

MURDEROUSNESS

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story by  
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FADE IN:

EXT. COUNTRY HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Tiny naked feet pad down the center line of a lonesome road.

INT./EXT. STATION WAGON - COUNTRY HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Mom, bro, and sis sleep. Dad fiddles with radio. Their headlights break over a rise. Little feet belong to a toddler in sagging diaper, empty baby bottle in its teeth.

Dad looks up and shrieks. Car SCREECHES sideways. Mom/kids SCREAM awake as they miss a ditch and spin out.

Dad bursts from headlight flood and kneels at the crying baby. On its body are dried bloody handprints. Dad picks up the child and stares worriedly into the night.

EXT. TREKKER'S RESPITE TRUCK STOP - NIGHT

The station wagon is parked at a rundown all-night diner/general store/gas pump in the middle of nowhere.

INT. DINER - NIGHT

In the otherwise empty restaurant, OFFICER ZABALA finishes taking Dad's statement while WAITRESS MARJORIE (50s) feeds the kid a bottle of milk. The children sip malts in the b.g.

OFFICER ZABALA  
Folks buy drugs, get high in their cars. Kids sometimes wander. Be surprised how often this happens.

MOM  
Those darn opioids.

DAD  
Damn deadbeats.

OFFICER ZABALA  
They'll sober up. Call us in a panic.

EXT. ABANDONED CAR - DEEP WOODS - NIGHT

BING! warns of open doors and keys in the ignition. Dome light shines on a child's car seat. On a window, a bloody hand print. BINGING sound turns into ...

EXT. CLEMENTINE MANSION - NIGHT

DINGDONG! Manicured finger dripping with diamonds rings a gold-plated doorbell. Filigreed mailbox reads: "CLEMENTINE." This place was built with *Fuck-you* money.

INT. MANSION DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Six people at a candlelit vegan dinner. Head of the table, 40s PAUL CLEMENTINE grimly surveys his nervous guests.

PAUL

Some of you are wondering why I gathered you here this evening.

GUEST 1

(British accent)

I say, old chap.

GUEST 2

(French accent)

What is zee meaning of zis?

PAUL

I brought you here because I know who killed my sister. [guests GASP] The murderer is in this very room.

Guests MURMUR as ROGER, sinister-looking man with monocle and pencil mustache, exclaims in a bad Italian accent ...

ROGER

It was-a-me. I killed-a-you sista!

The guests erupt in GROANS. Paul's wife MARY admonishes him.

MARY

Jesus, Roger!

GUEST 1 (O.S.)

(now w/USA accent)

Nice work, Captain Spoiler.

Roger's face goes from villainous to whoopsie. His voice from cartoonish Italiano to Midwestern American. His monocle falls off and CLATTERS on the table.

ROGER

Thought that was my cue.

PAUL

Haven't even laid my bleepin' evidence out. Gosh.

ROGER

Told ya I'm no good at these, Mare.

Mary ignores Roger and tries to rally Paul. But someone hits the lights, killing the mood. Next to a birthday cake is the box for serial killer detective game MURDEROUSNESS.

MARY

We can still play.

GUEST 2

Why aren't we at Dave & Busters? Like normal people?

MARY

I'll get the ice cream.

EXT. CLEMENTINE MANSION - NIGHT

Guests make their goodbyes to Mary and leave in fancy cars. None notice Paul glaring down from an unlit window. Shadows turn his jovial face sinister. He looks—different. Evil.

INT. HALL CLOSET - NIGHT

Paul shoves the murder mystery game in a closet packed floor-to-ceiling with similar games and slams the door shut.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sitting in bed, Paul angrily CLACKS away on a laptop. He narrates as text appears ON COMPUTER SCREEN:

PAUL (V.O.)

"Det. Lance Dickerson stepped over the body. He sniffed the pistol barrel and sneered, 'Sure as shootin'.'"

Chuckling triumphantly to himself, Paul's startled by Mary's entrance. Paul slams the laptop lid. GIGGLING at having scared him, Mary undresses for bed.

MARY

Working on your book?

PAUL

No. Maybe.

MARY

OK. What's a matter?

PAUL  
It was a stupid idea.

MARY  
(babytalk)  
Hab you taken yew gwumpy piww?

PAUL  
Because some people are insensitive  
jerks, I need to be medicated?

Mary gives a stern eyebrow. Paul makes a show of placing a pill on his tongue, swallowing, and showing his open mouth.

MARY  
I have something to make up for it.

PAUL  
Something naughty, I hope.

MARY  
Yes to that. But first ...

Mary opens her bedside table as Paul checks his breath and smooths his hair. She hands him an envelope. From it he pulls a ticket reading only: THE LODGE. He doesn't get it.

MARY (cont'd)  
It's murder mystery fantasy camp.

PAUL  
What!? Where did you even?

MARY  
Daddy's idea.

PAUL  
His idea of fun is shooting pregnant  
zebras. In the stomach.

MARY  
It was a water buffalo. And he didn't  
know it was pregnant.

PAUL  
I don't get it. He doesn't know  
Sherlock Holmes from Jason Gideon.  
(off Mary's confusion) Never mind.

MARY  
Aaanywaaay. He went last year and  
loved it. Besides, we think it'll be  
good for you. Get away for a while.  
Give you some time to think.

PAUL

We? Dang it. I'm not quitting my practice. Especially to be one of your father's lackeys.

Mary's sweetness turns to anger, unnerving Paul.

MARY

Training to take over the company. You act as though he'd offered you dog shit on a stick. (sweet again) Whatta you tell your workaholics?

PAUL

I have some particularly vulnerable patients right now. Like severe depression, suicidal thoughts.

MARY

The woman who thinks her dog is her childhood cat reincarnated can do without you for a week.

PAUL

I said "mostly" serious. And he really does act like a cat.

MARY

There will always be people to save. How can you help them if you run yourself ragged?

PAUL

It does sound fun.

MARY

Well, it wasn't cheap. And there're no refunds. Sooo.

PAUL

OK. OK.

They hug and kiss. Paul makes diver hands.

PAUL (cont'd)

And, now, for the sex.

OVER BLACK

Mary GIGGLES as Paul makes KOOKABURRA sounds O.S.

EXT. PAUL'S CAR - COUNTRY HIGHWAY - DAY

Crumbling blacktop snakes through an endless sea of trees.  
Paul's car drives along over unseen conversation.

MARY (V.O.)  
They said bring plenty of bug spray  
and sunblock. Only thing is: you  
can't take your phone.

PAUL (V.O.)  
Probably to prevent cheating. Eh, I  
could use a tech break.

MARY (V.O.)  
Oh, and your character name—

PAUL (V.O.)  
You didn't ...

EXT. RURAL HIGHWAY - TREKKER'S RESPITE - DAY

Big rig blares HORN and swerves to avoid hitting a 4-seat  
UTV turning into the truck stop.

UTV is driven by (20s) THE KID: handsome, oblivious. Behind  
him, an 18-wheeler stops to let out a man seen only by denim  
pantlegs and cowboy boots.

Moving toward the diner, the denim and boots belong to  
OLDMAN (late-50s) a tall, fit, bearded ex-military/ex-con.  
On his hip, the biggest goddamned hunting knife.

INT. DINER - DAY

Eyes closed, listening to earbuds, The Kid does an obnoxious  
drum solo with hands on table. Customers watch in disbelief.

Oldman puts his canvas knapsack on the floor and sits across  
from The Kid. Cymbals CRASH in The Kid's ears as he stops  
drumming and opens his eyes with a start.

THE KID  
Holy geez! You him?

OLDMAN  
Be awful strange if I wasn't.

THE KID  
It's awful strange now. Well, go on.

A moment of hesitation. And with some embarrassment ...

OLD MAN  
 "Smile." By Nat King Cole.

The Kid grins big and stupid. Secret code accepted.

THE KID  
 "The Tears of a Clown." Smoky  
 Robinson & the Miracles. 1967.  
 Inspired by the opera "Pagliacci."  
 But you probably knew that.

The Kid slides a packet across the table.

THE KID (cont'd)  
 Y'know why he's sad, right?

Oldman furrows his brow in ignorance.

THE KID (cont'd)  
 The clown? Canio? His face paint's  
 happy but his whore wife's running  
 'round on 'im. Course "sad" ain't  
 really what he's feelin'. Smoky's  
 song omits the double homicide angle.

The Kid motions to the packet.

THE KID (cont'd)  
 There's a map. You wanna familiarize  
 yourself with the property. We lost a  
 fella, and it was no end a headaches.

OLDMAN  
 That who I'm replacing? Short notice  
 is all.

THE KID  
 People take jobs and they leave 'em.  
 I prefer not to badmouth. There's a  
 list a dos and don'ts in there. Heed.  
It. Complimentary fifty-dollar gas  
 card. Bios of this week's mentees.

OLDMAN  
*Mentees?*

THE KID  
 You being the mentor, they being ...  
 Need'nything human resources related,  
 ask for "The Kid." There's only one a  
 me. Guess that's about it.

OLDMAN  
 So, you don't work at the camp?



THE KID

I come and go. Not to worry. Garr's ninth season. He runs a tight twat. Fun but safe. With your pedigree, you'll fit right in. Uh, take it easy around Gertrude. He's ... sensitive.

As The Kid leaves, he peels a twenty off a wad of cash.

THE KID (cont'd)

I suggest the club or wet burrito. Both scrum-diddly-umptious.

OLDMAN

Are we not riding together?

THE KID

Tradition for newbies to hike in. Just follow the map. You'll be fine.

Kid leaves. Oldman looks at the crowded tables around him and moves to a stool at the nearly empty lunch counter.

LUNCH COUNTER. Oldman empties the envelope. \$10k bundle falls out. Pockets it. A slip of paper reads: 4404.

Top of five bios is a photo of Paul and text: "CODENAME: LANCE DICKERSON. AGE: 47. MARRIED. NO CHILDREN. MILITARY EXP: NONE. CRIMINAL REC: NONE. OCCUP: THERAPIST."

Oldman finds under it a bio on Crispin, a chubby 20s social media influencer with purple hair, eyeliner soul patch, nose ring. Also photos of campers Bradley, Layla, and Wilbur.

INT./EXT. PAUL'S CAR - COUNTRY HIGHWAY - DAY

Paul sings with an upbeat radio TUNE as he drives. Impatient driver HONKS and shakes his fist as he passes. Paul snaps from joy to rage, taking it out on the steering wheel.

PAUL

Better! Late! Than dead! Sir!

INT./EXT. PAUL'S CAR - TREKKER'S RESPITE LOT - DAY

Still seething, Paul parks next to the car that angrily passed him. The GUFFAWING driver gets out. It's CRISPIN. Laughing at something on his phone, he glances at Paul.

CRISPIN

Gas pedal's on the right, boomer.

Paul makes like he's going to burst from his car but thinks better of it. Fumbles a pill bottle. Clozapine. Prescribed by Dr. Paul Clementine. He decides not to take one.

PAUL  
Boomer? I'm Gen-X! Ya inconsiderate—

Paul slows his breathing and chants a self-affirming mantra to the tune of Edvard Grieg's *In The Hall of the Mountain King* until he's calm and the cheer returns to his face.

PAUL (cont'd)  
Happy-happy happy-hap happy-hap  
happy-hap ... happy-happy-happy-  
happy-happy-happy-hap! Phew.

INT. DINER - CASH REGISTER - DAY

Paul waits as waitress Marjorie rings up a diner.

PAUL  
Excuse me? Trying to find—The Lodge?

WAITRESS MARJORIE  
That a question, sugar-daddy?

Paul slides his printout over the counter.

PAUL  
Sposta be a road hereabouts, buuut.

WAITRESS MARJORIE  
That's a foot trail, hun. Gotta park  
out back here and hike on in.

PAUL  
Whoa whoa whoa. Just how far is it?

WAITRESS MARJORIE  
Oh, not quite ten miles ... as the  
drunk stumbles. Give or take.

PAUL  
Ten miles? I have luggage.

WAITRESS MARJORIE  
I have bunions and a overactive sex-  
drive, doll. We all got our crosses.

A little put-off, Paul pockets his directions. Glances around. This is a terrible idea. He should probably go home.

WAITRESS MARJORIE (cont'd)  
Trailhead's not marked. But if ya go  
straight from the big oak at the edge  
a the lot, you can't miss it.

PAUL  
I won't get towed?

WAITRESS MARJORIE  
It's all part a my evil plan, dear.

Officer Zabala appears and shows Marjorie a photo of a  
couple and their toddler.

OFFICER ZABALA  
Wondering if you'd seen these folks  
come through in the last week?

WAITRESS MARJORIE  
Handsome family. Can't say's I have.  
This ain't about the baby they found?

OFFICER ZABALA  
Yes, ma'am, afraid it is.

WAITRESS MARJORIE  
I'll be sure'n keep'm in my prayers.

Paul strains to see the pic. He glimpses a pretty, young  
mother before he's interrupted by Oldman.

OLDMAN  
Lance? Mr. Dickerson?

Paul closes his eyes in mortification and turns to see the  
imposing stranger. Paul smiles stupidly and sputters ...

PAUL  
Wife. Thinks she's. Funny. I'm Paul.

OLDMAN  
Let's stick to codenames. I'm—

PAUL  
Sam Elliot? Ha-ha. Sorry.

OLDMAN  
You can call me "Oldman."

PAUL  
Pleased to meet you, Mr. Oldman. So,  
is that something we can change or?

Paul's shoved from behind by a rude man taking a stool.

PAUL (cont'd)  
Easy, friend.

He turns to see BRADLEY (50s) khakis and dress shirt. He shoulders a tiny pack. He's unnervingly calm and too proper. Kind of guy who looks at folks like they're bugs in a jar.

