

GROINSMELLER

by

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FADE IN:

Skimpy panties tumble end over end in the void. MOCKING VOICES - whispering and cruel - drift in and out. A female voice parts the air.

MILLIE (V.O.)

Derek Rigby was a good person - and
he was my friend.

EXT. NO-NAME TOWN - EVENING

A rundown apartment complex soaks up the rain.

INT. ROXY'S DIVE - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

The whole room looks like it's been through an industrial blender. Burnt out stripper, ROXY YATES (35), models underwear for her deadbeat date, SPANKS (25), sprawled out on the bed before her.

A BABY'S cries blend with loud rock music as Roxy wiggles her nicotine frame into a tight mini-skirt. Spanks fires up a joint and gets comfortable for the show.

SPANKS

Get that tight little tushy over
here, daddy needs some sugar.

Roxy slinks over with a lusty smile, kicks up a leg and straddles him.

ROXY

We can't be stayin' out all night
now, sweetie...I ain't leavin' 'em
alone, not after last time.

Spanks - BLAZED - only half listening, vents a thick cloud of kush. Roxy pulls the joint from his lips, takes a drag.

Something catches Roxy's eye through the window - her eyes fire - she crams the joint back into Spanks' mouth and cracks the blinds.

Treading the sidewalk outside is shy neighborhood kid, DEREK RIGBY (16). He's a walking nervous system - the kind of boy who gets pushed into all the lockers at school.

Roxy pounds the glass - Derek rubbernecks over - Roxy beckons wildly at him through the slats.

INT. ROXY'S DIVE - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Roxy opens the door. The sound of RAIN rushes in from the street. Derek slumps before her, soaked to the skin. He catches a glimpse of cleavage, embarrassed, he looks away.

DEREK

Oh hi, Miss Yates...

ROXY

Derek, how many times I gotta tell ya? Call me Roxy.

Roxy works those coffee table legs.

ROXY

Bin to band practice again?

Derek nods shyly. Roxy leans in, runs a slow finger across his clarinet case.

ROXY

Such a good boy...bet you can really handle that instrument of yours.

Derek blushes. Spanks YELLS at the crying babies.

SPANKS (O.S.)

Shut your cryin', you little shits!

ROXY

Derek, I know I said I wouldn't ask no more, but I really need a sitter honey. It'll only be for an hour, I'll be straight home, promise.

Wiping the rain from his specs, Derek looks to his watch.

DEREK

Gee, I can't Miss Yates, I promised gramma I'd make supper tonight...it's her birthday.

Roxy puffs out her chest, nipples PERK.

ROXY

Please honey, I don't have anyone else, I've called and called.

Before Derek can respond, a YOUNG GIRL pokes her head around the door - her apple cheeks framed by a mop of red hair. This is MILLIE (8), Roxy's oldest daughter.

Millie flashes a cornfed smile - despite her circumstances she's an instantly likable kid - and it's obvious she has an innocent affection for Derek.

MILLIE

Please Derek, please can you sit?!
Purrrlease!

Roxy tries to push Millie back inside - but like a little sparkplug - she wriggles back into frame.

MILLIE

I made a bottle rocket today,
Derek...you gotta see it!

Derek looks into Millie's excited face, then at the peeling paint and patches of damp. He SIGHS in resignation.

Millie BEAMS. Roxy gives him a peck on the cheek. She reaches into her purse and pulls out five bucks. Before she can hand it over, Spanks appears and snatches it up.

SPANKS

I ain't got time for your bullshit,
Roxy Yates! Don't be wastin' our
bread on no goddamn kid, you hear?!

Spanks leaves, Roxy hurries after him. Millie and Derek watch on as they hop into Spanks' old beater and pull away in a cloud of smoke and horns.

INT. ROXY'S DIVE - LIVING ROOM - LATER

Derek glances at his watch, it reads "11:45 PM". Roxy still hasn't returned. Millie works on a CRAYON DRAWING at his feet, she crinkles her nose in concentration.

Millie hands the drawing up to Derek - the colorful letters spell, "To Derek, love Millie" - he studies it fondly. Derek folds the picture and puts it in his pocket.

DEREK

You were doing that thing again...
with your nose.

Millie pulls a funny face, they share a lighthearted moment.

DEREK

You hungry, Millie?

Millie nods back enthusiastically. Derek reaches for his backpack, pulls out a thermos and half-eaten pack of donuts. Millie sits up in anticipation.

Millie takes a donut with an eager grin. Derek pours her some soup. The simple meal is a banquet to the hungry girl.

MILLIE
(with mouthful)
Thank you, Derek. Love you
lots...like jelly tots.

Derek's heart melts. He gathers himself.

DEREK
I'll start the movie, shall I?

LATER

The movie ends, Derek stands and stretches. He looks over to Millie, who has dozed off on the couch. Derek tucks a blanket under her chin, takes a quick look around the squalid room. He heads --

UPSTAIRS

Derek tidies away the clutter, quickly folds some baby clothes. He makes for the --

KID'S ROOM

Derek stands in the gloom, two cribs can be seen, illuminated by the faint glow of street lights outside. In the corner, a neglected iguana rots in its tank.

The BABIES sleep soundly now. Derek tiptoes over to the window and reaches for the curtains - something catches his attention outside.

A gang of brooding JUGGALOS in black trench coats and bandannas swagger by below. They kid around with each other and pass around a liquor bottle.

The tallest of the group, cocky CHAD (14) - typical teen delinquent with a room temperature IQ - stops to make out with one of his GUTTER SKANKS.

Hidden in the shadows, Derek watches on as the couple kiss. Suddenly, the bedroom light kicks on, fully illuminating him in the window. Derek ducks behind the curtain. Millie stands before him rubbing her eyes.

MILLIE

There you are...

Derek looks to her briefly, then chances another glance outside, the gang point up at him from the street below.

Derek FRETTS. He rushes over to the light switch and clicks it off. An uneasy moment passes. Just as the tension melts, loud THUMPS hammer on the door, stiffening Derek's back. Millie hurries from the room, Derek beelines after her.

MILLIE

Mom forgot her key again...

INT. ROXY'S DIVE - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Millie zips down the stairs. Derek implores.

DEREK

Millie, no!

Too late. In her innocence, Millie opens the door, the gang spill into the apartment. Some of them head for the living room, others, including Chad, surround Derek.

CHAD

Well, if it isn't Derek
dingleberry, the bed wetter from
school. What's the good word
cumwad? We babysittin' tonight?

Derek is a puddle of nerves. Millie, wide-eyed, looks on.

DEREK

Please, you should all just leave,
Miss Yates will be home soon.

Chad takes a smoke from behind his ear, lights it.

CHAD

Roxy Yates? The town tweekbag, home
before two AM? Don't make me laugh.

DEREK

We're expecting her back at any
moment, aren't we Millie?

Millie nods.

JUGGALO #1

Drink bleach and die, Rigby. You're
full of shit.

GUTTER SKANK #2
 He's giving you some serious
 side-eye right now, Chad.

CHAD
 You wanna watch yourself
 dingleberry, my bitch slappin' hand
 is real itchy tonight.

Derek wilts in the hostile stares. Chad pinches his cheek.

CHAD
 Let me break it down for you dummy
 style, stomabreath. I'm mayor of
 this litterbox 'til I say
 otherwise, got it? Looks like it's
 party time people!

GUTTER SKANK #2
 Real talk!

Chad slides off his trench coat and throws it at Derek.
 Millie eyes the BIOHAZARD TATTOO blazing on his arm.

INT. ROXY'S DIVE - LIVING ROOM - LATER

LOUD MUSIC bounces off the walls. The gang help themselves
 to Roxy's liquor. Upstairs, the babies have woken and add to
 the racket with their CRIES.

One of the juggalo's takes a piss right there in the corner.
 Millie - sitting on the floor with chin on knees - looks
 over.

MILLIE
 Do something, Derek.

Not wanting to disappoint the little girl, Derek pulls
 himself to his feet. He skulks over, the thugs pass around
 his clarinet.

DEREK
 Please, if we could just turn the
 music down a little, the children
 are trying to sleep.

CHAD
 Are we a joke to you Rigby? How
 'bout you go make yourself useful
 huh? The place looks like shit, why
 don't you sweep up a little?

Derek gestures for his clarinet, Chad snaps it like a kit-kat over his knee and tosses it aside. The gang LAUGH. Derek slumps from the room, heads --

UPSTAIRS

Derek pulls the kid's room door closed in an effort to insulate them from the audacious decibels. His ears prick. SNIGGERING can be heard coming from across the hall. He goes to investigate.

Derek stops outside Roxy's bedroom. Through a gap in the door, he can see two of Chad's thugs rifling through Roxy's underwear drawer. He takes a breath and enters.

INT. ROXY'S DIVE - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

The bed is littered with g-strings and BUZZING sex toys. Derek watches on as the two hoodlums dig through the drawers, they haven't heard him come in.

DEREK

Please, you can't be in here...

The thugs pivot, then go back to what they were doing, Derek clears his throat.

DEREK

I said you can't be in here.

The thugs whirl on Derek.

JUGGALO #1

You got a death wish, shitstain?

Derek - out of his depth - roots to the spot. The juggalos look to each other. Juggalo #2 picks up a large dildo and holds it aloft.

JUGGALO #2

I think someone might be jealous they're missin out on all the fun 'round here. Whaddya think?

JUGGALO #1

Totally - he saw all these rubber dicks floppin' around and just had to stop in and say hello.

The thugs BELLY LAUGH. They make a mad lunge for Derek, he is caught. Juggalo #1 wraps him up from behind, Derek tries to wriggle free, but is too weak.

Juggalo #2, crowns Derek with a pair of leopard skin panties. Brandishing a large dildo, he brings it close to Derek's face.

JUGGALO #2
Come on Rigby, don't be shy, open up.

Juggalo #2 forces the dildo into Derek's mouth. Red faced, he chokes hard.

JUGGALO #1
Keep him still, damn it.

JUGGALO #2
I'm tryin, he won't stop wrigglin'!

Juggalo #2 presses on with the assault. From the corner of his eye, he notices something through the blinds - Spanks' car can be seen pulling up outside.

JUGGALO #2
Shit man, we gotta bail!

Juggalo #2 tosses the dildo aside, Derek is released, the two thugs leg it from the room.

JUGGALO #2 (O.S.)
Remember - you're dog shit on the sidewalk, Rigby!

Derek straightens himself out, looks to the mess around him. He gets to work putting the underwear and sex toys back into their drawers.

INT. ROXY'S DIVE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The thugs poke their head around the door and holler at Chad and the rest of the gang.

JUGGALO #1
Chad, let's split, they're home!

Chad and his louts knock back their drinks and hightail it out of there like they left an oven on.

EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX - CONTINUOUS

Roxy and Spanks, beyond wasted, stumble from the car.

SPANKS

You're a whore, Roxy Yates, I saw
the way you were flashin' your tits
at him!

Roxy swats at Spanks in a drunken funk, they scuffle a little in the rain. Spanks notices the teens spilling out of the apartment. He swaggers over.

SPANKS

Who the fuck are you guys?

Spanks pulls his switchblade. Chad throws up his hands.

CHAD

Whoa, take it easy, man!

Chad thinks fast, points up at Roxy's bedroom window.

CHAD

We were just passin' and we saw
this creeper up in her room. We
stopped in to make sure everythin'
was alright.

Millie hurries over in her nightgown and bare feet, she pushes through the gang.

MILLIE

Liar!

JUGGALO #1

It's true, man...we found him goin'
through her panty draw, he's got
her vibros out and everythin'.

GUTTER SKANK #1

Yeah, it's a real dildo party up
there.

Spanks has heard enough - the RED MIST rises - he shoves Millie aside and staggers over to the apartment.

INT. ROXY'S DIVE - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Derek tidies away the mess, he's got the room looking half decent again. Spanks appears in the doorway, glares over with a gut churning black hate. Derek shoots an awkward smile.

Spanks sways over - before Derek can say a word - Spanks pins him to the wall by his throat. Veins BULGE.

SPANKS
Dirty bastard!

DEREK
(choking)
Please...

Breathless with adrenaline, Chad and his gang appear, Roxy and Millie show up seconds later.

MILLIE
Leave him alone!

Millie attempts to rush Spanks, Roxy holds her back.

MILLIE
Lemme go!

Spanks looks down at Derek's hands, he grasps a g-string and vibrator. Spanks FUMES.

SPANKS
Oh, you're gonna smoke a turd in
hell for this one...

DEREK
It's not what it looks like...I...

Chad and the thugs watch on with smug zeal, they SNICKER from the sidelines. Millie struggles in Roxy's grip.

MILLIE
Mom, do something...

ROXY
I'm very disappointed in you,
Derek.

Spanks eyes the room, he spots a dirty laundry hamper in the corner and pulls Derek over to it by his collar. Millie watches on with helpless eyes.

Spanks takes Derek's head and thrusts it deep into the hamper, like he's drowning him.

MILLIE

No!

Derek struggles in Spanks' vise like grip.

SPANKS

That's it, breathe it all in you
sick fuck!

The gang watch on, loving every second, Roxy SLURS.

ROXY

Maybe he's had enough, Spanks...

Millie wriggles free from Roxy's grip. She darts over and rains kicks down on Spanks' shins. Spanks falls back onto the bed, tries to sit up briefly, then passes out.

All eyes on Derek. He pulls himself slowly from the hamper. Pale - shocked - his nostrils FLARE. The snickering stops, the babies cries melt into the b/g.

Derek turns, his pupils are like dinner plates. He scans the room like he's just blown through a garbage bag of peyote.

GUTTER SKANK #1

Jesus, what's up with him?

Millie takes a step forward.

MILLIE

Derek?

The soft voice pulls Derek from his funk. He looks to the faces surrounding him for a beat, then without warning, he takes off. Derek barges past Chad. Chad looks to his juggalos.

CHAD

Well, what you waitin' for?! Get
after him!

Chad's words sink home, the gang rush from the room. Millie glances over to her mom, slumped against the door frame. She darts after the others.

EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX - NIGHT

Millie sprints from the apartment in her bare feet. Chad and his thugs barrel down the street, wailing like banshees to the sound of BARKING DOGS.

Millie struggles to keep up, the rain pelts at her. Calling on hidden reserves of strength, she pushes on. The gang catcall Derek as they hunt him like hounds through the dark neighborhood.

JUGGALOS

Panty sniffer! Panty sniffer!

Stopping to catch her breath, Millie glances down at her dirty feet, the taunts echo through the night air. Millie hurries across the --

TRAIN TRACKS

Millie presses on through the industrial wasteland. Old shopping carts and tires litter the ground. Up ahead, Millie can see Chad and his thugs - they surround Derek - his eyes flash with panic.

EXT. SEWER TUNNEL ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

Millie approaches, Derek is frightened out of his wits, the hoodlums take turns shoving at him.

CHAD

Runnin' home to momma, Rigby? Oh
that's right, you don't have one
huh?

A dark patch grows in Derek's crotch. The punks point.

GUTTER SKANK #1

Look! He pissed himself!

Millie watches on aghast. Chad shoves Derek again - harder this time - Derek loses his footing and tumbles backwards down the slope into the dark recesses of the sewer entrance.

MILLIE

No!

The gang clamber down after him. Millie follows.

INT. SEWER TUNNEL ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

Chad fires up the flashlight on his cell, trains the beam on Millie, she shields her eyes from the glare.

CHAD

What you doin' here? Get lost brat.

MILLIE

Where's Derek? What did you do to him?

Millie snatches the phone from Chad's hand and whips the beam around. She sees something slumped in the mouth of the tunnel, and creeps over through a sea of used condoms and syringes.

Millie stands over the limp frame of Derek Rigby - his whole body convulses - froth pours from his mouth. Millie focuses the flashlight as the others gather around.

Like some kind of macabre pin cushion, dozens of dirty syringes stick from Derek's body. Millie drops to her knees.

MILLIE

Derek!

Derek shudders, his eyes roll in his head, Millie looks up.

MILLIE

Do something!

A truck rolls by, headlights glow briefly. The gang exchange clueless looks, they stare down at Derek writhing in the grime.

GUTTER SKANK #1

Let's bail Chad, this is givin' me the creeps.

JUGGALO #2

Yeah man, he looks like shit, I'm outta here.

Chad grimaces, he flicks his cigarette butt at Derek, turns up his collar and signals to the others.

