The Cabin Episode II:
Return of the Continuous Evil

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Inspired by the work of Andrew Senesac

INT. FAIRFAX MENTAL INSTITUTION - NIGHT

Two guards walk down a quiet corridor. The walls are lined with large steel-reinforced doors. The older, larger guard stops at one of the doors. This is MILLER.

MILLER

Alright Franklin, here he is. Our last stop. We like to finish orientation for new guards with our most infamous quest.

Franklin leans forward and peers into a view slot which has been cut into the cell door.

FRANKLIN

What did he do? I mean, why is he infamous? I've never heard about this kid before.

MILLER

That's because several important people have kept this kid's story under wraps. They're afraid of him, afraid of what he's capable of.

Franklin waits for Miller to elaborate, but the veteran guard remains silent.

CUT TO:

INT. CELL

A young man stands alone in a small, darkened cell. This is ADDIN, he is restrained with a straightjacket and leg irons. He suddenly looks up towards the cell door, now aware of the quards presence.

ADDIN

Amber follow me, baby...

He begins to thrust back and forth as if there was an invisible girl bending down in front of him.

CUT TO:

INT. CELL/ HALLWAY

Franklin looks confused and sickened. He turns to Miller who is checking his watch.

FRANKLIN

What is he doing? Who is Amber?

MILLER

Amber was one of his first victims. He murdered her and then ate her remains.

Miller looks into the cell.

MILLER (cont'd)

And this, he does this every night.

FRANKLIN

Wait a minute. Is he having sex with an imaginary person?

MILLER

Yes, but that's not important. I didn't bring you here so you could watch him have imaginary sex.

FRANKLIN

Then why did you bring me here?

MILLER

Remember when I told you that they were afraid of what he's capable of?

FRANKLIN

Yeah, you just told me that like thirty seconds ago.

MILLER

Well don't you want to know what he's capable of?

FRANKLIN

Yeah, I did. But then you stopped talking so I assumed you weren't going to tell me--

MILLER

--When Addin's story first got out, people were disgusted. They were outraged. No one could believe that any one was capable of being so--

FRANKLIN

--Evil?

MILLER

I was going to say immature and retarded but yeah, he was evil too.

FRANKLIN

Miller, I don't really understand what you're getting at.

MILLER

Don't you see? People were too outraged. They complained too much. After a while it's all they could do. In fact, Addin's story eventually started stealing attention away from the more coherent and compelling, uh current events...

ADDIN

(from inside the cell) Hey bitches!

MILLER

It didn't take long for the powers that be to realize they had a serious problem on they're hands. So they swept Addin and his story under the proverbial rug.

FRANKLIN

Out of sight, out of mind.

MILLER

Exactly, that's where he's been for the last four years. Out of sight. I hate to imagine the mayhem he would cause if he ever escaped.

ADDIN

(from inside the cell) Hey bitches look!

Both guards look through the view port, into the cell.

CUT TO:

INT. CELL

Addin has somehow freed himself from his restraints and is now chewing on a severed human arm. Miller and Franklin burst in but stumble over a dead body.

With freakish speed, Addin leaps over the two guards and into the hall. He turns around and winks at them before sprinting away.

FRANKLIN

Sweet baby Jesus, who is this?

MILLER

Felipe, our undocumented janitor.

FRANKLIN

Aren't we going to go after him?

MILLER

Are you joking? We're lucky he didn't murder us. Anyway, we've got to hide Felipe.

FRANKLIN

What are you talking about?

MILLER

Do you know how much the Feds could fine us if they found a dead illegal in our dumpster?

FADE TO BLACK.

AGAINST BLACK, TITLE CARD:

Three Weeks Later

FADE IN:

EXT. EVERGREEN FOREST/ CABIN- DAY

The forest is bleak and barren. Nothing more than a twisted landscape, scorched black and completely ravaged by fire.

A modest, green cabin lies in a small clearing. Unlike the surrounding forest, the old cabin is in pristine condition.

Unscathed and untouched, it seems almost immune to the elements. Slow moving shadows and dark silhouettes can be seen through the windows.