BRADLEY  
Hello fellows. You wouldn't perchance  
be sojourning to The Lodge?

EXT. PAUL'S TRUNK - PARKING LOT - DAY

Paul stares at his many suitcases. Oldman shakes his head and motions at the ridiculous amount of stuff.

OLDMAN  
Yeah, you're gonna wanna triage.

PAUL  
But I always wanted a hernia. Oh,  
shoot. Can't forget this ...

Paul tosses his phone into the trunk. Leaving, they pass Crispin taking selfies in front of his fancy car.

EXT. WOODS - DAY

Paul follows Oldman, who studies his map and surroundings. Bradley trails them at leisure.

PAUL  
Watcha doin'?

OLDMAN  
Taking mental pictures.

PAUL  
For posterity? Ha-ha.

OLDMAN  
Take much to get turned around out  
here. Rather not die of ignorance.

Paul's smile drops as he looks nervously around.

EXT. WOODS - PERIMETER FENCE - DAY

12-foot fence topped with razor wire halts the trio.

PAUL

They got a T-Rex in there?

Paul reaches for the fence. Bradley whacks him with a stick.

PAUL (cont'd)

Hey! Yooou. That's twice.

BRADLEY

It's Bradley. And I may have just saved you from electrocution.

OLDMAN

No insulators. It's not hot.

Seeing they don't believe him, Oldman plucks a long piece of grass and lays it on the fence.

OLDMAN (cont'd)

See? No tingle.

Curiosity gripping him, Paul reaches slowly for the fence and, just as he touches it, Bradley jabs him with the stick. Paul jumps and screams and pants with adrenaline.

BRADLEY

Zzzt!

PAUL.

Aah!

BRADLEY

My, you're a jumpy little toad.

PAUL

You have any idea the toxic cocktail the body releases when startled?

BRADLEY

Tragically, death by fright is quite rare.

EXT. WOODS - MAIN GATE - DAY

The trio follows the fence to a gate with a code lock and metal drop box. ELECTRONIC VOICE comes from a speaker.

ELECTRONIC VOICE (O.S.)

Put electronic devices in the padded envelopes provided and deposit them in the drop box. They will be returned at the end of your stay.

PAUL

Don't look at me. I follow instructions.

OLDMAN  
I don't even own one.

BRADLEY  
Of course you don't.

Bradley grudgingly takes a burner phone from his sock.

PAUL  
Aww, where's your sense of adventure?

ELECTRONIC VOICE  
Make sure the device is off. If you  
have a code, please enter it now. If  
not, please vacate the area.

Bradley does as he's told. Paul tries the gate but it won't budge. Oldman digs in his pocket.

BRADLEY  
Four-four-zero-four.

PAUL  
Thaaat's what that was.

Oldman punches in the code and the door BUZZES open.

BRADLEY  
Another choice. Another consequence.

EXT. WOODS - INSIDE FENCE - DAY

Bradley, Paul, and Oldman come to footprints, tire tracks, and something dark like oil or old blood in the dirt.

PAUL  
This where the Blair Witch vacations?

EXT. WOODS - TRAILHEAD - DAY

Human skull atop a post with a sign: LODGE 9 MILES. Paul tries to be cool while Bradley examines it.

PAUL  
Bit hokey, don't ya? Don't ya think?

BRADLEY  
Genuine bone. 40s male. Caucasoid.  
Easily procured at any curio shop.

PAUL  
Is that legal?

BRADLEY

Few American states prohibit the sale  
or purchase of human bone.

PAUL

How do you know it doesn't come from  
grave robbers? Or a murder victim?

BRADLEY

You don't.

GUNSHOT O.S. startles them and they hit the ground.

PAUL

Should we be worried about that?

BRADLEY

Is there ever a time not to be  
worried about gunfire?

OLDMAN

It's the country. People shoot guns.

PAUL

If it's so OK, why we on the ground?

BRADLEY

People shoot guns in the city, too.

After a long moment of silence, Oldman gets up and presses  
on. Paul and Bradley hesitate but follow him.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Paul tries to keep up with Oldman. Bradley trails behind.

PAUL

Move pretty good for an old-timer.  
This your first time? My first time.  
Think they'll have an ice machine?  
Hey, what kind a knife is that?

They walk for a bit in silence.

PAUL (cont'd)

Hey, can I ask you a question?

OLDMAN

You ain't run out?

PAUL

Why are you here?

OLDMAN  
Why are you here?

PAUL  
Murder intrigues me. Why we do it.  
Why we're obsessed with it. I mean,  
come on, we're nearly ten times more  
murderous than any other animal.

OLDMAN  
That so.

PAUL  
To kill, other than for food or  
defense, may be a biological  
imperative. Honing one's skills, so-  
to-speak. Called "Henhouse Syndrome."

OLDMAN  
Henhouse.

PAUL  
Some animals: foxes, honey badgers,  
might kill a dozen chickens. Even  
though they can only eat one.

OLDMAN  
Believe that? Killers have syndromes?

PAUL  
Truth is, we really don't know why—

Horrible SCREAM O.S. startles Paul.

PAUL (cont'd)  
Was that a person?

Oldman pulls his knife and stalks toward the sound. SCREAM  
O.S. again. and Oldman dashes into the brush. Bradley and  
Paul hesitate before following.

Bradley trails Paul at a safe distance. They come upon  
Oldman kneeling at a wounded deer and stroking its neck.

PAUL (cont'd)  
Oh my goodness. What happened?

BRADLEY  
Nature.

Oldman readies his knife.

PAUL  
Whoa. Wait.



OLDMAN  
Spine's broke.

PAUL  
Must be something we can do.

Oldman offers the knife. Paul frowns his refusal. Bradley's game but his psychotic joy prompts Oldman to do it. He calms the animal and shoves the knife in. Deer shrieks and gasps.

Oldman cleans the blood from his knife. Bradley touches the deer's bloody back wound, fascinated. Paul's horrified.

BRADLEY  
It isn't firearm deer season here.

OLDMAN  
No. It ain't.

PAUL  
Poachers?

Oldman glances warily, puts a finger to his lips in "shh."

PAUL (cont'd)  
What?

BRADLEY  
I hear it, too.

PAUL  
Hear what?

Tense silence. CRASHING O.S. It's getting closer. Oldman readies for combat. Crispin and an obscured man burst from the trees and run past. Behind them, 20s goth girl LAYLA.

LAYLA  
Run! Ruuun!

Before the men can react, an arrow lands in a tree near Paul's head, sending the trio running with the others.

EXT. WOODS - STREAM - DAY

The group, now six, rests stream-side. The once-obscured man is WILBUR, who looks like someone famous. He squats to scoop water on his head and is joined by Crispin.

CRISPIN  
Anybody ever tell you ya look like—

WILBUR

All the time. It's crazy.

LAYLA

Hey, hillbillies! I ain't no deer!

CRISPIN

Shh.

LAYLA

Don't shush me, bitch.

BRADLEY

Nothing accidental about this.

CRISPIN

Says who?

OLDMAN

He's right. Private property. Prison-grade fence.

BRADLEY

Great pains to ensure just anybody doesn't wander on the property.

WILBUR

Or off?

CRISPIN

What? Nooo. I paid good money!

LAYLA

Shh.

Paul drinks and drinks from the stream.

OLDMAN

Stop. You don't know what's in there.

PAUL

I'm sorry. Brushes with death make me thirsty.

WILBUR

No phones. No cars. We've been "Most-Dangerous-Gamed."

CRISPIN

For the love a Kanye, someone please translate this Boomereese.

WILBUR

Old movie about a rich recluse who  
hunts people for fun.

CRISPIN

Oh my god!

EVERYONE

Shh!

CRISPIN

So, what? We paid for the privilege  
of bein' whacked by some wacko? Man,  
that's ... whack. That's so whack.

LAYLA

Stop saying "whack."

CRISPIN

Whack-whack-whack.

OLDMAN

We don't know that for sure.

WILBUR

What else would it be?

LAYLA

Couldn't just be some hunters?

WILBUR

Who don't know animals from people.

PAUL

Wait. No. There was a deer.

WILBUR

Coulda been caught in the crossfire.

BRADLEY

Remember: no one knows where we are.

LAYLA

Parents think I'm in the Seychelles.

CRISPIN

Told mine I 's goin' to Cabo.

BRADLEY

I live alone.

Paul, sensing trouble, says nothing. Pheasant THUMPS by,  
scaring everyone. As they recover, CRASH O.S. in the brush.  
Dogs BARK. They all run. Paul follows Oldman, who stalks the  
rest at a distance. GUNSHOT O.S. Some unseen campers SCREAM.

OLDMAN  
Pace yourself.

PAUL  
What's that even mean?

EXT. RAVINE'S EDGE - DAY

The group comes to a clearing that ends at a ravine. A few hit the ground to stop in time. Paul stumbles over, holds on to a stump. Group keeps going. Oldman starts to leave but doubles back. Tries to pull Paul up but he's too heavy.

PAUL  
I'm falling! I'm falling!

OLDMAN  
Not falling. Stop struggling.

Oldman looks to see Bradley surveying the treeline while catching his breath. He has no interest in saving Paul.

OLDMAN (cont'd)  
Hey, fella.

Bradley stares at Oldman with disinterest, leaving him to hoist Paul unassisted. They collapse, panting as MUSIC blares O.S. Hearing the tune, Bradley saunters over.

PAUL  
What in the bleep is that?

BRADLEY  
Shh. Listen.

Bradley nods and recites the lyrics along with the song.

BRADLEY (cont'd)  
"His cries haunt me ev'rywhere. He's here, there. Beware, take care. Keep away. From the ghost of the violin."

PAUL  
We're in a gosh-darn horror film.

BARKING DOGS O.S. get the men moving again.

EXT. EDGE OF WOODS - DAY

Paul, Bradley, and Oldman find the others resting in the weeds. MUSIC here is clearer. *The Ghost of the Violin*, 1912, by Walter Van Brunt & Maurice Burkhardt, plays on repeat.

EXT. LODGE GROUNDS - DAY

In a clearing sits a rustic lodge and outbuildings. No sign of cars or people. This is from where the music originates.

EXT. EDGE OF WOODS - DAY

The entire Lodge grounds is seen from this elevation. The group whispers as O.S. pursuers CRASH through the woods. Wilbur points to a dirt road leading from behind The Lodge.

PAUL

Where you think that goes?

WILBUR

Anywhere but here.

LAYLA

Whatta we do now?

CRISPIN

Get help. Nuh-doy.

Crispin and Layla exchange childish scowls.

PAUL

Why don't we see what they want.

BRADLEY

Do let us know how it goes.

LAYLA

I say we hide and wait for help.

OLDMAN

The cavalry seldom comes. And never in time.

WILBUR

As fun as running blindly through the woods is, I'm about out of gas.

BRADLEY

Run, hide, or make a stand. Is that not the current wisdom?

CRISPIN

For active shooters.

LAYLA

Whatta you call this, fucktard?

CRISPIN  
I'm posta be on vacation!

BRADLEY  
Mind your volume, young ... person.

WILBUR  
We may have to fight.

LAYLA  
With what? They have guns.

CRISPIN  
And dogs. Biiig dogs.

OLDMAN  
They're flushing us.

CRISPIN  
Like a toilet?

WILBUR  
Like wild game.

BRADLEY  
Like wild game.

OLDMAN  
Pushed us to the cliff's edge. Now  
they're forcing us to The Lodge.

Paul fumbles for his pills. Layla eyes them greedily.

BRADLEY  
Good a place as any to make a stand.

CRISPIN  
We're all gonna diiie!

LAYLA  
Stop being a baby.

Layla punches Crispin in the shoulder.

CRISPIN  
Oww-wuh!

Bradley calmly pins Crispin to a tree by his throat. Paul  
tries to stop Bradley but he's surprisingly strong and  
shoves Paul to the ground.

BRADLEY  
(to Crispin)  
If you continue to jeopardize my  
existence by giving away our  
position, I will end yours.

Crispin nods as Oldman's knife slides under Bradley's chin. Bradley backs away. Moment of stunned silence by all.

OLDMAN

Find a rock, stick. Whatever you can.

Crispin holds his neck and limps like a child to show he's been injured. Big-sistering, Layla helps him along.

LAYLA

C'mon, pussy.

CRISPIN

I have fibromyalgia.

LAYLA

Course you do.

BRADLEY

Our only option is committed aggression. Come at them like a wall.

WILBUR

They'll murder us.

Layla agrees. Paul pulls out of his nosedive.

PAUL

Not necessarily. Trained police at pointblank range only hit the target ten to thirty percent of the time.

LAYLA

You a cop?

The others bristle at the notion. Paul motions "no."

CRISPIN

Maaan, fuck the police.

LAYLA

No justice no peace.

OLDMAN

Let's focus.

LAYLA

I'll look for a phone.

CRISPIN

I'll look for a car.

WILBUR

Weapons.

BRADLEY

Weapons.

LAYLA

Will you two chill with the creepy twin shit?

PAUL

I can stay. Act as lookout. Y'know, watch for danger. Alert you guys.

LAYLA

Hey, everybody, lookout. Danger. Over there. Everybody got that? Danger—

ZING! Arrow flies through the group and tacks Crispin's hand to a tree. He pukes. Layla screams. Paul faints. Bradley laughs. Everyone but Paul, Crispin, and Oldman run.

Oldman reefs on the arrow shaft to work it free. Crispin's shrieks wake Paul, who rises, groggy.

CRISPIN

Aaah! What're you doo-eeen!?

OLDMAN

Hold. Him.

Paul stills Crispin's squirming as Oldman frees the arrow. Paul calms himself with his *Hall of the Mountain King* chant. Oldman and Crispin stare at Paul like he's nuts.

