

FADE IN:

EXT. WOODS - DAY - FLASHBACK (1981)

A beautiful green forest, perfect for hiking or camping.

BAMBI, 20s, Caucasian, a beautiful blonde hiker, frantically runs through the woods with her boyfriend, BRUCE, 20s, Caucasian, a macho stud of a man with a large head of 80s hair. Both wear hiker gear and are covered with specks of blood.

The two run and stumble forward, finally taking shelter behind a large tree. They breathe heavily as Bruce scans the woods behind them for danger.

Bambi is staring off, shell shocked.

BAMBI  
They're...oh my God...they're  
all...

BRUCE  
Shh!

Satisfied that it's clear, Bruce moves to Bambi.

BRUCE (CONT'D)  
We just have to make it back to the  
cabin. Lock ourselves in. We can  
call for help.

BAMBI  
They're dead. I think we're the  
last ones.

BRUCE  
We don't know that.

Bruce grabs Bambi by the shoulders.

BRUCE (CONT'D)  
We're going to make it. OK? We are  
going to make it. Nothing is going  
to stop us.

Bambi nods, then falls forward into his strong chest. He wraps his arms around her. She closes her eyes, calms her breathing.

There's a sticky CRUNCH NOISE and Bruce seizes. Warm, red BLOOD trickles down onto Bambi's face. Bambi, confused, pulls back, to see that Bruce's head has been decapitated.

She screams the classic horror damsel scream, and fights to pull away from Bruce's corpse, which has frozen, clutching her, pulling her to the ground.

She fights to crawl away, tries to stand, trips over Bruce's head, falls again.

All the while, a figure, STRAPS, a bull of a man, wrapped head to toe in leather straps of different sizes and carrying a bloody MACHETE follows her.

Bambi cries and crawls away on all fours. Straps pulls back his machete. He thrusts it forward and--

ROBBIE (V.O.)

So she's trying to get away, and  
ol' Straps has her at his mercy. So  
he walks up to her, pulls back the  
machete and BAM!

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. TOUR VAN - DAY - PRESENT

A tour van travels down a deserted country highway with rolling fields interspersed with lush forests.

In the driver seat sits ROBBIE, 40s, Caucasian, upbeat tour guide, and beside him in the passenger seat sits REBECCA, 20s, Caucasian, a slim goth girl who brims with enthusiasm and upbeat cheer. Robbie wears a baseball cap with the words TOUR GUIDE printed on it.

REBECCA

(smiling, morbid  
fascination)  
Right in her vag?

ROBBIE

Yup! Bam! Stuck it right in there.

REBECCA

(overjoyed)  
That's fucking sick!

ROBBIE

Yeah! Anyway, so he proceeds to gut her all the way to her neck, and by the time the police showed up, there were entrails EVERYWHERE.

REBECCA

O. M. F. G. That's how it actually happened?

ROBBIE

Well, no one will ever know *exactly* how it went down, but I'd like to think I've recreated the scenario in the *exact* way that it went down.

Rebecca and Robbie continue chatting about the gruesome killing spree.

In the seat behind them sits MITCHELL, late 20s, Caucasian, angry and super catty flamboyant gay guy, who rolls his eyes at the conversation that Rebecca and Robbie are having.

Seated next to Mitchell is SHAUNA, late 20s, Asian, scrawny, angry-at-the-world-ex-lawyer. Mitchell leans over to Shauna.

MITCHELL

Shauna, think we'll actually have any luck this time?

Shauna laughs derisively.

MITCHELL (CONT'D)

Yup. This is the biggest long shot yet...

Behind them, occupying the next row all to herself, is LILLIAN, late 20s, Caucasian, athletic, sad, quick witted, and sarcastic. Something about her just speaks that she's in mourning. She stares out the window, watching the scenery go by. She hears a soft SNORE, then turns to look behind her.

In the last row, is FREDDY, 30s, olive skin, ethnically ambiguous, wry wit, handsome in a scruffy starving artist kind of way, alcoholic. He wears dark SUNGLASSES and is very much asleep. Lillian smiles slightly when she looks at him, then turns her attention back to the scenery.

REBECCA

I heard he's had over 50 confirmed kills.

