

THE
GRAVEYARD

Ominous skies thunder violently as an eerie wind sweeps leaves across a cemetery full of....

Rotting HEADSTONES marking long since abandoned graves, overgrown and untended...

MICHELLE (V.O.)

Placid Pines cemetery. Not the most welcoming place, but for us it was a private playground. We were just kids back then...

A MASSIVE STONE AND IRON GATE with the words PLACID PINES CEMETERY written across the top, guards the entrance to an overgrown cemetery. A RUSTY PADLOCK and CHAIN insures that the gates stay locked.

Off to the side, though, the iron fence has an opening. The rusty iron bars have been cut and bent inward leaving just enough space to climb through...

MICHELLE (V.O.) (CONT'D) (cont'd)

Five years have passed, but no matter how hard I try, I can't forget what happened. It all started as a dare...

SIX DARK FIGURES begin to squeeze their way through the bent and broken iron bars.

The first figure to make his way through the gate is JACK, late teens, handsome and chiseled. He drops fearlessly down into the foreboding Cemetery, switches on a FLASHLIGHT, puts it under his chin to spook his friends...

MICHELLE (V.O.) (CONT'D) (cont'd)

Jack's dare. He was the rich kid in our group, the kid who knew the cost of everything and the value of nothing...

The next figure shimmies through the iron gate. ALLIE successfully makes her way through, her fierce eyes scouring the darkness. Her clothes barely cover her blossoming teenage body...

MICHELLE (V.O.) (CONT'D) (cont'd)

Allie always had one thing on her mind, and that thing was in Jack's pants...

Jack's flashlight finds another teenager, SARAH climbing through the rusted gates. She's way overdressed for this kind of activity, in skirt and heels... *

MICHELLE (V.O.) (CONT'D) (cont'd) *
Sarah was born a lawyer. High school was just a distraction on the way to corporate life...

She's still pulling herself through, just as CHARLIE, a card carrying nerd, pocket protector and all, comes tumbling down next to her... *

MICHELLE (V.O.) (CONT'D) (cont'd) *
Charlie. He was like a little brother to us. Annoying, irritating, funny. Sometimes. Creepy most other times.

He's clearly angry as she clambers off him quickly, but controls his temper quickly in the face of the attractive young woman... *

MICHELLE gently slips through the opening but still manages to snag her shirt on one of the bent and broken bars. She reaches back and carefully peels her shirt off the sharp metal before it tears. *

MICHELLE (V.O.) (CONT'D) (cont'd) *
I was there 'cos I went where they went. We were all inseparable at school. Of course I haven't seen them since...

And finally, swiftly making his way through is an exuberant young man, ERIC, laughing his ass off... *

MICHELLE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
And then there was Eric. Always smiling, always ready to party. No one knew it would end how it did...

Jack calls the group to order, points the flashlight towards the STONE MAUSOLEUM in the midst of rotting headstones, covered in ivy.

JACK
Alright chickenshits, here's the dare... "Run for Your Life"... *

Mock Ooohhs and Aaahhs from the gaggle of friends.

JACK (CONT'D)
The hat please...

Allie takes the COWBOY hat from her head, hands it to Jack. He dumps a wad of FOLDED UP PAPERS into the hat...

JACK (CONT'D)
Drum roll please...

Jack slips his hand into the hat and pulls one of the folded pieces of paper. He opens it and reads...

JACK (CONT'D)
Eric, let me be the first to offer my condolences.

Eric just laughs.

ERIC
You can't even spell condolences, buddy boy!

JACK
Don't need to. I'll pay someone to spell it for me.

Allie dutifully laughs. Jack takes out a flask and offers it to Eric.

JACK (CONT'D)
Take a couple of swigs. You're gonna need it.

Eric takes a long drink, then passes it back.

JACK (CONT'D)
So...you got the balls?

Eric smiles, winks. As if in a well practiced ritual, Sarah rolls down one of her STOCKINGS, watched lasciviously by Charlie, and ties it around Eric's eyes...

Jack pulls the rest of the pieces of paper out of the cowboy hat, silently shows the rest of the group that every one bears Eric's name. He flashes a wicked grin...

JACK (CONT'D)
A slow twenty. Ready? Let the games begin.

ALL
Go!

ERIC
See ya in hell!

The group splits up, racing off into the darkness. Allie follows Jack's every step like a puppy dog.

Sarah and Charlie disappear into the trees...

Michelle finds a hiding spot behind a cracked headstone, pulling out a cigarette and lighting it. *

Eric, blindfolded, stands in front of the mausoleum directly in front of the rotting WOODEN DOOR...

But what Eric doesn't know, can't see...is that something's moving behind that Mausoleum door...

ERIC (CONT'D)
One asshole...Two assholes...Three
assholes...

Slowly, silently, the Mausoleum door is OPENING...

ERIC (CONT'D)
To hell with it, nineteen,
twenty...

He rips the stocking from his eyes, spins round just in time to see...

A DARK FIGURE wearing a OPAQUE PLASTIC MASK standing in the Mausoleum doorway. Raising a GLEAMING KNIFE...

Eric's about to scream when the Plastic Masked Man grabs him around the throat, choking him. The KNIFE BLADE is dangerously close to his neck.

ERIC (CONT'D)
Pl...please...

Eric struggles with the masked man. Finally he breaks free and falls to the ground, looks up to see...

THE DARK FIGURE wearing the PLASTIC MASK as he comes out of the Mausoleum and moves toward Eric with the knife...

ERIC (CONT'D)
Noooooooo!!!!

JACK and ALLIE

Sit up from their hiding place, both half undressed already. Their hearts almost stop when they see the Masked figure stalking Eric...

JACK
Eric, run!!!!

Eric takes the advice, scrambles to his feet and RUNS!

He's bolting towards the rusted iron gates, but takes a look over his shoulder, just in time to see the Dark Figure, fifty yards behind, PULLING Sarah by the hair...

SARAH
(screaming)
Help me! Please!

Eric slows, stops, turns around to face down the Plastic Mask wearing Killer. And is horrified when the masked figure DRAWS the KNIFE ACROSS Sarah's THROAT...

BLOOD flows like a river down her pristine white blouse...

Eric can barely breath. He backs away, stumbling, running, never taking his eyes off the KILLER as he STALKS purposefully towards him...

ERIC runs faster continually looking back. *

And at the last moment Eric spins round to face the IRON BARS. But it's too late, his momentum takes him STRAIGHT INTO the bent SPIKES... *

He comes to a dead stop, literally, the RUSTED SPIKES stabbing through his chest and protruding from his back. His body CONVULSES, then falls limp... *

The Masked figure stops in his tracks, looks round, confused. He lifts that plastic mask, revealing a young, fresh faced BOBBY. Not the face of a killer, not at all...

MICHELLE (V.O.)
It was...it was an accident...a
joke gone bad. Very bad. Bobby was
Eric's best friend, he wouldn't
hurt a fly...

THE TEENS

Come out from their hiding places, utterly horrified by what they see. Jack covers Allie's eyes. Michelle can barely stop herself from retching.

Charlie kneels by Sarah's dead body, until her eyes miraculously SNAP OPEN...

SARAH
Did he fall for it?

Charlie has tears in his eyes as he nods towards the iron gates, and Eric's body IMPALED on the bent spikes...

SARAH (CONT'D)
Oh God, no, no, no...

Bobby collapses to his knees, tears streaming down his face...

MICHELLE (V.O.)
Our lives changed forever that night. But no one suffered more than Bobby...

FADE TO BLACK:

2 INT. PAROLE BOARD HEARING - DAY 2

THREE elderly PAROLE BOARD MEMBERS sit behind a wooden desk, studying the papers in front of them...

MICHELLE (V.O.)
He pled guilty to manslaughter,
served his five years...

Sitting opposite them, in the middle of the blank, gray room, is an ORANGE JUMP-SUITED PRISONER, his head in his hands...

And standing to one side, behind a lectern, nervously biting her lip, is Michelle. Five years older, somber in tone and demeanor...

MICHELLE (CONT'D)
...and now I'm here on his behalf,
to ask you to show the kind of
leniency he refuses to show
himself...

The Parole Board Members look over their bi-focals at Michelle.

PAROLE BOARD MEMBER
Thank you, Michelle. Your testimony
is appreciated.

But Michelle's not done.

MICHELLE

I've talked with Bobby's friends,
they're all willing to help him
when he gets out. We've agreed to
go back to the old camp near
where...where Eric died...try to
bring some closure to those
terrible events...

The Parole Board Member interjects...

PAROLE BOARD MEMBER

Thank you. You may sit down now...

Michelle finally clams up. She looks over to the Prisoner,
his face still hidden behind his cuffed hands...

PAROLE BOARD MEMBER (CONT'D)

(to Bobby)

Robert Baline, please stand...

The Prisoner finally lowers his hands, slowly stretches his
frame as he stands before the Parole Board. Bobby's once
handsome face has aged years in prison, his long hair framing
his hollow cheeks, his stubble covered face masking his
chapped lips...

PAROLE BOARD MEMBER (CONT'D)

In light of your clean record here,
your friend's testimony, and her
willingness to help you deal with
the consequences of your actions,
we're willing to offer you Parole
at this time...

Bobby shows no emotion, his eyes dead...

PAROLE BOARD MEMBER (CONT'D)

I hope that this is the beginning
of a new chapter for you...

Bobby smiles. Almost.

BOBBY

It will be...

DISSOLVE TO:

*

3 EXT. ONE LANE MOUNTAIN ROAD - DAY

3

A magnificent sun-drenched stretch of road winds its way
through endless trees...

A HONDA CIVIC chugs along the deserted road...

4 INT. MICHELLE'S CAR (TRAVELLING ON MOUNTAIN ROAD) - DAY 4

Michelle's behind the wheel, sunglasses hiding her teary eyes.

Bobby's in the passenger seat, now back in his black T-shirt and jeans. His face is stone, showing no emotion. *

MICHELLE

Jack's gonna meet us up at the camp. He's bringing his girlfriend du jour, Veronica. Is that OK with you?

Bobby says nothing.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

Allie said she'd make it. She's actually teaching at Kindergarten now. Can you believe that? Slutty Allie?

Still no reaction from Bobby.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

Sarah's already up at the camp. Took some time off from work. She said she was between trials anyway, wanted to be there for you when you got out...

Bobby just watches the scenery flying by...

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

Charlie's coming. I don't know if you read about him while you were...well he's done really well for himself. Sold his software company for like...200 billion...

Still nothing from Bobby, not even a grunt. Michelle's forced to act like he's actually conversing with her...

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

Me? Well thanks for asking. I'm doing OK. After...after what happened we moved away, I went to college, and...well...now I'm back...

5 INT. MICHELLE'S CAR (MOVING PAST PLACID PINES CEMETARY) - DAY

And finally Bobby sits up. Not because of what Michelle is saying, but because they're passing the PLACID PINES CEMETERY...

BOBBY
(quietly)
Eric...

Michelle looks over, catches a glimpse of that rusted iron gate guarding the cemetery... *

6 EXT. CAMP PLACID PINES - DAY 6

The Honda turns off the road and heads down a dirt driveway. Passes an OLD FADED SIGN that reads..."Camp Placid Pines".

7 EXT. CAMP MAIN LODGE - DAY 7

The place is a mess, delapidated and overgrown. Clearly no one's been here in years. Five years to be exact... *

Michelle brings her car to a halt outside one of the run down CABINS. She gets out, heads round to the open trunk, and pulls out her backpack...

MICHELLE
Bobby?

Bobby clambers out of the passenger side, joins Michelle by the trunk...

MICHELLE (CONT'D)
You want your stuff?

She reaches into the trunk, is about to grab the brown paper bag full of his belongings when...

BOBBY
Don't touch that...

She backs away, intimidated. Bobby grabs the brown paper bag, walks towards the abandoned cabin. *

MICHELLE
You're in cabin number 5! *

Bobby finds his cabin leaving Michelle all alone.. *

She feels a chill running up her spine, the sound of rustling leaves, an ominous CREAK, and then...

A HAND reaches out and grabs her shoulder. She spins round, SCREAMING...

Only to see PETER, 25, an concerned look on his handsome face...

PETER

Whoa! Haven't heard screaming that loud since I left my parents house...

Michelle takes a breath. Calms down.

MICHELLE

I...you...scared the shit outta me!

