

FUNNY DEVILS

Written By
Jerry Cavallaro

646.662.5877
info@jerrycavallaro.com

EXT. CAMPSITE - NIGHT

Deep in the heavily wooded New Jersey Pine Barrens we find an attractive twenty-something couple; MIKE and AMBER. He's wearing a fitted "Security" shirt. Her outfit is more of a modified catholic schoolgirl uniform.

A light dusting of snow covers the ground. It's a cold winter night but they're close enough to the campfire to justify such skimpy clothing.

AMBER

I have a surprise for you.

MIKE

What is it?

AMBER

Close your eyes.

Amber pulls a take-out container from her bag. Opens it, revealing an oversized cupcake with a birthday candle.

She feels around for a lighter. Can't find it.

MIKE

Can I open my eyes yet?

AMBER

One sec-

Amber holds the cupcake over the fire until the candle lights. She presents it to Mike.

AMBER (CONT'D)

OK, open them

MIKE

Did you take this from the kitchen?
Ralph's gonna be pissed.

AMBER

Oh, screw him. Make a wish.

MIKE

I believe there's a song that goes
with this cupcake.

AMBER

I'm pretty sure we're not
authorized to sing that shit
outside of work.

MIKE

But it's my birthday.

AMBER

Don't make me do the song.

He hits her with some puppy dog eyes.

AMBER (CONT'D)

You're such an asshole.

Amber takes a moment to put on a fake smile.

AMBER (CONT'D)

Happy, Happy, Birthday,
It's your special day,
Spread a little Birthday cheer,
Cause it's your time of year,
Hope you're having lots of fun,
Cause at Ralph's you're number one,
So enjoy your cup-cake...

Joining in...

MIKE / AMBER

And don't forget your birthday
SHAKE!

They both lean, shake their chests. Burst into laughter.
Amber hands Mike the cupcake.

AMBER

Here. Blow out your fuckin' candle.

We quickly pull back to...

POV RIFLE SCOPE

Mike blows out his fuckin' candle.

EXT. HILLSIDE - OVERLOOKING CAMPSITE - NIGHT

Looking through the scope of a rather large hunting rifle is
PEEPING TOM. 50, dishevelled. Big smirk on his face.

His gun rests upon the hood of an old pickup, pimped out with
religious bumper stickers. His finger hovers near the
trigger.

EXT. CAMPSITE - NIGHT

Mike licks frosting from the candle, tosses it in the fire.

MIKE

Thanks for this.

AMBER
The cupcake?

 MIKE
Everything. You hate camping.

 AMBER
I don't hate it. I just get scared.

 MIKE
Baby, you know I'll protect you.

Amber leans over and kisses him.

 AMBER
Love you, Niblet.

 MIKE
Love you more.

EXT. HILLSIDE - OVERLOOKING CAMPSITE - NIGHT

Peeping Tom gazes through the scope. He turns up to the sky.

 PEEPING TOM
Ask and he shall receive.

Peers back into the scope. He licks his lip. His finger inches closer to the trigger.

EXT. CAMPSITE - NIGHT

Mike is about to bite into his cupcake.

 AMBER
You might want to save that for later. I have another surprise.

 MIKE
Do I have to close my eyes again?

 AMBER
No, this you can watch.

Amber begins an overly dramatic striptease, humming her own sexy music. She removes her shirt, revealing a makeshift bra made of wrapping paper. Mike laughs, cheers her on.

EXT. HILLSIDE - OVERLOOKING CAMPSITE - NIGHT

Peeping Tom adjusts his focus. Breathes deep. Bites his lip. His finger practically squeezes the trigger.

Suddenly, he stops.

PEEPING TOM
Oh goodness.

He begins unloading the rifle.

PEEPING TOM (CONT'D)
Safety first.

He places the ammo on the hood of his car.

PEEPING TOM (CONT'D)
Wouldn't want to go blow a hole in
God's gift to a married man.

He repositions. Looks through the scope again.

PEEPING TOM (CONT'D)
I'd like to see Martha find the
internet browsing history on this.

EXT. CAMPSITE - NIGHT

Amber continues dancing. Slowly unsnaps the buttons on her skirt. It drops to the ground. Yep, wrapping paper panties.

MIKE
I can't believe you were wearing
that this whole time.

AMBER
Yeah. And it itches like hell so
how about we go in the tent so you
can properly unwrap your presents?

MIKE
Hold on. I'll be right back.

AMBER
Are you serious right now?

Mike grabs his phone from his backpack.

EXT. HILLSIDE - OVERLOOKING CAMPSITE - NIGHT

Peeping Tom is mesmerized.

PEEPING TOM
Oh, I want one of those for my
birthday.

RUSTLING behind him. He looks but there's nothing there.
Turns back to his rifle.

EXT. CAMPSITE - NIGHT

A camera flash. Mike checks the pic on his phone.

MIKE
Perfect!

AMBER
You better not post that.

MIKE
Like I even have service out here.

Mike tosses his phone on chair.

AMBER
You gonna take this off now?

MIKE
I don't see a card. How will I know
who it's from?

AMBER
I hate you.

Mike grins, as they enter the tent.

POV RIFLE SCOPE

The tent offers simple yet effective privacy from onlookers.

EXT. HILLSIDE - OVERLOOKING CAMPSITE - NIGHT

Peeping Tom, still desperately looks through the scope.

PEEPING TOM
Damn! At least open the flap or
something. Jeez.

More RUSTLING from the bushes. He turns.

PEEPING TOM (CONT'D)
(A quiet yell)
Hello?

No response.

PEEPING TOM (CONT'D)
Anyone there?

Nothing.

A faint echo of MOANING diverts Tom's attention back to the campsite. A light turns on from inside the tent. Mike and Amber appear in silhouette.

PEEPING TOM (CONT'D)
And we are back in business!

POV RIFLE SCOPE

Our view focuses on Amber's silhouette. She rips off the wrapping paper bra revealing the outline of her breasts.

PEEPING TOM (V.O.)
Thank you Jesus.

She plays with her panties a little before ripping them off.

PEEPING TOM (V.O.)
(singing)
Happy Birthday to me-

Amber reaches down, picks up something. It's the shape of a large, flaccid strap-on dildo. She begins putting it on. Our view moves to the other side of the tent. Mike bends over into position, on all fours.

EXT. HILLSIDE - OVERLOOKING CAMPSITE - NIGHT

Peeping Tom quickly pulls away from the scope, very confused. After a few seconds of reservation, a smirk crosses his face.

PEEPING TOM
I can make that work.

SOMETHING moves in the bushes yet again.

PEEPING TOM (CONT'D)
Alright, who's out there?

No answer.

PEEPING TOM (CONT'D)
I have a gun and some seriously
confused feelings right now so you
better go find your own spot.

Nothing. Back to his rifle.

A branch SNAPS behind him. This time Tom turns with his gun.

PEEPING TOM (CONT'D)
That's it! I'm a hunter and a
pretty damn good shot. Now show
yourself!

We stay on Peeping Tom as something large approaches. We don't see it. But he does. It towers over him. His face expresses pure terror.

PEEPING TOM (CONT'D)

Oh God.

CLICK. He fires. Or at least tries to. Nothing.

CLICK. CLICK.

He drops the gun and begins the sign of the cross. We pan away to his ammo, safely resting on the pickup.

PEEPING TOM (O.C.) (CONT'D)

Bless me father for I have sinned--

Blood splatters across the hood. A short scream quickly turns into gargled silence.

I/E. TENT - CAMPSITE - NIGHT

CLOSE on Mike's face, as he looks up.

MIKE

Did you just hear someone scream?

AMBER

Not yet.

Mike grins.

Without warning, the tent collapses. All we see is a mess of material and movement.

We hear SCREAMING. SPURTS OF BLOOD. INHUMAN SCREECHING. Amber's hand emerges from the mayhem. She feels around for a second, before being yanked back into the tent.

Silence. No sign of what caused this. No movement at all. Until...

Mike falls out of the tent. Naked, except for his sneakers.

MIKE

Amber?!?

Mike turns to the tent. Reaches in, pulls Amber out halfway. Multiple wounds. Stab or claw marks. Too difficult to tell.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Oh God.

He holds her close.

MIKE (CONT'D)
You're gonna be ok.

A loud CRACK; not far off.

MIKE (CONT'D)
What was that?

Amber spits up blood, tries to speak. Mike leans in.

MIKE (CONT'D)
What baby?

As loud as she can...

AMBER
Run.

Amber fades. Mike's eyes widen with fear.

MIKE
What did you see?

No answer.

A few branches SNAP; much closer this time. Mike gently places Amber's head on the ground.

MIKE (CONT'D)
I'm gonna get help. OK? I'll be
right back. I'm gonna get you help.

POWERFUL STOMPING. No more than twenty feet away. Without taking his eyes off Amber, Mike winces with each step.

MIKE (CONT'D)
I love you.

EXT. THE WRONG WAY - NIGHT

A very panicked Mike runs helplessly through the thick woods. Still naked, he uses one hand to push through brush and the other to cover his genitals.

Crackling. Deer hooves. Branches swaying in the wind. Every sound is punctuated. He spins, totally lost.

MIKE
SOMEBODY... PLEASE HELP ME...
ANYBODY... I NEED HELP... THERE'S
SOME KINDA ANIMAL OR SOMETHING...
PLEASE...

He shivers, rubs his arm for warmth. He backs up, slowly...

JUMP SCARE. He backed into a tree. Quickly turns around. Breathes a sigh of relief.

From behind the tree, a monstrosity of a man steps forward. AXEMAN. 40s. Burly. Hairy. Grotesque. A nightmarish version of Hagrid from Harry Potter.

Mike throws his hands up.

MIKE (CONT'D)
Wait, wait, wait. Please stop.

Realizing he's exposed, Mike quickly covers his crotch.

MIKE (CONT'D)
I don't wanna die with my dick out.

Axeman raises his oversized axe high above his head. Mike runs off as it crashes down. Axeman slings it back over his shoulder, begins a slow stilted walk after Mike.

EXT. BAD NECK OF THE WOODS - NIGHT

Mike, out of breath, seeks shelter behind a tall oak. A large branch extends from the trunk. Mike bends it back with all his strength.

Axeman predictably appears, walks right towards him. Mike lets go of the branch.

WHACK. It connects, knocking Axeman down.

Mike cheers, stares at Axeman. Motionless. His axe just out of reach. Mike could pick up the axe and end this right now.

Instead, he takes off running again. We slowly move closer to Axeman's face until his eye's open. He sits up, almost mechanically.

EXT. END OF THE ROAD - NIGHT

Mike makes his way up a hill. Looks out at the main road, a smile crosses his face.

Suddenly his mouth drops. His eyes roll back. A trickle of blood spills down his forehead.

An axe has been plunged deep into the back of his head.

His body is rendered lifeless. His legs give. Arms hang. But he doesn't fall. The axe holds him up.

Axeman tries to shake him loose. He seems frustrated as the blade won't budge.

EXT. TENT AT CAMPSITE - NIGHT

Axeman drags Mike's body by the axe handle still stuck in his head. Drops him by the fire.

He approaches the tent, pulls Amber completely out. Lifeless, except for movement below her waist:

A big purple strap-on, flopping back and forth.

Axeman looks down at it. Confused. He tilts his head.

POV STRAP-ON

Our view sways side to side as Axeman is joined by his sons, TAILS and SCRATCH. Both just as filthy and deformed.

TAILS. Small but agile. He has a dark, vestigial tail of about 14 inches and a vicious grin. Holding a hatchet.

SCRATCH. Average build. Stretched out face with a missing right eye. Deep scratches all over, possibly due to his own razor sharp nails.

