

HOUSE

A Horror Thriller VOD Script
By Michael Train

FADE UP

EXT - WHITE MOUNTAINS - APPALACHIAN TRAIL - AFTERNOON

Two young couples backpack through the autumn forest with their colorful REI gear and backpacks: ROLAND & JENNA, MADGE & CHUCK (a good-looking trans & her beau), all 25-ish.

Roland seems preoccupied with his GPS. The sky is overcast. Chuck wears bright orange hiking boots and matching bandana. Madge sports a hot pink nylon backpack.

JENNA

Okay, Kit Carson. Admit you've got us lost, why not? And in case nobody's noticed...it's going to rain soon.

MADGE

(vamping it)

Rain is not good for this girl's hair. But I'm not judging, Roland...just saying.

ROLAND

We're not lost, Jenna. West Portage and our motel should be just another two miles straight that way. An hour, hour and a half, tops.

Roland points hesitantly.

MADGE

Roland, sweetheart. This is a

Wilderness trail, with a wild "wilder"
right at the front of that word. And
wilderness trails move around slowly,
back and forth...

Madge moves about, sinuously acting out, despite the bright
purple backpack that somehow fits her like a designer gown.

MADGE (cont)

...and side to side, over and under and
up and down and in and out for miles
and miles more than you think. There
just ain't no straight in wilderness.

JENNA

(to Roland)

It's why wilderness ends in a double
Ess, Rolly dear.

CHUCK

(emoting)

Madgie-pie, I just love it when you
navigate dirty. Can't wait to snuggle
up under fiber fill tonight.

MADGE

Could be a long night, Chuck, honey.

CHUCK

Long and hard, sweet cheeks.

Madge gives Chuck a playful punch that hurts.

CHUCK

Ow! I'm going to need a good spanking
tonight, Boobala.

Jenna rolls her eyes.

JENNA

Geezus, you love-birds! Save it for

your motel room.

ROLAND

Let's not keep the bed bugs waiting,
then. We'll get a good sleep and
catch the Appalachian Trail on the
south side of the village first
thing in the morning.

MADGE

(to Chuck)

First thing in the morning, Babe. So
don't tire yourself out too much tonight.

CHUCK

First thing in the morning, got it. A
little red Bull, a bit of Sildenafil...
no problemo, mi amor.

Jenna rolls her eyes again as the foursome steps up the pace
and follows Roland.

MADGE

This bean town better have a salon
because this weather's going to kink
my hair something awful.

CUT

EXT - ROADSIDE MOTEL & CAFÉ - EARLY EVENING

A light rain falls on the tiny, time-worn complex that sports
a few tiny cottages, a tree-covered parking area and a small
café with a flickering neon sign out front. The sign above the
café boasts "Best Burgers Anywhere!" in several languages. The
café shares a gravel lot with the motel next door.

Nearby are boarded-up buildings that once were a bait shop and
a bakery. An old, hand-painted sign on the bait shop announces
that there's used camping equipment for sale at the café.

CUT

INT - RUSTIC CAFE - CONTINUOUS

Inside it's an almost-cozy, run-down bar joint. The pine plank walls are covered with objects and photos, along with a few used backpacks and other camping gear sporting price tags. A fire burns in the small stone fireplace.

Roland, Jenna, Madge and Chuck sit at a table away from the entrance, enjoying their burgers and poring over their trail map.

CHUCK

Did you see Jenna's face when she had to cross that lame excuse for a stream.

ROLAND

Oh, yeah! Like she was about to be washed out to sea. Classic.

MADGE

That little stream? I've seen bigger streams in the men's room at Gold's.

JENNA

Little? It must have been forty feet wide, and deep, with lots of slippery rocks.

CHUCK

It was up to my ankles. And it was lined with gravel.

JENNA

Hey, don't mess with gravel. Plus, it was slippery and there's leeches and eels and other squirmy things in the

water. Probably.

CHUCK

(to Madge)

When were you in the men's room
at Gold's?

Madge gives Chuck a "get real" glare.

MADGE

You know I had a life before you,
sweet cheeks.

An elderly woman sporting thick cats-eye glasses, DORIS, sits a few tables over, eating a slice of cherry pie and nursing a large glass of rye. She listens in on the foursome, a snide expression on her face.

ROLAND

The shortcut to the trail's supposed
be somewhere around here. It should
save us hours of hiking.

CHUCK

God damn. This is the best cheese
burger I've ever had.

JENNA

I know! It's great.

ROLAND

Everything tastes great after hiking
seven hours.

JENNA

And I'm usually not a beef eater.

A 50-something, canned redhead, the WAITRESS fiddles behind the bar counter. She looks up, smiling.

WAITRESS

It ain't beef. Its local game.
Venison.

DORIS (VO)
We call it MacVenison, around here.
(chuckles)

Jenna looks towards Doris's table with a quick smile and hand wave.

MADGE
Everybody's got to have a brand.
Even out here.

Madge takes a bite and closes her eyes to savor it.

MADGE
Mmmm... delish.

A grizzled, hulking local guy, FRANKIE, sits alone at the bar, staring at his beer bottle and shyly making surreptitious glances at Madge.

Doris notices and sneers.

DORIS
You going to drink that, Frankie, or
you going to stick it up your ass?
(chuckles)

No reaction from Frankie.

WAITRESS
Leave him alone, Doris. He was just
a kid when he did that.

DORIS
Hasn't stopped anyone in the three
counties from laughing about it
...still.
(chuckles)

Doris turns to the foursome, grinning.

JENNA

(whisper)

Oh, here goes the local wacko.

DORIS

Hey! You ever hear of a kid plugging
his own butt with a beer bottle? Ever?

The foursome react. Roland snorts coke through his nose.
Jenna rolls her eyes. Chuck gets Madge's eye and grins
salaciously.

MADGE

(to Chuck)

Not on your life if it's a cold one.
I will not.

ROLAND

(to Doris)

What's wrong with you, lady?

DORIS

Frankie's a weird one. You know...

Doris makes the fucking sign with one index finger though her
opposite thumb and forefinger.

DORIS

(to Jenna)

And I aint wacko, tight ass!
Frankie here got caught reaming
Himself with a beer bottle, by Miss
lemon fuck-faced Nyborg, the English
teacher, under the bleachers, after
school, thirty-two years ago next
Saturday.

MADGE

(impressed)

That was a stellar run-on sentence.

CHUCK

Told all you need to know, though.

JENNA

Ew! I do not want to hear any more.

WAITRESS

Doris! Quit it.

DORIS

True. Some say Nyborg made Frankie
diddle her the whole rest of the
year. Till she just picked up and
left one day. Without a word.
Frankie never went back to school.
Living up in the pines ever since.
Comes by once a month for a date
with a beer bottle.

(to Frankie)

Just teasing with you, Frankie boy.
Just some fun.

Frankie doesn't react. He empties his bottle and gets up while
staring at Madge, who appears a bit uncomfortable.

Frankie walks out without a word as Doris watches him exit the
café.

ROLAND

(annoyed)

Lady, that was as mean as could be.

Doris whirls, almost snarling.

DORIS

You don't know mean, mister! Life is
mean. Life's just a god-damned, mean
shortcut to nothing. Everybody gets

one shot at that shortcut and nobody gets out alive.

(chuckle)

CHUCK

That's as good a bit of religion as I've heard in a long time.

WAITRESS

That's it, Doris. Night's over for you.

(to foursome)

Sorry, guys. She's just being a crank.

Doris gets up to leave.

MADGE

Reminds me of Two O'Clock Kitty, at the Big Red One. Kitty never could hookup short of a closing hour drunk. Gal was always cranky. And mean.

DORIS

(to Madge)

Shortcuts ain't safe. 'Specially for you...fella!

Madge is stunned. Her friends' mouths drop. Madge recovers.

MADGE

(pissed)

Well, fuck you, you wrinkled old bitch!

Doris grins, gives the table the middle finger and exits the café as the waitress comes over.

WAITRESS

I am so sorry about Doris.

JENNA

No problem.

CHUCK

Doris there, she's the one with the problem.

ROLAND

Geez, yeah. That poor Frankie guy.

MADGE

That poor beer bottle.

ROLAND

We'll take the check, Miss.

THROUGH THE WINDOW, Doris passes, tossing a middle finger back at the café, just as a punk TEEN hurries towards the café with a handful of tourist brochures.

Doris throws up an arm to stop him in his tracks and looks at the brochures before the two silently argue. Doris motions angrily for him to go back to the motel. The teen shakes his head but obeys.

Doris looks back at the café and throws up two middle fingers. She exits.

WAITRESS

Sure thing, guys. Sounds like you're Visiting?

JENNA

From California. Close to L.A.

WAITRESS

Always wanted to visit. Never got the chance. What're you doing in sleepy, old West Portage? No one ever comes here. No one ever seems to leave, too.

JENNA

Came for the colors. Haven't seen the autumn change for, what...since I moved

to the West Coast.

