FADE IN:

OPEN on a black screen. The blaring of a phone beginning to RING repetitively begins. As the phone continues, we FADE TO...

INT. OFFICE - NIGHT

A small office hallway. We slowly GO DOWN the corridor, following the sound of the ringing. TURN to a door left slightly ajar.

Peeking through, we can see PAMELA EBONY (Angela Kinsey) throw open the door from behind us. She’s pretty. Late-30’s. She hurries over to the phone, collecting it and holding it next to her ear.

PAMELA

Hello?

VOICE (O.S.)

(Roger L. Jackson)

Hello?

PAMELA

Ms. Pam Ebony... how may I help you?

VOICE (O.S.)

I have a little... problem, Pam. I thought you might be able to help me with it.

PAMELA

Are you a student?

VOICE (O.S.)

I can be if you want me to.

PAMELA

Look, if you’re not a student, then who are you?

A beat.

VOICE (O.S.)

I’m the person who’s going to cut you ear to ear.

Pamela abruptly hangs up the phone, tense. Right as she prepares to leave the phone RINGS once again. Eyes rolling, Pamela scoops it up and presses “Talk.”
PAMELA
Pam Ebony.

VOICE (O.S.)
Why did you hang up on me, Pam?

PAMELA
What do you want?

VOICE (O.S.)
To see your insides fall to the floor as I slowly slice open your stomach.

A fear immediately rushes through Pamela; her eyes widen in a matter of seconds. After a few moments, Pamela attempts to regain her composure as she tilts her mouth closer to the phone.

PAMELA
(quietly; firmly)
Leave me alone.

VOICE (O.S.)
What’s wrong, Pam? Afraid? I guess anyone would... after all, it must be a bit unnerving to be alone in a dark office...

PAMELA
My secretary...

VOICE (O.S.)
(chuckling)
Oh, her? She was your secretary? I thought she was just knife fodder.

PAMELA
Not funny.

VOICE (O.S.)
Funny wasn’t the intention.
(beat)
Do you want to die tonight, Pam?

Pamela perks her head up with sudden realization.

PAMELA
Listen, you damn kids. Don’t use me for your stupid Stab pranks.

VOICE (O.S.)
Are you saying when I slit your throat it’ll just be a... prank?
PAMELA
There won’t be any throat slitting.

VOICE (O.S.)
We’ll see.

PAMELA
Keep calling and I’ll get my secretary to...

VOICE (O.S.)
Look outside your window.

Pamela tentatively pulls up a small portion of the blinds, allowing a shard of light to peek its way through into her office.

Nobody in sight.

VOICE (O.S.) (CONT’D)
See anybody?

Pamela’s eyes are absolutely filled with terror. Hands beginning to tremble, she opens her mouth to say:

PAMELA
(frightened)
Get away from me.

Pamela slams the phone down, breathing heavily. She’s terrified. Suddenly...

The door swings open, REVEALING...

Pamela’s SECRETARY, who jumps in shock at Pamela’s startled SCREAM.

SECRETARY
What? What happened?

Pamela crosses the room to her secretary, washed over with relief.

PAMELA
Oh, thank God you’re okay. Thank God.

SECRETARY
Am I... am I missing something here?

PAMELA
This person called and he... and he said he killed you.
The secretary moves in closer to Pamela with concern.

SECRETARY
Who? What are you even talking about?

PAMELA
I don’t know who. It was this guy, and I think he might be--

The secretary immediately pulls out a knife from behind her back, cutting off Pamela as she instantly strikes. The blade penetrates deep.

Pamela sucks in a sharp GASP, tilting her head at her smirking secretary with a look of pure horror.

The secretary leans in closer to Pamela as the colour drains from her superior’s face.

SECRETARY
What’s your favourite scary movie, Pam? Maybe now you won’t give me as much paperwork.

The secretary twists the knife inside her body, chuckling with insidious darkness as the fatally wounded woman’s knees give in, sending her to the floor.

Upon the knife’s withdrawal, the secretary spins around to see GHOSTFACE is standing directly in front her, knife raised and ready to strike. Before she can release a SCREAM, Ghostface shoots the knife up her throat. Immediately silencing her.

A river of blood pours down her neck and seeps into her shirt.

ON the secretary’s stunned face as she begins to collapse to the ground, we...

CUT TO:

INT. STAFF ROOM - NIGHT

A TV screen. SUPERIMPOSED in the middle reads:

STAB 5

The CAMERA PULLS BACK to REVEAL two staff members slouched on the couch.
TRISHA JAMIESON (Kaley Cuoco), a tall blonde who’s pretty in a quiet way and young, and ELLIOT CRAVEN (Muse Watson), an average man in his late-50’s.

