

SCREAM GENERATIONS: PART II
[FINAL DRAFT]

an original screenplay by

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FADE IN:

INT. JILL'S HOUSE: BEDROOM - NIGHT

The bedroom of a girl in her late teens.

High School sweethearts, JACK (20) and JILL (19) are in bed together under the sheets.

JILL

What am I gonna do with myself when
you go back to school?

JACK

You'll manage.

JILL

Because I have to. Not because I
want to. Why couldn't you have gone
to a normal college and stayed in
the area?

JACK

Because babe, to establish a
legitimate career in photography, I
had to get myself in the city. I
know my schedule's weird, but that's
because it's an accelerated program.

JILL

Don't move too fast or it'll be over
before it starts getting fun.

JACK

(laughs)

I was still talking about school,
Jill. Not sex. But we should stop
talking about it or I'm gonna wanna
do it again.

JILL

Put your pants back on. I have to
go get ready or we'll be late for
the movie.

JACK

Maybe we can do it at the theater.
Cross public indecency off my fuck-
it list.

She laughs. Kisses him again.

JILL

We'll see.

Jack laughs.

She grabs her purse and heads into the bathroom.

Jack sits up out of bed. He slips on his jeans, looks to his right.

On the end table beside Jill's bed, there is a framed picture of the two of them from what seems to be their senior prom. Sitting to the right of the picture is Jack's cell phone.

The phone VIBRATES.

Jack brings his attention from the picture to his phone. He checks the caller ID: RESTRICTED.

He takes the call.

JACK
(into phone)
Hello?

GHOST FACE
(phone)
Curiosity kills, Jack.

JACK
(beat)
Excuse me?

GHOST FACE
You should never take a restricted
call, Jack. Not in this day and
age...

JACK
Who is this?

GHOST FACE
You don't listen very well, do you?
I said curiosity kills. But lucky
for you, tonight all it's gonna kill
is your girlfriend.

Jack looks back at the bathroom door. He ends the call and rushes to it.

JACK
JILL!

The door is unlocked.

Jack pushes right through it not to see Jill in danger, just to see her having fun.

She's standing there holding her phone up on a call to Jack's cell. She ends the call and smirks.

JILL
Don't you just love this Ghost Face
app?

JACK
You bitch.

JILL
(laughs)
I changed my mind. We've still got
fifteen minutes to spare.

JACK
I ever told you how much I love you?

JILL
All the time.

JACK
I don't think I say it enough.

Jack moves closer. She wraps her arms around him. They kiss as he gently closes the bathroom door.

EXT. MOVIE THEATER - LATER

Few patrons walk in-and-out of the theater, going about their night. Among them are Jack and Jill, on their way out together.

JILL
Oh my God, that ending! I loved it!
Did you see that coming? I didn't
see that coming. That was-- ugh--

JACK
Predictable?

JILL
A little, but still amazing!

JACK
I'm glad you enjoyed it.

JILL
Well thank you. I hope you had as
good a time as me.

They're at Jack's car now.

JACK
I did.

She leans in. They kiss.

Jill walks around to the passenger's side of the car.

JILL

God, that felt so awesome to see a *Scream* movie in theaters. And y'know, I think this might've been the best one yet.

JACK

What?! Get outta here. *Scream 2* by far!

JILL

Yeah-- right.

The two of them get in the car and drive off.

JILL (Voice Over) (CONT'D)

No, but seriously, how can you possibly justify why *Scream 2* is the best of the series? Even saying it's the second best would be a stretch.

INT. JACK'S CAR - LATER

They're driving on a more country-ish type of road now.

JACK

Oh believe me, I could justify it alright. But do you really want to sit here for the next hour and listen to me rant? I doubt it. What are your favorites of the series?

JILL

Four, Three--

JACK

Oh my God! You are backwards, unbelievably backwards!

JILL

How am I backwards? Please-- enlighten me.

JACK

Four was good, but I bank it right behind the original, right behind the sequel. And three was good, don't get me wrong, but it was so obviously the weakest of the series.

JILL

See, but right there, that's where you're wrong. There's no possible way three could be dubbed the worst because it was the scariest.

JACK

(laughs)

Oh my God, you are unbelievable. And which one are you? Daphne or Velma?

JILL

What?

JACK

Come on, Jill. Three played out more like an episode of Scooby-Doo than any legitimate horror film I've ever seen.

JILL

And now that I know what you were referring to, that was rude. I look NOTHING like Velma. I am so insulted.

JACK

But what if I told you I thought Velma was sexy?

JILL

Hm-- I guess I would say to each their own, but in my opinion-- fugly.

He laughs, eyes more on her than the road.

JACK

Yeah, I don't know what it is. Something about those glasses and that orange turtleneck really turns me--

JILL

Whoa.

JACK

What?

JILL

Slow down, I-- I think there's someone in the road.

Jack slows down, eventually coming to a full stop.

There's a body of a boy in the road, lying on his stomach with a backpack beside him, now in full focus in the car's headlights.

JACK

Stay here. I'm gonna go see if this guy needs our help.

JILL

What? Jack, no-- I told you to slow down so you don't hit him. Not to go help him.

JACK

Jill, look at him out there. He's not moving. He could be dead.

JILL

And if he is, there's nothing we can do for him. He shouldn't be out there laying in the road like that.

JACK

It doesn't look like he had another choice. Somebody could've left him there to die.

JILL

(beat)

Jack-- please. Let's just drive away. We'll call the police and someone will come. But we don't have to wait.

JACK

I'm sorry.

He opens the car door.

JACK (CONT'D)

Against my better judgement, I wouldn't be able to live with myself knowing there's something we could've done... I'll be right back.

Jack gets out of the car.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT

There's only trees on both sides of the road. No other cars in sight.

Jack stands right by his car.

JACK

HELLO?!

The boy doesn't move.

Jack takes a step closer, looks back at Jill. She shakes her head "no".

Despite this, he continues towards the body. He leans in close and puts his hand on the boy's shoulder.

JACK (CONT'D)

Can you hear me?

Still unresponsive.

Jack rolls the boy over onto his back, giving us all a good look at--

IAN BRODY, bloodied and bruised from past events of the night.

He looks back at the car.

JACK (CONT'D)

JILL!

Jill gets out of the car.

JACK (CONT'D)

Jill, I don't think he's breathing.

Something in the night doesn't feel right to Jill. She's too focused on her surroundings, she's scaring herself.

JILL

Jack, just get back in the car and let's go.

Jack leans in closer to Ian, listening for a new breath of air...

IAN JOLTS AWAKE SCREAMING!

Jack screams, pulling himself back across the street. Jill rushes to Jack's side.

JILL (CONT'D)

JACK!

Paying closer attention now, they see that Ian wasn't trying to scare or hurt them. He, himself, is terrified.

JACK

Hey-- HEY!

Jack catches Ian's attention. He calms himself.

IAN

What am I doing out here? Who are you people?!

JACK

You were in the road. You looked hurt, I almost hit you.

Ian feels his wounds, striking pain through his whole body. He's wearing a dark jacket now, but both Jack and Jill get brief glimpses of his wounds.

JACK (CONT'D)

You're hurt. I can see the blood.

IAN

(beat)

...Can you help me? Please, can you help me?

JILL

You need to see a doctor. Those wounds don't look too good. There's a hospital not far from here. We'll take you there.

Jack looks at her. She nods her head "yes".

JACK

Come on, I'll help you to the car.

They stand.

JACK (CONT'D)

Jill, get his bag.

Jack helps Ian to the car. Jill follows after them with his bag.

INT. JACK'S CAR - LATER

Jack drives. Jill in the passenger's seat sitting quietly.

Jack looks into the rearview, seeing Ian in the back middle seat staring at the floor.

JACK

The hospital's only like fifteen minutes from here, so just hang tight.

IAN

...I really appreciate you guys doing this for me, being a total stranger to you and all. Most people would've left me there.

JACK

It's no problem. I mean, it's not like you were hitchhiking or nothing. This was-- a little different.

IAN

(beat)

Just a little.

JACK

I'm Jack, by the way. And this is my girlfriend, Jill.

Ian smirks.

IAN

...Ian.

JACK

It's nice to meet you, Ian.

JILL

It looks like you've had a pretty rough night.

IAN

...Something like that.

Ian is twiddling his thumbs. He has yet to look up.

JACK

How you holdin' up back there?

IAN

...I think I'm in so much pain-- maybe that's why I'm feeling so much of nothing at all.

JILL

How'd you end up all the way out here anyway?

IAN

...I was being chased.

JILL

By who?

IAN

Have you guys been following the murders?

JACK

What murders?

IAN

All the local news stations have been calling them *The Ghost Face Killings*.

JACK

Ghost Face Killings? You mean like *Scream*? Like the movie, *Scream*.

IAN

It seems like someone's taken their love for those movies just a little too far.

JACK

You know, Jill, maybe that's why the movie theater was so dead.

Jill looks at him.

JILL

What?

JACK

The movies. You said it too. For a movie that's only been out two weeks and on a Friday night, it was pretty dead.

IAN

You guys saw *Scream 4*?

JACK

Yeah-- how'd you know?

IAN

...I'm a fan. I guess you guys are too.

From his pocket, Ian's cell phone VIBRATES.

JACK

(laughs)

Yeah, we're both long-term fans of these movies. I've been watching them since I was about ten.

Ian checks his phone for the caller ID: RESTRICTED.
He ignores the call and puts his phone away.

JACK (CONT'D)
And then, once I started dating Jill
here, I had to get her to appreciate
them as much as I do.

For the first time, Ian looks up.

IAN
So I guess you like scary movies
then?

JACK
(laughs)
Oh, absolutely.