ROLAND

I've never seen them. We only have one season in Los Angeles.

CHUCK

Seasoned hot and spicy!

JENNA

(rolls eyes)

That was a lame sriracha joke, Chuck.

Chuck grins and shrugs.

CHUCK

I'm all about food, Jenna.

ROLAND

(to waitress)

We're heading back to the Appalachian Trail in the morning. I heard there was a short cut near the covered bridge, south of town.

The waitress suddenly tenses.

WAITRESS

(anxious)

No. You don't want to go that way. It's not safe. Really rough going. Go back up High Street to the park and start there.

MADGE

Working girl, we came in from that way and this woman does not go backwards, ever.

CHUCK

(salaciously)

Never?

ROLAND

Plus, it would add another five hours
just to get south of West Portage.

WAITRESS

(clearly upset)

Well, I'm sorry. I really don't know
any other way. I've got work to do.

The waitress leaves abruptly. Jenna is surprised.

JENNA

Nice to see meet you, too.

(to others)

What was that all about?

MADGE

Sure seemed nervous to this gal.

ROLAND

I'll ask at the motel. Come on.

The foursome rises and moves past the waitress who lowers her
eyes. They exit the café.

Once the doors close the waitress watches the four pass the café
window, heading to the motel next door. Her expression is one
of "I told them so." as she slowly shakes her head.

A single headlight goes on across the road and a rusted pick
up slowly moves onto the pavement and heads away.

CUT

INT - MOTEL OFFICE

Roland and Chuck enter the tiny, empty vestibule where a

dark-stained coffee pot sits almost empty on a heating tray. No one is at the counter but the sound of a TV talk show is faintly heard from the next room.

Chuck hits the desk bell once, then three times quickly, and calls out.

CHUCK

Live customers here!

Hold a moment. The TEEN seen outside the café enters, with the brochures. He hands the materials to Roland.

TEEN

Got some stuff, like you asked. An old map, too.

ROLAND

Thanks. All I really needed was the map so I can find where that side trail is. The one that hooks up with the Appalachian Trail.

TEEN

(a bit nervously)

Starts on the other side of the bridge. You'll see.

Roland opens up the brochure, a whimsical map highlighting local shops and points of interest. Chuck leans in to look.

ROLAND

Here's the covered bridge. The side trail's supposed to be just on the other side of this old cemetery, here.

CHUCK

Really? A cemetery? That's how every cheap horror flick begins.

DORIS (VO)

That's where your trail begins...boys.

Roland and Chuck react with surprise as Doris rounds the corner, behind the desk.

CHUCK

Well, if it isn't Miss Congeniality.

TEEN

Oh, hi Grams.

ROLAND

(to Teen)

That's your grandmother?

DORIS

The bridge is closed...to regular traffic. But you can walk it. The trail starts at the south end of the cemetery. Not used much but it'll save you least half a day's walking that way.

ROLAND

Thanks for the tip. We'll decide in the morning.

Roland and Chuck exit the office.

Doris watches them, grinning. Her grandson stands behind her and shrugs before exiting.

CUT

EXT - MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Sounds of down and dirty sex coming from inside Madge and Chuck's room. Not far away, a dark figure stands still, listening.

CUT

EXT - COVERED BRIDGE - MORNING

POV from within ramshackle, derelict bridge as the foursome approaches the opening at the far end.

CLOSE ON FOURSOME

They pause at the bridge opening. A broken chain lays across the opening. Signs warn of danger and that the bridge is closed. Roland checks the map from the motel office.

JENNA

Really? We're going to ignore the signs?

MADGE

This is how every cheap horror flick begins.

CHUCK

(excited)

Oh, we are so in sync, Baby! I said the same thing.

Madge turns to the others.

MADGE

Mystery Theater 3000 is a ritual of ours.

JENNA

What's Mystery Theater 3000?

MADGE

Oh, girlfriend, you just don't know horror.

Roland nods ahead and the group enters the bridge.

CUT

EXT - RIVER PATH - LATER

The foursome approaches the entrance to a very old, neglected cemetery. The covered bridge is seen in the background, far down the river. The friends stop to look.

Jenna snaps a few pics on her phone.

ROLAND

Some place, heh?

They pass under the rusted entrance.

JENNA

It's tiny. Seems over-crowded though.

MADGE

How many are dead here?

CHUCK

All of them.

(laughs)

MADGE

Cute, Chuckie.

JENNA

That was funny. "All of them."

(laughs)

MADGE

You know, it's really bad luck to laugh...
or whistle... in a cemetery.

JENNA

Really?

MADGE

According to the experts at Mystery Theater 3000... and Tia Emserelda, yeah. She's a bona fide Santorini priestess. Knows all about shit like that.

Roland slows to look at some grave stones.

ROLAND

Seventeen thirty-four. Seventeen sixty-two. Some of these are really old.

CHUCK

And some are really new.

(stops and motions around)

Notice?

The others look about, then realize many of the graves, even some of the oldest, show recently turned earth, with odd assortments of plastic flowers and objects stuck in the soil.

JENNA

Wait a minute! This stone is eighteen fifty-seven.

CHUCK

Seventeen ninety-one, here. I don't get it.

MADGE

(to Jenna)

See, you had to go and laugh on the graves.

JENNA

Maybe they just turn the bedding every morning before the undead call it a night.

ROLAND

Stop it. I think the town must have spruced up the place.

CHUCK

Look at this place. It's too overgrown. No one's touched this place for years, except for these graves.

MADGE

Laughing in a graveyard. Not good.

JENNA

Creepy.

ROLAND

Come on. The spur trail starts over there. We'll be on the main trail and in Faltown for a late lunch.

As the group moves on, Chuck starts to whistle. Madge gives him a stiff elbow.

MADGE

You asshole.

Jenna slows to look back and shudders, then hurries to catch up with the others.

CAMERA LOWERS to ground and focuses on one of the newly turned graves. Part of a backpack belt clip sticks out from the disturbed soil.

CUT

EXT - TRAIL - LATER

The foursome hikes up a steep, narrowing track...not much more than a game trail. The colorful autumn broadleaf trees have begun to give way to pines.

A weird mobile made of beer bottles, gloves and bones hangs from a tree. Roland looks up at it.

ROLAND

Weird shit. Local kids must hang around here.

CHUCK

Looks like a homage to beer.

JENNA

Speaking of bears, do we have to watch for grizzlies? Or are they hibernating already?

ROLAND

No grizzlies around here. Black bears only. I'm guessing they're probably trying to fatten up before they go to sleep. You'd be lucky to ever see one.

The group continues hiking the trail.

CHUCK

Hey, Jenna. You know how to protect yourself against a bear?

JENNA

I know you're going to tell me.

CHUCK

Just be faster than the slowest one in your group.

(laughs)

Jenna looks upwards and rolls her eyes.

MADGE

Jenna, baby. Chuck's been practicing that joke ever since he was a cub

scout.

CHUCK

I was never a cub scout. They wouldn't let me join.

MADGE

You mean, they kicked you out after you grabbed your den mom's ass.

CHUCK

Hey, the MILF was just about waving it in my face. What's an eight-year old horn dog supposed to do?

Jenna halts.

JENNA

Can we take a break?

ROLAND

Let's stop here for a bit.

Roland and the others halt. Before them the trail splits in three directions.

JENNA

Thank god. That was a steep trail. And rocky.

Huck wipes his sweaty brow with his orange bandana.

CHUCK

Waitress said it was going to be tough.

Jenna drops her pack and falls back in a drift of autumn leaves, where she moves as if to make a snow angel.

JENNA

I need candy! My triglycerides are

out of whack.

Madge fans herself with her hat.

MADGE

I need a daquiri. No, make it two daquiris, with umbrellas. I need to wake up my liver after that climb.

CHUCK

Oh, Baby. My sacral chakra needs some waking up.

MADGE

I think your second chakra's had enough for one night.

Roland pulls out his map and checks his GPS. He has an anxious look on his face as he looks around.

Madge points to the thee trails.

MADGE

Oh, this is classic, dears! We get to choose one of three fates.

CHUCK

(low, eerie voice)

Choose wisely for one Fate will lead you to certain

(mimic receding echo)

Doom... Doom... Doom...

JENNA

(annoyed)

Would you cut the Misery Theater crap! Enough!

CHUCK

Mystery Theater 3000, to you, Jenna, sweets.

ROLAND

Really, Chuck. It is annoying.

CHUCK

You mean, it's annoying now, now that you seem to have gotten us lost again.

Roland studies the map.

ROLAND

What do mean, again? And we're not lost now.

JENNA

We're lost.

MADGE

You chose that lobster shack on the way up, in Ogunquit. That was a loser.

JENNA

(rolls eyes)

Yeah, Roland. Not very good and very expensive.

CHUCK

Yeah, Roland. And my dinner-to-be bit my fucking thumb. Remember?