Trisha’s face is smeared with disbelief as the main titles roll on the television.

TRISHA
Did we seriously just watch that? That gigantic piece of shit that’s passed off as... cinema?

ELLIOIT
Afraid so.

TRISHA
Why did she kill her over paperwork? Seriously. Hey Elliot, you know that paperwork you gave me earlier this morning?

ELLIOIT
Yeah.

TRISHA
You’re about to get a knife to the face for it.

ELLIOIT
It wasn’t that--

TRISHA
I don’t see why teens waste eight bucks to see this in theatres. This is the biggest load of bullshit since Fox News. (beat) The collapse of horror. The collapse of cinema. Right here. If Ghostface had a partner to begin with, why wasn’t she established as at least a red herring? Why so early?

ELLIOIT
You’re over-thinking it. These films clearly pay no mind to quality.

TRISHA
Thanks, I couldn’t tell. (a moment) How much did this movie make?
Elliot shrugs nonchalantly.

**ELLIOT**
I dunno. $50 million domestically or something...

**TRISHA**
Jesus Christ...

**ELLIOT**
I’d love to stay here and listen to your... tangent, but I have to get home.

**TRISHA**
I should pack up, too.

Elliot rises and heads for the door, waving goodbye as he disappears, out of sight. Then...

Silence. A few moments pass as Trisha blankly stares at the opening credits continuing on the TV. Right when she goes for her belongings a phone on a desk nearby begins to RING.

Trisha eyes it for a second before approaching it, picking it up and answering.

**TRISHA (CONT’D)**
Hello?

**VOICE (O.S.)**
Hello.

Trisha recognizes the voice in an instant.

**TRISHA**
Ghostface, really? Who is this?

**VOICE (O.S.)**
Who do you want me to be?

**TRISHA**
Elliot, is this one of your cheap tricks? So soon, too?

**VOICE (O.S.)**
This isn’t Elliot.

**TRISHA**
Oh please. You just left from watching that shitacular Stab movie, and now you’re doing a cheap ploy to scare me.
VOICE (O.S.)
Cutting you open is a cheap ploy?

TRISHA
You think you’re clever, don’t you, Elliot?

VOICE (O.S.)
Like I said, this isn’t Elliot.

Trisha smirks. She’s amused by this.

TRISHA
Okay, okay. I’ll bite. What are you going to do to me, Mr. Ghostface?

VOICE (O.S.)
Go outside.

TRISHA
What if I said no?

VOICE (O.S.)
Why would you want to do that? Out of fear?

TRISHA
You’re funny.

(then)
All right, seriously, who is this? Elliot, come on out.

VOICE (O.S.)
THIS ISN’T FUCKING ELLIOT.

Trisha’s eyes widen a bit. The voice was sincere. Angry.

VOICE (O.S.) (CONT’D)
Now, here’s what we’re going to do. To illustrate a point, you’re going to walk out that door and I’m going to cut through you until I feel your bones shake. Understand?

TRISHA
What... what point? Who is this? I’m not kidding anymore.

VOICE (O.S.)
The point will be discovered soon enough. Too bad you won’t be alive to hear it.
TRISHA
Know what, whatever, I’m done with this.

Trisha hangs up the phone, hands shaking ever so slightly. She collects her purse and hurries to the door.

INT. SCHOOL - CONTINUOUS

The door quietly opens, Trisha scurrying out and letting it close with a faint click. Right as she makes a break for the main door...

RING, RING! Her cellphone goes off. Trisha swiftly pulls out her phone, looking at the screen.

“UNKNOWN CALLER”

TRISHA
Shit...

Trisha holds the phone to her ear. She’s clearly frustrated.

TRISHA (CONT’D)
What do you want?!

VOICE (O.S.)
Think of me as your director and you the actress looking for your big break. This is the big chase scene... the opening scene. The hook. The audience is counting on you to scream your lungs out, so don’t blow it.

TRISHA
I don’t--

VOICE (O.S.)
And in the end, you’ll be the memorable one. The first death. Isn’t that exciting?

TRISHA
Fuck off. I’ll call the cops.

VOICE (O.S.)
They would never make it in time. You’re vulnerable in the open... like a lonely antelope ready to be picked off from the herd.
Trisha, completely horrified, shuts off her phone and goes to the doors. Her pace gradually quickens.

There’s two doors; one leading to the main foyer, the other leading to a darkened staircase. Trisha throws open the foyer doors, and at the same time...

A GHOSTFACE KILLER bursts out from a second staircase door inside the foyer, cutting Trisha off and catching her by surprise. His knife is held firmly in hand.