The three killers stare us down. This is our first full view of the psychotic family. Tails offers Axeman his hatchet. He raises it high above his head. It lingers for a moment, then comes crashing down.

Just before impact...

CUT TO BLACK:

OPENING TITLE SEQUENCE

Credits overlay raw talking head documentary footage. Locals, at various spots around southern New Jersey.

We start in an office full of maps and posters of the New Jersey Pine Barrens.

INTERVIEWER (O.C.)

So tell me, what is the legend of the Jersey Devil?

PINELANDS PRESERVATIONIST

Well every version of the story starts around 1735 with a woman by the name of Mother Leeds.

CUT TO:

OLD LIBRARIAN

She finds out she's pregnant with her 13th child and proclaims "let it be the devil." And it was.

CUT TO:

POINT PLEASANT BOARDWALK GIRL

She actually had an affair with a man from Salem whose wife cast a spell on their secret love child.

CUT TO:

COMIC SHOP CASHIER

I heard Mother Leeds was raped by a possessed priest.

CUT TO:

PINELANDS PRESERVATIONIST

Whatever the origin, 9 months later, it was born. Normal at first, it transformed in front of her very eyes.

CUT TO:

POINT PLEASANT BOARDWALK GUY

It burst right out of her vagina, ripped the nurse's head off and flew up the fuckin' chimney.

CUT TO:

COMIC SHOP CASHIER

It has a horse's head.

CUT TO:

POINT PLEASANT BOARDWALK GIRL

Big thick hooves.

CUT TO:

POINT PLEASANT BOARDWALK GUY

Razor sharp claws.

CUT TO:

BATSTO VILLAGE TOUR GUIDE

Huge bat wings and a long forked tail.

CUT TO:

NEW JERSEY GUIDO
It looks like a frickin' Pokemon.

CUT TO:

PINELANDS PRESERVATIONIST
Honestly, I think the only reason
the Jersey Devil isn't as well
known as Bigfoot is because stories
about it are so inconsistent.

CUT TO:

HOCKEY FAN
Most people outside Jersey don't
even know our hockey team is named
after it.

INTERVIEWER (O.C.)
So do you think it's real?

CUT TO:

POLICE OFFICER
No. I'm not talking about this shit.
Sure people go missing. The Pine
Barrens are over a million acres.
That's a lot of woods to get lost in.

CUT TO:

NEW JERSEY GUIDO
Well my cousin's friend's neighbor's
girlfriend said she saw it when she
was camping as a kid. So...

CUT TO:

BATSTO VILLAGE TOUR GUIDE
I'll say this, if it does exist,
those woods are a perfect place for
it. There are parts of the Pine
Barrens that have never even been
explored. Even in the daytime, it
can be quite scary.

CUT TO:

OLD LIBRARIAN
There's just one main road that
cuts straight across. You can drive
an hour and never see another car.

CUT TO:

INTERVIEWER (O.C.)
So if there is a Jersey Devil, what
happened to the Leeds family?

PINELANDS PRESERVATIONIST
Who knows? They're probably still
out there.

END OF OPENING TITLE SEQUENCE

INT. GAS STATION - DAY

DING! Front door swings opens. ANGRY CUSTOMER walks into the average roadside convenience store. Cheap paper Christmas decorations hang in the window.

Behind the register is VICKY. Early 30s. A tidal wave of snarky attitude wrapped up in a tight concert tee.

Angry Customer slams a Redbox case on the counter.

ANGRY CUSTOMER
I told you I wanted a scary movie
to get my girlfriend in the mood.

VICKY
And that's a scary flick.

ANGRY CUSTOMER
Too scary. My girl was going down
on me, something jumped out and she
bit me.

Vicky does a poor job of holding back laughter.

ANGRY CUSTOMER (CONT'D)
It's not funny. Still got a ring of
teeth marks 'round my dick.

VICKY
That's actually hilarious.

ANGRY CUSTOMER
Afterwards I had to listen to her
feminist bullshit about how cliché
it is to show a cheerleader
showering in a horror movie.

VICKY
Well I'm sorry you had to watch a
movie you paid to see and then have
a meaningful conversation with your
girlfriend. That really sucks man.

ANGRY CUSTOMER

I want another DVD on the house to make up for it.

VICKY

I'm pretty sure Redbox doesn't have a limp dick return policy. Sorry.

ANGRY CUSTOMER

Fine. Fuck it. I don't even want another shitty movie. But I'm taking this.

He grabs a stick of beef jerky from the counter display.

VICKY

You've earned it.

Angry Customer seems proud, tosses the DVD to Vicky.

ANGRY CUSTOMER

Take care of this for me.

As Angry Customer exits, Vicky chucks the DVD in the garbage.

VICKY

Too bad your girlfriend didn't bite it off.

EXT. GAS STATION - DAY

CLOSE ON Angry Customer as he takes a huge bite out of his beef jerky.

He gets into his car, parked in a handicap spot in front. Thankfully, we don't stay with him. Instead we move in on an old but cared for Jeep Wrangler sitting idle a few spots over.

JEEP WRANGLER

DEREK in the driver's seat. Apt since he likes to think he's the head of the group despite possessing few traditional leading man qualities. Early 30s.

Riding shotgun is LISA. Strong and intelligent, she expertly hides her insecurity behind an award winning smile. Late 20s.

Bored in the backseat is EVAN. Mid 30s. His every movement is loud and exaggerated, with speech often punctuated by seemingly random accents. His hoodie reads: FUNNY DEVILS

Last but not least is SAM. Short for Samantha but she'll hate you forever for calling her that. The actual glue holding this comedy troupe together. Early 30s.

DEREK
We need to increase our social media presence. That's how comedy groups get discovered these days.

LISA
Hashtag Funny Devils.

DEREK
Exactly.

SAM
Then maybe Evan won't be the only one wearing our shirts.

Evan isn't paying attention, as he rifles through the emergency toolkit.

EVAN
Yeah, t-shirts. Cool.

He picks up a flare gun with childlike wonder. Points at Sam.

EVAN (CONT'D)
Freeze sucka!

SAM
Evan! Be careful with that.

EVAN
Oh please, it's a flare gun. Probably doesn't even work.

DEREK
Evan, put it back.

EVAN
Fine.

After a few seconds of awkward silence...

EVAN (CONT'D)
Ugh, this is so boring. I'm gonna lose my mind back here. How much longer we have to wait for Vicky?

DEREK
Her shift ends in about 25 minutes.

EVAN
Yeah, that doesn't work for me.

INT. GAS STATION - DAY

At the register. Vicky's cell RINGS. She answers.

EVAN (V.O.)
Have you checked the children?

VICKY
What do you want Evan?

EVAN (V.O.)
I would like to know if Stockboy is there, please?

VICKY
He's not covering for me again. You know he can't work the register.

CUSTOMER #1 walks to the counter with a bag of chips.

VICKY (CONT'D)
I have to go. There are too many customers.

INT. JEEP WRANGLER - DAY

Evan hangs up.

EVAN
I know what we must do now.

INT. GAS STATION - DAY - ONE TAKE

DING! Derek, Evan, Lisa and Sam enter, immediately split up. Evan flips the "we're open" sign, approaches the counter.

Flashing his wallet and with a thick British accent...

EVAN
Health Inspector.

VICKY
What are you doing?

EVAN
I'm inspecting the health.

VICKY
Don't do it.

EVAN
I'd hate to shut this place down.

VICKY
Ok fine, you win. I'll leave early.

Evan runs his hand across a counter, inspecting for dust.

EVAN

Tisk. Tisk. I'm afraid you had your chance.

He pulls out a pen and notepad, scribbles something while shaking his head.

Vicky rolls her eyes. She knows what's coming. Evan looks back at her, dramatically clicks his pen shut.

At the CLICK, we whip over to an overly enthusiastic Lisa and Derek approaching CUSTOMER #2.

DEREK

Hi, we're like doing this survey. Can we ask you a few questions about, like, your shopping routine and stuff?

CUSTOMER #2

Ok, I guess.

LISA

Great. So are you, like, married or what's your sitch?

CUSTOMER #2

Married.

LISA

And on a scale of 1 to 10, like, how would you rate your husband's penis?

CUSTOMER #2

WHAT?

DEREK

Oh, the scale is in inches.

They both motion with their hands an approximate measurement. Offended, #2 storms towards the exit, passing Vicky on her way out.

VICKY

Thanks. Come again. Please don't Yelp this.

Sam strolls by, grabs a lollipop from the counter. She struts over to CUSTOMER #3, holding a small child. She seductively licks the lollipop.

SAM
I noticed you checking me out.

CUSTOMER #3
No, I was just-

SAM
Shhh. I'll make this real easy.

She points to her mouth.

SAM (CONT'D)
\$50.

Points to her crotch.

SAM (CONT'D)
\$75.

Points behind her.

SAM (CONT'D)
\$200.
(beat)
\$250 for all three. But I get to
pick the order.

Customer #3 charges to the front, finds Vicky now pouring
herself a slushie.

CUSTOMER #3
This is supposed to be a family
establishment.

VICKY
It's actually a gas station so
maybe calm down a little.

Frustrated, #3 blows past Evan grabbing a hot dog from the
rotating grill. He almost immediately drops it.

EVAN
Hot. Hot. Hot.
(beat)
Those appear to be the proper
temperature.

Evan picks up the fallen frankfurter. Brushes it off. Places
it back on the grill.

Near the donuts, CUSTOMER #4 and #5 look on in disgust.

EVAN (CONT'D)
Oh don't worry, I'm the health
inspector. I personally check all
the food in this establishment.

Customer #5 puts back his donut. They head towards the exit, passing Vicky enjoying her slushie.

VICKY
You do realize he isn't really the
health inspector, right? Or
British?

From the back of the store...

LISA (O.C.)
Oh my God, my water broke!

DEREK
Push honey, push!

We rush over as Lisa goes through the motions, pops out a stuffed bunny from under her shirt. It looks remarkably like the dozen other bunnies on display next to her.

DEREK (CONT'D)
It's a boy!

From across the room...

EVAN
Mazel Tov!

Vicky toasts with her slushie.

Lisa holds Bunny in front of Customer #6's face, wails like an infant until she walks away.

Derek takes Bunny, cradles him.

DEREK
Awww. There, there. Don't cry.
Daddy will keep you safe.

Evan claps his hands together.

EVAN
Can I hold the little angel?

Without hesitation, Derek tosses Bunny. We follow as it sails across the aisles and just out of Evan's reach. It knocks the slushie right out of Vicky's hand.

VICKY
Goddammit.

DEREK
Sorry!

Pointing to the slushie splattered across the floor...

EVAN
That's another violation.

And another random scribble.

VICKY
Ok, you had your fun. We done?

Evan scans the store. It's a mess. Abandoned baskets everywhere. A single shopper left. ELDERLY CUSTOMER, obliviously still placing cans in his basket.

EVAN
Not quite.

Evan approaches him.

EVAN (CONT'D)
Sir, I am the health inspector.
These cans are tainted.

ELDERLY CUSTOMER
Huh?

EVAN
I SAID THEY'RE TAINTED! You should
not even be handling them. This
whole store could be contaminated!

Evan takes the basket from him.

EVAN (CONT'D)
I'll take this. Just go. Get out of
here. Save yourself.

Elderly Customer shambles out the door.

EVAN (CONT'D)
I just saved that man's life!

They all clap. Except Vicky. Evan takes a bow. Back to his normal voice...

EVAN (CONT'D)
Alright, now we can go.

