

Scary night, isn't it? With the murders and all, it's like right out of a horror movie or something.

SIDNEY

Aha, Randy, you gave yourself away. Are you at work? Tatum's on her way over.

MAN

Do you like scary movies, Sidney?

SIDNEY

I like that thing you're doing with your voice, Randy. It's sexy.

MAN

What's your favorite scary movie?

SIDNEY

You know I don't watch that shit.

MAN

Why not? Too scared?

SIDNEY

(playing along)

What's the point? They're all the same. Some stupid killer stalking a big-breasted girl who can't act who's always running up the stairs when she should be going out the front door. It's insulting.

\*  
\*

A brief silence.

MAN

Are you alone in the house?

SIDNEY

That is so unoriginal. You disappoint me Randy.

MAN

Maybe that's because I'm not Randy.

SIDNEY

So who are you?

MAN

The question isn't who am I. The question is where am I?

SIDNEY

So where are you?

MAN

Your front porch.

This gives her pause. She moves to the window and pulls aside the drapes.

SIDNEY

Why would you be calling me from my front porch?

MAN

That's the original part.

ANGLE THROUGH WINDOW. She can't quite see all of the porch.

SIDNEY

Oh yeah? Well I call your bluff.

Sidney goes to the front door. She unlocks the bolt, unsnags the chain, and pulls the door open...revealing the front porch...

36 COMPLETELY EMPTY.

36

She steps out onto it, phone still in hand. A single light shines overhead illuminating the porch, but little beyond. Darkness is all around.

SIDNEY

So where are you?

MAN

Right here.

Sidney peers out into the darkness past thick shrubs that grow on either side of the porch.

SIDNEY

Can you see me right now?

MAN

Uh-huh.

SIDNEY

What am I doing?

She sticks her finger up her nose, pretending to pick. Silence. No answer.

SIDNEY

Good try, Randy. Tell Tatum to hurry. Bye now.

MAN

If you hang up, you'll die just like your mother.

Sidney's stops dead in her tracks, speechless.

MAN

(deadly)

Do you want to die, Sidney? Your mother didn't.

His seriousness unnerves her. Sid flies off the handle.

SIDNEY  
FUCK YOU! YOU CRETIN!

37 She hangs up on him. Moves back inside house. Locks, chains, and bolts the door when...

37 the

A FIGURE COMES LEAPING OUT OF THE HALL CLOSET

rushing her, ramming into her side..the phone flies...the FIGURE is on top of her as she goes down...SCREAMING...

She looks up to see the FIGURE, darkly dressed with a pale, distorted face, white and ghostly...a mask.

Her instincts surface and she kicks up with her foot making contact with his leg...he topples over...coming right at her, his hand finding her neck. Suddenly, a long, silver blade appears above her.

Sidney pulls, jerks, twists...kicks the FIGURE off her...sending him reeling into the living room.

She leaps to her feet, to the front door, unlocks it...pulls it open...it catches on the chain. Shit! She fights with it, looking behind her..the FIGURE has risen, knife in hand. Sidney pulls on the chain but then--inexplicably turns and...

RUNS UP THE STAIRS. The FIGURE right behind her.

38 INT. UPSTAIRS LANDING

38

The FIGURE leaps at Sidney taking hold of her foot, she grabs madly at the wall...her hands grasp a framed painting--a quiet country home, subdued colors, done in oils--she rips it from the wall swinging it behind her...

It catches the FIGURE head on, smashing against his skull, sending him backwards, tumbling down the stairs. Sidney races to her bedroom...

39 INT. BEDROOM

39

She locks the door shut, then pulls her closet door open, placing the edge right at the door knob just as...

THE FIGURE POUNDS AGAINST THE BEDROOM DOOR...

ramming it, it rips open, but the closet door catches it in a crazy vice-like hold.

Sidney grabs the desk phone. It's dead..off the hook downstairs.

The figure rushes the door several times..the frame splinters..but won't give.

Sidney is at her computer, she punches at the keypad madly.

CLOSE ON SCREEN AS WORDS APPEAR.

\_\_\_FAX MODEM

\_\_\_9-1-1 SEND

The knife slashes through the crack in the door wildly.

ON SCREEN AGAIN

\_\_\_HELP KILLER

\_\_\_34 ELM ST

Sidney presses SEND when it occurs to her--all is quiet. The FIGURE is gone. A fearful silence. She looks around...the only sound her own rapid, terrified BREATHING.

ON THE SCREEN

\_\_\_"Stay calm. Police enroute."

Suddenly a NOISE at the window...Sidney looks up to see...

BILLY

her boyfriend, staring at her, surprised.

SIDNEY

Oh Billy...please...God...

BILLY

I heard screaming. The door was locked.  
Are you okay...

SIDNEY

He's here. He's trying to kill me...

Billy pulls himself through the window. As he does, a small black object falls from his dark jeans. It hits the floor as Sidney eyes it...a sleek, compact cellular phone.

Sidney stops in her tracks. Their eyes meet...an eternity. A SIREN is heard in the distance. Sidney bolts...

BILLY

Hey...wait...what's goin'..

Billy reaches for her. Sidney unblocks the bedroom door and tears out of the room.

40 INT. LANDING

40

Sidney nearly falls down the stairs...

41 INT. FOYER

41

She rips the chain off the door, pulls it opens, coming face to face with a white, ghostly mask. A massive SCREAM erupts from her gut as...

THE CAMERA PULLS BACK

to find Dewey--Deputy Riley, holding it. Red lights flash, sirens BLAST as car after car surrounds the house.

42 EXT. FRONT YARD - MINUTES LATER

42

The yard is a whirlwind of activity. An ambulance, squad cars, cops everywhere...

CLOSE ON BILLY'S FACE

as it SMASHES against the hood of a police car. His hands are being cuffed, his rights being read.

BILLY

(screaming)

I didn't do anything! Sid...where's Sid? Ask her, she'll tell ya...

Dewey holds a car door open as Sheriff Burke steps out.

DEWEY

We got him, Sheriff. Billy Loomis.

SHERIFF BURKE

Hank Loomis' kid? Aw..Jesus...

DEWEY

He's her boyfriend.

They approach Billy as he's being placed in a squad car.

BILLY

Sheriff...I didn't do it...please, call my Dad..please...

The squad car disappears with Billy as another car comes to a stop in front of the house. Tatum gets out, freaked beyond belief.

Back to the Sheriff and Dewey as they storm across the yard.

SHERIFF BURKE  
What were you doing out here?

DEWEY  
(rather quickly)  
Drive by patrol.

SHERIFF BURKE  
How is she?

DEWEY  
She's tough.

SHERIFF BURKE  
Have to be. The shit she's gone through.

Across the yard, sits Sidney, in the back of an ambulance as PARAMEDICS check her out.

Sheriff Burke and Dewey approach.

SHERIFF BURKE  
We're seeing a lot of you today.

She tries to smile but fails.

DEWEY  
You gonna be able to come down to the station and talk to us a bit?

Sidney nods as Tatum appears, barreling past an OFFICER.

TATUM  
What happened? Oh God...

Tatum rushes to her, grabbing hold of her.

TATUM  
Oh, Sid, I'm sorry I was late.

DEWEY  
You can't be here, Tatum. This is an official crime scene.

SIDNEY  
It's okay.



TATUM

Her dad's out of town. She's staying with us.

DEWEY

Does mom know?

TATUM

Yes, doofus.

SHERIFF BURKE

Let's get you out of here.

43 EXT. SIDNEY HOUSE - DRIVEWAY

43 \*

A big, white news van comes to a stop in front of the house. The side door slides open and Gale Weathers hops out just in time to see Sidney being escorted to a squad car.

GALE

I'll be damned.

Jumping from the driver's seat is KENNY, Gale's cameraman and flunky. An earnest, young chap on the chubby side.

KENNY

What? What?

GALE

Jesus! The camera--hurry!

But it's too late. Sidney is as good as gone. Gale sees Tatum moving quickly to her car.

GALE

Excuse me?

Tatum looks up to see Gale Weathers rushing her.

GALE

Was that Sidney Prescott they took away?

TATUM

I'm not talking to you.

Tatum hops in her car, ignoring her.

GALE

What happened to her?

Tatum peels out, dising her, as Kenny comes running up with his camera.

KENNY  
Where'd she go?

Gale spins around, flashing her pearly whites.

GALE  
Look, Kenny, I know you're about fifty pounds overweight but when I say hurry please interpret that as...MOVE YOUR FAT TUB OF LARD ASS NOW!

Gale moves back to the van leaving Kenny miffed.

A44 ESTABLISHING SHOT - POLICE STATION - NIGHT

A44 \*

44 INT. POLICE STATION - LATER

44

A small town station. Packed to capacity. Sidney sits at a desk drinking a cup of water. She wears the Sheriff's jacket over her shoulders. Dewey approaches.

SIDNEY  
Did you reach my Dad?

DEWEY  
You're sure it was the Hilton?

SIDNEY  
At the airport.

DEWEY  
He's not registered. Could he have gone to another hotel?

SIDNEY  
I don't know. I guess.

DEWEY  
We'll find him, Sid. Don't worry.

Sidney stares blankly, numb.

45 INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE

45

Billy sits opposite Sheriff Burke. Next to Billy, sits his father, HANK LOOMIS, an older version of Billy.

SHERIFF BURKE  
What are you doing with a cellular telephone, son?

BILLY  
Everybody's got one, sheriff. I didn't make those calls. I swear it.

MR. LOOMIS

Why don't you check the phone bill for chrissakes? Call VitalFone Comp. They'll have records of every number dialed.

SHERIFF BURKE

Thank you, Hank. We're on it.

(to Billy)

What were you doing out at Sidney's tonight?

BILLY

I just wanted to see her, that's all.

SHERIFF BURKE

And last night? Sidney said you crawled through her window last night too?

MR. LOOMIS

(surprised)

You were out last night?

BILLY

I watched TV for awhile but then I felt like going for a ride.

SHERIFF BURKE

Did you ride past Casey Becker's house?

BILLY

No, I didn't. I didn't kill anyone, Sheriff.

SHERIFF BURKE

We're gonna have to keep you, son. Until we get those phone records.

Billy fights tears.

BILLY

This is crazy. I didn't do it.

Sheriff Burke eyes him up and down, very carefully.

46 INT. POLICE BULL PEN - MINUTES LATER

46

Tatum has joined Sidney. The sheriff's door opens and Billy is led out by a coupla UNIFORMS. Burke and Dewey appear in the door watching Tatum comfort Sidney.

OUT OF EAR SHOT

DEWEY

That ghost costume is sold at every five and dime in the state. We'll never track a purchase.

\*  
\*  
\*

SHERIFF BURKE

What about the cellular phone bill?

DEWEY

They're pulling Loomis' account. It'll be morning before we see something. You think he did it?

SHERIFF BURKE

Twenty years ago I woulda said not a chance. But these kids today...damn if I know.

Across the room, Tatum stands, eyeing Dewey.

TATUM

(shouting across the room)

Hey..Dewey. Can we go now?

DEWEY

Hold up a sec...

SHERIFF BURKE

Is Sid staying with you?

DEWEY

We haven't located her Dad yet.

TATUM

(getting his attention)

Goddammit, Dewey!

Dewey turns to her, his face red.

DEWEY

(screaming)

What did Mama tell you? When I wear this badge you treat me like a man of the law.

TATUM

I'm sorry, Deputy Dewey-boy but we're ready to go.

SHERIFF BURKE

Use the back way. Avoid the circus.

47

EXT. POLICE STATION - SIDE DOOR

47

The door opens and Sidney, Tatum, Dewey, and TWO OFFICERS exit avoiding the horde of REPORTERS that can be seen around the corner waiting anxiously at the front entrance.