MADGE

Well, that's exactly why this Jewish princess will never, ever eat shellfish. Especially ones with claws.

ROLAND

(exasperated)

Okay. The right trail leads down to some lake. That one goes over

this hill. This has to be the one that heads straight for the main trail.

JENNA

Then let's go. I want to get to Faltown and eat.

ROLAND

Shouldn't be far.

JENNA

(distracted)

Damn! I keep thinking about that burger last night.

CHUCK

That was one bodacious burger.

MADGE

I do agree.

The group climbs up the middle trail. We get to see the colored autumn mountains.

CHUCK

Did you know that a grizzly will leave you alone if you play dead but a black bear will start eating you anyway.

MADGE

My Tia had a dream one night. Called me that morning to say "Always fight the bear!". Then she hung up.

CHUCK

So, if it's a black bear, fight the bear.

JENNA

Always fight the bear. Got it,
Daniel Boone.

The group passes unaware, under a high branch that holds a single, old sneaker, covered with dark brown stains. WIDEN to reveal many single sneakers and hiking shoes hanging from the branches above the trail.

CUT

EXT - MOUNTAIN TOP - HOURS LATER

The group waits around impatiently as Roland checks the map and GPS. He is clearly frustrated. The mountain top is a broad, boulder-strewn granite dome, sparse of trees. The others look out over a panorama of more colorful hills. Clouds are moving in.

JENNA

God, it's so beautiful.

MADGE

Really georgeous.

ROLAND

(frustrated)

This place sucks big time! Fucking
GPS won't give me a clean reading.
And this map is for shit!

Jenna checks her phone. Chuck follows suit.

JENNA

I got nothing.

CHUCK

Same here. We're probably standing
on one of those new age vortexes that
suck the power out of flashlights and
get you buzzed on kombucha tea, under

banyan trees.

MADGE

No banyan trees around here so keep your crystals dry, everyone.

JENNA

Be honest, Roland. Are we lost?

ROLAND

(peevied)

We missed a turn-off somewhere. We may have to go back a bit.

JENNA

(snarky)

Great! Let's head back down the mountain, into that approaching storm.

Jenna points to the approaching clouds.

CHUCK

Well, I am not sitting on top of bald mountain here, while a lightning storm zaps by. That's crazy.

Madge points down the hillside, towards a house in a small clearing.

MADGE

Boys and girl, look-ee down there. A house. I say we bring a coffee cake and invite ourselves over.

JENNA

It's getting late and it's definitely going to rain soon. Maybe they can call us an Uber into Faltown.

ROLAND

Yeah. Let's go quick.

As the group moves down the hill, Chuck's attention is caught by a tattered and brown-stained T-shirt nailed between two trees. Then he notices more articles of clothing nailed to trees. Befuddled, he shakes his head and moves on with the others, not noticing what appears to be a scarecrow standing next to a large pine.

MOVE IN on Scarecrow as its head turns to watch the friends move on.

CUT

EXT - HOUSE - LATER

A two-story, abandoned house left to rot in a forest clearing. The sky is overcast. Past the house, at the edge of the tree line, the foursome steps out and pauses.

CLOSER ON FOURSOME

They are clearly disappointed.

ROLAND

I'm guessing there's no phone.

JENNA

No Uber.

MADGE

Nobody.

CHUCK

Right. Who'd want to live out here in the middle of Bumfuck Pines.

Jenna shoots Chuck a quick look of exasperation.

JENNA

You had trouble with potty training as a kid, didn't you?

Chuck responds with a wide grin.

MADGE

Oh, Jenna, he's still in training. I just can't do a thing with that boy.

ROLAND

It's getting dark and it's going to rain any minute. I say we hunker down on that porch. We'll stay here tonight, if we have to.

MADGE

Going to be cold.

Jenna points towards a half-collapsed garage where a rusted old pick-up sits among the weeds.

JENNA

There's a truck. Must be a driveway and that should lead to a road.

ROLAND

(scanning sky)

I don't know...

A light rain starts.

MADGE

I know I'm not hiking down some dirt road to nowhere, in the rain, in the dark.

Madge heads for the porch. The other three consider a moment.

ROLAND/JENNA/CHUCK

The porch!

They join Madge. Near the tree line behind them, the scarecrow figure stands unmoving.

CUT

EXT - PORCH - LATER

It's cloudy and dark. A steady light rain continues. The group has their gear and sleeping bags out. A couple of LED lanterns light the scene as they go through their food.

Chuck is trying to peer through the boarded and whitewashed windows.

The scarecrow figure stands unmoving but much closer to the house.

JENNA

Beef jerky. Granola bars. Powdered lemonade. We'll eat good tonight.

CHUCK

Can't see anything in there. Too dark.

ROLAND

Long as its empty.

JENNA

(anxiously)

What do you mean? You think someone's...

ROLAND

No, no, no. I just meant we don't want to be trespassing.

The clouds begin to break up and as moonlight beaks through the scarecrow figure has disappeared from the background.

CHUCK

(grinning)

Oh, imagine some dude naked steps out to find us instead of the morning paper.

MADGE

Who reads newspapers anymore?

JENNA

(looking at her phone)

People like the ones that live out here, without any reception. Shit! Even if there was an Uber in this miserable place, we couldn't ping it.

ROLAND

Aw, come on, Jenna. We've been having a great trip up till now. Let's get through the night and grab breakfast in Faltown.

CHUCK

What did that old crazy bitch Doris say about shortcuts?

JENNA

That was one mean bitch, ragging that poor Frankie guy like that.

MADGE

Jenna, sweetheart. You know how people are. They find someone with kink and they're ready to scrape them off like dog doo on the sole of their Nikes.

CHUCK

Makes their sad, narrow lives seem somehow more important.

JENNA

How do you handle it, Madge. I mean, Roland and I love you guys. You and Chuck may be kinky but...

MADGE

Weird's more apropos. But look... Everyone out there is dancing on the Spectrum.

Madge starts to shimmy, then mimics an awkward dancer.

MADGE (cont)

It's just that most of them folk Boogey like white gals...

CHUCK

(to Jenna)

No offense, Jenna.

MADGE (cont)

moving to the melody, all bendy and stiff at the same time.

JENNA

Well, I certainly don't dance like that.

Madge starts to do some really hot dance moves.

Unaware, none of the group notices a still shape through the dark windows of the house.

MADGE (cont)

They look over at the edge of the dance floor and they see a few of us having a good time, moving to the inside groove, the rhythm and the beat.

Madge stops dancing, adopts a hand-on-hip pose and mimes tsk-tsk with her finger.

The dark shape moves OS.

MADGE (cont)

So they tell us we're not doing it right.

Chuck moves to put an arm around Madge. She smiles and nestles against him.

CHUCK

Most people don't even use a little pepper in their lives. Madge and me, we get off on lots of hot and spicy.

Madge licks her finger and makes to test her "hot" ass.

MADGE

Ssssssss!

Jenna sits up, listening.

JENNA

You guys hear music? Really faint.

CHUCK

That's the music of love, my dear.

The others strain to hear.

CHUCK

What sort of music? Blind banjo versus inbred guitar sort of music.

ROLAND

Shut up, Chuck. Listen.

MADGE

I hear something. Sounds far away.

JENNA

Maybe there's another house nearby.

Chuck listens and moves to put his ear to a window.

CHUCK

Guys. I think it's coming from
somewhere in the house.

ROLAND

That's crazy.

A sharpened steel rebar suddenly breaks the glass from inside
and spears Chuck through the upper arm.

CHUCK

(disbelief)

What happened?

The others react, frozen in shock.

JENNA

(shock)

Oh, fuck me!

MADGE

(panic)

What did you just do, Babe?

Chuck looks at the rod through his arm in shock, silently
mouthing a silent scream.

CHUCK

(squeak)

I didn't do anything

The rod is suddenly yanked back through the window.

CHUCK (cont)

(pain)

Aaaahhhh...

Chuck doubles over, clutching his arm. The rod smashes through the window again and stops just short of his face.

Roland reaches out to grab Chuck and yanks him back off the porch, onto their asses in the wet grass as the rod shoots out from the window like a spear and buries itself an inch from Roland's spread-eagle crotch.

ROLAND

(panicked fear)

Oh, Jesus!

Jenna and Madge leap off the porch and back away. Madge calls back to the house.

MADGE

(yells)

What the hell is wrong with you!

We're lost, that's all.

JENNA

(yells)

We didn't know there was anyone here!

ROLAND

(screams)

We're sorry! Please, we don't mean any trouble.

There's no response from the house. Roland is already tying a cord around Chuck's bleeding arm.

CHUCK

What the fuck!

Chuck doubles over and vomits. OS SFX: CHAINSAW. The group reacts.

MADGE

Is that what I think it is?

ROLAND

Oh, come on now!

CHUCK

(crying)

Madge. I just wet myself.

MADGE

Long as you can run in pee you'll be
okay, Baby.

The group races for the tree line. The rain stops.