I/E. JEEP WRANGLER - MAIN DIRT ROAD - DAY

A tiny Jeep on an endless dirt road surrounded by trees. Derek drives. Lisa rides shotgun. Sam, Evan, and Vicky in the back. On the dashboard is the slushie-stained Bunny.

VICKY
I still can't believe you guys
trashed the store again.

EVAN

That was over two hours ago. Get over it already.

DEREK

Yeah, your boss doesn't care. You still have Christmas decorations up and it's fucking January 16th.

VICKY

It's not funny.

EVAN

Sure, but when the Impractical Jokers do it, it's hilarious.

LISA

Hey, maybe next time we should record it and put it on Youtube.

DEREK

That's actually a great idea.

VICKY

You guys suck worse than Anne Hathaway's friends in The Devil Wears Prada.

Evan makes a buzzer sound.

EVAN

Outdated reference.

LISA

Overruled. Still culturally relevant.

EVAN

Derek, back me up on this.

DEREK

Actually, I agree with Lisa.

EVAN

Of course you do.

DEREK

What's that supposed to mean?

EVAN

Just that maybe you two should try flying solo every once in a while.

VICKY

Maybe they'd consider your advice if you didn't resort to annoying two-bit characters all the time.

EVAN
 (British)
 Ouch. That really hurt.

Vicky laughs.

EVAN (CONT'D)
 Whatever. Sam, it's all on you now.
 Don't disappoint me.

SAM
 Devil Wears Prada is a classic.
 Four to one. Sorry.

EVAN
 Classic piece of shit, maybe.

VICKY
 Speaking of shit, are we almost at
 the bar?

EVAN
 Aww, do you need us to pull over so
 you can pop a squat?

Vicky flips him off.

EVAN (CONT'D)
 If you're worried about toilet
 paper, you could always wipe your
 bush on a bush.

VICKY
 I'm good, thanks.

DEREK
 We'll be there in about 30 minutes.

SAM
 I hope this isn't just another
 shitty gig.

EVAN
 I see what you did there.

DEREK
 There's no such thing as a shitty
 gig-

As if they've heard it a million times...

EVERYONE
 Only shitty comedians.

VICKY
 So then what exactly are we shitty
 comedians getting for this?

DEREK
Two-hundred bucks, plus free drinks.

VICKY
Yeah, that's not worth it.

LISA
Just think of it as an opportunity
to expand our fanbase.

She smiles at Derek. He smiles back, clearly smitten.

VICKY
Well we should be expanding our
fanbase in New York City. Not South
Bumblefuck, New Jersey.

EVAN
Normally I don't even pay attention
to Vicky cause I hate her face, but
I have to agree with her on this
one. I haven't even seen another
car in like twenty minutes.

Vicky checks her phone.

VICKY
Plus we have no reception.

EVAN
Yeah, this would be about the part
where we run out of gas or run over
some tire spikes or something.

LISA
Or some creepy old tow truck starts
following us.

EVAN
Exactly!

Lisa points out the back. In the distance, an old rusty
behemoth of a tow truck menacingly creeps onto the road.

SAM
At least there's another car on the
road.

Derek checks his rearview. Can't tell who is driving. It is
too far away and the windshield is covered in filth.

DEREK
That thing is ancient looking.

EVAN

When did we cross into West Virginia? It looks straight out of Wrong Turn.

VICKY

Now who's using dated references?

EVAN

Hey, Wrong Turn is a classic. It's a fucking franchise.

VICKY

And I bet more people saw The Devil Wears Prada than all those films combined.

SAM

Why is it always tow trucks in those movies anyway?

EVAN

Well it actually serves a practical purpose. It's so they can easily tow away the cars of their victims.

SAM

Huh, makes sense.

EVAN

Plus, old tow trucks look creepy AF.

LISA

They're actually coming up on us pretty fast.

VICKY

It's probably just some local used to speeding on these empty roads.

He sees that Lisa is not comforted by that theory.

DEREK (CONT'D)

I'll wave him to go around me.

Derek holds his arm out the window and waves them on. The tow truck stays on their tail.

EVAN

What's his deal?

LISA

Maybe he wants us to move over.

DEREK

Seriously?

Derek moves over, the tow truck slowly picks up speed.

Everyone looks straight ahead. A little uneasy. Lisa's hand tightly grips the rail on the roof of the Jeep.

The Truck and Jeep fall completely in line. A few seconds pass. Their worried expressions are hard to keep hidden.

Lisa turns. The truck's windows are too dirty to see through. What appears to be two eyes peaks through the glass.

Lisa quickly looks away. Her eyes widen, as the tow truck finally speeds up. She starts breathing heavy.

DEREK (CONT'D)
You see? It was nothing.

EVAN
Automotive profiling.

DEREK
Exactly. Those movies put crazy ideas in our heads.

Lisa is practically hyperventilating.

DEREK (CONT'D)
What's wrong?

Shaking, Lisa slowly pulls her arm back into the car. A rusty handcuff clasped around her wrist. It's attached to a chain wrapped in barbed wire.

DEREK (CONT'D)
What the fuck is that?

They look ahead. Through the windshield we see Tails riding in the back of the tow truck. A sick grin across his face.

Barbed chain attached firmly to the tow. Some slack between it and the Jeep. About twenty feet altogether.

DEREK (CONT'D)
Can you get it off?

Lisa tries squeezing her hand out of it but it's too tight. She tugs at the chain but the barbed wire cuts her.

Evan stares at Tails through the windshield.

EVAN
Does that guy have a fucking tail?
What the eff?

Sam reaches over the seat.

SAM
Let me see it.

She tries prying the cuffs open. Lisa again tries squeezing her hand out.

SAM (CONT'D)
Shit!

At the tow, Tails pounds his fist on the roof of the truck. It speeds up. Below, three small loops of chain unravel.

The slack between the Jeep and truck tightens.

In the Jeep, Lisa's arm is yanked away from Sam. The cuffs hit her half-open window. It shatters.

Lisa screams in pain as her arm is pulled out the window. Blood gushes as it rubs against the broken glass.

Sam and Vicky reach over the seat to hold her. Evan stays seated, frozen in shock.

Derek stomps his foot on the gas.

With some slack, Lisa's arm is pulled back into the car. She winces as she picks small shards of glass from her forearm.

DEREK
Hold on.

Derek picks up speed, closing the gap further.

The vehicles level off just a few inches apart. Tails grabs a hatchet, swings it at the Jeep. It cuts into the hood.

He swings again, this time taking out a headlight.

Derek eases on the gas, just enough to gain some distance.

A tug of war begins...

The truck swerves left. The Jeep follows. The tow swerves right. Derek turns the wheel right.

VICKY
Evan you watch movies where this type of shit happens. What do we do?

EVAN
I don't know. That's not real.

LISA
This feels pretty fucking real.

Lisa's arm is pulled as the truck speeds up. Her face smashes into the windshield. She falls back, barely conscious.

DEREK (CONT'D)
God-DAMMIT!

Derek almost completely loses his cool.

VICKY
Stay with him!

DEREK
I'm fucking trying! How does that piece of shit even go so fast?

SAM
Does your emergency kit have a hammer?

DEREK
I don't know.

EVAN
I think I saw one.

Evan dives down to get it.

VICKY
Lisa. Lisa, stay with me.

LISA
What?

VICKY
You have to stay awake.

LISA
It hurts.

VICKY
I know it does sweetheart.
(to Evan)
Hurry up!

Evan pulls out the large metal box. Sam flips the lid open. Underneath the flare gun...

SAM
Got it.

DEREK
What are you going to do with that?

SAM
The chains seem pretty rusted. I
might be able to break it but you
need to get closer.

DEREK
How close?

LISA
Ram the fucker!

Derek speeds up. Smashes into the back of the tow truck.
Tails stumbles but manages to hold on.

In the back of the Jeep, Vicky pulls the barbed chain in. It
cuts her hands, but she works through the pain.

VICKY
Hold your hand up.

Lisa barely raises her hand above her shoulder.

SAM
Here, hold this.

Evan places the emergency box on his lap, still in shock.
Vicky rests the chain on the box, holds it in place.

Sam lifts the hammer.

EVAN
Don't you fucking miss.

Sam nods. Deep breath. She swings, hits the chain. Nothing
but some rust flakes.

Tries again. Same results.

She lifts it up for a third attempt as Tails hacks again at
the hood.

DEREK
How's it going back there?

Sam swings and a small chunk of the chain breaks off.

EVAN
It's working! It's actually
working!

Suddenly, the tow truck swerves to avoid a tree branch in the
middle of the road. Derek runs right over it.

The shifting causes Sam to hit Evan's knee with full force.
Evan screams in pain.

The chain rips from Vicky's hands and tightens. Lisa's arm is pulled back as the barbed chain wraps around her shoulder.

The Jeep veers to the right. Derek frantically tries to regain control.

The truck makes a sharp left up a small dirt road. This final yank of the chain violently rips Lisa's arm from its socket.

Blood sprays across the inside of the Jeep. Derek quickly steps on the brake but it's too late.

The Jeep goes off the road and up an embankment. It crashes down on its side. Rolls down the hill. Bunny is tossed around like the ragdoll it is.

The Jeep finally comes to a halt when the passenger side smashes into an uprooted tree. Roof partially caved in. Every window shattered.

Complete silence.

EXT. SIDE ROAD - DAY

A blood trail leads to Lisa's severed arm, resting on the dirt road. Slowly it's dragged away.

Driver's side door swings open. A messy work boot steps out. It's Axeman.

Passenger door opens. The worst case of club foot ever seen. So deformed and callused, each foot looks like a hoof.

Meet HOOVES. Wider but just as tall as Axeman, even with knees permanently arched forward.

Axeman and Hooves look at Tails. He smiles, holding up Lisa's arm like a proud fisherman posing with his catch.

INT./EXT. CRASH SITE - DAY

Jeep rests at the bottom of the steep hill. Silence, until...

DEREK
Ahhhhhhhh!

Inside, Derek holds his head. He looks at Lisa. Her side of the Jeep completely collapsed, pinning her against the seat.

DEREK (CONT'D)
Lisa? Lisa?

He shakes her but she doesn't budge. The collapsed wreckage keeps steady pressure on her wound. Maybe there's hope?

DEREK (CONT'D)
Lisa, wake up. Please wake up.

Still nothing. Tears build.

DEREK (CONT'D)
No. You have to wake up. Come on.

Derek turns away, mournful. Finally noticing the blood splatter across the windshield, he rushes from the Jeep and vomits into the bushes.

At the back of the Jeep, the rear driver's side door falls from its hinges. Sam drops to the floor.

She tries to get up. A little light-headed, she falls back against the car. She rests against the rear tire.

Derek wipes his mouth, takes a deep breath. He stumbles back to the car, leans on the open door for support.

SAM
Are you ok?

DEREK
Oh yeah, I'm just fine.

Derek carefully closes the door. Then violently kicks it. Again and again, each time punctuated with a swear.

DEREK (CONT'D)
FUCK! FUCK! FUCK!

SAM
I'm sorry about Lisa.

DEREK
Me too.

Derek struggles to fight back his tears.

DEREK (CONT'D)
I can't even look. Are they...?

SAM
I don't know. Vicky? Evan?

Evan's eyes open, although there is something off about him.

EVAN
OUCHHHHHHHIIIEEEEEEE!!!!!!!

He actually says ouchie, in a drawn out exaggerated way.

EVAN (CONT'D)
Well that effing sucked!

Evan turns to Vicky. Dead. Her head has been impaled by a rather large tree branch.

EVAN (CONT'D)
Wow, it sucked way more for you.

Evan pops his head out the open door frame.

EVAN (CONT'D)
Why didn't you guys tell me when the show started?