MILLIE

Wait, you can't just leave him!

Chad turns, Millie scrambles to her feet.

MILLIE

Please!

Chad snatches his phone from Millie's hand, pushes past her, the others follow. Plunged into darkness, Millie turns to face Derek. Another vehicle speeds by, lighting the murk - Derek Rigby is no longer there.

EXT. TOWN OUTSKIRTS - DAY

SUPER: "TEN YEARS LATER"

The hood slams shut on an old Sedan, a pretty YOUNG WOMAN wipes her hands on her pants.

We've seen this face before, the red curls, the slight sadness behind the eyes - it's our girl, Millie (18), blossomed into the all-American girl next door and the epitome of the small town Cinderella.

Millie glances over to a middle-aged hippy in socks and sandals pacing in the heat nearby. This is TODD (45), Millie's court appointed advocate.

MILLIE

It's fried, Todd...unless you got a spare belt lyin' 'round.

Todd wrings his hands.

TODD

Think, Todd, think! Maybe I could organize an alternative mode of transportation through my church group?

MILLIE

You need to relax Todd, practice your deep breathing, like you showed me.

TODD

I can feel another one of my attacks coming on...

Millie helps Todd to the side of the road, he slumps to his butt and takes some yogic breaths. Millie walks over to the Sedan, removes her pack from the backseat.

TODD

Millie Yates, where do you think you're going?

MILLIE

I need that certificate Todd.

Millie throws the pack across her shoulders, sticks out her thumb. Todd heaves himself to his feet.

TODD

Look, we can always reschedule.
I'll make the necessary
arrangements as soon as we get out
of this pickle.

Millie eyes an approaching car, she waves her thumb. The car streaks by and doesn't stop. Undeterred, she walks on. Todd slumps after her.

TODD

Millie, are you listening to me? As
your court appointed advocate I
must insist you stay here until
help arrives.

Millie swaps her upright thumb for a middle finger, she flips Todd the bird. He SIGHS.

EXT. VALLEY - LATER

Millie pads onward. The urban outskirts have given way to the rolling hills of the countryside. Todd tries to keep up.

TODD

You know, women who self-silence
have a significantly increased risk
of heart disease...

Todd pants.

TODD

Millie, I need you to stop this
ridiculous behavior at once.
Remember what we discussed, risk
taking is just a wider symptom of
your post traumatic stress
disorder.

Millie shoots Todd a look over her shoulder.

MILLIE

Look dude, this camp is a once in a
year deal, I can't afford to mess
it up now.

TODD

It's not a camp, Millie, it's a
therapeutic retreat for young women
who have encountered...certain life
difficulties.

MILLIE

Whatever Todd, I'm gettin' there
come hell or high water. The sooner
I'm done, the sooner the judge can
approve my guardianship request and
I can be with my brothers again.

Todd doesn't respond. Millie stops.

MILLIE

And there it is...you don't think
I'm ready do you? Just come out and
say it.

TODD

Ten years in foster care is nothing
to be sniffed at Millie. I'm merely
suggesting a little more prep time
might be good for everybody.

Millie shakes her head, sticks out her thumb and walks on.

MILLIE

I'm getting to that camp Todd, one
way or another...and I'm gonna
prove to everyone that I'm ready to
get my family back together. You
can come if you want, just don't
hold me up.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - LATER

The afternoon sun hangs over the valley like a huge
bloodshot eye. Millie strides, Todd struggles to keep up.

TODD

Millie, wait up...I need to rest.

Another car speeds by, Millie tries to flag it down without
success. She eases the pack off her shoulders. Todd slumps
over, his shirt soaked through with sweat. Millie hands him
her water bottle, he GULPS it down.

TODD

I just need a minute, I'll get my
second wind anytime now.

Millie looks down at the pathetic creature at her feet.

TODD

I was charged with getting you
there safely Millie, and by golly
that's what I intend to do.

Todd hands back the bottle, Millie crams it into her pack.

MILLIE
 (looking around)
 What's the name of this place
 again?

TODD
 It's official name is Midden Ridge
 summer retreat for female life
 re-evaluation and strategy
 implementation.

Todd clambers to his feet.

TODD
 The brochure states it provides an
 authentic wilderness experience,
 acting as a holistic backdrop
 against the rigors of the modern
 world.

MILLIE
 Right...

Todd looks to the wooded hills around him. An EAGLE soars
 overhead. His eyes fill with awe.

TODD
 I want to thank you Millie, for
 insisting we continue on. If not
 for you, I would have missed out on
 this marvelous spectacle.

The eagle CALLS OUT, it echoes down the valley.

TODD
 More wondrous than the spoken word
 can say...

MILLIE
 What are you on, Todd?

Todd smiles back like a dork, Millie slugs him in the arm.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - CONTINUOUS

A speeding SUV barrels down the deserted road - "GOOD
 VIBRATIONS" by MARKY MARK AND THE FUNKY BUNCH thumps from
 the closed windows.

INT. SUV - TRAVELING

Two meatheads - cut like steaks - bob their heads to the music. The driver grips the wheel, a biohazard tattoo blazes on his arm.

There's something familiar about this guy - the tattoo, the cocky smile - no doubt about it, it's Chad (24), the juggalo we met earlier. He's ditched the gang-banger thing and is now a bronzed, Hilfiger knucklehead with a man bun.

Alongside him is ripped best friend, ACE (23), and in the backseat sits roly-poly half-brother, ARTHUR (16), who struggles to hold onto an energized PIG wriggling under a blanket.

CHAD

Keep it still, would ya?

ARTHUR

I'm tryin'! I think it's gettin' car sick.

CHAD

Pigs don't get car sick, dumbass.

Chad turns to ace.

CHAD

Pigs don't get car sick do they?

Ace shrugs.

ARTHUR

Are we gonna be much longer, Chad? Mom borrowed you the SUV to go pick up my meds, not to screw around in the middle of nowhere.

Chad lowers the volume.

CHAD

Let me tell you something, mook. Every now and then, big brother screws up in the real world and has to come live back home for a while. When that happens, life as you know it ceases to exist.

Arthur's shoulders drop. The pig struggles some more.

CHAD

Now just keep that fuckin' pig
under control and relax, a'ight?.

Chad turns to his bud.

CHAD

Picture it Ace, our very own hog
roast, man. Invite the neighborhood
skanks, get a keg or two, shit's
gonna be prime.

Chad and Ace bump fists.

CHAD

Peak performance, dude!

ACE

Peak performance!

ARTHUR

I don't think that man wanted you
to take his pig, Chad.

Chad eyes Arthur in the back seat.

CHAD

You just keep your eyes peeled for
a gas station, mook, we need some
road beers 'round here. As soon as
we get back home, you're cleanin'
my ball trophies 'til they shine
like the sun, understand?

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Millie and Todd plod on. The lonely road shimmers in the
heat. Millie pricks her ears, she turns and sees the SUV
barreling down the road towards them.

INT. SUV - TRAVELING

Chad and Ace rock out to the music. Suddenly, Ace pinches
his nose, Chad pivots to the back seat, Arthur is gagging.

CHAD

Jeezus! It's dropped a deuce, crack
a window or somethin'!

Arthur strains, winds down the window. The pig wriggles like a maniac. Arthur tries to restrain it but it's too wiry. The pig lunges for the open window, Arthur grabs its back legs, it hangs SQUEALING from the SUV.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Millie and Todd SHOOT out their thumb. They watch on transfixed as the SUV roars by with the squealing pig hanging from the window.

Arthur loses his grip - the pig flies from the vehicle - the poor porker skids over the asphalt and comes to a bloody halt at Millie and Todd's feet. The SUV screeches to a stop.

INT. SUV - CONTINUOUS

Ace eyes Millie, he turns to Chad.

ACE

Correct me if I'm wrong, but am I right in sayin' that there's a gal 'round here that you haven't screwed?

Chad adjusts the rear view, zones in on Millie.

CHAD

Just look at her man, all helpless on the side of the road, just waitin' for a big gooey dose of these superior genes.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Todd looks down at the pig, it lets out a few pathetic squeals then expires. Todd scoops up the carcass.

INT. SUV - CONTINUOUS

Chad watches Todd slump over, he scans his chicken legs. Todd stops directly outside the driver door and holds up the dead pig. Chad gives it a quick poke through the window.

CHAD

Thanks bro, but it's no good now...we'd be pickin' rocks out of our teeth for weeks.

Todd's ears would steam if they could.

TODD
 Barbarians! Murderers! You just
 committed an atrocity against
 nature herself!

Millie watches on from across the road. Todd is hopping mad.

CHAD
 Look, let us make it up to ya,
 a'ight? Where you headed? There
 won't be another car around for
 miles.

Todd mulls, he beckons to Millie, she snatches up her pack
 and heads over. Arthur opens the door. Chad ogles her tight
 Levis as she squeezes inside.

Todd places the pig in the verge, mouths a few words over
 its corpse. Chad REVS the engine, Todd heads back over -
 just as he reaches for the door, Chad takes off in a hail of
 gravel, running over the dead pig as he goes.

CHAD
 Later, sucker!

ACE
 Stay in touch now, ya hear!

The buds LAUGH heartily. Todd is left red-faced in the
 rear-view.

INT. SUV - TRAVELING

Millie pivots, she watches Todd disappear in the distance.

CHAD
 Your dad's a real butt-plug...you
 know that?

MILLIE
 He's not my dad.

Millie GAGS, crinkles her nose.

CHAD
 Excuse the smell, young Arthur here
 is still in diapers.

Arthur flusters. Chad eyes Millie's red curls - her crinkled
 nose - the tumblers click into place.

CHAD

Well spank my ass, you're Millie
Yates, ain't yer?

Millie recognizes the meathead with a SIGH.

MILLIE

Still giving the universe a bad
name, Chad?

CHAD

Hell...I ain't seen you in a hot
minute.

ACE

You guys know each other?

CHAD

It's a long story, ain't it Yates?

Millie reaches for her pack.

MILLIE

Just let me out here, alright?

CHAD

Relax Yates, I said we'd get you
where you're goin', and I meant it.
Uncle Chad always delivers on a
promise.

Chad scans Millie in the mirror, her body language
reluctantly agrees.

EXT. MIDDLE OF NOWHERE - DIRT ROAD - EVENING

The SUV snakes through the wooded slopes, rushing rapids
thunder nearby. The sun hangs low now.

INT./EXT. SUV - TRAVELING

The vehicle RATTLES over an old bridge. Chad scans the
terrain.

CHAD

Okay - it's official - we're lost
in the middle of bum-fuck nowhere.

ARTHUR

It's late Chad, mom will be gettin'
worried. I think we should be
headin' back soon.

ACE

He's right man. We don't want to get our asses stuck out here after dark.

CHAD

Really Ace? You're gonna take his side in all this?

ACE

I got stuff to do, bro...

CHAD

I don't give a popcorn fart Ace, don't get me started on that ex-girlfriend of yours, I'm fuckin' tired of hearin' it.

Millie notices something up ahead.

MILLIE

Will you clowns stop with the tomfoolery? Look...over there!

A bank of mist swirls in the valley below, obscuring what looks like a SMALL TOWN.

MILLIE

Somebody might know the way...

INT./EXT. SUV - TRAVELING - CONTINUOUS

The SUV disappears into the mist. The gang look to each other with slack jaws.

The whole place looks like its been frozen in time, old farm equipment rusts in the fields, everything has a rural 50's feel.

The vehicle rolls on through the haze, Chad eyes a rickety sign, it reads, "WOODSFORD, Pop. 56". A bale of tumbleweed blows by.

The guys rubberneck, from their POV, we see a general store, a post office, an ancient gas station - all looming through the mist. The SUV crawls past a dingy bar, the creaking sign reads, "POPCORN SUE'S 'SHINE SHACK."

CHAD

Shit, I thought our town was small.

ARTHUR

You think they have a gamestop? I really need to trade in some things.

ACE

Maybe you should start with the basics Arthur, like do they have fire, or the fuckin' wheel?

Ace points, through the mire, he can make out SEVERAL FIGURES ahead.

ACE

Hey! Let's ask those pointy heads.

INT./EXT. SUV - CONTINUOUS

The SUV pulls up outside the post office, a chained up mutt GROWLS low. A GAUNT MAN with a bad facial tick folk dances on the porch. Next to him, a pair of CONJOINED TWINS slobber in an over-sized wheelchair, they don't look so good.

CHAD

What in the fifty shades of incest?

ACE

I think he likes you, Chad...he's winkin' at you with both eyes.

Chad shouts from the window.

CHAD

Hey! You fellas help us out?

No answer, just the clickety clack of tap shoes.

CHAD

We're lookin' for someplace...

Chad looks to Millie. She shouts from the window.

MILLIE

Midden Ridge...it's a summer camp for girls...

Clickety clack! Clickety clack!

ACE

Hey, you deaf or somethin'?

Without looking up, one of the conjoined twins raises a boney arm, points to a hectare of sugar pine in the distance.

CHAD

Well, why didn't you just fuckin' say so?

The other twin - calling on all his strength - draws a slow finger across his throat. He SNICKERS to himself, then slumps back into the chair.

The screen door opens with a CREAK. A spindly WOMAN appears - easily the most inbred of the bunch - she wheels the twins back inside. Chad turns to the others.

CHAD

See kids? This is what happens when family members reproduce with each other.

Chad cranks the gears - the SUV pulls away - Millie looks to the woods in the distance, her face tightens.

EXT. MIDDEN RIDGE SUMMER CAMP - EVENING

INT./EXT. SUV - TRAVELING

The SUV passes under an imposing iron arch, the group scan the sign: "MIDDEN RIDGE SUMMER CAMP. EST. 1989." The vehicle speeds on down the long wooded drive. Ominous yet beautiful, Millie eyes the dark, mossy trees.

The mist clears - several whitewashed buildings pull into view; an imposing MAIN DORM, numerous outhouses and a large SHED holding racks of kayaks surround a large brackish POND.

EXT. MAIN DORM - CONTINUOUS

Chad pulls up, kills the engine, everyone piles out.

CHAD

Hey mook, don't be a douche...help Yates with her bags.

Millie turns to Arthur, pulls her pack from the SUV.

MILLIE

It's okay Arthur, I got it.

Up ahead, a small CROWD has gathered. A large, greasy man, CHEF (40s), fends off several YOUNG WOMEN. They're all very pissed off.

Two instagram hotties - twins, PETRA and GRETA (19), take turns poking and prodding at him. Millie heads over. Chad, Ace and Arthur hang back.

CHEF

Awww, please, just quit yer cryin' little lady.

The girls grumble some more. Chef eyes Millie.

CHEF

Dammit, not more of you.

MILLIE

What's goin' on here?

CHEF

I've been tryin' to tell 'em, missy, I'm just here to clear out my desk, but they won't listen.

MILLIE

Listen to what?

CHEF

It's a big honkin' mess, that's what. The owners sold up and moved to the city...couldn't afford the hurricane insurance no more. They were gone faster than Saskatoon berry pancakes at breakfast.

Millie processes the bad news.

CHEF

We made sure to send out all the flyers in plenty of time.

MILLIE

Flyers? I didn't get no flyer...

CHEF

Dammit Maude, you old cob! I told her to mail 'em out last Wednesday.

Another girl, hipster chick, FLICK (18), breaks from the group in frustration and pulls out her phone. A Hard-bitten hoodrat with a neck tattoo spelling out the name, "SHUGGA" (19) pipes up.

SHUGGA

Ain't no point in tryin', we got no service out here...

Flick looks to Shugga for a beat, then over to another girl standing by herself. This is single as a dollar bill, KARLA WITH A K. (18).

Chef takes off his "Kiss the cook" apron and heads for his truck.

CHEF

Now you youngins have better things to do than listen to me blabber out my face hole all day.

Chef heaves his huge frame into his truck. The suspension groans under the weight. He shouts from the open window as the truck pulls away.

CHEF

Remember kids, don't sweat the petty things, and don't pet the sweaty things!

Ace slaps Chad on the shoulder.

ACE

Right dude, we ready to get the hell outta here?

Chad pulls Ace aside, lowers his voice.

CHAD

Ace my man, our vacation plans have taken a slight detour, we just booked ourselves a weekend reservation.

ACE

Are you tryin' to break me, bro? You know I got shit goin' on right now, I need to get back.

Arthur chimes in.