Peter can't help but smile.

PETER

This mean I'm fired?

MICHELLE

From what?

PETER

I'm here to cook for you guys. I got a message from someone called Michelle...

Michelle can't take her eyes from his mesmerizing blue pupils...

MICHELLE

That's me...

He smiles warmly.

PETER

Can we start over, Michelle? I kinda blew my charming intro.

He's working his magic on her, and a smile spreads across her face, against her better judgement...

PETER (CONT'D)

I'm Peter **Bishop**, and I'll be your personal chef. At your beck and call. Day and night...

*

He offers a handshake and Michelle seizes the opportunity for physical contact.

MICHELLE

I might just take you up on that.

There's a moment between them, a spark, but it's interrupted by another CAR pulling up the dirt road...

PETER

I better get to work. Don't want to get in any more trouble with the boss.

Michelle smiles, watches Peter walking away, drinking in his rugged frame, then turns to see SARAH driving her LEXUS. She brings it to a smooth halt, kills the engine.

Michelle opens the door for her, and Sarah steps out, as attractive as ever, and as inappropriately dressed as ever. Her high heels sink into the mud...

MICHELLE

Sarah!

They embrace.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

Don't you look lawyerly.

SARAH

Pathetic isn't it? How'd the Parole hearing go? Is Bobby...OK?

Michelle winces.

MICHELLE

Define OK...

The sound of car approaching has Sarah looking over her shoulder, just as a LINCOLN TOWN CAR pulls up the driveway...

SARAH

Uh oh. It's revenge of the nerds...

The Lincoln's back door opens and out steps CHARLIE. Money's washed away the nerd factor, and his year round tan points to a hedonistic lifestyle. He carries a Gucci bag and laptop case...

He nods to the driver and the Lincoln reverses down the lane...

CHARLIE

Ladies. Pleasure's all mine.

He takes Michelle's hand, kisses it. Does the same for Sarah.

SARAH
How've you been?

CHARLIE
Can't complain, lets put it that way.

He looks over to the run down cabins.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
The things we do for friends. Where the devil is Mr. Bobby, by the way?

MICHELLE
He's...here...somewhere. I don't think he's in the mood for socializing right now...

CHARLIE
Five years praying you don't drop the soap will do that to you.

Sarah rolls her eyes.

SARAH
(re: Charlie)
You can put a nerd in a Gucci suit, he's still a nerd...

Charlie's jaw clenches, but he stifles his anger and walks away. Sarah shares a smile with Michelle before grabbing her bag and starts heading over to the shacks...

SARAH (CONT'D)
Wait up, Charlie! You dish it, you gotta take it!

She dutifully runs after him, but he's not looking round, not acknowledging her...

ALLIE (O.S.)
Same shit, different day...

Michelle looks all around, then sees ALLIE walking out from amongst the trees. Her clothes are even tighter now, five years later, if that's possible...

MICHELLE
Hey, where'd you come from?

Allie smiles, winks.

ALLIE

Been here a while. Wanted to check
the old place out.

MICHELLE

Hear you're teaching now..

ALLIE

Little brats. God help 'em.
How's Bobby doin'?

Michelle looks around, can't see him.

MICHELLE

Getting used to being a free man.
Listen Allie, I think maybe I
should warn you that Jack's...

A BLACK BMW CONVERTIBLE speeds up the dirt path, skidding to
a halt just outside the cabin...

Allie's the first to see JACK in the drivers seat, not a hair
daring to be out of place. He flashes his thousand watt
smile...

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

(to Allie)

...bringing someone...

And that's when Allie sees VERONICA, 25, in the passenger
seat. Fake tan, fake boobs, fake smile...

Allie silently stewes as Jack LEAPS out of his car, bounds up
to her...

JACK

Hey, babe! Same sweet bod! Don't go
changing on me.

Kisses her on the cheek, pats her ass. Does the same to
Michelle. Much to Veronica's chagrin.

MICHELLE

Good to see you Jack.

JACK

Jack of hearts is in the house. So
where's the bird man of Alcatraz?

Michelle's taken aback...

MICHELLE
I don't think that's really
appropriate...

Jack just walks past her, starts looking round the outside of
the old cabin. He shouts out to Veronica.

JACK
Yo. Bring the bags.

Veronica grits her teeth, then complies. She staggers past an
incredulous Michelle and Allie...

VERONICA
He's not always this obnoxious, is
he?

ALLIE
It only gets worse, believe me...

8 INT. CAMP MAIN LODGE - DAY 8

The inside of the lodge is barely better than the outside. *
Sarah looks around, utterly appalled at the conditions...

SARAH
There's no way I'm staying here. No
way. I know Michelle said it was
important, and God knows I could
use some closure over the whole
Eric thing...But I'm not staying in
this...squalor...

CHARLIE *
Don't be so prissy. There are a
hellova lot of people far worse off
than us...

JACK (O.S)
I ain't one of them!

Charlie looks round, sees Jack bounding into the lodge...

JACK (CONT'D) *
Lay it on me...

Charlie and Jack go through an elaborate handshake routine as
Veronica practically collapses onto the wooden table with
Jack's bags...

JACK (CONT'D) *

Pops made a killing on your stock.
My trust fund doubled! Beer's are
on me!

Michelle appears at the doorway, shaking her head...

MICHELLE

We're not here to party, Jack.
We're here to put to rest the
terrible events of that night, five
years ago...

The mood turns somber as Michelle steps into the cabin, takes Sarah's hand...

SARAH

There isn't a day goes by when I
don't think about what happened...

CHARLIE

I have terrible nightmares...

MICHELLE

In a way, I think we were all
guilty of his death...

BOBBY (O.S)

You were...

Shocked, everyone SPINS round, sees Bobby standing, silhouetted in the doorway behind them, his voice dripping menace...

JACK

How you doin', man?

He doesn't answer. Just stalks towards Jack. Sarah gets worried...

SARAH

Bobby, don't...

But Bobby keeps coming. Jack's bravado slips for a second, he holds his hands up to surrender...

JACK

Not the face, not the face!

Bobby stops just inches from Jack's face...

BOBBY

I'm here to face my demons. Are you ready to face your demons, Jack?

JACK

I'm...what the hell is going on here?

Michelle gently takes Bobby by the arm, pulls him away from Jack...

MICHELLE

I think...maybe we're all tired. We should just find our cabins, take a quick rest, then meet up at the fire pit. I arranged for someone to come cook for us. How does that sound?

Unnerved, everyone nods their agreement...

9 EXT. CAMP PLACID - EVENING 9

The sun finally dies behind the run down camp, the sky turning an ominous crimson RED...

10 INT. JACK'S CABIN - EVENING 10

Jack's crumbling cabin is not what you'd call welcoming, but Veronica's doing her best to spruce it up, throwing scarves over the ugly, splintered furniture...

Jack sits on the bed, amused by it all. He smiles when he sees her taking out a tissue, wiping the windows clean...

JACK

I got something you can polish, babe...

She turns to him, gives him a disapproving look. But he walks confidently over to her, takes her in his arms...

JACK (CONT'D)

God, I love a woman who cleans...

*

Before she can protest he's smothering her with kisses...

11 INT. ALLIE'S CABIN - EVENING 11

All alone in a small cabin, Allie dumps her bag on the floor, heads over to the dirty window. She draws a finger across the dirt, revealing...

Jack's cabin next door. And the sight of Jack and Veronica quickly disrobing...

12 INT. MICHELLE'S CABIN - EVENING 12

Michelle diligently lights the lanterns on her floor, picks one up and explores the small space.

On the wall, etched into the rotting wood is...

ERIC MORRIS WAS HERE...

A noise outside has her heart skipping a beat. She goes to the door, holding the lantern in front of her, lighting her way...

And as she opens the door she comes face to face with a dark figure. She reels back, SCREAMING.

Finally she looks over to see Peter standing there in the doorway, holding a TRAY WITH TWO MUGS OF HOT CHOCOLATE. He's shaking his head, smiling. *

PETER

I don't normally have this effect on women...

Michelle catches her breath once more. He holds up the tray. *

PETER (CONT'D) *

This was my way of saying sorry for before. Guess I'm gonna have to think of some other way of apologizing for scaring you again...

She finally cracks a smile.

MICHELLE

I'm sure we can think of a way.

13 INT. SARAH'S CABIN - EVENING 13

Sarah brushes her hair, staring at her reflection in the cracked mirror...

Just for a second she thinks she catches sight of someone in the window. Watching her. She spins round, calls out...

SARAH

Who's there?

No reply. *

14 INT. JACK'S CABIN - EVENING 14

Veronica's already naked, writhing on the bed as Jack slides his hands across her perfect breasts...

The sound of GLASS BREAKING stops him for a moment...

VERONICA
What's that?

Jack winks, goes back to work, his head sinking below her waist...

JACK
Just a beaver...

Her fears all but disappear in a wave of pleasure. But a second later Jack's head pops back up...

JACK (CONT'D)
Now do me.

*

15 EXT. CAMP PLACID PINES (NEAR BOBBY'S CABIN) - EVENING 15

Michelle and Peter walk across the open camp ground. The sounds of Jack's ecstatic groans echo across the woods...

PETER
Impressive.

MICHELLE
It'll all be over in a few seconds.
Just wait...

She takes Peter's hand and they stand stock still for a moment...

As if on cue the sound of Jack's explosive orgasm resounds from the small cabin. Then the sound of Veronica's disappointed voice...

VERONICA (O.S.)
Is that it?

Michelle and Peter share a laugh. But then she notices that the door to the furthest cabin is swinging OPEN in the breeze. Bobby's cabin...

MICHELLE
I just gotta check something out...

PETER

Do what you gotta do. I'll be up at
the firepit, working on my
apology...

She nods, then turns to head over to Bobby's cabin...

16

INT. BOBBY'S CABIN - EVENING

16

The cabin's empty, save for the brown paper bag on the bed.

Curious, Michelle enters, tip toes across the creaking
floorboards and reaches for the bag...

BOBBY (O.S)

In life there are consequences...

Michelle holds the lantern up, sees Bobby sitting on the
floor by the wall, just watching her...

MICHELLE

Jesus, Bobby, you scared the shit
out of me...

Bobby gets up, walks past her, takes the bag from the bed.

BOBBY

You can do what you want, look in
the bag, but there are
consequences. There all always
consequences to our actions...

Michelle backs away, towards the door...

MICHELLE

I'm gonna...head up to the
firepit...

BOBBY

Be careful, Michelle. These woods
aren't safe...

The way he says it, Michelle feels like the woods are safer
than this cabin right now...

She backs out, into the night, Bobby watching her the whole
way...

17

EXT. FIRE PIT - NIGHT

17

A ROARING FIRE illuminates the canopy of trees that surrounds
the firepit. Peter tends to the food while Michelle, Sarah
and Allie sit by a fire.

MICHELLE

What does he mean...the woods
aren't safe?

ALLIE

Whattya think he means? He's been
locked up all this time, thinking
about what happened, what he did...

MICHELLE

What we all did...

SARAH

It was Bobby's idea to scare Eric.
His and Jack's. We just went along
with it...

ALLIE

That's why we're up here, Michelle.
Like you said, it's time to let it
go...

SARAH

What about Eric's family? His Mom
and Dad? His little brother?

MICHELLE

(quietly)
They're dead...

Sarah turns to Michelle, shocked.

SARAH

You're serious?

Michelle reaches into her pocket, pulls out a folded piece of
newspaper. She hands it to Sarah...

MICHELLE

I tried to call them. Thought maybe
they'd join us up here, try to help
them heal their pain too, but...

Sarah opens the folded newspaper clipping, sees a headline...

'FAMILY KILLED IN BLAZE'. A picture of the Morris family is
below, the Mother and Father standing outside their house, a
teenage son sullenly standing behind them.

SARAH

Oh God, that's terrible...

MICHELLE

That's not the worst part. It wasn't an accident. Police found someone had poured gasoline all over Eric's old room...

Tears well in Sarah's eyes.

MICHELLE (CONT'D) *

Sarah. I'm sorry, I didn't mean to upset you more...

Jack swaggers through the trees, buttoning up his fly.

JACK

I DEMAND FOOD!

Allie looks round, shoots off the opening salvo...

ALLIE

Dumped your girlfriend already? Gotta be a world record, even for you.

JACK

Actually I gave her the orgasm of her young life. She won't walk again for a couple of days.