DEREK
What show?

EVAN
Um, our show. The one we're doing right now.

SAM
Evan, are you ok?

EVAN
Well my leg does hurt. Maybe because SOMEBODY HIT ME WITH AN EFFING HAMMER! Don't worry, I forgive you.

Evan giggles.

DEREK
We don't have time for this.

SAM
Vicky? You alright?

EVAN
Oh she's dead.

SAM
What?

She checks for herself, recoils.

SAM (CONT'D)
Oh God.

EVAN
Tree went right through her head. It's funny since I said I hated her face before. Classic.
(beat)
Hey, where's Lisa?

DEREK

Don't.

Evan looks in the front seat.

EVAN

Oh, bummer. Sorry D. At least now you finally have a better chance of actually getting with her.

Derek loses it. He rushes at Evan. Sam holds him back.

SAM

Calm down. Calm down. There's obviously something wrong with him.

DEREK

This isn't a fucking joke!

EVAN

(whispers)

You guys are really selling this.

BEEP...BEEP...BEEP...the sound of the Tow truck backing up.

SAM

We have to go.

Evan limps away. Derek doesn't move. He stares into the Jeep.

DEREK

We can't just leave them here.

SAM

We don't really have a choice.

DEREK

What are they gonna do to them?

SAM

I don't know. But we don't want to stay to find out.

Derek takes one last loving look at Lisa. He reaches through the busted window. Pulls out the blood-stained Bunny. He looks at Sam, who nods in approval.

SAM (CONT'D)

Come on.

They disappear into the woods.

EXT. CRASH SITE - DAY - MINUTES LATER

Axeman inspects the Jeep. Signals to Tails and Hooves that they're gone. Angry, Hooves points to the woods. Grunts.

Axeman slings his axe over his shoulder, lumbers off the same way our group went.

EXT. WOODS - DAY

Derek, Evan and Sam duck and weave through the thick pines.

EVAN
Should we split up?

DEREK / SAM
(in unison)
NO!

EXT. MORE WOODS - DAY

Axeman has perfected the art of the slow silent killer walk.

EXT. CAMPSITE - DAY

The gang stumbles upon Mike and Amber's blood-soaked campsite. Derek gags, again throws up into a bush.

SAM
Are you ok?

DEREK
I'm not good with blood.

SAM
I've noticed.

After surveying the camp herself.

SAM (CONT'D)
I guess it's safe to say we know
who did this.

Evan nods.

EVAN
Some seriously ticked off Boy
Scouts.

Derek looks at him with utter disdain.

DEREK

I want to punch you so hard right now.

SAM

I don't think we should stop here.

DEREK

I'm good with that.

EVAN

Why the hell not?

SAM

Because whoever is after us could still be right on our tails.

DEREK

Please, don't say tail.

EVAN

Screw that noise. I say we look around. Those A-holes are probably miles away.

From behind him, Axeman appears. Sam's eyes widen.

SAM

Evan, behind you!

Axeman raises his weapon of choice. Ready to strike.

EVAN

Death by irony. Perfect.

Sam rushes, pushes Evan away as Axeman swings. The blade only grazes Evan's arm.

An uprooted tree stump catches the powerful whack. Axeman struggles to free his axe like a kid trying to save his security blanket.

Derek stares in shock. Looks at Bunny. Fear turns to rage. He grabs a large rock from the fire pit, charges Axeman.

DEREK

AAAAAHHHHHHHHH!!!!!!!

He SMASHES Axeman's face, still wrestling to free his axe from the tree.

Derek launches into a full assault with the rock. Specks of blood litter his face.

Every hit takes Axeman down a little more. Eventually, he's brought to his knees, barely gripping the axe's handle.

A final hit, knocks him out for good. But Derek doesn't stop. Sam seems concerned but Evan looks on in amazement.

Out of breath, Derek finally finishes. He looks down at the rock, dripping blood. He drops it, begins dry heaving.

Sam goes over, pats his back.

SAM
You're ok. You're ok. Just take a deep breath.

EVAN
That was savage! Who knew Derek was such a badass?

SAM
Not now, Evan.

EVAN
I hate in horror movies when the killer gets knocked out and the hero just runs away. Not this guy. You were like BAM. BAM. SPLAT.

And with that, Derek's dry heave gets a little less dry.

SAM
Come on, Evan!

DEREK
I'm good. Just give me a minute.

EVAN
Seriously, I'd clap if I was able to move my arm.

SAM
Ok, let me see it.

EVAN
It's fine. I just have to keep holding it like this.

SAM
Show me.

EVAN
Fine, but it's nothing.

Evan removes his hand. A flap of skin from his shoulder to his elbow peels back.

SAM
Oh wow. Derek, stay over there.

EVAN

Pfft. It doesn't even look real.

Evan pokes at his wound.

SAM

How are you not in unbearable pain?

Lost in thought, staring at Bunny...

DEREK

The mind is a funny thing.

SAM

I'm gonna go find a first aid kit.

EXT. THE ROAD LESS TRAVELLED - MAGIC HOUR

A trail of dead grass is the only indication the rusty truck is even on a road. Rigged to the tow is the wrecked Jeep.

In the back seat, Vicky's body lies face down in a pool of blood. A hollowed out hole in her head.

In the front, Lisa's still pinned. It may just be the jerky movement of the Jeep but it looks as if her hand moves.

EXT. CAMPSITE - MAGIC HOUR

Evan rifles through a small bag with his right hand. He pulls out a small vibrator and giggles.

EVAN

Hey Sam, found a present for you.

SAM

Put that down. And just don't touch anything else.

Sam dumps out a small bag near the tent. Hands it to Derek, who stuffs Bunny in it.

DEREK

Anything?

SAM

Just some duct tape, sex toys and a shitload of lube.

DEREK

I think I might know who they are.

EVAN
Your parents, hey-oh!

DEREK
I meant the ones after us. I think
it's the Leeds Family.

SAM
As in Mother Leeds? That's just an
urban legend. Right?

DEREK
Not according to my research for
tonight's show.

EVAN
Why were you doing research?

DEREK
Because I like to sprinkle some
local humor into the show to score
extra laughs.

EVAN
Cheater!

DEREK
It's not cheating.

SAM
Hold on, what did you read?

DEREK
I found one version of the story
that most people don't talk about.
Maybe because it's the one that's
probably true.

EVAN
Ooh, frivolous backstory. I can't
stay mad at you Boo.

DEREK
Deborah Leeds did have a thirteenth
child but it wasn't a monster. It
was born deformed. People in town
spread awful rumors. Local kids
played pranks on them. Eventually,
they couldn't take it anymore and
the entire family moved into the
woods never to be heard from again.

SAM
So all these sightings of the
Jersey Devil over the last three
hundred years were what, people
coming across these inbred fuckers?

DEREK

It makes sense. Most people only ever saw something in the shadows. A glimpse of a tail. Some weird hoof print. Maybe it was them.

Sam nods, as if accepting responsibility for the group.

SAM

Ok. Then we keep moving.

They turn to Evan, eating Mike's leftover cupcake.

SAM

Where the hell did you get a cupcake?

Mouth half full...

EVAN

Found it.

INT. CELLAR - NIGHT

Hoarders: Psycho Killer Edition. Dimly lit. Littered with junk collected from victims.

A figure walks down the stairs. WATCHER. Tails and Scratch's smaller, teenage brother. No battle scars. He drags Lisa, drops her near Vicky's body.

Scratch appears at the door. Watcher looks up, hopeful. Scratch tosses Lisa's arm down, slams the cellar shut.

Rejected, Watcher approaches a generator. Cranks it until Christmas lights and broken lamps illuminate the room. A small television also turns on. In front of it, a backseat ripped from an RV.

Lisa's eyes open. She sees her bloody stump, suppresses her tears.

Watcher doesn't notice, as he approaches a large jail cell. No lights nearby so it's hard to tell what lies beyond. He holds Lisa's arm through the bars, shakes it and makes a clicking noise similar to a child feeding animals at the zoo.

Lisa slowly gets up, tries to slink away. Out of the corner of his eye, he sees her. Drops the arm.

She bolts for the stairs but Watcher catches her. He slams her hard against the wall.

LISA

Why are you doing this?

Watcher points to the cage.

LISA (CONT'D)
I don't understand.

He gently rubs her face. Smiles. Then grabs a clump of hair. Bangs her head against the wall, knocking her out.

EXT. COULD IT BE? YES, EVEN MORE WOODS - NIGHT

Evan's arm is tightly duct-taped and wrapped in a leather bondage collar with ball gag.

EVAN
Seriously, how do you go camping without a first aid kit? It's like the first thing you pack. Wanna go camping? Sure, let me grab a first aid kit. Pretty basic stuff.

DEREK
Who are you talking to right now?

EVAN
The audience. Someone has to keep them entertained.

DEREK
What audience?

Evan motions to a nonexistent crowd.

DEREK
This isn't a fucking show. I can't even with your bullshit right now. We have enough problems already.

SAM
Add one more to that list.

Sam stares ahead at a giant field of Pygmy Pines; a small twisted plant that stands just a few feet tall.

EVAN
Whoa, what's with these Christmas trees?

DEREK
Shit. They're called Pygmy Pines. They are the result of paper mill industry, bad soil and recurring brush fires. It's the only place in the world they grow.

SAM
How the hell do you know that?

DEREK
I told you, I did my research.

SAM
We have to go around. We'd be too exposed out there.

EVAN
Hey guys.

Evan is twenty feet into the Pygmy Pine patch.

EVAN (CONT'D)
Look what I took from the car.

He lifts up the flare gun.

EVAN (CONT'D)
Who wants to play flare gun roulette? I'll go first.

He holds it to his head.

DEREK
No don't!

Evan starts laughing. Points the gun away.

EVAN
You actually thought I was gonna do it. I'm not an idiot.

And with that, he fires. Opposite direction of pygmies. It gets stuck in the top branches of a tree above Sam and Derek.

EVAN (CONT'D)
Oops. Probably should have fired it the other way, huh.

DEREK
What the hell is wrong with you?

EVAN
What? I'm calling for help.

DEREK
We are in the Pine Barrens. Do you know what barren even means?

EVAN
We can't have babies?

DEREK
I'm gonna kill him.

SAM
We're on our own, Evan. The only
people that could see that are the
ones we're running from.

EVAN
Then I guess it's good it got stuck
in the tree.

EXT. LEEDS FAMILY HOME - NIGHT

Scratch and Tails are nearly finished disconnecting the Jeep Wrangler from their truck's tow. They look in the far distance at a tree, illuminated by the flare.

INT. CELLAR - NIGHTDAY

Watcher, mesmerized by his TV, doesn't notice Lisa wake up. A mess of knotted ropes bind her hand and waist to a large metal shelving unit. She struggles to free herself but it's too tight.

She looks around the room for anything that could help. First she sees the cage and a small pool of blood where her arm once rested.

Then she notices Vicky nearby. Despite a huge hole, it almost looks like she's smiling.

Lisa can't help but let out a shriek.

Watcher turns to Lisa, her eyes still fixated on Vicky. He heads to his ratty old VHS collection. Goes through the pile until he finds 'A Christmas Story.'

He rushes to Lisa, excitedly pointing to the tape. She seems confused.

Watcher pulls out a large meat cleaver. In one chop, he cuts off Vicky's head. Picks it up and smiles. Lisa is horrified.

Watcher, upset he didn't cheer her up, slams the meat cleaver on the shelf above her. Goes back to his seat. Plops Vicky's head down next to him and tosses the VHS into his collection.

Lisa looks up at the cleaver. She tries for it. Out of reach. She attempts to shake the whole unit but it doesn't budge.