ARTHUR

Yeah Chad, I wanna go home...I'm gettin' hungry.

CHAD

What is wrong with you fuckers huh? You're like the creepy old couple

(MORE)

CHAD (cont'd)
 who sit at the same side of the
 table at restaurants and creep
 everyone out.

Ace looks over to Greta, they eye-fuck for a bit.

CHAD
 We have a duty to the booty bro.
 Think about it - all this pan fried
 pussy runnin' 'round, pre-loaded
 with daddy issues - all legal too.

Chad leans in.

CHAD
 Look, we'll conquer their pelvic
 walls, rinse the place of any
 valuables then split like jilted
 prom dates. Come on man, we're not
 ready to turn in our badges yet.
 Whaddya say? Peak performance?

Chad sticks out his bro fist - Ace slowly bumps it back.

ACE
 Peak performance...

CHAD
 By the time I'm done, I'm gonna be
 between every girl's thighs here...

ARTHUR
 Chad please!

CHAD
 Zip it chonks. Hope you brought
 your coloring books.

The girls gather round, they scan the SUV.

CHAD
 Ladies, I know what you're gonna
 say, but before you do, don't
 stress, a'ight?, Uncle Chad is
 gonna get you all home.

SHUGGA
 Get a load of this motha fucka...

CHAD
 I fully intend to rescue you from
 your predicaments, I do. However,
 (MORE)

CHAD (cont'd)
 we have to take into account the
 time - and that it's been a tryin'
 day for everyone.

Chad walks among them like King cucumber.

CHAD
 With that said, I've decided we're
 gonna stay here tonight. First
 thing tomorrow, we'll load up and
 get you all back to civilization.
 How's that sound?

SHUGGA
 Shiiiiit.

The girls look to each other, with various grunts and
 groans, they pick up their bags.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - LATER

Dejected, head bowed, Todd beats the dusty road. A car
 whizzes by, Todd shoots out a thumb with no luck.

TODD
 (to self)
 Don't worry, Millie...I'm coming,
 think healing frequencies.

INT. MIDDEN RIDGE SUMMER CAMP - MAIN DORM - EVENING

Chad struts in, slicker than a whale's dick, followed by Ace
 and Arthur. He looks around the dimly lit dorm, rows of
 metal framed beds fill the room.

The girls have found themselves a bunk and are chilling out
 to the tinny drone of cell-phone music.

CHAD
 We're back...are we late for the
 gangbang?

SHUGGA
 Not this cocksucker again...

Chad points to the "Camp Counsellor" t-shirt he has found
 and is now wearing. The girls aren't impressed.

CHAD

We just finished our little inspection, and there's good news and bad news. Why don't you fill 'em in, Ace?

Ace clears his throat.

ACE

Well...we got ourselves a nice gym, a computer room, a full-sized swimmin' pool...

CHAD

Too bad it's empty.

ACE

Yeah, pretty much everythin's been cleaned out.

CHAD

There is a perfectly good porta potty out back, though - for all you ladies wantin' to powder your noses - but we're all outta butt napkins.

Millie pushes her pack under her bed, looks over.

MILLIE

Aren't you forgetting the other small details Chad? Like utilities for instance? We got no lights, no runnin' water, nothin'.

CHAD

Twenty moves ahead of you, sister.

Chad pulls out a box of CANDLES from a plastic bag, he tosses them onto a nearby pool table.

He digs around, pulls out several cans of soda and candy bars, throws them to the girls, they catch them with zeal. Chad swaggers over to a bunk, tests the springs.

CHAD

Other than that...we got the place all to ourselves.

Shugga cocks an eyebrow, gold teeth FLASH.

SHUGGA

What you think you're doin'?

Chad shoots her a look.

SHUGGA

You cracked out boi, if you think you're stayin' here tonight. This our crib.

Chad scans the faces glaring back, united in their resolve.

CHAD

Hey now, this is not how we support our camp mates.

FLICK

Kids dorm, next door. You live there now.

The girls high five.

CHAD

This won't be the first time we've been sent to time-out for being too horny, will it Ace? Remember girls, sexual segregation is a terrible thing.

Shugga throws her soda can at the boys - they duck - it EXPLODES on the wall behind them.

CHAD

Alright, alright, we're goin'!

INT. MIDDEN RIDGE SUMMER CAMP - KIDS DORM - LATER

The atmosphere is still and gloomy. Chad and Ace lie on their undersized bunks, gnawing on candy. Arthur counts his meds in the fading light, he doesn't have many left.

ACE

Jesus, it's hot in here. It's like I took a shower, forgot to towel off, then got dressed again. This wasn't the best idea you've ever had, Chad.

CHAD

I hear you bro, we definitely gotta improve if we're gonna prosper in these lands.

Chad eyes his best bud with a glint.

CHAD

Besides, how we gonna learn all those juicy girl secrets stuck back here?

Ace doesn't respond.

CHAD

Ace, are you even listenin' to me right now? You gotta stop blowin' them sad trombones bro...I can read you like a fuckin' book. It's that ex-girlfriend of yours again ain't it?

Beat.

ACE

I really wanna try and work things out with her this time, man. I think she might be seein' someone else.

CHAD

Shit dude! That sound you're hearin' right now, is me facepalmin' at your fuckin' stupidity. Nothin' dries a pussy out faster than desperation Ace. You gotta be an asshole bro, keep 'em guessin - she'll see it as confidence then that sweet gas station sushi shall be all yours.

ACE

Don't see you practicin' what you preach. Aren't you still goin' solid with that milf from Hilldale?

CHAD

Dude, she's like the CEO of single moms, I aint gonna lie. Sure! We've had our fun, but she's gettin' waaay past her fuck by date these days.

Chad tries to get comfortable, bed springs CREAK.

CHAD

I'm gonna try and be measured here, Ace. When the worst has happened,

(MORE)

CHAD (cont'd)
and you've gone and developed
feelings for a bitch, you gotta
implement the "go out and fuck ten
other chicks immediately" strategy.

ARTHUR
Geez, is this what you guys talk
about all day? I for one don't need
to do those things to find meaning
in my life.

CHAD
Shut it C-PAP, this is a teachable
moment, so I'm gonna teach. One
day, if you ever have any friends
of your own, you might understand.

Chad turns to his bud.

CHAD
It's always the good kids who get
burned, Ace. When you gonna learn
huh? Guys like us are meant to die
alone, bro...now straighten up,
a'ight? You know I'm countin' on
you out here.

ACE
I guess you're right, as usual.

CHAD
Hey, don't be surprised if I'm
mayor of this town in a few years.
You ready to get outta here? A man
of action needs friends of
action...let's hustle!

INT. MIDDEN RIDGE SUMMER CAMP - MAIN DORM - CONTINUOUS

The partition slides open. Chad, Ace and Arthur stand in the
doorway. The girls - busy gossiping - glare over.

SHUGGA
What you fuckers want?

CHAD
Cool your tits She-ra, me and the
boys are just steppin' out. We
passed a salty little spittoon on
the way in and we thought we'd go
check it out.

Any excuse to party, airheads Greta and Petra come to life.

GRETA\PETRA
(Romanian accents)
Can we come?!

CHAD
Well, we were just plannin' on
havin' ourselves a boys night -
chop a few rails, sink a few shots
of the old hot damn...

PETRA
Please?! It's hotter than two hells
in here, anyone else's titties
itchin'?

Chad glances over to Ace, they share a knowing look.

CHAD
Alright, you can tag along. Anyone
else?

FLICK
Shit, anywhere's better than here.
Please tell me there'll be a
functioning air conditioner there.

ACE
Air conditionin', cold
beer...probably a phone too.

The girls get stoked.

CHAD
What about you, Yates?

Half a beat.

MILLE
If they got a phone, count me in.

Shugga nods in agreement.

CHAD
Well, these look like party numbers
to me, what we waitin' for?

The group prepare to leave. Millie glances at Karla with a
K, still seated on her bunk in the corner, she pads over.

MILLIE

Hey, we're headin' out, wanna come?

Karla unpacks the last of her things, she places a BIBLE under her pillow.

KARLA WITH A K

You go, I'm not big on shallow socializing...

MILLIE

Sure?

KARLA WITH A K

I prefer to keep real person hours anyway. Besides, it was boys and impure thoughts that got me here in the first place.

MILLIE

I understand. We won't be long, k?

Millie shoots her a smile, heads back to the others.

EXT. POPCORN SUE'S 'SHINE SHACK - NIGHT

The gang pile out of the SUV. A dozen choppers bristling with chrome park outside, the dull thump of music drifts into the night air.

CHAD

Place is poppin'.

ARTHUR

I'm not sure about this, Chad...

CHAD

Shut it cumfart, daddy's talkin'.

Chad addresses the crew.

CHAD

Listen up team, it's questionable judgment Saturday. I want everyone to enjoy themselves tonight. Have fun pissin' off the locals...but try and keep it low key, a'ight?

INT. POPCORN SUE'S 'SHINE SHACK - CONTINUOUS

The guys enter the smoky dive, bottles SMASH, live music bounces off the walls - it's BIKER BITCH NIGHT! Dozens of slampigs in denim and leather are drinkin' like it's their day job.

Chad eyes their vests, embroidered with the gang name: "THE SOILED DOVES".

Millie scans the room. Up on stage, SWAMPY AND THE BOYZ play to a packed house. Nearby, a bald landwhale in boots and bikini bottoms busts her cheeks on the stripper pole. Her nipple tassels reveal the name, "BIG BERTHA".

Behind her, two MIDGETS wrestle in a pool of jello. A scuffle breaks out nearby, more bottles smash.

FLICK

Welcome to the pig pen.

MILLIE

Yeah, the forehead tattoos aren't exactly givin' me confidence.

PETRA

We'll go find us a table, you boys order up.

Chad fumbles, pats himself down.

CHAD

Erm, about that...we kinda forgot our wallets back there.

The girls SIGH. Petra digs into her purse, hands Chad a fifty. Chad and Ace head for the bar - they get some quality stink-eye as they make their way between the tables.

CHAD

You don't have to say it Ace, I know, I'm just so talented at life.

AT THE BAR

The BARTENDER is busy serving drunken members of the Soiled Doves. Ace takes a long look down the bar.

ACE

Doesn't look like they got a designated town drunk...they're all just takin' turns.

Chad glances over to Bertha, jiggling her rolls on stage.

CHAD

Isn't that one of the signs of the
apocalypse?

Big Bertha bends over to pick up a few bucks, we get a
raunchy view.

ACE

Yup, and the end of the world is
real close.

Chad slaps the counter. The bartender approaches.

CHAD

Get me two pitchers of beer...and
whatever you got fryin' back there.

BARMAN

You boys twenny one?

Chad gives him one of those looks.

CHAD

Don't you have a sister to fuck?

The barman skulks off. Chad turns to ace.

CHAD

So Ace, what do we make of our
little harem?

ACE

We got some super-cuties bro, I
ain't gonna lie.

CHAD

Don't think I haven't noticed the
eyefuckin' blondie's bin givin' you
since we got here either. That's
some serious devil vagina-magic
right there.

Ace fires off a MEGAWATT GRIN. Chad looks to the girls
lounging in the corner. He focuses in on Millie.

CHAD

Yeah - but strawberry shortcake is
the real prize...

Chad studies Millie some more, watches her brush the red
curls from her face. He turns back to Ace.

CHAD

And that t-shirt she's wearin' is
only raisin' my expectations.

The bartender brings back the order, Chad pays up.

ACE

You got zero chance dude, them book
smart bitches got you all figured
out.

CHAD

I hope you're not a bettin' man
Ace, that's all I gotta say.

IN THE CORNER

The girls sit and socialize. Arthur - surrounded by females
for the first time in his life - tries not to look totally
out of place.

MILLIE

I'm just glad they got a workin'
telephone, anybody got some
quarters?

GRETA

Only bills here...

FLICK

Me too...

SHUGGA

Maybe 'dem meatheads will bring
momma back change? I'm first up
a'ight?

Petra leans in with a glint.

PETRA

So, what do we think of the
boyspawn?

SHUGGA

Man bun over there bin earnin' the
hate, straight out the gate.

FLICK

He's definitely functionin' on the
high end of the asshole spectrum.

GRETA
Sure has a nice ass, though.

PETRA
I hear that!

Cooler than a mountain lake, Chad and Ace swagger over, laden with food and drinks. They set them down and squeeze into their seats.

CHAD
You girls talkin' 'bout us while we were gone?

The twins help themselves to the booze. Shugga points over to Big Bertha.

SHUGGA
We wuz jus' sayin' that your girlfriend is workin' tonight.

The table LAUGHS, Arthur stifles a chuckle.

CHAD
Hey, I'm drownin' in pussy over here, sister. Don't need no redneck pole hogs to keep me warm.

ARTHUR
Momma's cat following you down to the basement does not count as drowning in pussy, Chad.

The table CRACKS UP - the girls high-five Arthur - Chad's ego shifts on it's axis.

CHAD
I ain't above burnin' a few fuckin' witches while I'm out here. That goes for you too mook, you wanna watch yourself!

MILLIE
Take it easy Chad, we're just messin' around.

Chad raises his beer.

CHAD
Should have left him back at camp with straight-edged Evangeline. I get second hand anxiety just watchin' that bitch.

Petra stands.

PETRA

Well, that's enough
hyper-masculinity for me. I'm off
to the ladies room, (to Greta) you
comin'?

Greta stands.

CHAD

Here, take some quarters. Go call
daddy - get you outta my fuckin'
hair.

PETRA/GRETA

(sarcastic)

We love you Chad!

The twins leave. Chad takes a slug of beer, wipes his mouth.

CHAD

You know...where I come from, when
bitches are tossin' shade like
that, it usually means they want to
mate with you.

INT. MIDDEN RIDGE SUMMER CAMP - MAIN DORM - NIGHT

Karla with a K lights some candles, places them around the
room. She kneels beside her bunk, says a quick prayer.

MYSTERY POV

Unseen eyes watch through a crack in the wall, they study
her as she prays. RASPING BREATHS cut the silence. Karla
picks up a candle and leaves the dorm.

END POV

EXT. MIDDEN RIDGE SUMMER CAMP - OUT BACK - CONTINUOUS

Vapors rise from the moist earth. Karla makes her way
through the thick scrub over to a porta-potty. The candle
flickers in the night air. She opens the door, slips inside.

INT. PORTA-POTTY - CONTINUOUS

Karla sets the candle down, lowers her drawers and sits. Pulling out her cell, Karla removes her specs and squints at the screen. The sounds of the swamp fill the cubicle.

Karla scrolls through her pics, she settles on a photo of an average Joe, her face softens as she studies his ordinary features.

Karla touches the screen, her eyes brim with memory. Sniffing back tears, she becomes aware that something isn't right. It's like two people are sniffing in there at once. She lowers her phone - her eyes let out a SILENT SCREAM.

Perfectly poised between her legs is a misshapen head, covered in scar tissue and infected rat bites. It has risen through the toilet seat and smells at her crotch with deep creepy WHIFFS.

Karla's breath QUICKENS - her chest HEAVES - the grotesque creature is now completely lost in its sniffs. Nostrils FLARE, milky eyes roll in their sockets.

Karla tries to remain perfectly still. She watches on through her hands. The creature inhales her musk, like it is feeding from her.

The cellphone slips from her hand - time seems to slow as it falls to the floor. Karla braces herself in horrified anticipation.

The phone hits the floor with a THUD. The creature stops - neck bones CRACK, skin STRETCHES. It cranes up at her and lets out a depraved SHRIEK.

INSTANT CHAOS! Karla screams back. The creature goes BERSERK, gums peel back, terrible teeth gnash down.

Like some kind of gruesome shark attack, the creature between Karla's thighs feasts gluttonously on her womanhood. BLOOD sprays, Karla FLAILS. The potty rocks violently.

Bloodied Karla slumps forward - lifeless - gone. The creature stops its grizzly assault, licks its lips, smells the air for a beat, then disappears back down into the hole.

INT. POPCORN SUE'S 'SHINE SHACK - NIGHT

Ace and Shugga are locked in an ARM WRESTLE. The group watch on in drunken excitement.

CHAD

Come on Ace, don't let me down
bro...I got ten bucks ridin' on ya.
Peak performance man!

Ace strains, Shugga's no pushover. Enthralled in the contest, Chad sucks down another beer.