PAUL

Happy-happy happy-hap happy-hap  
happy-hap ... happy-happy-happy-  
happy-happy-happy-hap.

With a GRUNT from Oldman and SCREAM from Crispin, the arrow frees. Crispin looks at his lanced hand and SHRIEKS. Oldman claps his hand on Crispin's mouth, motions to Paul.

OLDMAN

Hold his arm.

Crispin shakes his head in fear as Paul pins it to the tree.

OLDMAN (cont'd)

If you don't stop squirmin', I'm  
liable to take the whole arm.

Crispin quiets to a whimper. Oldman unsheathes his giant knife and does a practice swing before using the tree as a chopping block to cut the arrow in two.

Oldman sheaths his knife and pulls the headless arrow from Crispin's hand. Paul takes a pair of white knee socks from his pack and bandages the wound. CRASHING O.S. in the woods.

OLDMAN (cont'd)

Go!



EXT. LODGE - DAY

Oldman, Paul, and Crispin run to The Lodge. The place is impenetrable and the MUSIC here is very loud.

CRISPIN  
I don't wanna die in *Duck Dynasty*.

LAYLA  
You've got to shut up.

CRISPIN  
Cuz they can hear me over the music!?

Wilbur sniffs the air, trying to place the scent.

WILBUR  
That hickory?

Crispin falls to his knees in defeat.

CRISPIN  
Oh god! They're cannibals!

OLDMAN  
Setting fires to contain us. Need to keep moving. The road's our best bet.

WILBUR  
Well, kids, that's all she wrote.  
I've done all the running I can do.

BRADLEY  
Lie down and die if you wish.

With a practiced hand, Bradley twirls a stick like a martial arts bo-staff. Only he and Oldman seem ready to fight. In the distance appear two gunmen.

Layla and Crispin hurry around back of the building. Paul helps Wilbur up and urges Oldman and Bradley to follow.

PAUL  
Let's go already!

Bradley and Oldman give each other a "what-the-hell" look and hurry along. As Paul helps Wilbur up ...

PAUL (cont'd)  
You're not really him, are you?

WILBUR  
Not this week I'm not.

PAUL  
Holy crap. That's insane.

WILBUR  
No, this is insane.

EXT. THE LODGE - BACKYARD - DAY

The group stops in utter confusion. Their fixation on a pair of sparkling rhinestone slippers worn by a fat man.

Surrounding him are picnic tables, BBQ pit, and WELCOME banner. Asian woman SNOWBALL (30s), in military garb, beckons the campers.

Grilling is GERTRUDE, 50s, a hulking man in a summer dress and combat boots. His apron reads: "BON APPÉTIT, BITCH!" Bikini-clad bimbo JACQUI ices big tubs of beer and soda.

The rhinestone slippers belong to THE ARISTOCRAT (50s), a Northern-Southerner in smoking jacket puffing a ridiculously big cigar and talking with big sweaty intensity.

THE ARISTOCRAT  
Good-night! You all look to 've shit  
yourselves. Welcome, friends! Welcome!

EXT. THE LODGE - BACKYARD - NIGHT

Everyone eats and chats while UPBEAT MUSIC plays. Crispin's hand is bandaged but he's drunk and happy. Everyone wears a "HELLO MY NAME IS" sticker on their shirt.

Except Jacqui, who in place of her bikini top has a sticker covering each nipple. Everyone but Paul and Oldman seem OK. The Aristocrat TINGS his glass for a toast.

THE ARISTOCRAT  
Sorry for the scare. And I apologize  
again for your hand, Mr. Crispy.

CRISPIN  
Crispin.

THE ARISTOCRAT  
I just want you all to know nothing  
like that has ever happened here and  
never will again.

The aristocrat gives his people a threatening look. Paul and Oldman throw each other a sideways glance. In the spirit of moving on, Crispin waves his bandaged hand.

CRISPIN

It's OK. I use the other one for whackin' and wipin'.

Everyone but Paul and Oldman laugh.

THE ARISTOCRAT

Now y'know what it feels like to be the hunted. Tomorrow, you learn how to hunt. Know thy prey, know thyself.

PAUL

I thought we were going to be the detectives, not the criminals.

Oldman, more interested in scoping the scene, shrugs.

PAUL (cont'd)

What've you gotten me into, Mary?

THE ARISTOCRAT

Son, welcome to the ultimate.

The Aristocrat motions to his staff, all ex-military: GARR (40s) serious, British; HONEY BADGER (30s) Jamaican jokester; and Snowball, cute but a bit crazy.

THE ARISTOCRAT (cont'd)

Garr is our camp director and go-to man. As Vanilla Ice says: if you've got a problem, yo, he'll solve it.

Garr doesn't smile, nod, nor blink.

THE ARISTOCRAT (cont'd)

Snowball here's our tactics expert. She gonna teach ya everything ya ever wanted to know about takin' a life. From exsanguination to strangulation and every gruesome method in between.

She un-ironically curtsies.

THE ARISTOCRAT (cont'd)

Honey Badger knows two things: dad jokes and weaponry. He's gonna teach you a bit a everything: rope, knife, poison, and BFT.

LAYLA

"BFT?"

BRADLEY

Blunt Force Trauma.

HONEY BADGER

Erryting but guns. Guns be cheatin'.  
And me don't stand fuh no bloodclot  
cheatin'. And one muh ting, mon. Why  
de chicken cross de road? [long  
pause] To git away from meee.

Honey Badger looks the crowd over with a murderous scowl as  
if challenging them to smile, then breaks into LAUGHTER.

THE ARISTOCRAT

Gertie, here, is our chief cook and  
bottle washer. He's noted yer dietary  
restrictions, but if ya need'nything,  
anything at all—

PAUL

Is this potato salad vegan?

GERTRUDE

(murderously)

It's potatoes.

PAUL

And sooo delicious.

THE ARISTOCRAT

And our newest member of the team,  
the man who will instruct you on  
stalking and hunting, Mr. Oldman.

CRISPIN

Old man? Noice. First name "Boomer?"

THE ARISTOCRAT

Jacqui here's availed herself to your  
amusements. We just ask you treat 'er  
with the same respect you would the  
whores back home. Now let's all have  
one helluva week!

Everybody except Paul and Oldman cheers and claps.

PAUL

My wife paid for a prostitute?

LAYLA

Sex worker. And what'd you expect?  
It's Fantasy Island for psychos.

PAUL

Aaand, it's my bedtime.

INT. PAUL'S CABIN - NIGHT

Paul flips on the lights to find it clown-themed. Framed pic of J.W. Gacy on nightstand next to a clown statuette lamp.

PAUL

Come for the arrow through the hand  
... stay for the night terrors.

EXT. THE LODGE - BACKYARD - NIGHT

Partying rages into the night. Oldman studies the mayhem.

INT. PAUL'S CABIN - NIGHT

Paul sleeps through O.S. PARTYING. Rx pill bottles on his side table. Worn copy of the book *Lord Jim* on his chest.

INT. DINING HALL - DAY

Layla and Crispin nurse their coffees. Paul's the only camper not hungover. He scribbles in a notebook. Wilbur and Bradley play chess. There's a conversation in progress ...

WILBUR

Says the poster child for serial  
killer cliches: young, white, smart.

LAYLA

Ha! Two outta three, Crisco.

CRISPIN

I ain't no cliché, my dude.

BRADLEY

Are you suggesting a person's  
aesthetic informs their proclivities?

CRISPIN

Siggity wiggity? [say what?]

WILBUR

What's the first thing little kids do  
when they get new shoes?

BRADLEY

I avoid children at all costs.

LAYLA

Of course you do. They run around cuz  
they think they can go faster.

WILBUR

They probably do run faster. Because they believe in the shoes.

BRADLEY

Bunk. And I'll have your bishop.

WILBUR

What's the good doctor say?

PAUL

It's a myth.

BRADLEY

Oh, please beg the question.

PAUL

Repeat killers aren't motivated by reasons we see in movies.

LAYLA

What else Hollywood lyin' about?

CRISPIN

Moon landing fo sho.

LAYLA

Don't say "fo sho."

PAUL

Most recent consensus is half the impetus to repeat kill is genetic.

BRADLEY

Nature meets nurture.

LAYLA

Truth always lies in the middle.

CRISPIN

(triumphant)

Like a Oreo cookie!

Everyone looks at Crispin in disbelief of his dumbness.

PAUL

Bottom line: you can take any kid predisposed to psychopathy, abuse it, there's a small chance it'll kill. Just as often, otherwise normal people kill for reasons we simply cannot comprehend.

LAYLA

You ever deal with any serial killers? At your job.

PAUL

Not knowingly. Hoping to interview a few for a book I'm thinking of doing.

WILBUR

That what this is, doc? Research?

PAUL

This week I'm just on vacation. Whether I like it or not.

BRADLEY

Killers have been studied to death.

CRISPIN

Noice!

PAUL

Academics focus on negative causes. But what if the good in a person's life is equal to blame?

BRADLEY

Interesting. Go on.

PAUL

Data show many kids with difficult upbringings actually excel in sports, academics, the arts. Are we to believe that level of adversity had nothing to do with their success?

CRISPIN

Holy shiznit.

PAUL

Holy shiznit is right, Chris.

CRISPIN

"Cris-pin." Why's that so hard?

LAYLA

Let the man speak, Crisco.

CRISPIN

I have thyroid problems.

Layla pinches Crispin's cheeks. Baby-talks him ...

LAYLA  
Of course you do.

PAUL  
Conversely, well-to-do kids, ones  
overindulged at every turn—

BRADLEY  
(to Crispin, Layla)  
He means you two.

Crispin and Layla flip Bradley off.

PAUL  
They're more likely to lash out. Be  
impatient. Lazy. Lack empathy.

BRADLEY  
Delicious premise. And, if true ...

PAUL  
Groundbreaking. Maybe. I dunno.

Gertrude, in bathrobe, towel on head, rolls a steaming cart.

GERTRUDE  
Time for food!

BRADLEY  
Hope you all had your beta blockers.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - DAY

The Kid's at a desk with monitors showing The Lodge grounds,  
woods, trails, lounge. Garr enters with a clipboard.

GARR  
Everyone accounted for?

Monitor shows campers filling their plates.

THE KID  
Five alive.

GARR  
Let's keep it that way. Perimeter?

THE KID  
Locked up tighter than a nun's— [off  
Garr's scowl] All secure. Yessir.

GARR  
Delivery status?



THE KID

Oinkers due this afternoon.

GARR

Speaking of, I want you to handle tomorrow's chicken delivery.

THE KID

I'm on nanny cam all night. Let Gert get up at the butt-crack a dawn.

GARR

Smart-mouth little shit of a delivery driver manages to upset him every week. And then I have to take time out of my schedule I don't have.

THE KID

Alright. Alright. I'll handle it. Have you considered ...

GARR

Already begun looking for a replacement. Last week alone is just-cause for dismissal. Speaking of chickens, how's the coop?

The Kid clicks an icon and a SCREEN shows a rusted shipping container hidden in brush. No feathers anywhere.

THE KID

Quiet as a silk sheet hand-job. Somebody oughta slap a coat a paint on that bad boy. Lookin' rough.

GARR

I'll add it to your chore list.

THE KID

I mean, the chicken coop looks great!

Garr can't help but smirk. He taps his pen on the screen showing the staff at their own private breakfast area.

GARR

Let's keep an eye on Mr. Oldman. Not as enthusiastic as he sounded on the phone. We really must go back to in-person interviews.

THE KID

Probationary period in full effect.

The Kid CLICKS his mouse repeatedly and the camera watching Oldman ZOOMS closer with each CLICK, CLICK, CLICK.

EXT. LODGE GROUNDS - PAINTBALL STATION - DAY

Oldman leads the gray-sweatsuit-clad campers to an area where Honey Badger waits. On folding tables are paintball guns, helmets, face shields, and tubs of paintballs.

PAUL

Anyone else think this was gonna be more like live-action CLUE?

CRISPIN

I 100 dint sign on for no homework.

HONEY BADGER

Good mahning, campas. Hope you got plenty a Zs, because now dee hunted become dee hunta ... and dee hunted!

PAUL

Huh?

CRISPIN

I paid a hundred K to play paintball?

PAUL

Hundred thousand dollars?

LAYLA

I don't need a mask.

HONEY BADGER

I don't need no one losing an eye. Irie? Ain't nutting worse dan a wannabe pirate. Arrre ya feelin me?

Crispin sits in a camp chair and holds up his bandaged hand.

CRISPIN

Yo, one injury per vacation.

HONEY BADGER

Errryone take a weepun.

LAYLA

It's paint. How dangerous can it—

Honey Badger shoots each camper in the leg.

PAUL

Sugar beets that smarts!

LAYLA

Gee-zus!

WILBUR

This is why I avoid method acting.

BRADLEY

I rather enjoyed it.

OLDMAN

Just so everyone knows the stakes.

HONEY BADGER

It's erry man for eem self, mon. I  
Find dee flag. An' don't get heet.

OLDMAN

Get shot three times, you're out.

As Crispin leaves ...

CRISPIN

I'll be in the lounge when y'all're  
done playin' with ya balls. Paint  
balls. Two points Crispin. Noice!

LAYLA

Pussy!

Without looking back, Crispin flips her the bird.

OLDMAN

This is about the ability to plan in  
real-time, think strategically, and  
keep calm during chaos.

HONEY BADGER

Keel or be keeled, mon.

PAUL

Sounds like an old pirate movie. *Keel  
or be Keeled*. Keel on a ship. No? OK.

HONEY BADGER

Leave dee jokes to meee.

BRADLEY

Pray tell, what's the prize?

OLDMAN

My undying admiration.