ALLIE

She break her legs trying to get away?

A sudden SCREAM from the woods has everyone on edge.

MICHELLE

What the hell was that?

No one has an answer.

MICHELLE (CONT'D) *

Maybe Bobby's right. Maybe this place isn't safe.

JACK

Take a pill, chill. It's just Bobby howling at the moon...

He strides over to Peter.

JACK (CONT'D) *

Yo, food bitch, I'm starving!

Peter doesn't rise to the bait. He just watches as Jack rips down one of the TIN FOIL PACKAGES strung over the fire...

PETER
The name's Peter, and I wouldn't do
that if I was you. *

Jack ignores him, ravenously tears the package open.

JACK
Yeah well, you ain't me, so cry me
a river.

He starts shovelling the meat into his mouth, but SPITS it back out immediately...

JACK (CONT'D) *

It's not cooked!

Peter just turns his back on the spoilt man-child.

PETER
Like I said, I wouldn't do that if
I were you.

Another far off SCREAM has them all looking around to the dark woods that encircle them...

SARAH
We shouldn't be here. This was a
mistake.

She gets up, walks away. Michelle calls out...

MICHELLE
Sarah!

But the trees soon envelope her. Jack couldn't care less, just ripping the rest of the tin foil packages down from the fire, tearing into them...

PETER
Knock it off, wise guy!

18 EXT. DARK WOODS - NIGHT

18 *

The woods feel like they're closing in all around Sarah as she strides away. Michelle runs to catch up with her...

MICHELLE
Sarah, wait up!

Sarah keeps going, further and further into the heavy trees. Michelle finally falls in beside her...

SARAH

It won't end. It'll never end.
We'll pay for what happened to
Eric. I know it...

MICHELLE

Where are you going?

SARAH

To beg for forgiveness.

She strides further and further into the darkness, and Michelle's forced to follow. But if she looked back just for a second, she'd see a DARK FIGURE watching them from the cover of the dense trees...

19 EXT. JACK'S CABIN - NIGHT 19

The rotting door to Jack's cabin opens, and Veronica pokes her head out. She's wearing the sheerest of robes, and precious little else.

Sure that the coast is clear, she steps out, holding a lit Lantern, and runs gingerly across the open ground to the rustic SHOWER CABIN...

20 INT. GIRL'S SHOWER CABIN - NIGHT 20

The door FLIES open, and Veronica bundles into the small hut, quickly closes the door and LATCHES IT...

The Lantern throws light on the old cubicles, divided by old, rotting PLASTIC CURTAINS, the white tiles cracked and missing...

VERONICA

That's gross...

She grimaces, but moves to pull back the first plastic curtain. She's horrified when she sees a DEAD ANIMAL on the concrete ground...

VERONICA (CONT'D)

That's grosser...

*

She heads down to the furthest cubicle, tentatively pulling back the plastic curtain...

The floor's clear. She steps inside, quickly disrobes and turns the TAP on...

A BROWNISH SLUDGE dribbles out of the shower head...

VERONICA (CONT'D)

That's grossest...

*

Suddenly a BURST of CLEAN water explodes from the rusty SHOWER HEAD...

Veronica steps underneath it, letting it wash over her, over her perfect body...

The sound of RUNNING WATER obscures the sound of the DOOR LATCH slowly LIFTING...

21 EXT. PLACID PINES CEMETERY - NIGHT

21

The iron gates still guard the old cemetery, the rusted spikes still bent down horizontally...

Sarah approaches from the woods. Stops at the gates, unable to look at the spikes that took Eric's young life...

Michelle joins her, gently holds her, trying to comfort Sarah...

MICHELLE

It's okay. Let it out...

But Sarah's not crying. If anything she looks angry...

SARAH

I want this to be over. I don't want to feel guilty any more...

She pulls away from Michelle, starts to CLIMB UP the Iron gates, not an easy task wearing a skirt and heels...

MICHELLE

Sarah? What are you doing?

But Sarah's already reached the top of the gates, easing herself over the bent spikes...

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

Sarah, don't...

*

Sarah ignores her friend, heads into the darkness of the overgrown cemetery. Michelle has no choice but to follow...

22 INT. GIRL'S SHOWER CABIN - NIGHT 22

Veronica loses herself under the now STEAMING HOT water. Closes her eyes and just enjoys the sensation of the pounding water on her bare shoulders, her face, her back...

Unbeknownst to her, a SHAPE moves behind the first plastic curtain, fifteen feet away from Veronica...

23 EXT. PLACID PINES CEMETERY - NIGHT 23

Sarah stalks through the moss covered Headstones, heading straight for the foreboding Mausoleum...

Michelle chases after her, calling out...

MICHELLE

Sarah, don't go in there!

But Sarah's paying no heed to Michelle's good advice. She reaches the rotting wooden door that covers the entrance to the creepy old Mausoleum...

She reaches out to touch it, but the door CREAKS...

Sarah turns away, scans the headstones...

SARAH

Where's Eric's grave?

24 INT. GIRL'S SHOWER CABIN - NIGHT 24

Veronica's eyes SNAP OPEN as she hears a sound...

She tentatively reaches out and shuts off the water...

Silence.

VERONICA

Hello?

The blood bangs in her head, her senses heightened...

And then she sees that SHAPE, nothing more than a SHADOW, moving behind the plastic sheeting...

VERONICA (CONT'D)

Jack? Quit messing around...

She grabs the lantern from the shelf, pulls aside the plastic curtain that separates her from the next cubicle, steps cautiously towards the DARK FIGURE, still five cubicles away...

*

VERONICA (CONT'D) *

I swear, Jack, if that's
you...you're never getting laid
again...

But still there's no reply...

25 EXT. PLACID PINES CEMETERY (MAUSOLEUM) - NIGHT 25

Sarah stalks through the rotting headstones, the darkness all
encompassing...

SARAH

(to no one in particular)
I'm sorry Eric. I'm sorry for what
we did...

Michelle dutifully follows her on her search, holding up the
lantern to light the way...

But the girls get the SHOCK of their lives when they find the
headstone that marks Eric's GRAVE...

SARAH (CONT'D) *

What the...

A SIX FOOT HOLE has been dug, the grave's EMPTY...

MICHELLE

Jesus Christ...

Sarah regains her composure, looks down into the empty
hole...

MICHELLE (CONT'D) *

This can't be happening...

SARAH

I fear...it's just starting...

26 INT. GIRL'S SHOWER CABIN - NIGHT 26

Five plastic sheets hang between Veronica and the Dark
Figure. Losing her temper now, Veronica holds up the Lantern,
slides back one sheet, then another...

The Figure's becoming clearer and clearer with every plastic
sheet that she pulls back...

VERONICA

Jack, you're such a shit. You think
this is funny? Do you?

The third plastic sheet is pulled back. Two left...

And suddenly, without warning...

The LANTERN BURNS OUT. Complete darkness...

VERONICA (CONT'D) *
Perfect. Just perfect...

She fumbles ahead of her, pulls aside another plastic sheet.
Just one more left...

VERONICA (CONT'D) *
Jack? Who's there?

Her eyes are adjusting to the MOONLIGHT that's seeping in
through the holes in the roof...

And with a trembling hand she reaches for the final
curtain...

Pulls it back to reveal...

Nothing. No one there...

VERONICA (CONT'D) *
Ha, ha. Very funny.

She turns back around, only to come FACE to FACE with a
hideous looking face of a man that appears rotting and
hastily sewn together... *
*
*

In an instant he reaches out, SMOTHERS Veronica in the
plastic sheeting. She GASPS for breath, her face visible
through the sheeting...

The mask belies any expression on the killer's face,
ominously neutral throughout this ordeal... *

Veronica thrashes VIOLENTLY, SCREAMING desperately, fighting
to get free from the plastic sheet. The Killer returns the
favor, SLAMMING her head into the wall, the TILES SHATTERING
on IMPACT...

27 EXT. PLACID PINES CEMETERY - NIGHT

27

The distant sound of SCREAMING echoes across the decrepid
graveyard...

And chills Sarah and Michelle to the bone...

MICHELLE
Oh no...

SARAH

It's happening...I told you...we're
being punished...

Michelle and Sarah, without hesitation, run towards those
infamous Iron Gates... *

28 INT. GIRL'S SHOWER CABIN - NIGHT 28

The plastic sheeting around Veronica's face is SMOTHERED in
BLOOD, bubbling and coursing as the Killer chokes the life
out of her...

Her feet are off the ground, THRASHING around violently,
until finally...

She stops fighting. Goes limp. Her bloody face is caught in a
permanent SCREAM, beneath the heavy plastic...

The Killer steps back, lets her fall to the stone floor,
watching through that ominous sheath of rotting skin. *

He grabs her ankles, and starts to drag her away...

29 EXT. CAMP PLACID PINES - NIGHT 29

Michelle and Sarah sprint through the woods, the moonlight
their only guide...

MICHELLE

Where'd the screams come from?

SARAH

I don't know. It was a girl...

MICHELLE

Allie?

SARAH

She was with Jack and Peter at the
fire pit. Veronica!

They race across the camp, towards Jack's cabin...

30 INT. JACK'S CABIN - NIGHT 30

The door to Jack's cabin BURSTS open and Sarah tumbles
inside. It's pitch black in the small cabin, the lanterns all
burnt out...

SARAH

Veronica? Are you okay?

Michelle joins Sarah as she heads inside the cabin, trying to find any sign of the missing woman...

The bed's empty.

MICHELLE

What the hell's going on?

Sarah shakes her head, deeply troubled by all this...

DISSOLVE TO:

*

31 EXT. FIREPIT - LATER THAT NIGHT

31

*

A RAGING FIRE BURNS in the firepit, surrounded by ROCKS...

The group is gathered around the orange flames, pacing back and forth, trying to get their heads around what just happened...

SARAH

I heard screaming...and now...now she's gone.

Jack chugs a beer, tosses the empty can into the fire.

JACK

I screwed her brains out. Literally. She lost all sense of direction, wandered off into the woods. Happens all the time...

ALLIE

I doubt she even noticed your two minutes of leg humping...

JACK

(winking)
Wouldn't you like to know...

CHARLIE

Listen, lets just be logical about this. Her car's here, her bags are here. She can't have gone far...

MICHELLE

So we go looking for her?

Bobby sits off to one side, whittling a branch into a SPIKE...

BOBBY

She's gone.

Everyone turns their attention to Bobby...

ALLIE

Why'd you say that, Bobby? You know
what happened to her?

He doesn't reply, just keeps cutting away at the branch.

CHARLIE

Speak up, man. You know something?

BOBBY

If she went out into the
woods...she's gone.

Michelle's had enough, she goes over, gets in Bobby's face.

MICHELLE

What's your major malfunction,
Bobby? We're all here trying to
help you and all you can do is sit
there and act like you don't care
about your friends...

Bobby slowly stands, towering over Michelle.

BOBBY

My friends? The same friends who
left me to take the blame for a
prank we all pulled? The same
friends who never once came to see
me in jail, never once wrote to me,
never once called in five years?

Jack burps loudly, then laughs.

JACK

You did the crime, you do the
time...

Bobby rounds on Jack, that sharpened spear in his hands. But
Peter steps in his way...

PETER

Let it go.

Bobby stops, but won't relinquish his grasp on the spear.

PETER (CONT'D)

It's dangerous enough out here
already.

It's a face off, neither man backing down.

*

BOBBY

This isn't your problem.

PETER

I'm making it my problem. I came here to take care of you guys and that's what I intend to do.

Finally Bobby turns away, stalks off into the woods, still clutching his home made spear...

ALLIE

Bobby, don't go out there alone!

She starts to go after him, but Peter holds her back.

PETER

Don't. He was right, those woods aren't safe...

JACK

You talking 'bout that stiff they found out here a few days ago?

ALLIE

A dead body? Seriously? Why weren't we told about this?

JACK

Way I heard it the head and hands were missing. Maybe some redneck mistook the guy for a deer, took the bits back to the trailer park as trophies.

Charlie turns to the remaining group.

CHARLIE

We can't just sit here and do nothing. That poor girl's out there alone...

In an act of drunken bravado Jack stomps on the fire.

JACK

Alright. Michelle, Sarah, Paul...

Peter speaks up.

PETER

Peter. My name's Peter Bishop...