Ian smiles.

IAN
And what about you, Jill? Do you
like scary movies?

JILL
(beat)
Uhm-- not as much as him, but-- yeah.

IAN
I see-- so what's your favorite scary
movie, Jack?

JACK
Uhm-- if I had to pick right now,
I'd probably have to say *The Evil*
Dead... What's yours?

Ian smiles.

IAN
Well-- it's *Scream*.

Ian pulls a gun from his jacket and shoots Jill in the face...

BANG!

Jack SCREAMS.

JACK
JILL!

Ian turns the gun on Jack.

IAN
PULL THE FUCKING CAR OVER!

Jack's crying.

JACK
Jill-- JILL! Oh God...

IAN
She can't hear you, Jack. SHE'S
DEAD! ...You should've said *Scream*,
Jack. I mean, *Evil fucking Dead*?
Really? Great movie-- but no
comparison... Jack, you're still
driving. I said pull the FUCKING
CAR OVER NOW!

JACK
Okay, okay! Please-- just don't
shoot.

Jack pulls the car over. He's crying.

He glances over at Jill. Her head is drooping forward, blood
rolling down both sides of her face. The bullet went in one
ear, and out the other.

Ian still has the gun held up to the back of his head.

JACK (CONT'D)
Why did you have to kill her? She
was everything and now she's gone...
What did she ever do? What did she
ever do to deserve this?

IAN
She didn't do anything, Jack.
I killed her because I wanted to.
Because she was in the way.

JACK
In the way of what?

IAN
Getting this car.
(beat)
Now I want you to take the keys out
of the ignition and hand them over
slowly.

Jack hesitates.

JACK
Fuck you.

Ian pulls the hammer of the gun back... CLICK!

IAN
You whiney little bitch, I'm taking
those keys either way. Whether you
live or die, that's your call...
Give me-- the keys.

Hesitantly, Jack listens and hands them over.

Ian gets out of the car.

Jack watches him walk around to the front of the car, gun
still pointed in his direction.

IAN (CONT'D)
GET OUT!

Jack listens.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT

Jack keeps his hands high, submissive to Ian.

IAN
Now get on your knees.

JACK
But you said--

Ian shoots him just below his left knee cap... BANG!

Jack SCREAMS as he drops to his knees.

IAN
I said that I wouldn't kill you, not
that I wouldn't shoot you.

Ian steps closer to him.

JACK
WHAT DO YOU WANT FROM ME?!

IAN
I want you to remember me-- Jack.
Every detail of my face because if
you survive the night, you'll be
sharing that and my name with the
police... Ian Brody.

Ian shoots Jack again, just above his heart... BANG!

Jack falls over, clutching his wound, trying to control his
breathing best he can. He can't do much of anything but lay
there in the street now.

Ian puts his gun away and takes out his cell phone. He dials a three-digit phone number.

Carefully, he places the phone in Jack's hand, and leans in close to his face.

IAN (CONT'D)
Remember... I'm counting on you.

Ian back away.

INT. JACK'S CAR - NIGHT

Ian gets in the driver's seat and starts the car.

He notices Jill's body still in the passenger's seat, head hunched forward.

He smirks. And he drives away.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT

Jack lays in the street, shivering and in pain.

Ian's phone is lighting up from his hand. Someone has answered his call.

OPERATOR
(phone)
9-1-1, what is your emergency?
...Hello? Is anyone there?
...Can anyone hear me? ...Hello?

Jack takes his last breath, as we -

FADE OUT:

SUPERIMPOSE: ELEVEN MONTHS LATER

FADE IN:

INT. NATALIE'S HOUSE: BEDROOM - DAY

A different home than Natalie's last. A different bedroom, much more reserved. Less decoration.

On the end stand beside her bed, closest to the window, is a framed photograph. NATALIE (20), a genuinely happy version of her. Next to her in the photograph is CHRISTIAN (21), Natalie's boyfriend of three months.

A phone RINGS. Her cell phone on the end stand next to the photograph.

A hand grabs hold and takes the call. It's NATALIE taking the call.

NATALIE
(into phone)
Hey, are you here?

MADISON (V.O.)
(phone)
In about five minutes. Just giving you the heads up.

NATALIE
(into phone)
Okay, I'll be ready. See ya then.

Natalie hangs up. She leaves her room.

INT. NATALIE'S HOUSE: LIVING ROOM - DAY

Natalie walks downstairs. She searches through the coat closet near the front door for her sweater.

NATALIE
(to herself)
Where is it?

She sighs, shuts the closet door.

NATALIE (CONT'D)
Christian?

CHRISTIAN (O.S.)
Yeah?

NATALIE
Have you seen my sweater?

CHRISTIAN (O.S.)
Which one?

NATALIE
The black one.

CHRISTIAN (O.S.)
Not helping.

NATALIE
The black one that I always wear.

CHRISTIAN (O.S.)
... Yeah it's right here.

Christian walks around the corner from the kitchen, holding her sweater.

CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)

You need to diversify your wardrobe, babe. Everything looks exactly the same.

NATALIE

Thanks, but I'd rather not take fashion advice from Tom Higgenson.

He laughs. She puts her sweater on.

CHRISTIAN

Rockin' the plain white tee all day. Simplicity. It's much more subtle than your sweaters.

NATALIE

...Right.

CHRISTIAN

You want me to make you something to eat before you go?

NATALIE

I'm fine. I'll just grab something with Madison after I get out.

CHRISTIAN

You sure? It'll only take a few minutes.

NATALIE

Christian-- I said I was fine.

CHRISTIAN

(beat)

...Okay.

NATALIE

Madison said she'd be here in a few minutes. I'm just gonna wait outside.

Natalie heads for the door.

CHRISTIAN

Can you just--

She stops, turns around.

NATALIE

What?

CHRISTIAN

Why do you have to walk out that door mad at me? Did I-- piss you off last night because ever since you got up-- I don't know. You haven't really been acting like yourself.

NATALIE

(sighs)

...I'm sorry. You're right. It's-- not you. You didn't do anything. Just with this session today, it's really stressing me out.

CHRISTIAN

Don't be. It's your last one for a reason.

NATALIE

I know, but-- I don't feel a hundred percent ready to say goodbye yet.

CHRISTIAN

Natalie, you're ready for this. I know you are. And deep down, so do you.

NATALIE

...But what if you're wrong?

CHRISTIAN

Well if I'm wrong, which I'm not-- Madison and I'll still be here for you every other step of the way.

He hugs her.

CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)

Your parents shouldn't have put you through this for so long-- but it's almost over now.

...Obviously, Natalie hasn't told him something.

Outside, a car horn BEEPS.

They step apart.

NATALIE

That's her.

Christian walks her to the door.

NATALIE (CONT'D)

Don't forget to lock up when you leave.

CHRISTIAN

I won't. We still on for tonight?

NATALIE

Yeah.

CHRISTIAN

Meet you back here 'round eight?

NATALIE

Okay.

They kiss.

CHRISTIAN

Have a good day.

She smiles.

NATALIE

Bye.

Natalie leaves. Christian watches her go.

INT. MADISON'S CAR - DAY

Natalie is looking out the window. In the driver's seat is MADISON (22), Natalie's closest friend.

MADISON

You don't look as happy as I thought you'd be.

NATALIE

Because I'm not.

MADISON

Well you should be. I'm so proud of you for finishing this whole therapy thing. Aren't you?

NATALIE

(beat)

Well-- yeah. But-- I don't-- really know what I'm feeling right now. Proud. Accomplished. ...Scared.

MADISON

Are you kidding me? I'm the one who should be scared.

(MORE)

MADISON (CONT'D)

I've been seeing Doctor Crane longer than you have, and you're done before me. I mean, now-- you can finally take full control of your life.

NATALIE

Uh-huh. And when are you gonna take full control of yours? Like you said, you've been going a lot longer than I have.

MADISON

Please. I'm so fucked, I'll never be able to leave.

They laugh.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Natalie sits back in a comfortable lounge chair.

MARION CRANE (37), Natalie's therapist over the past eleven months, sits across from her.

MARION

So what are your plans for the rest of the day, Natalie?

NATALIE

Well I've got dinner plans tonight with Christian. I'm really looking forward to that.

MARION

That's nice. Where are you guys going?

NATALIE

Oh, we're not going out. He's coming over around eight and cooking. Then we'll probably just stay in and watch a movie or something.

MARION

Sounds like your classic date night, but nothing beats the classics.

She smiles.

MARION (CONT'D)

And does the aspiring chef know what he'll be cooking for the two of you?

NATALIE

He likes to surprise me, but I already told him nothing too fancy, which I already know means--

MARION

You'll be getting a five-star restaurant quality meal.

Natalie laughs.

NATALIE

Pretty much.

MARION

It's great that you have someone that wants to take care of you. Ever since the two of you met, I've noticed you couldn't be happier.

NATALIE

(beat)
...Thank you.

MARION

And I'm assuming since this date is happening, your "talk" with him since our last session went well?

NATALIE

I'm sure it would have-- if we had it.

Marion looks disappointed.

MARION

Natalie-- you have to tell him the truth. These sessions have been a crucial part of your recovery process and most importantly, the rest of your life. I know you see a future with Christian, but it will never last if you can't open up and be honest with him.

NATALIE

I am honest with him, and I'll continue to be. Ignoring the truth about one thing isn't the same as lying.

MARION

You're right. It's worse.

NATALIE

(beat)

...I'm afraid, okay? There's your truth. You say I'm better, but I don't feel any different. Today is just another day; nothing special. My friends are still dead. And it still hurts. I can't lose Christian. Not now. And I'm afraid if I tell him the truth, it'll scare him away.