The teacher SCREAMS, dropping her purse and sprinting away as the masked killer lunges for her.

Gusting through the school, Trisha rapidly approaches the staff room. Sweat pouring down her face, she peers back to see...

No sign of Ghostface. Trisha doesn’t pay much mind to the matter; she comes up to the door, swinging it open and hurrying inside.

INT. STAFF ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Trisha slams the door and holds it closed, trying to hold back tears.

TRISHA
The keys... the keys... where’s my purse...

Trisha glances down and she mouths, “Oh God.” Her purse is nowhere to be found.

She peers out the windows consumed by large blinds to her left. Keeping a tight gaze on the doorknob, Trisha scoots closer to the window.

The only sound to be heard is Trisha’s heavy, nervous breathing. She lifts up a small portion of the blinds.

Pitch blackness rests outside. Trisha quietly scans the scene, until suddenly a patch of black shakes slightly.

TRISHA (CONT’D)
What the...

Abruptly, the patch spins around, revealing Ghostface; long, slender eyes staring directly at her. It was the hood. Trisha SHRIEKS and scuffles away, clutching the doorknob as the killer zips towards it.
The doorknob twists open, Ghostface using his weight and shoving his body into the door in an attempt to throw it open. Trisha desperately tries to hold it closed, tears welled in her eyes.

TRISHA (CONT’D)
NO! GO AWAY! PLEASE!

As soon as he began his assault, Ghostface pulls back. Trisha falls forward, slamming the door shut. Seconds afterward, her phone begins RINGING.

Trisha eyes it for a second, resisting the temptation to answer it. Eventually, however, the urges get to her.

TRISHA (CONT’D)
WHAT?! WHAT?! WHAT?!

VOICE (O.S.)
Scared now, Trisha?

TRISHA
(frantic)
Yes! Yes, I am! Please leave me alone now, please! Being scared is what you wanted, right? You won. You won!

VOICE (O.S.)
(snickering)
Words can’t save you now. You better gear up for the big death sequence.

TRISHA
(beat)
Lights...

Trisha bangs her head lightly against the door, tears finally rolling down her cheeks.

TRISHA
Please...

VOICE (O.S.)
Camera...

TRISHA
(desperate)
Please, no... please...

VOICE (O.S.)
ACTION!

Glass sprays across the room as Ghostface hurls himself through the glass wall, the blinds collapsing on top of him.
The masked villain effortlessly throws the blinds off, tilting his head toward a hysterical Trisha.

TRISHA
NO, NO! PLEASE, NO! NO!

Trisha scrambles away while Ghostface fires a glance at the movie playing on the TV.

Before Trisha can twist open the door, Ghostface swiftly approaches. Realizing she has no time, Trisha hurries over behind the couch, reaching for anything on the table she can use to defend herself.

Ghostface throws over the table, swinging his knife at Trisha. The killer lunges at her from over the table, tackling her to the ground. Trisha whams her fist into Ghostface’s mask, sending him back. Not much, but just enough for her to narrowly escape.

Right as she wraps her hands around the doorknob, Trisha’s eyes bulge and she releases a piercing SCREAM when Ghostface plunges his blade deep into her back.

Crimson beginning to seep down, Ghostface yanks out the knife, flipping Trisha over on her wounded and bloodied back.

GHOSTFACE
Was that dramatic enough for you, Trisha?

Trisha’s response consists of sobbing and moans of pain.

GHOSTFACE (CONT’D)
(raising knife)
Here we are. A new beginning. A new film.

Before Trisha can say anything more, a flash of silver slices through the dark, rapidly approaching Trisha’s stomach. Off her pain-filled and blood-curdling SCREAM, we SMASH CUT TO...

A BLACK SCREEN. SUPERIMPOSE in the middle of the screen:

SCREAM
THE WOODSBORO CHRONICLES

DISSOLVE TO:
INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

Sunlight bathes a bedroom painted a pasty white, smattered with horror posters including ones for *Halloween*, *The Texas Chainsaw Massacre*, *A Nightmare on Elm Street*, *The Hills Have Eyes*, *The Crazies*, and *Last House on the Left*. Posters for the first three *Stab* movies can be seen tacked onto the wall side-by-side.

The alarm clock resting on a bedside table reads: 7:18 A.M.

KIRBY REED (Hayden Panettiere), a gorgeous teenage blonde with a short, 80’s style haircut, is sitting at her computer, on Facebook, typing away almost furiously at her keyboard on until...

A message pops up. Kirby’s eyes glance down at the sender: ROBBIE MERCER.