HONEY BADGER  
And a beeg plastic trophy, mon. Wert  
niny-nine cents. Ha-ha-ha-haaa!

Honey Badger TWEETS a whistle. Layla runs to the woods with Paul behind. Wilbur jogs over to flank them. Bradley checks his watch. After a moment, he leisurely walks to the woods.

EXT. WOODS - DAY

Layla stops and waves Paul up.

LAYLA  
It's OK. Come on.

PAUL  
You're not gonna shoot me, are ya?

LAYLA  
I dunno, you gonna shoot me?

PAUL  
I'm not a paintball guy. Truce?

Layla offers her pinkie. Paul awkwardly hooks his in hers.

LAYLA  
Coulda stayed home and not played.

PAUL  
I know, right?

Wilbur watches them from the bushes. Takes aim and fires a flurry of paintballs. Paul and Layla are hit twice. They SCREAM and run off, rushing past Garr, who's observing.

GARR  
One more and you're out!

BUSHES. Layla rests while Paul goes behind a tree to piss.

PAUL  
Don't look.

LAYLA  
I don't care about your old wiener.

PAUL  
Funny. Rest of me's changed over the years but this little guy looks about the same as always. It's not little. I mean. But in comparison. Layla?

A branch SNAPS. Paul looks up to see Layla's gun on him.

LAYLA  
Sorry for the double-cross.

PAUL  
Yeah. Me, too.

Paul spins, still peeing, and sprinkles Layla's shoes. She jumps back with a SCREAM and a huge spray of pink paint rounds, which miss Paul, who runs zigzags into the woods.

PAUL (O.S.)  
What about our truce!?

LAYLA  
I'll remember it fondly!

EXT. DEEPER IN WOODS - DAY

Paul rests. Paintballs SHOOT and Layla SCREAMS O.S.

PAUL  
Serves ya right!

Paul crawls to the edge of a clearing where, tied around a naked lady mannequin's neck, there is a red scarf.

PAUL (cont'd)  
C'mon, you.

Wilbur enters the clearing and goes cautiously to the mannequin. Paul grabs a rock and whispers to himself ...

PAUL (cont'd)  
Works in the movies.

He chucks the rock to the other side of the clearing. It SWISHES O.S. in the brush, drawing Wilbur's attention. Wilbur drops the scarf and fires his weapon at the sound.

Paul shoots Wilbur ten times. He's way too into this.

WILBUR  
Alright! Stop! I'm dead!

PAUL  
Sorry. Got carried away.

Wilbur writhes on the ground, groaning.

WILBUR  
You hit my testicles. Twice!

PAUL  
Is Tom Hanks as nice as he is on TV?

WILBUR  
(groaning in pain)  
Yeeesss.

Paul grabs the scarf and runs into the woods.

PAUL  
That's so cool. Sorry!

EXT. WOODS - FOOTPATH - DAY

At the O.S. SNAP of twigs, Paul hits the dirt. When Bradley appears, Paul shoots him in the stomach and chest.

PAUL  
Hey, man, good game.

BRADLEY  
The scarf.

PAUL  
What?

Bradley pulls a knife.

PAUL (cont'd)  
You're serious.

BRADLEY  
As bleeding to death in the forest.  
And the shirt. Or I can just take it.

Utterly shocked and offended, Paul hands them over.

BRADLEY (cont'd)  
So, tell me, Dr. Dickerson: which  
type of psychopath am I?

PAUL  
The really rude kind.

INT. LODGE CLASSROOM - DAY

Garr at chalkboard writes: "DON'T GET CAUGHT." Campers at desk tables. Still fuming at Bradley, Paul pulls out his pills. Layla's very interested in his meds.

PAUL  
Excuse me. When do we start the game?

GARR  
You fly helicopters, Mr. Dickerson?

PAUL  
No. Of course not.

GARR  
I don't know you from Richard Ramirez. You could be the world's greatest chopper pilot, *numero uno*.

PAUL  
Well, I'm not.

GARR  
What would happen if I held a gun to your head and said fly me to Chicago for a slice of disgusting pizza?

PAUL  
We'd crash.

GARR  
Well, Mr. Dickerson, we'd rather you not crash our game.

PAUL  
I'm undefeated in *Catch A slasher, Bloody Murder, Stabbytown, Die, Die, Die*, and *Oh My God We're All Gonna Die*. What more do I need to know?

LAYLA  
Have you tried therapizing yourself?

CRISPIN  
Yeah, boom-boom, take a chill pill.

PAUL  
That's a nineties phrase, by the way.

CRISPIN  
You're ninety.

GARR  
Why do most killers get caught?

Paul MUTTERS indistinctly to himself.

GARR (cont'd)  
Mr. Dickerson, longtime no blather.

PAUL  
I said, "knowing the victim."

GARR

Correct. Thirty percent of killers are familiar with the victim. This makes them easier to catch. Anyone like to take a stab at the second leading cause?

CRISPIN

Stab. Noice.

LAYLA

Going back to the crime scene?

GARR

No. But good guess.

Garr's voice DRONES indistinctly in b.g. as Paul, Layla, Crispin, Wilbur have a brief confab.

PAUL

This isn't what I thought it'd be.

WILBUR

What were you expecting?

PAUL

I dunno. Fun?

CRISPIN

Grandad speaks truth. If I'd a known this was gonna be a snooze-cruise, I'd a brung my Xbox. And porn.

BACK TO listening to Garr. Crispin raises his hand.

GARR

Ugh. You needn't do that.

CRISPIN

What if that was their goal? To be the most famous.

WILBUR

Bundy, BTK, Berkowitz: for their carelessness they won a lifetime supply of moldy bologna. And sodomy.

CRISPIN

Sounds like her idea of a good time.

LAYLA

I'm not the one with plum hair and a nose ring, fruity pebbles.



CRISPIN  
That's homophobic.

LAYLA  
No, it's asshole-phobic.

BRADLEY  
Children. Children. Please shut up.

GARR  
You're not here to kill each other.

Something about Garr's phrasing strikes Paul odd.

CRISPIN  
How much extra would it be?

LAYLA  
Take yer shot, Barney-lookin' bitch.

BRADLEY  
Barney Rubble?

WILBUR  
Big purple dinosaur.

BEGIN MONTAGE:

EXT. TRAINING YARD - DAY

Snowball, Oldman, and Honey Badger stand at a table of rope, knives, hammers, swords, spears, and a big fireman's ax.

Layla is drawn to knives. Crispin, wide-eyed in love with a Katana blade. Bradley looks at hammers. Wilbur likes rope.

Watching his fellows with concern, Paul is momentarily distracted by a gleaming ax blade. Oldman watches Paul, whose reflection in the ax is the sinister version of him.

SNOWBALL (V.O.)  
There's no honor in killing from  
afar. Any pussy can pull a trigger.  
Now everyone come up. Handle the  
pieces. Find one that calls to you.  
That feels right in your hands.

LATER. Campers attack dummies. Layla stabs. Bradley applies makeup to his. Wilbur ties his dummy in knots. Crispin chokes his while dry-humping it.

Paul just watches in horror.

EXT. WOODS - DAY

Oldman and campers crouch in bushes to watch a deer forage. Their conversation UNHEARD as he shows them how to stalk it.

EXT. TRAINING YARD - DAY

Honey Badger shows the campers how to properly secure someone's wrists with duct tape. Then he moves on to rope. Motions for a victim. Layla volunteers.

Honey badger has a lasso behind her, loops the rope over her head, pulls it snug against her neck and pushes her leg, sending her to her knees. He lets her up.

HONEY BADGER

See, here. She can't go no where.  
Can't fight back. Can't call out for  
mama. Not bad for two dollas, mon.

END MONTAGE.

BRADLEY

Well, choke her for god's sake!

HONEY BADGER

Instructional purposes onleee.

CRISPIN

Weak tea.

HONEY BADGER

Some mistake civility wit weakness.  
To dem, I say kill 'em wit kindness,  
mon. Kindness and blunt force trauma.

As Honey Badger GUFFAWS, Paul is more worried than before.

EXT. DINING HALL - NIGHT

All campers and staffers [minus The Kid] eat dinner and chat indistinctly. Bradley waves his trophy and sneers at Paul. The Aristocrat, Jacqui at his side, addresses the room.

THE ARISTOCRAT

Hope you all learnt lots today. Cuz  
the Real fun begins with tomorrow's  
hog hunt! So get plenty a sleep.

PAUL

I'm sorry. Hog? Hunt?

## THE ARISTOCRAT

You all've studied the methods and familiarized yerselves with the weapons. Time to put those skills to use in a real life-and-death hoedown.

PAUL

What's he mean *hog hunt*?

LAYLA

Prolly gonna, I dunno, hunt a hog?

Crispin SQUEALS with delight.

PAUL

I'm not killing anything.

Everybody but Paul and Oldman erupt in LAUGHTER. But when they see Paul isn't joking, they look puzzled. Oldman's eyes get big with epiphany. He whispers to Paul.

OLDMAN

Tell them you're joking. (off Paul's confusion) Just do it.

Paul finally reads the urgency in Oldman's look.

PAUL

Just kidding, everybody. I can't wait to murder those innocent creatures.

HONEY BADGER

Good one, mon!

Through CHEERS, Oldman watches Paul with great curiosity.

BEGIN DREAM SEQUENCE:

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Paul, deluged in blood and guts, runs SCREAMING through the woods. Anguished pig SQUEAL O.S. cuts through the forest.

PAUL

Chinny-chin-chin! Chinny-chin-chin!

END DREAM SEQUENCE.

INT. PAUL'S CABIN - DAY

DAWN. Sweaty, panting Paul wakes to O.S. phantom pig SQUEAL. His stomach GURGLES. Grabs his belly and runs out the door.

PAUL  
Soy bacon only. No more cheating.  
[O.S.]And no more vegan potato salad!

EXT. PAUL'S CABIN - DAY

As Paul runs to the outhouse, Layla sneaks into his cabin.

EXT. CAMP TRAIL - DAY

Paul hurries awkwardly. It's gonna be a photo finish. Trying not to shit himself, he can't help but talk to his butt.

PAUL  
Just wait. Please? Almost. Oh no.

EXT. OUTHOUSE - DAY

Stepping inside, Paul recoils, gags, takes a deep breath and reenters, slamming the door behind him. Now O.S. he wrestles his big stinky shit. GROANS, FARTS, SPLATTERS O.S.

INT. PAUL'S CABIN - DAY

Layla swipes Paul's pills off his nightstand. All except for the motion sickness tablets which she knocks on the floor.

LAYLA  
Hell I'm gonna do with these?

INT. OUTHOUSE - DAY

O.S. birds CHIRP. Paul sighs with relief. But his reverie is cut short by a woman's O.S. SCREAM and FOOTSTEPS running by.

PAUL  
Hello? Everything OK out there?

A moment later, O.S. sound of boots SCUFFLING. Two unseen men stop, panting at the outhouse. They POUND on the door.

THE KID (O.S.)  
Who's in there, please? Hello?

PAUL  
It's P—Mr. Dickerson. Who's there?

THE KID  
Ope. Sorry, Mr. Dickerson. Carry on.

EXT. OUTHOUSE - DAY

Paul cautiously emerges. Looks around. No one to be seen.

PAUL  
Just pack and leave. Don't say  
goodbye. Don't demand a refund. Not  
hi, boo, or screw-you. Just go.

EXT. CABIN AREA - DAY

Woman SCREAMS again. Paul stops. It came from by The Lodge.  
When she SCREAMS again, Paul can no longer ignore it.

EXT. THE LODGE - BACKYARD - DAY

Paul finds an unattended delivery truck. In back are a dozen  
naked men and women with sacks on their heads. Heated O.S.  
MURMURS send Paul to hiding.

He watches The Kid, Gert, and DELIVERY DRIVER drag a naked  
woman to the truck. It's the mom from Officer Zabala's pic!

With its doors secured, Gertrude and the driver argue. The  
Kid gets between them but Gertrude snaps.

The big man shoves The Kid aside and slams the driver's head  
into the truck, killing him. Paul watches in horror as The  
Kid freaks while Gertrude tries to shake his victim awake.

EXT. CAMP TRAIL - DAY

Paul races to his cabin, passing guilty Layla, then Oldman,  
who sees something's wrong with Paul and follows him.

OLDMAN  
Was hoping to catch you before  
breakfast? Tried last night but you  
were already asleep. Everything OK?

INT. PAUL'S CABIN - DAY

Paul counts his pulse as Oldman lets himself in.

OLDMAN  
Think it's time you and I had a talk.  
Maybe you should sit. And definitely  
take a breath. Mr. Dickerson?

Paul collapses on his bed and gasps for air.

PAUL

I just saw the cook kill a guy. Oh Yeah. Y'know there's a truck fulla people out there? Naked people!

OLDMAN

Lower your voice.

PAUL

Course you do. You're one a them.

OLDMAN

Who did he kill?

PAUL

I just wanna go home. I swear. I'm no hero. I'm sorry for those folks but I got my own problems.

OLDMAN

Why are you really here?

PAUL

It was a birthday gift from my wife.

OLDMAN

Your wife. What exactly she tell you?

PAUL

About what?

OLDMAN

Like talking to my dog. This place.

PAUL

That it was murder mystery fantasy camp. [sarcasm] And so very fun!

OLDMAN

Keep your voice down. And you're not running off. Not doing squat until—

PAUL

Oh to heck with this.

Paul goes to get back up but Oldman shoves him on the bed.

Paul ransacks his nightstand. It's empty. He looks under the bed to find his motion sickness tablets.

PAUL (cont'd)

Surrounded by killers. [gasps] I need my pills. I need my pills.

OLDMAN

You wanna see your wife again? You need to calm down. I can get someone to run into town for your medicine.