DEWEY

I'll get the car. Wait here.

Dewey takes off. From the darkness of the alley, Gale Weathers appears with Kenny and his camera. They've been waiting.

GALE

Hello Sidney.

Sidney spins around to see Gale, standing, smiling at her. Sidney's body tightens and her face goes taut.

GALE

Some night. What happened? Are you alright?

Their eyes meet in a cold familiar stare. Sidney says nothing. She's visibly shaking.

TATUM

She's not answering any questions. Just leave us alone, okay?

SIDNEY

It's okay, Tatum. She's just doing her job. Right, GALE?

GALE

Yes, that's right.

Dewey, in a squad car, turns into the alley and pulls up. The other news people have wisened up. They begin to flock the alley.

SIDNEY

How's the book?

GALE

It'll be out later this year.

Sidney tries to contain herself..squeezing a clenched fist.

SIDNEY

I'll look for it.

GALE

I'll send you a copy.

In a blurred, unexpected instant, Sidney brings her fist forward, SMASHING it hard into Gale Weathers's face. The impact sends Gale reeling backwards, knocking into Kenny as they both tumble to the pavement.

ON SIDNEY...breathing deep, a sense of satisfaction on her face.

48 INT. TATUM'S BEDROOM - LATER

48

A spacious bedroom. Typical. Tatum and Sidney lay on the bed. They both wear night shirts.

TATUM

God, I loved it. "I'll send you a copy." BAM! Bitch went down. "I'll send you a copy." BAM! Sid--SuperBitch!

Dewey appears in the doorway holding a bag of ice.

DEWEY

I thought you might want some ice for that right hook.

Sidney sits up, takes the ice, and puts it on her hand. Dewey moves out the door.

DEWEY

I'll be right next door. Try to get some sleep.

SIDNEY

Any word on my Dad?

DEWEY

(turning to her)  
Not yet, but we're looking. If you need anything...

TATUM

Yeah, yeah, yeah...

Dewey smiles, pulling the door closed on his way out. Sidney lies back down, rolling on her side, away from Tatum.

TATUM

Do you really think Billy did it?

A telephone RINGS somewhere in the house.

SIDNEY

He was there, Tatum.

TATUM

I knew the guy was too perfect. He was destined to have a flaw.

pops in. This is MRS. RILEY. She wears a comforting smile. \*

MRS. RILEY  
Telephone, dear. \*

TATUM  
Who is it?

MRS. RILEY  
It's for Sid. \*

SIDNEY  
My Dad?

Mrs. Riley shakes her head sadly. \*

TATUM  
Take a message.

SIDNEY  
It's alright. I'll get it.

Sidney takes off out the door. Mrs. Riley motions to Tatum. \*

MRS. RILEY  
(whispers)  
How is she? \*

Tatum shrugs.

49 INT. HALLWAY

49

Sidney grabs the phone at the end of the hall.

SIDNEY  
Hello?

MAN  
(from phone)  
Hello Sidney.

IT'S HIM. The CAMERA does a Hitchcock as Sidney's entire body goes weak..his VOICE moving through her..invading her. She CRIES OUT.

SIDNEY  
NOOOOOOOO...

Mrs. Riley turns in the doorway. Tatum comes bolting out of the bedroom. \*

MAN  
(from phone)  
Poor Billy-boyfriend. An innocent guy  
doesn't stand a chance with you.

SIDNEY  
LEAVEMEALONE!

MAN  
Looks like you fingered the wrong  
guy...again.

SIDNEY  
Who are you?

TATUM  
Hang up, Sid.

MAN  
Don't worry. You'll find out soon  
enough. I promise.

Mrs. Riley BEATS on a closed bedroom door.

MRS. RILEY  
Dewey! Dewey!

MAN  
This is gonna be fun, Sidney. Just like  
old times.

CLICK.

Dewey flies out of his room wearing only his boxers..holding  
his gun.

DEWEY  
What? What?

The phone goes dead. Sidney stands frozen.

50 EXT. WOODSBORO MAIN STREET - DAWN - ESTABLISHING 50

The morning sun shines high over Woodsboro Townsquare. Cars  
come to life, townsfolk stir as the picture postcard  
community awakens from a restless sleep.

51 INT. KITCHEN - MORNING 51

Sidney and Tatum sit at the kitchen table, dressed and  
ready for school as Mrs. Riley serves up breakfast. A  
small television sits on the counter BLARING.



Dewey, in uniform, stands near the door, talking on the phone.

MRS. RILEY

I think you girls really should stay home today.

\*

TATUM

Your objection is duly noted.

SIDNEY

I'd rather be around a lot of people, Mrs. Riley.

\*

From the TV, Sidney hears her name, "SIDNEY PRESCOTT..." All eyes go to the television.

52

52

REPORTER

(on TV)

..who escaped a vicious attack last night was the daughter of Maureen Prescott who was brutally killed last year when convicted murderer Cotton Weary...

52A INSERT of COTTON WEARY, handcuffed, being led down the steps toward a waiting police car. Reporters swarm.

REPORTER

(cont'd)

..broke into their home and savagely raped and tortured the deceased. Cotton Weary is currently awaiting appeal for the death sentence handed down after the young Sidney testified against him. She was the key witness in the state's...

51 CONT.

SIDNEY

It's never gonna stop. Is it?

51 CONT.

Dewey is off the phone.

DEWEY

Billy was released. His cellular bill was clean. He didn't make those calls.

SIDNEY

Somebody called me, Dewey. I'm not making it up.

DEWEY

I know. We're checking every cellular account in the county. Any calls made to you or Casey Becker are being cross-referenced. It's gonna take time but we'll find him.

SIDNEY

And my Dad? Any word on him?

Dewey shakes his head "no".

53 EXT. SCHOOL STREET - LATER

53

Dewey's Jeep pulls up in front. Once again, it's a circus as REPORTERS line the street hounding students, interviewing bystanders, etc.

54 INT. PATROL JEEP

54

Dewey pulls up in front of the school. Tatum hops out while Sid lingers, hesitant, unsure. Dewey takes notice.

DEWEY

Hey, it's school. You'll be safe here.

Sidney forces herself out of the Jeep as a microphone is shoved in her face...

REPORTER

How does it feel to almost be brutally butchered?

Dewey leaps from the car, intercepting the reporter.

DEWEY

Leave the girl alone, will ya? She wants to go to school.

Sidney eyes the newsvan that's parked nearby. The side door is open revealing Gale Weathers.

\*  
\*

TATUM

Come on, Sid.

SIDNEY

Just a sec...

She heads over to Gale.

55 EXT. NEWSVAN - STREET

55

Sidney, head down, face hid, avoids reporters making her way to...

Gale who sits in the open door, checking her face in a mirror. Makeup tries hard to hide Sid's handiwork--a swollen black and blue right cheek.

Gale spots Sidney immediately and leaps to her feet.

GALE  
Stop right there.

Sidney throws her hands up in surrender.

SIDNEY  
I'm not here to fight. I need to talk.

GALE  
(calling into the van)  
Kenny. Camera. Now.

Kenny's head darts out from the van.

SIDNEY  
Off the record. No cameras.

GALE  
Forget it.

Sidney contains herself.

SIDNEY  
Please. You owe me.

GALE  
I owe you shit.

SIDNEY  
You owe my mother.

GALE  
Your mother's murder was last year's hottest court case. Somebody was gonna write a book about it.

SIDNEY  
And it had to be you with all your lies and bullshit theories.

GALE  
What is your problem? You got what you wanted. Cotton Weary is in jail. They're gonna gas him. A book is not gonna change that.

SIDNEY

Do you still think he's innocent?

Gale's interest is piqued. She eyes Sidney suspiciously.

GALE

He was convicted in a court of law.  
Your testimony put him away. It doesn't  
matter what I think.

SIDNEY

During the trial, you did all those  
stories about me. You called me a liar.

GALE

I think you falsely identified him.  
Yes.

SIDNEY

Have you talked to Cotton?

GALE

Many times.

SIDNEY

Has his story changed?

GALE

Not one word. He admits to having sex  
with your mother but that's all.

SIDNEY

He's lying. She wouldn't have touched  
him. He raped her, then butchered her.  
Her blood was all over his coat.

GALE

He was drunk that night. He left his  
coat at your house, after your mother  
seduced him...

SIDNEY

I saw him leave wearing it.

GALE

No, you saw someone leave wearing that  
coat. The same someone who planted it  
in Cotton's car, framing him.

A long beat. Sidney considers this for the millionth time.

SIDNEY

No, Cotton murdered my mother.

But there's doubt in her voice. Gale's face lights up.

GALE

You're not so sure anymore, are you?

Sidney clams up.

SIDNEY

No, it was Cotton.

Tatum comes waltzing up.

TATUM

(to GALE)

Nice welt.

Gale ignores her, zeroing in on Sidney, half realizing.

GALE

The killer is still on the loose, isn't he? These murders are related.

TATUM

Yo--let's shake it.

\*

Sidney starts to fidget.

SIDNEY

I'm sorry I mangled your face.

She takes off with Tatum. Gale calls after her.

GALE

Wait, Sidney, don't go...

But Sidney and Tatum have already disappeared in the crowd of students moving across campus.

Gale looks to Kenny.

GALE

Jesus Christ! An innocent man on death row. A killer still on the loose. Kenny, tell me I'm dreaming.

KENNY

You want to go live?

Gale's mind races with possibilities.

GALE

No, not so fast. We have nothing concrete.

KENNY

You can't sit on this. This is huge.

GALE

That's why I need proof. If I'm right  
about this--I could save a man's life.  
Know what that would do to my book sales?

\*

Gale is ecstatic. Kenny is underwhelmed.

\*

KENNY

It was so much easier when we made it all up.

\*

56 EXT. SCHOOL CAMPUS - SECONDS LATER

56

Tatum and Sidney make their way across campus.

TATUM

Just relax. You're at school now. No  
one can get you here.

SIDNEY

But if it wasn't Billy it could be  
anybody. He could be here at school  
right now.

They move up the walk as a FIGURE falls in step behind them,  
sporting the killer's costume.

\*

TATUM

Serial killers are smart by definition.  
They minimize their risk. They plan and  
pre-calculate everything. Showing up  
here would be like the most lame-brain  
move he could make.

SIDNEY

He promised me he'd be back.

As easy as the figure appeared, it disappears--falling out  
of sight, unseen by either of them.

TATUM

I wouldn't put too much stock in a  
psycho's promise.

They move up the front steps toward the main doors of the  
school as the GHOST FIGURE reappears...standing at the top  
of the steps..Sidney sees it first, stopping dead in her  
tracks.

\*

# TB

Rev. 4/13/96 - yellow

She steps back, spinning around to find...

A GHOST FACE behind her as well, both of them approaching, closing in on her. Sidney starts to SCREAM when the two ghosts bust up LAUGHING, tearing off across campus.

57 EXT STREET

In front of the school we catch a REPORTER doing a live remote. He holds a mask in his hand.

REPORTER

This morning several students, in what appears to be a prank, have been spotted wearing frightening costumes. School officials have yet to comment but this is known to be the same costume worn by the killer...

\*

\*

58 INT. HALLWAY - MINUTES LATER

58

Just before the bell. The hallway is congested with students heading to class. Tatum is at her locker with Sidney. Stu lounges with them, draped over Tatum.

SIDNEY

This is a mistake. I shouldn't be here.

TATUM

I want you to meet me right here after class, okay?

Sidney looks at Stu.

SIDNEY

I haven't seen Billy around. Is he really pissed?

STU

You branded him the CANDYMAN. What do you think? Dude's broken.