KIRBY
(muttering)
What now, Robbie...

Kirby’s index finger presses down on the mouse, bringing up Robbie’s message. It reads: Dude... school’s cancelled. Ms. Jamieson was killed. :o

Kirby’s eyes widen in horror and she slowly minimizes the message screen, leaning back in her seat.

EXT. WOODSBORO HIGH - MORNING

The freshly-trimmed lawn of Woodsboro High is trampled on by numerous police officers, along with news vans and reporters flocking to the scene.

A few reporters approach the steps to the high school, but are subsequently pushed back by guarding police officers.

Sitting on the edge of a fountain spewing a clear stream of water into the air is Kirby, ROBBIE (Erik Knudsen), a skinny, nerdy teen with short hair spiked at the bangs; JASON WEATHERS (Cory Monteith), a well-built and tall teen; PATRICIA GREENE (Danielle Panabaker), a strikingly beautiful teen; LUKE DARLING (Steven R. McQueen), a handsome man whose hair hangs just below his ears; and lastly is TAYLOR PECK (Spencer Locke), yet another gorgeous blonde.

All of the teens are wearing casual attire.

Finally, Patricia opens her mouth to break the silence:
PATRICIA
How did she die, anyway?

LUKE
I heard she was watching some horror movie.
(beat)
Stab 6... no. Stab 5. Yeah, that was it.

Miraculous smirks both break the slight terror present on Kirby and Robbie’s faces.

KIRBY
Stab 5, really?
ROBBIE
Stab 5, seriously?

Everyone at the fountain quietly stares at the pair.

JASON
Wasn’t that the one with time travel?

KIRBY
Sadly.

JASON
(chuckling)
I liked that one.

Robbie stares at Jason with pure abhorrence.

ROBBIE
Go grab your machete and leave, Jason.

Luke tilts his head toward Taylor, whose eyes are transfixed on the grass below. He gently nudges her.

LUKE
Hey, you’re awfully quiet.

TAYLOR
I might as well be. It’s yet another Woodsboro killing. You know what happens in killing sprees, right? Blondes die first.

ROBBIE
Actually, the rules regarding that have--

KIRBY
Not now, Robbie.
(re: Taylor)
(MORE)
KIRBY (CONT'D)
Look, I survived. I’m blonde. Hair colour has nothing to do with it.

ROBBIE
Hey, hey, I almost died too.

TAYLOR
(disregarding Robbie)
Yeah, but you were stabbed and nearly died. Charlie fucking Walker. If he were still alive I’d rip his throat out and--

JASON
Wasn’t Ms. Jamieson blonde?

PATRICIA
Shut up, Jason.

Taylor releases a defeated SIGH.

TAYLOR
I guess it’s time for one of us to die. On the plus side, I won’t have to do my goddamn Chemistry homework.

JASON
Why are you so convinced you’re going to die?

TAYLOR
Look at me. I’m ripe for stabbing... I’ve seen the Friday the 13th sequels.

KIRBY
This isn’t a movie.

TAYLOR
But it could be based on one.

ROBBIE
I’ve been over this before. If someone was remaking a movie, it’d already be obvious. Besides, Charlie and Jill tried that already. It’s tired.

The very mentioning of those two names invites a silence to overcome the group, until...

SPENCER
Hey, dicksuckers!
SPENCER WOODROW (Grant Gustin), a preppy, handsome, and muscled teen jogs up to the group. The jock slumps down next to Kirby, wrapping his arm around her shoulder. Kirby’s eyes widen in horror.

SPENCER (CONT’D)
Hey, sweet thing.

KIRBY
What do you want, Spence?

SPENCER
Nothing. Just being nice.

Kirby swats Spencer’s hands away.

KIRBY
Yeah, no.

Spencer moves his head closer to Kirby’s, who tries to scoot away.

KIRBY (CONT’D)
Slowly becoming more impatient, Spencer.

Spencer pulls back, raising his hands at chest level in surrender.

SPENCER
All right, all right. But just so you know, I will eventually...

Spencer trails off when he sees LILIAN MEER (Chelean Simmons), another preppy teen who wears more high-class clothing and high heels, strutting along the field with a small group of similarly dressed friends.

Spencer’s eyes shift back and forth from Lilian to Kirby until they lock on Kirby.

A beat.

SPENCER (CONT’D)
See ya.

Spencer hops up from the fountain and runs to Lilian, who jumps and SHRIEKS when he lightly grabs her on the shoulder from behind.

LILIAN
OH SHIT FUCK!
**SPENCER**

(laughing)
Whoa there. Calm down, thank you very much.

**LILIAN**

Fuck you very much, Spencer.