PAUL

I prescribe my own. And I didn't bring a pad cuz I wasn't planning on being robbed. Or witnessing a murder. No one knows about my conditions. My wife thinks I have social anxiety.

OLDMAN

We talkin' life-and-death, here?

PAUL

It's complicated.

OLDMAN

Right now, I need ya go to breakfast. And stop sweating so much. We'll figure something out. Til then, do what you tell your patients to do.

PAUL

Oh, is that your professional advice? As my adjunct homicide instructor!?

EXT. THE LODGE - DAY

Campers, dressed in gray sweats, combat boots, Kevlar vests, pads, and helmets, get ready for the hog hunt.

OLDMAN (V.O.)

Working with the FBI trying to locate a number of missing persons.

PAUL (V.O.)

Well, mystery solved. Why aren't they swooping in?

OLDMAN (V.O.)

Need to find where they being held.

PAUL (V.O.)

We? Why're you not wearing a wire?

OLDMAN (V.O.)

Camp sweeps for electronics. That's how my predecessor got caught. Help's not coming til I call. And I'm not calling until I find those people.

EXT. WOODS - PICKUP TRUCK - DAY

Truck driven by Garr pulls a trailer of campers, counselors.  
Glassy-eyed Layla stares at Paul. Gertrude rides an ORV.

CRISPIN

So, who's yer favorite? I'm a Bundy  
man myself. Bitches had it coming.

LAYLA

Easy: Richard Chase. Hellooo? Vampire  
of Sacramento?

Oldman gives Paul a look like, "join the conversation."

PAUL

Prime example of the system failing  
an obviously disturbed man.

CRISPIN

Was he really a vampire?

They all look at dumbass Crispin. He's serious.

LAYLA

Drank their blood and pureed organs.

CRISPIN

Duuuuuude.

LAYLA

Ain't it cool.

PAUL

He beheaded a baby after killing its  
mother. I'm going with *not* cool.

CRISPIN

A little cool. 'Bout you?

WILBUR

Elizabeth Bathory. Killed six hundred  
young women in the 16th Century.

BRADLEY

Highly unlikely.

WILBUR

She had wealth, power. With help from  
servants? That's only thirty-three  
murders a year. Less than one a week.

CRISPIN

Sounds like J-O-B. Yech.



BRADLEY

Directing others to kill doesn't make  
one an operator. Take Manson. *Tuh*.  
Fraud never so much as skinned a cat.

CRISPIN

Oh!

LAYLA

Hey!

WILBUR

But people you're fine with.

LAYLA

'Bout you, Dr. Lecter?

BRADLEY

I despise humans. But if I admired a  
killer, it would have to be smallpox.

CRISPIN

The rapper?

BRADLEY

In sheer numbers of deaths, smallpox  
wins germs-down. Fever. Rash. Toxins  
coursing through the blood. Oh, what  
a perfect little assassin.

CRISPIN

Whatevs, bruh. 'Bout you, boomzie?

LAYLA

Come on, stop poopin' the party.

PAUL

OK. Richard Kuklinski. The Ice Man.

CRISPIN

Ice cream man?

LAYLA

Clean your ears out, type-two.

PAUL

Hitman. Killed hundreds. He was a  
perfect storm of genetics and abuse.  
Once shot a man in the face with a  
crossbow while asking directions.  
Just to see if it would work.

LAYLA

Coldblooded.

CRISPIN

Noice.

EXT. HUNTING GROUNDS - DAY

Campers and counselors in a clearing with five crates each holding a large hog. The Kid pilots a camera drone while Honey Badger readies to open the crates of squealing boars.

THE ARISTOCRAT

To be sportsmanlike, we're gonna give these piggies a head-start before we take to a-huffin' and a-puffin'.

PAUL

Sportsmanlike?

Honey Badger opens the crate and out bolts a black boar.

GARR

Remember, guides only intervene in matters of life and death.

Snowball steps forward with an armload of spears.

SNOWBALL

These are incredibly sharp ...

LAYLA

Is this safe?

PAUL

Not for the pig.

CRISPIN

Yer hi-larious. For a boomer.

THE ARISTOCRAT

I promise yer all gonna do just fine.

Paul is sweaty and pale. He grips his stomach.

THE ARISTOCRAT (cont'd)

Son, you don't look so good.

OLDMAN

I'll keep an eye on him.

Oldman hauls Paul over to the side. Hands him a canteen.

PAUL

Not thirsty.

OLDMAN

Drink anyway. We're gonna get separated out there.

PAUL  
You want me to play lost. They've got  
drones. No. I can't do this.

OLDMAN  
I like you, Paul. I consider you an  
ally. Let's keep it that way.

EXT. HUNTING GROUNDS - DEEP WOODS - DAY

Paul lies in a cluster of ferns. He recites the fifty states  
at a whisper. Interrupted by O.S. drone BUZZ going overhead.

PAUL  
Washington, West Virginia, Wisconsin,  
Wyoming—murder drone?

Paul lies still. Sweating. A moment of terror as the drone  
goes slowly over. He lets out a sigh of relief as it passes.

EXT. DEEP WOODS - DAY

Oldman pushes through heavy brush onto a dirt road. SOUNDS  
of O.S. hunters in the distance spurs him on.

EXT. HUNTING GROUNDS - DAY

Honey Badger holds Layla's hand up in victory as she screams  
in triumph. They stand next to a speared boar's body.

EXT. DEEP WOODS - DAY

Oldman comes to a road gate. Signs warn of prosecution and  
electrocution. He goes around a bend to find ...

EXT. CHICKEN COOP - DAY

Oldman investigates the locked structure. He knocks.

OLDMAN  
Hello? It's OK. I'm not one of them.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)  
Who are you?

OLDMAN  
Ma'am, I'm with the FBI.

Rush of excited O.S. VOICES from within the container.

EXT. HUNTING GROUNDS - DAY

Crispin runs screaming through the woods. Angry hog SQUEALS follow him O.S. He's trailed by Snowball.

SNOWBALL  
Climb a tree! Climb a tree!

EXT. DEEP WOODS - DAY

Paul listens to CRASHING O.S. coming his way. Crispin appears and trips over him. Both men scream.

EXT. CHICKEN COOP - DAY

Oldman pries at the lock with a branch but it's no use. The unseen people's O.S. VOICES are frantic.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)                      WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)  
Please hurry!                      I can't breathe!

MAN'S VOICE  
I need tools. And transportation.  
Hold tight. I'll be back.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)                      WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)  
Nooo! Please!                      Don't go!

The unseen SHRIEK and GROAN as they descend into panic.

EXT. DEEP WOODS - DAY

Crispin and Paul scramble to their feet.

CRISPIN  
Shh.

PAUL  
I don't hear anything.

CRISPIN  
Cuz you won't shut up.

PAUL  
There's nothing there.

Crispin sighs with relief. Then looks suspicious.

CRISPIN  
The hecks were you doin'?

PAUL  
I fell. My leg.

CRISPIN  
Prolly ostrich-porosis like Grammy.

PAUL  
How old you think I am?

CRISPIN  
We gotsa go 'fore the pigs finds us.

PAUL  
No! I mean, no kidding.

CRISPIN  
Gonna be able to walk? Cuz I ain't  
carryin' yer old azz.

PAUL  
I can go slow.

EXT. HUNTING GROUNDS - DAY

Bradley poses for a photo next to his slain hog. Garr snaps the picture just as Wilbur and Gertrude emerge on a four-wheeler dragging their dead boar by a chain.

THE ARISTOCRAT  
Three oinkers down, two to go. Hey,  
Kid, how 'bout a status report?

The Kid watches the video screen on his drone controller. Nothing but a birds-eye view of the forest.

THE KID  
Your guess good as mine.

THE ARISTOCRAT  
Well, keep a sweepin'. Bound to turn  
our stragglers up sooner or later.

EXT. THE LODGE GROUNDS - TOOL SHED - DAY

Oldman fumbles with a keyring and lets himself in.

EXT. DEEP WOODS - DAY

Crispin and Paul walk through dense brush.

PAUL

You sure this's the way?

O.S. GRUNTS and SNORTS of a boar. The men whisper.

CRISPIN

Should we climb a tree?

PAUL

Be dark soon. I don't wanna spend the  
night holding on for dear life.

CRISPIN

I don't wanna get kill't by three  
tons a ham.

PAUL

Oh the irony.

Oldman appears with bolt cutters. Caught, he freezes.

CRISPIN

Man're we glad to see you.

PAUL

Did you find them?

CRISPIN

Find who?

PAUL

Uhh ... the other pigs.

CRISPIN

What 's that?

OLDMAN

Lost my spear.

CRISPIN

Fine by me. I had enough a this shiz.  
Need me a White Claw and tacquitos.

Defeated, Oldman leans the cutters against a unique-looking tree, presumably for later, and follows Paul and Crispin.

INT. DINING HALL - DAY

EVENING. Gertrude wheels in a pig on a spit. Everyone but Paul and Oldman OOHs and AHs.

THE ARISTOCRAT

Don't let anyone tell ya otherwise:  
three outta five ain't bad. Now  
you've gotten a taste for blood,  
we'll move on to the really big game.

CRISPIN

All I can say's I better get a pretty blonde. One who really got it comin'.

BRADLEY

I'm going to torture mine first.

WILBUR

I haven't decided.

LAYLA

Oh, I have. Gonna tie mine to a bed, give him Viagra for the long hard ride, stab him, and drink his blood with him still inside me.

CRISPIN

I'm gay and you just gave me a boner.

The room explodes with laughter. Paul whispers to Oldman.

PAUL

I can't take much more of this.

OLDMAN

One more day.

THE ARISTOCRAT

Alright. Garr, here's, gonna go over some safety protocols. First hunt'll commence after breakfast.

CRISPIN

Are we allowed to do other things? Before we. You know?

LAYLA

I thought you were gay.

CRISPIN

I thought you were dumb.

LAYLA

So you're saying I'm not?

CRISPIN

It's not about the sex! Ehh!

THE ARISTOCRAT

You can do anything but set 'em free.

GARR

Your trophy is unarmed. But may fight back.

(MORE)

GARR (cont'd)  
Your guide cannot intervene unless  
you clearly state the safe word. So,  
don't wait too long to ask for help.

CRISPIN  
I wanna do mine tonight.

THE ARISTOCRAT  
Son, I admire your chutzpah but it's  
been a long day for everyone.

CRISPIN  
Need I remind you who my father is?

Garr looks at Aristocrat. Aristocrat gives Snowball a look.

THE ARISTOCRAT  
He's your responsibility.

SNOWBALL  
Tonight? Tomorrow? Same difference.

GARR  
We'll need a half-hour to get ready.

THE ARISTOCRAT  
Well, tonight it is!

Paul looks worriedly at Oldman, who shares his concern.

INT. LOUNGE - NIGHT

Wilbur, Layla, Paul, Bradley, The Aristocrat, Jacqui, Gert  
watch big TV split-screen of drone footage: moving through  
forest; and Honey Badger affixing a camera to Crispin.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

The Kid operates the camera drone. Monitors show woods.

INT. LOUNGE - NIGHT

ON TV: drone cam comes upon Honey Badger helping Snowball  
with her helmet camera. With them are Garr and Oldman.  
Everyone but Paul is excited, anticipating the action.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Crispin, dressed in white ninja suit, wildly swings a katana  
sword in practice. Snowball joins him at a safe distance.



INT. LOUNGE - NIGHT

The Kid's voice comes over the TV.

THE KID (O.S.)  
Looks like they're ready.

Cheering in the lounge. Layla laughs hard at Crispin.

WILBUR  
Are those pajamas?

THE ARISTOCRAT  
(into radio)  
Aristocrat to Snowball. Come on back.

SNOWBALL (O.S.)  
(over radio)  
Loud 'n' clear, Risty.

THE ARISTOCRAT  
(into radio)  
Tell that yay-hoo to sheathe his  
blade 'til he needs it. Damn fool's  
gonna skewer himself.

SNOWBALL (O.S.)  
(over radio)  
Aw, you're no fun.

WILBUR  
Doesn't she find this offensive?

THE ARISTOCRAT  
Snowball's not Japanese. (into radio)  
Snowy, dear, our guests wanna know if  
you're offended by Crispin's outfit.

SNOWBALL (O.S.)  
As an Asian? No. As a killer, yes.

PAUL  
This is madness.

EXT. CAMERA DRONE - NIGHT

Crispin is defensive at all the laughter.

CRISPIN  
What's so funny?

INT. LOUNGE - NIGHT

Camera drone unnecessarily close to Crispin's face.

THE ARISTOCRAT  
(into radio)  
See if ya can't fly it up his nose.

Drone bumps into Crispin's face and everyone laughs.

CRISPIN  
Ow! Hey!

THE ARISTOCRAT  
(into radio)  
Alright. Let's be serious now. Has  
the trophy been released?

HONEY BADGER (O.S.)  
(over radio)  
Dass a big ten-four, mon.

ON TV: Lounge watches Crispin and Snowball head into the woods. Sweaty, pale Paul holds his stomach. Makes to leave.

THE ARISTOCRAT  
Y'alright, son? Ya want some Pepto?

PAUL  
Think I need to lie down.

THE ARISTOCRAT  
Jacqui, dear, walk Mr. Dickerson to—

PAUL  
No! I'm OK. Like you said. Long day.

THE ARISTOCRAT  
Alright, well, you feel better.

EXT. HUNTING GROUNDS - NIGHT

Crispin runs ahead of Snowball and stumbles into the bushes.

SNOWBALL  
Pace yourself!

GARR (O.S.)  
(over radio)  
Let's keep eyes on our Mr. Crispin.

INT. LOUNGE - NIGHT

Color images on TV turn to green/black night vision.