*

JACK

Peter, Paul, Mary, whatever. One group. Allie, Charlie, you're with me. We're gonna find that bitch, and when we do, so help me, I'm gonna shag her into the middle of next week...

32 EXT. DARK WOODS - NIGHT

32

The woods are filled with ominous noises, growls, screeches and creaks, coming from all angles, surrounding the frightened Michelle and Sarah as they follow Peter deeper and deeper into the heart of the trees...

He lights their way with a Lantern...

PETER

It's okay. I know these woods like the back of my hand. Grew up round here...

MICHELLE

You never lived anywhere else? It's a big world out there.

PETER

But home's where the heart is, right? Isn't that what they say?

MICHELLE

Bit of a cliché.

Peter smiles.

PETER

Rolling stone gathers no moss?

Michelle shakes her head, returns his warm smile.

Sarah's scouring the woods, thinks she catches sight of something moving in the trees....

SARAH

There! I saw something!

Sarah pushes her way through the foliage, scouring the darkness...

SARAH (CONT'D)

(whispered)

Who's there?

*

She waits, listens, then shakes her head, looks back to Michelle and Peter...

But their looks of HORROR make the blood freeze in her veins...

SARAH (CONT'D)

Someone's...behind me...right?

*

Michelle just about manages to nod, as a DARK FIGURE approaches Sarah from behind her...

Sarah SPINS around, and SCREAMS...

A hand reaches out, covers her mouth...

ZOE

It's me, it's me. Quit screaming...

Sarah finally catches her breath, her eyes focusing on ZOE, 26, in tight fitting biker's leathers. She takes her hand away from Sarah's mouth...

SARAH

What the hell are you doing here?
How'd you find me?

Zoe takes a palm pilot from her leather jacket pocket.

ZOE

Shouldn't just leave this lying
around.

Sarah snatches the palm pilot from her.

SARAH

This isn't the time or the place,
Zoe...

ZOE

You can't just leave me. It doesn't
work like that.

Michelle steps up.

MICHELLE

(to Sarah)
You know her?

SARAH

I thought I did...

ZOE
(to Michelle)
Sarah's my girlfriend...

That takes Michelle aback.

MICHELLE
Oh...I...

ZOE
That's right. Sarah's a dyke. A
donut bumper, a rug muncher...

SARAH
Shut your mouth. Just go home, Zoe.
Leave me alone. It's over...

ZOE
Nothing's over until I say it's
over. You understanding me?

Peter steps between the two women...

PETER
(to Zoe)
I don't think she wants to talk to
you right now. So why not fire up
your bike and hit the road, easy
rider?

Zoe sneers.

ZOE
Fine. Just fine...

She starts to walk away, but suddenly turns around and
CHARGES toward Sarah...

Peter stands in her way, and she CAREENS into him with the
power of an NFL linebacker...

They both fall hard to the ground. Peter quickly over powers
her, drags her to her feet.

ZOE (CONT'D) *
You try and come between Sarah and
me, I'll kill you!

Sarah grabs Zoe by the collar, pulls her away from Peter.

SARAH
Just leave!

ZOE
You're dead...

Zoe backs off and runs off through the woods...

33 EXT. ANOTHER PART OF THE DARK WOODS - NIGHT 33

Jack stalks fearlessly through the dark woods, swigging from a bottle of Scotch like it's water...

Charlie and Allie follow, searching through the undergrowth for any sign of the missing girl...

ALLIE
(to Jack)
Why'd you bring Veronica here? I thought this was supposed to be trip for us.

She catches herself...

ALLIE (CONT'D) *
All of us. To come to terms with Eric's death...

JACK
Yeah well, figured I could squeeze in some Olympic grade sex in between the touchy feely shit Michelle had planned...

CHARLIE
Please. A girl's gone missing, this isn't the time for you two to go paddling in a sea of retarded sexuality.

Jack, ever the unpleasant drunk, rounds on Charlie.

JACK
So says Mr. Asexual. You couldn't get laid at a nymphomaniacs convention. All the money in the world, and the closest you've ever come to sex is rubbing up against a girl in a check out line...

Charlie's got no answer for that. A sudden RUSTLING in the trees draws everyone's attention to their left...

ALLIE
What was that?

Jack stomps through the undergrowth, towards the source of the noise...

JACK
Come out, come out, where ever you
are!

Suddenly, without warning Jack stops dead still, and sees...

a grotesquely masked killer standing there, brandishing a
MASSIVE HUNTING KNIFE...

*

Jack does what he does best, and SCREAMS at the top of his lungs, the kind of blood curdling scream that will haunt all who hear it forever...

34 EXT. DARK WOODS - NIGHT 34

Michelle, Sarah and Peter hear the screams. With their hearts in their mouths they run in the direction of Jack's plaintive cries...

35 EXT. ANOTHER PART OF THE DARK WOODS - NIGHT 35

Allie and Charlie dare not move as the masked Killer stands only a foot in front of Jack, slowly raising the knife...

Tears stream down Jack's face as he continues to scream...

ALLIE
P...Please...don't...hurt him...

*

But the Killer's not listening to her pleas. He draws back the knife and STABS Jack, right in the neck. Silences him instantaneously. BLOOD GUSHES OUT!

Allie and Charlie look away, horrified, just as the others arrive...

MICHELLE
Oh Jesus...

But that's when the screams are replaced by LAUGHTER. Everyone turns back to see Jack laughing his ass off. And the masked killer taking off his mask to reveal...

*

Bobby.

ALLIE
You little shits...

Bobby and Jack can't stop laughing.

BOBBY

Can't you guys take a joke? You all
lost your sense of humor after all
these years? It's just fake blood!

Michelle walks towards them, incredulous. She takes the prop
knife from Bobby's hand, presses the retractable blade.

MICHELLE

This is your idea of joke? What
kind of a sick sense of humor have
you got?

Bobby just shakes his head.

JACK

Give it up, tight ass. Me and Bobby
been planning this shit for months.

MICHELLE

(to Bobby)

What about the five years in jail?
With no visitors, no phone calls?

BOBBY

You know, all in all, it wasn't
that bad. Kinda like sleep over
camp.

That reduces Jack into fits of giggles. Peter steps up to
diffuse the situation.

PETER

Lets just call it a night, OK?
These woods aren't exactly the
safest place to hang out right
now...

With jaws clenched the group start back towards the camp,
leaving a giggling Jack and Bobby behind.

36 EXT. CAMP PLACID PINES - NIGHT

36

The group stumbles back out of the trees, a fake blood
covered Bobby and Jack bringing up the rear...

*

But they stop in their tracks, open mouthed. What the group
sees makes the hairs on the back of their necks stand on
end...

All the cars have been VANDALIZED, the engine's opened, WIRES
HANGING everywhere, TWO FLAT TIRES on each car...

*

Allie rounds on Bobby and Jack.

ALLIE

This part of your sick little joke?

Their smiles have gone, replaced by looks of genuine concern.

BOBBY

We had nothing to do with this...

Jack's the first to his car, inspecting the damage...

JACK

Goddamn it! No one touches my baby!

Michelle fumbles in her pocket, draws out her CELL PHONE.
Turns it ON...

MICHELLE

C'mon, c'mon, c'mon...

BEEP.

MICHELLE (CONT'D) (cont'd)

No signal, DAMMIT!

*

Sarah, Allie, Charlie, all try the same thing with their cell phones, all with the same result...

SARAH

We're trapped...

ALLIE

And Veronica's still missing, no thanks to the two stooges.

Jack laughs it off, but Bobby looks all around, at the desolate woods.

BOBBY

Alright, I'll go for help.

Peter shakes his head.

PETER

That's not a good idea. It's ten miles to the nearest phone and no one drives these roads at night. Wait til sun up.

*
*
*
*

BOBBY

Don't sweat it. Ten miles is nothing and I've got protection.

*
*

He holds up the retractable knife, winks. And with that he turns and heads out into the night. Michelle wants to go after him, but Peter gently holds her back.

ALLIE

Let's not get so freaked out.
Maybe Veronica was pissed off at
Jack and she's just playing a sick
joke.

*
*
*
*
*

37 INT. JACK'S CABIN - NIGHT

37

Jack and Allie walk into his cabin. She looks around at Veronica's abandoned belongings, while he leaps onto the bed, still covered in fake blood. He beckons Allie to join him...

JACK

While the cat's away...

ALLIE

The cat happens to be your
girlfriend, and she's not away,
she's gone missing...

JACK

Like I said, while my girlfriend's
gone missing, this mouse could use
a little **swiss cheese**...

*

ALLIE

More like a rat.

*
*

She rolls her eyes.

38 INT. CHARLIE'S CABIN - NIGHT

38

Charlie walks back into his cabin, breaks out his COMPUTER gear. Sarah stands in the doorway...

CHARLIE

I invented the P406 router, for
Christ's sake, there must be some
way I can transmit from here...

The computer SCREEN LIGHTS UP. And just for a second Sarah catches sight of something disturbing...

His screen saver looks an awful lot like a candid photo of her, with the word 'DIE' scrawled across it...

Charlie SNAPS the screen shut, turns to her, venom in his voice...

CHARLIE (CONT'D) *

How am I supposed to concentrate
with you just standing there,
watching me, huh? Don't you have
somewhere else to be?

She backs away, afraid to say anything. Charlie gets up,
stalks towards her until she leaves the cabin. Then he SLAMS
the door in her face, LOCKS it...

She's left alone, outside the cabin, the ominous sounds of
the night echoing in her ears...

39 EXT. CAMP PLACID PINES - NIGHT

39

Peter and Michelle study the vandalized car engines.

PETER

Someone's got a whole boatload of
anger against cars. You think we're
facing a killer mechanic?

He holds up a SHREDDED WIRE as proof.

CHARLIE (O.S.)

(from his cabin)

Peter! I need a Phillips head
screwdriver.

Peter shrugs...

PETER

What do I look like, a hardware
store?

CHARLIE (O.S.)

Find me one and I'll get us out of
this hell hole!

PETER

I'll check the office, might be
some old tools there.

Suddenly, the lights around the camp begin to flutter. *

He turns to Michelle.

PETER (CONT'D) *

Maybe you should tag along. Just in
case.

The lights go out completely leaving the entire camp in pitch
black. *

Michelle looks across the camp ground, sees Sarah wandering close to the tree line, all alone.

MICHELLE

I'll make sure Sarah's OK.

Peter nods, adds...

PETER

Mother hen. Always taking care of other people. That's a pretty attractive quality...

They share a smile before he turns and heads away, towards the largest of the cabins, the crumbling OFFICE BUILDING...

40 EXT. DARK WOODS - NIGHT 40

Bobby makes his way through the trees, that fake knife in his hands as his only weapon...

He stops when a drip hits his hair...

BOBBY

Great. Just great. Now it's gonna rain...

He holds out a hand, tests for rain...

But gets an awful shock when a DROP of BLOOD hits his outstretched palm...

41 INT. JACK'S CABIN - NIGHT 41

THUMP. THUMP. THUMP.

Allie and Jack, now half undressed, both turn to the wall at the back of the cabin, and the eerie noise coming from outside...

JACK

What the hell?

Allie heads over to the window, cautiously takes a look out. There's no sign of anything untoward...

THUMP. THUMP. THUMP...

There's no ignoring it. She heads back to the cabin's front door...

JACK (CONT'D)

You're not leaving me here? All alone?

ALLIE

Do what you do best, Jack, and get a grip on yourself...

She opens the door and disappears outside, leaving Jack in bed...

42 EXT. CAMP PLACID PINES - NIGHT 42

Sarah nervously lights a hand rolled cigarette, her fingers trembling. Michelle approaches, calls out...

MICHELLE

Didn't know you smoked.

Sarah turns to face her friend.

SARAH

Just started.

She offers the lit cigarette to Michelle, who gratefully takes it.

MICHELLE

So did I. Again.

43 EXT. DARK WOODS - NIGHT 43

DRIP. Another drop of BLOOD falls on Bobby's palm. With trepidation he raises his eyes to the trees above...

And sees the source of the blood...

Zoe's been strung up by her ankles, her THROAT SLASHED...

Blood drip, drip, drips from the open wound, down her motorcycle leathers...

BOBBY

Holy shit...

44 EXT. JACK'S CABIN - NIGHT 44

Moonlight streams through the trees, engulfing the cabins in the middle of nowhere...