**SPENCER**

(moving in closer to Lilian)
That can well be arranged.

Lilian rolls her eyes and pushes Spencer away.

**LILIAN**

(muttering)
Jesus...

(beat, normal voice)
Why don’t you go hang out with the Goonies over there?

Lilian blatantly points at the group of teens sitting at the fountain, who can clearly see her.

**LILIAN (CONT’D)**

They’re an odd bunch. Except for Patricia... she’s too pretty for them.

(beat)
And Jason. I’d love to saddle that beast.

Spencer quietly stares at Lilian before firing a hateful glare at Jason, who looks back at him with confusion.

**LILIAN (CONT’D)**

Oh right, I’m not supposed to have sex in these times of crisis, aren’t I?

**SPENCER**

I... I honestly don’t think it matters.

**LILIAN**

...the fuck’s that supposed to mean?

Lilian and Spencer hold hard gazes at each other, until Lilian shakes her head and motions for her friends to follow her away from him.

Spencer stands alone and silent as he’s left by himself.
Kirby is gazing at the lonely Spencer, amused.

Standing near the entrance of the high school is SHERIFF DWIGHT “DEWEY” RILEY (David Arquette), a man in his late-30’s but still retains a boyish look to him. Next to the sheriff is DEPUTY JUDY HICKS (Marley Shelton), a pretty blonde in the same age range as Dewey.

JUDY
I’m... I’m sorry you have to go through this again, sheriff.

Dewey SIGHs, lifting his hat to scratch his head.

DEWEY
I’ve done this four times before. I’ll get through it again.

Judy gazes at Dewey with longing eyes.

JUDY
And I’ll be here to help, sheriff.

DEWEY
Well thank you, Deputy Hicks.

Judy smiles right as Dewey says her name.

JUDY
Y’know, if you ever need somebody to talk to, I’m he--

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)
Move. Move. Move. For the love of God, move.

Judy rolls her eyes and turns around to see GALE WEATHERS-RILEY (Courteney Cox) navigating through the flood of reporters and officers. Approaching her husband.

Gale flicks a string of hair away from her eyes once she reaches Dewey, who stares at his wife with a somewhat distant, blank gaze.

JUDY
Gale, what are you doing here?

GALE
Talking to my husband, Deputy Judy.

Gale is wearing a purple dress suit, bags under her eyes from an evident lack of sleep. Despite her age, she still manages to look quite beautiful.
JUDY
This is an investigation scene.

Gale, lips tightened, slowly tilts her head towards Judy.

GALE
Thank you, Deputy Judy.

DEWEY
She’s, uh, kinda right, Gale. You shouldn’t be here.

Gale CHUCKLES right at Dewey, who begins to look more and more unnerved by the second.

GALE
You truly don’t know what’s going on here, do you?

JUDY
Gale--

Gale waves Judy away.

GALE
(re: Dewey)
Just listen to me for a minute.

DEWEY
Fine...

Gale pulls Dewey away from Judy and away from the horde of people nearby.

GALE
Okay, look. That teacher was killed while watching a horror movie, right?

DEWEY
Right.
(beat)
What are you getting at, Ga--

GALE
Shush, shush, shush. Just listen.
You know where something similar happened, right?

Dewey stares at Gale, dumbfounded. She throws her hands in the air.
GALE (CONT’D)
MY BOOK! The Woodsboro Murders
Reborn? Remember that? New book, came out just a month ago?

DEWEY
Wait. In the book, the teacher at the beginning wasn’t killed while watching a Stab f--

GALE
Yes, but, where else did that happen?

Dewey once again quietly stares at Gale, just as baffled. Gale’s eyes widen in disbelief.

GALE (CONT’D)
Oh for the love of... Stab 6 and Stab 7! And what movie’s being made?

DEWEY
The Expendables 2? We need to see that, by the way.

GALE
No... on both counts. Guess again.

Dewey kicks the ground for a moment, pondering his options. Finally, his head perks up at his wife.

DEWEY
Stab 8?

GALE
YES!
(beat)
See, here’s what I think is going on...

From the corner of his eye, Dewey notices an officer motioning for him to come over nearby.

DEWEY
Can it wait?

GALE
What? No, of course it can’t wait!

DEWEY
I’m... I’m sorry, Gale. But I have--
GALE
What? You have “more important things to attend to?”

DEWEY
When you say it like that, it makes me sound bad...

GALE
Whatever. Just... go.

Gale and Dewey gaze at each other in silence, both wanting to look away. Eventually, Dewey peels away from Gale’s vision and walks over to the officer. Judy, arms crossed, has a faint smirk on her face.