ROBBIE

One hundred percent true, Rebecca. It might be higher, but there's a lot of people who went missing and they never found the bodies. I--uh oh.

In the rearview mirror, CHERRIES FLASH from a STATE TROOPER PATROL CAR.

Robbie pulls the car over to the side of the road.

ROBBIE (CONT'D)  
 (to self)  
 I don't think I was speeding.

EXT. COUNTRY ROADSIDE - CONTINUOUS

The TOUR VAN has a garish logo on the side that looks like it came straight from a Halloween store: "Tour of Death!"

Both PATROL CAR and tour van come to a stop. Stepping out of the patrol car is State Trooper JACE HODGESON, 50s, tough as nails good ol' boy with a leathery face. He saunters over to the van.

INT. TOUR VAN - CONTINUOUS

Robbie rolls down his window and smiles.

ROBBIE  
 Office Hodgeson, I might have known. Everyone, I'd like to introduce you to State Trooper Jace Hodgeson. Ol' Jace here will be the one to protect you from any horrors that might be in the woods. Jace, this is Rebecca, Mitchell, Shauna, Lillian, and the snoozer in the back is Freddy.

Hodgeson gives a slow once over to all the van passengers.

ROBBIE (CONT'D)  
 Well...what can I do for you, officer?

HODGESON  
 You're tempting fate, Robbie.

Shauna sighs heavily.

SHAUNA  
 (whispers to Mitchell)  
 Not again.

From the passenger seat, Rebecca shushes Shauna.

ROBBIE

Oh, please, Jace, there's nothing--

HODGESON

I've tried to tell you, over and over, that there's something in those woods. An evil that man cannot comprehend.

Shauna's expression is one of exasperation, and she holds up her hands in a "What the hell?" gesture. Mitchell is fighting laughter. Rebecca looks back at them, with a "cut it out!" motion.

ROBBIE

Jace, I know you'll never forgive me for not being a "local boy," but I'm telling you, at this point I'm more of an expert on Straps than you are. I've read all the articles, I've been to all the killing sites, done all the research. There's nothing to worry about.

Robbie glances over at Rebecca, then seems to remember himself.

ROBBIE (CONT'D)

(theatrically)

Or is there???

Rebecca smiles and nods encouragingly.

Hodgeson stares at him for a while.

HODGESON

Nothing to worry about. Is that right?

Robbie gives a sheepish shrug.

HODGESON (CONT'D)

Well, I hope for the sake of the rest of you fine ladies and gentlemen that Robbie here's luck keeps holding. It sure as hell ain't gonna last forever.

REBECCA

Thanks for your concern, officer!

HODGESON

Well, I'll let you to it, then.  
Rest of you folks, you need me,  
don't hesitate to call. Robbie.  
Ma'am.

Hodgeson touches his hat and strolls back to his patrol car. On his way back, his eyes meet Lillian's. He looks at Lillian as if looking into her soul, and she seems a little off put. He carries on walking past her, and she blinks, shrugging it off.

ROBBIE

All righty then, let's get back on  
the--

SHAUNA

I've just gotta ask, is there like,  
a hand book, a common script, that  
all you tour guides use? And does  
Sheriff Leatherface there get a cut  
of the profit?

ROBBIE

Pardon?

MITCHELL

Brilliant casting, by the way, well  
done. Or is he an actual real  
sheriff?

ROBBIE

Trooper, not sheriff. There's a  
difference. What are you guys  
talking about?

REBECCA

It's just that our little, uh,  
club, goes on a lot of these tours  
and this is the, uh, third?

Mitchell and Shauna hold up four fingers.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

Fourth. Fourth time something like  
this has happened.

MITCHELL

It's becoming a trope.

ROBBIE

What?

REBECCA  
Spooky old man or woman warning us  
away from the spooky place that  
we're going.

ROBBIE  
Oh, no, uh, that wasn't planned or  
anything. Uh, you guys go on a lot  
of these tours?

REBECCA  
Oh yeah! We love them!

SHAUNA  
Ugh.

REBECCA  
I love them.

ROBBIE  
Oh! Well, I didn't realize I had  
connoisseurs with me today. I'll be  
sure to give you the deluxe tour.

REBECCA  
Yay!

MITCHELL  
(sarcastic)  
Yay.