THE KID (O.S.)  
(into radio)  
Switching to night vision.

THE ARISTOCRAT  
It's on now. Don't nobody blink.

EXT. HUNTING GROUNDS - NIGHT

Garr addresses Oldman, Honey Badger, and Gertrude.

GARR  
Let's fan out. Give Mr. Crispin and  
the hunted a wide berth but keep  
visual contact at all times.

The men nod and head off in different directions.

EXT. PAUL'S CABIN - NIGHT

Paul looks to see if he was followed before going inside.

EXT. HUNTING GROUNDS - NIGHT

Crispin catches up with the naked woman Paul saw that morning and mom of the found toddler. Exhausted, she stumbles and can't get up. Winded Crispin circles her, brandishing his sword.

EXT. DEEP WOODS - NIGHT

By flashlight, Oldman finds the bolt cutters he left behind.

EXT. HUNTING GROUNDS - NIGHT

Crispin sticks his sword in the dirt and straddles the woman's midsection, putting his hands on her throat. He whispers in her ear while chokes her.

NAKED WOMAN  
Please don't. Please!?

CRISPIN  
Don't worry, you'll be asleep through  
the whole thing. Shh. Shh.

INT. LOUNGE - NIGHT

Aristocrat, Jacqui, and the campers, minus Paul, watch Crispin choke his victim ON TV where she bashes his head with a rock, sending him staggering and howling.

BACK TO LOUNGE. The viewers SHOUT in shock and amusement.

BRADLEY

Not one part of this surprises me.

EXT. HUNTING GROUNDS - NIGHT

Crispin staggers about holding his bleeding head. The naked woman pulls the sword from the dirt and points it at him.

NAKED WOMAN

How do I get outta here!? Tell me!

CRISPIN

You bitch you bitch you—

NAKED WOMAN

Stay back! I mean it!

INT. LOUNGE - NIGHT

Audience watches Crispin ON TV as he rages after his victim.

SNOWBALL (O.S.)

(over radio)

Say your safe-word or I can't  
intervene! Crispin! Say your damn—

Naked woman stumbles back. Crispin jumps on her as she raises the sword, spearing him and spraying herself with blood. She screams at what she's done and gets a mouthful of his bloody geyser, causing her to power-puke his blood.

Mix of cheers/hoots/disgusted groans from the viewers.

EXT. HUNTING GROUNDS - NIGHT

Skewered Crispin runs away SHRIEKING while the Woman runs in the other direction. Snowball doesn't know who to follow.

SNOWBALL

(into radio)

We got a situation here!

GARR (O.S.)

(over radio)

Let's tend to Mr. Crispin. The girl  
won't get far. Kid, get eyes on her.

SNOWBALL  
 (into radio)  
 On it.

HONEY BADGER (O.S.)  
 (over radio)  
 Roger dat, mon.

THE KID (O.S.)  
 (over radio)  
 Done and doner.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Garr searches with his flashlight.

GARR  
 (into radio)  
 Oldman, bring a medical kit up from  
 the truck. I say, Oldman, we need a  
 medical kit. Anyone seen Oldman?

SNOWBALL (O.S.)  
 (over radio)  
 Not I.

HONEY BADGER (O.S.)  
 (over radio)  
 Negatory, mon.

EXT. DEEP WOODS - NIGHT

The camera drone dodges trees and flies over bushes.

INT. LOUNGE - NIGHT

ON TV night vision drone footage of the forest. BACK TO  
 Layla, Wilbur, Bradley, The Aristocrat, and Jacqui.

WILBUR  
 Feel like that should win her her  
 freedom back. No?

THE ARISTOCRAT  
 In a just world maybe. [to Jacqui] Be  
 a doll and go check on Mr. Dickerson.  
 He didn't look so hot.

EXT. LODGE ROAD - NIGHT

Paul hurries nervously down the dirt road with his knapsack.

EXT. DEEP WOODS - NIGHT

Oldman walks the woods by flashlight.

EXT. LODGE ROAD - NIGHT

Paul comes to a fork in the road.

PAUL

No time for a G.D. Robert Frost poem.

INT. LOUNGE - NIGHT

Breathless Jacqui returns.

JACQUI

He wasn't there. And all his stuff's gone. You don't think he left?

THE ARISTOCRAT

I think yer folks were first cousins.  
(into radio) Any word on Mr. Oldman's whereabouts? Come on back.

GARR (O.S.)

(over radio)  
Nothing yet.

THE KID (O.S.)

Nopes.

THE ARISTOCRAT

(into radio)  
Well, we also seem to be missing a camper. One Mr. Lance Dickerson.

GARR (O.S.)

(over radio)  
We'll add him to our list.

WILBUR

What's going on?

THE ARISTOCRAT

Let's all have a drink.

LAYLA

If I don't get some sleep soon, I'm gonna lose my shit.

THE ARISTOCRAT

It might be best if we all just stay put for the time-being.

BRADLEY

I'm sensing there's something we should all know about.

EXT. HUNTING GROUNDS - VEHICLES - NIGHT

Honey Badger and Snowball wrap Crispin's body in a tarp while Garr and The Kid watch.

SNOWBALL  
He wouldn't listen.

HONEY BADGER  
No one blaming you, mon.

GARR  
Now let's go collect our chicken and find out where Mr. Oldman and Mr. Dickerson have gotten off to.

SNOWBALL  
Should be offering her a job.

GARR  
Nonetheless.

EXT. ROAD GATE - NIGHT

Under the security light at the gate leading to the chicken coop, Paul and Oldman nearly run into each other.

PAUL  
Crispin's dead and his victim's loose. I'm not staying here any longer. I don't care what you say.

OLDMAN  
Alright. Alright. Just hang on.

PAUL  
You find the others?

Far-off RUMBLE of ORVs O.S. in the distance.

OLDMAN  
Come on.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

The Kid watches monitors of forest via night vision drone.

THE ARISTOCRAT (O.S.)  
(over radio)  
What's the good word?

THE KID  
(into radio)  
Nothing yet.

THE ARISTOCRAT (O.S.)  
(over radio)  
Well, got-dangit! We needa get a  
rubber stopper up this gorilla's butt  
'fore the shit really starts to flow.

THE KID  
(into radio)  
Uuuh. OK?

EXT. CHICKEN COOP - NIGHT

Oldman clips the lock as the ORVs O.S. close in.

OLDMAN  
Go straight on. Follow the fence left  
til you find the hole. Get to the  
highway and flag down a car. Go!

PAUL  
You're not coming?

OLDMAN  
Only way these people escape is if  
someone distracts those psychos. I  
could use your help.

Paul struggles with the notion of sacrificing himself but,  
as much as he hates the idea, he knows it's the right thing  
to do. Oldman gives the captives his flashlight and they go.

PAUL  
Fine. Whatta we do?

EXT. ORV - HUNTING GROUNDS - NIGHT

Honey Badger and Snowball's ORV races through the woods.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Paul and Oldman stop to rest as the SOUND of an ORV closes  
on them. Oldman takes Paul's overnight bag.

PAUL  
Hey. Give that back.



OLDMAN

Cry out like you been hurt. Scream.  
Limp. Say I attacked you.

PAUL

They're going to kill me.

OLDMAN

I'll be right behind you. Here.

Oldman pulls out a pocketknife.

PAUL

What's this for?

OLDMAN

Case they try to kill you.

EXT. ORV - GATE - NIGHT

Snowball and Honey Badger pull up to the gate to the chicken coop as Paul limps into their headlights.

PAUL

Oldman attacked me.

SNOWBALL

What're you doing out here?

HONEY BADGER

Ya, mon. Why ya run off?

Paul doesn't know what to say. It's very suspicious.

HONEY BADGER (cont'd)

(to Snowball)

Go check dee cheekun coop.

Snowball disappears as CRASH O.S. in the bushes draws Honey Badger's attention.

HONEY BADGER (cont'd)

Wait in dee car, mon.

Just as Paul fake limps to the ORV, Oldman bursts from nearby trees. Honey Badger engages. They tussle. Honey Badger stabs Oldman's lower leg. The men struggle.

Honey Badger tries stabbing Oldman in the chest but a white fist suddenly hits Badger's neck. He staggers back revealing Oldman's pocketknife deep in his neck.

The stabber, Paul, can't believe what he's done.

Now in shock, Honey Badger pulls the knife out of his neck. A jet of blood douches Paul, who screams. Honey Badger also screams in terror as he stumbles around.

HONEY BADGER (cont'd)  
Help me! Help me! Snowball!

PAUL  
Twenty Mississippi. Twenty-one  
Mississippi. Twenty-two Mississippi—

Honey Badger drops to his knees. Keeps trying to get up and falling over. Crawls in circles, blood spurting.

OLDMAN  
What are you counting?

PAUL  
Takes 45 seconds to bleed to death.

Honey Badger gasps, last words gibberish, and falls dead.

PAUL (cont'd)  
You alright?

OLDMAN  
This won't be what kills me.

PAUL  
Let's go!

OLDMAN  
You go. I need to finish this.

PAUL  
What? No. Just. We can get help.

Snowball comes crashing through the brush.

OLDMAN  
Run. Run!

Paul runs. Oldman pulls his big knife and readies to fight as Garr and Gertrude pull up. Woefully outnumbered, Oldman tosses his knife. Snowball sobs inconsolably.

GERTRUDE  
What you did to the Badger!?

INT. LOUNGE - NIGHT

The Aristocrat holds his radio to his ear. He's furious.

THE ARISTOCRAT  
 (into radio)  
 What in the Virgin of Guadalupe's  
 tampon is goin' on around here!?

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Garr holds radio far from his ear as Aristocrat rants O.S.

THE ARISTOCRAT (O.S.)  
 (over radio)  
 Need I detail the orders of fuckitude  
 due us if them folks ain't caught!?

GARR  
 (into radio)  
 We're working on it.

THE ARISTOCRAT (O.S.)  
 Well forgive me if I don't—

Garr turns his radio off.

GARR  
 Righty-ho. Gertrude kindly accompany  
 Mr. Oldman to The Lodge while we see  
 about reclaiming our property.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

It starts to rain as Paul comes to the fence. He eyes the  
 razor wire with a hopeless look.

EXT. ORV - WOODS - NIGHT

Garr and Snowball race through the woods.

INT. LOUNGE - NIGHT

Aristocrat, Jacqui, Bradley, Wilbur, Layla, and Gert stare  
 at Oldman on the couch with an icepack on his bandaged leg.

THE ARISTOCRAT  
 I already know the *what*. But I'm not  
 hearin' a *why*. And where in unholy  
 matrimony is Mr. Dickerson?

They glare at Oldman. THUNDER O.S. startles everyone.  
 Gertrude looks nervously up as rain THRUMS the roof. Bradley  
 dissects an apple with a hawkbill pocketknife.

GERTRUDE

Said it wasn't sposta rain this week.  
I'm gonna kill that weatherman.

THE ARISTOCRAT

No, you ain't. Now, c'mon, Mr.  
Oldman. You done been caught. Might  
as well explain yourself.

BRADLEY

Perhaps he requires incentive.

THE ARISTOCRAT

Let's just keep our weenies sheathed  
for the time-being.

EXT. DEEP WOODS - NIGHT

The exhausted captives lumber along. But, headlights on the  
horizon and ORV SOUNDS O.S. inspire them to run.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Using his pack, Paul gets over the fence and stumbles in the  
mud. Lightning flashes. He sees the outline of a road sign!

EXT. ORV - WOODS - NIGHT

The unattended ORV idles while Snowball and Garr check  
footprints in the dirt.

SNOWBALL

Getting closer. They're tired.

INT. LOUNGE - NIGHT

Gertrude pours drinks for everyone. Oldman refuses. The  
Aristocrat sits on the edge of the couch with him.

THE ARISTOCRAT

If you cain't gimme a reasonable  
explanation for why you killed my  
employee. And lemme add a dear friend  
I'll hafta assume nefarious intent.

OLDMAN

Badger was harassing Dickerson. I  
told him stop. He became belligerent.  
I intervened. Situation escalated.

THE ARISTOCRAT

OK. Who cut the lock on the coop?

OLDMAN

Honey Badger. Dickerson caught him in the act. That's why he attacked him.

SNOWBALL

He's lying!

EXT. DIRT ROAD - PAYPHONE - NIGHT

Paul dials 9-1-1 at a dimly lit payphone on a lonely road.

9-1-1 OPERATOR (O.S.)

9-1-1, what's your emergency?

PAUL

(into phone)

I need help! People are being killed.

9-1-1 OPERATOR (O.S.)

What's your location?

PAUL

(into phone)

I dunno. Campground. Can't you trace me?

9-1-1 OPERATOR (O.S.)

Sir, the line you're on isn't showing in our system. What city are you in?

PAUL

(into phone)

I'm not sure.

9-1-1 OPERATOR (O.S.)

Have you taken drugs or alcohol?

PAUL

(into phone)

Just anti-anxiety. Pill for motion sickness. Mild anti-psychotic. My cognition's fine. I'm a doctor.

9-1-1 OPERATOR (O.S.)

Are you in immediate danger?

PAUL

(into phone)

Listen to me: psychos are hunting naked people in the woods. Right now.

9-1-1 OPERATOR (O.S.)  
What are the names of these psychos?

PAUL  
(into phone)  
Honey Badger. Snowball. They're code  
names. I'm not crazy! Hello? Hello?

Paul hangs up. Frantic, he picks up and dials zero.

PAUL (cont'd)  
(into phone)  
I need to place a collect call.

EXT. POV CAMERA DRONE - NIGHT

Seen from HIGH ABOVE Garr and Snowball on their ORV chase  
the terrified escapees.

EXT. PAYPHONE - NIGHT

RINGBACK TONE rings a long time before CLICK of Paul's wife  
Mary picking up O.S. She's short of breath.