Allie steps out into the night, investigating that noise, coming from behind Jack's cabin...

THUMP. THUMP. THUMP...

She rounds the shack, scours the dark woods. No sign of life...

45 EXT. DESERTED ROAD - NIGHT 45

Rocks tumble down as Bobby SLIDES down a sheer rock face, landing hard on the asphalt of a deserted COUNTRY ROAD...

He picks himself up, searches the rubble for his fake knife, pulling it out from under the fallen rocks...

He looks up and down the road. It's deserted.

But not for long...

A PAIR OF HEADLIGHTS come round the corner, shining DIRECTLY at Bobby...

He squints in the bright light, as the car comes barrelling towards him. Just in time the car screeches to a stop directly in front of Bobby. *

Bobby, thankful he's alive, struggles to see the driver of the car past the bright headlights. *

Suddenly, BLUE and RED FLASHING LIGHTS begin to strobe atop the car. *

It's the Sheriff. They're saved! *

46 INT. CAMP OFFICE BUILDING - NIGHT 46

The Camp's OFFICES have been stripped almost bare, PAPERS strewn around the virtually empty space...

Peter makes his way down the corridor, poking his head into the individual offices until finally he finds a door marked MAINTENANCE...

He reaches for the rusted handle, slowly TURNS it...

The door CREAKS open, pitch black inside...

UNTIL SOMETHING LEAPS out at Peter! He reels back, SCREAMING...

47 EXT. DESERTED ROAD - NIGHT 47

The Blue and RED SIRENS light up the forest, as Bobby approaches the Police CRUISER...

BOBBY
I need your help...

The Police car's door BURSTS OPEN and out pours SHERIFF KNOWLES, 50's, weather worn and craggy. And he's POINTING his SERVICE REVOLVER right at Bobby's head!

SHERIFF
Don't make me shoot you, you sonofabitch!

Bobby looks to the knife in his hand, the blood that covers his shirt, knows this looks bad...

BOBBY
A girl's been killed, and our cars have been...

The Sheriff edges towards Bobby, the gun still aimed squarely at him...

SHERIFF
I ain't had to use this gun since 1974. Don't make me use it now! Drop the weapon!

BOBBY
Sir, you don't understand...

The Sheriff stands three feet from Bobby, his finger TIGHTENING on the TRIGGER...

SHERIFF
Drop it!

Bobby shakes his head, can't believe this is happening. He tosses the fake knife aside, puts his bloody hands up...

48 EXT. CAMP PLACID PINES - NIGHT 48

Michelle and Sarah finish the last puffs on the cigarette, turn back to the camp grounds, only to see a Shadowy Figure darting across the open ground...

SARAH
You seeing what I'm seeing?

MICHELLE
I hope not..

49 EXT. JACK'S CABIN - NIGHT 49

THUMP. THUMP. THUMP...

Allie peeks her head around the side of the cabin, looks to the back porch, and sees..

An old hanging BENCH, blowing in the wind, BUMPING harmlessly against the back wall of the cabin...

She half smiles, shakes her head, reaches out and stops the bench from moving...

But when she looks up she gets the SHOCK of her young life...

A face is at the window.

Jack's face...

ALLIE

Jack, you asshole, you scared the
shit out of me...

But he's not smiling. In fact, his face isn't moving...

And that's when Allie sees that his face isn't ATTACHED to his body anymore! Shredded veins and arteries in his severed throat DRIP BLOOD, his lifeless eyes just staring out at Allie...

She reels back, sick to her stomach. She can't take her eyes off the horrific sight ahead of her. *

Then she notices, behind Jack in the dark of the cabin stands Eric, only his expressionless face is rotting and hastily stitched together. The Killer steps forward into the light, dangling Jack's bloody head *

There's only one thing to do...

Turn and run into the night...

50

EXT. DESERTED ROAD - NIGHT

50

The Sheriff pushes Bobby up against the Cruiser, CUFFS him. He reaches into Bobby's mud covered pocket, pulls out his WALLET...

BOBBY

Please, I haven't done anything
wrong.

The Sheriff opens the wallet, studies Bobby's DRIVER'S LICENCE. He reaches for his radio, calls it in...

SHERIFF
(into radio)
Betty, I'm gonna need you to run an
ID for me. Robert Baline...

BOBBY
I swear it's not what it looks
like...

A voice crackles back on the radio...

BETTY (V.O.)
(on radio)
He's got a rap sheet, Sheriff.
Recent Parolee...

SHERIFF
And now he's out in the woods,
carrying a weapon, covered in
blood. Hellova start to your
parole, son.

The Sheriff bundles Bobby into the back of the car, SLAMS the
door on him...

51 EXT. DARK WOODS - NIGHT 51

Allie darts through the trees, the branches WHIPPING across
her face. But nothing's gonna slow her down now. Especially
when she looks back over her shoulder, sees the DARK FIGURE
wearing that grotesque and rotting mask following closely
behind her... *

ALLIE
Leave me alone!

But the masked killer pays no heed, gaining on her, holding a
RUSTY HATCHET BLADE in his gloved hands...

Allie stumbles. Falls. She manages to crawl into the hollow
of a tree. She cowers down, holding her breath. *

She waits silently as the killer walks nearby. *

She calms herself as the sound of him walking fades. *

Once she's sure that he's gone, Allie pokes her head out and
checks that he's gone. But just as she crawls out from the
safety of her hiding place she hears some leaves rustle... *

Sensing something above her she rolls over on her back and
looks up to see the Masked Killer towering over her, lifting
the BLADE above his head, readying for the KILL... *

ALLIE (CONT'D) *

Please...don't...

But the Killer does what he does best...

Brings the BLADE CRASHING down, aimed right at Allie's head.

Allie moves just in time. The blade slices across her leg cutting it to the bone. *

She screams with pain. *

But with adrenaline flowing, she manages to get up and continue to run, only this time limping like a wounded deer. *

The killer comes after her once more.. *

52 INT. SHERIFF'S CAR - NIGHT

52

The Sheriff ambles over, gets in the driver's seat of the Police Cruiser. He looks back at Bobby, through the wire mesh...

SHERIFF

You're in a world of shit, buddy boy. What kind of a wacko cuts a man's head and hands off? It's just sick...

BOBBY

I have to get back to the camp site, they're not safe up there...

SHERIFF

Whoever they are, they're a whole lot safer with you in jail...

He puts the pedal to the metal, and the Police Car SCREECHES down the deserted stretch of road...

Just as Allie BURSTS out of the trees, inches behind the SPEEDING COP CAR...

She waves desperately to the receding Police car...

ALLIE

Help me! Please! Stop!

But the Police cruiser turns the corner and disappears...

Now Allie's out here all alone.

Not for long. The masked Killer's standing by the side of the road, watching her, a RUSTY HATCHET in his hand... *

She looks around, just in time to see the Killer take a full swing, STRAIGHT AT HER! *

With no time to react the BLADE SLASHES across her neck... *

She stumbles back, blood sluicing down her chest... *

ALLIE (CONT'D) *

That...hurts...

THUD. She falls backwards. Dead before she hits the ground... *

53 INT. JACK'S CABIN - NIGHT 53

Michelle and Sarah tentatively open the door to Jack's cabin...

MICHELLE

Allie? Jack?

The cabin's dark, and menacingly quiet...

SARAH

Anyone?

Michelle takes a step inside, SLIPS, FALLS, reaching out for Sarah only to drag her down with her.

And now they're lying in the midst of Jack, FLESHY pieces SCATTERED across the wooden floor...

They both SCRAMBLE to their feet, but only manage to SLIP further into the gore...

Finally a hand reaches down, pulls Michelle out of the blood. She SCREAMS, but cuts it short when she sees Charlie standing there...

MICHELLE

Oh God...Jack's...dead...

CHARLIE

(sarcastic)

You think? You don't wanna try mouth to mouth. No wait, where is his mouth?

Michelle turns away from the horrific scene, runs outside the cabin as Charlie helps a blood soaked Sarah up...

54 EXT. JACK'S CABIN - CONTINUOUS

54

Michelle runs outside, sees Peter bounding across the camp grounds, holding a small set of rusted SCREWDRIVERS...

PETER

Michelle, are you alright?

She can't speak, can only point inside the cabin. Peter puts a hand on her shoulder as he passes her, takes a look inside the cabin that could now double for a slaughterhouse...

He's repulsed by what he sees. Charlie, standing amidst Jack's constituent body parts, turns to Peter

CHARLIE

Welcome to the human jigsaw puzzle.

Sarah stumbles outside, collapses into Michelle's arms.

SARAH

Who would...who could do something like this?

MICHELLE

You know you said 'we're gonna be punished...for what we did to Eric...'

SARAH

Oh God...We're all gonna die...

Peter emerges from the cabin, scarred for life by what he's seen. He's followed by an all too calm Charlie..

CHARLIE

That's not gonna happen.

SARAH

Really? What makes you think that?

CHARLIE

Because I think that if we can get the generator working I can rig up a transmitter, get us the hell out of here...

Michelle looks to Peter, who shrugs.

PETER

It's the best chance we have.

CHARLIE

It's the only chance we have.
Peter, you keep watch while I work
on the power...

He stalks away, towards the old office building...

SARAH

Oh God! Where's Allie?

DISSOLVE TO:

55 EXT. SHERIFF'S STATION - DAWN 55

The sun's fighting to rise above the LOG CABIN that doubles as the Sheriff's station. The CRUISER is parked outside, the lights idle...

Also outside is a MOTORCYCLE, the words 'Zoe and Sarah forever' painted on the gas tank...

56 INT. SHERIFF'S STATION - DAWN 56

It's a one man show up here, and Sheriff Knowles is the law. He leads Bobby through the small offices, past CRIME SCENE PHOTOS pinned to the walls, all showing a dead body in the woods, missing its head and hands.

SHERIFF

You know anything 'bout that
abandoned bike outside, son?
Another victim of yours?

Bobby winces as he sees the photos, but the Sheriff just pushes him on past, into the small CELL at the back of the building. He slams the door shut after him...

BOBBY

She was killed, but...I swear...

The Sheriff cuts him off.

SHERIFF

... You had nothing to do with it?
You're an innocent man and this is
all some big mix up? Just answer me
this though, will you? The guy you
killed last week, why'd you take
his head and hands?

Bobby holds the bars that cage him.

BOBBY

There's no way I could have killed him! Up until yesterday I was in the Maricopa Correctional facility...

The Sheriff points to a CERTIFICATE on the wall...

SHERIFF

You see that, boy?

Bobby strains to see the faded document.

SHERIFF (CONT'D)

Local law enforcement Officer of the year. 1974. Year I shot my gun in the line of duty.

*

BOBBY

And?

The Sheriff WHIPS his NIGHTSTICK from his belt, CRACKS it against the bars, inches from Bobby's face.

SHERIFF

You don't get that kind of award without having a gut...

Bobby looks down to see the Sheriff's ample waistline.

BOBBY

So I see.

SHERIFF

...And my gut tells me you're a killer.

He backs away, nodding imperiously...

BOBBY

Just go up to Camp Placid Pines before you've got a mass murder on your hands...

The Sheriff backs away, never taking his eyes off Bobby. He lowers his frame into his office chair, picks up the phone and dials, all whilst still watching Bobby like a hawk...

SHERIFF

(into phone)

Hey Betty, it's me...You got a name for me on that headless body yet?

(MORE)

SHERIFF (cont'd)

Well keep working on it, someone's gotta be missing 'im!...Listen I need you to call Maricopa...find out when our Bobby here was paroled...I know it's early, but...well call me back when you find out...

He slams the phone down, puts his feet up on the desk...

SHERIFF (CONT'D)

Get used to the view, Bobby boy.

*

57 EXT. CAMP PLACID PINES - DAWN

57

The first rays of sun break through the dense trees, the early morning FOG illuminating the beams of light...

Sarah, Michelle and Peter wait by the vandalized cars, whispering conspiratorially...

SARAH

I don't trust Charlie as far as I can throw him. Never have.

Michelle sees Charlie leaving his cabin, carrying an armful of COMPUTER EQUIPMENT. Her interest is piqued when she sees him LOCKING his cabin door behind him...

MICHELLE

Why's he locking the cabin door?
What's he hiding?

SARAH

I...I saw something...on his computer last night...something kinda disturbing...

PETER

How disturbing?