ON HOUSE

HOLD A BEAT. The front door opens with a slam and a dark,
hulking figure steps over the threshold, gunning the chainsaw.

CUT

EXT - PINE FOREST - CONTINUOUS

The CAMERA looks out across the clearing as the foursome races
towards the tree line.

Jenna falls. The others keep running.

Chuck stops and turns just as the clouds open to allow the full
moon to light up the clearing.

CHUCK

Jenna! Get up!

Jenna looks towards the house. The dark figure lopes towards
her.

JENNA

(panicked)

Roland! Please!

Roland hesitates.

Chuck runs back towards Jenna. He grabs Jenna by the back of the collar just as the dark figure rushes at her with the upraised chainsaw.

CHUCK

Oh, fuck me!

Jenna suddenly turns and throws a rock as hard as she can.

JENNA

(screams)

Get away!

The rock hits the chainsaw figure in the forehead and drops him to his knees.

Chuck pulls Jenna up and the two race for the trees where Roland and Madge wait anxiously.

ROLAND

Oh God. I'm so sorry Jenna.

Roland moves towards Jenna. She stares at him for a moment and then clocks him with a jab to the nose.

ROLAND

Fuck!

JENNA

(angry)

Fuck you, Roland! You were going to leave me to get chopped up by that maniac.

(to Chuck)

Thanks, Chuck.

Chuck offers a feeble smile followed by a groan from the pain.

MADGE

(anxious)

Leave it be, guys. That was that
fucked-up Frankie guy. We have got
to get out of here.

ROLAND

And go where?

MADGE

Any fucking-where!

The group races deeper into the pines, struggling to stay
together in the scattered moon-lit clearings.

ROLAND

Stay together!

CHUCK

How the fuck do we do that. I can
barely see.

CUT

EXT - CLEARING - CONTINUOUS

Frankie wipes blood from his face and looks towards the tree
line. He gets up, drops the chainsaw, pulls out two large
carving knives and lopes off to his right.

CUT

EXT - PINE FOREST - CONTINUOUS

The foursome run through the forest and soon become separated
among the shadowy pines.

CUT

EXT - BIG ROCKS - CONTINUOUS

Roland is separated from the others as he zigs and zags in the dappled light and dark of the forest floor. He races for a gap between two immense boulders.

Roland looks back as he runs...and trips a snare. A large log is released and swings down, from above. The log strikes Roland in the back, carrying him OS, before swinging back through the scene.

NEARBY

Roland lies crumpled on the forest floor, badly injured with a broken back.

ROLAND
(moans)

HOLD A BEAT. We see only Frankie's legs and feet as he enters the scene. He stops for a moment. Roland struggles to turn his head to look upwards.

ROLAND
(feebly)

Noooo...

UPSHOT

Frankie looks down, expressionless. He raises one of the large knives and swings down.

CUT

EXT - PINES - CONTINUOUS

Madge and Jenna struggle to climb the hillside. They are out

of breath. Jenna stumbles and falls.

JENNA

(frightened)

Madge! Wait for me. Please, Madge!

Madge turns.

MADGE

(scared)

Get up. We have to find the boys.

JENNA

(calls out)

Roland! Chuck!

MADGE

(anxious)

Shut the fuck up. That maniac will hear us.

The girls suddenly hear something large approaching.

JENNA & MADGE

(panicked shrieks)

Chuck stumbles into the open, clutching his bleeding arm.

CHUCK

Shut the fuck up. That maniac will hear us.

Jenna rolls her eyes.

JENNA

Jesus, you two.

MADGE

Where's Roland?

CHUCK

Dickhead's probably halfway back to that god damn café. I lost the three of you guys back at the first pine tree. Let's move.

The three look over their shoulders as they head up the hill, unaware that Frankie stands unmoving in the background, watching.

CUT

EXT - BARREN HILLTOP - LATER

The threesome breaks from the pines onto a relatively barren dome of strewn and tumbled granite boulders that, bathed in moonlight, provides a stark image of greys and black shadows. The three stop to collect themselves.

Jenna is about to call out.

JENNA

Ro...

Chuck cuts the yell short as he covers Jenna's mouth with his good hand.

CHUCK

(anxious whisper)

Quiet. I think he's nearby.

MADGE

(whisper)

I'm guessing you're not referring to Roland?

Chuck releases Jenna and shakes his head. Jenna slumps in a state of despair.

JENNA

(moan)

The sound of a LARGE ROCK STRIKING one of the boulders nearby startles the three.

MADGE

Shit!

Another STRIKE to their left.

CHUCK

That way!

The three run. A STRIKE hits a boulder ahead of them. The three stop, panicked.

MADGE

Which way? Which way?

Chuck grabs Madge's arm and they head in another direction. Jenna is in tears.

JENNA

Please stop. Please! We didn't do anything.

Jenna lags behind Chuck and Madge when another STRIKE hits a boulder in her path. She stops, looks about and finds a narrow crevasse formed by two massive boulders.

She quickly crawls inside.

INSIDE CREVASSE

Jenna cries uncontrollably.

JENNA

Please stop. Please stop. Please.

Frankie's feet and legs pass the crevasse opening, silhouetted against the moonlight outside. HOLD A BEAT.

Frankie suddenly appears again. He bends down and looks inside the crevasse. He grabs for Jenna's ankles.

JENNA

NO!

Jenna kicks and struggles. Frankie manages to rope her ankle and drag her out, kicking and screaming.

JENNA

(screaming)

No! Leave me alone! Stop!

OUTSIDE CREVASSE

Frankie lifts Jenna up by the rope tied to her ankle. She struggles weakly.

JENNA

(crying)

Please don't hurt me. Please.

FAVOR FRANKIE

Frankie stares at his catch with a blank expression before pulling the large knife from his belt.

ON JENNA

Her eyes go wide with horror.

CUT

EXT - FAR SIDE OF HILL - CONTINUOUS

Chuck and Madge race down the hill, through the pines. They freeze when they hear Jenna's scream far behind them.

CHUCK

That was Jenna. Shit!

MADGE
(frantic)

What do we do?

CHUCK
I don't know. I just don't know.
We need to get help...but the phones
are back at that house.

MADGE
Geezus, Chuck. Why is this happening.

CHUCK
The guy's gone psycho killer. Come on.
We need to get back to town and get the
police.

Madge reacts and points OS.

MADGE
(scream)
Chuck!

Chuck whirls round.

CHUCK
Dear God!

MADGE AND CHUCK'S POV - UPHILL

Silhouetted at the top of the rise, Frankie stands motionless,
knife in one hand. He raises the other to reveal what can only
be Jenna's head hanging by her hair.

Frankie starts towards Madge and Chuck.

ON MADGE AND CHUCK

They run through the forest in the partial dark, stumbling over
branches and stones

ON MADGE AND CHUCK

They turn and run. TRACK as they crash through the pines, struggling to avoid the many dried branches that stick out at 90 degrees.

Chuck looks over his shoulder.

REVERSE

With his loping stride, Frankie is gaining on the couple.

BACK TO MADGE AND CHUCK

The moon offers only dappled light as the two crash through branches and trip over downed limbs as they stumble among the pines.

MADGE

(panic)

I can't see where I'm going.

CHUCK

Just keep moving. Fast! Gaaahhhh...

Chuck is suddenly stopped in his tracks as a pine branch spears him through the neck.

Close by, Madge stumbles hard to the ground.

MADGE

(impact)

Chuck, wait!

Chuck struggles with the branch for a moment.

CHUCK

(gurgling)

Madge, help me, please. I'm stuck
on a tree.

Madge shakes the dizziness from her head.

MADGE

You mean stuck in a tree?

Madge looks around.

MADGE

Where are you?

(realization)

Oh, dear god!

Madge rushes to help Chuck. Chuck's eyes meet hers, a look of
sheer horror on his face.

MADGE

(horrified)

Babe, what do I do? I don't know
what to do.

Chuck can only offer a bloodied GARGLE before he spasms and goes
still, hanging like a gilled fish.

Madge throws her arms around Chuck's impaled body, trying in
vain to lift him off the branch. She screams.

MADGE

Noooooooooo!

Madge suddenly drops to her knees and wraps her arms around
Chuck's legs.

MADGE

(crying)

No, Baby, no. Don't leave me.

Frankie steps up behind her and swings Jenna's head like a club,
with the SOUND OF TWO HEADS HITTING.

FADE TO BLACK

FADE UP

EXT - HOUSE - MORNING

A LOW ANGLE as Frankie carries black plastic bags of garbage to the rusted pickup and tosses them in the back. He turns back to the house and disappears from view. HOLD A BEAT and Frankie returns carrying a box of paper-wrapped goods and carefully lays it in the truck bed.

REVERSE ANGLE

On narrow, broken basement window. MOVE IN to reveal Madge, tied and chained to the heavy wooden support of the house's cellar steps.