SHAUNA  
(sarcastic)  
Yay.

ROBBIE  
Okay then. Onward!

Robbie pulls the van back out into the road.

In the backseat, Freddy snorts awake.

FREDDY  
Are we there yet? Ow...

Freddy grabs his aching head. Lillian pulls a Tylenol pill  
bottle out of her purse and hands it back to him.

FREDDY (CONT'D)  
My hero...

Freddy pops the lid and tips at least a half dozen pills into  
his mouth.

EXT. LONELY DESERTED COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

The tour van pulls from the old road onto an older dirt road. Robbie talks as the Van bounces down the path.

ROBBIE (V.O.)

Here it is! The old McAllister property. Bought by a rich lawyer in the city to be a summer hunting cabin for him and his family. The first killings occurred when the lawyer's nephew came out here with a bunch of his college friends for a wild party in the woods. Not long after that, they all turned up...dead! Killed by ol' Straps.

The van finally pulls up to a quaint, slightly run down, cabin in the woods.

EXT. CABIN IN THE WOODS - CONTINUOUS

The gang all exit the van. Robbie gets a full breath of fresh air and sighs happily.

ROBBIE

Just beautiful. Let's check out some of the murder sites!

MONTAGE - A TOUR OF...DEATH!!!

EXT. WOODS MURDER SITE ONE - DAY

Robbie, with the tour group in tow, look at some branches with old ROPE hung on them.

ROBBIE

And this is where Straps hung a couple up by their feet and gutted them.

Rebecca takes pictures with her PHONE. Mitchell is putting on copious amounts of bug spray.

EXT. CIRCLE OF STONES - DAY

A clearing in the forest with a dozen strange stones from a CIRCLE OF STONES inexplicably sticking out of the ground. The stones are different shapes and sizes, no more than two feet tall, and have faded and obscured etchings of arcane symbols carved into them.



Robbie and the tour group are present.

ROBBIE

And here's the mysterious circle of stones. Technically, we're not supposed to get any closer than this as it's a protected archaeology site.

LILLIAN

Who put these here? Native Americans?

ROBBIE

(spooky voice)

No one knows. (normal voice) But last I knew, they think the etchings in the stones might be Illuminati markings.

SHAUNA

Who is they?

ROBBIE

This, uh, internet forum I go to. Although one archeologist insists they're Sumerian.

SHAUNA

Okay.

Shauna turns to leave.

ROBBIE

And another thinks they're alien!

Everyone else turns to follow Shauna.

ROBBIE (CONT'D)

The locals are terrified of it!  
I'm not making this up!

EXT. WOODS MURDER SITE TWO - DAY

Robbie and the tour group are looking at another clearing.

ROBBIE

And here's where Straps killed a couple who was having sex.

REBECCA

Oooooo.....

EXT. WOODS MURDER SITE THREE - DAY

ROBBIE  
Here's where Straps killed another  
couple having sex.

REBECCA  
Oooooo.....

EXT. LAKE IN THE WOODS - DAY

Robbie and the tour group walk along the shore of the small  
lake.

ROBBIE  
If any of you brought fishing gear,  
this little lake is just brimming  
with rainbow trout. It's a little  
cold, but fine to swim in. Oh, and  
Straps drowned at least a half  
dozen people here.

LILLIAN  
I should have packed my swimsuit.

ROBBIE  
For all we know, there's still  
bodies in there.

LILLIAN  
I'm gonna try not to think about  
that.

FREDDY  
Let's just assume the carnivorous  
rainbow trout already took care of  
them.

Lillian smiles at that.

EXT. WOODS MURDER SITE FOUR - DAY

Robbie and the tour group walk up to an old fire pit in the  
woods.

ROBBIE  
Here's where Straps burned a camper  
alive in his own campfire.

Robbie starts handing out photos.

ROBBIE (CONT'D)

The crime scene photos are pretty spectacular.

REBECCA

Wow!

SHAUNA

Yuck.

FREDDY

Good lighting in this one. Nice framing - it's really flattering to the third degree burns.

EXT. WOOD MURDER SITE FOUR AND FIVE - DAY

The tour group walks through another clearing.

ROBBIE

And here's where Straps killed another couple having sex.

MITCHELL

(whisper to self)

Oh, God no one cares any--

ROBBIE

That was the gay couple, I believe.