CHAD

This place ain't so bad. The hooch
may taste like asparagus piss, and
I'd rather stick my dick in one of
them rotisserie chickens at the
store than one of these local gals,
but I'm havin' me a good time
tonight.

Chad glances over to a nearby table. A group of biker bitches leer back at him. He turns to Millie.

CHAD

What about you Yates? Wanna wrestle
with uncle Chad?

Chad rolls up his sleeve, Millie rolls her eyes. Chad strikes up an arm wrestling pose and leans in CLOSE, his face now inches from Millie's.

CHAD

Come on Yates, you know I ain't big
on personal space.

Something catches Millie's eye. TWO BIKER BITCHES enter the girl's bathroom, she stands.

CHAD

Hey Yates, where you think you're
goin'?

MILLIE

Relax Chad, you just rest up here
safe in your own arms, okay?

Millie heads for the restroom. Chad DEFLATES, he's clearly not used to girls giving him the shoulder. He glowers over to Arthur.

CHAD

What you lookin' at?

FLICK

Hey now! You leave Arthur alone, he's just mindin' his own business, aren't you Arthur. Why bring him along if you're just gonna treat him like shit the whole time?

CHAD

His name isn't Arthur, it's mook - ain't that right mook? And why do I bring him along? Easy - he makes for a great footrest.

FLICK

Please don't ever own a firearm, Chad.

INT. POPCORN SUE'S 'SHINE SHACK - LADIES ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Millie pushes the bathroom door open. Inside, the biker bitches have Petra and Greta pinned in the corner. They look them up and down with lusty grins.

MILLIE

You guys alright?

The bitches turn. Petra and Greta hurry behind Millie. Grunting with sadistic glee, the bitches lumber over. The bathroom door swings open, another bitch chokes off the exit.

MILLIE

Hey look guys, we're not big on gang violence, k?

Without warning, a quarter-pound MEATHOOK whistles in. Millie dodges the blow, it splinters the door-frame like matchwood.

Biker bitches surround Millie, they CUT LOOSE. Millie slips the punches - the self defense classes are paying off! Visibly shocked, Petra and Greta duck from the restroom.

The bitches are getting PISSED. Millie is too fast for them. They grunt in breathless frustration.

Reaching into their vests, they pull out deadly looking CHAINS. Millie eyes the exit. Alert, focused, she sees her chance. Diving between meaty legs, she scrambles for the door

INT. POPCORN SUE'S 'SHINE SHACK - CONTINUOUS

Petra and Greta hurry back to the table. They point in panicked fervor over to the bathroom.

PETRA

Ummm guys, we got a situation here...

The guys pivot. The bathroom door BURSTS open, Millie back-peddles - followed by the bitches - Shugga breaks off the arm wrestle and stands.

SHUGGA

Time to bring the motha fuckin' ruckus!

The bar SWELLS, all HELL breaks loose. A sea of pissed off denim and leather vent their rage upon Millie and the guys. Missiles rain down, biker bitches close in.

Trapped in the corner, Millie, Ace and Shugga dodge the barrage of stools and bottles. Arthur, Flick and the twins huddle under the table.

Shugga and Ace are setting a blistering pace - fists fly - a few bitches are knocked out cold. Chad meanwhile, sits back, hands behind head, enjoying the show.

Millie deflects wave after wave of incoming missiles with a stool, she hollers.

MILLIE

We could really use some help here Chad!

ACE

Yeah bro, we're sittin' on the G, just waitin' for the O. Get up here!

Chad gives them the old finger pistols.

CHAD

You guys are doin' just fine! Well color me impressed Yates, where you learn to handle yourself like this? Bitch got stance.

A stool flies in - Chad ducks - it smashes through the window behind him.

Under the table, Arthur pulls out his med bottle, tries to remove the cap. Sweaty hands fumble - the bottle rolls away. PANICKED, he scrambles after it on all fours.

FLICK

Arthur, no!

Arthur scurries after his meds, trying to reach them in desperation. The rolling bottle remains just out of reach.

Flick and the twins watch on in mute horror as the bottle comes to a halt under a burly boot. Arthur looks up - a sea of grizzled faces snarl back at him - he is consumed in a heaving throng of tattoos and helmets.

The band plays on. Big Bertha still jiggles on the pole, it's a surreal sight.

Ace and Shugga are tiring - just as they beat some bitches back - more bitches take their place. Millie's eyes flash in epiphany, she throws her stool into the mob and rushes over to Chad.

Millie reaches into Chad's pants and fumbles around. A wild grin stretches across his face.

CHAD

Well Yates, I would say now ain't the time, but who am I to say no?

Millie pulls out the keys from Chad's pocket. Stealing herself, she leaps through the smashed window and is gone.

Overwhelmed by threats from all sides, Ace takes a pool stick over the head, he REELS backwards, the situation is getting dire.

Even Chad is getting concerned. He cowers behind the table as the bloodthirsty mob draws near.

Just when all looks lost, a tremendous CRASH rings out - the SUV comes smashing into the bar. Biker bitches RECOIL, lumber and broken glass collapse in from all around.

Millie lays on the HORN. The guys hurry to the vehicle and clamber inside.

INT. SUV - CONTINUOUS

Ace wipes his bloody nose.

ACE
Get the fuck outta here!

More missiles rain down, the windshield is completely smashed. Millie slams the SUV in reverse and backs out of the gaping hole. Broken glass crunches under smoking tires.

INT./EXT. SUV - TRAVELING - CONTINUOUS

Millie hits the gas, the SUV speeds off into the night. The group sit back in silent shock. Chad holds up the payphone, thrown through the windshield during the chaos.

CHAD
Anyone still wanna make a call?

It's all Shugga can do.

SHUGGA
I swear to god, I'ma 'bout to empty
a clip up in this bitch!

FLICK
They got Arthur, we have to go
back!

PETRA
You're outta your mind if you think
I'm goin' back there, honey!

FLICK
We can't just leave him...

Tension mounts in the vehicle. Millie notices something in the rear view.

MILLIE
Shit, we got company...

Heads swing. Lights from a dozen motorcycles are rapidly gaining on them.

ACE
Now what?

CHAD
Try and lose 'em Yates!

Millie slams on the gas. The SUV speeds on.

SHUGGA

Kill the lights or somethin'...

Millie adjusts the rear view. The bitches are almost upon them

MILLIE

There's nothin' left for it, we're headin' back to camp.

FLICK

What?!

GRETA

We'll be cut to pieces!

MILLIE

We can't outrun them in this piece of shit. At least back there we might stand a chance.

ACE

She's right, we can lock the doors, barricade ourselves in. Do we have any weapons?

CHAD

Just my sharp intellect...

SHUGGA

Someone hold me back, I'ma 'bout to whoop the mess outta this kid.

INT./EXT. SUV - TRAVELING - CONTINUOUS

The SUV hurtles on down the dirt road, the motorcycles roar after them. Millie makes for the camp entrance.

The SUV screeches around the bend and onto the long wooded drive leading down to Midden Ridge. The motorcycles stop at the perimeter gate, REVVING their engines like lunatics. They don't pursue.

INT. SUV - TRAVELING - CONTINUOUS

Millie slows the SUV, the guys look back.

FLICK

Why aren't they followin' us?

GRETA

Maybe they didn't see us slip in here?

SHUGGA

Oh, they saw us.

CHAD

What the fuck do we care? Let's just be glad they did!

The motorcycles pull away - tension melts - smiles of relief erupt on everyone's faces.

INT. MIDDEN RIDGE SUMMER CAMP - MAIN DORM - NIGHT

Ace lies back on a bunk, the twins tend to his injuries. Chad lights another candle, stands over him.

CHAD

As his attending physician, I recommend bed rest...and blowjobs, lots and lots of blowjobs.

Ace reaches up weakly, he and Chad fist bump.

ACE

(strained)

Your mom's gonna kill you dude, when she sees what happened to her ride.

MILLIE

Imagine what she'll say when you go home without your brother?

CHAD

Hey now! He's only my half brother, a'ight!

Millie holds up Arthur's med bottle, retrieved earlier from the bar.

MILLIE

You never told us Arthur has agoraphobia, Chad. I can't imagine what he's goin' through right now.

CHAD

That shit's all in his head! They're probably takin' turns sittin' on his face, or suckin' on

(MORE)

CHAD (cont'd)
his cheeto dick, might do the fat
fuck some good.

Millie notices Karla's empty bunk.

MILLIE
Anybody seen Karla since we got
back?

Half a beat.

CHAD
She obviously fuckin' baled on
us...can't say I blame her either.

MILLIE
What? And left all her stuff
behind?

Chad doesn't have an answer.

FLICK
Look, we need a plan, and fast
guys. We gotta get Arthur back from
those crazies, find Karla and get
us the hell out of here.

SHUGGA
You askin' for shit colored trouble
goin back there, girl.

Ace stirs, tries to sit up, Greta lays him back down.

PETRA
Lie still sweetie, you're in no
condition to go anywhere.

Ace grimaces, slumps onto the bunk, Greta strokes his hair.

CHAD
I'm with She-ra, you're off your
chainz if you think I'm goin' back
there. Newsflash people, we barely
survived that category five
shitstorm.

Millie stands, pulls the SUV keys from her pocket. Chad gets
up in her grill.

CHAD
Give me the keys Yates...you ain't
takin' my only ticket out of here.

FLICK

I'm comin' too Millie. Count me in.

Millie readies herself. Chad SEETHES, Ace's voice cracks into life..

ACE

Look, aren't these hillbillies all religious and shit? Today is Sunday, right? How 'bout we just wait a few hours, then sneak back over there when they're all at the good house?

Millie processes the idea. The others shake their heads.

SHUGGA

Count me out...

CHAD

Me too.

Millie looks to the twins, they aren't too keen either.

MILLIE

Then it's just me and Flick.

ACE

Chad dude, it's your little bro, man. It's time to step up.

All eyes on Chad. He looks to Millie, she silently implores him.

CHAD

Alright, alright! But as soon as we find the mook, we're gettin' the fuck outta here and I'm droppin' you ho's off the first chance I get.

Chad attempts to sit, Shugga points to the kids dorm.

SHUGGA

You know where you gotta be motha fucka. Ace needs medical attention, he can stay, but yo ass is out!

Chad shakes his head. He isn't happy.

CHAD

We need to establish you girls' nap times...you're gettin' cranky.

Chad slumps from the room. He bids everyone good night, Walton mountain style.

CHAD
Nite motherfuckers...

SHUGGA
Nite asshole!

INT. MIDDEN RIDGE SUMMER CAMP - KIDS DORM - MORNING

A bloodcurdling SCREAM rings out, Chad wakes with a start. Still in his underwear, he hurries over to the --

MAIN DORM

The group surround Greta, who is a weeping, hysterical mess, she cradles her head in her hands.

CHAD
Anyone wanna tell me what's goin'
on? A man's tryna sleep.

Millie comforts Greta.

MILLIE
Greta, you need to calm down
alright, tell us what's wrong.

Greta swallows her tears, points with a finger to the exit.

EXT. MIDDEN RIDGE SUMMER CAMP - OUT BACK - CONTINUOUS

The group eye the porta-potty, flies BUZZ, blood oozes under the door. Chad steps forward and gingerly pulls open the door. Looking more like a Jack the ripper crime scene, the lifeless body of Karla slumps inside. The group GAG.

ACE
Jesus...

CHAD
Well...I don't think Karla will be
joinin' us for breakfast.

Chad zones in on Karla's crotch.

CHAD
Shit, she looks like hamburger
helper down there.

ACE
Close the door, Chad.

Chad stands there, captivated in gruesome fascination.

ACE
Chad, will you please close the
fucking door?!

Chad let's go of the door, it snaps shut.

FLICK
What could have done somethin' like
that?

Flick roots to the spot. Petra and Greta hold each other.

ACE
Some kind of animal...a rabid
possum maybe? Shit, I don't know.

FLICK
What should we do now?

MILLIE
This is a crime scene, we shouldn't
mess with the evidence. Let's stick
to the plan, go find Arthur, then
contact the police as soon as we
find a workin' phone.

Mumbles of agreement. Millie turns to Chad and Flick.

MILLIE
You guys ready?

EXT. POPCORN SUE'S 'SHINE SHACK - MORNING

Millie, Chad and Flick slip out of the SUV, they cautiously
approach the bar, it seems deserted.

MILLIE
Right, let's try this again, but
with less not knowin' what we're
doin'.

Millie leads the way, she creeps over to the gaping hole
left in the bar by the mayhem earlier.

INT. POPCORN SUE'S 'SHINE SHACK - CONTINUOUS

Millie tiptoes over debris, gestures to the others. The group scan the interior. The bar is quiet now, except for a few pigs licking puke off the floor.

Arthur can be seen onstage, tied to the stripper pole in his underwear. He has a red ballgag in his mouth, the words, "Momma's little bitch" are scrawled on his forehead in lipstick.

Big Bertha dozes next to him in the jello pool. Millie and Flick head over. They shake Arthur, his eyelids flutter open. Millie presses her finger to her lips.

Chad meanwhile, heads for the bar. He loots several bottles of moonshine from behind the counter, empties the register.

Millie pulls the gag from Arthur's mouth and unties his bonds, he exhales with gratitude. Chad rejoins them, the guys cast a disapproving eye over his illicit goods.

CHAD

What? You didn't think he was the real reason I came back here, did you?

Bertha stirs briefly - the guys watch on with a lump in their throats - she settles back into her jello slumber.

MILLIE

Will you keep it down?

CHAD

Let's just get the fuck outta here.

The guys tiptoe offstage. Not looking where he's going, Chad trips over a pig - it squeals off, headfirst into the jukebox. The machine flickers into life.

"LOOKING FOR LOVE" by CONNIE FRANCIS kicks on at midpoint. The loud music fills the bar, pigs SCATTER.

FLICK

Shit!

Big Bertha wakes with a jolt. Her eyes focus in on the guys. ENRAGED, she struggles to sit up in the jello. Chad swaps clueless stares with the others.

Chad gets a lightbulb over the head moment. Handing the bottles of 'shine over to Flick, he shoulders the record machine. In a burst of strength, he heaves the jukebox over into the jello pool with a loud SPLOSH!

The jukebox SIZZLES, the pool erupts into a shower of SPARKS. Insane volts of electricity course through Bertha's huge, simple frame.

Chad dusts off his hands, beams to himself in smug satisfaction. Millie's face tenses, followed by Flick's and Arthur's.

CHAD

Why you all lookin' at me like I
just took a shit on your pillow?

Chad looks slowly back over his shoulder - Big Bertha rises from the jello pool like an inbred Kraken - her bald head SMOLDERS.

CHAD

Fuck! Go!

The guys take off, they disappear from the bar like widescreen TVs on Black Friday.

EXT. POPCORN SUE'S 'SHINE SHACK - CONTINUOUS

INT./EXT. SUV

Millie jumps into the driver's seat, everyone else piles in the back. Millie fires up the ignition and hits the gas, the wheels spin in the dirt.

CHAD

Go Yates!

MILLIE

I'm tryin'!

From the guys POV, Bertha can be seen storming through the hole in the side of the bar. She stops to FLEX, then beelines towards the SUV.

Millie floors the pedal, the engine WHINES. The guys look on in dread, Bertha is almost upon them. The tires bite into the dirt, the SUV pulls away. Millie exhales with relief.

The SUV speeds off. Bertha breaks into a sprint. Incredibly, she is keeping up! Her hulking frame heaves as she thunders after the vehicle.

Chad gets a terrible glint in his eye. He looks to Arthur and Flick for a beat, then scrambles over the back seat. Chad opens the rear hatch, the wind rushes in from outside. He beckons wildly to Bertha.

CHAD

Come on you fat fuck! What you waitin' for, huh?

FLICK

What the hell you doin', shit for brains? Close the door!

Chad ignores, he waves Bertha onward. Arthur yanks at Chad's arm, Chad swats him away.

CHAD

That's it, you can do it!

MILLIE

Chad, close the goddamn door!

Bertha thunders on - her bald head smokes - her huge tasseled breasts bounce. She makes an impossible leap for the SUV. Chad dives out of the way.

Bertha lands like a beached whale in the SUV. She flails and grunts. Chad throws a blanket over her and gets atop. Bertha bucks him like a wild mustang. Chad beams to the others with his catch for the day.

CHAD

I have the most shameful boner right now.