EXT. YOU GUESSED IT, MORE WOODS - NIGHT

The gang continues their trek. Evan's singing a POPULAR CHRISTMAS SONG.

DEREK

Evan, it's fucking January 16th.

EVAN

Yeah, so?

The faint sound of the actual song is heard in the distance.

SAM

Wait, do you hear what I hear?

EVAN

That's the wrong Christmas lyric.

They push on, emerging from the woods to lay their eyes upon the most glorious cabin ever seen.

Two stories. Decked out in Christmas lights. Music blasting from an open window. Through it, we see what looks like a holiday party.

EVAN

Still think it's January 16th?

DEREK

It is.

Evan shakes his head in disapproval. Rushes towards the front door. They follow.

KNOCK! KNOCK!

It opens.

JENNA. Mid 20s. Classic girl next door beauty with a bubbly naiveté to match. Wearing a sexy Mrs. Claus outfit.

JENNA

What took you so long Ron-
um, hi.

SAM

Hi, we need your help.

EVAN

Please.

(to Sam)

Don't be rude, Sam.

INT. BACKROOM - NIGHT

Faux rustic charm. Traditional stuffed deer head on wall. Decorative double barrel shotgun mounted nearby. The party can still be heard from other side of cabin.

Putting a battery in his video camera is PHIL. Mid 20s. A pompous ass in an ugly sweater. Attentive viewers will recognize his voice as Interviewer from the opening credits.

Derek, Evan and Sam walk in with Jenna.

PHIL
Jenna, who are these people?

SAM
We were on our way to a show and-

PHIL
Hold on. You mind if I film this?

JENNA
Sorry, he records everything. He's an aspiring filmmaker.

PHIL
Not aspiring. A filmmaker, I am.

Jenna rolls her eyes.

EVAN
Really? Hi, I'm Evan Morgans.
Improv comedian slash actor.

He grabs his limp left arm, raises it to shake Phil's hand.

PHIL
Oh, I know what's going on here.
You hired actors to scare
everybody. That's brilliant.

JENNA
I didn't hire anybody.

PHIL
Oh sure. Look at that phony makeup.
(points to Evan's arm)
It looks so fake.

EVAN
That's what I said.

DEREK
Don't mind him. We think he hit his
head in the crash.

JENNA

Crash?

SAM

Yeah, we were heading to a show and these psychos ran us off the road.

JENNA

Oh my God.

PHIL

I'm being Punk'd, right? Very funny. Not the most original backstory though.

SAM

No, you're not being Punk'd.

EVAN

Yeah, that show's not even on the air anymore. Plus you're not even famous. If anything, it's like Candid Camera.

DEREK

Evan, shut up.

SAM

Listen we just want to use your phone. That's it.

JENNA

There's no landline and our cells don't work out here.

EVAN

They never do.

JENNA

That actually looks pretty wretch. Did you disinfect it at all?

EVAN

Well I wanted to put some KY on it.

JENNA

My mom's a nurse. I practically grew up in a hospital if you want me to clean it out?

EVAN

I'd love for you to clean me out.

He winks, totally exaggerated.

SAM
I'll supervise.

EVAN
Hey Derek, you want in on this?

He offers a parting glimpse at his wound. Derek turns away.

PHIL
Man you guys are great. Have you
been working together long?

DEREK
Far too long.

EXT. CAMPSITE - NIGHT

Axeman's lifeless body is discovered by Scratch, Tails, Hooves and a fourth Leeds family member.

ARCHER. Female. Lanky. Hirsute. Big eyes. A bow perpetually slung over her shoulder with a bag of jagged homemade arrows at her side.

Archer leans down, caresses Axeman's head in a familiar way, reminiscent of Mike and Amber's final embrace.

Tails lets out a grunt, pulls out his hatchet and begins angrily hacking away at a nearby tree. Scratch places his hand on Tails' shoulder as a comforting gesture.

Hooves stares at his fallen kin, rage building behind his eyes. He stomps over to Axeman's axe, still firmly planted in the tree stump. Almost effortlessly, he yanks it free.

The whole family looks to him, as he grips the axe tightly.

INT. CABIN - DOWNSTAIRS BATHROOM

Sam wipes her face with a damp towel. Evan sits on the toilet, arm resting on the sink. Jenna cleans out his wound while he stares at her chest.

JENNA
I'm so sorry about what happened to
your friends. That's terrible.

Barely paying attention...

EVAN
Yeah, terrible.

JENNA
Hey this isn't Snap, I can see you
staring at my tits.

EVAN
Actually I'm looking at your
cleavage. But if you take off your
top, we'd be in business.

JENNA
I'm gonna assume that's your head
injury talking.

SAM
Not necessarily.

Jenna peels back the flap of skin on Evan's arm. Still moist.

SAM (CONT'D)
Wow, that didn't get any better.

JENNA
I need to remove the dead skin.
It's probably going to hurt.

She cuts across the dead skin. Evan doesn't even wince.

SAM
So how did everyone get here? Where
are all your cars?

JENNA
A party bus dropped everyone off.
Our only car is currently being
used for a beer run but he's been
gone a long time.

EVAN
Probably dead.

SAM
Evan!

EVAN
What?

SAM
Maybe try being a little more
optimistic.

EVAN
Ok. So basically we're stranded in
a cabin full of drunk horny randos.
At least it'll up the body count.

SAM
Just ignore him.

JENNA

Oh, I'm not too worried. There are twenty people in here. Whoever is after you will probably hear all the noise from the party and just stay away.

EVAN

Have you ever even seen a horror movie?

Jenna grabs an open bottle of vodka.

JENNA

This might sting a little.

She pours it on his arm. Doesn't phase him. She lifts a cordless iron. Green light.

She presses the iron to his skin. Sssssssss. Jenna winces more than he does.

Evan sniffs his cauterized arm

EVAN

Oooh, it kinda smells like burnt grilled cheese.

JENNA

We should probably get him upstairs now.

EVAN

Great, now I want grilled cheese.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

Sam waits in front of a bedroom door. She stares at a fairly obvious security camera.

At the other end of the hall, the bathroom door swings open. A beautiful naked college-aged girl exits. CHEERLEADER.

SAM

Wow, that's gratuitous.

CHEERLEADER

Oh sorry, didn't realize anyone was up here.

SAM

That's alright.

Sam looks at the wall decor to avoid eye contact. Cheerleader stands next to her.

CHEERLEADER
This really is a beautiful cabin.

SAM
Yes. Yes, it is.

Pointing to the security camera.

SAM (CONT'D)
Guess you're not too worried
someone's watching?

CHEERLEADER
That's the idea isn't it.
(beat)
Well, it was nice talking with you.

Cheerleader heads back to the bathroom. Sam is confused.

SAM
Um, did you need something?

CHEERLEADER
Oh yeah.

Cheerleader opens the closet, grabs a towel.

CHEERLEADER (CONT'D)
Thanks. I'd forget my head if it
wasn't attached.

SAM
(to herself)
If Evan's right, this would be the
moment we cut to her decapitation.

Music builds as Cheerleader uneventfully closes the door.

SAM (CONT'D)
Huh.

Jenna pops up behind her.

SAM (CONT'D)
Jesus!

JENNNA
Sorry! So I gave Evan some aspirin.
And promised to make him a grilled
cheese.

SAM
Great. Quick question. The
exhibitionist in the bathroom,
friend of yours?

JENNA
I don't really know any of these
people. Phil did all the casting.

SAM
Casting?

JENNA
Yeah. Don't worry about it. You're
safe here. I promise.

EXT. CABIN - NIGHT

The Leeds approach the cabin, armed and ticked off.

INT. BACKROOM - NIGHT

Sam walks in, sees Derek has cleaned up as well.

PHIL
Where's Jenna?

SAM
She's putting everything away.

PHIL
I'll be right back.

As he leaves, Sam notices another large security camera.

SAM
Something really weird's going on.

DEREK
You mean aside from the family of
psychos trying to kill us?

POV SECURITY CAMERA - FRONT OF CABIN

HD Cam positioned right above the door. All is quiet.

POV SECURITY CAMERA - PARTY ROOM

Large room. 15 hard partying guests. Dressed in ugly holiday
sweaters and Santa outfits. Music blasting.

POV SECURITY CAMERA - BACKYARD

Hooves and Archer push a large dumpster against the back
door. They signal Tails to start climbing up the side of the
cabin.

INT. UPSTAIRS BATHROOM - NIGHT

A Christmas-themed cheerleader uniform hangs on the door as Cheerleader showers. Some soap gets in her eyes. She rinses under the stream.

Quietly, the window opens. Tails slowly creeps in.

CHEERLEADER
Hello? Is someone in here?

No response.

CHEERLEADER (CONT'D)
Is it the Hallway Hottie? Looking
for a little bathroom bam-bam?

Heavy breathing.

CHEERLEADER (CONT'D)
Ok, whoever it is, if you're gonna
be a dick, at least get me a towel.

A towel is tossed across the top of the shower.

CHEERLEADER (CONT'D)
Thank you.

She wipes her face, notices dirt stains on the towel.

CHEERLEADER (CONT'D)
Ewww, very funny asshole.

Cheerleader pulls away the curtain to reveal Tails. Hatchet raised. Cheerleader screams.

POV SECURITY CAMERA - UPSTAIRS BATHROOM

Lens fogs up as Tails hacks away.

INT. FRONT ROOM - NIGHT

Phil sees Jenna near the front room, still holding the iron.

PHIL
There you are, I think we should
introduce them to our guests now.

JENNA
We don't want to cause a panic.

PHIL
That's exactly what we want.

JENNA
Unbelievable. You're still worried
about some stupid film.

PHIL
Don't tell me you actually believe
those assclowns. It's fake news.

JENNA
Why would they make this up?

PHIL
I don't know. Maybe they are
auditioning for my next project. I
hear people do that shit to
Scorcese all the time.

JENNA
God. You are delusional.

She storms off. Phil just stands there.

PHIL
Oh, come on. Babe!

LOUD KNOCKING at the front door.

Phil goes to answer it but a random partygoer gets there
first. Opens the door.

VICTIM #1
What took you so long beerman?

Before finishing the question, Hooves grabs his head and
pulls it forward. Slams the door shut, crushing his skull.

Hooves pushes him back into the house, kicks the door open.
He enters, carrying Axeman's weapon of choice.

PHIL
Holy shit!

Phil makes a run for it, as Scratch slowly moves towards the
party. Music still blasting. No one notices him.

Hooves pushes over a nearby Christmas tree to block the exit.
Then follows Phil.

INT. BACKROOM

Phil bursts in. Locks the door. Stands there, terrified.

SAM
Where's Jenna?

INT. PARTY ROOM - NIGHT

Dancing. Drinking. Smoking. All the guests are having a great time as Jenna places the iron back in the closet.

Across the room, VICTIM #2 takes a bong hit. Passes it along.

VICTIM #2
Hands down. Greatest superhero of
all time is Iron Man.

Top of a plastic Santa decoration bursts through his chest. He looks down at it. Glowing light where his heart should be.

VICTIM #2 (CONT'D)
Cool.

#2 falls to the ground, revealing Scratch. He pulls out two machetes. Another STONER screams. People finally take notice.

INT. BACKROOM

Phil's back is against the door as Hooves BANGS on it.

PHIL
Oh God. Oh God. Oh God. I'm sorry I
didn't believe you.

SAM
It doesn't matter now. Is there
anywhere we can hide?

PHIL
I don't know.

SAM
Come on, think.

PHIL
The Command Center?

DEREK
The what?

Phil knocks away a chair and lifts up the area rug. Underneath is a hatch, revealing stairs to a dark basement.