SARAH

I don't know...I thought I saw...pictures...of me...

PETER

Last time I checked that wasn't a crime.

SARAH

But there were words, scrawled across them...Bad words...

That changes their minds pretty quickly...

MICHELLE

We have to get into that cabin.
Find out what he's got in there...

Peter nods in agreement. He looks to Sarah...

PETER

Can you keep him busy?

Sarah takes a deep breath.

SARAH

Be quick. Real quick...

58 INT. CAMP OFFICE BUILDING - DAWN 58

Sunlight streams in through the boarded up windows,
illuminating the graffiti covered offices.

Charlie makes his way through the detritus, to the stairs
leading to the BASEMENT...

He looks back around, then heads down into the darkness
below...

Seconds later Sarah enters the Office building...

SARAH

Charlie?

59 EXT. CHARLIE'S CABIN - DAWN 59

Michelle sees Sarah disappear inside the Office building. She
nods to Peter, who's waiting by the locked door to Charlie's
cabin...

MICHELLE

(whispering)
Go, go, go!

Peter takes a PENKNIFE from his pocket, starts working the
lock. But it's resolutely refusing to open...

PETER

This shit looks so much easier in
the movies...

60 INT. CAMP OFFICE BUILDING - DAWN 60

Sarah makes her way through the abandoned offices, towards
the stone stairs to the basement.

There's noises coming from down there...

SARAH
Charlie? You need a hand?

The noises stop for a moment...then continue apace...

Sarah's caught in two minds. What to do, what to do? She takes one step towards the stairs, then stops...

SARAH (CONT'D) *
Don't do this to me...Nothing good
ever comes from girls going down
into dark basements...

She screws up her face in fear, then takes that first fateful step down into the basement...

61 EXT. CHARLIE'S CABIN - DAWN 61

Peter works the pen knife further and further into the lock on Charlie's cabin door, jiggling it to no effect...

PETER
Open sesame...

Michelle hops from foot to foot, watching the office building breathlessly...

MICHELLE
(loud whisper)
Hurry, Peter!

PETER
I'm doing my best here, but I
flunked out of locksmith school...

No kidding.

62 INT. CAMP OFFICE BUILDING BASEMENT - DAWN 62

There's virtually no light down in the basement, and Sarah almost trips on the uneven stone steps. She calls out...

SARAH
Charlie!

There's no reply from the dark void...

She keeps fumbling her way down the stairs until...

SARAH (CONT'D) *
Ugghhh!

She looks down, sees DEAD RATS under her feet.

SARAH (CONT'D)
My shoes are ruined!

*

She's about to turn right back around and get the hell out of there when...

A noise up ahead...

SARAH (CONT'D)
What the hell?

*

63 EXT. CHARLIE'S CABIN - DAWN 63

The lock's SPLINTERING under Peter's fumbling attempts to open it.

Suddenly he stops, hearing the distinctive sound of GLASS SMASHING.

He looks over to see Michelle standing with her ELBOW through the window pane...

MICHELLE
Route one...

Peter nods in admiration.

PETER
I like a girl who knows what she wants, knows how to get it...

MICHELLE
The truth's in there...

She elbows out the rest of the SHATTERED GLASS.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)
Gimme a boost...

*

Peter runs over, cups his hands under her foot, helps her THROUGH the newly opened window...

64 INT. CAMP OFFICE BUILDING BASEMENT - DAWN 64

A faint LIGHT spills in through a GRATE high in the stone basement wall, and Sarah can see a SHADOW crossing the stone floor of the basement...

SARAH
Charlie that better be you...

The shadow disappears...

Dead silence. Then something RUSHES TOWARDS HER. She SCREAMS before being KNOCKED OFF HER FEET...

65 INT. CHARLIE'S CABIN - DAWN 65

Michelle lands amidst the BROKEN GLASS on Charlie's cabin floor. She looks around the unusually neat space. The bed has been neatly made, the corners perfectly tucked and folded...

She opens the front door for Peter. He walks in ashamed by his poor lock picking skills. *

She makes her way over to the wooden table, and the LAPTOP COMPUTER that's neatly placed on top... *

MICHELLE

Let's see what you've really been up to, Charlie...

BEEP. The computer boots up...

66 INT. CAMP OFFICE BUILDING BASEMENT - DAWN 66

Sarah is on her back, fighting desperately to get away from whatever HIT her...

SARAH

Leave me alone!

But she soon comes to realize that it's not a human attacker at all...

It's a Massive WOODEN SPOOL, ELECTRICAL WIRE wound round it...

She kicks it away from her, and it rolls harmlessly back, revealing...

Charlie, standing there, watching her, utterly bemused...

CHARLIE

Checking up on me?

He helps Sarah.

SARAH

I...I thought I'd come and help...

CHARLIE

You're doing a great job so far! I was just trying to run a cable to the generator...

He points to the rust bucket GENERATOR by the far wall...

SARAH

I'm...sorry...I didn't mean to get
in the way. I just wanted to make
sure you were okay...

CHARLIE

Sure you did.

He reaches out, runs his finger up her shirt. She recoils...

SARAH

Don't...

He snarls, all to quickly..

CHARLIE

You always were a prick
tease...First Eric, now me...

She points to the generator...

SARAH

Just...get that thing working and
get us out of here...

He seethes for a moment, before turning and stomping towards
the rusted generator...

67 INT. CHARLIE'S CABIN - DAWN

67

Michelle's face is bathed in the bluish glow from Charlie's
laptop SCREEN...

She scrolls through the FILE MENUS...

MICHELLE

What have we got here?

She double clicks a file marked... "SARAH"

Pictures of Sarah POP UP, with words scrawled all over the
top...

Words like...WHORE...BITCH...DIE...

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

Sick puppy...

She CLOSES the pictures, continues scrolling the list of
files until one catches her eye...

*

"ERIC"

68 INT. CAMP OFFICE BUILDING BASEMENT - DAWN 68

Charlie steps up to the generator, looks it over. Finds the rusted ON/ OFF HANDLE.

CHARLIE
Piece of shit...

He traces the CABLES running out the generator, sees that they're only SIX FEET LONG, SHREDED at the end like someone's CUT THEM with a KNIFE...

CHARLIE (CONT'D) *

That'll take hours to solder...

He drops the cables, letting them fall to the floor...

Then A BEEPING SOUND fills the basement...

SARAH
What's that noise?

Charlie reaches into his pocket and pulls out a small black receiver that looks like a pager.

CHARLIE
My computer alarm!

SARAH
Your what?

CHARLIE
Someone's at my...
(a sudden realization)

He looks at Sarah and a slow rage fills his eyes.

CHARLIE (CONT'D) *

You set me up...

Sarah stands her ground...

SARAH
As if...

69 INT. CHARLIE'S CABIN - DAWN 69

Michelle covers her mouth, shocked at the images that she's seeing on Charlie's laptop...

MICHELLE

My God...

She's looking at pixilated images of SARAH, all stalker style, long lens, surveillance type shots. Of her showering, of her getting undressed, of her sleeping...

*
*
*

70

INT. CAMP OFFICE BUILDING BASEMENT - DAWN

70

Sarah pushes past Charlie, trying to keep his mind focused on the generator.

SARAH

We just get this piece of shit working, we'll all get the hell outta here and never look back...

Charlie stands by the rusted Generator, his anger boiling over...

CHARLIE

You always had to have whatever you wanted, whenever you wanted it.

Sarah traces the severed wires from the generator, examines the frayed ends....

SARAH

What the hell are you jibbering about?

Charlie finally snaps.

CHARLIE

Eric! You didn't even really want him, but you had him just because you could...

Sarah stops, incredulous. Can barely stifle a laugh.

SARAH

What are you saying? What does my relationship with Eric have to do with you?

*
*
*

She goes back to examining the severed wires from the generator.

CHARLIE

(quietly)

Because he was my best friend.
And, you killed him. All of you!

*
*

71 EXT. CHARLIE'S CABIN - DAWN 71 *

Michelle runs out of the cabin. *

MICHELLE
It's Charlie...

Peter stands at the doorway to Charlie's cabin. *

PETER
What's Charlie?

She's already racing across the camp grounds, towards the run down Office building.

72 INT. CAMP OFFICE BUILDING BASEMENT - DAWN 72

Sarah strips the ripped wires, revealing the twisted copper beneath the plastic sheathing. Charlie just stands by the generator, seething...

SARAH
Can we forget your little crush on Eric and get back to the job in hand?

CHARLIE
It wasn't a crush!

SARAH
No, I'm sure it was a full blown obsession, you little stalker.

CHARLIE
I loved him!

Sarah can't contain her laughter any longer. It reverberates around the basement, ringing in Charlie's ears, infuriating him.

The rage takes over, and in an instant he reaches out for the POWER SWITCH...

Sarah's eyes dart from his hand to the shredded cables...in her hand...

SARAH
NO!

Without hesitation he FLIPS the generator switch ON, and BLUE SPARKS FLY ACROSS THE WIRES...

Sarah doesn't have a chance, and her body is ROCKED by the MASSIVE ELECTRICAL CURRENT SURGING THROUGH HER...

She's thrown to the ground, BLUE LIGHTNING dancing all around her until...

Charlie flips the switch back to OFF. The sparks subside, and Sarah lies in the middle of the basement, her body's SMOKING. Literally...

CHARLIE
(in a moment of clarity)
Oh God, what have I done?

73 INT. CAMP OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

73

The Office door BURSTS OPEN, Peter and Michelle **bursting** through, out of breath...

*

And out of time...

The stench hits them first. Fried flesh...

Michelle reaches the top of the basement stairs, Peter holds her back...

PETER
Don't go down there...

Michelle shakes her head...

MICHELLE
I have to. She's my friend...

With a heavy heart she starts down the stone steps, fearful of what she's going to find...

Peter follows a step behind, covering his mouth, the smell from the dank basement so wretched...

MICHELLE (CONT'D)
Sarah?

*

Her voices echoes in the darkness...

She reaches the bottom step, is about to step down when Peter grabs her by the shoulder, holds her back...

He points towards the middle of the basement floor, and the charred, smoking remains of Sarah...

Michelle turns and runs back up the stairs. Peter scours the smoke filled space...

PETER

Charlie?

No reply...

74 INT. CHARLIE'S CABIN - DAY

74

Charlie races back into his cabin, snatches his Gucci bag from the floor, starts shoveling clothes inside...

CHARLIE

(mumbling)

It was an accident, it was an accident....

He stumbles over to the desk, grabs his computer, but not before noticing that something's written on the screen...

'LOOK UNDER THE BED'

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

This is a joke right? Another sick joke?

*

The screen goes blank for a moment, then reads...

'SERIOUSLY, LOOK UNDER THE BED'

With fear and trepidation coursing through him, Charlie does as he's instructed...

He gets down on his knees, squints to see under the wooden bed frame.

It's dark, shadowy. Empty...

Charlie looks back at the computer screen, still urging him on...

'KEEP LOOKING'

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

(mumbling)

There's nothing there...

*

He gets down to floor level, gets as close to the bed as possible, peers underneath...

And then he hears it...

RATTLING...

CHARLIE (CONT'D) *

I don't deserve this. I didn't mean
to kill her, I swear...

His plaintive cries aren't gonna stop the GIANT RATTLESNAKE
from slithering out of the darkness, sliding closer and
closer to Charlie's face...

CHARLIE (CONT'D) *

(mumbling)

Don't move, don't move, don't show
fear...

He fails to take his own advice and SCREAMS as he tries to
back away. In milliseconds the Snake STRIKES...

75 EXT. CAMP PLACID PINES - DAY

75

Michelle bursts out of the run down Office building, in
floods of tears...

Peter follows, and takes Michelle in his arms, trying to
comfort her.

MICHELLE

He killed her and he's gonna try
and kill us too...

PETER

I won't let him hurt you.

She takes some comfort in his protection, but she knows what
she has to do...

MICHELLE

And I won't let him hurt you
either...

She slides free of his embrace, starts walking purposely over
to Charlie's cabin, the door now SWINGING WIDE OPEN...

PETER

Michelle!

But her mind's made up. She's taking the fight to him...

76 INT. CHARLIE'S CABIN - DAY

76

Leaves billow inside the cabin, through the newly opened
door...

Michelle steps up to the cabin, strides in fearlessly...

MICHELLE
(calling out)
You're gonna pay for what you did,
Charlie...