Millie, Flick and Arthur look on in disbelief.

CHAD

Will you guys let me have a little fun huh? In five years I'll have a drinkin' problem and cripplin' child support.

INT. MIDDEN RIDGE SUMMER CAMP - MAIN DORM - DAY

Petra applies some lip gloss, she turns to Greta, who is thumbing through her cell on her bunk. Shugga shoots some pool in the corner with Ace.

PETRA

What's keepin' 'em? They've been gone forever.

ACE

Just stay frosty alright? They won't be long.

Millie, Flick and Arthur enter, the others rush over. Arthur bear hugs Ace.

ACE
Easy big fella, I think I broke a
rib back there.

ARTHUR
It's great to see you guys!

Greta puts a blanket around Arthur's shoulders, helps him take his meds. Petra rubs the lipstick from his forehead.

SHUGGA
You had us real worried, homie.

CHAD (O.S.)
Nobody worried 'bout me?

The guys turn - Chad stands in the doorway laden with bottles of moonshine - the hulking frame of Bertha towers next to him.

Chad tugs at the blanket, unveils Bertha to the group. She glowers back with wild eyes.

Bertha's molten glare settles on Arthur - her face softens - she TROMPS over and pulls him in close, drops to her butt and cradles him like a baby.

CHAD
Would you look at that? The mook
settled her right down.

Ace turns on Chad.

ACE
The hell son? You brought the salty
hog home?

CHAD
They take one of ours, we take one
of theirs...

MILLIE
Nice job, slick...

FLICK
You're tilted dude, tilted!

CHAD
Think about it people. They ain't
gonna try any shit now we got a
(MORE)

CHAD (cont'd)
 hostage. As soon as we leave, we'll
 dump her ass out and forget any of
 this ever happened.

SHUGGA
 Shiiiiit! This crazy place just
 need to stop and lemme the fuck
 out, I'ma walk from here.

Chad looks over to Arthur, struggling in Bertha's arms, she
 sucks her thumb and gurgles in contentment. Millie looks to
 the window.

MILLIE
 Chad, I know you're tryin' your
 best to sound educated right now,
 but you might have overlooked one
 thing...

The guys look to Millie, who surveys the landscape outside.
 In the distance, a HUNDRED BIKER BITCHES pull up around the
 misty perimeter. They surround Midden ridge, their Velocette
 choppers THROB.

MILLIE
 We have something of theirs...and
 now they want it back.

Livid eyes burn into Chad. Unable to hold the stares, he
 takes a big GULP of 'shine.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - LATER

Todd beats the lonely road. Out of nowhere, a horn BLASTS -
 a large semi towing a trailer pulls off to the side of the
 road. Todd slumps over with renewed vigor. The door opens
 and he heaves himself into the cab.

INT. BIG-RIG - CONTINUOUS

Todd eyes the driver, buxom DAISY (30s) - a country gal
 bombshell in flannel shirt and denim cut offs smiles back at
 him. Todd scans her artificial arm gripping the wheel.

DAISY
 Hey dumplin', need a ride?

Todd nods back weakly.

DAISY
Anyplace in particular?

Todd points ahead with a feeble finger. Daisy pops her gum, yanks the shifter and pulls away.

EXT. MIDDEN RIDGE SUMMER CAMP - EVENING

Chad and Ace tinker with the SUV, music drones from the radio. Millie - out for a walk - heads back to the main dorm clutching a bunch of freshly picked herbs.

CHAD
Hey Yates! We got somethin' for ya!

Millie heads over. Chad points to an animal trap laying in the grass nearby, a harmless BADGER rests inside.

CHAD
We caught the critter!

Millie scans the badger - with a shake of the head she unlocks the cage - the badger scurries back into the undergrowth.

CHAD
I thought you'd be pleased...just
be grateful they ain't pack
animals.

Millie maneuvers herself between Chad and Ace, she studies the SUV engine under the open hood.

CHAD
Now don't you be worryin' yourself
'bout that Yates...we got this
covered, a'ight?

Millie eyes the power line snaking from the engine back to the main dorm. She sets her herbs aside.

MILLIE
If you're tryin' to rig up a
generator to power the building,
you're doin' it all wrong.

Chad is taken aback. Millie makes a few new connections, tightens them up.

MILLIE
Try it now...

Ace hops into the vehicle, fires it up. The engine THRUMS, connections SPARK, the warm glow of lights kick on in the building.

ACE
Well, I'll be damned.

Millie dusts off her hands.

MILLIE
Just don't be leavin' it runnin'
all night now Chad...If shit does
hit the fan 'round here, we're
gonna need that fuel to bug out.

Millie picks up her herbs.

MILLIE
Now I'm gonna go make Arthur some
tea. These herbs should help with
his anxiety. Don't forget Chad,
keep an eye on that gas guage,
alright?

Millie leaves. Chad calls after her.

CHAD
You're spoilin' that mook, Yates!

Millie doesn't respond. Chad turns to Ace.

CHAD
Damn I hate that bitch...still
wanna fuck her though.

INT. BIG-RIG - TRAVELING - LATER

An awkward silence looms, Todd scans the interior. He catches Daisy's eye, she smiles back seductively.

DAISY
So, what's a fine vision of a man
like you doin' all the way out here
huh?

Daisy CRANKS the gears - her hand brushes against Todd's thigh - he shuffles awkwardly.

TODD
I'm trying to find someone, it's a
matter of most urgency.

DAISY
He a friend of yours?

TODD
It's a she actually...

DAISY
Hot damn! Now ain't you just a
knight in shinin' armor!

TODD
Maybe you could help me...find the
location I mean?

DAISY
Hell honey, if you need a map, why
didn't you just say so? Reach over
into this cubby here and you'll
find exactly what you're lookin'
for.

Todd eyes Daisy for a beat, then leans across, he brushes
across her ample chest.

DAISY
That's it darlin', bit lower,
you're doin' just fine.

Todd is at full stretch across Daisy, she reaches down and
unbuttons her shirt a little. With a HISS of brakes, she
brings the semi to a stop.

TODD
Why are we stopping?

Daisy flashes a bubblegum smile. She reaches down and
unbuttons the rest of her shirt, it falls open, revealing an
exquisite pair of breasts. Todd FLUSTERS, he sits up, eyes
Daisy's artificial arm.

DAISY
Now don't let that be puttin' you
off, sugar.

TODD
Please, if you will, I need some
air...

Daisy whispers low.

DAISY
How about a little kiss, whaddy
say?

Todd recoils like a salted snail. He fumbles for the door handle, gives it a quick pull. The door opens and he tumbles out. He gathers himself on the side of the road.

DAISY

Now you just get your ass back in here mister, a gal has needs goddammit!

Todd clamors. Daisy blows into her bangs.

DAISY

Shit! Another night sittin' on the shifter! Hope you're happy now!

Daisy slams the door. The semi pulls away with a blast of horn, leaving Todd standing there.

INT. MIDDEN RIDGE SUMMER CAMP - KIDS DORM - EVENING

A dope HIP-HOP BEAT fills the room. Chad and Ace kick back. The partition door swings open, the girls stand there eying the party before them.

PETRA

Hey, I love this song!

With a giggle in the hips, the twins dance over to Chad and Ace, they hand the girls a shot of 'shine. Millie, Flick and Shugga enter. Chad puts up his hand.

CHAD

Where the fuck you think you're goin? (Pointing) Main dorm, back that way...

SHUGGA

Awww, come on now motha fucka.

Chad pounds a shot.

CHAD

Oh, so now you wanna be friends?

FLICK

Shiiiiit!

Chad looks over to Ace.

CHAD

Whaddya say Ace? We let the neighbors from hell come on through?

Ace smiles, nods.

CHAD

Alright then, but you gotta know - it's ridiculous party behavior only beyond this point. The more I see, the more Chad vouchers you can earn and redeem. Gottit?

SHUGGA

Okay motha fucka, you made your point. Now can a bitch get a drink 'round here or not?

Chad and Ace knock their shot glasses together.

MYSTERY POV

Unseen eyes scan the room - they focus in on the various group members - before settling close on Millie. Rasping breaths blend with the music.

END POV

INT. MIDDEN RIDGE SUMMER CAMP - KIDS DORM - NIGHT

PARTY TIME! The twins pillow fight on a nearby bunk, the others lounge around drinking to the music. Chad refills everyone's glass, Millie waves the bottle away.

CHAD

What's wrong Yates? Thought we were celebratin' the easin' of tensions round here?

MILLIE

The only thing you're celebratin' Chad, is a future liver transplant.

Chad takes a drink. His eyes narrow.

CHAD

So...you gals never told us how you ended up here at camp crustycrotch.

SHUGGA

Don't even try it boi, you ain't gettin' shit outta me.

Chad looks to the twins, bouncing up and down in their PJs. They shout back in unison.

GRETA/PETRA
We tried to drown our step dad!!

CHAD
Alrighty then...

Chad turns to Millie.

CHAD
What about you Yates, wanna tell us
your boo-hoo story?

Millie looks away. Chad leans in.

CHAD
Come on Yates, don't leave us
hangin'...you got quite the tale to
tell, don't ya?

FLICK
Please...can we not?

ACE
Yeah man, why don't we just leave
it, huh?

CHAD
No, I wanna hear all about it...the
time her mom got sliced and diced
by her loser boyfriend. Shook up
the whole damn town.

Millie stands.

MILLIE
I think I'll go check on Arthur.
Thanks for not tryin' to spare my
feelings, Chad.

Millie leaves. Flick shoots Chad her murderface.

INT. MIDDEN RIDGE SUMMER CAMP - MAIN DORM - CONTINUOUS

Millie looks down upon Arthur, cradled in Big Bertha's arms,
they sleep like babies. Flick enters, she joins Millie at
the window.

FLICK
Don't let that low class tool get
you down, alright? We're all here
for one reason or another.

MILLIE

Me and him go back a ways. He's always been what you might call - a little trying.

Flick stares through the window - the motorcycle headlights at the perimeter twinkle back through the mist.

FLICK

Don't you think it's weird, how the mist hangs all over, except here? It's literally everywhere except camp.

Flick turns.

FLICK

Level with me, Millie...you think we're ever gettin' out of here?

MILLIE

Hey, we're gettin' out of here - one way or another - I promise you.

FLICK

Never thought I'd say this...but I actually miss the explosive shit mess I call my normal life.

Millie places a reassuring hand on Flick's shoulder. Flick grimaces HARD.

MILLIE

You okay?

Flick doubles over. Millie helps her to a bunk.

MILLIE

Flick, what is it?

FLICK

Just give me a second alright, I'll be fine.

MILLIE

You don't look fine, what's goin' on?

Millie searches Flick's face for more info.

FLICK

Me and Oreo - that's my boyfriend - celebrated our one year anniversary

(MORE)

FLICK (cont'd)
 recently. As a surprise, I got
 pierced for him - you know - "down
 there". Well I think it's got
 infected.

Millie kneels, drags her pack from beneath her bunk. She
 pulls out a first aid kit, hands it to Flick.

MILLIE
 And what, may I ask, did he get
 you?

Half a beat.

FLICK
 A freakin' homemade spice rack, can
 you believe that?

The girls share a giggle. Arthur stirs - they look down at
 him - he's been awake for a while.

FLICK
 You didn't hear any of that, okay
 Arthur?

Arthur nods shyly. Bertha wakens - she flops a titty into
 Arthur's mouth like she's breastfeeding a newborn. Arthur
 GAGS. The girls laugh some more.

Suddenly, the power fails with a loud DRONE. Lights go out,
 the dull thump of music dies next door.

MILLIE
 You go patch yourself up, I'll take
 care of this.

INT. MIDDEN RIDGE SUMMER CAMP - KIDS DORM - CONTINUOUS

Millie enters, moonlight streaks in through the skylight.
 She tries to focus in the gloom. Greta - shitfaced - leads
 Ace from the room.

MILLIE
 What did I tell you guys about
 keepin' an eye on the fuel guage?

No answer. Low GRUNTING and the squeaking of springs can be
 heard coming from the corner. Chad's ass pumps up and down
 as Petra moans under him. Millie looks to Shugga, drinking
 by herself in the corner.

SHUGGA

Motha fucka's gruntin' like one of his momma's titties fell out. At least he showin' us his better side.

Millie and Shugga stew there in the half-light, listening to the moans of pleasure. More GROANS start from next door - Ace is getting laid too! Chad shouts to him through the wall.

CHAD

How's yours man?

ACE (O.S.)

Like liquid silk, dude!

CHAD

Right on bro! We came, we saw, we came again!

Disgusted by the show, Millie turns.

MILLIE

Well, that's about me for today.

Shugga drains her glass.

SHUGGA

Shiiiiit! I hear that!

INT. MIDDEN RIDGE SUMMER CAMP - SHOWER AREA - CONTINUOUS

Flick places her candle down on the edge of the tub. She wets a piece of gauze with alcohol and puts it down her pants.

Flick grimaces - pulls out her hand - the gauze is a bloody, pus soaked mess.

Casting the gauze aside, Flick reaches for a new piece. Her arm bumps the candle, it falls into the tub and goes out, the bathroom plunges into darkness.

FLICK

Fuck!

A match STRIKES, the room glows once more. A strange noise catches Flick's attention, sensing something isn't right, her gaze shifts downward.

ALL OF A SUDDEN HOLY HELL - a deformed head rests between Flick's thighs. Nostrils HUFF in rapture at her groin.

Flick FREAKS. She grabs the bottle of rubbing alcohol and flings it into the deathly face, it seeps into infected rat bites and milky eyes.

The creature lets out an agonized SHRIEK. Gums peel back, a monstrous mouth chows down on the young woman's crotch - Liquids GUSH.

INT. MIDDEN RIDGE SUMMER CAMP - KIDS DORM - CONTINUOUS

Millie and Shugga hear the SCREAMS. They scramble towards the horrified commotion.

INT. MIDDEN RIDGE SUMMER CAMP - SHOWER AREA - CONTINUOUS

Millie and Shugga barrel in. Shugga fires up her lighter. Horror is everywhere - Flick can be seen laying in a pool of blood feet away.

SHUGGA

Awww, hell the fuck naw!

Rushing over, Millie kneels, Flick chokes back her pain.

MILLIE

Flick it's me, Millie, lay still.

Millie cradles Flick's head. Chad rushes in wearing nothing but a towel.

CHAD

Okay, who's ruinin' my orgasm?

Hot on his heels, Ace and the twins enter, holding candles. They see the carnage on display. Flick's groin has been completely chewed away - it's all bone chunks and spaghetti. The twins DRY HEAVE.

ACE

I gotta be honest, I could have gone the rest of my life without seein' that.

CHAD

I thought I was doin' real good back there - 'til I realized it wasn't my date that was screamin'.

SHUGGA

Have some respect fucka, Jezus!

Millie leans in.

MILLIE

Flick - talk to me - who did this
to you?

Flick attempts to speak - she GARGLES up some blood - her
head goes limp in Millie's hands.

Ace places his candle down, drapes a protective arm around
the twins and leads them from the room. Shugga - shocked to
the core - follows.

Millie and Chad are alone. Chad looks down upon Millie,
kneeling at his feet.

MILLIE

Still think it's a possum, Chad?

CHAD

Whatever it fuckin' is, it's
chompin' on the beaves 'round here.

Chad yanks off his towel, throws it down.

CHAD

Goddamit, will you cover her up?!

Chad stands there naked - hands on hips - an awkward silence
grows. We don't see it directly, but Chad gives Millie a
complimentary junk-jiggle on the house.

CHAD

What? You thirsty Yates?

Half a beat. Chad turns and leaves.

CHAD

You know we're gonna fuck Yates,
it's just a matter of time.

MILLIE

You're a piss poor human being
Chad, you know that?

Chad's laugh melts into the background. Millie is alone, she
hangs her head.

INT. MIDDEN RIDGE SUMMER CAMP - MAIN DORM - MORNING

Chad wakes with a groan - clearly hungover - he squints at
the sun beaming in through the skylight.

CHAD

What time is it?

Chad sits up. The group eye him suspiciously. He looks around, female underwear is strewn all around the dorm.

CHAD

What's goin' on?

SHUGGA

We wuz gonna ask you the same question - the fuck-up fairy paid us another visit last night.

PETRA

We let you sleep over here for one night, then you pull this shit?