MARY  
Hello?

OPERATOR (O.S.)  
This is a collect call from Paul  
Clementine. Do you accept charges?

MARY (O.S.)  
Yes, of course. Paul?

PAUL  
(into phone)  
Mary, listen, things are all messed  
up. This place's crazy. I need help.

MARY (O.S.)  
Where are you?

PAUL  
(into phone)  
I don't know.

MARY (O.S.)  
Why aren't you at camp?

PAUL  
(into phone)  
Because they're trying to kill me!

MARY (O.S.)  
Have you taken your pill?

O.S. indistinct MAN'S VOICE can be overheard on Mary's end.

PAUL  
(into phone)  
Who's that? Is that Roger?

MARY (O.S.)  
I had people over for dinner. We're  
just cleaning up.

PAUL  
(into phone)  
It's gotta be after midnight.

MARY (O.S.)  
Whatta you want, Paul?

PAUL  
Telling you I saw a murder and you're  
having adult time with my friend!?

MARY  
Whatta you want me to do about it?

PAUL  
Not even going to deny it!?

MARY  
Stop yelling at me and call 9-1-1.

PAUL  
You think I didn't try that?

MARY  
This, Paul. This's why I sleep with  
your friends.

PAUL  
Friends? Friendssss?

CLICK. Line goes dead. Paul bashes the handset until it's in pieces. An O.S. GUNSHOT shocks him into reality.

EXT. CLEARING IN THE WOODS - NIGHT

Garr's smoking pistol points at the sky. His warning shot doesn't deter the escapees. Losing his patience, he shoots a man in the head. The escapees freeze and Snowball zip-ties their wrists.

GARR

I said stop. (into radio) Gertrude,  
go ahead bring the truck and trailer  
down to the south pasture. We've  
located the chickens.

INT. LOUNGE - NIGHT

The Aristocrat points his radio at crestfallen Oldman.

THE ARISTOCRAT

Yer damn lucky them folks was found.

BRADLEY

Then I presume the hunts can resume.

THE ARISTOCRAT

First let's hose off this shit show.

EXT. LONELY DIRT ROAD - NIGHT

Distant sound of ENGINE O.S. Paul hurries toward it. Lights  
flare in the distance. Relieved, Paul waves his arms.

PAUL

Hey! Hello!? Over here!

But his triumph turns to dismay when he sees it's Gertrude  
pulling a trailer of escapees followed by Garr and Snowball  
on their ORV. Paul runs into the trees for cover.

INT./EXT. PICKUP/ORV - WOODS - NIGHT

Snowball and Garr follow Gertrude with the pickup truck and  
trailer as he hauls the escapees back into the compound.

SNOWBALL

What about Dickerson?

GARR

One minor catastrophe at a time.

EXT. DEEP WOODS - NIGHT

Paul stumbles out of breath. He's safe for now.

PAUL

Alright, Dr. Clementine. Your options  
are run yourself to death or become  
Rambo. Don't be insane. Or dooo.



Flash of a crazy idea washes over Paul's face.

EXT. CHICKEN COOP - NIGHT

Garr replaces the broken lock while Snowball puts the heartbroken and exhausted escapees back inside.

EXT. DEEP WOODS - NIGHT

Paul pulls from his pocket the bottle of extra-strength motion sickness pills. CLOSE ON label: WARNING! INTERNAL USE ONLY! WASH HANDS AFTER HANDLING.

PAUL  
And why would that be? Because  
transdermal use of scopolamine causes  
(opera voice) *psychotic! Episooodes!*

Paul empties the bottle in his hand and holds it up to catch some rain. The tablets melt. He stirs them into a paste with his finger and stuffs his hand down the front of his pants.

PAUL (cont'd)  
Sorry fellas. This might burn.

Paul winces but it doesn't burn at all.

PAUL (cont'd)  
Hmm. Maybe it's not a strong enough  
dose—ope, there it goes. That's  
toasty. Oof.

Paul fans his trousers to cool down his luggage.

PAUL (cont'd)  
OK. Getting warm. Warmer. Bee sting.  
Spicy peppers. Global warming.

Paul jumps up and bow-leggedly runs, tearing his clothes off as he goes until he's completely naked.

PAUL (cont'd)  
Hot. Hot. Hot lava. Ho, hot lava. Hot  
lava. Lava-lava-lava-lava!

Paul goes cross-eyed and faints in the road near the gate.

INT. ORV - NIGHT

Garr and Snowball race down the road looking for Paul when The Kid's O.S. VOICE comes over the radio.

THE KID (O.S.)  
(over radio)  
Snowy? You seen Garr? Not answerin'.

SNOWBALL  
(into radio)  
He's here.

THE KID (O.S.)  
(over radio)  
Mr. Dickerson's at the west gate.

GARR  
Doing what?

THE KID (O.S.)  
Sleeping. Nakedly.

Garr and Snowball share a "huh?" glance. Garr steps on the gas and the ORV speeds along.

EXT. WEST GATE - ROAD - NIGHT

Garr slams on the brakes at Paul's unconscious body.

SNOWBALL  
What're the chances?

GARR  
The older I get, the more convinced I  
am God is a super-villain.

EXT. ORV - NIGHT

Garr and Snowball drive unconscious Paul back to the lodge.  
He rouses just enough to sing incoherently.

PAUL  
Mama told me, better slap a ham.

SNOWBALL  
Think it's some sort of code?

GARR  
It's code for being high as shit.

SNOWBALL  
He could've gotten high in his cabin.

GARR  
Do yourself a favor: never try to  
understand the mind of a junkie.

EXT. LODGE GROUNDS - NIGHT

The ORV pulls up. Garr gets out. Snowball waits with Paul.

SNOWBALL  
Whatta we do with him?

GARR  
He's still a paying guest.

SNOWBALL  
For now.

GARR  
Sit tight. I'll find out what the management wants to do about it.

SNOWBALL  
Gonna catch double pneumonia tonight.  
I just know it. See if there's fresh coffee?

GARR  
Indubitably.

INT. LODGE - NIGHT

Garr enters to find the group quietly drinking and watching Oldman with suspicion. Garr goes straight to the coffee pot.

THE ARISTOCRAT  
Well?

GARR  
This's older than my nana's knickers.

GERTRUDE  
Sorry, boss.

Gertrude makes coffee. Garr shakes rain off his hat.

GARR  
We've got him. Out of his mind on something.

WILBUR  
So, what, is camp canceled?

THE ARISTOCRAT  
You want it to be?

BRADLEY  
Most definitely not.

LAYLA  
TBH, I'm kinda over it.

GARR  
Either way, I suggest placing Mr.  
Dickerson and Mr. Oldman in the  
holding cell at least until morning.

The Aristocrat nods his agreement. Garr motions to Oldman to  
come with. Gertrude hands Garr two coffees to-go.

OLDMAN  
My leg's pretty messed up.

GARR  
Then hop.

EXT. LODGE - NIGHT

ORV looks abandoned as Garr comes upon it. Snowball's head  
is on the passenger seat. Her body on the ground. Her big  
knife missing from its sheath. Oldman hobbles up to Garr.

OLDMAN  
You want me get the First Aid kit?

Garr scans the dark compound with rage and concern.

GARR  
(into his radio)  
Kid. You'd better get to the lounge.  
We've got a hostile on the loose.

EXT. WOODS SURROUNDING LODGE GROUNDS - NIGHT

Paul's muddy bare feet step to the edge of the clearing near  
the lodge. The rain washes blood down his legs.

INT. LOUNGE - NIGHT

Garr and The Aristocrat confer at the bar while Bradley,  
Wilbur, Layla, Gertrude, and Jacqui sit at a table. Oldman  
is on the couch with The Kid.

THE ARISTOCRAT  
We got a damn assassin on our hands.

GARR  
It may be time to consider  
sanitizing.

The Aristocrat leans over to get a look at Oldman, who sits listening to The Kid blather about something UNHEARD.

THE ARISTOCRAT

You know how much work went into finding this place?

GARR

We can eliminate Messrs Oldman and Dickerson but we still won't know who sent them or why.

THE ARISTOCRAT

Good-night. I'll have The Kid wipe the computers. 'Bout the chickens?

GARR

Dispatch that many? And destroy any forensics? Fire, regrettably. Fire.

The Aristocrat has a horrified look on his face.

GARR (cont'd)

I suggest hunting parties form and the search commence posthaste.

Layla interrupts them by trying to leave.

THE ARISTOCRAT

Whoa, little lady. Let's stay put.

LAYLA

Hungry. I'm still a guest, right?

The Aristocrat motions for her to go. She leaves.

THE ARISTOCRAT

What about Oldman?

GARR

Long as he stays put he's not on my priority list. At the moment. But, if he tries to leave, do shoot him.

EXT. LODGE - NIGHT

The rain stops. Gertrude carries Snowball's body to a shed while Garr hoses blood off the ORV. Layla passes, intrigued.

GARR

Straight there and back ma'am. Or we can't guarantee your safety.

INT. LODGE - NIGHT

Aristocrat has his head down on the bar. Jacqui massages his shoulders while he gives The Kid his marching orders.

THE KID  
Everything?

THE ARISTOCRAT  
I don't want a trace a data left.

THE KID  
That's gonna take some time.

THE ARISTOCRAT  
Well, ya got til sunup.

THE KID  
Where we gonna go? I mean, shit.

THE ARISTOCRAT  
Campers don't needa know just yet.  
Last thing we need's all-out bedlam.  
Be careful out there. I mean it:  
watch yer ass.

EXT. THE LODGE - NIGHT

Gertrude exits the shed with two gas cans and rejoins Garr still cleaning the ORV.

GERTRUDE  
What we will do?

GARR  
Mr. Dickerson wants blood. We're  
going to give it to him.

INT. LOUNGE - NIGHT

Bradley and Wilbur chat with Oldman while The Aristocrat and Jacqui do shots of hard liquor.

WILBUR  
What the hell's going on here?

OLDMAN  
I don't know how experienced you are  
in things goin' south, but this is  
what it looks like.

WILBUR  
Should we leave?

BRADLEY  
I'm not going anywhere until I've  
gotten my money's worth.

OLDMAN  
Stick around and you're apt to get a  
helluva lot more than you paid for.

Wilbur looks concerned. Bradley just seems distrustful of  
Oldman and moves to the bar with The Aristocrat.

WILBUR  
You don't think the doc's coming  
after us? I mean, what'd we do?

OLDMAN  
Yesterday I'd of said no way. But  
seeing that headless corpse's sort of  
altered my estimation of the man.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Layla pours a glass of orange juice and takes several of  
Paul's Clozapine pills. Lights a cig and awaits her high.  
She's beginning to zone out when Paul enters.

LAYLA  
Pfft. Nice wiener. Hello? They're  
lookin' for you. You really fucked  
Ms. Saigon up. No great loss. Nobody  
thought you had any balls. There they  
are. Ha-haa!

Paul glares at her. The drugs make Layla giggle.

LAYLA (cont'd)  
Whoa. I don't feel so goob. Goob?  
Goob. Goob! Why can I slay "goob?"

Paul turns to the stove and grabs a cast iron skillet. His  
voice eerily soft, as if trying to calm a frantic horse.

PAUL  
How many'd you take?

LAYLA  
Four or four. Or four. Or four.

PAUL  
That's an awful lot of Clozapine.

LAYLA

Oh no. Ha-ha-haaa! I'm I'm I'm—

PAUL

You're ODing.

Paul swings the heavy skillet with demonic speed and force, caving in her head. She flies off her stool without a word. As Paul leaves, he spots a shiny fireman's ax on the wall.

EXT. KITCHEN ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Water drips onto a barrel causing a DING, DING, DING. Wielding the ax, Paul exits and, hearing the DING, hums *In The Hall of the Mountain King*.

Gert and Garr's ORV slowly goes by. Paul hides in the shadows, humming. Once they're a-ways away, he follows, bloody handprint on his ass. He's deep in psycho-land now.

INT. LOUNGE - NIGHT

Bradley awaits an answer from drunk exhausted Aristocrat.

THE ARISTOCRAT

Normally I'd advise against. But the truth is we need to cork this jug. Here's the key for the weapons shed.

BRADLEY

Consider Mr. Dickerson plugged.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

The Kid goes to the fridge. With an armload of sandwich fixins, shuts the door to reveal Layla's corpse on the floor. Terrified, he drops the stuff and runs.

EXT. ROAD GATE - NIGHT

Paul watches from woods' edge as Garr and Gertrude take their time stopping, opening/closing the gate, driving on.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

The Kid bursts breathlessly into the room, locks the door, and rests against it. He goes to the monitors and radio.



INT. LOUNGE - NIGHT

The Kid's O.S. VOICE comes over The Aristocrat's radio so loud everyone can hear it.

THE KID (O.S.)  
(over radio)  
He bashed Layla's head in!

Pissed at this breach of secrecy, The Aristocrat turns his radio volume down so the others don't hear.

THE ARISTOCRAT  
(into radio)  
Got-dangit. You absolutely sure?

THE KID (O.S.)  
(over radio)  
Nobody head look like that and live.

THE ARISTOCRAT  
(into radio)  
Get them drives wiped and get yer scrawny butt back here.

THE KID (O.S.)  
(over radio)  
A pant-pissin' 10-4 to that.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

ON SCREENS: in the LOUNGE Aristocrat and Jacqui do shots at the bar; Oldman and Wilbur chat on couch; WOODED LOCATIONS empty; Garr and Gertrude pull up to the CHICKEN COOP.

The Kid studies the monitors so closely that, when an O.S. KNOCK comes at control room door, he jumps with a scream. Checks monitor to see Bradley outside with a length of rope.

The Kid answers the door.