JUDY
Marriage is like a rottweiler. Cute at first, but it slowly turns more ugly as time goes on.

GALE
You don’t know anything, Deputy Judy.

JUDY
And you can stop calling me Deputy Judy, by the way. It’s Deputy Hicks.

GALE
(muttering)
That last name is eerily fitting.
(then; normal voice)
Whatever, fine.

JUDY
Thank you.

GALE
But so help me God, Deputy Judy, if you ever make a move on my husband I’ll...

Judy already has her head buried in her hands as Gale notices the teens sitting at the fountain. She flicks a quick look at Judy then abruptly leaves her, approaching the teens.

Luke and Jason notice Gale swiftly coming toward them.

JASON
Isn’t that--
PATRICIA
Gale Weathers? Apparently.

Gale comes up to the fountain, a fake smile clearly plastered on her face.

GALE
Hey, guys! What are you doing here?

ROBBIE
Just checking things out. Seeing what’s going on.

(beat)
What do you want, Gale?

GALE
Actually, I was hoping I’d have a moment to speak to you.

ROBBIE
Me?

GALE
It’s not like I’d talk to the rest of these people.

(beat)
Except for Jason.

JASON
Hi, Aunt Gale.

GALE
Hi, buddy.

Gale motions for Robbie to follow her. Robbie SIGHS and rises from his seat, pulling away from the group and facing Gale.

ROBBIE
Okay, what?

GALE
You’re still a budding journalist, and I still have the experience and the know-how.

ROBBIE
(looking away)
Oh dear God...

GALE
Just hear me out on this. We can team together! Finish the job and become the heroes!
ROBBIE
Because, you know, that totally worked out the first time.

GALE
So you’re not going to help me?

Robbie slowly shakes his head, clearly anxious at Gale’s increasingly stern face.

GALE (CONT’D)
Fuck you.

Gale turns and strides away at a quick pace from Robbie, who’s left in a tense silence.

INT. LIVING ROOM – NOON

Gale is sitting on a leather couch, laptop resting on her lap, screen facing her. The living room isn’t too big nor too small, and has a nice, cozy atmosphere to it.

The former reporter is on a book review site, where the headline “THE WOODSBORO MURDERS REBORN” can be clearly seen. Her eyes slowly drop down the page, until she sees the rating: 2 stars out of 5.

Below, there are a few reviews. Gale begins reading one of them, which reads:

Lacks the gripping suspense of the first books.

Gale glances down at the next one:

This is what happens when Gale Weathers infuses non-fiction with her own ideas.

Gale scoffs. The next one:

Twilight was scarier and more compelling.

Gale shuts the laptop, running her hands through her hair. Suddenly, her cell phone buzzes. Fumbling through her pockets, Gale pulls out her BlackBerry and the screen flickers on with life.

On the screen it reads: (1) TEXT MESSAGE – UNKNOWN SENDER

Gale shuts off her cell phone, and then...

It buzzes again.
Gale pulls up her text messages. One reads: What’s your favorite scary movie?

Gale smirks, amused. She pulls up the second message: Aren’t you excited to be cut open and gutted alive?

Gale’s smirk fades away in a matter of seconds.

INT. POLICE STATION - AFTERNOON

Few officers are sitting in their seats, either sipping coffee or typing on their old, clunky computers. As Gale walks inside, pace nervous and quick, the officers give her smiles and nods.

She doesn’t return them, heading straight to Dewey, who’s speaking with a deputy.

GALE

Dewey.

DEWEY

Excuse me, officer.

(re: Gale)

What now?

GALE

I got a text.

DEWEY

Well, uh, that’s... news.

GALE

From the killer.

DEWEY

Oh.

(best)

OH. What did he say? Is he coming after you? Are you okay?

GALE

Oh sure, I just got threatened to be minced into lunchmeat. I’ve never been better.
Something catches the corner of Gale’s eye. She turns her head and sees Principal Elliot Craven sitting inside the interrogation room, hands clasped together and arms stretched out on the table.

**GALE (CONT’D)**
What’s he doing there?

**DEWEY**
He’s a suspect. He was the last person at the school before Trisha Jamieson died.

**GALE**
And?

**DEWEY**
And he watched *Stab 5* with her.

**GALE**
And?

**DEWEY**
And... look, he’s our only lead right now.

Deputy Judy, carrying a bag on her other side, is rapidly approaching Dewey until she freezes to a halt upon seeing Gale.

**JUDY**
Oh. Gale... good to see you.

**GALE**
Mm-hm.

**JUDY**
Sheriff, we... we found this in Trisha’s purse.

Judy hands him a bag, filled with multiple papers stapled together. Dewey reaches for the bag, taking it from Judy and holding it tightly.