TATUM

Ignore him. You had good reason to think what you did. Besides, if I were accused of carving up two people, I'd take the opportunity to skip school.

Suddenly, a SCREAM erupts. All eyes go to a COSTUMED STUDENT running down the hall, screaming wildly, running amuck. The bell rings and students race laughing for classes.

\*

SIDNEY

Why are they doing this?

STU

Are you kidding? This is like Christmas.

Tatum punches Stu in the side. Stu WINCES.



TATUM  
Stupidity leak.

\*  
\*

STU  
(wincing)  
Sorry.

\*

Sidney, clearly upset, takes off down the hall.

\*

TATUM  
(yelling)  
Siiidd!

\*

Sidney runs, rounding a corner, running smack into...

\*

BILLY

They collide hard catching Sidney off guard, scaring the life out of her. She falls backwards, but Billy catches her.

\*

SIDNEY  
Jesus, SHIT!

BILLY  
Hey, hey, it's just me.

Sidney pulls away from him quickly. Billy feels the slight.

BILLY  
What? You don't still think it's me?

Sidney catches her breath.

SIDNEY

No, I don't...it's just...someone was there, Billy, someone tried to kill me.

BILLY

The police say I scared him off. It wasn't me, Sid.

SIDNEY

I know. He called again last night at Tatum's house.

BILLY

See, it couldn't have been me. I was in jail. Remember?

SIDNEY

I'm so sorry...please understand.

BILLY

Understand what? That I got a girlfriend who would rather accuse me of being a psychopathic killer than touch me.

Sidney takes offense to this.

SIDNEY

You know that's not true.

BILLY

Then what is it?

SIDNEY

"What is it?" I was attacked and nearly fileted last night...

BILLY

I meant with us. Ever since your mom died things have been weird between us.

SIDNEY

Is your brain leaking? My mom was killed. I can't believe you're bringing this up.

BILLY

But it's been a year.

SIDNEY

(correcting him)  
Tomorrow. One year tomorrow.

BILLY

You gotta let that go, Sid. When my mom left my dad--I just accepted it. This is the way it is. She's not coming back.

SIDNEY

(sharply)

Your parents split up. It's not the same thing. Your mom left town, she's not in a coffin somewhere.

BILLY

Bad analogy. I'm sorry. It's just...I want my girlfriend back.

SIDNEY

Billy, I apologize if my traumatized life is an inconvenience to you and your perfect existence.

Angry, Sidney disappears through a door marked GIRL'S BATHROOM, leaving Billy alone in the hallway. He SMACKS his forehead, pissed at himself. \*

59 OMIT

59 \*

60 INT. GIRL'S BATHROOM

60

Large and spacious. Closed bathroom stalls line one wall facing a row of sinks and a huge mirror. Sidney enters as TWO GIRLS tinkle and talk--each from their respective stalls.

GIRL #1

She was never attacked. I think she made it all up.

GIRL #2

Why would she lie about it?

GIRL #1

For attention. The girl has some serious issues.

Sidney listens intently.

A toilet FLUSHES. Sidney quickly jumps in a stall, hiding, just as GIRL #1 appears from a stall. She looks like her voice--a snotty little twit.

GIRL #1

What if she did it? What if Sidney  
killed Casey and Steve?

GIRL #2

And why would she do that?

GIRL #1

Maybe she was hot for Steve and killed  
them both in a jealous rage.

Another toilet FLUSHES.

GIRL #2

What would Sidney want with Steve? She  
has her own bubble-butt boyfriend Billy.

GIRL #1

Maybe she's a slut just like her mom.

INSIDE THE STALL Sidney listens. Her face weakening.

GIRL #2

You're evil.

GIRL #1

Please, it's common knowledge. Her  
mother was a tramp.

GIRL #2 appears from her stall--another twit. They both  
stand in front of the mirror adjusting two snotty faces.

GIRL #2

Cut some slack. She watched her mom get  
butchered.

GIRL #1

And it fucked her up royally. Think  
about it. Her mother's death leaves her  
distraught and hostile at a cruel and  
inhumane world. She's disillusioned.  
Where's God?, etc. Completely suicidal.  
And one day she snaps. She wants to kill  
herself, but she realizes teen suicide  
is out this year. And homicide is a much  
healthier therapeutic expression.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

From the stall, Sidney listens, her heart pounding, jaw  
quivering.

GIRL #2

Where do you get this shit?

\*

GIRL #1  
Ricki Lake.

\*

GIRL #2  
You're pathetic.

\*

\*

The two girls exit. Sidney moves out of the stall, catching her reflection in the mirror.

SIDNEY  
(echoing)  
..pathetic.

Water DRIPS somewhere from a leaky pipe as wind WHISTLES in from the cracked transom above the bathroom door. It sounds almost like a whisper, "Siddneey..."

Sidney spins around. What the... She checks out the bathroom. The doors to the stalls are all closed. She bends down and scans beneath them, looking for feet. No one. Nothing.

Sidney turns back to the mirror. Suddenly...

MAN  
(o.c.whisper)  
Siddneey...

Unmistakable this time. The VOICE strikes Sidney like a nail through the eye. It comes from one of the stalls. She stands thunderstruck, eyeing the stalls thru the mirror.

SIDNEY  
Is someone there?

A long, morose silence. And then:

MAN  
(softly, simply)  
It's me, Sidney.

Sidney spins around. Fuck no! HE'S HERE. Terror floods her face. She eyes the exit door, then the row of stalls she must pass to get to it.

She checks under the stalls again. Nothing...where the fuck is he? She takes a step forward when...

TWO FEET step down from a toilet onto the floor in the last stall. Sidney's face draws tight as the stall door begins to CREAK open. She bolts forward, making a break for it...as a GHOST FIGURE lunges from the stall. Sid barely flies past as the figure grabs hold of her.

Sid pulls..twists, yanks free, moving on. She SLAMS her body through the exit door...narrowly escaping.

61 INT. CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

61

Sidney flies out of the bathroom door SCREAMING...burning up the hallway, not looking back. A TEACHER, hearing her SCREAM, peers out from an open doorway...as Sidney sprints by him, not stopping...running madly.

62 INT. PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

62

CLOSE on a red-faced Principal Himbry as he reads someone the riot act.

MR. HIMBRY  
I'm sickened. Your whole havoc-inducing, thieving, whoring generation disgusts me.

The CAMERA SWINGS AROUND to reveal two KILLER-COSTUMED STUDENTS standing at attention. Mr. Himbry rips the mask off of one of the student's heads. \*

MR. HIMBRY  
Two students have been savagely murdered. And this is how we express our compassion and sensitivity?

He rips the mask off the other student.

MR. HIMBRY  
You're both expelled.

The GHOSTS doth protest...

GHOST #1  
Aw, come on, Mr. Himbry, it was just a joke.

GHOST #2  
Yeah, that's not fair.

A deep rooted hostility has taken over Mr. Himbry's face. Neither student budges, scared to even breathe.

MR. HIMBRY  
No, it's not fair. Fairness would be to rip your insides out and hang you from a tree so you can be exposed for the desensitized, heartless little shits that you are.

Suddenly the door BURSTS open and Sidney appears, hysterical.

SIDNEY  
(crying)  
He's here....I saw him...he's here...

All eyes go to a trembling and terrified Sidney.

Dewey's patrol jeep is parked in front of the school. He stands in the open driver's door talking on the radio.

SHERIFF BURKE

(from radio)

She's okay. Looks like some boys were teasing her. Himbry is in an uproar. Why don't you have a look around?

DEWEY

Yes, sir, sheriff.

Dewey shuts the Jeep door and heads for campus when Gale Weathers appears, her fake face aglow.

GALE

Hi! Gale Weathers. Field Correspondent, TOP STORY.

DEWEY

I know who you are, ma'am. How's the eye?

GALE

Productive. Is there a problem on campus?

DEWEY

Everything's under control, ma'am.

Dewey heads for the school building. Gale scurries along side him flirtatiously.

DEWEY

You're not supposed to be here, ma'am.

GALE

I know, I should be in New York covering the Sharon Stone stalker but who knew? Please, call me Gale. You look awfully young to be a police officer.

Dewey's eyes wander down to Gale's long legs, the way her hips move as she walks...he's clearly distracted.

DEWEY

I'm twenty-five years old, ma'am.



GALE

Twenty-five, huh? In a demographic study I proved to be most popular amongst males, 11-24. I just missed you. Of course, you don't look a day over twelve, except in the upper torso area. Does the force require that you work out?

Dewey looks away, blushing a bit.

DEWEY

No, ma'am. Because of my boyish good looks, muscle mass has increased my acceptance as a serious police officer.

They approach the school's front entrance. Suddenly, Mr. Himbry's VOICE is amplified through intercoms across campus via the PA system. They stop to listen.

MR. HIMBRY

(via PA)

"Your attention please. Due to the recent events that have occurred and until it comes to a resolve--effective immediately--all classes are suspended til further notice. The Woodsboro Police Dept. has issued a city wide curfew beginning at 6 o'clock PM. I repeat..."

Gale speaks over Mr. Himbry's VOICE.

GALE

Looks like we have a serial killer on our hands.

\*  
\*

DEWEY

Serial killer is not really accurate, ma'am. You have to knock off a few more to get that title.

GALE

Well, we can hope, can't we? We certainly don't have any leads. Have you located Sidney's father?

DEWEY

No, not yet.

GALE

He's not a suspect, is he?

DEWEY

We haven't ruled out that possibil...

Dewey, realizing he's said too much, clams up.

DEWEY

If you'll excuse me, ma'am.

GALE

Am I keeping you? I'm sorry.

DEWEY

That's quite alright. If I may say so, ma'am, you're much prettier in person.

Dewey starts up the school's front steps as the bell RINGS.

GALE

So you do watch the show?

He turns to her earnestly as STUDENTS come pouring out the front doors.

DEWEY

I just turned 25. I was 24 for a whole year.

GALE

You are precious. Please, call me Gale.

She smiles deliciously, gives him a wink, then struts off as Dewey, like a nervous little school boy, watches her go.

64 EXT. SCHOOL COURTYARD - LATER

64 \*

School is clearing out. Tatum escorts Sidney across campus. \*

TATUM

It was just some sick fuck having a laugh.

SIDNEY

It was him, Tatum. I know it.

Tatum wants to believe her but...

TATUM

You are not to be alone again. Is that clear? If you pee--I pee.

Stu appears.

STU

Is this not cool or what?. Hey, Sid,  
whatever you did--the entire student  
body thanks you.

TATUM

Drop it, Stu.

STU

And to celebrate this impromptu fall  
break, I propose we have a party.  
Tonight, my house.

SIDNEY

Are you serious?

STU

My parents are out of town. Nothing big.  
Just a small and intimate gathering.

Tatum warms to the idea.

TATUM

What do you think, Sid? Pathos has its  
perks.

SIDNEY

I don't know...

Sidney considers trying hard to be good spirited.

STU

Remember, there's safety in numbers.

SIDNEY

(giving in)

Yeah, okay...whatever.

STU

Cool. See you guys tonight. Bring  
fuel.

\*

Stu speeds off, sliding down the empty hallway.

65 INT. PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - LATER

65

Mr. Himbry sits at his desk staring at the ghost masks  
before him. He picks one of them up, snickering.

MR. HIMBRY

Damn...

He stands and moves to the closet next to his office door. He pulls it open to reveal a mirror hooked inside the door. He tries the mask on, pulling it over his face, looking in the mirror when..

A KNOCK AT THE DOOR stops him. He rips the mask off his head, turns to his office door and opens it to reveal...

AN EMPTY DOORWAY. He pokes his head into the outer office area and looks around. But no one's there.

MR. HIMBRY

Yes? Hello?