MARION

Natalie, you can't be afraid. If you allow your fear to make this decision for you, you're taking two steps back. We need you to keep stepping forward... Now you experienced something terrible, and that's not fair. But it's nothing to be afraid or ashamed of. You've already faced the majority of your fears. There's just this last one that I'm confident you can face on your own because you won't be alone. If Christian cares for you the way I have a feeling he does-- this won't matter. He'll still love you just the same.

NATALIE

...I believe you.

Marion smiles.

MARION

Well, if you didn't have anything else you'd like to talk about, I want to say goodbye, get you back out into the world. Today is a beautiful day. You don't need to be cooped up in an office building any longer than you have to be. But, before you go...

Marion walks around behind her desk as Natalie gathers her things. Marion removes a gift bag from one of the drawers.

MARION (CONT'D)

I got you something.

NATALIE

Oh, Doctor Crane, you didn't have to do that.

MARION

Natalie, please-- I'm not your doctor anymore. I'm your friend. Call me, Marion.

She hands Natalie the bag.

NATALIE

Thank you.

MARION

Your welcome. ...You don't have to open it now, but just make sure you do before your dinner plans tonight. Okay?

NATALIE

I will.

Marion smiles.

MARION

This is it, Natalie. The first day of the rest of your life. It was a pleasure helping you get to this point.

Natalie is starting to cry.

NATALIE

Thank you.

She hugs Marion.

NATALIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I'm just gonna do it. I mean, she's right.

INT. COFFEE HOUSE - DAY

Natalie and Madison sit against the windows sipping at their coffee.

NATALIE

Lately I just feel awkward and almost scared every time he touches me or I feel him getting too close. It has to be because of this.

MADISON

I don't understand why you've made such a big deal of telling him in the first place. It's not like you knew the kid was gonna snap one day and kill all your friends.

By the look on Natalie's face, Madison knows she hit a nerve.

MADISON (CONT'D)

Sorry.

NATALIE

No, uhm-- don't be. You're right.
...God, everything I've put myself
through up to this point just feels
so stupid now. Y'know? Doctor Crane
is right. Why would Christian look
at me any different? I'm not the
one who killed anybody.

MADISON

Right. You were just a victim.

After a beat, Natalie laughs to herself.

MADISON (CONT'D)

What?

NATALIE

I don't like that word. ...I'm still
here. Makes me a survivor.

MADISON

... "I'm a survivor. I'm not gon'
give up."

They laugh together.

NATALIE

Okay, Beyonce. Simmer down.

MADISON

Sorry, that was just necessary.

NATALIE

But really-- I'm gonna do it. Tell
him everything. The whole truth,
every detail.

MADISON

Well, not every detail.

NATALIE

No, that too. If I'm gonna be honest
with him, I need to be honest with
myself... He was my High School crush
that never knew it. But besides our
film class, we didn't really spend
too much time together.

MADISON

Then how can you say it was really a crush? That's no burden you should have to bear. You have nothing real to base it on.

NATALIE

...His work. Not his most recent, but-- when it came time, he really knew his way around a camera. ...If I leave that out, I'm lying to myself. And today's the day, so tonight has to be the night. Then tomorrow-- 100% fresh. All of my past problems and fears-- all behind me.

MADISON

...Sometimes I wish I could be half as strong as you.

NATALIE

What are you talking about? Madison, you are.

MADISON

I appreciate you saying that, but don't patronize me.

NATALIE

...At least half as strong.

MADISON

(beat)

Thanks for being honest. But-- it's Joey's birthday next week and as always, I'm dreading it.

NATALIE

But that's fair. He's your brother. Of course you'll be sad.

MADISON

I shouldn't be though. This'll be the third birthday I celebrate without him here to celebrate with me. How is that fair?

NATALIE

Life isn't. Maybe Doctor Crane said the same thing to you when you first starting seeing her, but in case she didn't ... During my very first session, she told me something that took me a few months to begin to

(MORE)

NATALIE (CONT'D)
grasp. She told me, "It's not what
life throws at you that matters.
It's how you catch it."

Madison smiles.

MADISON
Yeah, that sounds familiar.

NATALIE
So think about that when you see her
tomorrow. I'm sure she knows his
birthday is coming up too. And I
bet she would be so proud to see you
feeling so strong the week before
that day.

Madison begins to cry.

MADISON
Okay, this conversation officially
just bummed me out. Fuck my problems
right now. It's your big day. We'll
deal with my shit another day.

EXT. COFFEE HOUSE - DAY

Natalie walks out first with her coffee in a to-go-cup. She
looks back at Madison.

NATALIE
Where to now?

MADISON
Uhm, I don't care. Wherever--

Natalie turns, knocking right into a familiar face... GWEN!
Natalie's coffee spills all over her.

GWEN
Motherfucker!

NATALIE
Oh my God, I'm so sorry, I didn't--

They lock eyes, recognizing each other.

NATALIE (CONT'D)
Gwen?

Gwen is a complete mess, completely unlike the way we remember
her to be.

GWEN
Natalie-- hey.

NATALIE
Hi-- how are you? How's everything?

GWEN
Uhm, it's-- it's goin'. Could always
be better, but-- the fuck am I to
complain. ...You?

NATALIE
Everything's good, surprisingly. I
have a boyfriend now, finally.

Natalie LAUGHS at herself.

GWEN
Well you had to lose it sometime.

Gwen points at a car a few spots behind Natalie.

GWEN (CONT'D)
That's mine, over there in the Kia.

KEVIN, 22, Gwen's sort-of boyfriend, sits in the driver's
seat. He waves.

NATALIE
Boyfriend. Really? I never thought
you'd settle down.

GWEN
Nope. No marriage yet. No divorce
settlement. That one's important.
Make sure your boy's got money saved
if you ever wanna clean out your
closet.

NATALIE
Closet's-- clean, actually.

BEAT.

GWEN
Oh.

NATALIE
Yeah. ...Oh, and this is my friend,
Madison. I forgot to introduce her
before.

MADISON
Hi.

GWEN

Mhmm. Well on that note, I'm gonna go. Me and Kevin have a lot of-- stuff to do today.

NATALIE

Yeah, us too. But hey, it was really nice seeing you though. Give me a call sometime. We can catch. I still have the same number.

GWEN

I'll do that. See ya later. And-- it was nice meeting you, Mitsy.

MADISON

Madison.

GWEN

...Right.

Gwen walks back to her car. Natalie and Madison head in the other direction to theirs.

MADISON

What a bitch.

INT. GWEN'S CAR - DAY

She gets in the passenger's seat. Kevin looks over.

KEVIN

You get it?

GWEN

Yeah, I got it.

KEVIN

Wasn't that the girl you--

GWEN

Kevin-- NOT NOW!

INT. MADISON'S CAR - DAY

Madison drives. Natalie in the passenger's seat.

MADISON

Can I ask you a question?

NATALIE

Sure.

MADISON

Were you really friends with someone who is that much of a bitch?

NATALIE

(laughs)

Gwen was a little bit of a handful, but she grows on you. She was my best friend.

MADISON

...What happened between you two?

NATALIE

I don't know. I guess we just grew apart.

MADISON

No, something happened. After everything last year, you and your best friend don't just grow apart. C'mon, you can tell me. We're best friends, right?

They laugh.

NATALIE

Yes, Madison. You're my best friend. ... And Gwen, she-- wouldn't move on. She wouldn't even try. I went to therapy. She wouldn't do it. Said it was for crazies and she wasn't. ... I just wanted to feel happy again and she kept bringing me down. So, I had to put her with the rest of my problems-- behind me.

MADISON

...Do you miss her?

NATALIE

I used to, but things changed. I'm better off without her.

EXT. NATALIE'S HOUSE - DAY

Madison's car approaches.

INT. MADISON'S CAR - DAY

She slows up as they near the house. Natalie looks onward.

NATALIE

What the hell. My front doors open!

MADISON

What?

NATALIE

Pull in the driveway! Hurry!

Madison listens.

EXT. NATALIE'S HOUSE - DAY

Natalie gets out of the car fast. She stares into the house from only a few feet away.

Madison gets out.

MADISON

Natalie, what's your problem?

NATALIE

I told Christian to lock up when he left.

MADISON

So maybe he didn't leave?

NATALIE

His car's not here. Call him.

MADISON

Yeah, sure.

Madison starts to dial.

Natalie hesitates. She rushes into the house.

MADISON (CONT'D)

Maybe you should wait for him to pick up!

INT. NATALIE'S HOUSE: LIVING ROOM - DAY

Natalie stops just inches from the doorway.

MADISON (O.S.)

Natalie!

She moves forward quickly.

INT. NATALIE'S HOUSE: KITCHEN - DAY

She checks her drawers and pulls out the largest kitchen knife she can find.

NATALIE
 (to herself)
 I'm nobody's victim.

The front door opens and closes. Natalie steps forward to see...

INT. NATALIE'S HOUSE: LIVING ROOM - DAY

Madison in the doorway.

MADISON
 What's with the knife?

NATALIE
 Did he answer?

MADISON
 No.

NATALIE
 Call him again. I need to check upstairs.

Natalie moves past her.

MADISON
 For what, the Boogeyman? Don't expect to find a Fisherman hiding in your--

NATALIE
 MADISON!

She stops.

NATALIE (CONT'D)
 Shut. Up. And call him again.

MADISON
 ...Okay.

Slowly, Natalie ventures upstairs.

INT. NATALIE'S HOUSE: UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - DAY

All the doors, except for her bedroom, are open.

She takes a peak inside each room as she moves closer and closer to hers.

Fear is slowly creeping back.