MITCHELL

Oh really? Tell me more.

ROBBIE

Oh, well, the bear was a big black fellow.

MITCHELL

(interested)

Mmm hmm.

END MONTAGE

EXT. STRAPS DEATH SITE - DAY

Robbie and the group stand at the edge of a clearing. Robbie speaks in an almost reverent voice.

ROBBIE

And here it is! This is where Straps finally met his end.

LILLIAN  
How'd it happen?

ROBBIE  
Well, back in the early 90s, the governor decided enough was enough. Had the military come in and take care of Straps. Hell of a time taking him down. They finally resorted to a grenade launcher.

MITCHELL  
Excessive.

ROBBIE  
Maybe, but it did the job. All that was left of Straps after that was one of his arms, which the town actually had buried in a nearby graveyard. At least, until recently.

LILLIAN  
What happened?

ROBBIE  
About a month ago, someone dug up his grave and took his hand. Some say it was a weird old collector looking for a trophy. Me? I think it was Straps looking for his hand.

SHAUNA  
There's no way that happened.

REBECCA  
Oh it did! I, uh, read about it online.

The group exchange glances.

FREDDY  
Hang on, wouldn't there be more left than just an arm?

ROBBIE  
That's a good point. The army says he basically turned into a red mist when he got hit with that grenade, but I don't buy it. I think he's still out there, somewhere, regaining his strength, getting ready to make his move.

The rest of the group looks thoughtful, except for Rebecca, who looks ecstatic. She sighs happily.

REBECCA  
That'd be so cool.

EXT. CABIN IN THE WOODS - DAY

Robbie hands Mitchell a set of keys.

ROBBIE  
Hot water, electricity, multiple bedrooms, a stereo with an aux jack for your music, all the comforts of home. You brought food, right?

MITCHELL  
(dismissive)  
Yeah, we're all set, thaaaaanks.

ROBBIE  
All right then. You got my number. Enjoy your stay and call if you need anything!

Robbie jumps into his tour van, starts it and takes off.

Mitchell grabs a CLIPBOARD with a LIST out of his backpack and hands it to Shauna.

SHAUNA  
Let's aim for item one for tonight, gang.

MITCHELL  
And let's see what kind of rustic hell hole we're dealing with here.

INT. CABIN IN THE WOODS - DAY

The cabin interior is cozy, filled with second hand furniture straight from a Goodwill and rural knick nacks adorning the walls. It's well maintained and clean, just a little dust here and there.

Mitchell sits down on the couch, looking around the room as everyone else explores. He's pulling out his cell phone.

MITCHELL  
This might be liveable after all. Oh, my God.

LILLIAN  
What's wrong?

MITCHELL  
Five bars. We're a town away from  
Deliverence-ville - that is amazing  
coverage.

SHAUNA  
All right, everyone, find a bed and  
take a rest. We've got a long  
night ahead of us.

Nods from around the room as the crew filters down the  
hallway, looking for bedrooms. Lillian stands still,  
frowning.

LILLIAN  
(to self)  
Rest. Right.

EXT. WOODS - DAY

Lillian jogs through the forest, ear buds in and MUSIC  
blasting. She's already worked up a sweat. Around her is  
nature, the forest, in all its serenity.

A figure stands up nearby in Lillian's field of view.  
Lillian jerks in fright.

LILLIAN  
Shit!

OSCAR, 16, scrawny, a little nerdy, dressed for hiking in the  
woods, holds up his hands.

OSCAR  
Whoa! Hey, sorry, didn't mean to  
freak you out.

LILLIAN  
Oh, kid, oh, Jesus. Heart attack.

OSCAR  
Sorry, just wanted to say hi.  
Oscar.

LILLIAN  
Lillian.

OSCAR  
You staying at the cabin down that  
way?

LILLIAN  
Yeah. I'm doing the--

OSCAR  
--Tour of Death. Robbie's thing.

LILLIAN  
Yeah. It's been, uh, thrilling so far. What about you?

OSCAR  
Local boy, but my dad makes me go camping with him up here every year.

LILLIAN  
There's a campground?

Oscar shakes his head.

OSCAR  
We boondock.

LILLIAN  
Oh. Cool. Old school.