PHIL
Down here.

Derek heads down, Sam follows but stops as Phil hangs back. Hooves pounds on the door again. It starts cracking.

PHIL (CONT'D)
 There's only one door in this room.
 He'll realize something is up.

SAM
 You're giving them way too much
 credit.

PHIL
 If I open the window, he'll think
 we escaped.

DEREK
 Just get your ass down here.

PHIL
 It will only take a second.

He begins sliding the window up. It's heavy but he manages.
 Another CRACK! Hooves is almost through the door.

SAM
 Hurry up!

Phil lifts it all the way. Then just stands there.

SAM (CONT'D)
 Come on!

Phil doesn't move.

DEREK
 What the hell is taking so long?

Slowly, Phil turns. An arrow in his left eye.

SAM
 Oh my God! Derek stay down there.

DEREK
 Why?
 (beat)
 Oh.

Phil falls to his knees. His arms still hang out the window.
 He looks at Sam. Barely manages to say...

PHIL
 Tell Jenna I'm sorry.

The window slams down, severing both arms at the elbow. He
 falls back as a red mist sprays out.

Sam ducks down, lowers the hatch shut. The rug folds back,
 covering their escape.

Suddenly, the door bursts open. Body of VICTIM #3 is thrown into the room. Already dead. He was used as a battering ram. Hooves steps in, slowly approaches Phil's body.

INT. COMMAND CENTER - NIGHT

Poorly lit but spacious. From above, thunderous STOMPING as Hooves trudges across the room. Sam mouths "Don't Move" to Derek. He nods, as something drips on his shoulder. Blood red. Another drip.

INT. BACKROOM - NIGHT

Phil's blood is pooling around the hatch door, leaking into the command center.

INT. COMMAND CENTER - NIGHT

And another drip. Just as Derek is about to freak out, Sam forces her hand over his mouth.

INT. BACKROOM - NIGHT

Hooves looks out the window, sees Archer in the distance. Bow drawn. He whistles to her. She whistles back, then turns.

EXT. CABIN - NIGHT

At the side of the house, VICTIM #4 tries running away. Archer pulls out another homemade arrow. Sets up.

#4 is almost in the clear. Inches from safety, an arrow rips through his chest.

INT. COMMAND CENTER - NIGHT

HEAVY FOOTSTEPS above as Hooves leaves the backroom. Sam removes her hand from Derek's mouth.

DEREK
I swallowed it.

SAM
Good boy.

They begin investigating the basement, notice a desk with huge monitors. Each displaying footage from several different security cameras above.

DEREK
What is this place?

SAM
I told you something weird was
going on.

Pointing to the monitors...

DEREK
Is that Evan?

POV SECURITY CAMERA - FIRST BEDROOM

Evan is asleep on the bed. Not moving. Bloody clothes. Easy to mistake for dead. Bedroom door slowly opens, Tails enters.

INT. FIRST BEDROOM - NIGHT

Tails approaches the bed, hatchet raised. Evan doesn't move. From next door, a loud MOAN. Tails backs away and heads for the other room instead.

INT. COMMAND CENTER - NIGHT

A sigh of relief.

SAM
Thank God.

INT. SECOND BEDROOM - NIGHT

SLUT. 20s. Slutty. She is bent over the bed. MANWHORE stands behind her. Pants around his ankles. Wearing a Santa hat. They are both too occupied to notice the door creep open.

Tails pops up next to them. Buries a hatchet into Manwhore's neck. Yanks it out. Blood squirts onto Slut's upper back.

SLUT
Ugh, you got it in my hair ya
asshole.

Manwhore's body falls to the right of Slut. Face down. She sees the back of his head.

SLUT (CONT'D)
That's it? You've gotta be kiddin'.
I cheated on my boyfriend for that?

She wipes her hair and looks at her hand.

SLUT (CONT'D)

W.T.F?

She lifts Manwhore's head and sees the slit throat. Screams as Tails nails her with the hatchet blade across her mouth.

POV SECURITY CAMERA - SECOND BEDROOM

Tails stands there, appreciating his handiwork.

INT. COMMAND CENTER - NIGHT

Derek gags, as if he is going to throw up again.

SAM

Well. At least Evan's safe.

INT. PARTY ROOM - NIGHT

Scratch is in the back of the room. He pushes a large speaker system off of the counter. It crashes down on Victim #5. The blaring CHRISTMAS MUSIC finally stops.

Scratch looks around the room. A mess of booze, blood, and body parts. No movement. He exits.

From behind the couch, VICTIM #6 pops up and makes a run for the front door.

He stops when he sees VICTIM #7 already trying to climb over the Christmas tree. An arrow catches #7 in the mouth.

#6 turns to run the other way. Knocks over a lamp.

FOOTSTEPS coming back towards the room. He runs into a nearby closet. Quietly closes the door.

INT. CLOSET - NIGHT

Victim #6 tries to catch his breath. He turns to see Jenna crouched down in the corner. She looks up at him. Puts her finger to her lips. #6 nods.

Suddenly, a long machete rips through the door. Pierces his chest. Jenna covers her mouth.

The machete is yanked out and the door creaks open. An ironing board attached to the door folds down.

#6's body collapses onto it, hangs there. The cordless iron falls off its holster. Hits the floor. Turns on. Red light.

Outside the closet, we hear someone trying to run away. Scratch catches her and we hear the struggle.

INT. COMMAND CENTER - NIGHT

Derek is hunched over, taking short breathes. Sam is fixated on the monitors.

INT. CLOSET - NIGHT

Jenna looks again at the iron. Red light.

SOMETHING SHATTERS. BONES CRACK. BLOOD SPLATTERS. A FINAL SCREAM. Then silence.

Red light.

FOOTSTEPS approach the closet. They stop right outside. #6's body gets yanked away.

Still a red light.

The door creaks all the way open. Scratch looks in.

Green light.

Jenna grabs the iron, shoves it into Scratch's face.

He stumbles back but she is relentless. She keeps it on him. His skin melts. It starts smoking.

Finally she lets go, runs away.

INT. COMMAND CENTER - NIGHT

Sam cheers at the screen.

SAM

Yeah!

Derek looks over, eyes half covered.

DEREK

What happened?

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Jenna bursts in. Is surprised to find three oblivious idiots:

Victim #8 watching his popcorn in the microwave. Victim #9 blending herself a drink. Victim #10 slicing a fruitcake.

VICTIM #10
Who shut off the music?

JENNA
They're all dead.

VICTIM #9
Yeah, ok.

INT. PARTY ROOM - NIGHT

Scratch struggles to remove the iron from his face. Hooves steps in and Scratch points to the back room.

INT. COMMAND CENTER - NIGHT

Derek and Sam, impatient at the monitors.

SAM
Come on, get out of there!

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Jenna struggles to open the back door. The others just watch as she bangs and kicks it.

Giving up, she dives under the table to hide.

VICTIM #8
Man, what's her problem?

Hooves bursts through the door. With one hand, grabs #8 by his shirt and heaves him headfirst into the microwave.

VICTIM #9
Holy fuck nuggets.

Hooves slams #9 face first into the blender. Bloody eggnog splashes everywhere.

VICTIM #10
Hey, get off Loser.

#10 tries to pull him away. Hooves smacks him back against the wall with the blunt end of the axe.

He lets go of #9. Picks up a large knife from the counter. Hooves takes a stab. #10 puts his hand up to block.

The knife catches his palm, pinning his hand to his forehead. #10's index and thumb stick out, forming the shape of an L. An added shove nails him to the wall.

Jenna struggles to keep quiet under the table. She sees a pool of blood form around Hooves deformed feet.

Hooves starts walking away.

INT. COMMAND CENTER - NIGHT

Sam's glued to the monitors.

SAM
Just walk away. Just walk away.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

With each footstep, Jenna cringes. STEP. STEP. Stop.

POV SECURITY CAMERA - KITCHEN

Hooves turns around. Looks down at the table. Underneath, Jenna is hysterical, hands tight over her mouth.

INT. COMMAND CENTER - NIGHT

Still transfixed to the screen.

SAM
What's he doing?

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Hooves stares down at the table just a little longer. Then plants the axe in the tabletop, leaves.

Jenna is relieved. Barely safe, with the tip of the axe blade just inches from her face.

INT. COMMAND CENTER - NIGHT

Another sigh of relief.

SAM
She made it. You can look now.

Blood splatters across one of the other display screens.

SAM (CONT'D)
Or maybe don't.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

After a moment of calm, Jenna steps out from under the table. Surveys the mini-bloodbath she just survived.

BEEP! Popcorn is done. #8's body falls to the floor. Head extra crispy.

Somehow Jenna manages to keep it together.

INT. COMMAND CENTER - NIGHT

Derek walks over with his hands over his eyes.

DEREK
Anyone else left?

Sam shakes her head. Derek takes a breath, then looks at the monitors.

Absolute carnage.

DEREK
Oh God.

Derek looks away quickly, accidentally bumps the keyboard. The view of the kitchen on the monitor shifts.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Jenna catches a glimpse of the security camera. Stares at it.

INT. COMMAND CENTER - NIGHT

Off the monitors.

SAM
What'd you hit?

DEREK
Nothing, I just bumped this.

Sam reaches for the keyboard toggle.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Jenna sees the camera shift back into place. She seems hopeful, turns to the cutting board on the counter. Next to it, a puddle of blood.

She dips her index finger in the blood and begins writing a message. Flips it and continues.

INT. COMMAND CENTER - NIGHT

Derek is, of course, grossed out.

DEREK
That's disgusting.

SAM
It's smart. She's making us a sign.

DEREK
What, there's no pen and paper in the kitchen?

POV SECURITY CAMERA - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Jenna approaches the camera, lifts her sign.

"Anybody there?"

Camera moves up and down, nodding.

Jenna smiles, somewhat relieved. She turns over the board, points at the camera.

"Safe?"

The camera again nods.

She points towards the front of the cabin, extends the sign again.

It moves left to right.

INT. COMMAND CENTER - NIGHT

On the monitor, all hope drains from Jenna's face.

SAM
There has to be somewhere to go.

Derek hesitantly scans the monitors.

DEREK

The backyard. If she can get outside, there's no one back there.

Sam moves the toggle to the right.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Security camera moves right. Jenna turns to the window, holds up her sign. Camera nods.

Jenna leaves the sign at the table. She draws the curtain aside, pushes up on the window. It lets out a harsh squeak.

INT. PARTY ROOM - NIGHT

Scratch's ear twitches. He turns, slowly.

INT. COMMAND CENTER - NIGHT

Derek grabs Sam's arm. Points. On the monitors, Scratch hobbles towards the back of the cabin.

DEREK (CONT'D)

You have to warn her.

Sam flicks the toggle left and right.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Jenna is not quite out the window yet.

CLOSE on security camera moving back and forth furiously.

It continues a few more times before stopping as soon as the kitchen door swings open. Scratch steps in.

Nothing seems out of place. But the cutting board is still sitting on the table.

EXT. BACK OF CABIN - NIGHT

Jenna's hands are on the ledge, keeping the window from slamming shut. She's clearly in pain but silence is golden.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Scratch approaches the table. We hear a car HONKING in the distance. Scratch pauses. Turns and exits the kitchen.

EXT. BACK OF CABIN - NIGHT

Inside, the kitchen door SLAMS SHUT. Jenna pulls her hands away and the window closes with force. She lets out her silenced frustration.

Several more HONKS. Jenna's eyes widen.

JENNA

Ron!

POV SECURITY CAMERA - FRONT OF CABIN - NIGHT

A gray sedan pulls up to the cabin.