The place is empty. A little suspicious he closes the door, catching his reflection in the closet mirror. He looks at the mask in his hands. Jesus, even he's jumpy. Then...

ANOTHER KNOCK AT THE DOOR. Himbry grabs the door quickly, this time throwing it open. Again no one's there. He steps out into the outer office determined to catch a prankster.

66 INT. OUTER OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

66

Completely empty. Mr. Himbry moves through the outer office and into the school corridor.

66A The overhead lights have been turned off and the corridor is now dark and deserted. He looks up and down the hall. Only a JANITOR is seen in the distance pushing a broom.

66A \*

MR. HIMBRY

Little shits.

Mr. Himbry returns to his office.

67 INT. OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

67

Himbry reenters his office, moving to his desk, when he spots the closet door NOW CLOSED SHUT.

This gives him pause--he had left it open. Hadn't he? Suddenly, he can't remember. He shifts, uneasy, reaching for the door knob, pulling the door open to reveal...

AN EMPTY CLOSET. Himbry shakes away his jitters, realizing he's spooked himself. He heads for his desk, pushing his office door shut when...

A GHOST MASKED FIGURE lunges from behind it...knife in hand. Quick and easy. Three quick jabs to the stomach and Himbry goes down. The GHOST MASKED FIGURE towering above him.

68 EXT. TATUM'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON - LATER

68

Tatum and Sidney rock on the front porch looking out onto the small town neighborhood. Dewey's patrol jeep is parked in the driveway.

Despite loud music, BLARING from an inside stereo, this is a quiet moment.

TATUM

What if Cotton Weary is telling the truth? Maybe he was having an affair with your mom.

\*  
\*

SIDNEY

So you think my mom was a slut too?

TATUM

I didn't say that, Sid. But you know there were rumors. Your dad was always out of town on business. Maybe your mom was a very unhappy woman.

SIDNEY

If they were having an affair how come Cotton couldn't prove it in court?

TATUM

You can't prove a rumor. That's why it's a rumor.

SIDNEY

Created by that little tabloid twit Gale Weathers.

TATUM

(delicately)

It goes further back, Sid. There's been talk about other men.

SIDNEY

And you believe it?

TATUM

Well...you can only hear that Richard Gere-gerbil story so many times before you have to start believing it.

A long silence as Sidney agonizes over all of this. She stands up and moves to the edge of the porch and stares out onto the neighborhood.

SIDNEY

If I was wrong about Cotton Weary, then the killer's still out there.

\*  
\*

TATUM

Don't go there, Sid. You're starting to  
sound like some Wes Carpenter flick.  
Don't freak yourself out--we've got a  
long night ahead of us. Let's shake it.

\*

\*

Sid follows Tatum inside the house never seeing the GHOST  
MASKED FIGURE that stands across the street, under a tree.  
His presence so subtle and unobstrusive you'd have to see  
this movie a second time to know he was there all along.

69 EXT. WOODSBORO COMMON - LATER - DUSK

69

A green park-like area in the heart of Woodsboro. Stu walks  
alone when, suddenly, Billy comes barreling up next to him.

BILLY

How'd you do?

STU

Piece of cake. She'll be there.

BILLY

Butt wart comes through.

STU

We could lose the anal references. You  
know I go out of my way for you.

BILLY

Hey, I'm trying to build your self-  
esteem. You're far too sensitive.

Billy thumps Stu's forehead. An act of love.

BILLY

You ready to party hard tonight?

STU

You know it.

They walk on.

70 INT. BRADLEY'S - A LITTLE LATER

70

Your typical chain video store --huge and crowded. Randy,  
in his employees get-up, is busy reshelving returns when  
Stu appears--knocking the videos out of his hand.

STU

Jesus, this place is packed.

RANDY  
(picking up videos)  
We had a run in the mass murder section.

STU  
You coming tonight?

RANDY  
Yeah, I'm off early--curfew you know.

A YOUNG GIRL comes bopping up to Randy.

YOUNG GIRL  
What's the name of that werewolf movie  
with ET's mom in it?

\*  
\*

RANDY  
(not missing a beat)  
THE HOWLING. Horror--straight ahead.

The girl takes off.

RANDY  
(spotting Billy)  
Oh, now that's in poor taste.

STU  
What?

Randy refers to Billy who stands down the aisle talking to  
TWO GIRLS. (The twits from the bathroom perhaps.)

RANDY  
If you were the only suspect in a  
senseless bloodbath would you be  
standing in the horror section?

STU  
It was all a misunderstanding. He  
didn't do anything.

RANDY  
You're such the little lap dog. He's  
got killer printed all over his  
forehead.

STU  
Then why'd the police let him go?

RANDY  
Because, obviously, they don't watch  
enough movies. This is standard horror  
movie stuff. PROM NIGHT revisited.

Randy moves down the aisle, reshelving videos.

STU

Why would he want to kill his own  
girlfriend?

RANDY

There's always some stupid bullshit  
reason to kill your girlfriend. That's  
the beauty of it all. Simplicity.  
Besides, if it's too complicated you  
lose your target audience.



STU

So what's his reason?

RANDY

Maybe Sidney wouldn't have sex with him.

STU

She's saving herself for you.

RANDY

You got it. Now that Billy's tried to mutilate her, you think Sid would go out with me?

STU

I think her father did it. How come they can't find his ass?

RANDY

Because he's probably dead. His body will come popping out in the last reel somewhere...eyes gouged out. See, the police are always off track with this shit, if they'd watch PROM NIGHT they'd save time. There's a formula to it. The dad's a red herring. I'm telling you--it's Billy.

BILLY

(O.C.)

How do we know you're not the killer?

Randy spins around to find Billy right behind him. Busted.

RANDY

Uh...hi, Billy.

BILLY

Maybe your movie-freaked mind lost its reality button?

Randy shrugs, laughing it off.

RANDY

You're absolutely right. I'm the first to admit it. If this were a scary movie, I'd be the prime suspect.

STU

And what would be your motive?

RANDY

It's the millenium. Motives are incidental.

\*  
\*

71 EXT. MAIN STREET - LITTLE LATER

71

Dewey's patrol Jeep makes its way down mainstreet. It's almost dark. The street is close to deserted. CLOSED SIGNS fill the storefronts, a few people rush to their cars, in a hurry to beat curfew.

72 EXT. PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

72

\*

Dewey's jeep pulls up and comes to a stop with Dewey, Sid and Tatum. They all pile out, looking about the empty town.

\*

\*

SIDNEY

God, look at this place, it's THE TOWN  
THAT DREADED SUNDOWN.

DEWEY

Hey, I saw that movie. True story,  
'bout some killer in Texas.

TATUM

Hey, Sid. Just think if they make a  
movie about you. Who's gonna play you?

SIDNEY

I shudder to think...

Dewey looks to Sid with a brotherly smile.

\*

DEWEY

I see you as a young Meg Ryan myself.

SIDNEY

Thanks, Dewey. But with my luck they'd  
cast Tori Spelling.

Dewey heads for the station.

\*

\*

DEWEY

I'll just be a few minutes. Don't go  
far.

The girls take off across the street towards...

\*

73 OMIT

\*

73A EXT. SUPERMARKET - CONTINUOUS

\*

The local grocery store. Small. Quaint.

\*

SIDNEY

Is Billy going to be there tonight?

TATUM

He better not be. I told Stu to keep his mouth shut. I think we can live without the endorphin rush for one night.

Sid and Tatum grab a shopping cart from the bin, and enter the store.

74 INT. STORE - CONTINUOUS

74

A lone CHECK OUT LADY behind the counter, big and frumpy, looks up from counting money.

CHECK OUT LADY

You girls gonna have to hurry it up.  
We're under curfew.

TATUM

Two minutes tops.

They make a bee-line for the junk food section as the CAMERA FOLLOWS them, TILTING UP to a round security mirror that hangs above the aisle. The GHOST FIGURE is glimpsed emerging from a side door in the back of the store.

75 EXT. POLICE STATION - DAY

75

Dewey hustles up the police station steps, braking as he's spotted by Sheriff Burke, who's just outside the entrance door, smoking.

SHERIFF BURKE

Dewey! Where the hell you been?

DEWEY

Keeping my eye on Sidney.  
(eyeing his cigarette)  
I thought you quit.

\*  
\*

SHERIFF BURKE

I did, but dammit---Dewey, there's been some news and it's bad. Real bad. VitalFone just faxed us. The calls were listed to Neil Prescott--Sidney's father. He made the calls with his cellular phone. It's confirmed.

\*  
\*

DEWEY

There's no way his cellular could have been cloned?

# TB

Rev. 3/29/96 - Pink

SHERIFF BURKE

There's more. Guess what tomorrow is?  
The anniversary of his wife's death.

DEWEY

Have you contacted the bureau?

SHERIFF BURKE

They think he's out of state by now.  
We'll keep roadblocks and curfew in  
effect through the night. If he's not  
picked up by morning--we'll do a house  
to house. Where's Sidney?

DEWEY

She's with my sister. Should I bring  
her in?

SHERIFF BURKE

Not just yet. Let's find Neil first.  
Make sure he's our man. Just stay close  
to Sid. Don't let her out of your  
sight.

DEWEY

Yes, sir.

76 INT. SUPERMARKET - FEW MINUTES LATER

76

Sidney and Tatum push a basket through the junk food  
section. The girls gab freely.

SIDNEY

Billy's right. Whenever he touches me,  
I just can't relax.

TATUM

You have a few intimacy issues as a  
result of your mother's untimely death.  
It's no big deal. You'll thaw out.

SIDNEY

But he's been so patient with me, Tatum.  
You know, with all the sex stuff. How  
many guys would put up with a girlfriend  
who's sexually anorexic?

TATUM

Billy and his penis don't deserve you.

Sidney is at the cooler. She pulls the door open and reaches  
in, grabbing a six-pack of soda. A glimpse of the GHOST  
ducking into an aisle is reflected in the glass door. It goes  
completely unnoticed by Sid and Tatum.

77 EXT. SUPERMARKET - TWO MINUTES LATER

77

Sid pushes the cart out the glass door with Tatum riding it.  
The GHOST MASKED FIGURE is nowhere to be found.

SIDNEY

What do you think about when you're having sex?

TATUM

With Stu, there's little time to stop and reflect. But sometimes before, to relax and get in the mood, I think about Grant Goodeve.

77A Sid pushes the cart and Tatum across the street.

77A \*

SIDNEY

Who?

TATUM

Grant Goodeve--the oldest brother on EIGHT IS ENOUGH. Remember that show? He was the one who lived off alone. He would come around every now and then with his guitar and sing "Eight is enough to fill our lives with love..." He had all these brain dead sisters and that idiot brother from CHARLES IN CHARGE. God, I was in love with Grant, he was so hot. The show came on every day after school right during my puberty years. Grant Goodeve was very instrumental in my maturing as a woman.

SIDNEY

But how does that get you in the mood with Stu?

TATUM

During foreplay, I sing the theme song to myself, "Eight is enough to fill our lives with love..." It's a real turn on.

SIDNEY

No way.

TATUM

I'm convinced the lyrics had a secret meaning, "Eight is enough..."

Sid pushes the cart up to Dewey's Jeep. Tatum hops off.

SIDNEY

What secret meaning? Like a Satanical thing?

TATUM

Watch the show, Sid. His basket is bigger than the one you're pushing.

SIDNEY

TATUM!

TATUM

Oh Sidney. WHAT? A guy can talk tits til he's dead but the minute you mention an eight inch weenie. Watch out.

Sidney stops just short of a laugh. Tatum opens the back Jeep door, loading the groceries in. Behind her, a FIGURE appears, just out of their sight, behind the Jeep's open back door. \*

TATUM

There's that sense of humor. I knew it still existed. Ohh, Sid, let's have some fun tonight.