CUT

INT - CELLAR - CONTINUOUS

Madge is chained in a small space beneath the wooden cellar steps. Her chain is half of a longer chain screwed into one of the support posts that hold up the steps. The other half of the chain is wrapped around one of the thick rough-hewn joists that supports the cellar ceiling. The flooring is rough sawn boards.

Madge is filthy, bruised and gagged, and her face is covered in dry blood. Her dry lips and the flies on three untouched bowls of food suggest she's been her for some time.

Above the cellar, a SONG PLAYS...the same one the foursome heard earlier from the porch. (NOTE: This same SONG plays continually, whenever Frankie's in the house.)

CLOSER

Madge's eyes open partly, then flutter closed. Her head drops as she loses consciousness.

SOUND OF VEHICLE STARTING OS.

ON WINDOW

Outside the broken window Frankie's pickup drives off.

CUT

INT - CELLAR - EVENING

The broken window is lit by an approaching headlight. Madge stirs.

The truck pulls up somewhere outside and the engine shuts down. SOUND OF VEHICLE DOOR OPENING AND CLOSING. A moment later and we can follow the SOUND OF HEAVY FOOTSTEPS on the porch and entering the house above. Suddenly we hear Frankie's SONG PLAYNG (it plays over and over).

Madge blinks her eyes open and, in a fog, she tries to make sense of where she is. Panic overcomes her as she realizes. She struggles against the gag, the floor CREAKNG with each movement.

Madge starts to weep.

CUT

INT - HOUSE KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Frankie stands at a butcher's block, a large carving knife poised above a thick slab of meat. A single camp lantern on a nearby counter reveals the filthy, mess of a butcher's abattoir and the fresh cuts of meat.

Frankie reacts to Madge's MOAN, OS. He puts the knife down, ladles up a bowl of cold stew from a pot on a camp stove, grabs a bottled water, and heads to the open door that leads to the cellar.

CUT

INT - CELLAR

CLOSE ON MADGE

She's startled by the heavy steps over her head and the LOUD CREAK of the steps as Frankie descends. Madge squeezes back under the steps as far as she can, causing one of the floorboards to tilt a bit. Her eyes are wide with fear.

WIDER

Frankie comes around and squats, staring at Madge.

MADGE

Please. Don't hurt me.

Frankie remains silent, then holds out the water. Madge looks at it as if it's poison but licks her dry lips.

Frankie nods and mimes drinking.

Hesitantly, Madge takes the bottle and gulps it down as Frankie watches her finish off the bottle. Madge sighs.

Frankie offers what might be a smile and places the bowl down. He mimes eating and waits. The two stare at each other.

Frankie slowly looks Madge over, slightly licking his lips, until Madge backs up under the steps to avert the maniac's gaze.

Frankie gets up and leaves without a word, causing the steps to CREAK loudly as he ascends.

Madge stares at the bowl of stew. Hunger overcomes her and she reaches out for the spoon, her hand shaking.

FADE TO BLACK

FADE UP

INT - CELLAR - HOURS LATER

CLOSE ON MADGE

The empty bowl sits on the cellar floor. Madge is woken by the sound of the PICK-UP STARTING. It's getting dark. Frankie's footsteps are heard above, on the porch.

CUT

EXT - HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Frankie carries neatly-wrapped packages to the truck bed, where some of the foursome's gear has already been tossed in.

He gets in the cab and drives off, past the derelict garage and away, down a dirt path through the tree line.

ON GARAGE SIDING

The weathered boards sport a grouping of deer antlers and dark stains beneath two large, sharp hooks. Carefully cared for saws and cutting implements hang from their own hooks.

CUT

INT - PORTAGE FALLS CAFÉ - NIGHT

The waitress cleans glasses behind the counter. Doris sits at her table with a slice of cherry pie and a glass of bourbon.

TWO LOCALS sit at the bar watching a football game on small flat screen.

Doris and the waitress seemed surprised as Frankie enters the café with wrapped packages under both arms.

DORIS

Hey! You've only been gone a week.
You been hunting out-of-season again,
you sick bastard?

(chuckles)

Frankie ignores Doris and moves to the counter where he slaps the packages down, a glimmer of a sick and twisted smile on his face.

WAITRESS

Frankie! Didn't expect a delivery
so soon. Don't know if I can move
it fast enough.

DORIS

Oh, shit for brains. Only costs you
one bottle of brew.

(to Frankie)

Hey! You got bird shit on you.

Without looking, Frankie wipes the bird shit off his patched and stained work shirt.

WAITRESS

I guess it's cheap enough.

(to Frankie)

One bottle, coming up.

Frankie shakes his head.

WAITRESS

No? Want something else? A burger?
Pie?

Frankie shakes his head, turns and leaves without a word.

The waitress and Doris look at each other, bewildered.

DORIS

Was Frankie smiling? I'd swear that
boy was smiling.

WAITRESS

He may have been smiling.

DORIS

Never, ever saw that boy smiling.

WAITRESS

Maybe it wasn't smiling.

DORIS

Could have been holding in a fart.

WAITRESS

He may have been holding in a fart.

DORIS

Sick fellow was always shy about butt
stuff.

WAITRESS

Trouble with potty training, most
likely.

The waitress shrugs. Both watch though the café window as
Frankie's truck starts up and drives off.

DORIS

Could have been smiling, though.

CUT

INT - CELLAR - LATER

Her strength and survival instincts returning, Madge feels around the space for a way to free herself before discovering the loose step. She looks closely and feels along the top until she finds the screws holding it down.

One screw has loosened itself to the point that she can just about grab it with her fingers...but she can't turn it.

Frustrated, Madge drops down to the floor and cries.

As she recovers, Madge glares in anger at the step. She rises and tries again to turn the screw. She struggles with all her might.

MADGE
(scream)

Turn you fucker!

Madge pulls her hand back to reveal her two fingers cut and blooded from fighting the screw.

MADGE
Great! If only I drop dead from tetanus
before bottle boy gets back.

Madge is startled and frightened by the SOUND OF THE PICK-UP returning. Her lip trembles and she pounds her forehead with her fists in frustration.

CUT

INT - HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

SOUNDS of Frankie crossing porch and unlocking the door. The door swings open. Frankie enters, wearing a new denim shirt and carrying a container of milk.

CUT

INT - CELLAR

Madge tries to squeeze to the back of the space, making herself smaller. SOUNDS of cellar door opening and heavy footsteps on stairs. Madge jumps as the one step CREAKS loudly.

Frankie enters the scene and crouches before Madge. He stares and offers a sickly smile as he places a bowl of stew before her and holds out the container of milk. Madge licks her dried lips and hesitantly takes the container. She holds it up and drinks greedily.

As she does, Frankie spies Madge's bloodied hand and a look of horror covers his face.

Frankie knocks the container away, startling Madge. He grabs her hand and looks closely and then very gently places the cut finger in his mouth and begins to suck.

Frankie's eyes close and he MOANS. Soon Frankie orgasms.

Sickened, Madge starts to cry.

MADGE

Please...let me go.

Frankie lets go of Madge's finger and reaches out to stroke her filthy hair, his sick smile returned.

He pushes the bowl and its spoon closer to Madge and gets up to leave without a word. Madge is left alone, disgusted and confused about what's just happened.

She huddles up against the cellar wall and closes her eyes.

Darkness falls.

CUT

EXT - HOUSE - MORNING

Frankie tosses a couple of bags in the pick-up's bed and gets in. The truck pulls away.

CUT

INT - CELLAR - CONTINUOUS

The NOISE OF THE TRUCK wakes Madge with a start. She looks around, then listens as the SOUND of the truck fades in the distance. She grabs the half empty carton of milk and drinks.

Madge takes the spoon from the empty stew bowl and tests the edge before standing to try it on the loose screw holding the creaky step.

CLOSE

Madge tries in vain to slot the screw with the spoon; the spoon is too thick.

MADGE

(frustrated)

Fit you piece of shit!

Angry and frustrated, Madge falls against the wall and slides down. She puts her head in her hands and cries.

MADGE

Why is this happening. Oh, God, why
me?

In a fit, Madge throws the spoon, which bounces back off a crate that holds a hammer and tool box. She kicks the stew bowl across the floor. In despair, she turns her cheek to the wall.

She raises her arm to wipe the tears and lets it fall against the wall, where she absent-mindedly starts to scratch with her nails.

After a moment Madge's eye widen with an idea.

She looks at her nails and then look about for the spoon. She sees it and crawls towards it but the chain stops her.

LOW ANGLE - CLOSE ON SPOON

Stretching with all her might, the spoon is a couple of feet out of Madge's reach. Madge settles back, making the board CREAK and tilt up slightly, causing the spoon to jiggle.

She sits against the wall, staring intently at the spoon.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Madge looks around, then checks her torn and filthy clothes. She finds a bandana in the leg pocket of her hiking pants. Ripping it into narrow lengths, Madge is able to tie them together to make a cord of sorts. But she needs a hooked weight on the throwing end.