Chad takes a slug of 'shine, wipes his mouth. Shugga stands over him.

CHAD

I'm tellin' ya, I don't know what you're talkin' about - nice thongs by the way.

Greta and Petra collect their panties from around the room.

GRETA

Most of mine are missin'.

PETRA

Mine too.

Chad hauls himself to his feet.

CHAD

We got bigger shit to worry 'bout than a few missin' pairs of panties. Them bitches still outside?

PETRA

Yep, and there's even more of them now.

ACE

You really shook up the hornet's nest this time, bro.

GRETA

Shook? He was using it as a goddamn pinata.

MILLIE

Let's try and be positive here guys, at least those psychos are stayin' put. They woulda hit us already if they wanted to.

GRETA

I'm more worried about what's trapped in here with us. Poor Flick, I just can't imagine.

CHAD

Listen, I've been thinkin', this "wild animal" of ours - and until we know otherwise - that's exactly what I'm callin' it - has been throwin' up some patterns.

The gang stare over.

CHAD

Think about it. It seems to be all about the crotch, right? That's what the victims have in common.

Everyone listens on.

CHAD

Then I suggest you gals keep yourselves super-fresh down there, with me? I've been callin' this whole damn dorm the *stench-trench*.

Bertha growls.

SHUGGA

Shiiiiit! That's you stinkin' boi!

Chad smells his pits - Ace confirms with a nod.

CHAD

Whatever, do what you gotta do, but I'm tellin' you...stay clean, a'ight?

Chad turns.

CHAD

Now if you'll excuse me, I'm gonna go pass out. I'll be next door if you need me.

PETRA

Maybe we should stick together - in one place - while all this is goin' on I mean?

CHAD

Fuck that sister! I ain't gettin' my dick chewed off - or my kidneys pulled out my ass while I sleep.

Ace tries to stop Chad, he shoves past him.

ACE

Dude...

SHUGGA

Jus' let him go.

CHAD

I'm disappointed in you, Ace. I really am. You're gonna make someone a great wife one day.

EXT. MIDDEN RIDGE SUMMER CAMP - DORM ROOF - DAY

A huge eye blinks in a circular lens. Chad inspects the landscape below with a telescope.

He zones in on the biker bitches, scanning their weathered faces one by one. The heat SWELTERS, Ace pulls himself onto the roof.

CHAD

The fuck you want?

ACE

Come on bro, don't be like that.

Ace pulls out a joint, lights it and hands it to Chad, he takes a deep drag.

CHAD

Ahh, chronic - the gentleman's choice.

Chad hands the joint back, glares at Ace.

CHAD

You've been suckin' some serious dick lately Ace, I ain't gonna lie.

Ace nudges Chad aside, puts his eye to the scope and pans around. Shugga comes into view, bathing topless by herself in the pond.

ACE
Hello, dark sensuality...

Chad snatches the scope back, he ogles Shugga's full figure.

CHAD
Just look at them juicy burger nipples...

ACE
Enforcing a hygiene policy was definitely a good idea, dude.

CHAD
Damn, I love this sick, demented world we live in.

Chad takes the joint back.

CHAD
Almost feels like old times eh brah? Why ain't you hangin' with blondie today? Don't tell me you guys are fightin'?

No response. Chad looks up from the scope.

CHAD
You are ain't yer! Shit...what did you do this time?

Half a beat.

ACE
She caught me goin' through her phone again. She's real pissed.

Chad laughs.

ACE
It ain't funny dude. I really like her bro...she's changin' my whole game up...

CHAD
You still got a lot to learn Ace, but you're makin' progress out here...I'm real proud.

ACE

I ain't ever been fatherzoned
before man! She was callin' me
daddy all night!

Chad laughs some more, squints back into the scope. He sees the others below, heading over to the pond. Bertha lags behind, carrying Arthur on her back. Chad turns.

CHAD

Hey! The pussy posse are havin' a
pool party without us!

EXT. MIDDEN RIDGE SUMMER CAMP - POND - DAY

Chad and Ace approach. Shugga and Millie are waist deep in the water. Petra and Greta perform gymnastics on the grass in their bikinis.

The twins notice the guys. They play with their hair and bite their lips as they ogle their six packs.

PETRA

Hey studz! Bring the booze?

Chad holds up a bottle of 'shine.

CHAD

Fixin' to be a lot less brain cells
come tommorrow'.

Petra gives Chad a GRADE A SMOOCH. Chad glances over to Arthur, nuzzled under Bertha's chins.

CHAD

(sarcastic)

What about you, mook? Havin' a good
time?

Arthur deadpans back, Chad turns to Millie and Shugga.

CHAD

And before you two say anythin'...

SHUGGA

Relax dickhead...just get yo ass in
here. A horny fucka like you could
use a cold bath anyhow.

Surprised at the invite, Chad dips his toe into the pond.

MILLIE

We needed a plan? Well this is phase one right here.

Chad and Ace wade into the water. Chad eyes Millie's sun kissed body, glistening in her bathing suit.

CHAD

Okay, you have my attention, these are listenin' ears...

SHUGGA

Seein' as some dumb shit ate all the snacks 'round here, we gonna need us some alternative supplies, you dig?

MILLIE

Well, this pond is jam packed full of fish - I saw 'em swimmin' 'round yesterday.

CHAD

But we ain't got no poles Yates, you even think about these things?

SHUGGA

We ain't gonna need no poles you dumb sonovabitch - missy here got somethin' else in mind.

EXT. MIDDEN RIDGE SUMMER CAMP - POND - LATER

Everyone is waist deep in the water - except Bertha - who wrestles with reluctant Arthur on the bank. Chad parts the weed with his hands, looks to the others.

CHAD

And you're sure no fuckin' leeches are gonna swim up my pee-hole?

MILLIE

Nothing's gonna swim up your pee-hole Chad. Might wanna keep an eye out for snappin' turtles though, they could take a pinky off.

ACE

Relax dude, she's just fuckin' with ya.

Chad flexes his goldfish attention span.

CHAD

Alright...go over this one more time for the people in back. How we do it again?

MILLIE

Pay attention Chad. You gotta reach down in the water like this, feel around under the bank for an openin'. When you find one, put your hand inside and wiggle your finger about a bit.

Chad ogles Millie's cleavage, listens on

MILLIE

If there's a catfish down there, he's gonna think you're a worm and bite down - relax - it ain't gonna hurt. Then you grab on tight and haul him out. Gottit?

SHUGGA

Daas rite! Country folk call it noodlin'.

Greta scratches a bug bite on her shoulder.

GRETA

No way in hell I'm doin' that!

PETRA

Ewww, me neither!

Petra and Greta wade back to the shore. Chad watches as they pull the bikini bottoms out of their ass cracks. The twins flop onto their towels, work on their tans.

SHUGGA

Awwight! Let's give this shit a try!

EXT. POND - LATER

Chad feels around in the water.

CHAD

There ain't nothin' in here Yates, you're full of shit. If you just wanted to see me in a speedo, all you had to do was ask.

Suddenly, his face lights up.

CHAD

Wait, I think I feel somethin'!

ACE

What you waitin' for? Pull it up!

Chad HEAVES. A good sized catfish emerges through the murk. Chad pulls it partially from the water. Ace and Millie wade over. Shugga watches on.

CHAD

I got one dude! I got one! Peak performance!

ACE

Peak fuckin' performance, man!

Millie helps Chad steady the writhing fish - biceps flex as he hauls it from the pond. The twins whoop on in delight from the bank. Chad turns to Millie.

CHAD

You know Yates, I reckon this thing is about as big as one of my sperms...

Millie shakes her head at the big oaf.

EXT. MIDDEN RIDGE SUMMER CAMP - POND - LATER

The catfish ROASTS over a roaring fire. Music drones from a cellphone, drinks flow. Shugga is the only one still in the pond.

Ace and Greta make out in the grass, lit by the dancing flames. The REVVING of a hundred distant motorcycle engines fills the air. Greta breaks off the kiss.

GRETA

Why do they rev their engines like that?

MILLIE

They've been doing it on the hour, every hour since they got here. They're just lettin' us know they're still out there that's all.

PETRA

Well, it's givin' me the creeps...big ones.

Chad leans forward, tears a chunk of meat from the catfish. Big Bertha grunts - holds out her hands - Chad teases her with a morsel.

MILLIE

Come on now Chad, there's plenty
for everyone.

Chad scoffs - he tosses a chunk of meat to Bertha - who devours it like a cavewoman. She feeds a piece to Arthur.

CHAD

Happy now Yates? Am I not a
generous god?

Millie turns, hollers over to Shugga.

MILLIE

Hey Shugga, come get something to
eat!

Shugga waves them off, carries on noodling.

SHUGGA

Don't you motha fuckas be worryin'
'bout me, a'ight? I be in when I'm
in!

Chad stands, looks to the others.

CHAD

Well, I think it's high time we got
back, it's gettin' late...whaddya
say?

Chad whips out his junk - takes a long piss on the fire - ash and embers fly.

ACE

Jesus dude!

The girls cough, waft away the steam.

CHAD

What? I'm just tryna be a
responsible camper...

Millie cranes back over to the pond. The growing darkness is making it hard to see anything.

CHAD

Don't you be worryin' 'bout her now
Yates, she's a big girl, she'll
head back when she's had her fun.

Chad gives Ace a hand up. The others file back to the dorm. Millie looks back to the pond one more time as she leaves.

EXT. POND - CONTINUOUS

The sun sets - Shugga wades over to a new spot - directly under a gnarly old tree.

SHUGGA

(to self)

Okay Shuggs, you got this girl. We damn well gonna catch us some supper tonight.

Shugga squats - feels around - a smile blooms on her face. She can feel something clamped in her tight grip.

Shugga PULLS, shoulder muscles RIPPLE. The object draws closer to the surface. IT IS THEN WE SEE IT! A deformed face of absolute terror rising up between Shugga's legs.

The smile drops from Shugga's face. She locks eyes with the creature as it glowers back from beneath the surface. It's gaping maw falls open - revealing rows upon rows of broken teeth - they clamp down onto Shugga's crotch.

Shugga WAILS, she punches the water in desperation, but is pulled under with incredible force. Gold teeth disappear, the pond settles, Shugga is gone.

INT. MIDDEN RIDGE SUMMER CAMP - MAIN DORM - NIGHT

Millie tosses and turns in bed, she is having a bad dream.

DREAM SEQUENCE

An eight year old child in a nightdress shivers in the pouring rain. It is Millie, bathed in the red and blue lights of the first responders.

Two tense PARAMEDICS exit an apartment complex, pushing a gurney towards a waiting ambulance. Emergency radios spit out bars of static.

Millie eyes the covered corpse as it trundles by. A gust of WIND blows the blanket aside, revealing her mom's mangled face. Young Millie looks on through her hands. Suddenly, DEAD EYES open, her mom glares back at her.

ROXY

Millie, how could you let this happen? Why weren't you here, Millie? Why weren't you here for mommy?

END DREAM SEQUENCE

Millie wakes with a GASP. She sits up and wipes her sweaty brow. Everyone else sleeps, the dorm is quiet.

Reaching for her phone, Millie checks the time, it reads, "3:45 AM". Millie places her phone down - tries to get comfortable. A faint scratching can be heard, Millie dismisses.

Pulling the covers around her, Millie attempts to sleep. THERE IT IS AGAIN - the unmistakable sound of scratching - only louder this time.

Millie strains to see in the moonlight. Something is definitely moving over in the corner. It slowly comes into view - A TWISTED FIGURE - prone - writhes down the wall.

Millie stifles a breath. The grotesque figure slithers over, stopping feet from her bunk - it pauses to smell the air.

From Millie's POV, we see the figure in all its gnarled glory - an abhorrent crippled rack of SINEW and SCARS - Millie chokes back a breath.

The creature pivots, let's out a low screech. Millie covers her mouth. Silent - like some kind of deformed animal - it crawls up onto the neighboring bunk, where Greta and Ace sleep in each others arms.

The creature burrows deep beneath Greta's blanket - Millie can't look away. Short, deranged sniffs of pleasure fill the air, Ace and Greta sleep on.

Millie pulls her blanket tighter around her, watches through a gap. The creature inhales at Greta like it is eating from a trough.

The sniffing STOPS, the creature stretches. It slips from beneath the blanket and drops to the floor. Millie loses sight of it as it scurries back into the gloom.

Millie waits, watches. In the corner, Big Bertha looks on - she's been awake the whole time. Bertha points wildly to the corner of the dorm while Arthur sleeps on in her clutches.

Millie slips out of bed. Bare feet land on slime covered tile, she grimaces. Tiptoeing over to Greta's bunk, Millie shakes her awake. Greta eyes Millie for a beat, then rolls back over.

MILLIE

Greta, wake up...

Big Bertha bounces on her butt and grunts loudly. Arthur stirs.

ARTHUR

Millie, what's goin' on?

MILLIE

It's alright, Arthur, everything's fine. Just go back to sleep.

Millie shakes Greta some more. Greta peers back at her through one eye.

GRETA

What the hell, Millie? It's still dark out.

MILLIE

Listen - that thing - it was just here.

Greta yawns. Ace stirs.

GRETA

What you talkin' about? What thing?

MILLIE

The thing, you know...that's been preyin' on us out here.

Greta sits up, shocked and fully awake. Chad appears from next door, scratching his junk through his underwear.

CHAD

Will you clowns keep it down?
What's eatin' momma five bellies?

Bertha bellows some more, points to the corner. Petra appears behind Chad, kisses the back of his neck.

MILLIE

Bertha's tryin' to tell you that the creature was just here. We saw it with our own eyes.

CHAD

Creature? Is that what we're
callin' it now?

MILLIE

I saw it Chad, it climbed right
into bed with Greta.

Greta grosses out - she throws off the blankets - her
panties are covered in slime, she tries desperately to wipe
it off. The guys look down at the slime trail, disappearing
into the dark recesses of the dorm.

PETRA

What the hell is that shit? Looks
like pickle juice.

Chad follows the slime trail over to the --

FAR CORNER

He signals.

CHAD

Yates, get over here...

Millie lights a candle, heads over, the others follow.

CHAD

Gimme a hand...

Millie hands the candle to Petra. She and Chad maneuver the
Foosball table out of the way, revealing a moderate sized
crack in the drywall.

ACE

You said you got a good look at
this thing, what did it look like?

MILLIE

It was like some kind of deformed
circus freak - it had these strange
glyphs carved into itself - like
they were made of scar tissue.

CHAD

So you're sayin' that what's
mutilatin' the happy campers' round
here, is livin' down in that hole
right there?

Millie nods. Chad pooh poohs.

CHAD

Will you just listen to yourselves?
This is harder to swallow than one
of my loads.

ACE

Hear her out, man.

Ace kneels - inspects the crack - he feels the slime between his fingers.

ACE

Shit Chad, if she's right - and
this motherfucker can fit down in
that hole - we could snap its neck
like a twig, dude. I say we feed
this thing to the bears, you ready
to go huntin'?

CHAD

Just say the word, bro! Only thing
I gotta know is - does it want an
open casket or an urn?!

Millie steps forward. In one deft motion she drop kicks the drywall, it crumbles and falls away, leaving behind a much bigger hole. Chad turns to Ace.

CHAD

Boo-yah! She got some power moves,
don't she Ace?

Chad ducks into the hole - beckons to the twins - Greta takes a step back.

GRETA

Oh no, you ain't gettin' me down
there.

ACE

I promise I won't let anythin'
happen to you Greta. Look, there
could be tunnels, or secret
passageways...might lead us the
hell outta here.

GRETA

No way - not unless you brought a
priest, and a shit ton of salt...

Greta steps away. Petra reluctantly enters, Ace follows. Arthur calls out from across the dorm.

ARTHUR

Hey! Don't leave me here!

MILLIE

Arthur, listen...it's gonna be alright, okay? Greta is gonna stay back, Bertha will take good care of you.

Arthur calms. Millie ducks into the hole. She stops and turns.

MILLIE

Wait a minute, where's Shugga? Did she not make it back?

The group look to each other.

CHAD

There ain't no ponds in the damn hood, Yates...stupid bitch probably drowned or some shit.

MILLIE

That's not funny Chad. As soon as we get back, we're mountin' a search for her...agreed?

Millie looks to the faces staring back. One by one, they silently agree. Millie takes a breath and disappears into the hole.