He already has...

Charlie lies on the floor, his eye MISSING, just a bloody,
puss filled wound. His face is blue, his veins visible under
his sweat covered skin...

Peter arrives at the open doorway, sees the tragic scene
inside the cabin...

He looks over to the Laptop computer on the table, sees the
simple last message...

'SO SORRY'

PETER
Guess he couldn't live with what
he'd done...

Michelle puts her head in her hands, falls into his arms...

MICHELLE
I can't believe it could end like
this...

77 EXT. SHERIFF'S STATION - AFTERNOON 77

The light's fading over the log cabin that houses 1974's Law
enforcement Officer of the year.

A ringing phone inside the station disturbs the birds in the
trees...

78 INT. SHERIFF'S STATION - AFTERNOON 78

Bobby paces back and forth in the tiny cell like a caged
animal. Which is what Sheriff Knowles thinks he is...

BOBBY
(to the Sheriff)
You gonna answer that?

The Sheriff is still wedged into his chair, still watching
Bobby like a hawk. He hasn't moved to pick up the ringing
phone on his desk...

BOBBY (CONT'D)
Sheriff? The Phone?

*

The Sheriff wakes up, as if coming out of a trance.

SHERIFF

Huh?

He comes to his senses, grabs the incessant phone.

SHERIFF (CONT'D)

This is Sheriff Knowles...

*

Bobby stands by the cell door, trying to hear what's being said.

SHERIFF (CONT'D)

(into the phone)

Uh huh...Uh huh...Really?

*

BOBBY

What's happening?

The Sheriff walks the phone over to the small cell, stands only inches from the bars, staring at Bobby....

SHERIFF

(into the phone)

Is that right? Uh uh...Not since 1974... Guess I'm gonna have to...

He starts to reach for his GUN...

BOBBY

Sheriff no, don't do it...

But his chubby fingers brush past his ancient holster, grab his KEYS...

The Sheriff slides the key in the cell door lock...

SHERIFF

(into the phone)

Yeah, well go ahead and fax it on over here, will ya? What's that? Alright, I'll check it out...

He UNLOCKS the cell door as he hangs up the phone...

SHERIFF (CONT'D)

Seems as if I got some apologizing to do.

*

Bobby steps out of the cell, just happy to be free...

SHERIFF (CONT'D) *

I ain't above saying sorry. When a man's wrong a man's wrong. And I was wrong. Your parole story checked out, you couldn't have had anything to do with the murder in the woods few days ago...

Bobby's standing in front of the wall of crime scene photos..

SHERIFF (CONT'D) *

Forensics just ID'd our headless victim. They're faxin' over the details...

Bobby heads to the door...

BOBBY

Just gimme a ride back to the campsite, before you've got a whole morgue full of victims to ID...

The Sheriff waddles past the clunky eighties style FAX MACHINE.

SHERIFF

Got myself a call, gotta go check out a report of a burglary out on Western...

BOBBY

They're in danger out there!

The Sheriff taps his badge on the way out the door.

SHERIFF

I protect and serve the whole community. Not just you and your little friends...

Bobby's stuck between a rock and a nutcase. He watches the Sheriff leave, then looks back to the Fax Machine as it WHIRS to life. It starts churning out PAPER at the rate of a millimeter a minute...

79

EXT. FIREPIT - AFTERNOON

79

Peter and Michelle sit by the fire pit as he tries to LIGHT the stacks of wood. He flicks match after match into the center of the pile, and finally it IGNITES.

He stands back, admiring his handiwork...

PETER

At least we'll be warm...

MICHELLE

Someone'll come, right? Eventually?

PETER

I'm sure the Sheriff'll be by.
Maybe not today, maybe not
tomorrow, but soon...

Michelle smiles.

MICHELLE

And for the rest of our lives?
Cliche, cliche, cliche!

Peter returns her warm smile. He reaches over to grab a couple of paper cups, and pours some WHISKEY into them...

PETER

Thought I'd bring this up to the camp with me. I was gonna flambe desert for you guys....

MICHELLE

That's a lovely thought....

PETER

Maybe next time.

Michelle smiles ruefully.

MICHELLE

I don't think there's gonna be a next time, Peter...

He sits down next to her, nods.

PETER

I understand. Gotta get back to your life in the city...

MICHELLE

You could always...come with me. I know home's where the heart is, but...

PETER

I don't have a home anymore...

That takes Michelle aback.

MICHELLE
Why? What happened?

PETER
Long story.

MICHELLE
We've got nothing but time, tell
me...

PETER
There's other things I'd rather be
doing...

He leans in and KISSES her...

80 INT. SHERIFF'S STATION - AFTERNOON 80

The fax is edging through the machine, taking an eternity.

Bobby is by the door, watching the road, searching for any
sign of the erstwhile Sheriff...

BOBBY
Hurry up, you fat...

He turns back to see the top of the fax is printed...

It reads...

MISSING PERSONS REPORT...

A photo's underneath, but the Fax Machine is taking eons to
print it...

81 EXT. FIREPIT - AFTERNOON 81

Michelle finally breaks her lip lock with Peter, coming up
for air...

MICHELLE
I know you're a fan of cliches,
so...here goes...the earth just
moved!

He smiles wickedly...

PETER
One in the hand's worth two in the
bush?

He leans in and Michelle rolls back so he's on top of her...

MICHELLE
Sounds good to me...

She **opens** her shirt, starts unbuttoning his...

MICHELLE (CONT'D)
(re: the liquor)
That stuff has some kick...

Peter looks over to the whiskey bottle...

PETER
You want some more?

MICHELLE
Later...

She has drags him down on top of her, kissing his neck...

82 INT. SHERIFF'S STATION - AFTERNOON

82

The painfully slow Fax Machine finally spews out the printed piece of paper...

Bobby squints as he holds it up to read it...

BOBBY
The body has been identified as...

He scans the text...

BOBBY (CONT'D)
Peter **Bishop**.

Whoa. That takes Bobby aback.

BOBBY (CONT'D)
That can't be right...

He looks at the print out, at the photo...Of a FIFTY YEAR OLD, white haired man. Underneath the picture are the words...

PETER **BISHOP**

OCCUPATION: COOK

BOBBY (CONT'D)
If that's...Peter...who's up at the camp?

83 EXT. FIRE PIT - AFTERNOON

83

Michelle has her hands underneath Peter's (or the man she thinks is Peter) shirt, trying to pull it off of him. But she stops suddenly when she feels his back...

MICHELLE

What's that...

He winces, looks away for a moment...

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

It's okay. We all have our imperfections. Our secrets...

*

He turns back to her, looks her in the eye for a moment, then pulls up his shirt, revealing UGLY BURN SCARS on his back..

PETER

You play with matches, you're gonna get burned...

MICHELLE

How'd it happen?

PETER

My parents house...burned down...

MICHELLE

Oh God, that's terrible...

PETER

In a strange way...it was a blessing...After everything that had happened....

MICHELLE

I don't...what happened?

PETER

You know exactly what happened Michelle. You were there...

Her mind races at a million miles an hour, all the pieces finally falling into place...

MICHELLE

Eric...

PETER

My brother...

84 EXT. SHERIFF'S STATION - AFTERNOON 84

Bobby sprints out of the small Sheriff's station, scans the empty road. No sign of the Sheriff or his squad car...

Bobby looks around desperately, finally sees Zoe's MOTORCYCLE...

Without a second thought he jumps aboard the bike and uses the key dangling idly in the ignition to FIRE IT UP...

85 EXT. FIRE PIT - AFTERNOON 85

Michelle scrambles to get away from Peter, but he stalks her relentlessly...

PETER

My parents never got over Eric's death. They didn't care that I was hurting too, they just sat around and talked about him day and night, what he would have been doing if he was still alive...

MICHELLE

Adam, right? Your name's Adam?

Peter/ Adam stops momentarily at the sound of his name...

PETER/ ADAM

You remembered. How touching.

MICHELLE

I heard about the fire. I thought...I thought the whole family was killed...

PETER/ ADAM

They were. I dug up Eric specially for the occasion. Gave them back their precious son so they could all be together again...

MICHELLE

Oh God...that's disgusting...

PETER/ ADAM

A little sentimental, but hey, I'm an old fashioned kinda guy...

She tries to get to her feet, but stumbles, her head spinning...

PETER/ ADAM (CONT'D)

The drugs starting to take effect?

MICHELLE

What drugs?

But she's already realized what happened...

PETER/ ADAM

I brought the Whiskey for you all.
I really was going to flambe with
it, but not desserts...

MICHELLE

What did you put in it?

Peter shrugs.

PETER/ ADAM

Trimethyllenechloride. Nothing
special. But you might wanna see a
Doctor in the next hour or so...

Michelle collapses onto the floor, holding her stomach...

MICHELLE

It was an accident! We didn't mean
to hurt Eric.

PETER/ADAM

Let's make something clear. You
didn't hurt Eric. You killed him!

86 EXT. COUNTRY ROAD (BOBBY ON MOTORCYCLE) - AFTERNOON 86

Bobby gooses the throttle, HURTLING down the country road at
the speed of sound...

And just then he sees...

Sheriff Knowles's Police cruiser rounding a corner up ahead.
With no time to stop, no time to explain, he BLASTS by the
rotund Sheriff's car in a cloud of dust.

The Sheriff hits the brakes, swings the car around, gives
chase, SIRENS BLAZING...

87 EXT. FIREPIT - AFTERNOON 87

Michelle, dizzy and disoriented, crawls across the open
ground in a futile attempt to get away from Peter/ Adam...

He stalks her every move, calmly, methodically, waiting for the right time to strike...

MICHELLE

How...how did you know we'd be here?

PETER/ADAM

I've been keeping track of all of you for quite some time. You could say it became somewhat of an obsession...

MICHELLE

What do you want?

PETER/ADAM

Exactly what you want. Closure.

MICHELLE

But how?

PETER/ADAM

By finishing what my brother started...

MICHELLE

What...what's that?

PETER/ADAM

The game of Bloody Murder...

Michelle coughs, the breath caught in her throat..

MICHELLE

You've gotta be kidding me...

PETER/ADAM

I'm deadly serious.

Michelle's eyes roll back into her head as she finally BLACKS OUT...

Peter/ Adam cocks his head, looks at her peaceful face, then reaches down and HOOKS her underneath the arms, starts to drag her away...

PETER/ ADAM

Time to play...

88 EXT. CAMP PLACID PINES - EVENING

88

The day gives way to night, and the creatures of the woods emerge, only to scatter back to their hiding places as Bobby comes CAREENING up the driveway to the seemingly abandoned camp...

Before the motorbike's even stopped, Bobby's leapt off, letting it skid to a halt. He scours the grounds for any sign of his friends...

BOBBY
Michelle? Sarah? Charlie? Anybody?

His voice dissipates into the endless woods...

Bobby sees the smoldering embers of the fire in the pit, and the clear marks of where a body was dragged through the mud...

BOBBY (CONT'D)
The cemetery...

*

The distant sound of Police sirens echoes through the trees...

89 EXT. PLACID PINES CEMETERY - ENTRANCE - NIGHT

89

The rusted iron bars are still broken and bent towards the foreboding Cemetery...

*

Michelle lies in a heap at the base of the gates, still unconscious. Peter/ Adam slips through the gate, leans down and SLAPS Michelle's face...

*

PETER/ ADAM
Wake up sleepy head. I wouldn't want you to miss a minute of this...

Michelle's eyes slowly OPEN. She blinks once, blinks twice, then sees that Peter/ Adam is now wearing that horrific MASK...

*

MICHELLE
You're crazy!

PETER/ ADAM
That's what my therapist said. Before I killed him.

He drags her to her feet.

PETER/ ADAM (CONT'D) *

Up you get. Time to start the
game...

90 EXT. PLACID PINES CEMETERY - ERIC'S GRAVE - NIGHT 90 *

PETER/ADAM takes MICHELLE by her BOUND hands, drags her
through the vine covered Cemetery, past Eric's OPEN GRAVE...

PETER/ ADAM *

Is this how you thought the re-
union would end?

He points down into the six foot hole, to the empty hole,
then pulls out a HUNTING KNIFE...

MICHELLE

No. Please...

Peter/ Adam starts towards her, raises the Knife...

And CUTS the rope that binds her hands..

PETER/ ADAM

I give you a count of twenty,
that's how the game's played,
right?