Madge looks about and finds nothing. She suddenly reaches for her waist and finds a hiker's carabiner hook snapped to her belt loop. Tying it to the end of the cord, Madge stretches the length of the chain and begins to toss out the cord, one attempt after another.

CLOSE ON SPOON

Each time she tries, the carabiner fails to drape over the spoon. Another throw and the carabiner slips off the cord and skitters behind the crate.

Frustrated, Madge pounds the floorboards with her fists and moves back to a sitting position against the wall.

MADGE

Fuck!

She stomps the floorboard with her foot, causing the loose board to fly up a half inch. The spoon jumps and lands an inch closer

to Madge, whose eyes widen with surprise.

MADGE

Oh, dear Santa Teresa de las Almas
Perdida.

Madge carefully tests the floorboard with a light stomp. The spoon jumps a bit and lands a quarter inch closer. She tries again and again, each time causing the spoon to jiggle a bit closer each time.

MADGE

Closer. Come on spoon. Just a bit
more.

Madge reacts in a panic as the SOUND of Frankie's truck announces the maniac's return. Madge responds by stomping the floorboard faster and faster.

The SOUND of the door opening upstairs forces Madge to stretch out on the chain as far as she can but the spoon is still inches out of her reach.

The SOUND of the cellar door being opened forces Madge back against the wall, where she can only stare at the spoon.

OS, Frankie trods on the loose step. It CREAKS loudly.

Madge bites her lip.

Frankie enters the scene and looks around. He holds a bottle of liquor in his baggy pocket and two dixie cups. He spies the spoon and picks it up, along with the bowl.

Frankie crouches in front of Madge with the bowl and spoon and stares as he pours liquor into the cups. He holds one out to Madge. She shakes her head slowly. Frankie places the cup before Madge. He gets up, still staring with his sick smile, and downs his own cup.

Frankie exits back up the stairs.

HOLD A BIT and Frankie returns with a bowl of stew and the spoon. He places it on the floorboards before Madge. Madge's mouth drops.

MADGE

(to self)

Oh, give me a break, why don't you.

Frankie grins and exits back up the stairs.

FADE OUT

FADE UP

INT - FRANKIE'S ABATTOIR - EVENING

Frankie's SONG is playing. He wraps the last of the meat cuts and downs another cup of liquor before he crudely writes "diner" on the paper. Satisfied, Frankie pours another cup and sits down heavily in a large wooden chair, where he stares at the liquor bottle.

CUT

INT - CELLAR

While Frankie's SONG plays upstairs, Madge slowly files the spoon back and forth on the stone wall. The empty bowl sits nearby. Madge stops each time a SOUND ABOVE might be Frankie returning, then continues.

CUT

INT - ABATTOIR

Frankie sits in the chair, staring at nothing. He bends forward

to pour another drink and settles back. The bottle is half empty.

CUT

INT - CELLAR

Madge stands up to reach the loose step and slot the spoon in the screw head. It's still too thick. She begins filing the spoon again.

VARIOUS ANGLES of Madge in different positions as she files.

CUT

INT - ABATTOIR

Frankie remains in the chair, staring. The bottle is three quarters empty. He begins hitting his leg with his fist, in beat to his song.

CUT

INT - CELLAR

Madge continues filing the spoon. She stops when from above she hears Frankie SINGING along with his song. She continues filing.

CUT

INT - ABATTOIR

Frankie sits staring, SINGING and pounding his fist to the beat of the song. The bottle is just about empty. He leans forward and starts DRUMMING his fist on the table.

CUT

INT - CELLAR

ANGLE THROUGH OPEN STEPS

Madge looks up, wide-eyed, at the SOUND of Frankie's table pounding. His SINGING IS LOUDER. Then the singing and pounding suddenly stops. All is quiet. SOUND of Frankie's chair scrapping the floor.

Madge quickly hides the spoon under the lowest step, settles on the floorboards with her head turned to the wall and pretends to sleep just as the door opens above.

Frankie's legs appear as he trods down the steps, heavily.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Frankie enters the scene and crouches, smiling. He licks his lips and reaches out a hand to stroke Madge's thigh.

CLOSE ON MADGE

She bites her lip and grimaces.

WIDER

Frankie suddenly grabs Madge's ankles and pulls her out from under the steps. Madge kicks and struggles but the maniac is too strong and the blows to his head have no effect.

MADGE

No! No! No!

Frankie pins Madge facedown, grabs the back of her nylon shorts and pulls them down, baring her ass. Frankie MOANS with excitement as he strokes Madge's ass.

MADGE

Don't do this! Please!

Frankie slides his hand between Madge's thighs and probes. He stops suddenly, a look of confusion on his face. He finds there's a penis and suddenly backs away, horrified.

Frankie stands up and exits up the stairs, LOUDLY SLAMMING the door and SETTING the locks.

MADGE

(angry shout)

Fuck you, you sick freak!

CLOSE ON MADGE

She lies on the floorboards, an expression of intense hatred on her face. SOUNDS of objects being thrown above.

CUT

INT - ABATTOIR - CONTINUOUS

Frankie is in a rage, throwing things about. He stops and recovers, staring into nothingness for moment.

Frankie moves to the cupboard and grabs another bottle of liquor, plops down in the wooden chair and pours a dixie cup before turning UP THE VOLUME on his old cassette player.

CUT

INT - CELLAR - CONTINUOUS

Madge gets up off the floorboards, listening to the song as Frankie begins POUNDING the table to the beat. She grabs the spoon and begins filing again.

CUT

EXT - HOUSE - NIGHT

Frankie exits the house and stumbles to his pick-up, obviously under the influence.

He fumbles his key ring, drops it, and searches through the grass before he finds them and manages to get in the cab. The truck starts and Frankie drives off.

CUT

INT - CELLAR - CONTINUOUS

Madge has stopped filing and listens as the truck drives off.

She files the spoon a bit more and then tries to slot it in the screw head. It fits.

MADGE

(immense relief)

Thank you. Thank you. Thank you.

CLOSE ON SCREW HEAD

Madge reaches through the open riser and tries to turn the screw but it's too tight and the spoon's handle provides little to grip. Madge contorts her face and looks about. She puts the spoon on the step and rips the bottom of her filthy T-shirt.

Satisfied, Madge reaches through for the spoon but instead knocks it off the step.

ANOTHER ANGLE

The spoon bounces down the steps and off, onto the floor just ahead of the last step.

FAVOR MADGE

MADGE

(aghast)

Jesus Christ, can't I get a damned
fucking break!

Madge gets down on all fours to squeeze under the last two steps and reach through for the spoon. The spoon is just out of reach of her fingers. Madge squeezes up further and stops.

MADGE

(painful)

Ow! What the...

CLOSE ON MADGE'S BACK

She's caught herself on a protruding nail.

ON MADGE

Despite the nail Madge stretches, grimacing from the pain. She reaches the spoon with a finger and carefully claws it within reach. She snatches the spoon but grimaces as she tries to move backwards.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Madge forces herself from beneath the steps and rips her back on the nail.

MADGE

(cry of pain)

As she turns to get up, Madge's shirt sports a spreading red stain the length of her back.

With tears in her eyes, Madge wraps her torn T-shirt around the spoon and attacks the screw with all her might.

MADGE

Please turn you mother sucker!

The screw begins to turn.

MADGE

Oh, dear Lordy. Keep turning.

The screw cooperates and soon Madge has the three-inch screw out and in her hand. She admires it and then turns to the other side of the step, where she gets to work on a second screw.

QUICK CUTS

Madge at work on the screws that hold the creaky step until she has four long, rusted screws in her hand. She turns to the wall, where four similar-sized screws anchor the chain to the wooden steps.

Madge attacks those screws.

CUT

INT - CELLAR - EARLY MORNING

Madge works on the last screw. Despite the rag wound about the spoon, her hands are bloodied.

Madge reacts to the SOUND of the approaching pick-up. She takes hold of the freed step and carefully maneuvers it out of position. Madge backs into the space under the steps. She positions the screws between her fingers, pointing outwards. Then she wraps her palm with the rag and makes a tight fist. Madge waits.

SOUNDS of Frankie entering the house, turning on the cassette player. His song plays.

CUT

INT - ABATTOIR

Most of the packages are gone from the counters, leaving the offal and unusable body parts for Frankie to bag up and dispose.

The foursome's REI-type hiking gear is neatly stacked along the walls.

Frankie searches among his blades and chooses a cleaver. He tests the blade and moves to the cellar door, opening it with a key unclipped from his belt ring.

CUT

INT - CELLAR

Madge waits below the steps, looking up through the open risers. The door opens above.

ANOTHER ANGLE

On top of steps as Frankie enters cellar. His foot lands heavily on the re-positioned step. The step suddenly gives way but instead of falling, big, hulking Frankie manages to regain a precarious balance on the other foot.