INT. MIDDEN RIDGE SUMMER CAMP - CRAWLSPACE - CONTINUOUS

The guys creep through the dark, sticky tunnels. Petra raises her candle, teeming insects flee the light. The flame reveals the serpentine passageways ahead.

PETRA

Oh my god, what's that smell?

ACE

Probably a few dead skunks in the wall.

CHAD

Smells like someone queefed on keto.

The group round a tight corner. Ace parts the cobwebs with his hands. Chad steadies himself on the wall, his hand gets slimed up.

CHAD
 Way to fuckin' go,
 ladies...choosin' a plague testin'
 zone for a vacation spot.

PETRA
 Yeah, like we even want to be
 here...

Bickering ensues. Millie - calm, measured - pricks her ears.

MILLIE
 Shhhhh, can you hear that?

The group strain - faint SCURRYING can be heard - Petra
 takes Chad's arm as they continue on.

ACE
 I do got one question - if this
 thing really did kill the others -
 why did it leave Greta alone?

CHAD
 Yeah Yates, answer that.

MILLIE
 Best guess? She didn't put up any
 kind of struggle. She let it do its
 thing and it left.

ACE
 Maybe that's how it gets its
 nutrients?

CHAD
 Hear that girls? If you ever look
 down and see somethin' movin'
 between your legs - don't freak
 out, k? - that's good advice all
 'round if you ask me.

Petra slugs Chad in the arm. He notices something on the
 ground, picks it up. Chad holds it aloft, the candlelight
 reveals a gooey, shedded skin, humanoid in shape.

PETRA
 Gross!

Chad holds the shedded skin against himself, like he's
 trying on some long-johns for size.

CHAD

Hey, whaddya think? These might
come in handy, I forgot to pack my
jammies!

Chad drops the skin, wipes his hands on Ace's shirt.

ACE

Asshole!

Dust powders down from above. More scurrying can be heard.
The guys pivot. Chad falls back with a concerned look.

CHAD

Hey Yates, why don't you go on
ahead huh?

Millie takes the candle. Up ahead, the tunnel narrows
sharply. Rusty pipes DRIP from the ceiling, RATS snake their
way along the tunnel wall. Millie leads on.

INT. GROINSMELLER'S LAIR - CONTINUOUS

The tight passageway leads out into a dank, spacious cavern.
Millie is the first to enter. The rest of the guys join her
- their mouths fall open.

As far as the eye can see, hundreds of pairs of PANTIES are
strewn around the gloomy space, hanging like Tibetan flags
in the mire.

The atmosphere is cold - solemn - almost cathedral-like. The
guys pan around.

CHAD

Normally I'm not big on art, but
this piece really resonates with
me.

ACE

What is this place?

Chad reaches up and plucks a huge pair of panties from on
high. He holds them out.

CHAD

Look at these wompers!

Millie snatches the panties, puts them back.

MILLIE

Go easy Chad, some of these girls never made it out of here.

PETRA

Couldn't afford the hurricane insurance my ass. Now we know why this place closed.

CHAD

Hey, aren't there Japanese businessmen who pay top dollar for used underwear like this? Geez, there must be a fortune here.

PETRA

Only you could be thinking such things right now. Hey - I wanna go back - before that thing finds us here.

CHAD

Shit, let the slimelord come back - as soon as it does, we're goin' bootleg Jesus on its ass and stringin' it up. Come on Ace, what you waitin' for? Fill your pockets man!

ACE

I dunno bro - it doesn't feel right - I don't think we should be disturbin' this place.

Chad plucks down some underwear, crams them into his pockets. Millie's interest is piqued by something in the corner, she heads over.

A depraved SCREECH rings out, followed by frantic scurrying overhead. The sound of steel pipes being struck echoes deep within the walls. Petra's face drains of color, Ace's neck is a swivel.

CHAD

Come on out motherfucker! We know you're there!

Chad looks to his buddy.

CHAD

What's wrong, Ace? Got the old shepherd's pie pants? Don't fear the reaper bro!

ACE

Maybe Petra's right, perhaps we
should get outta here?

Chad tosses a pair of panties in Ace's face, he brushes them
aside. Chad looks to the girls, Petra is as white as a
sheet, he pads over to Millie.

Millie gazes at a makeshift shrine in front of her. Chad
reaches down and snatches up a hand-drawn picture nestling
among the other items. Millie tries to grab it back.

CHAD

What you got there, Yates? Momma
ever tell you it's rude not to
share?

Chad studies the aged drawing - it's the same one Millie
drew for Derek Rigby all those years ago. He reads the
words, "To Derek, love Millie". Chad locks eyes with Millie,
the shock mirrors in each other's faces.

INT. MIDDEN RIDGE SUMMER CAMP - MAIN DORM - DAY

Greta and Petra wake with a stretch, the sound of HAMMERING
fills the air. Millie is over by the foosball table,
securing a board over the hole in the wall.

PETRA

(yawning)
What time is it?

MILLIE

Almost four PM.

GRETA

We gotta go easy on them
all-nighters.

PETRA

Where are the guys?

MILLIE

They've been out back all day, took
off without a word.

Millie pulls a nail from her pursed lips, thumps it into the
wall. The engines of a hundred motorcycles come to life -
Arthur wakes with a jolt.

ARTHUR

I can't take this no more! I can't!

Arthur struggles in Bertha's huge arms. She picks up on his distress, joins in with wails of her own.

MILLIE

Arthur, try and calm down, alright?
(To twins) Would one of you mind
giving him his tea?

Greta slides out of bed in t-shirt and panties. She gathers up a water bottle and heads over. Greta presents the bottle to Arthur's lips - Bertha REACTS - she swats Greta away with a maternal arm.

GRETA

Jesus!

Millie stands, puts the hammer down. She heads over.

GRETA

You're the only one she ever lets
near him.

Millie takes the bottle - gives Arthur a drink of the calming tea - he nods in appreciation.

PETRA

Millie, who's Derek Rigby?

Taken by surprise, Millie looks to Petra for a beat, then to the window outside. Chad and Ace can be seen lighting a huge bonfire, embers shoot into the early evening sky.

PETRA

It's just that Chad was going off
in his sleep last night - kept
mumbling his name over and over.

Millie watches Chad and Ace dance around the pyre like primitives. The biker bitches are going CRAZY - they lay on their horns - REV their engines. Millie turns.

MILLIE

Derek Ribgy was a good person - and
he was my friend.

EXT. DUSTY ROAD - EVENING

Todd drags his exhausted frame onward. He sees the small town of Woodsford barely visible in the mist in the distance - mustering all his strength - he heads for it.

EXT. MIDDEN RIDGE SUMMER CAMP - OUT BACK - LATER

A mouthful of moonshine spits into the flames, the fire ROARS! Chad and Ace - dressed only in bark loincloths and headdresses - beat their chests.

The girls approach. Arthur piggy backs on Bertha. Petra eyes the guys.

PETRA

Can't we just stay back tonight, huh? How 'bout we have a girl's night? I'm gettin' real tired of this X-rated shit.

GRETA

I thought I could party, these guys take it to the next level.

Millie glances over to the perimeter - the biker bitches have been whipped into a frenzy by Chad's primal antics.

MILLIE

Look, if we don't do something soon, this stupid shit is gonna get us all killed.

The girls tromp over. Chad throws out his hands like a CULT LEADER.

CHAD

Welcome children!

MILLIE

We gotta put this fire out Chad, it's riling up the natives.

CHAD

Silence!

Chad takes another mouthful of 'shine, spits it into the flames. The biker bitches REV back.

Chad and Ace turn, gesture behind them. The light from the fire illuminates a huge tree, in its branches are hung dozens of pairs of female underwear.

CHAD

Behold the mythical panty tree and
the river of turds!

The girls eye the panty tree - it glows ethereally in the firelight. Around its base has been dug a deep trench, which has been crudely hidden with branches and straw.

CHAD

I climbed a mountain today,
people...and had me a vision at the
top.

Greta pinches her nose.

GRETA

What's that smell?!

Chad struts among the group, gives Arthur some stink-eye.

CHAD

Into this trench, we've poured all
the foul contents of every
overflowin' sceptic tank we could
find out here.

Chad's ego swells.

CHAD

And what you're lookin' at right
now, is the mother of all booby
traps. When Groinsmeller comes to
reclaim his frilly delights, we're
gonna drown his ugly ass in turds.
Tonight, we end this madness once
and for all!

MILLIE

Chad, just how does someone recover
in their social group when they've
been hangin' panties off a tree all
day?

CHAD

Hey! In order to catch a perv, you
must become the perv...there's even
more good news, tell 'em Ace!

Ace attempts to speak, Chad cuts him off.

CHAD

Why don't I just tell 'em? While we
were tearin' down that old shed

(MORE)

CHAD (cont'd)
 over there, we found ourselves a
 full can of gasoline.

The twins brighten.

CHAD
 That's right! Once we poo-drown
 this fucker out of existence, we're
 gonna smash through that ring of
 psychos and keep goin' 'til the
 tank runs dry.

The twins are impressed - they shower Chad with kisses - Ace
 BRISTLES.

GRETA
 Oh, Uncle Chad, you're so clever!

CHAD
 You know...we're still short a
 couple of pairs of undies...

The twins eye the panty tree - then each other - they
 reluctantly wiggle out of their underwear and hand them
 over. Chad examines them.

CHAD
 Shit, what you been doin' in there?
 Looks like someone dropped kicked
 an éclair...

PETRA
 Hey, it's hot out, alright?

Millie rolls her eyes at the craziness around her.

MILLIE
 Did you happen to see any sign of
 Shugga while you were out here?

Ace shakes his head. Chad holds up a little baggie.

CHAD
 Nope - even better - we found us
 some 'shroomies!

Chad takes a mouthful of 'shrooms - then tosses the bag to
 Petra - she catches them with a SIGH. It's going to be
 another long night.

CHAD

Remember children, it's not about trippin' balls - it's about buildin' new pathways of consciousness. Just kiddin' - it's about trippin' balls. Let the ritual begin!

LATER

Ominous clouds gather on the horizon. Ace drums wildly on a pair of bongos. Topless Petra writhes like an enchantress to the primal beat.

The fire burns - embers soar as the sun disappears behind the high treetops. Millie turns to Arthur, clutched tight in Bertha's arms.

MILLIE

Hangin' in there, Arthur?

Pale - unsure - Arthur nods back.

MILLIE

Where's Greta?

PETRA

I think she might be avoidin' someone 'round here.

Petra looks over to Ace. He casts his bongos aside.

ACE

Alright, fine! I'll go fucking apologize!

Petra smiles at her little victory. Silhouetted by the flames, Ace pads away, he heads towards the --

MYTHICAL PANTY TREE

Ace takes a long look around, he hears something - a low MOANING maybe - he goes to investigate.

Peeking behind a bush, Ace freezes in his tracks. Chad stands there - looking down upon Greta - she's giving him some TOE-CURLING HEAD.

Ace backpeddles, a twig SNAPS. Chad looks over, Greta breaks off the slobjob.

CHAD

Ace, hold up! It's not what it looks like, bro!

Ace looks to Greta, she wipes her mouth.

ACE

Super dick move, man!

Ace spins on his heels, hightails it out of there. Chad zips up his khakis and hurries after him back to the --

CEREMONIAL FIRE

Ace storms into camp, holding his head in frustration.

MILLIE

Ace, what's goin' on?

Millie stands. Petra stops dancing. Chad and Greta appear, hot on Ace's heels.

ACE

How could you do that to me, bro?

Ace is spitting fire. Chad gets a shit-eating grin.

CHAD

Hey, I didn't lay a finger on her man I swear, her head was doin' all the work...

ACE

Alright! That's it!

Ace rushes Chad - wrestles him to the ground - they rough-house in the dirt.

GRETA

Ace, stop it!

Bertha - unsettled by the negative energy - grunts wildly. The biker bitches REV back.

Chad and Ace continue to tussle - Ace gets the upper hand - he pins Chad to the ground and punches him out. Petra pulls on a shirt and storms off.

PETRA

Okay, I'm so fuckin' done with you barnyard animals right now!

Petra hurries to the SUV - jumps in and fires up the engine
- Greta rushes after her.

GRETA

Hey sis, wait for me! Fuck men and
their level ten manipulations!

Ace heaves himself off Chad. He sees Greta leaving.

ACE

Greta, come back!

Wheels churn, the SUV pulls away.

ACE

Greta wait! I can't live without
you!

Ace sprints after the speeding vehicle. He leaps onto the
back. Chad comes to - he sees his best bud pulling away into
the night.

CHAD

Go get her you absolute madman!
Peak performance?

ACE (O.S.)

Fuck you and your peak performance!

MILLIE

God, I hate this lord of the flies
shit.

Millie eyes Chad, he passes back out as the heavens open.

EXT. APPROACH TO MIDDEN RIDGE SUMMER CAMP - CONTINUOUS

Todd peers through the mist - he hears the engines thrum,
sees the orange glow of bonfire within - his face lights up.

TODD

They're having a jamboree! I'm
coming Millie, I'm coming...I can
feel your chakra!

INT./EXT. SUV - TRAVELING - CONTINUOUS

Petra drives like a one armed taxi driver with crabs - the
vehicle barrels on - the twins are jostled around inside.

ACE (O.S.)
Greta, slow down!

Greta looks back, she sees Ace clinging on.

PETRA
Shit, what's he doin' here?

GRETA
Keep goin', we're almost there!

The SUV races on. In the high beams, the girls see the biker bitches camped at the perimeter. The speed dial climbs, Petra heads straight for them.

GRETA
We're gonna make it!

Petra nods back with vigor. Suddenly, a dreadfully familiar noise fills the air - a faint SNIFFING - it grabs the girl's attention.

The sniffing grows louder. Greta looks to Petra, Petra eyes her back. She fumbles around for the cab-light.

The cab-light CLICKS ON. Coiled like an ancient cobra in the driver's footwell is the twisted frame of Groinsmeller. It samples Petra's PH levels with deep whiffs of her crotch.

The girl's backs stiffen, a sense of tremendous peril fills the vehicle. Wide-eyed and terrified, Petra looks up; more biker bitches roll into position at the gate - they hold aloft their deadly looking machetes.

Greta reaches over and lays on the horn. A LONG STEADY NOTE blasts out.

PETRA
Greta no!

Groinsmeller snaps from his funk - milky eyes roll - blistered lips peel back. He feasts down on Petra's crotch - she screams in agony.

Blood sprays - Greta PANICS - she takes the wheel and braces herself. The SUV ploughs through the biker bitches and into the mist surrounding Midden Ridge Summer Camp.

The fog swirls, Greta chances a look back. Incredibly, Ace still holds on tight.

ACE

Greta, I love you baby, marry me!

Greta struggles to take it all in. She squints through the broken windshield. Suddenly, a lone figure emerges through the mist - it is Todd! Before she can react, Greta hits him head on.

Todd's puny frame is swept up by the SUV. Greta lets out a shocked SCREAM. The SUV swerves headlong into a thick oak before coming to a brutal halt.

EXT. SUV - CONTINUOUS

The crumpled SUV smokes, it's engine WHINES. Amazingly, Todd is still alive, pinned between the tree and the vehicle, his body spasms, blood spews from his mouth.

INT. SUV - CONTINUOUS

Greta comes to - she shoots a desperate glance over to her dead sister slumped beside her - Groinsmeller is no longer there.

Out of nowhere - an open hand hits the window - Ace hauls himself into view. Comforted by the familiar face, they share a reconciling gaze.

A MACHETE cleaves the mist, splitting Ace's skull, he slides out of sight, leaving a bloody hand-trail. Greta's screams blend with the WAR-CRIES of a hundred biker bitches, who descend like banshees over the SUV with chainsaws and axes.

EXT. MIDDEN RIDGE SUMMER CAMP - OUT BACK - CONTINUOUS

Shrieks of despair fill the rainy night, Millie listens to the distant carnage. Bertha covers Arthur's ears. Chad's eyes flutter open, he focuses on Millie.

MILLIE

Listen Chad, we gotta get inside,
right away.

Chad shoots Millie a glassy stare, pulls himself upright in the mud. He takes a handful of 'shrooms and washes them down with some booze.

CHAD

We ain't goin' nowhere without
Groinsmeller's head...

Millie walks to the panty tree, stares down into the trench. A streak of lightning flashes, followed by a clap of thunder.