OSCAR  
I'm kinda over it.

LILLIAN  
Yeah, you're about that age to be over things.

OSCAR  
Uh, just so you know, it's really not smart to go it alone in these woods.

LILLIAN  
Says the kid who is all alone.

Oscar shrugs.

LILLIAN (CONT'D)  
Because of Straps?

OSCAR  
Bears.

LILLIAN  
Ah. Black bears or brown bears? Because I read that black bears are really--

OSCAR  
The kind of bears who don't care  
statistics.

LILLIAN  
(chuckle)  
Ah, right...

Awkward pause.

LILLIAN (CONT'D)  
Well, I should, uh...

OSCAR  
Gotta keep that heart rate up.

LILLIAN  
Yeah, exactly.

OSCAR  
Well hey, if you or any of your  
group is bored enough to roast  
marshmallows later, we're just up  
that way.

Oscar points up the hill.

LILLIAN  
Cool. Thanks. And hey, feel free to  
stop by the cabin and say hi.

OSCAR  
Oh, uh, we don't really like to get  
close to that cabin.

LILLIAN  
Bears?

OSCAR  
Something like that.

LILLIAN  
All right. Well, have a good one.  
Oscar.

OSCAR  
You too.

Lillian starts jogging past. Oscar watches her backside as  
she goes.

OSCAR (CONT'D)  
(whisper to self)  
I say godddamn.



INT. CABIN KITCHEN - DAY

Mitchell sits solemnly looking into his cell phone camera as he live streams.

MITCHELL

Hello internet, hello my beloved followers, thank you for being a part of our latest excursion on our nationwide tour of death. Before I continue, I have a confession to make. Now, this has been a long time coming, and many of you have suspected it, but it's finally time I came clean about myself. They say you are what you eat. Well...I am a big twink...ie.

He shoves a twinkie into his mouth.

MITCHELL (CONT'D)

Mmm! And I don't give a shit about being fat anymore!

LATER

Mitchell's face is covered in twinkie cream. He slaps another twinkie across his face, porno style, still recording.

MITCHELL (CONT'D)

Oh, my god. Oh. Oh. Oh, my god.

LATER

Mitchell, still covered in cream, has his tongue hanging out and slaps the twinkie against it with his eyes closed, moaning.

After a moment he stops, opens his eyes, looks over, then pans his phone camera over to see Lillian standing in the doorway. She's covered in sweat and breathing hard.

She looks at him blankly for a moment, then breaks down laughing.

MITCHELL (CONT'D)

Do you mind? I'm having an intimate moment here with my followers!

Mitchell proceeds to suck off the twinkie.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Shauna throws up in the toilet as Mitchell enters to live stream the event on his phone.

Shauna looks up, takes a moment to assess, and waves at the cell phone camera.

SHAUNA

Hi. This is my life. Jealous?

Shauna throws up again.

MITCHELL

Shauna, could you tilt your head to the side as you throw up? My followers want a better view.

SHAUNA

Oh, sure.

LATER.

Shauna gargles with mouthwash as Mitchell records. She spits.

SHAUNA (CONT'D)

(to camera)

All right, time to fill me back up again, bitches.

EXT. CABIN BACKPORCH - DAY

Freddy sits smoking a cigarette. Beside him is a SKETCHBOOK opened to a blank page.

Mitchell approaches, still live streaming with his cell phone.

MITCHELL

And now it's time for the artist corner of our podcast.

FREDDY

What's on your face--you know what. Nevermind.

LATER

Mitchell sits going through Freddy's sketchbook. Each page is blank, but that doesn't stop Mitchell from commenting.

MITCHELL

Oh, I just love this one. (flip)  
 Oh, my god, take my breath away.  
 (flip) Gonna be honest, this one  
 isn't doing anything for me. But  
 the rest are great!

Mitchell quickly flips through the book. Every page is blank.

FREDDY

Yeah, haven't been feeling very  
 inspired, lately.

MITCHELL

(gasps)  
 Noooooooooo!

FREDDY

Mitchell, is it a bad thing for an  
 artist to consider art stupid and  
 pointless?

MITCHELL

Sounds like somebody is ready to  
 sell out!

Freddy chuckles.