SIDNEY

Deal.

Sidney moves to the back door and closes it shut, when from behind...

DEWEY stands. Sid jumps, startled.

DEWEY

You girls ready?

SIDNEY

Yeah.

DEWEY

Looks like I'm your personal bodyguard tonight, Sid.

TATUM

No, Dewey. You'll ruin the whole night.

DEWEY

Sorry, police orders. I'll stay out of the way, I promise.

TATUM

Shit.

Tatum kicks the shopping cart out of the way, blindly. It slams into a nearby trash can. PAN DOWN to a crumpled discarded ghost costume that lies wedged in the trash. \*

78 EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT

78

Dewey's Jeep makes its way down a long, winding road. Headlights illuminate the thick woods that line each side. Following behind them at a discreet distance is a huge white newsvan.

78A Dewey comes to the end of the road. It dead ends at...

78A \*

STU'S HOUSE which sits alone in a clearing, big and ominous with no neighbors in sight. A huge old home just ripe for a night of fun and...terror.

From the looks of things the party has already started. MUSIC BLARES. A few KIDS hang on the porch.

79 INT. LIVING ROOM - MINUTES LATER

79

A big room with KIDS sprinkled throughout--smoking, drinking, cutting up. A STEREO BLASTS the latest ROCK while the TV airs around the clock killer coverage.

Tatum and Sid enter with groceries. Various FRIENDS greet them.

TATUM

Caterer's here.

The girls carry bags through a hallway that opens up onto an enormous kitchen. Stu and some GUYS are leaning over the sink drinking beer from a funnel.

TATUM

That's mature.

STU

Where you guys been? We had to start without you.

80 EXT. STU'S HOUSE - ROAD

80

The newsvan pulls up and parks unobtrusively on the side of the road a few feet down from the front yard.

81. INT. NEWSVAN

81

The slide door slides open. Gale moves around inside the van while Kenny peers out into the night.

GALE

Were we spotted?

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*



KENNY

I don't think so.

\*  
\*

Gale steps out into the darkness, not seeing the FIGURE that stands behind her. A hand grabs her shoulder, Gale's heart stops as she spins around to find...

\*

Dewey, smiling, extremely pleased to see her.

DEWEY

Evening, ma'am.

GALE

Deputy...good evening.

DEWEY

What brings you out to these parts?

GALE

You never know when or where a story will break.

DEWEY

Not much story here. Just a bunch of kids cutting loose.

GALE

Then what are you doing here?

DEWEY

Keeping an eye on things. Checking the place out.

GALE

Well, then...mind if I join you?

Dewey considers for a whole two seconds.

DEWEY

Not at all.

GALE

I'll just grab my coat.

Gale leans in the van and grabs a small compact video camera. She gives Kenny a wink as she slides it into her coat pocket.

82 OMIT

82

83 INT. LIVING ROOM - FEW MINUTES LATER

83

The party is going strong. Ten maybe fifteen people stand, sit, lean. Some crowd around the floor in front of the television. Randy is taking a vote.

RANDY

How many EVIL DEAD'S?

(hands go up)

How many HELLRAISER'S?

Hands go up. BICKERING AD-LIB, etc.

ON THE COUCH

Sid and Tatum and Stu peruse a stack of video rentals.

SIDNEY

THE FOG, TERROR TRAIN, PROM NIGHT--How come Jamie Lee Curtis is in all these movies?

RANDY

She's the Scream Queen.

STU

With that set of lungs--she should be.

TATUM

(to Sid)

Tits--see.

The doorbell RINGS. Stu goes for it.

STU

I got it. Tatum get me a beer. They're in the fridge in the garage.

TATUM

What am I? The beer wench?

STU

(o.c.)

Hey, guess who's here? It's that chick from TOP STORY?

They look up the hallway to see Dewey and Gale standing in the foyer.

TATUM

Shit, Dewey!

Everyone perks up, eyeing Gale.

TATUM

What is she doing here?

DEWEY

She's with me. I just wanted to check on things.

The GUYS in the room are drooling over Gale. Including Stu.

TATUM

So you did--now leave...and take your media muff with you.

Tatum takes off for the kitchen.

Gale has quickly become the focus of the party. All eyes are on her.

SOME TEEN

I watch your show religiously.

ANOTHER TEEN

Wanna interview us?

RANDY

We could be like two grief stricken students and we'll say really nice things about our good friends who were slaughtered senselessly.

STU

I can cry on cue.

Gale eyes the bookshelf above the television.

GALE

Maybe later?

Gale slips the camera from her bag--hits the ON switch and holds it behind her...waiting for the right moment.

84 BACK IN FOYER

84

SIDNEY

Have they found my father?

DEWEY

Afraid not.

SIDNEY

Should I be worried?

DEWEY

Not yet.

85 INT. KITCHEN

85

Tatum is alone in the kitchen. She empties popcorn into a bowl, then pulls open the refrigerator...looks quickly, then remembers...

She moves through the adjoining laundry room to the...

86 INT. GARAGE

86

The kitchen door opens and light seeps into the darkened garage. Tatum stands in the doorway searching for a light switch.

She finds a button and hits it. BRRRRMMM! The electric garage door starts to rise. A small light comes on. It's attached to the garage door mechanism overhead. She hits the switch again, closing the garage door. But the light stays on. Dim and faint. It's on a delay timer. It lights the center of the garage but little else, leaving pockets of shadows along the wall.

Tatum spots the refrigerator against a far wall and heads for it, not seeing the kitchen door, quietly, slowly, closing behind her, sealing her off from the rest of the house.

Tatum stumbles to the refrigerator and throws it open. Its light casts a glow across her face.

CRASH-BOOM!

Tatum jumps, spinning around just in time to see a cat escape through a large pet door that's built into the garage door. She smiles at her jumpiness.

Tatum loads up with as many beers as her hands will carry and heads back to the kitchen.

At the kitchen door, she juggles the beer, reaching for the knob. It's locked.

TATUM

SHIT!

She KICKS it with her foot several times.

TATUM

Hey, Shitheads!

A moment. No answer. Suddenly the light GOES OUT, encasing her in darkness. \*

TATUM

OH, SHIT PISS!

Tatum leans over and, with her elbow, hits the garage door button. BRRRRMM! It begins to rise. The light comes back on. \*

She moves towards the rising door, beer in hand. Suddenly, CRR-BRRRM! The garage door RESETS, reversing direction, moving down, closing.

TATUM

What the...

Tatum spins around to see...

A GHOST MASKED FIGURE

standing in the shadows, next to the kitchen door, his hand on the switch. Tatum at once, GASPS, taken back, but then relaxes. \*

TATUM

Is that you, Randy? Cute.

The FIGURE stares at her, blankly.

TATUM

And what movie is this from? I SPIT ON  
YOUR GARAGE?

Tatum takes a step towards the FIGURE.

TATUM  
Lose the outfit. If Sidney sees it,  
she'll flip.

The FIGURE shakes his head slowly from side to side.

TATUM  
Oh you wanna play psycho killer?

The FIGURE slowly nods.

TATUM  
Can I be the helpless victim?

The FIGURE slowly nods again.

TATUM  
Okay, let's see. "No, please, don't  
kill me, Mr. Ghostface. I want to be in  
the sequel."

Tatum takes a step to move around the FIGURE, but he steps  
too, blocking her.

TATUM  
Cut, Casper. That's a wrap.

Tatum moves again, sidestepping the FIGURE, but he's faster  
and cuts her off.

TATUM  
Randy--will you stop?

She juggles the beer against her chest, shoving him with her  
arm as the FIGURE intercepts, lunging forward, grabbing her  
wrist hard...Tatum stumbles...beer cans hit the  
floor...spewing...

TATUM  
You little shit.

Tatum yanks hard, releasing his hold when a flash of silver  
catches her eye. She looks down, glimpsing a long, sharp  
blade as it darts forward, cutting into her forearm...

Tatum pulls back, horrified, as the moment turns deadly  
serious.

The FIGURE advances on her--knife out, ready. She staggers  
backwards, holding her bloody arm, backing into the  
refrigerator, SCREAMING.

TATUM  
Who are you?

The FIGURE lashes out with the knife. Tatum dodges it, leaping back against the fridge. The FIGURE advances. CLICK! The light goes out again. Tatum welcomes the darkness. She rips the top freezer door open, BASHING the FIGURE in the face, sending him backwards, reeling.

\*  
\*  
\*

Tatum bolts to the...CLOSED GARAGE DOOR. In a panic, she BEATS and PULLS on it, trying to make it lift. She eyes the FIGURE...he's recovering.

She goes for the pet door, dropping to the floor, diving for it...she wedges her upper body through, her head, shoulders, torso just as the...

FIGURE pounces, grabbing hold of her feet. Tatum goes crazy SCREAMING and KICKING trying to get through.

87 EXT. GARAGE DOOR

87

Tatum is half in/half out the pet door. She BEATS and JERKS wildly, unable to see the FIGURE on the other side...

A true fighter, Tatum kicks hard, making direct contact with the FIGURE, knocking him away.

She takes the moment to pull herself through further...but she stops...stuck. She pulls and tugs but can't move. She listens but hears nothing. Where did he go? An agonizing silence. And then...

CRR-BRRRM! The garage door is activated. It begins to rise upward, taking Tatum with it. She SCREAMS MADLY.

TATUM

NOOOOOO....

Tatum's arms and legs fly about violently as she tries to free herself from the door, but it moves too fast, carrying her up...

She looks above to see where the door rolls back into the garage rafters just as her neck hits the first beam, SNAPPING instantly.

88 INT. FOYER - MINUTES LATER

88

It's getting late and SOME KIDS leave through the front door, muttering, "parents and curfew" etc. The door hangs open wide. Sid moves to close it when...

BILLY appears in a classic fake scare.

SIDNEY

Billy? Jesus, you scared me.

Stu appears.

STU  
(with a wink)  
Dude. What are you doing here?

BILLY  
I was hoping Sid and I could talk.

SIDNEY  
If Tatum sees you--she'll draw blood.

STU  
You guys can go up to my parents room?  
To talk and...whatever.

BILLY  
Subtlety, Stu. Look it up.

SIDNEY  
It's okay. We need to talk.

Sid grabs his hand and leads him up the staircase. Randy appears from the kitchen just in time to see Sid and Billy disappear upstairs.

RANDY  
What's Leatherface doing here?

STU  
He came to make up.

RANDY  
There goes my chance with Sid.

STU  
Like you had one.

89 INT. NEWSVAN

89

Kenny fidgets at the control board. He hits a couple buttons, bangs the side of the monitor and a picture emerges...the living room. The camera is positioned just above the television...

89A ON SCREEN

89A

Several teens sit right in front of the television. Gale is at the door, making her goodbyes. \*

9 cont. Suddenly, the van's side door slides open and Gale pops in. 89cont.



KENNY

What the...

He looks back to the monitor just in time to see Gale exit through the front door. It dawns on him...

KENNY

We got a delay. Damn control board.

Kenny beats at it with his hand. Gale looks over his shoulder to the monitor.

GALE

How long is it?

KENNY

I don't know. Say 30 seconds.

Gale doesn't give a shit.

GALE

We'll be fine. Just record it. The placement is perfect.

(hugs him)

Tell me, Kenneth, has a cheesy tabloid journalist ever won the Pulitzer?

★  
★

90 INT. BEDROOM

90

A large, master bedroom with an adjoining bathroom and a walk-in closet.

Sid and Billy stare at each other for a long moment. Awkward.

SIDNEY

So...

BILLY

So...I'm sorry. I've been a selfish shit and I'm sorry.