**DEWEY**
What is it?

**JUDY**
It’s, uhm, it’s a script.

**DEWEY**
What?

**GALE**
What?
Dewey and Gale awkwardly stare at each other before looking back at Judy.

JUDY (CONT’D)
I didn’t read it, but... it’s a Stab script. Verbatim with what happened at the school, from what I heard.

GALE
So this killer is making his own Stab film? Gee, it’s not like that’s been done before.
(beat)
Wait... Trisha’s killing was a variation of the teacher’s death in Woodsboro Murders Reborn, which was a variation of Jenny Randall and Marnie Cooper’s deaths. And Stab 8 isn’t being based on that, so--

DEWEY
Are you saying this killer’s making a Stab movie based on your book?

GALE
Maybe... but there’s differences. There was no principal there with her in the book.
(beat)
Do you think... do you think the killer’s remaking the book, too?

Dewey shrugs.

DEWEY
I honestly don’t know.
(beat)
Who dies next in the book?

INT. KIRBY’S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Kirby’s living room is large and expansive, with large windows showcasing the patio out back. Jason and her are passionately kissing on the couch, falling back on the cushions.

Kirby flinches and pulls away as Jason’s hands begin reaching below her waist.

JASON
I’m... I’m sorry, did I--
KIRBY
No, no, not at all. It’s just...

JASON
Charlie?

Kirby quietly nods.

KIRBY
I-I just don’t really... know how to trust people anymore.
(beat)
And I’m not saying I don’t trust you or anything, it’s... yeah.

Jason nods his head, trying to understand.

JASON
Okay.
(beat)
I should, uh, I should go.

Jason leans in closer and gives Kirby a long kiss before peeling away and staring back at her. The two teens gaze at each other warmly until Jason nods and exits.

Kirby turns to her laptop resting on the coffee table in front of her, bringing it closer and turning it on. As she moves her fingers along the touchpad and presses on the keyboard, a concerned look begins to take over until...

KIRBY
OH MY GOD!

Kirby stares at the screen in utter horror. On it, a video shows dark footage of Trisha running across the hallway, Ghostface hot on her trail. Then, it cuts to Ghostface crashing through the window, Trisha SCREAMING and running away.

Seconds after, Kirby covers her eyes as Ghostface brings down his knife on her back, the CRUNCH loud and clear along with her piercing, painful SCREAM.

Kirby immediately closes the video, revealing an email message with the video attached to her saying: You like horror movies, right, Kirby?

The frightened teen looks at the sender: trishajamieson@hotmail.com

KIRBY (CONT’D)
Oh God... oh my God...
As Kirby grabs her phone, hands shaking, we CUT TO...

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Jason’s hand is pressed down on the steering wheel, eyes focused on the road ahead. His cell phone begins ringing, with “I Kissed a Girl” as the ringtone.

Jason looks at the road, surrounded by forest. No other cars. He releases one hand off the steering wheel, sifting through the contents in his pockets until he pulls out his phone. He flips it open, holding it against his ear.

JASON
Hello?

KIRBY (O.S.)
J-Jason...

JASON
Kirby? What’s wrong?

KIRBY (O.S.)
The... the killer sent me something?

Jason’s eyes immediately fill with concern. Demeanour becoming more serious.

JASON
What’d he send? Are you okay?

KIRBY (O.S.)
(quietly)
A video.

JASON
Of...

KIRBY (O.S.)
Ms. Jamieson.

JASON
Kirby, call the police. Or come over here. My aunt got a squad car to guard my house.

KIRBY (O.S.)
W-why?

JASON
They... they, uhm, think the killer’s coming after me next.
KIRBY (O.S.)
Oh God...

JASON
Just come over to my house. Okay? You’ll be safe there. Besides, I could use the company.

KIRBY (O.S.)
Isn’t your mom there?

JASON
She’s gone for the weekend. At some conference thing.

(beat)
Look, just come over. I’m driving, and this is probably illegal right now... me talking to you on a cell phone and all.

KIRBY (O.S.)
Okay... I’ll be over soon.

JASON
Great. I love you.

A beat.

KIRBY (O.S.)
Yeah. See you soon... bye.

Kirby hangs up, and Jason stares blankly at the road ahead, a slight tint of disappointment on his face. THUNDER crackles in the distance; trees produce ominous shadows painted on the asphalt in front of him.

RING, RING!

“I Kissed a Girl” begins playing again, and Jason briefly takes his eyes off the road, looking down at the phone screen.