INT. COMMAND CENTER - NIGHT

Derek points to the camera footage.

DEREK

Who the hell is that?

EXT. CABIN - NIGHT

Jenna carefully sneaks along the side of the cabin. She tries signaling to Ron as the car comes to a stop.

RON honks the horn several more times, completely oblivious. He steps out out, dressed as Santa with two cases of beer.

RON

Ho, ho, ho. Santa Coors is here

He trips over something. Looks down. VICTIM #11.

RON (CONT'D)

What the-- Oh shit!

He drops the beer. Looks to the cabin. Hooves pushes aside the tree at the front door. Archer runs around from the other side of the house.

RON (CONT'D)

Forget this.

He darts towards the woods as Archer pulls out her bow.

She aims... Fires.

The arrow heads straight for Ron. Just before impact, he breaks to the right and disappears into the woods.

Archer's eye twitches. She clenches her fist, lets out an audible grunt.

Jenna exhales deeply, puts her head against the cabin.

Archer looks to the side of the cabin where Jenna was just standing. No one's there.

EXT. BACK OF CABIN - NIGHT

Jenna rushes to the cellar door, fumbles with the keys. She nervously checks if she was followed. Unlocks it.

INT. COMMAND CENTER - NIGHT

Jenna closes the double doors, comes down the steps. Derek and Sam are waiting. Anxious relief turns to worry.

JENNA

Is it just the two of you?

Tears stream down Jenna's face but she doesn't break down.

JENNA (CONT'D)

I had this feeling, in my gut, that he wasn't down here.

SAM

Phil wanted me to tell you that he was sorry.

Jenna nods, accepting.

JENNA

We got into a fight, just before... He didn't believe you. He wanted to use you to scare everyone.

SAM

Why would he want to scare everyone?

JENNA

For his movie.

SAM

What movie?

JENNA

A documentary about some dumb legend.

DEREK

The Jersey Devil?

Jenna nods.

SAM
Son of a bitch.

JENNA
Those "drunk horny randos" all answered an ad online for a free party to anyone willing to be on camera. We showed them interviews and rigged the house with lights and sound effects. He wanted to make a real horror movie. I guess he got his wish.

DEREK
But I'm confused, why Christmas?

JENNA
Oh, that was just a cheap marketing gimmick.

INT. CELLAR - NIGHT

Lisa's still tied up. All hope abandoned. Watcher sits, glued to his TV. Its screen fills with white noise. He investigates the VCR, pulls out an unspooled tape.

He pounds the VCR. Picks it up and bangs it on the table. Kicks a nearby pile of junk. Then focuses on Lisa.

Enraged, he picks up a knife and starts pacing. He glances at her, as if deciding what to do.

Lisa shakes her head no, as he grips his knife tighter.

LISA
(desperate)
My name is Lisa Stephenson and I'm gonna do some jokes for you.

Watcher stops, intrigued.

LISA (CONT'D)
It's hard to be taken seriously as a solo female comic. There are certain expectations everyone has. For instance, everyone expects you to talk about-
(in a funny voice)
Your vagina.

Watcher smiles.

LISA (CONT'D)
 (Sarah Silverman
 impersonation)
 My vagina is so big. And smelly.
 Sometimes, it's like a little
 asshole.
 (back to normal voice)
 Honestly, I don't even really like
 thinking about my vagina. I do this
 joke so I could talk about "vaginas"
 without having to actually analyze
 mine. Plus it fills my vagina quota
 early so I can move on.
 (back to Silverman)
 Ha, you said fill your vagina.

Watcher is hooked.

LISA (CONT'D)
 You have no idea what I'm saying
 do you? You just like hearing me...
 (Silverman)
 Say vagina.

Watcher smiles, half claps.

LISA (CONT'D)
 Great, I finally found my perfect
 audience.

POV SECURITY CAMERA - FRONT OF CABIN - NIGHT

Hooves and Tails drive away, towing Jenna's gray sedan.
 Archer remains.

INT. COMMAND CENTER - NIGHT

Jenna and Sam watch the monitors.

JENNA
 Why are they leaving her behind?

SAM
 I think they left her to clean up.

JENNA
 That's fucked up.

SAM
 Yeah, and a little sexist. But it
 buys us some time.

DEREK
 To do what? Sneak out the back?

SAM

I'm starting to think Evan was right. We are in a fucking horror movie. Literally.

She points to the monitors.

DEREK

So what are you saying?

SAM

We can run away and maybe one of us will make it. Or we can team up now and we can all be the final girl.

DEREK

I'm not really comfortable with that term.

SAM

Think about it. We have no idea where we are. We go out in those woods, their woods, and we're as good as dead. No, I say we take this bitch out. And when the rest get back, it's Silent Night.

DEREK

And how do you propose we do that?

SAM

We rig the cabin and finish Phil's movie.

JENNA

I'm in!

DEREK

Do you realize how insane this sounds?

SAM

Exactly. This whole situation is insane. If we want to survive, we need to start embracing it.

JENNA

We do have eyes in every room in the house. One of us can stay down here and guide the others.

DEREK

And what about weapons?

SAM

There's always tools in the shed.

DEREK
Listen to yourself.

SAM
Come on. You killed one of them
with a rock. She nearly took one
out with an iron. We can do this.

DEREK
And how do you expect to deal with
Katniss up there first?

Jenna points to the screen of the room directly above them.

JENNA
That shotgun works. We found ammo
in the next room.

Sam turns to Derek.

SAM
What do you say?

DEREK
You know this isn't really a movie
right? There isn't some shitty
script to follow that says
everything's going to be ok.

SAM
Good thing we like to improvise.

INT. CELLAR - NIGHT

Watcher is captivated by Lisa's performance. He's turned his
chair to face her and even put down his knife.

LISA
I hate getting my nails done. Not
because of the passive aggressive
upselling, I just really don't like
breathing in all those chemicals
while they're wearing full hazmat
suits. I keep expecting Walt and
Jessie to walk out from the back.
Plus I can't understand a damn word
they're saying. Not a racist joke,
by the way. It's because with the
masks on they all sound like Darth
Vader.

She covers her mouth to muffle her voice.

LISA (CONT'D)
I find your lack of cuticle
maintenance disturbing.

Watcher claps wildly at this subpar routine.

LISA (CONT'D)
God, I need a new act.

INT. BACKROOM - NIGHT

Sam grabs the shotgun off the wall, meets Derek by the door.
He's holding a closed camera tripod like a bat.

Derek places the tripod down against the wall. Attaches the
stuffed Bunny to his belt by its ears.

SAM
What are you doing?

DEREK
For luck. You know, like a rabbit's
foot.

SAM
Sure. Why not?

POV SECURITY CAMERA - FRONT ROOM

Archer lugs a body out the front door.

JENNA (V.O.)
Go now!

INT. FRONT ROOM - NIGHT

Derek runs across the room to a small cabinet. He rifles
through the drawers.

JENNA (V.O.)
Hurry up!

He finds a small box of ammo.

JENNA (V.O.)
She's coming back. Hide!

Derek ducks behind an end table. A dead body in front of him.

Archer approaches, stops with Derek just out of view. She
grabs the corpse's leg, pulls.

Derek watches as the body rips in half at the waist. He gags but covers his mouth.

Archer shrugs it off, drags just the lower half out the door.

JENNA (V.O.)

Now!

INT. BACKROOM - NIGHT

Derek hops over the remaining torso and runs into the room. Immediately hides with his back against the wall.

SAM

That was gross.

Derek shoots her a sarcastic look. They open the box.

DEREK (CONT'D)

There's only two shells.

SAM

One more than we need.

DEREK

Who are you right now?

He hands them to Sam, picks up his tripod bat.

JENNA (V.O.)

She's coming back in.

Sam loads the gun as quietly as possible. They are both very still against their respective walls.

Archer enters, walks straight to the body of Victim #3. Bends down to grab him.

Sam steps out. Points the gun directly at Archer's head.

SAM

Sorry, there's no more room at the inn!

CLICK. Nothing.

CLICK. CLICK. Still nothing.

SAM (CONT'D)

Oh shit.

Archer smacks the gun away. Derek swings the tripod. It connects with little impact.

She pushes him against the wall. Pulls out an arrow. Points it at his head. Derek struggles to push her arm away.

Sam inspects the gun. Turns the safety off.

The arrow hovers inches from Derek's eye.

BANG!

Archer's head explodes. Blood sprays across Derek's face. He stands stunned for a moment, before wiping away the viscera.

SAM (CONT'D)
Wow, you didn't even gag.

DEREK
At this point, I may be over that.

SAM
You still got a little red on ya.

After wiping away the remaining gore.

DEREK
Maybe next time wait until after
the kill before spouting a weirdly
religious one-liner.

SAM
Well it is Christmas.

DEREK
No, it's fucking January 16th.

SAM
It did feel a little forced.

The hatch swings open, crashes on the floor. It scares them. Sam quickly points the gun. Jenna pops her head up.

JENNA
That was lit!

INT. CELLAR - NIGHT

Lisa is actually getting into her act. She smiles, Watcher is enthralled. He laughs hysterically at an unheard joke.

Outside, the tow truck pulls up.

Watcher rushes to the cellar door. Lisa seems worried.

INT. FIRST BEDROOM - NIGHT

Evan is still asleep. Sam leans over, shakes him awake.

SAM
How are you still sleeping?

Evan opens his eyes. Smiles, pleasantly surprised.

EVAN
Is this finally happening? Well ok.

Evan licks his lips, leans up to kiss her. She pushes him.

SAM
No, we need your help liver lips.

Sam sees the vibrator on the dresser next to the flare gun.

SAM (CONT'D)
Did you take that from the
campsite?

EVAN
I felt like we really needed it.

SAM
I can't believe I'm putting my life
in your hands.

EVAN
I know, crazy right? What's up?

SAM
The Leeds followed us here and
killed almost everyone.

EVAN
Derek?

SAM
He's fine.

EVAN
Jenna?

SAM
Also fine. But they killed Phil
and...

Evan puts his hand up to stop her.

EVAN
I don't really care about the
extras. What's the plan?

SAM
We're booby-trapping the cabin.

EVAN
Like in Home Alone?

An idea hits her.

SAM
Actually yes, exactly like Home Alone.

INT. CELLAR - NIGHT

Scratch shoves Watcher back, slams the cellar door in his face. Rejected again. Watcher storms down the rest of the stairs. Sits down, rocking back and forth.

LISA
Hey. They left without you, huh?

He looks at her, not quite understanding. She acts it out, as best she can. She points to the door.

LISA (CONT'D)
They.

Flicks her wrist.

LISA (CONT'D)
Left.

Points to Watcher.

LISA (CONT'D)
You.

She points to the cellar door again.

LISA (CONT'D)
They.

Shakes her head.

LISA (CONT'D)
Hate.

Points to him.

LISA (CONT'D)
You.

He looks angry.

LISA (CONT'D)
Yeah. You understand.

She points to herself.

LISA (CONT'D)
I.

Nods her head.

LISA (CONT'D)
Like.

Points to him

LISA (CONT'D)
You.

She smiles. So does he.

LISA (CONT'D)
(slowly)
Let's. Watch. A Christmas Story.

Points to TV.

LISA (CONT'D)
Christmas Story. Oh FUUUUUUDGE!

He picks up the VHS. She nods. Then bites at her ropes.

LISA (CONT'D)
Untie me.

She points to him. Bites rope again. Points to the couch.

LISA (CONT'D)
I can watch with you.

He takes out his knife. She nods, bites the rope again. He crouches next to her and frees her wrist.

She smiles. He smiles right back. He goes to cut the rope around her waist.