SIDNEY

No, Billy. I'm the one who's been selfish and self absorbed with all of my post traumatic stress.

BILLY

You lost your mom...

SIDNEY

But you're right--enough is enough. I  
can't wallow in the grief process  
forever and I can't keep lying to myself  
about who my mom was.

Billy bows his head quietly, knowingly.

SIDNEY

I think in some weird analytical,  
psychological bullshit way I'm scared  
that I'm gonna turn out just like her,  
you know? Like the bad seed or  
something...

BILLY

Oh Sidney...

SIDNEY

Every time I get close to you I see my  
mom. I know it doesn't make sense.

BILLY  
Sure it does. It's like Jodie Foster in  
SILENCE OF THE LAMBS when she kept  
having flashbacks of her dead father.

SIDNEY  
But this is life. This isn't a movie.

BILLY  
Sure it is, Sid. It's all a movie.  
Life's one great big movie. Only you  
can't pick your genre.

Billy moves to her. They embrace, tenderly.

SIDNEY  
I wanna let go. I do...

BILLY  
Ssshh...everything's gonna be okay. I  
promise.

Sidney takes the initiative, acting on impulse, kissing him  
long and hard. She breaks away passionately, out of breath.

SIDNEY  
Why can't I be a Meg Ryan movie?

Billy nibbles her neck.

BILLY  
Sssh..it's okay.

SIDNEY  
Or even a good porno.

BILLY  
(shocked)  
What?

She stares at him, her eyes sexually charged.

SIDNEY  
You heard me.

BILLY  
(incredulous)  
Are you serious?

SIDNEY  
(surprising herself)  
Yeah...I think so.

They smile at each other.

91 INT. LIVING ROOM - MINUTES LATER

91

The compact camera sits on the book shelf lodged between two knick knacks. It goes completely unnoticed by the group of TEENS watching the TV--the horror diehards.

TEEN #1

Look, here it comes. SPLAT!

TEEN #2

The blood's not the right color. Why do they do that? It's too red.

RANDY

Here comes another...

TEEN #3

Predictable. Knew he was going to bite it.

BORED TEEN

How can you watch this shit over and over?

RANDY

Shhhhh.

STU

I wanna see Jamie Lee's breasts. When do we see Jamie Lee's breasts?

\*  
\*

RANDY

Not until TRADING PLACES in '83. Jamie Lee was always the virgin in horror movies. She didn't show her tits til she went legit.

\*

GIRL TEEN

(under her breath)

Or could afford a decent pair.

RANDY

That's why she always lived. Only virgins can outsmart the killer in the big chase scene in the end. Don't you know the rules?

Stu finishes his beer.

STU

What rules?

Randy stands, moving in front of the television, to explain himself.

RANDY

There are certain rules that one must abide by in order to successfully survive a horror movie. For instance: 1. You can never have sex. Big no-no. Sex always equals death. 2. Never drink or do drugs. The sin factor. It's an extension of number one. And 3. Never, ever, ever, under any circumstances, say "I'll be right back."

STU

Wanna another beer?

RANDY

Yeah.

STU

I'll be right back.

Everybody "ooohhs".

92 INT. NEWSVAN - CONTINUOUS

92

Gale and Kenny watch the monitor. The party is clearing out.

A RAP at the van door. Gale pulls it open to see Deputy Riley standing, his face all smiles.

DEWEY

Sheriff just radioed me. Someone reported a car in the bushes up the road a ways. Thought I'd check it out. Care to join me?

GALE

I'd love to. If you're sure it's alright?

DEWEY

Ma'am, I am the Deputy of this town.

Gale steps out of the van turning back to Kenny.

GALE

I'll be back.

She slides the van door closed.

93 EXT. ROAD - CONTINUOUS

93

Gale heads for Dewey's patrol jeep.

DEWEY

Actually, I thought we could walk. It's not too far.

Gale appears skeptical, but smiles anyway. She's genuinely smitten by this young guy.

94 INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

94

SCARY MUSIC fills the room. The party is reduced to the diehards in front of the television.

RANDY

(pointing to TV)

Look, here comes the obligatory tic shot.

OTHER GUYS

Beautiful! Finally!

95 INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

95

Billy and Sidney are going at it...passionately. He has his head buried in her neck.

SIDNEY

(to herself)

"Eight is enough to fill our lives with love..."

It's working. Sidney pushes Billy off her as she pulls her shirt over her head. She fumbles with the clasp of her bra as she...

CAMERA RUSHES IN on her breasts. Just as Sid's bra straps slide off her shoulders...

Billy moves in front of the CAMERA, pulling his jeans off, blocking Sidney from view.

96 INT. LIVING ROOM - SECONDS LATER

96

Back in the living room, the horror fest continues when the phone RINGS. Everyone ignores it. It RINGS again.

Finally, Randy grabs the receiver from the side table.

RANDY

Hello? Yeah....HOLY SHIT.

Randy, freaked, drops the phone, finds the TV remote and pauses the movie, the others protest "Hey, Put it back..." etc.

RANDY

Listen up. They found Principal Himbry dead. He was gutted and hung from the goal post on the football field.

This stills the room. Complete silence as the news sinks in. ON different faces...a moment of devastation..disbelief. And then:

TEEN #1

So what are we waiting for?

TEEN #2

Let's get over there before they pry him down.

And in seconds, the room is empty as everyone bolts for the door..HOOTIN' and HOLLERIN'...leaving Randy, near drunk, alone in the living room. He returns to the movie.

RANDY

We were just getting to the good part.

97 INT. NEWSVAN - MINUTES LATER

97

Kenny is barely watching the monitor, he reached boredom some time ago. He chows down on chips when he hears SCREAMING from outside. He peers out the window to see the last of the PARTY KIDS pile into two cars and race off down the road.

98 EXT. DARK ROAD - CONTINUOUS

98

A long, deserted country road. In the distance, a single flashlight beams ahead, the only light in the black night. Gale and Dewey can be heard.

GALE

So is Dewey your real name?

DEWEY

Dwight. Dewey was something I got stuck with a long time ago.

GALE

I like it. It's...sexy.

DEWEY

Nah...it's just this town's way of not taking me serious.

DEWEY

Nah...it's just this town's way of not taking me serious.

GALE

What about Gale Weathers? I sound like a meteorologist...

CLOSE ON Gale and Dewey, walking closely, side by side--flirtatiously. Gale is surprisingly nervous.

GALE

People treat me like the antichrist of television journalism.

DEWEY

I don't think you're so bad.

Dewey blushes. Suddenly, headlights appear behind them. They both spin around as TWO CARS loaded with KIDS come racing right at them.

Dewey grabs Gale and pushes her off the road...just as the cars speed by, oblivious to them.

IN THE DITCH

Gale lands face up with Dewey right on top of her. He steals a glance in her eyes before rolling off her.

DEWEY

You okay?

Something takes Gales attention.

GALE

Is that what you're looking for?

Dewey looks to where Gale points. He finds the flashlight and aims it into the brush. The tail end of a car is just visible.

Dewey helps her up and they move to it. He shines the flashlight on the license plates.

DEWEY

Shit. It's Neil Prescott's car.

GALE

Sidney's father?

DEWEY

We gotta get back. Jesus. He's here.  
What the hell is he doing here?

\*



99 INT. BEDROOM - MINUTES LATER

99

The sex is over...and both Sid and Billy are dressing respectively. That post-sex awkwardness.

Sid brushes out her hair as her eyes come to rest on the telephone on the nightstand...it puzzles her as a stark revelation crosses her face. She turns to Billy who sits on the floor, putting on his shoes.

SIDNEY  
Who did you call?

BILLY  
What?

SIDNEY  
When you're arrested--you're allowed one phone call? Who did you call?

BILLY  
I called my dad.

SIDNEY  
No, Sheriff Burke called your dad. I saw him.

BILLY  
Yeah...and when I called no one answered.

SIDNEY  
Uh-huh.

BILLY  
You don't still think it was me?

SIDNEY  
No, but if it were you, that would have been a very clever way to throw me off track. Using your one phone call to call me so I wouldn't think it was you.

Billy stands up.

BILLY  
What do I have to do to prove to you I'm not a killer?

He makes a move toward her when..from behind, in a split instant, from the adjoining bathroom comes...

\*

THE GHOST FIGURE

Sidney sees the FIGURE immediately, SCREAMING. Billy tries to calm her, oblivious to the advancing GHOST.

SIDNEY  
BILLYWATCHOUT!!!!

Billy barely turns as a long steely blade rises high in the air. It strikes down with force...hitting his chest as blood sprays the air.

ON SIDNEY as red crimson splatters across her face...as the knife is thrust in and out of Billy who tries hard to put up a fight..but its useless...he never had a chance. His body falls to the floor..lifeless.

ANGLE ON GHOST

as he turns his attention to Sidney. That's all the incentive she needs. Sid takes off like a rocket...leaping over the bed and to the door. She SLAMS it shut behind her.

100 INT. HALLWAY - SAME

100

Sidney stumbles down the hallway to the open landing. She leans over the railing SCREAMING down to the foyer.

SIDNEY  
SOMEBODY HELPME!!!

She moves around the landing into a second bedroom, heading for the visible hallway leading to the stairs. But just as quickly, the GHOST FIGURE appears at the far side, blocking her way to the stairs. Sid backs up, stumbling up three quick steps to a...

101 INT. LOFT - SAME

101

A small loft area, with sloped walls that meet to form the ceiling. Sid slams this door - jams whatever she can find against it and stumbles through to a...

DEAD END...

Sid looks behind her. The ghost is nowhere in sight. Sid looks about frantically...two small windows on one side of the wall. The far one open...an escape. Sid wastes no time, she lifts herself up, pulling herself through the window frame.

102 EXT. SIDE OF HOUSE - SAME

102

The loft is directly above the garage. Sid crawls out onto a sloped section of the roof...just as the Ghost appears, grabbing her...Sid pulls away...her feet losing their grounding...she falls backwards, freefalling into darkness...

BAM!

Sidney lands on a boat. A small speed boat on a trailer parked in the drive. It breaks her fall, she rolls off and onto the cement pavement.

She tries to sit up, her bloody hand reaching for a pained leg. She looks up to the window. The GHOST is gone. Sid WINCES in pain, looking around, weighing her options...

The garage door is open, she looks inside, seeing...

102A TATUM'S LOWER BODY

102A \*

lodged in the pet door, legs dangling. The rest of her body, what is visible, twisted and mangled. Sid, horrified, leaps to her feet and takes off, moving around the back side of the house.

103 EXT. YARD - SAME

103

Sid looks around for help. She sees the newsvan out on the road. She streaks for it.

104 INT. NEWSVAN - SAME

104

Kenny hears screaming. He throws the door open to find Sidney hysterical.

SIDNEY

He's here. The killer's here!

KENNY

Where?

SIDNEY

In the house.

Kenny looks to the monitor. ON THE MONITOR is Randy, still on the couch, engrossed in the movie.

105 INT. LIVING ROOM - SAME

105

Randy, alone, continues to watch TV. He is now sloppy drunk, completely involved in the movie on screen.

SCARY MUSIC SWELLS, filling the room.

RANDY

(to TV)

No, Jamie. Look behind you! Watch out!

Behind you!

And if he followed his own advice, he would see the GHOST MASKED FIGURE that stands directly behind him...knife poised.

106 INT. NEWSVAN - SAME

106

ON THE MONITOR is Randy, directly behind him---the Ghost.

Kenny and Sidney both watch, thunderstruck...

\*

KENNY  
JESUS...FUCK...

\*

SIDNEY  
(screaming at monitor)  
NO...RANDY. WATCH OUT!

The GHOST takes a silent step forward.