“UNKNOWN CALLER”

Jason lets the phone ring, placing it down beside him. In front of him, headlights can be faintly seen in the distance. In the mirror, it shows the same behind him.

Seconds later, the phone starts RINGING again. Jason heaves out a frustrated SIGH, grabbing the phone.

“TRISHA JAMIESON”

Jason’s eyes are transfixed on the phone screen in horror.
JASON
What the fuck...
    (answering phone)
Who the hell is this?

VOICE (O.S.)
Aren’t you one for greetings.

Jason immediately recognizes the voice.

JASON
(angry)
Who are you? Why did you send that video to Kirby?

VOICE (O.S.)
For her to get a little taste of what’s to come.

Jason glances at the mirror and at the road in front of him, one hand still controlling the wheel. The cars are getting closer.

JASON
Listen, you sick fuck. Stay away from my girlfriend, my friends, and my family. Especially my aunt. You hear me?

VOICE (O.S.)
Loud and clear. Too bad this time the rules need to be broken.

JASON
What? What are you talking about? Why are you even calling me?

VOICE (O.S.)
Everyone has their reasons.

JASON
Yeah? Well why don’t you just cut to the chase?

VOICE (O.S.)
If you insist.
    (beat)
Guess who’s behind you.

Jason turns his head back to the car behind him. At the same time...

SMASH! The car (which we can now see is a truck) in front collides head-on with Jason’s, sending the car spinning.
The vehicle from behind speeds up and disappears, frantic to leave the scene.

JASON

FUCK!

Jason tries desperately to control his car, but the assailant speeds towards his side. Jason slams his foot down on the gas pedal, but it’s too late -- the truck impacts Jason’s car right on the side.

EXT. FOREST - CONTINUOUS

Jason’s vehicle flies off the side of the road, smashing straight into the ground and violently spinning around, glass pieces spraying in all directions and the front totalled, until...

It crashes straight into one of many trees, coming to an instant halt. All that can be heard afterward is the constant blaring of the CAR ALARM.

The truck pulls over, and as it does Jason weakly opens the driver’s door and climbs out of the car. Cuts and scrapes from loose glass pieces line his arms and face, a patch of blood on the side of his head.

On the road, boots can be seen merging with the asphalt on the other side of the truck. The driver’s side.

Jason MOANS in pain, and his eyes widen when he sees GHOSTFACE, black robe merging with the black of night and only the ghost mask and silver knife blade clear as day, slowly stalk towards him, coming down the slope.

JASON

(weakly)

No... no...

Jason grabs the tree trunk to help himself up. Ghostface continues to come closer with each passing moment, his grip on the hunting knife’s handle tightening.

Jason hobbles away from the masked killer, PANTING and weakened. Sweat gleams on his forehead. Not knowing where he’s going nor really caring, Jason treks through the thick foliage, trying to thrash through the dense bushes and shrubs.

Ghostface is getting closer.
JASON (CONT’D)
Go... please... leave me alone! I did nothing to you!

Ghostface remains silent, stride relentless.

Jason, rubbing the wound on the side of his head, keeps limping through the bushes until...

He’s surrounded by forest, with Ghostface nowhere in sight. Jason spins around, nervous. Frightened. The tall teenager wanders aimlessly, and then...

He catches the faint glimmer of light in the distance.

A house.

Eyes filling with hope, Jason begins limping in that direction. Then suddenly, Ghostface lunges from behind a group of bushes, thrusting his knife deep into Jason’s abdomen.

Jason sucks in a sharp GASP. Ghostface twists the knife inside the teen’s body before yanking it out. Dark crimson seeps out from the wound and onto the forest floor below.

The teen, determined, despite beginning to lose focus, keeps heading for the house. Ghostface comes behind and strikes Jason in the back, who SCREAMS out in pain and falls to the grass, landing with a dismal THUD.

Jason cocks his head, staring directly at the silent ghost-masked killer with tears in his eyes.

JASON (CONT’D)
(weakly)
W-why...

Ghostface stalks closer, towering over Jason. The silver blade is painted with red, some of it dripping onto Jason’s shirt.

GHOSTFACE
Sorry, Jason.
(raising knife)
But I’m just going by the book.

Ghostface throws down the knife, the tip of the blade ripping through Jason’s stomach. Tears stream down the teen’s cheeks as the killer continues stabbing him again -- and again -- and again, until the life in his eyes fades away.
EXT. FOREST - LATER

The CAR ALARM is still going off, consuming the area. Ghostface can be seen slowly approaching the truck, the only person visible.

When the truck drives off and fades into the night, headlights can be seen far away, growing closer until we...

CUT TO BLACK.