She puts one hand on the doorknob. ...Deep breath.

She pushes through the door.

INT. NATALIE'S HOUSE: BEDROOM - DAY

Natalie rushes in, ready to kill anyone in her path that doesn't belong...

But there isn't. Nothing strange or out of the ordinary at all.

A sigh of relief.

INT. NATALIE'S HOUSE: LIVING ROOM - DAY

Natalie walks downstairs.

She LAUGHS when she sees Madison on the couch watching TV.

Madison looks back at her.

MADISON

Oh hey. You done playing crazy?

NATALIE

Yeah, there's no one here.

MADISON

I could've told you that. He probably just forgot to shut the door. It happens sometimes.

NATALIE

He didn't answer?

MADISON

No, but you said he had work today.

NATALIE

(beat)

Yeah, that's true. I guess it's just paranoia creeping back in.

Natalie walks away.

INT. NATALIE'S HOUSE: KITCHEN - DAY

Natalie pours herself a glass of water. Staring out the window, she drinks.

Madison walks in.

MADISON

Are you okay?

NATALIE

Yeah, I'm-- better now.

MADISON

Then what's with the big glass of vodka?

NATALIE

(laughs)

It's just water. I'm not gonna drink my problems away.

MADISON

Good idea. Because trust me, you won't find any solutions at the bottom of a bottle.

NATALIE

(beat)

...Do you mind if I spend the next couple hours alone before Christian comes over?

MADISON

Oh, did I say something stupid again?

NATALIE

No, there's just something I want to do before I tell him everything later.

MADISON

Should I be worried?

NATALIE

No.

MADISON

Alright. But I swear, if I leave now and find out you killed yourself before talking to him--

NATALIE

Oh my God, Madison! Literally the most inappapropriate subject to joke about ever.

They laugh.

MADISON

Well now I've said something stupid.

Madison walks away.

MADISON (CONT'D)

See you later.

Madison leaves.

Natalie finishes her water.

She grabs her house phone and dials. A woman answers.

NATALIE
(into phone)
Hi-- Mrs. Harris?

INT. NATALIE'S CAR - DAY

Natalie drives. She's alone in the car. She passes by her old High School.

A bouquet of red roses in the passenger's seat.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

Natalie's car pulls in. She parks behind a tall oak tree right in the middle of the cemetery.

INT. NATALIE'S CAR - DAY

Natalie rummages through her purse for her cell phone. She finds the number she's looking for: APRIL HARRIS. She dials.

As expected, it goes to voicemail for Natalie to hear April's once familiar voice.

She leaves a message...

NATALIE
(into phone)
Hey-- April, it's Natalie... I know
you're not gonna get this, but-- I'm
just calling to call really.
(uncomfortably laughs)
...I wish we had more time. You
were one of my best friends, and--
I miss you.

After a moment, she hangs up.

She grabs the roses and leaves her car.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

Natalie is the only one around, taking a long walk from her car to April's gravesite.

She stands, almost in shock again that all of this is really her life. That her friend is really dead.

She kneels at her grave, placing the roses just before the headstone.

She sheds a tear before she stands.

Natalie walks away, taking one last look back before continuing.

NATALIE

Goodbye.

She heads back to her car.

FADE OUT:

-- ROMANTIC MUSIC PLAYS SUBTLEY --

FADE IN:

INT. NATALIE'S HOUSE: FAMILY ROOM - NIGHT

Christian is in the kitchen, preparing dinner for Natalie and himself.

INT. NATALIE'S HOUSE: BEDROOM - NIGHT

Natalie is in a beautiful red dress. She's pampering herself when she notices Doctor Crane's gift bag on her dresser.

She opens it. There's a small box inside with a little card attached. It reads:

Submit yourself to the darkness of your past...

Or find the little light that's hidden away and allow it to
shine it's brightest.

The moment you do, you'll be free.

-- Marion

She puts the card aside and opens the box. Inside is a silver necklace with a small pendant attached.

Natalie turns it over and sees there's a message engraved on the back:

OVERCOME to BECOME

She smiles. She puts the necklace on, looks at herself in the mirror, and leaves the room.

INT. NATALIE'S HOUSE: KITCHEN - NIGHT

Christian scrambles to have the table set perfectly in the other room.

He steps back into the kitchen where he sees Natalie for the first time since he's been there.

She's as beautiful as ever.

CHRISTIAN

Wow...

She smiles. He walks closer to her.

CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)

You look-- incredible.

He kisses her.

NATALIE

I wanted to look my best for you.
It's an extra special night.

CHRISTIAN

I know... Why don't you have a seat
inside? I'll bring out the first
course.

NATALIE

First course?

CHRISTIAN

Well, only course. I just wanted to
sound professional.

NATALIE

(laughs)
You're gonna make a great chef one
day.

CHRISTIAN

Thank you.

He kisses her again.

CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)

G'head, sit down.

INT. NATALIE'S HOUSE: DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Natalie has a seat.

NATALIE

I hope you didn't do anything too
fancy. I said you didn't have to.

CHRISTIAN

(from Kitchen)

Too fancy? Have you seen what you're wearing?

NATALIE

(laughs)

That's different. I've been saving this dress for a long time. Tonight just felt like the perfect night to put it on.

CHRISTIAN

Yeah, as long as you're okay with me taking it off after dinner.

Christian walks in with one over-sized plate of spaghetti. He puts the bowl down between them and sits next to her, rather than across from her.

NATALIE

I am so proud of you. This isn't fancy at all.

CHRISTIAN

(beat)

There's something really simple and romantic about sharing a bowl of spaghetti. It brings me back to when I was a kid and the first time I saw *Lady and the Tramp*. I know this might sound really stupid, but when you look at the two of them in that movie-- that was real, genuine true love... y'know? They appreciated the simple things in their lives more than anything else-- their love for each other and that bowl of spaghetti waiting behind that Italian Restaurant for the two to share.

NATALIE

...That doesn't sound stupid at all.

He smiles.

CHRISTIAN

Thanks. I don't think I ever told about this, but-- I've never been able to paint that picture in my head until I met you.

She puts her hand on his.

NATALIE

Me too...

INT. GWEN'S HOUSE: LIVING AREA - NIGHT

A one-story home with a strange feeling to it, more like an old woman's house than a place for Gwen.

Gwen snorts a line of heroin off the coffee table. She's a pro at this, been doing it for awhile.

Kevin is on the couch next to her.

GWEN

Set me up for another one.

He laughs at her.

KEVIN

Take it easy, babe. This isn't coke. You take too much, too fast you're gonna O.D.

GWEN

Wouldn't be the worst thing that's happened in my life.

Kevin snorts a line himself.

KEVIN

What, babe?

She's zoning out.

GWEN

Nothing.

KEVIN

You look so fuckin' bummed out, babe. I think you need a lil' somethin' else to help you relax before this kicks in.

GWEN

No, Kev-- sorry, I don't need to take anything else right now.

KEVIN

I wasn't talkin' about drugs. I was talkin' about my dick.

He laughs. She laughs.

GWEN

Alright, Romeo, just fuckin' kiss me.

He does just that, making his way from her lips to her neck.

Gwen's mind is somewhere/anywhere else. She leans her head back, catching sight of an old photograph: A NOT-SO-CUTE (BUT MEMORABLE) MOMENT BETWEEN FRANKIE AND HERSELF.

GWEN (CONT'D)

Just-- stop. Stop.

Kevin backs off.

GWEN (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, I can't do this right now.

KEVIN

Why?

GWEN

(beat)

Can we just-- hangout please? Watch a movie or something.

KEVIN

If that's what we're doin', then I wanna watch a scary movie.

GWEN

...That's not funny.

KEVIN

(laughs)

I just said something scary. I didn't say *Scream*.

GWEN

Fuck that movie... I'm sure we can find something else on demand we can both agree on.

KEVIN

Christ, Gwen, I don't wanna watch a fuckin' movie. I wanna have sex with my girlfriend!

GWEN

And I, your girlfriend, don't want to!

KEVIN

This is bullshit, babe. Why do I gotta suffer because you're still pissed off about bumpin' into that girl today?

GWEN

Natalie?

He shrugs his shoulders.

KEVIN

Sure.

GWEN

This has nothing to do with her!

KEVIN

Then what the fuck is it then, huh?!
What's wrong?!

GWEN

What's wrong? ...What's right?! I hate everything about my life... I hear people say all the time *it could always be worse*, but when does it ever get better? I'm 20 years old and I'm living in my dead grandmother's house because my mom thinks it's nice to have a place to put me rather than just sell it. Here, she doesn't have to see me every day... Everyone I cared about either died or abandoned me when I needed them most... I needed my friend. I needed Natalie more than anyone else to be there for me the way a best friend should and even she forgot about me!

Kevin is basically pulling his hair out.

KEVIN

Then just talk to her, you got her number.

GWEN

No because that's not fair! She wasn't the only one who lost everything. I'm a survivor too! Why does she get all the fucking glory? Why does her life keep getting better while mine keeps getting worse?!

(MORE)

GWEN (CONT'D)

...Every day, I feel myself breaking just a little bit more. And every day, I wish that someone could just come and knock me down one more time, let me shatter completely... at least then I won't hurt anymore... Then, I'll just die.

Kevin snorts another line. Gwen looks at him.

GWEN (CONT'D)

Asshole, were you even listening to me?!

KEVIN

Gwen, I gotta be honest... You're a fuckin' handful.

GWEN

Excuse me?

Kevin laughs as he stands up.

KEVIN

Maybe we should just give it a day or something, I don't know. But this isn't gonna work out for me if you're gonna be like this all the time.

GWEN

Like what all the time, Kevin? What am I being like?