FAVOR MADGE

Madge's eyes go wide. She suddenly reaches up, grabs Frankie's ankle, and pulls with all her might. Frankie topples.

Frankie takes a hard header down the steps and lands awkwardly and heavily at the bottom.

The key ring on his belt opens and a few keys are scattered across the cellar floor.

With her chain freed from the stair post, Madge runs out from beneath the steps and begins jabbing Frankie around the head with the first of screws.

Frankie swipes up to ward off the attack as blood pours over his face. He manages to roll over and starts to rise.

Madge looks about the cellar in a panic and sees the hammer atop the crate. She grabs the hammer and brings it down on Frankie's head just as her turns to reach out for her.

Frankie collapses in a heap and lies still, in a growing pool of blood.

MADGE

Take that, you perverted piece of
shit!

Exhausted, Madge collapses and cries.

After a moment Madge gets up and follows the chain to the ceiling joist, only to find that the far end is securely fastened with a large bolt.

MADGE

Oh, God, no.

Wild with frustration, Madge pulls the chain with all her might. She stops and looks around. She moves to Frankie, with the hammer ready just in case.

Frankie's eyes are open, staring.

Madge checks for his keys only to find the ring opened. She puts the hammer down and begins trying each one on the cuff. Nothing works.

FAVOR FRANKIE

Frankie's eyes blink. Madge leaps back with a start.

MADGE

Shit!

Madge rushes to grab the hammer off the floor but Frankie's hand

shoots out and grabs it.

MADGE

Double shit!

Frankie begins to rise up on his arm. Madge looks about and spies three keys on the floor. She grabs the first. It doesn't fit the cuff lock.

Frankie struggles to get up.

FAVOR MADGE

Madge grabs the second key. It doesn't fit. Frankie is up on his knees now and turns to glare at Madge.

MADGE

(panic)

Oh, baby, oh baby, please let this
be the one.

Madge snatches up the third key and fumbles with it.

Frankie struggles to get to his feet, the hammer waving back and forth in Madge's direction.

The key fits. Madge releases the cuff and quickly moves back out of Frankie's reach, among the junk and clutter of the cellar.

ON FRANKIE

The maniac is on his feet, unsteadily. He wipes the blood off his face with his sleeve and shakes his head clear. He looks about the dark cellar, the hammer held menacingly in a tight fist.

ON MADGE

She tries to bury herself among the clutter behind a wooden shelf loaded with old cans of paint and oil. LOUD SOUNDS of Frankie rooting through the cellar.

ON FRANKIE

He searches for Madge through the clutter, tossing items out of his way as he goes, including a short, three-pronged garden rake that skitters across the floorboards.

CLOSE ON MADGE

She makes herself smaller as Frankie gets closer. Her hand goes to a pint paint jar. Frankie sweeps the other cans off the shelf and grabs for Madge, through the opening.

CLOSER ON FLOOR

Some of the paint cans open and splatter, along with a partial can of motor oil.

WIDER

Madge throws the paint can with all her might, stunning Frankie with a hit to the face.

Frankie stumbles backwards and hits the oil, causing his feet to fly up. He lands hard on his back and his head slams down on the upturned prongs of the garden rake.

CLOSER

A look of shock on his face, Frankie moans and spasms before he turns on his side in a fetal position...and goes still. His eyes stare into nothingness. The rake is imbedded in the back of his skull.

WIDER

Madge cautiously emerges from behind the shelves. As she approaches Frankie, she too slips in the paint and oil and lands on top of Frankie's body.

Horrified, she jumps up and races for the cellar steps.

CUT

INT - ABATTOIR

On open cellar door as Madge makes it into the abattoir and slams the door shut. She throws the deadbolt and leans back on the door, eyes closed, to catch her breath and recover. HOLD A BEAT.

Madge's eyes open...and then suddenly go wide. She steps into Frankie's butchery, looking around confused.

MADGE

I need water.

Madge looks about and spies an opened pack of bottled water on the filthy sink counter. She moves over, grabs one and guzzles. She puts the bottle down and stares out the sink window at the dark line of pines across the clearing.

REVERSE ANGLE

THROUGH WINDOW as Madge sighs and looks down into the sink. She stares for a moment, befuddled, before her expression changes to one of horror.

DOWNSHOT SINK

Severed hands and feet.

ON MADGE

She whirls away from the sink, doubles over and vomits.

As Madge sits back against the counter and recovers, she notices her friends' gear standing against the walls.

She starts to shake uncontrollably and then looks up to the kitchen table where a bowl and spoon sit.

MADGE

Please.

Breathing hard, Madge forces herself to her feet and slowly peers into the pot set on the counter camp stove.

Madge backs away fast, against the cellar door, as she begins to gag and then vomits. As the wave passes, Madge tries to catch her breath.

The cellar door suddenly crashes open, sending Madge flying across the kitchen floor.

ON CELLAR DOOR

Frankie stands in the opening, his face covered in blood, the hammer in his hand, the short rake still stuck in the back of his head. He stares across the kitchen.

ON MADGE

Madge is backed against the sink counter, horrified and crying uncontrollably.

MADGE

This can't be. It can't!

WIDER

Without expression, Frankie moves to the cassette player and turns up the volume. Frankie turns his blank stare on Madge and moves slowly around the kitchen table towards her.

Madge moves to keep the table between them. Frankie feints. Madge reacts. Frankie makes his move, Madge quickly crawls under the table to the other side. She stands up, hands on the table.

CLOSE ON CLUTTERED TABLE

Madge's hand is next to a cleaver.

WIDER

Frankie and Madge face off at opposite sides of the table.

Frankie suddenly grabs the table with his free hand and tosses it over, scattering the pots and utensils. Madge jumps back, off balance. Frankie launches at her, the hammer held high over his head.

Madge whirls about and brings the cleaver down on Frankie's head. He hits the floor hard at Madge's feet and lies dead.

Madge cautiously approaches the body. HOLD A BEAT. She kicks Frankie's head.

Madge places her foot on Frankie's head and pries the cleaver out from his skull. She looks down, satisfied.

MADGE

(with attitude)

And when they ask about it, tell them it was Beauty that killed the Beast, you god damned son-of-a bitch!

CUT

INT - CAFÉ - AFTERNOON

A WOMAN stands waiting at the counter, sucking the straw on a large soft drink. The waitress comes out from the kitchen with two bags. She smiles at the woman.

WAITRESS

Here you go, Emmy. Two bacon cheeseburgers with all the fixings and two burgers with ketchup only. For the kids, right?

EMMY

(smiles)

Darn kids won't eat a thing if there's no ketchup on it.

WAITRESS

Well, I put a couple-extra of those cute little containers in the bag. And the fries are in there, too.

EMMY

Thanks, Honey. You know we just love your burgers. Can't get anything like them at Mickey D's. And they never give you enough ketchup.

WAITRESS

Well, we aim to please our friends. Come back soon, Emmy.

EMMY

Will do, Honey. Bye.

The waitress flicks a wave and turns to the sink.

NEARBY

Doris sits at her table with her cherry pie and glass of bourbon, smoking a cigarette. She pauses to take a sip of bourbon.

DORIS

That two-for-one deal working for you?

WAITRESS

Not near enough to unload all that meat before Frankie makes another run.

DORIS

How about a taco night? Or tell folks the freezer went ka-bloo-ee and you can give it away for dog food.

The waitress pauses to consider, then smiles.

WAITRESS

That, Doris, is a very good idea.
(tersely)
You know you can't smoke in here.
Put it out.

Doris shakes her head slowly and rolls her eyes. She takes one long draw and then sticks the cigarette into her pie.

WAITRESS

Now why'd you go and ruin a perfectly good slice of pie? You know I got to follow the rules. Can't help it if I didn't make them.

DORIS

Go fuck your pie. I just ruined a perfectly good menthol.

Doris takes another swig of bourbon.

CUT

EXT - HOUSE - AFTERNOON

THROUGH the broken window, Madge stands at the sink counter, staring out across the clearing. She takes a swig of bottled water.

CUT

INT - HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Madge turns from the counter, with the cleaver in hand, and passes through the scene of so much butchery.

TRACK Madge into an adjoining room. A dusty sheet covers a large object. Madge approaches and stiffens as she notices a near-mummified foot poking from beneath the sheet. She slowly reaches out and grabs a corner of the sheet.

CLOSE ON MADGE

Madge is frightened at what she'll find and hesitates. HOLD A BEAT.

She yanks back the sheet and jumps back, cleaver ready for anything.

MADGE
(distraught)

Oh, no.

WIDER

Frankie's long-dead victim, a woman with a short blonde cut, hog-tied over a heavy ottoman, naked from the waist down.

MADGE
Oh, dear lord. What he must have
done to her.

Madge drops the sheet and looks about. She finds a leather satchel next to the ottoman and goes through it, finding a pair of stockings and panties, and a school photo ID card... "Alicia Nyborg, English Teacher".

MADGE
Poor thing.