KENNY / SIDNEY  
(screaming at monitor)  
BEHIND YOU! LOOK BEHIND YOU!

This kid needs help. Kenny bolts out of his seat and goes for the side door. He slides it open and sticks his head out, looking to the house. The front door is wide open. A moment of confusion...he looks back inside to the monitor.

ON THE MONITOR, the GHOST turns away from Randy, leaving him unharmed, moving instead out the front door.

\*

\*

ON Kenny, suddenly remembering the delay...

\*

KENNY  
  
Oh Shit!

\*

\*

\*

SUDDENLY - A LONG, SHARP BLADE

★

comes at Kenny, fast and furious...slicing into his throat. Kenny falls forward...out the door. Sidney SCREAMS falling against the back double doors. The GHOST comes at her, quickly. She fumbles for the handle...finds it, pushes the doors open, just as the knife lashes out, catching Sid's shoulder, slicing into it...she falls out the door.

107 EXT. ROAD - SAME 107

Sidney, hurt...bleeding, is up and moving, across the road, sliding into a ditch, out of sight.

108 EXT. FRONT YARD 108

Gale and Dewey come running up the drive, frantic. They move to the open front door. Dewey turns to Gale.

DEWEY

Call the sheriff. Get help out here.

Dewey disappears inside. Gale sprints across the yard to the newsvan.

109 INT. FOYER - SAME 109

Dewey enters the foyer when he hears a LOUD, HORRIBLE SHRIEK. He draws his gun, unlocks the safety. He moves into the living room, the only light comes from the TV. Suddenly...

Another EAR-CURDLING JAMIE LEE CURTIS SCREAM BLASTS through the living room as the horror movie on TV comes to its horrifying climax. ON Dewey, relieved...it's only a movie.

Dewey looks around. The living room is empty.

110 EXT. NEWSVAN - SAME 110

Gale races to the van, throwing the door open, climbing inside.

111 IN THE DITCH 111

Sid looks up to see Gale enter the van. Sid stumbles to her feet, rising out of the ditch.

112 INT. NEWSVAN - SAME 112

Inside the van, Gale looks for Kenny. But he's not there.

GALE

Kenny?

This frightens her even more. She jumps behind the driver's seat, grabs the cellular as a HAND reaches in through the open window...grabbing Gale...she SCREAMS, looking to see...

RANDY, staring at her madly.

RANDY

What's goin' on?

Gale, instinctively, BASHES him in the head with the cellular. He falls away, giving Gale time to start the engine. She puts it in gear, only to discover she can't see out of the front windshield. She hits the headlights.

Sure enough, something is on the windshield outside, blocking her sight. Gale hits the wipers as BLOOD SMEARS across the glass. It drips down from above, backlit by the headlights.

Gale throws the van in reverse, hitting the gas...just as Kenny's face comes sliding down the outside of the windshield...eyes wide, face distorted, blood everywhere.

Gale, panicked, yanks the wheel, sending Kenny's corpse flying off the top of the van.

She spins the van around, onto the road, hits the gas madly, gaining speed just as...

SIDNEY APPEARS

in the middle of the road, drenched in blood, very much resembling a young Sissy Spacek.

112A Gale swerves to miss her, but she turns too sharp and the van veers off the road at top speed...flipping over on its side, sliding off into the thick foliage. \*

113 ON SIDNEY \*

SIDNEY CRIES OUT, turning, limping to the driveway, clutching her bloody shoulder when she hears... \*

VOICE \*

(off camera) \*

Sidney! \*

She looks to the house to see, standing in the front doorway,...

DEWEY \*

Sidney exhales, pure relief, she races to him, noticing his body, slumped, knees buckled. \*

And then his body falls forward, slowly, deliberately, a knife jutting from his back. He hits the porch hard. Standing behind him is...

THE GHOST

SIDNEY SCREAMS FROM THE BOTTOM OF HER SOUL.

SIDNEY  
NOOOOOOOOO!!!!!!

Sid looks around. The patrol jeep is parked nearby. She goes for it. It's all she knows to do. She jumps inside, closes the door and locks it. Then reaches for the ignition to find...

NO KEYS

She looks through the window. The GHOST stands over Dewey's body. Sid hits the HEADLIGHTS and watches as the GHOST leans down and pulls the knife from Dewey's back, then with his other hand fumbles with Dewey's pocket. The FIGURE stands upright, in his hand he holds...

THE KEYS

They jingle in the wind, the GHOST toying with her, enjoying this...

Sidney, hysterical, locks eyes with the FIGURE as he moves to the door, Sidney leaps on it, holding the lock button down, making it impossible to unlock. Her face is pressed against the glass...inches from the MASKED FIGURE.

She uses every ounce of strength when suddenly, the GHOST DISAPPEARS, dropping down, below the window, out of her view.

Sidney moves to the center of the jeep...trying hard to listen over her own RAPID BREATHING, every sound AMPLIFIED.

Then she hears it, the soft JINGLING of keys near the passenger's side door. She pounces on the lock, holding it down.

A shadow cuts the beam of the headlights, unseen by Sidney. The lock turns on the other side. Sidney leaps over and

holds it down, securing it. This is beyond nerve-racking. Sidney is certifiable.

Her eyes spot the police radio for the first time. She grabs the mouthpiece.

\*  
\*

SIDNEY

Help! Please! I'm at Stu Maker's house  
on Turner Lane. Please, HE'S GONNA KILL  
ME!

EXT. FRONT OF JEEP

ANGLE through front windshield. Sidney RANTING into the police band. She doesn't see the...

GHOST FIGURE open the tailgate door of the Jeep and slowly crawl in behind her.

The GHOST FIGURE reaches out and grabs hold of Sidney's neck.

Sidney, with surprising strength, spins around and attacks the GHOST.

She falls back against the dash, legs out, kicking wildly at him.

Her hand reaches for the door, finds the lock, the door lever, she pulls...

The door swings open...

Sidney falls out of the door, hitting the ground.

113A EXT. FRONT YARD - CONTINUOUS

113A \*

Sidney, on her stomach, squirms away from the jeep. She brings herself up to her hands and knees, looking behind her to see nothing...

THE GHOST HAS DISAPPEARED.

Sidney's eyes roam the yard but he's nowhere. Completely gone. Vanished. Sid crawls to the front porch where...

DEWEY'S BODY LIES

Thinking quickly, precisely, she reaches to Dewey's holster and grabs his gun when a VOICE ECHO'S behind her...

VOICE

(o.c.)

Sidney!



She turns to see Randy racing to her, limping. He appears stone cold sober.

RANDY

Jesus, Sid. We gotta get out of here.

Sidney throws the gun forward.

SIDNEY

Stop. Right there.

RANDY

Don't shoot. It's me. I found Tatum.  
She's dead...I think Stu did it.

He takes a step forward when, suddenly, Stu appears, moving up the walk.

STU

Don't believe him, Sid.

Sidney aims the gun in his direction.

SID

Stay back.

STU

No Sid, he's lying. He killed Tatum.  
And Billy.

RANDY

Don't listen to him. It's him. He's  
the one.

Sidney has lost it, she doesn't know who to trust. She aims the gun at Stu..then Randy..then Stu...

STU

Come on, Sid. Give me the gun.

RANDY

No, Sid.

They both move toward her. There's no time. She must act now. Make a decision...

SIDNEY

Fuck you both.

And with that, Sidney steps back into the house and SLAMS the front door shut.

114 INT. FOYER - CONTINUOUS

114 \*

Sid locks and bolts the door. From the other side fists pound the door.

\*  
\*

VOICE

(through door)

NO, SID. OPEN UP. PLEASE...HE'S GONE CRAZY.

A MADDENING SCREAM followed by a SWACK! Then silence. She has no idea what happened on the other side.

\*  
\*

SIDNEY

(at the door)

GOAWAYLEAVEMEALONE!

Then...a soft KNOCK at the door, followed by WHIMPERING...

\*

VOICE

(begging, pleading)

Please...open the door...

She has no idea who's begging at the door. She can't distinguish the voice. She eyes the lock, deliberating when...

\*  
\*

CLUNK! A NOISE UPSTAIRS.

Sidney looks up the staircase, into the darkness, her face SHOCKED to see...

# TB

Rev. 4/13/96 - yellow

BILLY

emerging from the shadows, stumbling down the stairs. Very much alive.

SIDNEY  
Oh God. Billy!

He's blood-soaked and dazed. Sidney meets him at the landing, grabbing him, holding him...

SIDNEY  
I thought you were...

BILLY  
I'm alright. Gotta...get...help.

Billy goes for the door. The KNOCKING continues.

SIDNEY  
He's out there.

Billy goes for the door. Sidney blocks him.

BILLY  
It's okay. Give me the gun.

Sidney hands him the gun. Billy turns and unlocks the door, opening it. It's Randy who rushes in, grabbing Billy.

RANDY  
Help me...please...

BILLY  
(calming him)  
Shhhh. It's okay.

RANDY  
Stu's flipped out. He's gone mad.

Slowly, a small smile creeps across Billy's face. He unlatches the safety on the gun.

BILLY  
"We all go a little mad sometimes."

Randy squints, confused, as Billy aims the gun at Randy and pulls the trigger. The BLASTS throws Randy's body against the wall before sliding to a heap on the floor...still.

BILLY TURNS TO SIDNEY...

BILLY  
Anthony Perkins--PSYCHO.

Sid stands feet away, face aghast. Fuck, no...this can't be happening. Billy's eyes are on her, unmoving.

He sticks his tongue out and slowly licks the blood dried to his face...tasting it.

BILLY

Corn syrup. Same stuff they used for pig's blood in CARRIE.

CLOSE ON BILLY'S FACE. It is no longer familiar to Sidney. His features now appear inhuman. His expression--pure evil.

Sid bolts backwards towards the kitchen, SMASHING right into...

STU

Sidney spins around...her mouth open in speechless horror.

SIDNEY

Stu...please...help me...

Stu stares back at her, eyes wide, lips curled in a subtle smile as he brings a small compact CELLULAR PHONE up to his face. He holds a small round device over the mouthpiece and speaks.

STU

(whispering into phone)  
Surprise, Sidney.

His VOICE sounds affected now...the VOICE of the killer.

Sidney looks back to Billy, then to Stu, then to Billy again. It's become all too clear.

She stands between them, her mind racing, calculating...

SHE BOLTS INTO THE LIVING ROOM

If for no other reason than to put space between her and them...they stand in the entryway, trapping her in.

Stu tosses the voice device to Billy who grabs it and brings it to his lips. Again, that chilling killer's voice. \*

BILLY  
What's wrong, Sid? You look like you've seen a ghost. \*

Sidney stands, trying hard to hold a calm resolve, holding back tears.

SIDNEY  
Why are you doing this?

STU  
It's all part of the game.

BILLY  
It's called GUESS HOW I'M GOING TO DIE!

SIDNEY  
Fuck you.

Billy takes the device away from his mouth and speaks in his normal voice. \*

BILLY  
We already played that game. You lost, remember?

STU  
It's an easy game. We ask you a question. If you get it wrong--you die.

BILLY  
And if you get it right--you die.

SIDNEY  
You're crazy--both of you.

STU  
The official term is "psychotic".

SIDNEY  
You'll never get away with this.

BILLY  
Tell that to Cotton Weary. You wouldn't believe how easy it was to frame him.

STU  
Yeah, we just watched a few movies. Took a few notes. It was fun.

Sidney fights hysteria. The realization of her mother.

SIDNEY

Why...why did you kill my mother?

BILLY

Why? WHY? Did you hear that, Stu? I think she wants a motive. Hmmm...I don't really believe in motives, Sid. I mean, did Norman Bates have a motive?