Lisa reaches up, grabs the meat cleaver and hacks it deep into his neck. The look of betrayal crosses his face.

She pulls out the cleaver. He stumbles back. She sweeps his knee, knocking him to the ground.

She raises her leg and brings her heel down onto his wound. She kicks again. And again. And again. He finally stops moving.

LISA (CONT'D)
 And they turned me down for Miracle
 Worker. No dramatic range my ass.

She starts cutting the rest of the ropes.

INT. CABIN - STAIRS - NIGHT

Sam ties off some rope to a banister. Derek sits nearby.

DEREK
 Is this really going to work?

SAM
 It has to.

Derek looks at Bunny, still on his belt. He tears up.

SAM (CONT'D)
 I'm sure she knew how you felt. We
 all did.

DEREK
 I just wish I would've told her,
 you know. I had so many chances and
 now... God. All this because of
 some shitty gig.

SAM
 Hey, there are no shitty gigs.

DEREK
 Only shitty comedians.

SAM
 This isn't your fault. No one
 blames you.

EXT. LEEDS FAMILY HOME - NIGHT

Lisa has escaped the cellar. She crawls underneath a large
 window. Curtains drawn, movement inside.

LISA
 Let's go out to Jersey, we'll put
 on a show, have a few laughs.
 Fucking Derek.
 (introspective beat)
 I hope he's ok.

Ron's sedan is parked in front of the house. Lisa cautiously
 tries the door. It opens.

INT. GRAY SEDAN - NIGHT

Keys still in ignition. Lisa prays to herself.

LISA

Please start. Please start. Please--

It starts. And Lisa is off with a smile...

INT. COMMAND CENTER - NIGHT

Evan sits at the monitors. Headset on. Ready to go. Eating a grilled cheese sandwich.

EVAN

These cameras are quality. This is what they should put in convenience stores so you actually see who's robbing the place when they show that shit on the news.

DEREK (V.O.)

Evan, focus. Remember, this is the final act. This is when we get the bastards. No goofing off and no stupid characters, ok? We need you.

EVAN

What about one-liners?

DEREK (V.O.)

Yeah, ok. Fine.

He turns his attention to the monitor; tow truck pulling in. It's dragging Peeping Tom's old pickup.

EVAN

Alright everyone, gird your loins.

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

Jenna looks at Derek, half recognizing the reference.

JENNA

Is that from Devil Wears Prada?

DEREK

Yeah, it is.

EVAN (V.O.)

That was for Vicky.

Derek nods, clenches his fist.

EXT. CABIN - NIGHT

Truck doors open. Hooves, Tails and Scratch step out. Hooves whistles and they begin loading bodies into the pickup.

After a few moments, Hooves stops and looks around. He motions to Tails and Scratch. They approach the front door.

BAM. A shotgun blast sends Scratch flying back.

Tails looks at him, genuinely shocked. Hooves stops loading the pickup.

INT. STAIRS - NIGHT

Sam races upstairs. Jenna's at the top holding a large paint can, connected to rope tied to a railing above.

Tails appears at the bottom steps.

Sam hits the top stair, ducks. Jenna tosses the paint can. It swings and hits Tails but doesn't do much damage.

Tails grabs the can, cuts the string and smirks as it rolls down the stairs.

Sam plugs an orange extension chord into a wall outlet.

A BUZZING is heard.

Derek appears at the top of the stairs holding a spinning circular saw. Safety guard removed. He flings it down.

Tails looks up. Zzzzzzzz. It hits his face, slices through.

Derek pulls down on the extension chord. The saw rises up to the bar. It dangles for a moment.

Tails tilts his head up.

It drops, landing on his neck. The blade cuts halfway through before his head snaps back.

DEREK
Merry Christmas, ya filthy animal.

INT. COMMAND CENTER - NIGHT

At the monitors...

EVAN
Derek, it's January 16th.

INT. STAIRS - NIGHT

Derek rolls his eyes as POWERFUL FOOTSTEPS are heard below.

Hooves stomps in as Tails' lifeless body collapses. He looks up as Derek, Sam and Jenna disappear down the hall.

Hooves grabs the hatchet from Tails' hand, makes his way up the stairs. He smacks the buzzsaw into the wall, breaking it.

INT. COMMAND CENTER - NIGHT

Evan pulls out a control board attached to the computer. There are several buttons, each labelled. Lights. Music. Effects, etc.

EVAN

Yippee ki-yay, Mother Leeds.

Evan hits a button.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

The lights go dark. Hooves pauses, looks around. The bedroom doors begin opening and closing rapidly. Hooves spins around, disorientated.

All the doors slam shut in unison. A strobe light flashes on.

EERIE MUSIC and SOUND EFFECTS begin playing from speakers strategically placed around the hall.

CHAINS RATTLING. LOUD GUSTS OF WIND. FOOTSTEPS ON THE ROOF. A CHAINSAW TURNING ON.

Suddenly, the bedroom door bursts open. Derek steps out with a chainsaw, shoves it into Hooves' side.

Another door swings open. It's Jenna with Axeman's axe. She plants it in his neck.

POV SECURITY CAMERA - SECOND BEDROOM

Sam stands by the door clutching a fire poker.

EVAN (V.O.)

Now Sam!

Just as she is about to rush out, Scratch pops up behind her.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

Each flash of the strobe reveals more violence. One flash shows Bunny getting sprayed with blood. Another shows Derek's eyes wide open. He may be enjoying this a bit too much now.

INT. COMMAND CENTER - NIGHT

Evan is focused on the footage of the hall.

EVAN

Sam, I said you're good to go.

He looks to the other screen.

POV SECURITY CAMERA - SECOND BEDROOM

Scratch struggles with Sam. Holding her from behind, one hand over her mouth.

INT. COMMAND CENTER - NIGHT

Evan screams into his headset.

EVAN

Houston, we have a problem! Hello?

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

Hooves is barely recognizable but Derek and Jenna still hack away. All this mayhem drowns out Evan's voice.

INT. COMMAND CENTER - NIGHT

Evan pushes the "lights" button but they don't turn on. He tries it again and again.

EVAN

It's on me now!

He rips off his headset, limps towards the hatch.

INT. FIRST BEDROOM - NIGHT

Scratch digs his nails into Sam's shoulder. She kicks off the bed, launching them both into the wall.

His grip loosened, she reaches for the flare gun.

INT. STAIRS - NIGHT

Evan at the bottom of the stairs.

EVAN

I'm coming! I'm coming! Don't die!

INT. FIRST BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sam's hand grabs at the air, the flare gun just out of reach. Her hand inches closer but Scratch tightens his grip.

Sam looks to the left of the flare gun, sees the vibrator.

She grabs it, flicks it on and shoves it into Scratch's missing eye. He finally lets her go.

Blood sprays from his socket as the vibrator violently shakes. He lumbers about.

Sam thrusts her palm into the base of the vibrator. Blood and brain matter pop out the back of his head.

Scratch collapse onto the bed.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

Evan tumbles into the hall. Reaches up, turns on the lights.

Derek and Jenna finally stop their beatdown. They see Evan, out of breath.

JENNA

Wait, where's Sam?

Evan points to the bedroom. Derek and Jenna look as the door swings open. A brief pause. Sam steps out, drenched in blood.

EVAN

Oh, thank Pixar.

DEREK

What happened in there?

SAM

I fucked his brains out.

They look in the room. Scratch's body lying on the bed. Vibrator still buzzing.

DEREK

Now that's how you pull off a one-liner.

Derek hugs Sam.

EVAN
Told ya we needed it!

Evan and Jenna get in on the action too. They are all smiles.

DEREK
It's all over.

I/E. GRAY SEDAN - MAIN DIRT ROAD - NIGHT

Lisa, also smiling, speeds down the familiar dirt road.

LISA
It's all over.

Suddenly, Ron springs from the woods.

LISA (CONT'D)
Santa?

She steps on the brakes but it's too late. He splatters against the windshield.

Lisa loses control. The Sedan veers to the right, ends up in a ditch.

Lisa is frazzled but OK. She shifts the car into reverse. Steps on the gas.

Front right tire just spins. No traction.

Lisa erupts in tears.

LISA (CONT'D)
Goddammit!

She angrily bangs her fist against the side panel.

LISA (CONT'D)
Why? Why? What the fuck did I do?

She punches the side panel a few more times before giving up. She grips the wheel. Leans her head against it. Cries.

The gray sedan rests idle off the side of the seemingly endless dirt road. She's all alone.

Until headlights appear in the distance.

Lisa takes her head off the wheel. She looks into the rearview mirror.

LISA (CONT'D)
No. No. No. No. No.

Hysterical, she tries to get out. Pulls the handle. Nothing. She tries again and again. It won't open.

She manually lifts the lock. Tries the handle again. Success. It swings open and she stumbles out.

Lisa looks back at the rusty truck, makes a run for it.

I/E. RUSTY TOW TRUCK - MAIN DIRT ROAD - NIGHT

Derek stares in the distance, Sam and Jenna are oblivious.

SAM
I say we post the video online, go viral and then go to the cops.

JENNA
So am I like in the group now?

Derek stops the truck.

SAM
What's wrong?

Pointing out the windshield.

DEREK
It's Lisa!

SAM
It can't be.

He begins exiting the truck.

JENNA
How'd she get Ron's car?

EXT. MAIN DIRT ROAD - NIGHT

Lisa, crying, runs as fast as she can. She almost doesn't even hear...

DEREK (O.C.)
LISA...LISA...LISA!

She stops.

LISA
 (to herself)
 Derek?

She turns, her eyes widen. They run towards each other.

I/E. RUSTY TOW TRUCK - MAIN DIRT ROAD - NIGHT

Sam and Jenna look on, smiling.

SAM
 Finally a happy ending. I hate when
 these things leave off with a jump
 scare.

Evan pops up in the passenger window, bangs on the glass. Sam
 and Jenna freak out. Yes, a totally pointless jump scare.

SAM (CONT'D)
 Jesus Christ, Evan. What the hell?

EVAN
 I wanted to see what was going on.
 It's lonely sitting in the tow.

EXT. MAIN DIRT ROAD - NIGHT

Derek and Lisa meet in front of the sedan.

DEREK
 I can't believe... I thought you
 were dead.

LISA
 Me too.

Derek looks at the bloody stump of her missing arm. Self-
 conscious, Lisa covers it. Derek pushes her hand away.

DEREK
 You're beautiful.

Lisa smiles.

DEREK (CONT'D)
 There's something I always wanted
 to tell you and--

She kisses him. He struggles to wrap his arms around her,
 trying carefully to avoid her still fresh wound. Finally, he
 places it on her hip.

After, they look towards the tow truck.

I/E. RUSTY TOW TRUCK - MAIN DIRT ROAD - NIGHT

Sam and Jenna cheer. Evan gives a thumbs up.

EXT. MAIN DIRT ROAD - NIGHT

Derek and Lisa laugh at their approving audience. They turn to each other. Stare into each other's eyes.

DEREK
I love you.

LISA
I love you t--

THE JERSEY DEVIL crashes onto the roof of the Sedan directly behind them. Eight feet tall. Massive wings. Sharp claws. Cloven hooves. It does exist. It lets out a horrific SHRIEK.

CUT TO BLACK:

INT. CELLAR - NIGHT

A trail of blood leads to Watcher. Barely alive. He sits against the cell. Cage door wide open. Chains and padlock on the ground. Laughing.

ROLL CREDITS

INT. BAR - LATE NIGHT - POST CREDIT SEQUENCE

An empty stage with a large banner that says "Comedy Night". OWNER stands by the bar. BARTENDER cleans a glass.

OWNER
I don't think they're gonna make it.

THE END