CUT TO:

INT. CABIN

A single bulb flickers to life. The dirty bulb floods the small cabin with patchy beams of light.

Four young friends stand alone in the empty cabin.

One of them is a beautiful blonde cheerleader, this is ELIZABETH. Next to her stands ROBIN, an overenthusiastic wannabe hippie.

Across from them stand their boyfriends. Two young guys, a couple of average, lazy stoners. ABRAHAM and THURGOOD.

ELIZABETH

Well, it's not very impressive.

ABRAHAM

What the hell were you expecting?

ELIZABETH

You guys made it out to be some sort of slaughterhouse.

THURGOOD

It was, only four years ago.

ROBIN

(sadly)

Why is everything burnt down?

Robin stares out the window, seeming hypnotized by the hellish landscape outside.

THURGOOD

Forest fire. Some inconsiderate prick probably tossed a cigarette out his window, near the highway.

ABRAHAM

It could have been some of the local kids. There really isn't that much to do around here besides playing with fireworks and getting drunk.

THURGOOD

Sounds like a Indian Reservation.

Robin actually begins to tear up.

ROBIN

Poor defenseless trees.

ELIZABETH

Wait a minute, why is the cabin still standing, wouldn't it have burnt down too?

THURGOOD

Good question.

An eerie silence fills the cabin before being shattered by the sudden echo of thunder. The sky opens up and it begins to pour outside.

ABRAHAM

Rain? That weatherman should be shot in the head.

Robin is still fixated on the trees outside.

ROBIN

(whispering)

Drink and grow strong again...

ABRAHAM

(to Thurgood)

Dude, your girlfriend smoked way too much weed on the way up here.

THURGOOD

Uh, actually shes like that pretty much all the time.

ELIZABETH

(frightened)

Alright guys, can we leave? This wasn't a good idea. I mean--

THURGOOD

Leave? If we leave, then we lose those concert tickets.

ABRAHAM

(to Thurgood)

That reminds me, hand me your phone. We need to call in.

CUT TO:

INT. RADIO STATION - DUSK

Mountains of cassette tapes rise off the floor in a small and cramped control booth. The disc jockey leans back in his chair and takes a sip from a bottle of Saint Brendan's. The On-Air light turns on and the disc jockey quickly pulls the microphone towards him.

RICKER

This is the one and only Ricker with The Rock of Seattle. Now, in the world of radio, there are winners and—well, there are no losers.

CUT TO:

INT. CABIN

The friends are all huddle around Alex, who has a small mobile phone jammed to his ear.

RICKER (cont'd)

(over the phone)

Radio is free, you get entertained without having to pay anything. So, let's just say there are winners and then there are bigger winners! The bigger winners are those who are lucky enough to get tickets to our loud and local concert series. But of course our ratings would be shit if we didn't make those potential winners suffer first. And wouldn't you know it? We have some on the line right now.

ABRAHAM

I can barely hear him. Reception sucks so bad up here. Uh, hello? Are we on the air?

RICKER

That's an affirmative, gangster. Telling by the annoyed and highly agitated tone of your voice, you and your young compatriots have arrived at your destination.

ABRAHAM

Yeah, we're here at the cabin.

RICKER

Alright then, the easy part is done. Now you've just got to stay there until the sun comes up. That shouldn't be too difficult right?

ABRAHAM

Yeah, no problem. This is a piece of fucking cake.

RICKER

Really, is it now? I guess I forgot to mention the recent string of grisly murders that have happened mere miles from where you and your young friends are standing.

ABRAHAM

You're joking right? Maybe I misheard you. Reception is kind of sketchy up here.

RICKER

Sorry bud, no joke. And just to add to your panic and our ratings, the murders were committed in a virtually identical fashion as the murders four years ago.

ABRAHAM

What are you talking about?

RICKER

Apparently the victims were first sexually assaulted. Doggy style of course. Then shot in the head, mutilated and consumed. So I guess the question is, how bad do you want those concert tickets?

Abe looks at his friends, who are completely unaware of the conversation.

ABRAHAM

Talk to you in the morning.