FREDDY

Yeah, well maybe I should play up a  
 stereotype for views and ad  
 revenue.

Mitchell covers the camera lens.

MITCHELL

(less flamboyant than  
 normal)  
 Watch it! This is my bread and  
 butter here!

Mitchell uncovers the lens, holds it up for a selfie with a big smile.

MITCHELL (CONT'D)

(flamboyant)  
 Aaaaaaanyway...

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

The bathroom door is partly open. Mitchell, still live streaming, spies Rebecca at the sink, cutting her arm with a RAZOR BLADE. A trickle of blood runs down her arm and into the sink.

MITCHELL

Oh, my God! That's a good one!

Rebecca looks up, smiling.

REBECCA

Oh yeah, I thought so, too. Check it out!

Mitchell goes in for a close up of the wound. Rebecca holds it up. On Rebecca's arm are multiple scars from previous cutting.

MITCHELL

Red is such your color. See, everyone, Rebecca is a pure professional when it comes to self-inflicted wounds.

REBECCA

Years of practice.

MITCHELL

I think you're ready for the big leagues, kid.

Rebecca nods.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Mitchell walks down the hall, still live streaming. Behind him, Rebecca walks to her room, her ear to her cell phone.

REBECCA

(scared)  
Hello?

MITCHELL

That's all for today, campers. Tune in next time where maybe we all get lost in the woods or something and have to eat each other or starve. I'll bring the ketchup. Bye!!!

INT. CABIN BEDROOM - DAY

Lillian rests on the bed. She stares at the ceiling for several moments. She sighs, then gets up.

INT. CABIN HALLWAY - DAY

Lillian walks down the hallway. She pauses when she hears a SOFT CRYING.

She looks through an open doorway to another bedroom. Sitting on the bed is a crying Rebecca.

Lillian turns away, takes a step, pauses, then turns back to the bedroom.

INT. REBECCA'S CABIN BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Another cramped cabin bedroom, simple and rustic.

Lillian KNOCKS softly on the door. Rebecca looks up with tears in her eyes.

LILLIAN  
Rebecca?

REBECCA  
He called.

LILLIAN  
Did you answer?

Rebecca fights tears as she nods.

Lillian moves to sit next to her, putting her arm around Rebecca.

LILLIAN (CONT'D)  
You've got to stop letting him in.

REBECCA  
He's my dad.

LILLIAN  
He's a monster.

REBECCA  
He said he's changed for real this time, that if I just come home and talk to him, it'll be different.

LILLIAN

And then he'll tell you what he did to you is all your fault. And then he'll try to do it again.

REBECCA

Just like last time.

LILLIAN

And the time before that. Rebecca? Stop answering the phone. Stop letting him in. Do that for me, okay?

REBECCA

Okay.

LILLIAN

You hurt yourself enough. You don't need him hurting you, too.

REBECCA

Okay.

LILLIAN

And most importantly, give me his home address so I can go break his knee caps.

REBECCA

(sob laugh)

I don't want you in jail.

LILLIAN

They'll never take me alive.

Rebecca laughs again.

SHAUNA

(O.C.)

Crew! Assembly in the living room!

LILLIAN

You're gonna be okay.

Rebecca nods, wiping her tears.

REBECCA

I think so.

LILLIAN

No, I'm telling you, you're going to be okay.

REBECCA  
Yeah. Party time?

LILLIAN  
(stoic)  
Party time.

INT. CABIN IN THE WOODS - DAY

Shauna walks up to the dining room table, which is covered with assorted bottles of alcohol and mixers. Rebecca stands next to it, at attention.

SHAUNA  
Alcohol?

REBECCA  
At the ready. Vodka for the comrades, whiskey for the strong, wine for the wussies, and scotch for the pretentious.

MITCHELL  
Oh, pour me a scotch.

REBECCA  
You got it.

Shauna walks over to the living room coffee table. Freddy sits next to it going over the contents of the table - enough DRUGS to choke a Burning Man gathering.

SHAUNA  
Narcotics?

FREDDY  
All the flavors of the rainbow for your brain. X marks the spot, Mary Jane has come a calling, and enough white powder to call it Christmas.

The front door opens and Lillian comes in with a stack of pizza boxes.

SHAUNA  
Pizza?

LILLIAN  
Delivered.