Stu plays along, shaking his head.

STU

Nope.

BILLY

And did they really ever explain why Hannibal Lecter liked to eat people? Don't think so. You see, it's scarier when there's no motive, Sid.

SIDNEY

(fighting tears)

No...

BILLY

We did your mom a favor, Sid. The woman was a slut bag whore who flashed her shit all over town like she was Sharon Stone or something.

STU

(laughing)

..so we put her out of her misery. I mean, let's face it, your mom was no Sharon Stone.

Stu cracks up over this while Billy turns very serious.

BILLY

Is that motive enough for you? Or how about this? Did you know your slutty mother was fucking my dad and she's the reason my mom moved out and deserted me.

A sudden silence. Sidney is rigid with shock, his words resonant with truth. Even Stu is surprised with his seriousness.

BILLY

How's that for a motive. Maternal abandonment causes serious deviant behavior. It certainly fucked you up. It made you have sex with a psychopath.

Sidney's face caves. Apalled. Sickened.

\*

STU

That's right. You gave it up. And now that you're no longer a virgin, you gotta die--those are the rules.

\*

Billy sets the gun down on the table near the foyer. And then moves to Sidney with the butcher knife in hand.

BILLY

Pretend this is all just a scary movie, Sid. How do you think it's going to end?

Sidney doesn't respond. Billy motions to Stu. It's time.

STU

(excited)

This is the best part, Sid. We gotta a big surprise in store for you. Be right back.

Stu takes off, disappearing into the kitchen.

BILLY

You know what time it is, Sid? It's after midnight. It's your mother's anniversary. We killed her exactly one year ago today.

A NOISE comes from the kitchen. A low, DRAGGING sound. Stu reappears from the front hall...wrestling with something.

CLOSE ON STU...he has a body in tow, he thrusts it forward and it rolls into the living room. Sid looks down to find...

HER FATHER

bound and gagged. His eyes wide in fear, very much alive. She starts for him.

SIDNEY

Daddy!

BILLY

Close enough.

Billy waves the knife at her, threatening her. She stops.

STU

Guess I won't be needing this anymore.



Stu places the cellular phone and the voice device in Mr. Prescott's shirt pocket. \*

BILLY

Hey, Sid, got the ending figured out yet? \*

STU

Come on, Sid. Think about it. Your Father is the chief suspect. We cloned his cellular. The evidence is there.

BILLY

What if your father snapped? Your mom's anniversary set him off and he went on a murder spree, killing everyone...

STU

Except for me and Billy...we were left for dead... \*

BILLY

And then he kills you and then shoots himself in the head. It's a perfect ending.

Billy turns to Stu with the knife. They eye each other.

BILLY

Ready?

STU

Yeah...

Billy pulls the knife back and brings it forward quickly, slicing into Stu. He stumbles to his knees, WINCING in pain.

STU

Jesus...

Sidney SCREAMS...as blood gushes..real blood, a dark, deep red. Stu inspects the wound to his side...then he smiles...

STU

Good one. My turn.

He takes the knife from Billy.

BILLY

Don't forget--stay to the side and don't go too deep.

Stu stabs at Billy's belly, puncturing him...Billy doubles over...

BILLY

Jesus...fuck, Stu, that hurt.

\*

STU

Sorry, Billy, guess I'm a little too zealous.

\*

\*

BILLY

Give me the knife.

\*

\*

Billy wants his turn. He grabs the knife. Stu turns to Sidney, his face aglow.

\*

\*

STU

See, Sid, everyone dies but us. We get to carry on and plan the sequel. Let's face it, these days--you gotta have a sequel.

Billy retaliates, slashing Stu...two quick cuts...Stu doubles over, WINCING in pain.

\*

\*

SIDNEY

You sick fucks--you've seen one too many movies.

\*

BILLY

Oh Sid, don't blame the movies...Movies don't create psychos. Movies just make psychos more creative.

\*

Billy backhands Stu with the knife, slicing him one last time, for fun. Stu staggers, the wounds registering.

STU

That's it, Billy. I can't take any more. I'm feeling woozy.

BILLY

Get the gun. I'll untie Pops.

Billy moves to Sidney's father.

STU

Where'd you put it?

Stu is searching the foyer for the gun, staggering, weaving.

BILLY

It's on the table.

STU

No, it's not.

Billy hobbles over. The gun is gone.

BILLY  
Where the fuck is it?

VOICE  
(off camera)  
Right here, asshole.

Billy and Stu look up in unison to see...

GALE WEATHERS--CORRESPONDENT FROM TOP STORY

standing in the front doorway, gun in hand. Her body,  
tattered and bloody. Her hair a mess.

BILLY  
I thought she was dead.

STU  
She looked dead. Still does.

Gale holds the gun firm, in total control.

GALE  
I've got an ending for you. The  
reporter left for dead in the newsvan  
comes to, stumbles upon you two  
dipshits, finds the gun, foils your  
plan, and saves the day.

Sidney steps forward.

SIDNEY  
I like that ending.

Billy lunges forward, faking Gale out, but she holds steady. \*  
He eyes the gun, smiling.

BILLY  
I know something you don't.

In a mad rush, he storms Gale, heading straight at her. She  
pulls the trigger, but nothing happens...the safety is on.  
Shit. She fumbles with it...too late.

Billy charges forward, slamming the front door in her face. \*  
It knocks her backwards out the door. She goes down...out. \*

STU  
YES!

Billy steps out the front door and retrieves the gun from  
where Gale lies. He looks down at her. \*

BILLY

Works better without the safety on. \*

He unlocks the safety, turning back inside the house to find... \*

SIDNEY AND HER FATHER GONE.

BILLY

Where'd they go?

Stu looks around, staggering now, bleeding heavily...He shrugs. \*

STU

I don't know Billy but I'm hurtin'.

BILLY

Where the fuck did they go? \*

Suddenly, the phone RINGS. Billy and Stu look at each other. Completely surprised. Billy scrambles over to the phone.

BILLY

(picking up phone)

Hello?

SIDNEY

(from phone)

Are you alone in the house?

It's the VOICE of the killer. Sidney talks through the voice device.

BILLY

You bitch--where the fuck are you?

SIDNEY

Not so fast. We're gonna play a little game. It's called...

(Sidney's regular voice) \*

GUESS WHO JUST CALLED THE POLICE AND REPORTED YOUR SORRY MOTHERFUCKING ASS?

Billy looks around the living room.

BILLY

Find them.

Billy is fuming now...slightly staggering...and starting to lose it. He SCREAMS at Stu who has fallen to his knees.

BILLY

FIND HER YOU DIPSHIT!

STU

I can't...I'm bad off, Billy. You cut too deep.

Billy throws the phone at Stu. He mouths to him, so Sid can't hear. "Talk to her..." Then Billy takes off for the kitchen, looking for them. Stu takes the phone.

SIDNEY

(aware)

So Stu, what's your motive? Billy's got one. The police are on their way. What are you going to tell them?

STU

Peer pressure...I'm way too sensitive.

Billy flies back in the room, grabbing the phone from Stu. He's completely nuts now, staggering, bleeding, totally insane.

BILLY

(SCREAMING in phone)

I'm gonna rip you up bitch. Just like your slut whore mother.

SIDNEY

Gotta find me first, you pansy-assed Mama's boy.

Billy starts ripping the room up, overturning furniture in a mad fit of rage...when he notices the hall closet. Touche! He smiles deliriously, heading for it, ripping it open as...

A GHOST MASKED FIGURE strikes from within, with an umbrella, the sharp end hitting him in the chest as it fans out. Billy stumbles back, stunned, arms wide. He loses hold of the gun. It flies out the front door.

THE GHOST STRIKES AGAIN

coming at him harder, the umbrella lodges in his chest...he goes down.

Sidney rips the GHOST MASK off her head. She looks at Billy, disgusted, throwing the mask on Billy's now still body. A movement behind her sends her reeling around to find...

Stu PLOWING at her, completely unexpected...barreling into her...they fall back into the...

THE LIVING ROOM

where they SLAM against the wall. Sidney's hands find a vase. She spins around, backhanding it into Stu's head. Glass SHATTERS...Stu goes sprawling across the floor. Dazed and enraged, Stu twists back to Sid--she cowers next to the TV.

ON TV SCREEN

Michael Meyers is attacking Jamie Lee Curtis. The action mirrors Sid and Stu's.

Stu lunges for Sid--at the same time she grabs the TV, toppling it forward--stand and all. Stu is met with the image of Jamie Lee SCREAMING CRAZILY as the television smashes into his head. The TV explodes. Sparks. Smoke. Stu drops wearing it. Fried.

Sidney moves back to...

THE FOYER

to Billy's body. She reaches down and grabs the gun when...

A HAND GRABS HER ANKLE, she stumbles, looking down to find...

RANDY, holding on to her, trying to sit up. He's hurt but alive. She goes to him, helping him.

SIDNEY

Oh god...I thought you were dead...

She leans him against the wall. He looks to Sidney, through pain.

RANDY

(through pain)

Never thought I'd be so happy to be a virgin.

She tries to smile and put this nightmare behind her when, suddenly, Billy LUNGES UPWARD, still alive. He RAMS Sid, throwing her down, moving on top of her.

SIDNEY, fights back, digging her hand into Billy's open chest wound. He CRIES OUT BLOODY MURDER. Her other hand brings the gun up to his face...but he head butts it out the front door...suddenly a flash of silver appears above Sidney.

Randy tries to help, WINCING in pain, he lifts himself to his feet, but he's not fast enough.

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Billy grasps the butcher knife high above Sid, ready to strike...when a bullet RIPS THROUGH THE FOYER striking Billy, knocking him back into the living room.

Sidney looks up to see...

GALE WEATHERS, holding the gun in a death grip. Smoke rising above the gun's chamber.

Sidney sits up as Gale moves to her, helping her. Their eyes meet. A life truce.

INT. LIVING ROOM - SAME

Billy lies face up on the floor. Sid and Gale move over to him, staring down. Sidney nudges his body. It stirs. Randy limps over.

RANDY

Careful. This is the moment when the supposedly dead killer springs back to life for one last scare.

Sidney looks to Randy, exasperated.

SIDNEY

Not in my movie.

SUDDENLY BILLY LUNGES UP! She FIRES. The bullet enters his forehead, a clean and perfect shot.

Sidney looks to Randy and Gale, shrugs.

Sidney drops the smoking gun, standing silent over Billy's body. A quiet moment when suddenly...

A NEW FIGURE LUNGES AT THEM

Both Sid and Gale and Randy SCREAM in epic, final scare proportions as Mr. Prescott leaps forward from the closet, still bound and gagged.

Sid catches her breath, relaxing.

SIDNEY

Oh Daddy...

She rushes to him, untying him...while Gale moves to the bookcase and unobtrusively retrieves the hidden camera.

Randy appears by Sidney's side, helping her untie her father.

RANDY

I know this is probably an inappropriate moment, but you think you'd want to maybe go out with me sometime...maybe catch a movie?

Sidney looks at him, dumbfounded. A long moment as her face goes from disbelief to resignation to the slight trace of a smile.

SIDNEY

Only if it's a nice Meg Ryan movie.

He smiles at her...watching as Sidney grabs hold of her father, holding him tight as Gale Weathers, hiding the camera down by her side, records it all. \*

115 The scene dissolves into video news footage. Insert Gale 115  
Weathers, in CLOSE-UP, doing a live remote in front of  
Stu's house. She's still a bloody mess, but she's forever  
poised and ``on''.

GALE

...several local teens are dead  
tonight in a murder spree that played  
out like the plot of some SCARY MOVIE...

Gale continues as the...

MUSIC RISES and CREDITS ROLL.