KEVIN

Like that, Gwen! Jesus, you're whole life is like one stretched out week of PMS'ing. Like shit, change your fuckin' tampon and chill.

GWEN

Hey dick-weed, I was almost killed!

KEVIN

Like a year ago!

GWEN

Eleven months actually, but who's counting?

KEVIN

That's what I'm talking about! That right there! You didn't die! You lived! Get over it and move on!

GWEN

Move on? How the fuck do expect me to move on? All my friends died, asshole!

KEVIN

Hold on there. Don't forget about Natalie.

GWEN

Oh, fuck you!

KEVIN

Yeah, I wish.

Kevin walks away.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

I'm outta here.

Gwen stands up.

GWEN

Fine, go ahead! Be just like everyone else in my life who just walked away!

KEVIN

Shut the fuck up already... Christ.

He walks into the Kitchen.

GWEN

I hate you, you know that! I wish it was you that died instead of Frankie! At least he actually fucking cared about me!

INT. GWEN'S HOUSE: KITCHEN - NIGHT

Kevin searches drawer after drawer.

KEVIN

Then stop talking about it and bring him some fuckin' flowers. I'm sure you know where he's buried.

He slams another drawer shut.

INT. GWEN'S HOUSE: LIVING AREA - NIGHT

Gwen finally shut up, her eyes soaked with tears. Calmly, she sits herself back down on the couch. Kevin hit that real breaking point.

She hears more drawers slam shut in the kitchen.

INT. GWEN'S HOUSE: KITCHEN - NIGHT

Kevin sighs.

KEVIN
(to himself)
Where the fuck are my cigarettes?

The house phone RINGS.

Kevin looks. He sees his pack of cigarettes hidden just behind the phone.

KEVIN (CONT'D)
(to himself)
There we go.

The phone RINGS again.

He repacks his cigarettes, contemplating whether to answer the phone.

It RINGS a third time. He answers.

KEVIN (CONT'D)
(into phone)
Hello?

INT. GWEN'S HOUSE: LIVING AREA - NIGHT

Gwen is still sitting on the couch, crying.

KEVIN (O.S.)
Hello?!

There's sounds of a struggle, followed by the house phone SMASHING AGAINST THE FLOOR.

It brings Gwen's attention to the kitchen.

GWEN
Kevin?

No answer from him... She stands.

GWEN (CONT'D)
Kevin, answer me. This isn't funny!

Moments later, Kevin emerges from the kitchen, walking rather slowly. He holds both hands over his stomach.

He stops, facing Gwen. It's too dark for her to see what's wrong at first.

He doesn't speak... He can't.

GWEN (CONT'D)

Kevin...

Kevin drops to his knees. He removes both hands from his stomach, revealing a deep knife wound, through and through.

Blood pools beneath his feet.

GWEN (CONT'D)

Kevin!

She takes a step forward, but stops just as abruptly as she started.

A dark figure emerges from the Kitchen behind Kevin, stopping just behind him. A figure that Gwen recognizes right away...

GHOST FACE.

The blackened eyes of the mask fixed on her. Gwen sees the bloody knife in his hand.

The eyes of the mask shift to Kevin. Knife raises... The blade penetrates deep between Kevin's shoulder blade.

Gwen is too frightened to move or scream. She covers her mouth with both hands.

Ghost Face mutilates him before her eyes. The final stab breaks through the top of Kevin's skull.

He rips the knife away. Kevin's lifeless corpse drops forward.

Ghost Face steps over him, closer to Gwen.

She steps back, looks to her left. Her CAR KEYS are sitting at the edge of her dining room table.

Ghost Face sees them too. Then it's back to Gwen.

She hesitates, only for a moment. She bolts for the keys, then for the Kitchen.

Ghost Face runs back around the other direction.

INT. GWEN'S HOUSE: KITCHEN - NIGHT

Gwen rushes through, inches from the Laundry Room (which would bring her right to the garage).

Ghost Face is right there coming from the other Kitchen entrance.

Gwen screams.

They collide, knocking Gwen into the wall and onto the floor.

He grabs her leg, but she kicks herself free. She lands a good one right in the Mask, knocking Ghost Face down and breaking herself free.

She runs out of the Kitchen.

INT. GWEN'S HOUSE: LIVING AREA - NIGHT

SCREAMING, Gwen runs back through the way she came, into the darkened hallway past the couches.

She runs left into her Grandmother's old bedroom.

INT. GWEN'S HOUSE: GRANDMA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

She locks the door behind her. Frantically, she searches for the next way out...

INT. GWEN'S HOUSE: BATHROOM - NIGHT

Gwen runs in. Again, locking the bathroom door behind her.

Now What?

The only place left for her to go is out the bathroom window.

INT. GWEN'S HOUSE: LIVING AREA - NIGHT

Ghost Face steps over Kevin's body, calmly. He moves through the hallway, left with one of two options: The locked door or the open door.

He chooses the locked one.

INT. GWEN'S HOUSE: BATHROOM - NIGHT

Gwen tries her hardest to get through the window. She hears the sound of a BREAKING DOOR, distracting her.

She gets back to the window, but the next sound is closer.

The bathroom door is being broken down. She screams. The window is open. She's almost through.

The door busts open. Ghost Face enters.

Gwen is almost free. He stabs her through her lower back.

She SCREAMS again! He pulls her back in, throwing her down.

Immediately, she rolls herself onto her stomach and begins to crawl away.

INT. GWEN'S HOUSE: GRANDMA'S ROOM - NIGHT

Ghost Face follows behind. She's close to the door, not giving up for nothing.

Ghost Face holds one foot down on her, keeping her in place. He stabs her again.

And still, she tries to get away.

He smacks her skull against the hard wood floor, leaving her dazed.

Ghost Face kicks her onto her back.

She's crying, but too weak to help herself now.

Ghost Face grabs her by her feet and drags her away.

INT. NATALIE'S HOUSE: BEDROOM - NIGHT

Natalie and Christian lay together making out. She pulls away.

CHRISTIAN
(embarrassingly)
Sorry...

NATALIE
No, it's-- not you. You didn't do anything.

CHRISTIAN
(beat)
...Is something else wrong? You look-- sad.

Natalie sits up, letting her feet hang off the side of the bed.

NATALIE
I just have a lot on my mind.

Christian sits up beside her.

CHRISTIAN
Natalie, you know you can talk to me. If you want.

NATALIE
I know. And I do want to. I just...

CHRISTIAN
Can I tell you something?

NATALIE

...Yeah.

CHRISTIAN

We've been together now for almost four months and I've never felt more in love with you than I do right now. I know, in my heart, that we're not wasting each other's time here... I want to be here for you for as long as you'll let me-- but you have to let me.

NATALIE

(beat)

I made a promise to myself that I would tell you something very important tonight, and I'm gonna keep that promise and not be afraid anymore... I've been lying to you about my therapy sessions since the day we met. I told you that I was there because of stress brought on me from my parents' divorce... Honestly, at this point, I could give a fuck less about either of them. Their problems aren't my problems.

Natalie takes a deep breath.

NATALIE (CONT'D)

Almost a year ago my friend, Ian-- killed a lot of our friends... And he made me his center of attention.

She starts to cry.

NATALIE (CONT'D)

He said he was making a movie, his own interpretation of a *Scream* film-- and he said I was his star... He almost killed me too, but I got a hold of his gun-- and I shot him before he could. I survived... And unfortunately, so did he. He got away before the police showed. They've been searching for him ever since... I still have this fear, this-- feeling I can't shake-- that he's coming back for me.

She relaxes herself.

Christian wipes away her tears. This makes her smile.

CHRISTIAN

...I'll never let him hurt you again.

NATALIE

I know, and neither will I. Doctor Crane always told me I was no longer a victim. Now I'm a survivor.

CHRISTIAN

She was right...

NATALIE

She was, but I just feel like everything keeps on getting worse. I mean, first this thing with my parents, then my friends, then almost half a year living like a hermit--

CHRISTIAN

And look at you now. Look at the people you have in your life. Doctor Crane... Madison... Me...

NATALIE

I don't know, I just feel like my life's slowly turning into some sort of fucked up melodrama with no real plot or purpose.

CHRISTIAN

But Natalie, this is your life. Y'know? ...We're all here, all meant for something greater than we know.

Natalie sits quiet for a moment, then cracks a smile.

NATALIE

Can I ask you a question?

CHRISTIAN

You just did.

NATALIE

Okay, another question... Have you ever wished your life could be more like a movie?

CHRISTIAN

...All the time. Lady & The Tramp, remember?

They laugh.

CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)

I mean, I think everyone does. It's our way of getting away from all the harsh realities of this great, big, problematic world we live in today...

NATALIE

Yeah. I guess the only thing you can't pick and choose is your genre... He turned my life into a horror movie.

CHRISTIAN

But genre's are subject to change. Nothing's set in stone.

NATALIE

Really?

She looks right into his eyes.

NATALIE (CONT'D)

So then if this were your movie... what would you write next?

CHRISTIAN

Well-- I think our main character deserves a little break now and again. Maybe she, uhm-- needs some weight lifted off her shoulders so she can feel happy again... So she can smile and really believe that with that smile-- she's finally free.

Christian kisses her.

They both pull back and look into the eyes of one another. He smiles... She smiles.

They kiss again, falling back onto the bed as before.

On the endtable beside her bed, Natalie's cell phone VIBRATES subtly.

It's a phone call, unrestricted: GWEN'S CELL.

Natalie is distracted. The call goes to voicemail.

INT. GWEN'S HOUSE: LIVING AREA - NIGHT

Gwen is on the floor, crying. She'd been stabbed numerous times, but she's holding on.