MITCHELL  
You give him a tip?

LILLIAN  
A joint.

MITCHELL  
Perfect.

LILLIAN  
Oh, and everyone stay away from the  
Hawaiian! I call dibs.

FREDDY  
I will fight you to the death for a  
slice.

LILLIAN  
You're on.

SHAUNA  
And finally, music?

Mitchell has finished setting up a small, portable stereo  
system. Shauna approaches him.

MITCHELL  
Well since you're all idiots for  
hating my flawless playlists--

SHAUNA  
--It's just Lady Gaga--

MITCHELL  
(furious)  
--With Mariah Carey, Beyonce, and  
sprinkled with Michael Jackson for  
some retro flavor! (calm)  
Anyway...I was debating the right  
ambiance that would properly  
reflect our merry little band.  
Maybe a mix of Eastern European and  
Spanish dirges, or a Halloween  
sound track set on repeat.

SHAUNA  
Please tell me--

MITCHELL  
I said hell with it and just  
downloaded a bunch of mindless,  
generic pop and rock.

Mitchell hits play and a generic POP SONG starts playing.  
Rebecca hands Mitchell his scotch and Shauna a glass of wine.



REBECCA

Ah! I love this song! All right  
everyone! A toast.

Rebecca runs back to the alcohol table with Mitchell and Shauna in tow and hands Lillian a glass. Freddy walks up with his flask.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

Here's to a night...possibly a *last*  
night...to remember.

A chorus of unenthusiastic cheers and glass clinking.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

Let's party!

LATER

Lillian sits on the couch smoking a joint and staring off into space as POP MUSIC plays in the background.

Freddy, sitting in front of the coffee table, uses a playing card to make lines of COCAINE.

LILLIAN

You're switching to coke?

FREDDY

I figure someone should try to keep  
up with Rebecca. It's pretty sad  
that's happening all alone.

Nearby, Rebecca is rocking out to the music, dancing like she's in the middle of a rave.

LILLIAN

What exactly did she take?

FREDDY

Not a thing.

Mitchell walks out of the kitchen and looks around the room.

MITCHELL

The excitement is so intense that  
my bladder can't take it anymore.

He starts down a hallway.

REBECCA

If you don't come back, we'll know  
what happened!

Everyone pauses and looks at Rebecca.

REBECCA (CONT'D)  
Straps. Straps will have happened.  
And, you'll be dead.

MITCHELL  
Right.

Mitchell continues down the hallway.

Shauna sits up from where she was laying on the other side of the coffee table, she yawns and stretches.

SHAUNA  
I miss anything?

FREDDY  
All present and accounted for.

SHAUNA  
Okay, that's it. No more.

Shauna takes off her WIG, revealing that she's bald.

LILLIAN  
No more?

SHAUNA  
Becca. Rebecca! Kill the damn music!

Rebecca turns off the music.

REBECCA  
What's up Shauna? Meds making you feel woozy?

SHAUNA  
No. Well, yes. But no. This is just...bullshit. Why do we keep doing these stupid haunted house tours? We've never gotten anywhere with them.

REBECCA  
Because they give us the highest chance of--

SHAUNA  
No! No. Bullshit. We'd have a better chance if we tracked down a still active serial killer.

REBECCA

Which, as it turns out, is not that easy to do.

FREDDY

I hear there's one down in Florida. The Trinity Killer.

LILLIAN

That's from Dexter.

FREDDY

Touche.

LILLIAN

I still say a hired assassin would be the most efficient. I've my got army contacts--

REBECCA

No, no, no, that's too far. We agreed that we didn't want this to damage anyone else mentally. Like being a big burden on the assassin's conscience.

SHAUNA

Not to mention those guys are hella expensive.

LILLIAN

First of all, what conscience? Second of all, assassins take credit cards now.

REBECCA

Wow! That's convenient.

FREDDY

Oh, god, we're going in circles again. Can't you just try to enjoy what might possibly be your last night on earth?

SHAUNA

As if.

REBECCA

Did anyone just hear--

The LIGHTS go out.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

Whoa.

SHAUNA  
Wait. Seriously?

LILLIAN  
Shh. Quiet quiet quiet.

Everyone is dead quiet for a moment.