MILLIE

You want your trophy huh? Well come get it.

Muddy, battered, Chad crawls over, he stares down into the poo-trench. Something is down there, it splashes around in distress

MILLIE

There's your fucking prize Chad - it's just a wild pig, dude.

Arthur lets out a desperate laugh. Bertha - vibing on the moment - gurgles along.

ARTHUR

Looks like you get your pig after all!

Chad spins in the mire, wipes the rain from his face. He raises a fist to Arthur. Bertha SNARLS, her thick neck BULGES. Chad lowers his hand.

CHAD

Remember, she ain't gonna be around forever mook.

Chad holds his ribs, coughs up some blood.

CHAD

Now get the fuck off my lawn, both of you...before I do somethin' I won't regret.

Chad's eyes flash in the glow of the fire. Millie gestures. Bertha throws Arthur across her back, they leave Chad stewing in the deluge.

INT. MIDDEN RIDGE SUMMER CAMP - MAIN DORM - NIGHT

The rain streaks the windows. Millie paces. Arthur frets. Bertha soothes him by COOING in his ear.

ARTHUR

I'm scared, Millie...Chad can get real crazy, I've seen it for myself.

MILLIE

Try and stay positive, Arthur.
Hopefully he'll just pass out
somewhere and sleep it off.

The wind RATTLES an open window, Millie locks it down. A bolt of lightning flashes - Chad's psychotic face leers in from outside. He takes a bite of raw pork. Millie GASPS.

CHAD

Is it me Yates...or is it gettin'
crazier 'round here?

Chad presses his face to the glass. He tosses the meat away.

CHAD

Open the door, Yates...

Millie takes a step back, she doesn't respond.

CHAD

I said open the fucking door!

MILLIE

We're tired of your bullshit,
Chad...we're not takin' it no more.

CHAD

I just watched my best friend die
tonight. You have any idea what
that does to a man?

MILLIE

You ain't comin' in here Chad, not
until you've calmed down.

Chad pukes, wipes his bloody mouth. A clap of thunder BOOMS, followed by more LIGHTNING. Millie eyes the crazed face before her.

CHAD

Still think it's Derek Rigby
runnin' around here, huh? What a
joke...

Beat.

MILLIE

Today would have been his birthday
Chad...

CHAD

You can't go on blamin' me forever
Millie...the universe has moved on.
So should you.

MILLIE

Take a good look around, shit-heap
- this is what happens when karma
dry fucks your ass with a cactus.

Chad slaps at the pane, blood blends with the rain.

CHAD

Have it your way Yates. I'd rather
take my chances out here with these
bitches, than stuck in there with
that thing. Remember, Millie - I'll
always be the tornado in your
trailer park - tell the mook fat
smacks are comin' his way.

MILLIE

Enjoy your life lessons Chad. Just
hope they don't turn out to be end
of life lessons.

A clap of THUNDER, another flash of LIGHTNING, the face at
the window is gone. Millie exhales. Frantic scratching can
be heard in the ceiling overhead. Millie walks to the
foosball table, empties out the last candle.

Millie lights the candle - the room glows a little brighter
- she turns to Arthur.

ARTHUR

Don't be givin' me that look,
Millie. What are you doing?

MILLIE

I have to take care of something
Arthur, I'm gonna need you to be
strong. I won't be long, I promise.

ARTHUR

You ain't leavin' me here! What if
Chad comes back...or that thing?

MILLIE

Look at me Arthur - I'm gonna be
ten minutes, tops - It's something
that needs to be done, alright?

Arthur takes some strength in Millie's resolve. Millie heaves the foosball table aside and tears off the board covering the hole. She ducks inside.

INT. CRAWLSPACE - CONTINUOUS

Millie snakes her way down the dank tunnel, the shrieks are all around her now. The flame from the shaky candle casts wild shadows on the narrow walls.

Remembering the way, Millie ducks under SPIDER WEBS and networks of dripping ducts. Rounding a corner, she avoids a fat rat scurrying nearby. She sees the entrance to Groinsmeller's lair and beelines for it.

INT. GROINSMELLER'S LAIR - CONTINUOUS

Breathless and dusty, Millie enters the cavern. She takes a deep, settling breath and looks around. Reaching into her pocket, she pulls out the picture she drew for Derek Rigby when she was just a child.

Millie unfolds the drawing and heads over to the shrine in the corner. She places the drawing gently back with the other things.

Millie stands there in quiet communion with herself. A BONY ARM slowly comes into view - reaching for her in the gloom - arthritic fingers unfurl as they strain for her hair. Millie senses something, looks up.

MILLIE

Derek...is that you?

The arm withdraws. A deranged SHRIEK echoes out, the walls come alive with scratching. Millie backs out into the --

CRAWLSPACE

Millie hurries away, brushing the cobwebs from her face as she goes. The walls CREAK, pipes GROAN. A terrifying SCREECH rings out behind her, followed by the crashing of drywall. Millie looks back over her shoulder.

Peering into the gloom, Millie is greeted by a terrifying sight. At the end of the long passageway, a pale, wretched thing sways in the half-light.

Millie stops - swallows hard - an uneasy stand-off ensues as the two figures get a better look at each other in the murk. Millie reaches out.

MILLIE

Derek - it's me - Millie.

Millie waits for a response. Suddenly, the creature lets out an unearthly SHRIEK and takes off towards her. Turning tail, Millie flees, her labored breaths ricochet in the confined space. Coming to a tight bend, Millie squeezes through.

Millie hurries on, her neck on a swivel. The creature is nowhere to be seen - her chest heaves as she ponders her next move.

With a tremendous CRASH, the tunnel wall next to Millie crumples. The creature appears in a cloud of dust and makes a mad lunge for her. Millie SCREAMS, darts onward, the creature in hot pursuit.

Millie can see the small opening ahead leading back to the dorm, she's almost there! The creature swipes at her, its fingers brush against the fabric of her sweat-soaked vest.

Millie fires another look back - it's a costly mistake - her feet catch on a pipe running across the ground and she trips and falls. The candle spills from her grasp and rolls into a puddle, the flame goes out with a HISS.

The passageway plunges into total darkness, Millie recovers with a groan. A hot second passes, Millie's heart THUMPS like a freight train.

A clap of thunder BOOMS, followed by a flash of lightning - it streaks in through cracks in the walls. The creature is now inches from Millie's face, it seems to study her.

The lightning dies - the tunnel falls back into darkness again - the rasping wheezes of the creature blend with Millie's own panicked breaths. Arthur's shaky voice pierces the gloom, it echoes down the tunnel.

ARTHUR (O.S.)

Millie, is that you?!

The creature let's out another screech.

ARTHUR (O.S.)

Stay perfectly still, Millie!

Another streak of lightning - the tunnel fires like a strobe. The creature forces its face into Millie's. She turns cheek and presses her fingernails deep into its flesh.

Thunder CRASHES, lightning continues to FLASH, Millie resists the assault, digging her nails even deeper into the creature's arms. It tongues at her ear.

Something isn't right. Millie watches on in disbelief as her nails scrape off an outer layer of the creature's skin, revealing the unmistakable image of a BIOHAZARD TATTOO beneath. Millie's eyes fire.

MILLIE

Chad! You son of a bitch!

A drug-crazed laugh fills the air.

CHAD

Lie still Yates - that's it - just
let it happen.

Millie struggles under Chad. Using the last of her reserves, she brings her leg up and knees him in the nuts, Chad GROANS and goes limp. Millie squeezes free and staggers back towards the dorm.

INT. MIDDEN RIDGE SUMMER CAMP - MAIN DORM - CONTINUOUS

Millie squeezes through the hole and tries to slide a nearby locker over the gap - it's too heavy for her. Arthur watches on from Bertha's sleeping arms. He tries to wriggle free.

ARTHUR

Hold on Millie, I'm coming!

Millie pushes at the locker, it doesn't budge.

MILLIE

Hurry Arthur!

Arthur slips one arm free from Bertha's iron grip - then another - Bertha snores on. Millie HEAVES, the locker slides a little closer to the hole. Arthur wriggles loose.

ARTHUR

I'm almost there!

Bertha shifts in her sleep - she gathers Arthur up tightly again - all his progress is lost.

Millie gives it all she's got - the locker slides nearer to its destination. Just when it looks like she's going to cover the hole, Chad sticks his head out, his psychotic face greets the room.

CHAD

You always run out on your dates
like that, Yates?

ARTHUR
Leave her alone!

Chad crawls free from the wall and stands. He brushes the FLAKING MUD from his torso, rips the swim cap off his head.

CHAD
We got unfinished business you and I...

Chad staggers over menacingly - Millie backpeddles - Arthur struggles in Bertha's grip.

ARTHUR
Chad, you leave her alone you hear me?!

CHAD
Shut it mook, I'll deal with you next.

Chad draws closer, facial tics SPASM. Millie puts up her dukes. A depraved screech rings out, scurrying can be heard overhead.

Chad stalks. Millie retreats. A nearby bunk stops her from going back any further. Picking up a lamp from the nightstand, Millie readies it as a weapon.

MILLIE
Don't come any closer Chad, I'm warning you...

Chad leers.

CHAD
Come to uncle Chad - we gotta work on that smile...

MILLIE
I'm fucking serious, leave me the hell alone!

Chad approaches. Millie draws back the lamp and arcs it across Chad's head. CRACK! The heavy base strikes his skull.

Chad stands there. Millie is shocked he survived the blow. Chad tastes the blood running down his face with a finger. A clap of thunder rings out.

Millie attempts to strike Chad again, he rips the lamp from Millie's grasp and tosses it clear across the dorm.

CHAD

You know - we came to the right
place, me and you - we could both
use a little counseling...

Chad pushes Millie down onto the bunk - she lies there
spread-eagled before him - Chad loosens his loincloth.

CHAD

What did I tell you Yates? Either
we be fuckin', or I be fuckin'...

Chad drops onto Millie, Arthur freaks.

ARTHUR

I swear to god Chad! Get off her
you son of a bitch!

Chad nuzzles Millie's neck - her face tightens in disgust.
Arthur wriggles wildly in Bertha's grip, she continues to
SNORE.

Arthur pulls one arm loose - then another - using all his
strength, he squeezes free from Bertha's arms. Consumed with
rage, Arthur barrels over to Chad and rains blows down on
the back of his head.

Chad breaks off the violation. He stands and turns his
attention to Arthur. With a sickening uppercut, he sends
Arthur ragdolling across the room. He folds like a pretzel
in the corner.

MILLIE

Arthur!

Chad turns back to Millie, he slicks back his hair.

CHAD

Right, the kids are asleep, how
'bout mommy and daddy get a little
alone time?

Chad drops back onto Millie and pulls at her clothes. Millie
can't fend him off. Another screech rings out. Oblivious,
Chad presses on with the assault.

Millie squirms, Chad rough-houses. Millie focuses on the
scratching overhead. Her eyes track every noise as they move
above her. Suddenly her eyes soften - gentle gears turn in
her mind. She utters those immutable words.

MILLIE

Derek...love you lots, like jelly
tots.

The scratching STOPS. Chad continues to yank at Millie's zipper. Millie turns cheek, presses her eyes shut. A moment passes, Millie reopens them.

Swaying next to the bed in the gloom, is the twisted frame of Groinsmeller. Blank - emotionless - it looks down upon Chad, who is still lost in his fumbles.

The shocking moment hangs in the air. Millie locks gazes with the figure for a beat, it shifts its attention to Chad.

Reaching down - Groinsmeller grabs Chad by the back of the head - skull bones CREAK. Chad lets out an agonized groan.

With the twist of a sinewed arm, Groinsmeller tightens his grip around Chad's skull and removes him from Millie like a tick. Groinsmeller hurls Chad into the wall, he lands in a crumpled heap on the floor.

Robotic - purposed - Groinsmeller pads over. Chad comes to with a shake of the head. Looking up at his executioner, a dreadful recollection fires in Chad's eyes.

CHAD

Rigby, it is you...

Silent - without empathy - Groinsmeller reaches down and sinks his thumbs deep into Chad's eye sockets and picks him up like a bowling ball. Chad dangles there, groaning like an abattoir oxen.

Groinsmeller throws back his head, let's out an unearthly SCREECH. He carries Chad over to big Bertha, who sleeps on soundly in the corner.

In one swift motion - Groinsmeller thrusts Chad's head between Bertha's thighs - Bertha wakes with a start.

Half asleep - confused - Bertha looks down. She sees Chad between her legs, then eyes Arthur slumped on the floor nearby. A look of complete hatred swells on her face.

Bertha SNARLS - she closes her thighs tight around Chad's head - MOANS of agony fill the air. Millie watches on aghast from across the room.

Bertha tightens her grip - skull bones crack - vertebrae snap. Chad spasms violently between the clamped thighs.

Bertha forces her legs shut - Chad's head EXPLODES - fresh brain meat SPLATTERS. Chad goes limp. Bertha grunts in satisfaction.

Millie lets out a long SIGH and glances over to Arthur, who comes to in the corner. Millie looks back to Groinsmeller. HE IS GONE - just a patch of pickle juice remains.

IN THE CORNER

Millie limps over to Arthur and helps him up. They share a brief hug. Arthur and Millie join Bertha, she is covered in yuck, but still gurgles happily.

MILLIE
Everyone alright?

Arthur glances down at Chad's headless corpse. The moment hangs there. He manages a bittersweet nod.

ARTHUR
Well, he did say he wanted to be
between every girl's thighs here...

Bertha bounces on her butt, nipple tassels SHIMMY. Millie throws a blanket over Chad's remains and takes a long look outside. The sun rises above the trees.

MILLIE
I don't know about you guys, but I
think it's time we got out of here.

ARTHUR
Yeah...somehow I don't think summer
camp is quite for me.

Millie smiles, Bertha grunts. Millie and Arthur heave Bertha to her feet, she throws Arthur across her back.

INT. MIDDEN RIDGE SUMMER CAMP - CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

The three friends head towards the EXIT. Arthur scans a notice board hanging outside a nearby office, he CLICKS his fingers.

ARTHUR
Hold up...

Millie fires him a look. Arthur slides off Bertha's back and yanks off a paper tacked to the board.

Arthur holds the paper aloft, it reads, "Certificate of Completion". He gestures for Millie to turn around - she complies with a confused smile.

Arthur presses the paper onto Millie's back and scrawls out a quick signature. Millie turns, Arthur presents her with her new certificate.

ARTHUR

You earned this, Millie.

Millie nods with emotion. Arthur slaps her on the shoulder and hops onto Bertha's back. The trio head towards the door.

EXT. MIDDEN RIDGE SUMMER CAMP - DRIVEWAY - CONTINUOUS

Millie scans the mist hanging over the camp perimeter, it slowly dissipates into the morning air. The biker bitches are now clearly visible, scores of them wait menacingly for the trio to approach with revs of their engines.

Millie hobbles through the gate - Bertha and Arthur follow - biker bitches close in all around them. Millie scans the grizzled faces glaring back at her.

The revving stops - Arthur slides from Bertha's back - an uneasy silence grows. The largest of the biker bitches, OCTANE ANNIE (50s), heaves herself from her chrome hog.

Annie clomps over. Bertha is checked for injuries - Annie examines the blood stains covering Bertha's ample frame - she whirls on Millie.

Bertha BELLOWS loudly, waves her arms in Millie's defense. Millie steps forward and wets her sleeve with some saliva. She wipes away Chad's crusted blood from Bertha's face.

Octane Annie is pacified, she takes Bertha's hand and leads her back to her motorcycle. Bertha resists, she doesn't want to leave her new friends. Arthur gives her a tight hug, his arms don't reach all the way around.

Arthur breaks off the hug, Bertha leans down and kisses the top of his head. Choking back a tear, Bertha blows Millie a kiss. Millie smiles back at the big girl.

Engines THRUM. Octane Annie signals to her gang. One of the biker bitches gets off her motorcycle and presents it to Millie. Millie eyes the doves, in an act of total respect, they nod at the two survivors as they pull away one by one.

Millie gets on the motorcycle, Arthur hops on the back. Chancing a look back at Midden Ridge Summer Camp - Millie thinks she hears something - a faint SNIFFING carrying on the breeze? Millie dismisses with a shake of the head.

Millie kickstarts her new wheels, the three cylinder engine THUNDERS into life - silhouetted against the morning sun, the two figures roar for home.

FADE OUT

THE END