Michelle backs away...

MICHELLE

I can't do this, I don't want to do
this...

PETER/ ADAM

Sure you do. For Eric...

He turns and walks to the rickety stone Mausoleum. Pushes
open the rotting wooden door and looks inside...

PETER/ ADAM (CONT'D) *

This is where he hid, right? Where
Bobby watched Eric finish his
countdown?

Michelle's too shocked to speak. Peter/ Adam scours the dark,
cobweb filled interior of the Stone Mausoleum.

PETER/ ADAM (CONT'D) *

Then this is where it ends.

His eyes close behind the mask. *

PETER/ ADAM (CONT'D) *

One...two...three...

Michelle backs away, BUMPING into Eric's loose headstone, almost toppling it...

PETER/ ADAM (CONT'D) *

Four...five...six...

Michelle turns and RUNS...

Her eyes dart left, dart right, trying to find a place to hide. The trees provide the best cover, out by the wall that surrounds the cemetery...

Her heart pounds in her ears as she tries desperately to control her breathing. She ducks low, beneath the overhanging branches of a tree, sneaks a look out to the Mausoleum...

And in the darkness she can see that Peter/ Adam has gone...

MICHELLE

Oh Jesus...

CRUNCH, CRUNCH. CRUNCH. The distinct sound of FOOTSTEPS, heading her way...

With no choice, she leaves her hiding place, goes on the run once more...

She darts through the trees, back out to the graves, using them as cover, hiding behind the chipped statues of Angels...

She spots a movement up ahead. A DARTING FIGURE crosses the line of gravestones. Michelle's heart stops...

She backs away, as quietly as possibly...

MICHELLE (CONT'D) *

(whispering)

Please, please, please don't kill me...

THUMP! She backs right into something...

She falls forward, spinning over, SCREAMING. But she cuts her cries short when she sees Bobby standing there...

BOBBY

Michelle, it's okay, it's okay...

He reaches down, helps her up. She takes a jittery look all around...

MICHELLE
It's Adam, Eric's
brother...He's...he's trying to
kill us all, for what we did...

Bobby puts his arms around her.

BOBBY
What I did...

He wipes the tears from her face, then leads her out towards
the rusted Gates...

SHERIFF (O.S
Don't test me, boy!

Bobby stops in his tracks, looks over his shoulder to see the
Sheriff aiming his gun right at him, his finger tightening on
the trigger.

SHERIFF (CONT'D) *
I haven't had to fire this gun
since 1974, but I ain't lost my
aim...

Bobby slowly raises his hands.

MICHELLE
This can't be happening!

BOBBY
Sheriff, I don't wanna be the boy
who cried wolf, but I swear...

SHERIFF
Fool me once shame on me, fool me
twice...you won't fool me again...

The Sheriff shuffles forward, reaches for the handcuffs on
his belt. Michelle sneaks a look over her shoulder, sees a
SHADOWY FIGURE approaching the unsuspecting Sheriff. She
calls out...

MICHELLE
Watch out! Behind you!

The Sheriff smiles wryly.

SHERIFF
Please! I might look stupid, but...

Bobby turns around slowly, the fear registering on his face.

BOBBY
Sheriff! For Christ's sake!

The Masked killer is only inches away from the oblivious Sheriff, the GLEAMING KNIFE poised to strike... *

But the cantankerous old man rolls his eyes, finally relents and looks over his shoulder...And gets the shock of his life!

He instinctively PULLS his gun's TRIGGER and BANG!

The gun EXPLODES in his hands, throwing him off his feet. His head hits a gravestone and he's OUT COLD...

Peter/ Adam just stands there, unhurt, stunned for a moment.

BOBBY and MICHELLE

Are utterly shocked. Amazed. Appalled. Bobby turns to Michelle, whispers...

BOBBY (CONT'D) *
Go...

MICHELLE
No. I'm not leaving you.

Bobby doesn't take his eyes off Peter/ Adam as he approaches, stepping over the fallen Sheriff...

BOBBY
He can only kill one of us at a time. That gives you a head start...

Michelle stands firm by his side, even as the Masked killer stalks towards them...

The giant KNIFE Peter/ Adam is brandishing scares the living daylights out of her...

BOBBY (CONT'D) *
Five years in prison won't bring Eric back. And I don't want to live with another death on my hands. So go. Now!

Michelle finally relents, squeezes Bobby's hand without taking her eyes of the killer, then turns and RUNS!

And that's when Peter/ Adam LUNGES for them, the Knife ARCING through the air, aimed right at Bobby's chest...

He CATCHES the Killer's hand just before the Knife penetrates his skin, struggles to hold it back...

BOBBY (CONT'D) *

This has to end!

He searches Peter/ Adam's insane eyes behind the Mask... *

PETER/ ADAM

It will. When you're dead!

He rushes Bobby, pushes him back, the Knife still caught between them...

THE TWO MEN

Fight for the knife, all the while stumbling back and back, towards the RUSTED GATES...

Bobby's grip on the Knife slips, and Peter/ Adam has the upper hand, but at the last second Bobby KNEES the Killer in the stomach, forces him to relinquish his grasp on the BLADE. It TUMBLES from his hand, lost in the dense undergrowth...

Enraged, Peter/ Adam scrambles for it, letting Bobby get away...

He's racing towards the rusted iron gates, constantly checking over his shoulder as he runs...

He's getting closer and closer to the SPIKES, and he's making exactly the same mistake Eric made, too scared to look where he's going.

This isn't going to be pretty...

MICHELLE

Sprints through the headstones, looking desperately for a place to escape, or at least to hide for now...

And that's when she sees the Mausoleum straight ahead, the old rotting wooden door open...

With furtive glances all around her, sure she's not being followed, she darts inside the rickety stone building, slamming the door closed behind her...

91 INT. PLACID PINES CEMETERY - MAUSOLEUM - CONTINUOUS 91 *

She collapses against the door, sweeping the cobwebs out of her face, fighting for breath...

92 EXT. PLACID PINES CEMETERY - CONTINUOUS 92

Peter/ Adam finally finds his knife in the thick grass, snatches it up in his gloved hands and gives chase once more...

But Bobby's nowhere to be seen.

Peter/ Adam's eyes scour the dark graveyard from behind that mask... *

And that's when he finally sees Bobby...

Now IMPALED ON THE RUSTED IRON BARS! Bloody spikes protrude from his back, his eyes staring lifelessly back... *

Peter/ Adam slows, taking in the most satisfying of sights...

PETER/ ADAM
Bit of a cliché, but...what goes
around comes around, Bobby.

He turns and stalks away, the knife still poised to strike. He calls out into the darkness...

PETER/ ADAM (CONT'D) *

It's almost over Michelle!

93 INT. PLACID PINES CEMETERY -MAUSOLEUM - CONTINUOUS 93 *

Michelle's hyper-ventilating, her back pressed firmly up against the rotting wooden Mausoleum door...

PETER/ ADAM (O.S.)
(shouting out)
You can run, you can hide, but you
can't escape justice! You're going
to pay for what you did!

Her bloodshot eyes scan the small Mausoleum. There's no other way out...

MICHELLE
You're right. For what we did...we
should be punished. But so should
you...

PETER/ ADAM (O.S.)
I'll take my REVENGE!

Michelle quickly leans her back up against the door to bolster it from the onslaught that's bound to come...

Peter/ Adam starts to SLAMS his FISTS against it, then finally starts to STAB through the rotten wood...

PETER/ ADAM (O.S.) (CONT'D)
I'll take my REVENGE!

*

The Knife BLADE comes BURSTING THROUGH the door, only inches from Michelle's head, but she stands firm, keeping that door closed...

Peter/ Adam continues to POUND the Knife through the door, harder and harder...

Michelle SCREAMS, the blade appearing unpredictably all around her...

And then...

Silence.

Michelle can't move, can't breath. It's eerily quiet.

MICHELLE
Adam, please...don't do this...

But there's no reply. Tentatively, with ever nerve in her body tingling, she steps back from the door, lets it fall open just an inch...

She puts her eye up to the crack, and looks out...

Nothing. No one there.

Out of options she reluctantly pulls the door open wider and steps out into the cold night...

All is still. And then...

THUMP!

Peter/ Adam comes LEAPING DOWN from the top of the stone Mausoleum, landing squarely on top of Michelle. She goes down like a ton of bricks, utterly shocked...

But before The Killer can raise his knife and slam it into her she's SCRAMBLING AWAY!

He rises slowly, majestically, savoring this last kill...

PETER/ ADAM
I'll take my revenge!

Michelle stumbles to her feet, can barely run, tripping over herself, so spent now...

Peter/ Adam strides imperiously after her, matching her effortlessly step for step until she falters, falls. Lands just inches away from Eric's OPEN GRAVE!

He raises that hunting knife, ready for the death blow, when...

CRASH!

A HEADSTONE THUMPS down on Peter/ Adam's head, SMASHING on IMPACT...

His eyes roll back, and he falls forward, TUMBLING into the six foot HOLE in the GROUND! And as he falls he reveals Bobby standing behind him, the rest of the smashed headstone in his hands. The FAKE SPIKES still protrude from his forehead!

He reaches down and helps an incredulous Michelle up off the ground.

She pulls the fake spikes from his forehead, wipes away the FAKE BLOOD...

MICHELLE

Never thought I'd say this...but
thank God for your sick sense of
humor...

She looks down at the fallen Killer, the shattered pieces of headstone all around him reading...

'HERE LIES ERIC MORRIS, Son, Brother, Best friend...'

Bobby embraces her, the two of them never wanting to let each other go...

But they really should. 'Cos then they'd see that the Killer's slowly RISING UP in the open grave...

They finally break from their embrace, only to step back and see the blood streaked face of Peter/ Adam underneath that hideous Mask...

He lets out a PRIMAL SCREAM of RAGE.

Bobby, leaps towards the Sheriff's gun lying on the ground, rolls over and fires one shot directly in the center of Peter/Adam's chest.

As his chest explodes, Peter/Adam falls back into the grave.

*
*
*
*
*

And as the dust settles Bobby looks to an incredulous Michelle.

They're utterly spent from the fight...

BOBBY

You invited us all up here to pay our respects to Eric, and for closure...

MICHELLE

Didn't turn out exactly how I'd hoped...

BOBBY

But there's one thing that's for sure...

MICHELLE

What's that?

BOBBY

It's over.

FADE TO BLACK:

94 EXT. PLACID PINES CEMETERY - MORNING

94

The new day has brought a new team of POLICE OFFICERS, photographing the multiple crime scenes, and digging up the collapsed grave...

Sheriff Knowles stands to one side, **dried blood down his forehead**, but his eyes focused on Eric's one time grave in the middle of the graveyard...

*
*

A High ranking Police Officer approaches him, and they exchange nods...

HIGH RANKING OFFICER

Hellova nights work you did here, Sheriff.

SHERIFF

Just doing my job.

HIGH RANKING OFFICER

There'll be a commendation in it for you.

The Sheriff's eyes light up.

SHERIFF
Seriously? Officer of the year?

HIGH RANKING OFFICER
Little too early to say, but
there's a chance...

He winks, and walks away, leaving the Sheriff beaming with pride. He calls out to the officers who are now six feet down in the freshly opened grave.

SHERIFF
You find his body yet? I wanna look
the sonofabitch in the eye...

The Officers shake their heads, shrug. Nothing yet...

95 INT. POLICE CAR - MORNING 95 *

Bobby and Michelle sit in the back of a POLICE CAR, wrapped in blankets. *

Their wounds have been patched up, and they wait patiently to be driven to the hospital...

MICHELLE
I just want to get out of here,
what's taking so long?

BOBBY
The Sheriff's wallowing in the
spotlight. He doesn't get out
much...

She can't help but smile.

MICHELLE
So...whatta we do now it's all
over?

BOBBY
Time to start again, right? A new
chapter...

Michelle reaches over and gently holds Bobby's hand. *

The POLICE CAR engine STARTS, and they both smile. *

MICHELLE
A new chapter...

Bobby looks to the front of the car, sees the back of the DRIVER'S head... *

But just for a second he catches a glance of the man's face
in the rear view mirror...

And sees A MASK, cold, dead eyes staring back... *

CUT TO BLACK:

96 A CAR SCREECHES AS SCREAMS ECHO OVER DARKNESS... 96 *

97 97