The front door to the cabin is kicked open and there, silhouetted, is Straps, machete in hand. The following moments are chaos as everything happens at once.

Shauna screams. Rebecca goes to her knees in front of Straps.

REBECCA  
Oh, God, yes! Do it! Do it hard!  
Take meeeeeeee!

Mitchell comes running out of the hallway, pulling up his pants and holding his PHONE up.

MITCHELL  
I'm streaming it live. We're going  
out live! Take that, mom! You're  
not the boss of me! I'm going out  
my own way!

REBECCA  
I'm ready! I'm ready!!!

MITCHELL  
Do it do it do it do it do it!

Shauna screams again.

Straps, frozen for several seconds, finally moves. He pulls a remote out of his pocket and hits a button. The LIGHTS turn back on.

"Straps" is revealed to be Robbie in a MAKESHIFT STRAPS COSTUME and FAKE MACHETE.

Freddy and Lillian pull themselves apart from making out on the couch. They look embarrassed and adjust themselves.

ROBBIE  
What the hell, guys?

EXT. CABIN IN THE WOODS - NIGHT

Rebecca sits on the front steps crying softly as Shauna and Freddy comfort her.

Robbie takes off pieces of his Straps costume and throws them in his tour van.

ROBBIE

A suicide club?

LILLIAN

Yeah, we're what happens when a bunch of weird depressed people start hanging out on online forums together and tossing weird ideas at each other.

ROBBIE

A suicide club?

LILLIAN

Well, not technically suicide since we want someone else to kill us. And we figured that if we could prove the existence of the supernatural, or, at least, malevolent murderous supernatural while we died, hey, all the better.

ROBBIE

A suicide club.

LILLIAN

I guess. I think Rebecca would prefer the term death cult.

ROBBIE

But why? Why do you want to die?

LILLIAN

Ah, they're all really personal reasons...

ROBBIE

Oh, I was being indelicate. I'm sorry I missed the etiquette lesson on suicide clubs!

REBECCA

(yelling from distance,  
through sobs)  
Death cult!

MITCHELL

It's okay. I will tell you anyway because I'm a gossipy bitch. Freddy recently lost his wife - standard tragic lost love situation.

(MORE)

MITCHELL (CONT'D)

Shauna, terminal cancer, lots of pain, duh, obviously. Rebecca has some sort of childhood abuse trauma she hasn't worked out. Lillian here--  
-

LILLIAN

Don't.

MITCHELL

--lost her little rug rat in a car accident and is all boo hoo about it.

Lillian's fists tighten.

MITCHELL (CONT'D)

And me, I'm just an overly intellectual nihilist with mommy issues who wants this joke of existence over with.

ROBBIE

You're not gonna...kill yourselves on my property are you?

MITCHELL

Oh, no, we're all cowards at heart.

LILLIAN

But if the opportunity arises for someone else to kill us, well, we're not gonna say no.

ROBBIE

You people need help.

MITCHELL

See! You get it! (turns to others)  
He gets it! But I guess you'd better be getting back home. Don't wanna keep the missus waiting. Great costume, by the way, totally had me fooled.

ROBBIE

Don't you--

MITCHELL

Kay. Thanks. Bye.

ROBBIE

I-I can...

MITCHELL  
 Kay. Thanks. Bye.

Robbie nods and gets back in the van. He gives the group an odd look as he pulls away.

Lillian and Mitchell exchange a look.

MITCHELL (CONT'D)  
 Well, that was awkward.

LILLIAN  
 (shrug)  
 Meh. (pause) I hate you.

MITCHELL  
 I know.

Rebecca wipes some tears from her eyes.

REBECCA  
 I don't understand. We did everything right. Drug and alcohol fueled party out at the Cabin of Death. The fatality rate on all those factors is nearly 100%.

FREDDY  
 Can't argue the math on that.

REBECCA  
 But here we are...still alive!

Rebecca starts sobbing again.

SHAUNA  
 My motherly instinct is about dried up. I may murder her myself.

REBECCA  
 You mean that?

SHAUNA  
 Ugh.

Shauna gets up and stomps into the cabin. Lillian takes Rebecca by the hand.

LILLIAN  
 Look at it this way. Tomorrow is a whole new day...to possibly die.

Rebecca nods, trying to smile.