THE KID  
Shouldn't be wandering right now.

BRADLEY  
I've joined the search. Was hoping to get the lay of the land. So to speak.

THE KID  
Ain't much to see.

BRADLEY  
Nonetheless.

The Kid motions to the monitors. Bradley studies them.

THE KID  
See? Nothin'. So ...

ON SCREEN Gertrude slowly climbs atop the shipping container. Garr on the ground hands him the gas cans.

THE KID (O.S.)  
Whoa. Heck're they doin'?

BRADLEY (O.S.)  
Leaving no witnesses.

THE KID (O.S.)  
Damn, that's cold.

BACK TO The kid turns in his seat to see Bradley over his shoulder looping the rope in his hands.

THE KID  
Whatta you doin'?

BRADLEY  
I need to practice.

Bradley loops the rope around the kid's neck and perfectly performs the lariat guillotine move Honey Badger demonstrated on Layla during camper training.

ON SCREEN Paul appears on the chicken coop monitor as The Kid GURGLES his last O.S.

Garr and Gert don't see him. But ...

BACK TO CONTROL ROOM With The Kid dead, Bradley watches Paul sneak around the shipping container.

BRADLEY (O.S.)  
Great minds do think alike. And what kind of psycho are you Mr. Dickerson?

INT. LOUNGE - NIGHT

The Aristocrat waves off yet another shot poured by Jacqui.

THE ARISTOCRAT  
(into radio)  
Hey, Kid. How 'bout a progress report? Come on back now?

All he gets in return is static.

THE ARISTOCRAT (cont'd)  
 (into radio)  
 Now ain't time to be pullin' yer pud.

JACQUI  
 You don't think something's wrong?

THE ARISTOCRAT  
 Did you just get here? You and Mr.  
 Wilbur go fuel up my ORV and the  
 truck and park 'em around back.

Jacqui closes one eye against drunkenness and nods.

THE ARISTOCRAT (cont'd)  
 Go on, now. Lickety-split.

JACQUI  
 Lickety. Ha-ha.

Jacqui stumbles to Wilbur. He nods and follows her out,  
 leaving The Aristocrat and Oldman alone in standoff.

OLDMAN  
 What happens now?

THE ARISTOCRAT  
 You tell me.

EXT. CHICKEN COOP - NIGHT

Thanks to the SCREAMING O.S. captives, Paul darts by Garr  
 unnoticed. Gertrude's atop the container, his back to Paul.

ATOP CONTAINER. Gertrude fights the rusty hatch and stops to  
 catch his breath as Paul's ax blade takes his foot clean  
 off. He falls to the ground, spraying blood as he goes.

From Garr's POV on the other side of the container, it just  
 looks like Gertrude fell.

GARR  
 Gert!

Garr runs around the side. As he clears the first corner,  
 his face is met with the ax, splitting his head in two.

The ax buried so deep in his head, Paul has to step on his  
 torso and work the ax out a little at a time.

PAUL  
 Boy, you are hard-headed. He-he-he-  
 heeeee!

## EXT. LODGE GROUNDS - NIGHT

Jacqui and Wilbur each drive a vehicle to the gas pump by the utility shed. Jacqui's so drunk she can't stand, so Wilbur gets out to pump gas. They chat through the window.

JACQUI

You were in that movie about snakes.

WILBUR

Yeah, that was me.

JACQUI

That was dumb.

WILBUR

Yes it was.

JACQUI

You really think Mr. Dickerson's gonna kill everyone.

WILBUR

I hope not.

JACQUI

You're not as cute as you are on TV.  
But I'd still fuck ya.

WILBUR

This one's full. Pull ahead.

Just as Wilbur heads back to the ORV, Bradley appears at Jacqui's driver side window, loops the rope around her neck, and pulls her out of the truck by it.

Her feet can be seen kicking and squirming under the truck in Wilbur's headlights from behind. Wilbur pulls up and gets out and goes to her door but she's not there.

WILBUR (cont'd)

Jacqui? Mrs. Aristocrat?

Wilbur looks all around the truck and when he comes back to the driver side, he finds Jacqui's lifeless body hung from a tree branch. Wilbur backs away, looking frantically around. He spots Bradley unlocking the weapons shed and runs.

## EXT. CHICKEN COOP - NIGHT

Sparks fly as Paul chops the new lock off the door with his shiny fireman's ax.

INT. CHICKEN COOP - NIGHT

The door slowly opens with an eerie grinding screech. Those inside are too scared to move as naked Paul stands there, covered in blood and mud, heaving with heavy breaths.

EXT. CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

Looking for a place to hide, Wilbur goes in.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

The door is wide open. Wilbur enters to find The Kid dead and all the computer equipment smashed. He runs out.

INT. LOUNGE - NIGHT

Oldman and The Aristocrat are interrupted by Wilbur O.S.

OLDMAN

So, what? They're going to kill me  
over a suspicion you can't prove?

THE ARISTOCRAT

I gotta plead better safe'n sorry.

WILBUR (O.S.)

Help! Help! Lemme in!

THE ARISTOCRAT

What'n a shit-fire hurricane now?

The Aristocrat opens the door. Wilbur rushes in.

WILBUR

Dead. Dead. Dead-dead.

THE ARISTOCRAT

Now just calm yer tits.

WILBUR

Someone got Jacqui and The Kid.

OLDMAN

Told you it wasn't me.

THE ARISTOCRAT

You get the vehicles fueled?

WILBUR

Just the truck.

THE ARISTOCRAT

Good nuff.

OLDMAN

What about the others?

THE ARISTOCRAT

I wish them luck.

WILBUR

We can't just leave them behind.

THE ARISTOCRAT

I mean, you were gonna kill 'em.

WILBUR

I'm here to research a role. I didn't know you'd really be killing people.

THE ARISTOCRAT

Well, gents, I bid you buh-bye.

WILBUR

Can't you just take your men and go.

OLDMAN

At least give those people a chance.

THE ARISTOCRAT

Even if I wanted to, no way in hell Garr goes along. They're as good as dead already. So are you if ya stay.

The Aristocrat goes. Wilbur follows. On their way out:

WILBUR

Sorry, man. No hero. Just an actor.

EXT. LODGE GROUNDS - VEHICLES - NIGHT

Bradley exits the shed where the weapons and bodies are kept. Wielding Crispin's katana, he stabs a hole in the truck's gas tank and leaves as fuel spills on the ground.

INT./EXT. DISABLED TRUCK - NIGHT

The Aristocrat and Wilbur hurry to the disabled truck. Both recoil at Jacqui's hanging body. They get in. Wilbur starts the engine. They take off but only make it a few hundred yards before stalling. It won't restart.

WILBUR  
Outta gas.

THE ARISTOCRAT  
I thought you said—

WILBUR  
We did! We did.

The Aristocrat gets out.

WILBUR (cont'd)  
What're you doing?

THE ARISTOCRAT  
You can wait here for triple-A, if ya  
want. I'm boogeyin'.

EXT. WOODED PATH - NIGHT

Naked captives, hands still zip-tied, follow Paul, who leads them by flashlight, walking proudly with ax over shoulder like some demented pied piper. They come around a bend where they encounter Bradley. Both sides halt in silence.

EXT. LODGE GROUNDS - NIGHT

Aristocrat and Wilbur reach the ORV. Aristocrat jumps on but before Wilbur can find space on the back of this one-man vehicle, The Aristocrat fires it up and drives away. He whips a U-turn and goes on past Wilbur.

THE ARISTOCRAT  
Sorry, son. But I can't have no one  
slowin' me down. Love your work!

As The Aristocrat races away ...

WILBUR  
You forgot to gas up. Asshole!

EXT. WOODED PATH - NIGHT

Bradley brandishes his sword maniacally. Paul stands motionless and emotionless. The captives quietly whimper, frozen in terror.

BRADLEY  
I'll make you a deal—

PAUL  
Shhhhhhh. Listen.

The first birds of PREDAWN chirp.

BRADLEY  
I was going to kill everyone and then  
myself. Leave a vague note. You know,  
create a mystery they'd drive  
themselves insane trying to solve.  
But I'm having so gosh-darn much fun,  
I just don't think I can.

Paul swings the ax over his head. Around and around. Picking  
up momentum. Cutting the air with a WHOOSING WHOOP.

BRADLEY (cont'd)  
So, what would you rather? I can chop  
your head off and skewer these little  
piggies at my leisure. Or, feeling  
magnanimous, I could let you watch  
all of them and you could go last.

Paul considers Bradley's offer while the captives plead.

EXT. LODGE ROAD - NIGHT

The Aristocrat jumps off the ORV to open the south gate.  
Just as he gets back on his vehicle, it sputters and dies.  
Tries restarting it. Finds the gas gauge empty.

THE ARISTOCRAT  
Son of a biiiiiitch!

INT. LOUNGE - NIGHT

KNOCKING O.S. at the door. Oldman cautiously limps over and  
opens it to find harried Wilbur pushing his way in.

WILBUR  
Son of a bitch abandoned me.

OLDMAN  
And you're shocked?

WILBUR  
Whatta we do now?

OLDMAN  
Any vehicles operational? [off  
Wilbur's "no."] Hafta go for help.



WILBUR

I'm not going back out there.

OLDMAN

My hundred-yard dash days're over.

Thunderous CRASH O.S. as Paul's ax splits the door. Pops his blood-covered head and, wild-eyed, glances around. Wilbur and Oldman go on guard, ready to fight him.

PAUL

Oh, crap. Didn't know there was anybody in here. Whoopsie-poopsie.

OLDMAN

You don't wanna do this, Paul.

WILBUR

Come on, man, put the ax down.

PAUL

Do what? I got hungry people here. Some dying of dehydration.

Paul moves aside and the people burst in the door. The captives go to the bar where they guzzle water and juice, eat pretzels and jerky.

OLDMAN

What's happening here?

PAUL

The calvary has arrived.

OLDMAN

What happened out there?

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

EXT. WOODED PATH - NIGHT

Bradley's words are cut short as Paul lets the ax loose. It flies through the air and takes Bradley's head clean off.

An impossible geyser of blood shoots from his neck hole as his body drops to its knees and falls forward, spraying Paul and the captives—utterly deluging them in blood.

The captives scream. Some throw up. Paul luxuriates in the blood spray as if taking a shower.

END FLASHBACK.

INT. LOUNGE - NIGHT

Wilbur and Oldman are shocked by Paul's account of things.

OLDMAN

We need to get outta here. Now.

PAUL

There's no more danger here. Not to you all. Go. Get these people home.

OLDMAN

What're you gonna do?

PAUL

Make sure this place doesn't reopen.

EXT. LODGE GROUNDS - NIGHT

Captives, now dressed in assorted clothes from campers and counselors, stand around watching as Oldman patches the gas tank by wrapping a stick in a potato chip bag and jamming it into the tank. Wilbur's on the other side of the truck.

OLDMAN

Alright!

Wilbur pulls the trigger on the gas pump and gasoline CHUGS into the tank. Oldman watches as a very slow and small drip escapes his patchwork.

WILBUR

Workin'!?

OLDMAN

It'll get us where we're goin'!

The captives cheer.

EXT. DIRT ROAD - NIGHT

Wilbur and Oldman drive the pickup and trailer filled with captives down the dirt road. Most are silent in shock.

WILBUR

Where you think this goes?

OLDMAN

Gotta go somewhere.

EXT. PAYPHONE - NIGHT

They pull up to find the demolished phone. Oldman and Wilbur give each other a wary glance and drive on.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Paul rests the ax on his shoulder. Looks up at the moon. He hums *Hall of the Mountain King*.

EXT. RURAL HIGHWAY - DAY

SUNRISE. Labored BREATHING O.S.

One dirty bare foot and one tattered rhinestone slipper stumble along the center-line on the highway where it all began. The feet abruptly stop.

From far away, O.S., the sound of a CAR nearing. The Aristocrat waves his arms and hollers for help but he looks so crazed, the car races past him.

THE ARISTOCRAT  
Help. Heeelp! No. No-no-no.

The Aristocrat pushes on. He walks up a little rise, the same rise where the station wagon nearly hit the little boy.

The shock on his face when he sees naked, bloody, muddy Paul standing in the middle of the road holding the ax and smiling. The Aristocrat turns and hobbles away.

CLOSE ON The Aristocrat's feet limping along the highway.  
CLOSE ON Paul's naked filthy bloody feet slapping asphalt as they run to catch The Aristocrat.

INT. CLEMENTINE MANSION - NIGHT

ONE YEAR LATER. Paul and Mary host another fancy murder mystery dinner. Guests done up like Agatha Christie characters. Even Roger's there. Paul and Mary share a loving look. Paul rises, walks slowly around the table.

PAUL  
I suppose you're all wondering why  
I've gathered you here this evening.

GUEST 1  
(quietly to Roger)  
To bore us to tears?

Roger chuckles. Roger gives Mary a wink without trying to hide it. She smiles devilishly. Paul locks the doors and double-checks a window that's been nailed shut.

PAUL

It's been brought to my attention  
that a number of my male—and  
female—friends have been doing my  
wife behind my back.

Everyone gasps. Too shocked to move. Mary holds a worried smile. Paul stands behind innocent-looking Roger, hands on his friend's shoulders. Roger looks up at Paul.

ROGER

This part of the game?

Paul's face stretches into a maniacal grin as he brandishes a straight razor and cuts Roger's throat, sending a geyser of blood across a white wall.

Chaos as everyone runs around screaming. Try as they might to escape, they're locked in. Paul, covered in blood, laughs and laughs as he pulls a shiny ax from under the table.

SLOW ZOOM on the MURDEROUSNESS boardgame being sprayed with blood as CHOPPING sounds, SCREAMS continue O.S. until ...

FADE TO BLACK