She pulls her phone away from her ear, the rest of her purse spilled across the floor behind her head.

GWEN
(to herself)
Shit.

She redials, looks over at Ghost Face.

He stands over Kevin's body, photographing it.

Back to Gwen, the phone rings and rings.

GWEN (CONT'D)
(to herself)
Please pick up...

Ghost Face looks, sees her on the phone. He walks towards her, puts his camera on the coffee table beside them both.

He kneels down over Gwen. She struggles, but he takes the phone from her. He holds his left hand over her mouth and brings her phone to his ear.

He hears Natalie's voicemail. He leaves a brief message of silence before hanging up.

He looks at Gwen, through the eyes of the mask.

She whimpers and cries beneath his hand. He lusts over how helplessness she really is.

Ghost Face grabs hold of his camera again. He takes her picture.

INT. NATALIE'S HOUSE: BEDROOM - NIGHT

Natalie sleeps, Christian beside her.

At the edge of her bed, a TALL MAN stands amongst the darkness. Behind her, Natalie's bedroom door remains closed.

Natalie JOLTS AWAKE, breathing heavily. Nightmare, perhaps? She turns on the light at her endtable.

Christian remains asleep. Natalie gets out of bed without waking him.

INT. NATALIE'S HOUSE: LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The upstairs hallway light turns on. Natalie is at the top of the stairs. She walks down.

She turns on light after light as she goes.

INT. NATALIE'S HOUSE: KITCHEN - NIGHT

Natalie pours herself a glass of water.

INT. NATALIE'S HOUSE: LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Lights off in the kitchen.

Natalie walks back towards the stairs.

She double-checks the locks on the front door; both locked.

INT. NATALIE'S HOUSE: BEDROOM - NIGHT

Natalie walks in, closes the door behind her.

She sips her water and leaves the half-full glass on her endtable before getting back into bed.

She grabs her phone to check the time: 3:11. Also, two missed calls and a voicemail from GWEN'S CELL.

Natalie checks the voicemail... It's nothing but EMPTY SOUND.

She doesn't call back.

She puts her phone back down and turns off the light.

INT. THE DARK ROOM - LATER

Pure emptiness in this room. Very plain. White walls.

In the center of it's darkness and emptiness is a black desk. The only few items on the desk are very neat, very strategically placed.

Laptop. Camera. Cell phone. Knife. Gloves. Ghost Face mask.

Above the desk, taped to the wall is a collage of photographs. Many of Natalie from recent days: Natalie outside her home, Natalie and Madison's run-in with Gwen, Madison leaving Natalie's, Natalie in the cemetery...

Others are photographs of murder. Kills from the past: Teena Riley, Stacey Cooper, Rachel Conway, and April Harris.

Ghost Face emerges unmasked, but his face hidden by shadows. He adds new photos to his collage: The body of Kevin Shivers, and Gwen on the floor with Ghost Face's hand over her mouth.

In the center of the collage, Ghost Face hangs up his mask.

EXT. NATALIE'S HOUSE - DAY

Another beautiful morning.

INT. NATALIE'S HOUSE: UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - DAY

The bathroom door is open. Natalie brushes her teeth.

Christian heads out of her bedroom, all dressed and ready for work.

CHRISTIAN
See ya later.

NATALIE
(between brushes)
Bye.

He heads downstairs.

INT. NATALIE'S HOUSE: LIVING ROOM - DAY

Christian attempts to leave, but can't. The door is still locked and he can only unlock the first of two.

CHRISTIAN
Natalie?

NATALIE (O.S.)
Yeah?

CHRISTIAN
The doors still locked.

NATALIE (O.S.)
Sorry, one sec.

He waits.

INT. NATALIE'S HOUSE: BEDROOM - DAY

Natalie grabs the keys out of her endtable drawer.

INT. NATALIE'S HOUSE: LIVING ROOM - DAY

Natalie walks downstairs.

The bottom lock is already taken care of. Natalie's keys unlocks the additional top lock.

NATALIE
There you go.

She smiles.

CHRISTIAN
Y'know I'm gonna be late for work now.

NATALIE
(laughs)
Shut up. That took me five seconds...
What time do you get off?

CHRISTIAN

'Round six. And I'm coming right back here after.

NATALIE

What makes you think I want to see three nights in a row?

CHRISTIAN

(laughs)

Ouch. Okay fine, I'll go-- do something else.

NATALIE

No, you can come back tonight. Madisons babysitting anyway. I need something to do.

CHRISTIAN

Well good-- because I'm gonna take you somewhere special tonight.

NATALIE

Oh yeah? Where's that?

CHRISTIAN

It's a surprise.

NATALIE

You know I don't like surprises.

CHRISTIAN

Tough.

NATALIE

You're lucky I love you.

He kisses her.

CHRISTIAN

And I love you too... I'll see you later.

NATALIE

Bye.

Christian steps out the door, tripping on a boxed package right there on the floor.

NATALIE (CONT'D)

Oh, be careful.

Christian picks up the small box.

CHRISTIAN
Looks like you have mail.

He hands it over.

NATALIE
Oh, fun.

CHRISTIAN
See you tonight.

Christian heads to his car. Natalie closes the front door behind him.

She examines at the small box in her hands. There's no return address; just hers.

She sits down on the couch and uses her keys to cut the tape.

As she pulls the first flap of the box open, she feels a sticky substance on her hands.

She looks. It's red. Blood?

Natalie pulls back the other flap and is shocked by what she sees.

INT. NATALIE'S HOUSE: LIVING ROOM - LATER

The box is on the coffee table. Inside, amongst white tissue paper is a bloody Ghostface mask.

Natalie is sitting on the couch. Madison is standing.

MADISON
What kind of person does sick shit like this?

NATALIE
I have a pretty good idea.

MADISON
No-- Natalie, don't even say his name.

NATALIE
Why? We both know it was him... Ian.

MADISON
It's not him.

NATALIE
Then who? Who else then?

MADISON

I don't know. Anybody that's watched local news in the past eleven months! It's probably just some neighborhood assholes messing with you. Besides, we don't even know that's real blood.

NATALIE

It doesn't have to be. Ian's focus was special effects. He wanted to be the next Tom Savini.

MADISON

Really? Y'know, you'd think Wes Craven.

Natalie isn't amused.

MADISON (CONT'D)

Sorry...

NATALIE

I-- I can't deal with this right now. All this was supposed to be over after I told Christian the truth.

MADISON

How'd everything go with that?

NATALIE

Fine, it was-- great. We had a great night, and then this shit has to happen and mess it all up.

MADISON

Natalie, if you let this bother you, the assholes that did it-- win.

NATALIE

(beat)

I just-- I don't want to go backwards. And I already feel it happening.

MADISON

C'mon, what does Crane always tell us? I know she says the same to you she does to me... What would she call this?

In unison, they both say, "Another bump in the road."

MADISON (CONT'D)

And it's already behind us. Trash that shit, and go about your day.

(MORE)

MADISON (CONT'D)

If I really had to guess, it was probably that fuckin' bitch from yesterday.

NATALIE

(beat; realization)

...Gwen. And y'know what, she called me last night too and left me this weird voicemail.

MADISON

Problem solved. Happy now?

NATALIE

I will be after I tell her off. Even for her, this is low.

MADISON

Oh my God, please wait until tomorrow. I have to see you do that.

NATALIE

I have to do this while it's fresh in my mind. ...Otherwise I might chicken out. Why can't you just come with me now?

MADISON

(sighs)

Because-- I have therapy in 20 minutes, I'm goin' to see my mom, and then I'm stuck babysitting for the Doyle's all night.

NATALIE

Ohhh. That sucks. Well, maybe I'll record it for you.

MADISON

Oh, you fuckin' better. I'm so excited. I've never heard you want to do something like that before.

NATALIE

Yeah, me neither. You should probably go before you're late.

MADISON

Good idea.

Madison heads for the door.

MADISON (CONT'D)

Well if Christian bores you tonight,
you know where I'll be. Feel free
to call.

NATALIE

Bye...

Madison leaves.

EXT. GWEN'S HOUSE - DAY

Aggressively, Natalie pulls up in front of the driveway.

Gwen's car is here.

Natalie gets out without ever turning off her car. She walks
right up to the front door and starts knocking.

NATALIE

Gwen!

No response.

Natalie rings the doorbell numerous times, but still nothing.

NATALIE (CONT'D)

Gwen, it's Natalie, and I'm not
leaving until you open this door!

Still no response.

NATALIE (CONT'D)

Dammit, Gwen. I know you're here.
Your car is in the driveway!

Again, no response.

Natalie looks through the window beside the door. She sees
straight through to the family room, just beyond the last
place we saw Gwen.

But Gwen isn't there.

Natalie knocks a few more times, but nothing.

NATALIE (CONT'D)

Y'know, you did a really shitty thing
today to someone you used to call
your friend! It is not my fault
that you chose to live in misery and
I chose to move on with my life! I
will never forgive you for what you
did today, and if you can hear me--
FUCK YOU.

Natalie walks away.

INT. NATALIE'S HOUSE: LIVING ROOM - DAY

Natalie shuts the front door behind her.

She notices the box still sitting on her coffee table. She disposes of it in the KITCHEN.

Natalie comes back in and lays on the couch near the window. She turns on the TV and flips through channels for something good to watch.

The time is 1:45.

FADE OUT:

INT. NATALIE'S HOUSE: FAMILY ROOM - EVENING

The time is 6:06.

Natalie is asleep on the couch. The TV is still on. But something has changed... The front door is open.

On the couch, a hand shakes Natalie's shoulder.

CHRISTIAN (O.S.)

Hey.

Natalie jolts awake, frightened.

CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)

Whoa, easy, Nat-- it's just me.

NATALIE

Sorry. What are you doing home so early?

CHRISTIAN

Early? Babe, it's after six. What'd you sleep all day?

NATALIE

Wow, I-- guess I did. Madison and I went somewhere this morning, but she dropped me back off before she went to therapy.

CHRISTIAN

Oh, anywhere exciting?

NATALIE

...Not so much.

CHRISTIAN

Oh, well it's a good thing you're well rested. You're in for a special night.

NATALIE

I don't like all this special stuff. Now I'm not leaving this house unless you tell me where we're going.

CHRISTIAN

I'm sorry, you're just gonna have to trust me... I'll be waiting in the car.

Christian leaves.

Natalie looks out the window. True to his word, she sees him get in the car.

She sighs, and gets off the couch.

EXT. DOYLE HOUSE - NIGHT

A traditional, middle-class, two-story home.

INT. DOYLE HOUSE: FAMILY ROOM - NIGHT

Madison is on the couch, reading. It's a real page-turner.

TOMMY (10), jumps up from behind the couch.

Madison screams. She jumps up off the couch.

Tommy laughs.

MADISON

Tommy, you little asshole. I've been here an hour and this is how you wanna say hello.

TOMMY

You did it again.

MADISON

Did what?

TOMMY

Called me that word.

Madison huffs.

She sits back down on the couch and grabs her purse.

MADISON

Y'know, three years we've been playing this game. And I'm the only one who keeps losing money.

She hands him a \$5 bill.

TOMMY

Five dollars? That's it?

MADISON

Yeah, that's it. You know the deal. Five dollars and you don't tell your mom.

TOMMY

Fine, I'll just tell my dad.

MADISON

You fucking kidding me?

TOMMY

And that's ten.

Madison goes back into her purse.

MADISON

Little extortionist. This is illegal, y'know. I could have you put in jail.

TOMMY

You don't scare me. I'll report your child abuse.

MADISON

(laughs)

Child abuse. Really. You call that child abuse?

TOMMY

I watch TV.

MADISON

Yeah. Watch Law & Order. That'll teach you a little something about child abuse.

TOMMY

Mom says I can't watch that show.

MADISON

Then listen to your mom.

TOMMY

I will.

MADISON

Good... I'm gonna finish reading my book.

TOMMY

That's not yours; that's my dad's.

MADISON

(beat)

Whatever.

She turns her back to him and reads again.

TOMMY

...Can you make me ice cream?

MADISON

How old are you? Make it yourself.

TOMMY

But I want you to make it.

MADISON

No. You want to piss me off.

TOMMY

...You're a bad babysitter.

MADISON

Oh my God, fine.

She gets up. Tommy LAUGHS.

INT. DOYLE HOUSE: KITCHEN - NIGHT

Minutes have passed.

Tommy is sitting at the table to the left of the fridge. Madison walks over with his ice cream and sits with him.

TOMMY

Where's your bowl?

MADISON

I'm not having any. I'm on a diet.

TOMMY

Yeah, you need one.

He laughs. She doesn't.

MADISON

You're a little shit. Do you even remember how fat I used to be? I lost 90 pounds this year.

TOMMY

I don't even weigh 90 pounds.

MADISON

I know. Because you're a twig. Pack some meat on those bones soon, kid or you're gonna run into some problems on the playground this year.

TOMMY

No. I'm good at sports.

MADISON

I wasn't talking about sports.

TOMMY

Then what were you talking about?

MADISON

...Eat your ice cream. It's time for bed.

TOMMY

It's only 9:30!

MADISON

So. It's a school night.

TOMMY

It's Saturday, stupid.

MADISON

Well I say it's bedtime. Or maybe I should tell your mom what a little brat you're being. She won't like to hear that little comment you made about my weight, will she?

TOMMY

Maybe I should tell her about your cursing.

MADISON

...I'm not giving you anymore money!

He laughs, eats his ice cream. The phone RINGS.

MADISON (CONT'D)

Jesus, child. You're gonna render me broke.

Madison gets up, goes for the phone. She takes the call.

MADISON (CONT'D)
(into phone)
Hello?

GHOSTFACE
(phone)
Hello, Madison...

MADISON
(into phone)
Mr. Doyle? Is that you?

The caller hangs up. So does she.

TOMMY
Was that my dad?

She's concerned.

MADISON
...No.

INT. DOYLE HOUSE: TOMMY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

It's the first door to left at the top of the stairs.

Tommy runs in and jumps into bed.

Madison follows. She helps tuck him in.

TOMMY
What time will my parents be home?

MADISON
Your brother said around 1, so way
after you fall asleep.

TOMMY
What if I'm still awake?

MADISON
Then you'll get me in trouble, so go
to sleep.

She stands.

TOMMY
Wait.

MADISON
What?

TOMMY

Aren't you gonna tell me a story?

MADISON

(beat)

I think you're a little old for storytime. Besides, why would I even want to tell you one after your crap tonight?

TOMMY

Because you love me.

MADISON

Y'know-- I saw a movie once that had a little boy named Tommy Doyle in it. And one night while his babysitter was over-- they were attacked by the Boogeyman. Tommy would've been okay-- if only he'd gone to sleep when Laurie told him to.

TOMMY

Wrong. They were attacked by Michael Myers. And Tommy Doyle was fine. Michael Myers went after his babysitter in that movie.

MADISON

How in the hell do you know that?

TOMMY

We all watch that movie together every Halloween. My mom told me that's why they named me Tommy.

MADISON

Wow... Your parents are fucked up.

TOMMY

That's another five!

MADISON

Alright, alright, I'll leave it under your pillow. AFTER you fall asleep.

TOMMY

You better!

MADISON

Goodnight.

Madison shuts off the light and leaves the room.

INT. DOYLE HOUSE: FAMILY ROOM - NIGHT

Madison walks down the stairs and sits back down on the couch. Finally, she gets back to reading her book.

Moments later, the phone RINGS.

Madison HUFFS. She stands.

INT. DOYLE HOUSE: KITCHEN - NIGHT

The phone RINGS again. The caller ID: RESTRICTED.

Madison takes the call.

MADISON
(into phone)
Hello?

GHOSTFACE
(phone)
Hello.

MADISON
Yes?

GHOSTFACE
Enjoying your night?

MADISON
About as much as I can. Who are you calling for?

GHOSTFACE
I think I'm calling for you.

MADISON
I think you're mistaken. I don't live here.

GHOSTFACE
I know. You're just the babysitter... Right?

MADISON
...What did you say your name was?

GHOSTFACE
I didn't.

MADISON
Right, well I don't talk to strangers.

GHOSTFACE

And who taught you that? Your brother?

MADISON

(beat)

What did you just say?

GHOSTFACE

I'm sorry. Did I hit a nerve? Madison.

MADISON

Who is this? How do you know my name? How did you know I'd be here?

GHOSTFACE

Because I'm watching you, Madison. Everywhere you go. Everything you say. Everything you do. I'm there.

MADISON

Liar.

GHOSTFACE

No, I'm afraid you're the liar, Madison. Two years ago-- Why was Joey was the one behind the wheel? Why didn't YOU just drive? Just imagine how different your life would be...

MADISON

Fuck you! You think you know me-- but you don't have a God damn clue who I am.

GHOSTFACE

And neither do you... Tell me something, Madison. Are you really happy for your friend? Do you really feel that proud of Natalie?

Madison's eyes widen.

MADISON

(beat)

Oh my God... You're Ian Brody.

GHOSTFACE

You don't know everything, Madison! What you think you know, you could be wrong!

MADISON

But I'm not. You're not gonna hurt
her again. You can't get to Natalie
before I call her you son of a bitch!

GHOSTFACE

IF YOU HANG UP ON ME, YOU'LL DIE
JUST LIKE YOUR BROTHER!

Madison stops.

MADISON

(beat)

...I'll take my chances.

She hangs up, and starts to dial when a DOOR OPENS UPSTAIRS.

INT. DOYLE HOUSE: FAMILY ROOM - NIGHT

Madison walks towards the stairs, but stops short of them.

TOMMY (O.S.)

Maddy?

A SIGH of relief from Madison. She walks further and looks
up the stairs.

Tommy is standing at the top.

MADISON

Didn't I tell you to go to bed?

TOMMY

...I heard you yelling.

Nervously, she laughs.

MADISON

I'm sorry. Why don't you go back to
bed, okay?

TOMMY

...Can I have a glass of water?

MADISON

Sure-- but then it's right to bed.

TOMMY

Okay.

Madison walks back towards the fridge.

INT. DOYLE HOUSE: KITCHEN - NIGHT

She passes into the kitchen, right towards the fridge.

To the left of her, the backdoor is wide open.

GHOSTFACE IS THERE! KNIFE RAISED!

Madison looks. She SCREAMS as she attempts to catch his knife.

She fails.

The Knife punctures deep into her chest.

He tears the knife from her flesh letting her fall.

Ghostface towers over her. He holds his voice-changer to the mouth of the mask.

GHOSTFACE

When your brother died, you couldn't
do anything to save him... You were
helpless... Remember that feeling--
because you're going to feel it again.

The house phone is on the floor near her hand.

Ghostface puts his foot over it, and slides it across the floor near the backdoor.

He kneels down over her and stabs her again. This time in the lower stomach region.

Madison cries.

Ghostface removes his knife and stands.

Beyond the kitchen, near the stairs, Tommy stands.

Ghostface looks.

INT. DOYLE HOUSE: FAMILY ROOM - NIGHT

Tommy stands, terrified. Ghostface steps towards him.

Tommy rushes back up the stairs.

