

BAD INTENTIONS

Written by

Mr. Rothman

OVER BLACK

SCAB (V.O.)  
C'mon, man! Best five out of nine!?

EXT. OLD CABIN - NIGHT

Two punks, SCAB, (21), a scrawny bald guy with a spider tattoo wrapped around his neck, and HOMICIDE, (21), a tough chick sporting a gnarly mullet, stand out in front of the long abandoned building.

Dark woods surround the secluded property.

Homicide laughs as she stuffs a coin back in her pocket.

HOMICIDE  
Fuck you, dude. You lost! Now you have to go grab Monster. And hurry it the fuck up.

Scab looks over at the creepy cabin. He turns back to Homicide, sighs and shakes his head.

SCAB  
Yeah, man... I'm gonna have to bow out. I ain't going in there.

A frown spreads across Homicide's face.

HOMICIDE  
The fuck you mean you ain't going in there!?

Scab throws his arms up, shrugs.

SCAB  
I mean... I believe that Mabel Foster and her children are more than just a local campfire story.

Homicide crosses her arms, glares at Scab.

SCAB  
Hey, I'm from around here. You two ain't! Look, you asked me to just show you where it was... You never said I'd have to go inside!

HOMICIDE  
Scab. It's just a fuckin' cabin. There's no witch hiding in the basement...

(MORE)

HOMICIDE (CONT'D)

No dead kids are in the woods... No curses... It's just a piece of shit, broken down cabin. Got it?

SCAB

Yep. Sure. I'm still opting out.

HOMICIDE

Dude. We flipped a coin! Four fuckin' times!

SCAB

I know, I know! I'm sorry, man.

With a scoff, Homicide pulls out a small flashlight and pushes past Scab. She walks towards the derelict building.

SCAB

(guilt-ridden)  
Homicide, I --

HOMICIDE

(to Scab)  
Just, wait there. Pussy.

Nervous, Scab watches as Homicide disappears into the dark cabin. He stares at the building, waits with bated breath.

Behind him, SOMETHING moves in the brush.

INT. CABIN - LIVING ROOM

Harsh moonlight stabs down through what's left of the ceiling, illuminates torn and long-faded wallpaper covering the walls.

Floorboards CREAK as Homicide steps into view. She uses her flashlight to search the empty room.

HOMICIDE

Yo, Monster! What the fuck are you doing, dude? Beatin' off or something? It doesn't take fifteen minutes to light this place up...

Homicide's flashlight illuminates a gas cannister by the far wall. Fresh blood is spattered all over the cannister.

The light moves over, follows a blood trail on the floor. It leads into the bedroom at the back of the cabin.

With the flashlight gripped tight in her hand, Homicide stares at the open bedroom door.

HOMICIDE  
Monster? You'd better not be  
fuckin' around.

Cautiously, Homicide takes a step towards the bedroom. Then, another step. And another.

INT. CABIN - BEDROOM

The darkness is mostly overwhelming.

The light from Homicide's flashlight briefly cuts into the room, illuminates what appears to be chunks of bloody meat and torn flesh.

Homicide pokes her head into the room. Her eyes go wide. Her face turns white.

Without a word, she drops her flashlight, spins around, and runs away.

EXT. CABIN

Homicide hurries out the front door and away from the cabin. She races back to where she left Scab, only to discover --

A steaming pile of bloody intestines on the ground!

HOMICIDE  
What the fuck!? Scab!?

Homicide doubles over and pukes. She wipes the bile from her chin as she scrambles away and darts into the woods.

EXT. WOODS

Low hanging tree branches claw and scrape at Homicide as she rushes through the darkness. As she presses forward, she glances back over her shoulder.

Nothing but trees and shadows behind her.

A tree root catches Homicide's foot, trips her. She falls hard on her stomach, groans in pain.

HOMICIDE  
(under her breath)  
Fuck me.

As she starts to push herself up --

A child GIGGLES from the shadows. It's close.

Homicide freezes in place, too scared to even breath. She waits on her stomach for what seems like an eternity, waits for another sound.

Nothing. Total silence. Then --

Another GIGGLE. Closer this time.

Terrified, Homicide jumps to her feet, runs as fast as her legs will allow her to. She presses deeper into the darkness.

EXT. GRASSY CLEARING - MOMENTS LATER

The clearing rests between the sea of trees and an old dirt back road.

A rusty muscle car, with crude skull artwork spray-painted on it, is parked in the clearing, just at the tree-line.

Homicide practically bursts out of the woods. She hurries over to the car, hops in behind the wheel.

INT. MUSCLE CAR - PARKED

Sweat beads up on Homicide's brow as she reaches out with shaky hands and grabs the keys off the cracked dashboard.

She attempts to put the keys into the ignition, but drops them down to the floor board.

HOMICIDE

Fuck! Are you serious!?

Homicide bends down, reaches for the keys, grabs them, then finally shoves them in the ignition.

A smile flashes across her face. Hope.

HOMICIDE

Yes! Fuck yes!

The engine ROARS to life as "Abuse Myself, I Wanna Die" by G.G. Allin BLASTS through the stereo speakers.

The one good headlight pops on, illuminates two DISEMBOWELED CORPSES as they hang from a tree in front of the car!

Stunned, all Homicide can do is white knuckle the steering wheel and stare in horror at her two dead friends. She unleashes a blood chilling scream.

HOMICIDE  
Scab! Monster!?! Oh... Fuck!

Just then, the rotten corpse of an old woman, MABEL FOSTER, (80), emerges from the backseat. She raises a bloody hatchet high above Homicide's head, slams it down hard!

SMASH TO BLACK.

The MUSIC continues over the --

TITLE CARD -- BAD INTENTIONS

FADE OUT.