Madge turns to the wall and is surprised to see 5X7 photo prints of a dozen victims tacked in a line on the wall, each taken after they were killed.

The more recent among them are shots of Roland, Jenna and Chuck, marked on the wall in red marker J, K and L, respectively. The letter M is written on the wall after Chuck's grizzly photo.

In despair, Madge rests her forehead against the photo wall, tears filling her eyes.

She notices more photos of Frankie at different ages, often standing with a woman wearing heavy cats-eye glasses. All of the photos have been cut.

Madge touches the photos, confused.

Angrily, Madge swings and buries the cleaver in one of the photos.

CUT

EXT - TWO LANE ROAD - CONTINUOUS

A solitary police cruiser drives down a rural road, hemmed in close by thick pines.

CLOSE ON WINDSHIELD

A lone OFFICER bites into a café burger as he drives. A 16-ounce milk shake sits in a holder on the dashboard. The officer dives with his burger-holding elbow on the wheel as he hits a Rasta-sized joint. The officer's eyes go wide just as Frankie's pick-up shoots out from the pines.

DRONE SHOT

The cruiser swerves suddenly. The pick-up fish tails and side-swipes the cruiser, sending it off the road. Black bags spill from the pick-up bed and burst open on the pavement. The

pick-up rights itself and guns-it down the road.

ON CRUISER

The officer jumps from the vehicle, covered in milk shake and still holding the burger in one hand and the joint in another. He runs to the pavement, pulling out his sidearm as if to shoot.

OFFICER

You god damned fucking stinking bastard!
I'm coming for you!

REVERSE ANGLE

The pick-up races away in the distance.

ON OFFICER

Angry, he takes another bite of his burger and then notices the spilled bags, the fresh bones and a human jaw. His eyes go wide. He spits out the burger.

OFFICER

Jesus to fuck all!

The officer takes a deep drag on the joint and races back to his vehicle. He jumps in and spins wheels to get back on the pavement...still holding his burger.

OFFICER

Patrol seven in pursuit of early model
pick-up, south on state fifty-five,
seven miles north of Portage Falls.

The officer bites into his burger.

CUT

INT - CAFÉ - CONTINUOUS

The waitress stands at the open freezer behind the counter, peering in. A half-eaten burger sits on the counter next to her. Doris sits at her regular table, a slice of cherry pie and a glass of bourbon before her.

WAITRESS

I swear, there's no way I'm going to move all this meat.

DORIS

Put a sign out, "Burgers...two for one." Or give it to the shelter down in Hatley. Them bums'll eat anything short of their own toes. And I ain't even so sure they won't do that.

(chuckles)

The waitress picks up her burger and bites, then turns to the sink to wash glasses.

WAITRESS

All the years I've been here, I don't think I've ever seen Frankie stop in twice in one month. And I know he's never passed up his one beer before.

DORIS

Yeah. I was thinking the same. And did you see that smile of his?

WAITRESS

If you can call it a smile.

DORIS

I think bottle boy's sweet on someone. Or some thing, most likely. Almost makes me a bit giddy inside to think of it.

WAITRESS

That's likely gas, Doris.

DORIS

Well, I like the feeling of both, all
the same.

(chuckles)

Doris and the waitress react as Frankie's single headlight truck screeching to a stop on the gravel outside. The glare of interior lights on the café window prevents them from seeing much outside.

WAITRESS

Loy, this is the third time.

DORIS

What's gotten into that boy?

WAITRESS

I just hope it's not more meat.

Doris takes a gulp of bourbon. The waitress gets back to her burger.

The café door opens with a SLAM. The waitress reacts, with her burger in her mouth. Doris spits out her bourbon.

DORIS

Oh shit!

ON CAFÉ ENTRANCE

Madge stands in the doorway, panting and covered in gore and paint. She holds Frankie's head under one arm and a cleaver in the other hand. Her eyes go from Doris to the waitress and back again before stepping to the counter and tossing down the head.

MADGE

Water. No ice. Lemon if you have it.

The waitress spits out her mouthful of burger and looks down, stunned.

WAITRESS

Oh shit!

DORIS

(horrified)

Dear Lord, please let that be the other.

Madge looks towards Doris, confused.

MADGE

Other?

The waitress looks towards Doris, pleadingly.

WAITRESS

I don't know which one it is,
Doris.

Madge suddenly gasps.

MADGE

(slowly)

What do you mean "which one"?

Doris stands up with her hands braced on the table. She is clearly shaken.

DORIS

My little Frankie?

Madge looks between Doris and the waitress, clearly confused.

MADGE

Your Frankie?

WAITRESS

Or the other. I...I can't tell.

MADGE

(shocked)

The other? What the fuck's happened?

(shouts)

Tell me what the fuck has happened!

Doris trembles with rage. She points at Madge with her cigarette between her fingers.

DORIS

(screams)

You happened, you god-damned freak!

Madge turns and throws the cleaver, burying it in Doris' head. The old lady recovers from the impact and stands at the table, swaying as blood pours down her face. Her eyes look up and she struggles to reach the cleaver with an out-of-control hand. Unable to do so, Doris sits back down, reaches with a shaky hand for her bourbon and manages to take a big gulp before collapsing in her chair. She falls forward, her face coming to rest in the cherry pie.

Outside the window, a POLICE SIREN announces the approach of the pursuing police cruiser.

Her eyes glued to the shocked and frightened waitress, Madge moves to the freezer, opens the lid and looks in.

INSIDE FREEZER

Stacked with neatly packaged cuts of meat.

CLOSE ON MADGE

Her lip trembles and tears begin to flow.

WIDER

The waitress cautiously tries to pass Madge.

WAITRESS

I didn't know. I'm so sorry for your loss. But I had no idea.

Madge puts out her fee arm to stop the waitress and turns her head slowly and glares at her.

Red flashing lights appear outside the café.

MADGE

Know... what?

WAITRESS

(cowering)

What...? I mean, about what happened.

Madge suddenly grabs the waitress by the collar and slams her head down against the open freezer. She slams the lid down again and again on the struggling woman until the waitress goes limp.

The café door opens with a SLAM.

OFFICER (OS)

Police! Freeze!

ON ENTRANCE

The officer stands spread-legged, his sidearm held out in both hands. He turns and sees Doris with a cleaver stuck in her head and his mouth drops.

OFFICER

Holy shit and a half!

WIDER

He turns to keep a bead on Madge as he fumbles with his vest mike.

OFFICER

Patrol seven. God damn, I need
back up. Lots of it.

CLOSE ON MADGE

She breaks down and starts to sob.

CUT

EXT - CAFÉ - LATER

Police and ambulances lights flash. The café is busy with police, investigators, EMTs and others, some carrying out plastic evidence bags holding Frankie's meat cuts as others do their forensics thing.

Madge lays on a gurney, staring into nothingness. She's having her BP checked by an EMT. Her wrists are strapped to the rails.

A POLICE WOMAN stands next to Madge, ready to take notes.

POLICE WOMAN

Is there anything you can tell me?
Anything at all?

Madge doesn't respond.

The waitress is cuffed and being led to a police vehicle by TWO COPS. She glares at Madge as she passes. The waitress twists around, angry.

WAITRESS

It's not over, honey. Not by a long
shot.

The police woman turns.

POLICE WOMAN

Enough! Move it.

TRACK as the cops are forced to drag the waitress and force her into the car.

WAITRESS

Just wait! Just you wait for the other!

ON MADGE

Madge stares after the waitress, confused.

MADGE

(to self)

The other?

POLICE WOMAN

I'm sorry. What other?

An EMT pulls the police woman aside and they confer silently. The EMT looks at Madge and then shakes his head. The police woman reluctantly nods and puts her pad away.

Both turn to look as several worried-looking EMTs pass with a gurney holding Doris. The cleaver still stuck in her head. Ivs are stuck I her arm and neck.

Doris' eyes dart wildly and her lips keep moving.

TRACK as the EMTS race to get Doris into the back of an ambulance. As they lift the gurney, Doris's eyes focus on Madge and the woman raises her shaking hand to point directly at Madge.

DORIS

(slurring)

The other's coming for you.

The ambulance doors close and it races off into the night, lights flashing.

ON MADGE

She starts to cry.

MADGE
(to self)

The other?

FADE TO BLACK

FADE UP

EXT - CEMETERY - SUMMER DAY

THREE HIKERS approach the cemetery. The covered bridge is seen in the distance, behind them. They stop to take selfies in front of the rusted entrance gate.

CLOSER

HIKER 1

The geek at the motel said the shortcut starts on the other side. Save us five or six hours this way. Come on.

The trio starts across the cemetery. HIKER 2 begins to WHISTLE.

LOWER CAMERA and MOVE IN on a freshly turned grave. The tip of an orange bandana pokes through the soil.

FOCUS PAST grave, to the dense trees nearby to reveal what could be a dark, hulking figure in a scarecrow mask, standing still as the hikers pass by.

FADE OUT

END