CUT TO:

EXT. ELLENSBURG/ POLICE DEPARTMENT - DUSK

Ellensburg. The quintessential small rural town. The streets are strangely deserted and the glow of television sets spill out of silent homes.

On Main Street, a lone police cruiser lies parked outside the old police station.

CUT TO:

INT. ELLENSBURG POLICE DEPARTMENT

The local Sheriff sits in an old leather chair. The office is cluttered with boxes of evidence and case folders.

A slightly overweight secretary slowly pushes the door open and sticks her head into the office. This would be MARGE.

He ignores her at first and sighs heavily before leaning over towards a nearby window. He pulls a few blinds apart.

This man is Sheriff EDGAR BUCHANAN. He peers outside for a few awkward moments, Marge just continues to wait.

The secretary seems accustomed to this type of behavior and finally breaks the silence.

MARGE

Uh, here are those crime scene photographs you wanted.

Not a single word, Buchanan continues to stare out the small window. The secretary places the manila folder on the desk but doesn't leave, she just stands there.

MARGE (cont'd)

Um, and Earl over at the Quick Mart wanted you to give him a call.

The Sheriff finally lets the blinds slide back into place and swivels to face his secretary.

BUCHANAN

Not another shoplifter--

MARGE

Uh no, he said something about a suspicious character loitering around the parking lot.

BUCHANAN

Paranoid bastard. If he calls back, tell him to take care of it himself.

Marge just nods and begins to leave.

BUCHANAN (cont'd)

Maybe he forgot, but a killer is slashing his way through our town. Jesus, we just put a fresh one in the ground today.

MARGE

Speaking of which, do you have anything new for the reporters? They keep asking the same question. Is it him? Is he back?

BUCHANAN

No. It can't be him.

Frustrated, Buchanan waves her away. He slowly reaches for the manila folder and a nearby cup of coffee.

Alone in his office, he begins to examine several grisly photographs. He comes across a particularly gruesome picture.

From the black and white photo, the sex of the victim cannot be determined. Several limbs have been torn from the bloated corpse.

Marge suddenly bursts back into the office. Buchanan tries to cover up the photographs.

MARGE

Uh, sorry to burst in but Father Kelly just called. Says he just heard some screams coming from the Ouick Mart.

BUCHANAN

(annoyed)

Suspicious prick. He should spend less time spying on his flock and more time preaching the Word. Just send Merrill over to check it out.

MARGE

Um, but Merrill is up at the Cabin.

BUCHANAN

Why in the hell would Merrill be up at the Cabin?

MARGE

Uh, I'm real sorry Sheriff. It must of slipped my mind. Mayor Boose sent him up there while you were on lunch. Some kids were seen heading up there earlier today.

BUCHANAN

(shocked)

Sweet merciful mother of God. There are teens up there? At the Cabin?

Buchanan leaps out of his chair and prepares to leave. He snatches up his service revolver, jacket and a single cigar.

The secretary remains silent.

BUCHANAN (cont'd)

You call everyone in and make sure to reiterate this point. No one goes home till that maniac is in handcuffs or a body bag.

SECRETARY

Okay, is there anything else?

BUCHANAN

Not at the moment, but if you need me, you know where to find me.

SECRETARY

Um, the Quick Mart?

BUCHANAN

Correct-amundo. Just pray to Christ he's still there and hasn't already left for the Cabin.

CUT TO:

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

The four friends just stand there.

Elizabeth looks extremely annoyed and on the verge of leaving. Robin continues to stare out the window despite the fact that she can't see any thing. Thurgood and Abe glance at each other, unsure of what to say or do.

Finally, Thurgood speaks up.

THURGOOD

Uh, I don't mean to be a downer but this is really boring.

ELIZABETH

For once, I agree with the dumb one. What are we supposed to do up here?

ABRAHAM

I don't know. Dude what do you have in your backpack?

Thurgood kneels down and opens the bag.

THURGOOD

Alright, lets see here. I've got a large box of condoms. Several bottles of alcohol and of course, some ganja--

ELIZABETH

--We call the van.

Confused, everyone looks at her.

ELIZABETH (cont'd)

(looking at Abe)

What? I'm not having sex in some dirty old murder cabin.

THURGOOD

Fine, you guys can have the van.

CUT TO:

EXT. QUICK MART/ HIGHWAY

The edge of town.

On one side of the highway lies the Quick Mart. A rundown convenience store with a gravel parking lot.

And on the other side, an old church which lies adjacent to a neglected graveyard.

The police cruiser slowly pulls off the deserted highway and into the Quick Mart parking lot.

Sheriff Buchanan climbs out and glances around. His eyes narrow with suspicion.

The lights are out inside the convenience store.

CUT TO:

INT. QUICK MART

Buchanan steps through the front entrance slowly and with caution. With his service revolver in one hand and a flashlight in the other, he heads towards the counter.

He glances down, the floor is covered with shards of glass and puddles of blood. Buchanan grimaces and continues forward.

He reaches the counter and hesitates. Buchanan takes a deep breath and glances over the counter--

Two heavily mutilated victims. Next to them are a few drops of semen.

One has had his arm torn off at the shoulder and shoved down his own throat. The other has been decapitated and disemboweled.

A severed head lies on the cash register, the eyes have been gouged out. Buchanan the examines the severed head. Carved into the forehead are the words:

LET'S GET THE PARTY STARTED

He recoils back with disgust and begins to vomit. The flashlight drops from his hand.

It rolls a short distance before the beam of light reveals a few more drops of semen on the ground.

CUT TO:

EXT. QUICK MART/ CRUISER

Buchanan stumbles out of the convenience store, wiping pieces of bile from his chin. The once hardass Sheriff now seems panicked.

Buchanan quickly climbs in the police cruiser and snatches up the radio.

Nothing but static. The cord has been cut. He shakes his head in disbelief --

BUCHANAN

Ah, that dog ain't goin' hunt--

-- The windshield suddenly explodes. One of the mutilated corpses now lies on the hood.

He slams the door close and locks it. He tears the keys from his pocket and jams them towards the ignition-

Buchanan suddenly stops, when he realizes someone is standing right outside of his window.

An extremely jubilant teenager stands outside the cruiser, smiling at Buchanan. He face is concealed by long, unkempt hair.

Addin suddenly hurls his fist through the window, completely shattering the glass.

Buchanan manages to get the key into the ignition before being pulled out by the neck.

Buchanan is thrown into a nearby car, creating a massive dent and cracking the passenger window; a car-alarm begins to blare. The teen slowly approaches Buchanan.

ADDIN

(pointing toward the
 mutilated bodies)
See them? Well look at them good as
I, Addin, get ready to blow there
frickin heads off.

BUCHANAN

(confused)

What does that mean? What in the hell are you talking about?

The Sheriff franticly reaches towards his holster, only to find it empty. His revolver now lies on the ground, behind the murderous teen.

Buchanan unfastens his night stick and smashes it against Addin's kneecap, who then stumbles backwards.

With his free hand, Buchanan snatches the revolver up and takes aim. He pulls the trigger.

The round tears into Addin, shattering his skull. A pink mist sprays from the back of his head.

Blood and fragments of brain splatter onto Buchanan. The psychopathic teen collapses to the ground.

Silence. The Sheriff lies back against the car and sighs a breath of relief. He pulls out his cigar and lights up.

BUCHANAN

I do believe it's about that time--

With freakish speed, Addin sits up and grabs Buchanan by the throat.

ADDIN

Bye Bye!

The teen applies pressure and crushes the mans spine, killing him instantly.

CUT TO:

EXT. CABIN/VAN - NIGHT

An old primer-gray Chevy Astro van is swaying gently back and forth. Heavy breathing and the occasional moan can be heard from inside the van.

ABRAHAM

Nothing like premarital sex in a van, huh babe?

ELIZABETH

Just shut the fuck up Abe. I know how cliché this all is.

ABRAHAM

What are you talking about? I don't think your clichéd, which is quite an accomplishment when you consider how being a cheerleader and clichéd usually go hand in hand.

ELIZABETH

Really? That's probably the nicest thing you've ever said to me. But how am I not clichéd?

ABRAHAM

Just look at who's inside of you right now. I mean, you're the head cheerleader. You could have had any guy in our school. But you picked me. Just an average, lazy, stoner.

ELIZABETH

I love you Abe.

ABRAHAM

I love you too.

The van continues to sway and the rusty suspension continues to squeak.

ABRAHAM

Um babe, have you ever heard of a Cleveland Steamroller?

CUT TO:

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

A thick layer of smoke lingers in the air. Thurgood and Robin are completely baked.

THURGOOD

Consider for a moment, if you will, the possibility for more than just one universe. How far out is that? Multiple universes.

ROBIN

But then what defines the boundary of a universe?

THURGOOD

I know what you mean. What is considered the beginning and what is considered the end of a universe?

ROBIN

Exactly. I mean are we talking about the observable universe, which is just one concentrated point of infinite density or are we talking about something more paradoxical?

THURGOOD

Probably, but the thing to remember is Einstein's field equations and the spherical coordinate system--

He is interrupted by a sudden knock at the door.

THURGOOD (cont'd)

It's probably Abe. They must have ran out of weed or need more condoms.

His very stoned girlfriend slowly gets up and opens the door. There stands Addin with Buchanan's pistol. He presses it against Robin's forehead and fires.

Covered with blood and brain matter, Thurgood hesitates for a moment and then leaps through a nearby window.

ADDIN

(screaming)

Hey, get back here!

CUT TO:

EXT. CABIN - NIGHT

Abe and Elizabeth climb out of the van, partially dressed. Thurgood lies on the ground, next to them.

ABRAHAM

Dude, did you just leap out of the window? Wait, is that blood on you?

ELIZABETH

Was that a gunshot we heard--

A bullet suddenly smashes through her young pretty face. Elizabeth falls, crumpled, out of the van.

Thurgood jumps over her body, pushes a shocked Abe aside and climbs into the van.

THURGOOD

(terrified)

Where are the keys? We seriously need to leave dude.

Thurgood checks the sun visor and the keys fall into his lap. He jams the keys into the ignition and turns, but nothing happens.

ABRAHAM

This cannot be happening. I just told her that I loved her.

THURGOOD

(screaming)

This piece of shit won't start.

Suddenly a pair of bright headlights appear down the dirt road that leads to the Cabin.

Thurgood kicks his door open and grabs Abe. They sprint towards the approaching car.

Backup has arrived. A young Deputy examines Thurgood from behind the wheel of his Plymouth Valiant.

He shakes his head, confused and slightly amused. This would be MERRILL ZIFFEL.

MERRILL

What the fuck happened to you guys?

THURGOOD

(desperate)

God, you got to help us. We're being chased by some mentally challenged person.

ABRAHAM

He just shot my girl. We were having premarital sex in the van!

MERRILL

(confused)

Excuse me? What'dya talking about?

Frustrated, Thurgood turns and points--

MERRILL

You feelin' alright?

--But the van has disappeared, along with Addin and Elizabeth's corpse.

ABRAHAM

Oh, that's just fuckin' scary.

MERRILL

I think maybe you boys have been smoking a little too much Cannabis.

THURGOOD

No that's not... Alright, we've been smoking but there really is a crazy killer out here. He shot our girlfriends and now that sick bastard has our van.

Merrill sighs and then slowly climbs out of his police cruiser. He turns on his flashlight and begins to look around. The young Deputy wonders off towards the Cabin.

MERRILL

Alright boys, I'll look around but I doubt I'll find anything--

The van suddenly emerges out of the darkness with tremendous speed and plows into the Deputy before crashing into the Cabin.

Merrill screams out in agony. He is now pinned between the twisted remains of the van and the Cabin. The driver side door is kicked open and Addin climbs out.

ADDIN

(to Merril)

Hey I killed them all there bodies are laying on the ground as we speak.

MERRILL

(confused)

Excuse me? What the fuck are you talking about? You sick degenerate--

Addin shoots Merrill in the face before he can finish his sentence. Abe and Thurgood glance at each other and then jump into the Plymouth Valiant. Abe is behind the wheel.

One hand heads for the shifter and the other towards the steering wheel. He slides the car into reverse and guns it.

INT. CRUISER/ DIRT PATH - NIGHT

THURGOOD

What are we goin' to do?

ABRAHAM

Stay alive was at the top of my list. But after that, the most important thing to do is get back.

THURGOOD

So that diabolical fuck just receives a Get Out of Jail Free card? He killed our girlfriends.

ABRAHAM

You're not thinking clearly. Neither of us has a gun. (MORE)

ABRAHAM (cont'd)

And even if we did, I seriously doubt that it would help. That bastard should be dead. Did you see his head? Someone had already tried to kill the fucker.

THURGOOD

How are we goin' get back?

ABRAHAM

Just keep driving.

THURGOOD

Sounds like a plan.

Abe is eyeballing the rearview.

ABRAHAM

But not necessarily a good one.

THURGOOD

What, why is that?

ABRAHAM

Looks like our friend is back.

THURGOOD

Man, who would have thought our van was so fucking reliable?

Abe just nods his head in agreement.

THURGOOD

Dude, you really need to go faster.

ABRAHAM

Man, the pedal is literally to the fucking metal.

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY

Both vehicles race down a remote stretch of the highway. Each side of the road is surrounded by a dense growth of trees.

After a few more miles, the van finally catches up with the cruiser and the collision is devastating.

The cruisers back wheels lock up and the car flips end over end. Neither of the young men are wearing seat belts. Both are violently thrown around inside the cab.

When the car finally stops, it lies upside down.

CUT TO:

INT. CRUISER/ HIGHWAY

Abe slowly regains consciousness and begins to cough up a considerable amount of blood. The injured stoner peers through the shattered windshield.

Nearby, Addin is quickly climbing out of what's left from the van. He seems incredibly happy for someone who's just been in a car wreak.

Abe begins to crawl from the twisted wreckage. Once out, he reaches back in and drags Thurgood out.

ABRAHAM

You need to wake up man. We need to get away from here.

Thurgood stirs but doesn't wake up, so Abe lifts Thurgood to his feet and begins to pull him off the highway.

After only a few feet, Abe stumbles and both of them fall to the ground. Within seconds, Addin is standing over them with his gun raised.

ADDIN

Anyway I just wanted to say do not and I repeat do not try this at home!

ABRAHAM

That makes no sense at all. Dude, just shoot us already.

Addin pulls the hammer back and prepares to fire, but he doesn't. Several tense moments of silence pass before Addin finally speaks.

ADDIN

And so that is what I'd do if I went on a killing spree.

ABRAHAM

(shocked)

What? What do you mean? You just killed like five people.

Addin just winks at Abe, then slowly turns around and begins to walk away.

ABRAHAM (cont'd)

Wait just a fucking minute. This isn't how it's going to end. You can't just walk away from this.

The psychopathic killer stops walking and turns around. He opens his mouth as if about to say something but then is suddenly plowed into by a orange Ford Pinto.

Abe, who is now splattered with blood watches as the Pinto skids to a sudden stop, is thrown into reverse and then flies backward crushing Addin again.

This time the teen's head explodes as one of the front wheels rolls over it. The mystery driver kills the engine and then kicks the door open.

An overweight teenager climbs out of the combustible car and turns to Abe and Thurgood. This would be JOHNATHAN.

JOHNATHAN

I just witnessed a most brutal killing and I don't know if I'm gonna live!

Shocked into silence, Abe just sits there. After a few moments, Thurgood begins to wake up.

THURGOOD

What's going on? Who's the fat guy?

Sirens can now be heard off in the distance, slowly becoming louder.

ABRAHAM

I have no idea, but he ran over that retarded guy.

THURGOOD

With a Ford Pinto? He gets high marks for originality.

Thurgood's cell phone begins to ring. He pulls it out of his pocket and hands it to Abe.

ABRAHAM

Hello?

RICKER

(over the phone)
What's up gangster? It's Ricker
with the Rock of Seattle.

ABRAHAM

Um yeah, I'm going to have to call you back later.

THE END