Ghostface doesn't shift his pace. He follows after Tommy.

Atop the stairs, Tommy runs to the right.

Ghostface doesn't see which direction Tommy runs in. At the top of the stairs, Ghostface walks left.

INT. DOYLE HOUSE: TOMMY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Ghostface walks in... The bedroom is empty.

He walks around to the other side of the bed. Tommy isn't there. That's when Ghostface notices the corner closet.

He rushes to it.

INT. DOYLE HOUSE: UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

We hear Ghostface rummage through Tommy's closet. He doesn't sound satisfied.

He walks out of the room, stopping in the doorway. He can see Tommy from here.

At the end of the hallway on the opposite is another room.

The door is wide open. Tommy is curled up in the corner, crying.

Ghostface walks towards him.

INT. DOYLE HOUSE: CORNER ROOM - NIGHT

Tommy is in the fetal position, crying his eyes out.

Ghostface walks even closer to him.

TOMMY
(crying)
Please-- don't hurt me.

Ghostface raises his knife...

INT. DOYLE HOUSE: KITCHEN - NIGHT

The house phone is still on the floor where Ghostface left it.

Madison drags herself along the floor toward it, but stops more than half way.

She's in too much pain. She CRIES.

INT. DOYLE HOUSE: UPSTAIRS BATHROOM - NIGHT

The light turns on. Ghostface places a very bloody knife on the countertop.

He carries Tommy's lifeless, bloody corpse over his shoulders. He leaves the body in the tub.

Next to the knife, he puts down a 6mm Caliber Pistol.

He removes the costume, placing the Mask on the countertop just beyond the knife and gun.

He takes the gun back. He leaves the bathroom and heads back downstairs.

INT. DOYLE HOUSE: KITCHEN - NIGHT

Madison is lying with her back against the refrigerator.

Ghostface stops in front of her.

Unmasked, she sees his face. She knows who this Killer is...

He raises the gun.

MADISON

(slowly dying)

You can't kill her... She's stronger now. You're gonna rot in hell for everything you've done.

Ghostface shoots her. BANG!

INT. DOYLE HOUSE: FAMILY ROOM - LATER

Minutes have passed.

Madison's purse is on the couch. Ghostface grabs it.

He rummages through it until he finds what he's looking for. He drops the purse.

He's got Madison's cell phone now.

He drops the purse and leaves the house...

EXT. TOWN - NIGHT

Natalie and Christian walk together, LAUGHING.

NATALIE

No, I am not going to prank call her right now. Me, of all people?

CHRISTIAN

That's why it's perfect. She'd never expect it. Haven't you ever seen *When A Stranger Calls*? "Have you checked the children?" She'll freak.

NATALIE

She probably won't even pick up the phone. Everytime she babysits for them, I call and Tommy answers. You won't scare her, but he'll never sleep again.

CHRISTIAN
Even better.

Natalie's cell phone RINGS.

NATALIE
One second.

She checks the ID: MADISON'S CELL.

NATALIE (CONT'D)
Well look at that. You don't even
have to call her.

She takes the call.

NATALIE (CONT'D)
(into phone)
Hey, having fun?

GHOSTFACE
(phone)
More than you know...

BEAT.

All the happiness and laughter in her voice stops. Terrified,
Natalie hangs up.

CHRISTIAN
What is it? What's wrong?

NATALIE
...That wasn't Madison.

CHRISTIAN
What do you mean?

NATALIE
I mean it wasn't her!

CHRISTIAN
Whoa, calm down. It looks like she
just beat us to a prank call.

NATALIE
No, you don't understand. It's not
like her to do something like that.
She knows how much that voice still
gets me.

CHRISTIAN
What voice?

NATALIE

...Ghostface.

CHRISTIAN

What? Natalie, that's ridiculous.
The kids probably asleep by now and
she's bored.

NATALIE

She'd never be bored enough to play
this kind of joke. Christian, I'm
telling you-- she's in trouble.

CHRISTIAN

Natalie, just relax... I promise
you, everything's fine. Don't let a
prank call get to you now after you've
been so strong. Keep going up,
remember? You haven't reached the
top yet, and I'm not gonna let you
start falling back down now.

NATALIE

Christian-- you don't understand.
That wasn't her on the phone.

CHRISTIAN

Then who was it? This Ian kid? I
know you said they never found him,
but you also said you shot him.
Twice. The police never found him
because he's probably lying face
down in a ditch somewhere far away...
He's not coming back for you.

NATALIE

...I just have to be sure.

Natalie dials Madison's cell number.

CHRISTIAN

Natalie, come on. This is crazy.

NATALIE

Maybe-- maybe not.

The caller picks up, but says nothing.

NATALIE (CONT'D)

(into phone)

Madison... If you're there, say
something-- please. In your normal,
everyday voice, just say something.

GHOSTFACE

(phone)

Madison can't come to the phone right now. If you leave your message with me, I'll be sure to pass it along.

She starts to cry.

NATALIE

Where is she?

GHOSTFACE

The same place you'll be within the hour.

NATALIE

I don't do mindgames asshole. I'm not your fucking Sidney anymore.

GHOSTFACE

You never were my Sidney, but you were my lead... Still are.

NATALIE

Where is she?!

GHOSTFACE

Have you fully submitted yourself to the darkness of your past, Natalie? Have you really?

NATALIE

(beat)

What did you just say?

GHOSTFACE

Come alone. If you call the police, she dies. And I don't think you can afford to lose another friend, can you, Natalie?

The caller hangs up.

CHRISTIAN

What is it?

NATALIE

He's in my house, in my room. If we call the police, he's gonna kill her.

CHRISTIAN

What? Who?

NATALIE

You know who. We gotta get back to
your car now!

Natalie rushes off. Christian follows after her.

EXT. NATALIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Natalie and Christian pull up.

Quick out of the car, they see the front door wide open.
Every light in the house also appears to be on.

NATALIE

He's waiting for me...

CHRISTIAN

Hold on a sec. You're not going in
there.

NATALIE

I have to or he'll kill her.

CHRISTIAN

I'm sorry if I sound insensitive
here, but I care more about you than
Madison! ...You're not going in
there before I make sure it's safe.

NATALIE

It isn't safe.

CHRISTIAN

Then that'll be my problem. Not
yours. I promised you I wouldn't
let anyone hurt you again, and I
don't plan to break that anytime
soon. Okay?

NATALIE

But I can't lose you.

CHRISTIAN

You won't... Now where do you keep
the biggest knife in your kitchen?

NATALIE

It's not in my kitchen. It's in my
room.

CHRISTIAN

Even better. Where?

NATALIE

Under my pillow.

CHRISTIAN
I'm on it. Stay here and don't come
in until I come out and get you.
Okay? ...Okay?

She nods.

NATALIE
Okay.

Christian rushes to the house.

NATALIE (CONT'D)
Be careful!

INT. NATALIE'S HOUSE: FAMILY ROOM - NIGHT

Christian rushes in.

The house remains quiet. Christian glances around before heading upstairs.

EXT. NATALIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Natalie impatiently waits.

INT. NATALIE'S HOUSE: UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

All the doors, including Natalie's, are open.

Christian cautiously peaks around corners as he steps towards Natalie's bedroom door.

He walks in.

Just beyond Natalie's door, Ghostface reveals himself from another doorway.

INT. NATALIE'S HOUSE: BEDROOM - NIGHT

GLASS CRACKS.

Christian looks down.

He's stepping on a photograph of 'Natalie & April' in a previously cracked frame.

He puts it back on Natalie's dresser.

Christian proceeds to her bedside and pulls back her pillow...
THE KITCHEN KNIFE IS GONE!

Christian puts the pillow back.

In the doorway behind him, Ghostface is there.

The power goes out.

EXT. NATALIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Natalie panics.

NATALIE
(to herself)
Christian...

She rushes towards the house.

INT. NATALIE'S HOUSE: FAMILY ROOM - NIGHT

Natalie is inside.

NATALIE
Christian!

No answer.

NATALIE (CONT'D)
(to herself)
Shit.

She takes out her cell phone for light. She waves it around, but still can hardly see a thing.

She moves to the stairs. Just as she's about to go up...

A phone RINGS.

She checks. It's not hers.

It RINGS again.

She sees the phone light coming from the kitchen.

INT. NATALIE'S HOUSE: KITCHEN - NIGHT

Natalie peaks around the corner.

The RINGING PHONE is on the countertop.

She grabs it. It's Madison's phone. RESTRICTED CALLER.
She answers it.

NATALIE
(into phone)
No more games. I'm here. No cops.
Now where's Madison?

GHOSTFACE

(phone)

What's the rush, Natalie? No time
for a little friendly conversation?

NATALIE

We're not friends.

GHOSTFACE

Oh, but we used to be...

Behind Natalie, Ghostface emerges from the darkness.

GHOSTFACE (CONT'D)

You just assumed I was dead. And
that meant the end of our friendship,
didn't it?!

NATALIE

Our friendship was over when you
tried to kill me, you son of a bitch!

The caller laughs.

Ghostface moves closer to her.

GHOSTFACE

I never tried to kill you, Natalie...
Not yet.

NATALIE

Then what's next, huh?! Why don't
you just show yourself because I'm
already tired of your fucking mind
games!

GHOSTFACE

My pleasure!

Ghostface grabs hold of Natalie! He throws a chloroformed
rag over her nose and mouth.

Natalie SCREAMS and struggles until the chloroform becomes
too much. She passes out.

Ghostface lets her fall.

A moment passes, and the power returns to normal.

Ghostface peers down at Natalie. She remains unconscious.

He removes his mask... It's someone she doesn't know...

IT'S JACK!

FADE OUT: