

Bodies, Bodies, Bodies

By

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FADE IN

EXT. CABIN - NIGHT

An isolated cabin, surrounded by bare trees. All the windows are lit up, and a light wind stirs drifts of snow in the air. The sound of laughter and clinking glasses can be heard.

EXT. CABIN - HOT TUB - NIGHT

On the back porch, steam rises from a glowing blue hot tub. Sitting in the tub are seven people, all in their mid-twenties, in various stages of happy inebriation. Their faces are flushed with heat and frost clings to their hair. They are all holding beer cans, but a champagne bottle and a joint are circulating as well.

ASHLEY, who has long dark hair, a Southern accent, and the skimpiest bikini, waves her bottle in the air to get everyone's attention.

ASHLEY

OK, OK, I've got one. Ready?

Everyone in the tub holds up a hand, three fingers spread. ASHLEY pauses for effect, and when all eyes are on her, she continues.

ASHLEY

Never have I ever...caught my parents having sex.

General groaning as three people put down a finger. They are:

BEE, Korean, with a punk haircut and multiple piercings. She is dressed in a black tank top and boy shorts in lieu of a swimsuit.

LIZ, blonde, slim, slightly preppy, but wearing bright red lipstick that hints at a wilder side.

DAVID, whose arm is slung possessively around LIZ. He is handsome in a goofy, academic way, with round hipster glasses that have steamed up a bit in the heat.

One person who still has his hand up is SCOTT - short, red-haired, boisterous.

SCOTT

Do blowjobs count?

More shouts of disgust.

(CONTINUED)

LIZ

Ewww. Yes, they count. They count double.

SCOTT makes a face at LIZ and puts down one finger.

DAVID

(To the people still holding up three fingers)
You all never caught your parents having sex? I thought that happened to everybody.

LIZ

It's, like, a key stage of Oedipal development.

DAVID

(riffing)

At least, that's what my parents told me when I caught them doing it on the living room couch.

They give each other a stagy kiss.

ASHLEY

My parents divorced when I was six months old, bitches.

LIZ

I guess that's why you're so sexually repressed.

They smirk at each other.

SCOTT

It'll happen for you someday, Ashley baby.

BEE takes ASHLEY'S hand.

BEE

There's nothing wrong with Ashley's sexual development.

ASHLEY

Thank you, sweetheart.

They are newly romantically involved, so this exchange is slightly awkward. They kiss.

SCOTT turns to the remaining two people in the tub:

(CONTINUED)

MATT, large and imposing, with a blonde beard and visible tattoos

and

CASEY, a classic 'Final Girl' - an impossibly wholesome, freckle-faced brunette.

SCOTT
(To CASEY and MATT)
Neither of you guys...?

CASEY and MATT exchange glances. MATT shrugs, CASEY shakes her head.

MATT
Lucky us.

CASEY smiles shyly.

SCOTT
I've met Casey's parents. I'm pretty sure they've never had sex.

LIZ
It's true. Casey comes from a long line of virgins.

CASEY
(flicks water at them mildly, used to their teasing)
Shut up.

SCOTT
My turn. OK. I have never...made out with someone currently sitting in this hot tub.

ASHLEY, BEE, DAVID, and LIZ put fingers down.

LIZ
That's stupid. The game is supposed to be about finding out things you didn't already know.

SCOTT
Hey! Casey and Matt could have snuck away to make out while we were having dinner!

CASEY
Sorry to disappoint you, Scott.

SCOTT

Matt's the one who's disappointed.

LIZ

OK, OK. Never have I ever...been arrested.

DAVID puts a finger down.

LIZ

You have not!

DAVID

I have so!

LIZ

No!

DAVID

You don't know everything about me. I have my secrets.

(to the group, mock-bragging)

When I was sixteen, a bunch of friends and I got really high and broke into a Christmas Tree Store after hours. When the police came, everybody ran, but *I* was the only one to get caught.

LIZ

Why a Christmas Tree Store?

DAVID

I guess we were feeling festive. My turn... Never have I ever...seen Ashley naked.

SCOTT, BEE, and LIZ all put fingers down.

ASHLEY

I mean, obviously I've seen myself naked. Does that count?

SCOTT

It counts.

ASHLEY sticks out her tongue at him and puts a finger down.

DAVID

(to Liz)

When did you see Ashley naked?

LIZ makes an innocent face and mimes locking her lips shut.

(CONTINUED)

LIZ
I have my secrets.

SCOTT
How come nobody cares that I've
seen Ashley naked?

DAVID
We all just assume that you've seen
everybody naked.

SCOTT
Ah, I remember like it was
yesterday, the great midnight
skinny-dipping adventure of 2012...

ASHLEY throws an empty beer can at him. He ducks.

LIZ
Matt, you go.

MATT
Okay, uh...Never have I
ever...cheated on anybody.

Awkward silence. Everyone looks at CASEY, who looks slightly
stricken.

MATT
Sorry. I guess that wasn't that fun
of a question.

CASEY
God, everyone stop looking at me
like that.
(To MATT, in explanation)
My ex.
(registering his
misunderstanding)
Cheated on me.

SCOTT
He whose name shall not be spoken.

LIZ
That fucker.

ASHLEY
He has been struck from the annals
of cabin trip history, never to be
mentioned, or even thought of,
again.

(CONTINUED)

CASEY

Thanks, guys. I appreciate the support. Okay. Never have I ever...been here for all five years of the annual cabin trip.

ASHLEY

(yawns melodramatically and puts a finger down)
You guys know this game is supposed to be about unearthing our dark sexual secrets, right?

SCOTT

I'm getting a little too drunk for this. So we put our fingers down...if...we have been here all five years?

LIZ

If you've missed a year, or if this is year first year in this glorious cabin -

Keep your fingers up. We missed you last year, Casey, and we are very glad to have you back with us again. Matt and Bee, we are always eager to inject new blood into our twisted cabin games. But, unfortunately, this game is over, because I am out.

LIZ puts down her final finger and waves her fist at Ashley.

LIZ

Suck it, whore! I'm sluttier than you.

ASHLEY

(grumpily)
Hardly any of those questions had to do with being slutty.

SCOTT

And let us all congratulate Casey for, once again, making it through another round of Never Have I Ever without putting a single finger down.

(CONTINUED)

CASEY

What can I say? I work hard to be this boring.

LIZ

(to MATT, whom we now see is holding up four fingers)

Hey! When did you put a finger down?

CASEY

(jumping in)

Obviously, he's never missed a cabin trip.

MATT

She's right. Every year, when you guys came up here, I was hiding in the woods. Lurking. Watching. Waiting.

SCOTT

Finally, unable to stand it any longer, he moved to New York City, rented an apartment in my building, and befriended me.

MATT

Began dropping hints about how much I loved skiing.

LIZ

And cabins.

CASEY

And hot tubs.

SCOTT

It was the perfect long con. So, sucker that I am, I invited him along, and now... here he is.

LIZ

From the icy cold of the snowy woods to the warmth and fellowship of this hot tub.

DAVID

(Lifts the champagne bottle)
Cheers!

(CONTINUED)

EVERYONE

Welcome!

The wind picks up with a howl.

ASHLEY

Oh, my God, I'm freezing.

There is a general shrieking commotion as they all scramble out of the hot tub, leaving their champagne and beer bottles behind. Also briefly visible - a forgotten set of keys.

EXT. CABIN - BACKYARD - NIGHT

From the outside, looking into the cabin through the windows - the suggestion of an outside observer. All is silence except for the sound of the wind. In a continuous shot, circling the house, through the windows we see:

In the bathroom, ASHLEY, wearing nothing but a towel, applying mascara in front of the mirror.

In the kitchen, MATT pouring a shot into a beer can from a silver flask.

In the bedroom, LIZ stripping out of her swimsuit. DAVID comes up behind her, kissing her neck and groping her breasts. LIZ leans into him briefly, then pushes him away.

In the living room, BEE and SCOTT sit at the table and chat as BEE rolls a joint.

CASEY, emerging from a closed door, walks up to the sliding glass door that leads to the porch, and peers outside. Her breath fogs the window. She stares into the night, crosses her arms over her chest, and shivers.

INT. CABIN - LIVING ROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

ASHLEY has blow-dried her hair and put on makeup; everyone else looks comfortably tousled. MATT wears a leather jacket; BEE, an ironic band shirt and a studded cuff bracelet. They are seated around a long wooden table. A circle of cards with a half-full glass of beer in the center indicate that a game of KINGS is in progress.

CASEY

(hesitantly, lifting a card)

Four...is for whores?

ASHLEY lifts her glass. LIZ, BEE, and CASEY follow suit and all the girls drink. MATT pulls a card.

(CONTINUED)

MATT
Two is for you.

He pauses and nods at CASEY, who drinks. SCOTT picks a card.

SCOTT
Nine?

ASHLEY
Bust a rhyme.

SCOTT
I don't want to bust a rhyme. I'm
picking another one.
(he flicks the card to the
floor)

LIZ
Cheater!

He picks another card.

SCOTT
King? Are you fucking kidding me? I
hate this game.

DAVID
(pounding the table with his
fists, the sole frat boy)
Dooooooooo it!

SCOTT picks up the glass of beer from the center of the table, looks at the sky as though hoping for absolution, but, when none is forthcoming, takes a sip of the drink and grimaces. DAVID picks a card.

DAVID
Eight is...Never Have I Ever?
Again?

BEE flicks a card at him.

LIZ
I swear, I don't want to know any
more about you people.

BEE
(poking ASHLEY)
This is your fault for forgetting
party Jenga.

SCOTT

Can we play something else?

DAVID

We could play Asshole.

LIZ

I haven't played Asshole since,
like, elementary school.

BEE

The problem with Asshole is that
people only ever play it drunk, so
no one can ever remember the rules.
Does anyone remember the rules?

Everyone looks thoughtful, and then shakes their heads.

CASEY

(To LIZ and DAVID)

What about that game you guys were
talking about in the car the other
day?

LIZ

Ooooooh.
(Smacks DAVID to remind him)
Bodies, Bodies, Bodies.

DAVID

Oooooh.
(beat)
Hell no. Out here? Sneaking around
in the dark, late at night, in an
isolated cabin without cell phone
service? We'd practically be
begging to get ourselves murdered.

ASHLEY

Oooooh, sneaking around in the
dark?

SCOTT

Oooooh, getting murdered?

BEE

Sounds scary. Nooooo thank you.

ASHLEY

(pinching her)
Come on.

(CONTINUED)

CASEY
(tentatively)
I thought it sounded fun.

LIZ
(Lowering her voice and
shifting into storytelling
mode)
So. We first played Bodies, Bodies
Bodies at a wedding we went to last
August. It was held at this old,
abandoned Girl Scout campground on
an island off the coast of Maine...

DAVID
Well, not exactly abandoned. They
held weddings there. And sometimes
corporate events. There was a rope
course. It was actually pretty
nice.

LIZ
Do you mind?

DAVID
Sorry, sorry.

LIZ
It's two nights before the wedding,
and the only people on the whole
island are the twelve of us in the
wedding party. So, of course,
someone suggests a game of Bodies,
Bodies, Bodies. We crept in around
in the dark. We scared each other.
We accused each other of murder.
Eventually, I got to kill David.
And I have never had so much fun.

Everyone looks at each other skeptically.

CASEY
So...how do you play?

SCOTT
(Raising his hand and waving
it wildly)
Wait! Wait! Excuse me, sorry! I
have a question?

(CONTINUED)

LIZ

How can you have a question? I haven't even started explaining yet.

SCOTT

My question is, I'm out of beer. Can we pause so I can get another beer?

DAVID

You know what? I'm out, too. Pause, Liz.

ASHLEY

Pause!

LIZ

Fine, let's refresh. Bee, can you roll another joint?

BEE

Always.

LIZ

Okay, everyone refill and be back here in ten for Bodies, Bodies, Bodies. Also, I'm going to make some cinnamon rolls. Who wants cinnamon rolls?

Everyone raises their hands.

LIZ

Two trays of cinnamon rolls, coming right up.

CASEY

(to LIZ, affectionately)
You are such a camp counselor.

LIZ

You love it.

Spontaneously, CASEY kisses LIZ on the cheek.

CASEY

I love you!

LIZ

(claws the air)
Grrrrr.

(CONTINUED)

CASEY

As a *friend*.

BEE

'Bodies, bodies, bodies.' I am going to hate this, aren't I?

ASHLEY

My cowardly darling.

BEE

My fierce protector.

They KISS.

BEE

(grumbling to herself, as she turns back to the joint)
I really don't see why we can't all just get high and watch a movie.

INT. CABIN - KITCHEN

MATT and CASEY are standing by the refrigerator. MATT opens a beer with keychain, hands it to CASEY, then takes one of his own.

MATT

I'm sorry if that was awkward, earlier.

CASEY

Huh?

(beat)

Oh. The cheating thing. It's fine. You didn't know.

MATT

Still. Bad memories?

CASEY

Ehhh, it's not a big deal. I mean, it was, at the time, obviously. We'd been together since high school. And then to find out - I mean, it had been going on basically forever. It was, like, a compulsion with him. I learned later he'd hooked up with another girl at prom. While I was in the bathroom.

(CONTINUED)

MATT

Jesus.

CASEY

Six years we were together, we lived together, we had all the same friends, I thought we were going to get married. I had no idea! I mean, thank God I found out when I did. And he was a jerk, I get that, and it's not like I think it's my fault - I mean, I've been to therapy. GOD so much therapy - but still, when it happens, you're like, am I an idiot? How could I have possibly missed something like that? Can you ever truly know another person? Are any of my perceptions accurate? Does anyone ever tell the truth? Is anything even real?

(wryly)

And so, in conclusion, I am absolutely over it and it is no big deal.

They laugh.

MATT

Dude, but seriously. To be lied to like that. It fucks with you. I get it.

CASEY

Yeah?

MATT

(meaningfully)

Yeah. But you survive, you know? And you move on.

CASEY

(raises her bottle)

Well then. To surviving. And moving on.

MATT

(clinks)

To moving on.

They lock eyes. Unexpectedly, MATT leans in and kisses her. She kisses him back for a half a second, then jumps away.

(CONTINUED)

CASEY
(teasing)
Hey, take it slow! I'm a virgin,
remember?

MATT
(holds up his hands in
apology)
Sorry, sorry.

CASEY
You know Scott invited you here
specifically so I'd have someone to
hook up with, right?

MATT
I may have suspected something like
that was afoot.

CASEY
There's always one new person,
every year. We call them the wild
card. We used to invite people we
thought Ashley might like, since
she was the one who was always
single...but she and Bee are
together, and I'm single now...

MATT
(preening)
The wild card, eh? I can live with
that.

INT. CABIN - LIVING ROOM - THE TABLE - A FEW MINUTES LATER

LIZ
So. Bodies, Bodies, Bodies. Here's
the deal. Listen up, people.

Close-up on BEE, lighting a joint.

(In the following scene, the
camera slowly circles around
the table, following the
progress of the joint and
showing us each of the
characters in turn as LIZ, in
voiceover, explains the rules
of the game.)

LIZ (O.S.)
The game begins with a drawing of
lots. The two people who draw 'x's
are the murderers; everyone else is
a victim.

(CONTINUED)

BEE inhales deeply, closes her eyes, and, without opening them, passes the joint to SCOTT.

LIZ (O.S.)

The identities of the two murderers are kept secret, even from each other.

SCOTT accepts the joint but holds it in one hand, without smoking it, as he helps himself to a generous, messy portion of cinnamon rolls. Mouth full, he attempts to smoke the joint before he's fully finished swallowing, and falls into a coughing fit. Heroically, he powers through, takes another hit, and then continues eating as he passes the joint to MATT.

LIZ (O.S.)'

The game is played in a series of rounds. Each round has two stages. Night and day.

MATT receives the joint from SCOTT, takes a hit, and then holds it between two fingers as he adds a card to the card house he is building out of the abandoned game of Kings. Once the card has been delicately placed, he considers his creation for a beat, then passes the joint to CASEY.

LIZ (O.S.)

Night, of course, takes place in the dark.

The camera lingers on CASEY and MATT'S fingers touching as the joint is passed.

LIZ (O.S.)

When the lights are turned off, everyone begins roaming around the house, the murderers trying to kill, the victims trying to survive. Murderers kill victims by catching hold of their arms, and squeezing twice.

(Very quick, intercut shot of two shadowy figures encountering each other in the dark, one reaching for the other)

The victims can try to hide from the murderers, or they can move around and try to catch a murderer in the act.

CASEY accepts the joint from MATT, but doesn't smoke it. Instead, she watches the spiral of smoke rise up from the

(CONTINUED)

joint, meditatively, lost in thought. Then, abruptly, she shakes her head as though to clear it, and passes the joint directly to DAVID. DAVID shakes his head, and so Casey passes the joint to ASHLEY.

LIZ (O.S.)

When a victim is killed by a murderer, the victim must immediately collapse on the ground, and remain where they are.

(Quick intercut scene of one figure, in the dark, falling to the floor, and the other stepping over him, and vanishing)

ASHLEY accepts the joint from CASEY, inhales, and blows a dramatic smoke ring, and then another smoke ring within it. SCOTT and BEE clap; she takes a faux-bow. She then attempts to pass the joint to LIZ, who is too wrapped up in her explanation to accept it, so she passes the joint back to DAVID, who passes it directly to CASEY - who, this time, inhales.

LIZ (O.S.)

The murder round ends when a victim stumbles upon a body.

The wind picks up with a scream. The sound blends into:

(Quick intercut scene of a figure, in the dark, stumbling over a body, and screaming)

BEE jumps, and ASHLEY laughs, then gives her an affectionate side hug.

LIZ (O.S.)

When a victim discovers a body, she screams 'BODIES, BODIES, BODIES!' and everyone rushes to turn on the lights.

(Quick intercut scene of the lights turning on, and the body on the ground revealed - though it is almost too quick to see, it is David)

A beat. The lights in the cabin flicker, and everyone giggles, but they stay on. Close up on the wind whipping the snow around the back porch. New snow has begun to fall.

LIZ

When a body is discovered, and the lights come on, that signals the end of the night, and the beginning of day. Any questions so far?

(CONTINUED)

CASEY leans across the table, offering the joint to LIZ.

CASEY

Yeah, hello, do you want this?

LIZ accepts the joint.

BEE

I have a question. What happens if a murderer tries to kill the other murderer?

LIZ

Excellent question, Bee! If a murderer tries to kill another murderer, the second murderer should reach back and squeeze the other murderer's arm, and then both of them should continue trying to kill the other victims.

BEE

Okay...

LIZ

In other words, a murderer cannot be murdered.

BEE

Got it.

SCOTT

(collapses melodramatically on the table)

This is so complicated! Why can't we all go watch a movie?

BEE

(eagerly)

That's what I said!

LIZ

Guys. Come on. Just listen to the rest of the rules, and then decide. Okay?

SCOTT

Fiiiiiiiiine.

LIZ (O.S.)

When day begins, everyone gathers around the fallen bodies and a conversation begins.

ASHLEY stretches melodramatically, burps, and then cuddles up to BEE, then puts an arm around her and squeezes her breast. BEE squirms away uncomfortably but ASHLEY keeps her hands on BEE and BEE succumbs, slumping into her.

LIZ

During this conversation, the surviving victims try to determine, based on the location of the bodies and anything else they've observed, the identities of the murderers - always remaining conscious of the fact that the murderers are, of course, also within their midst.

Close-up on MATT, whose card house is near completion. He adds the final card to the stack, then reaches into his pocket and removes a pill, which he palms and swallows. CASEY observes him, with an eyebrow raised. Silently, he offers her a pill. She shakes her head, no.

LIZ (O.S.)

Collectively, the group decides which of their number is most likely to be the murderer. When they've reached a consensus, the person they've voted on is hanged.

DAVID, who knows these rules, is getting bored. He picks up the remaining cards that MATT isn't using from his card house and begins flicking aiming at the empty beer glass from Kings. After three shots, he sinks one, and looks around for congratulations, but his triumph goes unacknowledged.

LIZ (O.S.)

The murder victims and the person who's been hanged are exiled to the basement. Once justice has been done, night falls again, and the game continues until either both the murderers have been hung, or only the murderers remain.

CASEY inhales, blows down Matt's card house, and smiles.

BEE

There's a television in the basement. I volunteer to die.

ASHLEY

(clutches her heart)
Don't say that!

(CONTINUED)

BEE

(puts her hand on Ashley's
knee)

I'm just saying - if you died with
me, we could, uh, watch movies. In
the basement. Together.

LIZ looks around the table at the group. Everyone is a
little drunk, and more than a little preoccupied. The stub
of the joint rests on the edge of a beer can, and the tin of
cinnamon rolls has been voraciously consumed.

LIZ

So...do you guys want to do this,
or...

Moment of awkward silence. Glances are exchanged. For a
second, it seems like they all might go downstairs, put on a
movie, and have an early night. But then...

CASEY

I mean, I think it sounds like
fun...

MATT

I agree.

ASHLEY

So do I.
(suggestively)
All that sneaking around in the
dark.

DAVID

Well, if everybody else is into
it...

BEE shrugs.

BEE

I'm pretty sure I'm going to last
all of five minutes.

SCOTT

Ok. Fine. Let's do this. But on one
condition. Before we turn the
lights off...

INT. CABIN - LIVING ROOM - MINUTES LATER

From above: seven mismatched shot glasses full of whiskey.

SCOTT (O.S.)

Shots!

Everyone grabs a glass; liquor sloshes onto the table.

ASHLEY

(toasts)

Bodies bodies bodies!

Glasses clink.

EVERYONE

(overlapping voices)

Bodies bodies bodies!

INT. CABIN - LIVING ROOM - MINUTES LATER

CASEY drops a final folded piece of paper into the now-empty Kings glass. She shakes it like a bartender, and draws out a piece of paper. She passes it around the circle, and everyone follows suit, looking carefully at their pieces of paper, then crumpling them up and putting them in their pockets -- all except for ASHLEY, who slips hers into her cleavage.

When the glass has gone around, SCOTT goes over to the light switch.

SCOTT

Is everybody ready?

(beat)

Then let the games begin!

He hits the lights - and there is darkness.

INT. CABIN - LIVING ROOM - SECONDS LATER

First, everything is black, and silent.

The sound of wind.

A nervous giggle.

Then, slowly, the blackness begins to resolve into grayscale.

A clock reading 10:17 glows green in the kitchen, illuminating someone crouching, motionless, by the stove.

(CONTINUED)

The hot tub, visible through the window, glows bright blue. A silhouette passes by the window, creeping slowly, like a cat burglar. The figure moves out of view.

And then - a crash.

SCOTT (O.S.)
Shit! OW!

ASHLEY (O.S.)
(stage whisper)
Are you all right?

LIZ (O.S.)
Shhhhhh!

In the eerie, bluish light of the hot tub, we see CASEY huddled in the corner of the room, her arms wrapped around her knees.

She spots BEE, who is hiding under the table.

There is just enough light for them to wave at each other.

Then, a pair of legs, in darkness, blots out BEE.

CASEY presses herself up against the wall.

The legs don't move.

A long second passes.

Another loud giggle from ASHLEY.

The legs move on.

BEE is no longer under the table.

The camera stays on CASEY, whose eyes are peeled wide, reacting to every noise - as we hear the following sounds -

A DOOR creaking open and shut.

Someone hurrying up a set of STAIRS.

Another door opening and closing.

The sound of someone running, then abruptly stopping.

Muffled laughter.

Silence.

Silence.

A loud, startling THUMP!

And then more silence.

When the silence has stretched out for a solid ten seconds, CASEY stands up - carefully, slowly. Now she is the one silhouetted against the window, and we see, from her perspective, the darkened woods, the snow, the glowing hot tub.

Then, her hands stretched out in front of her, she begins feeling her way through the dark.

She sees, shadowed in dark gray:

The living room table, and the glowing nub of the abandoned joint.

A line of yellow underneath the door to the BASEMENT - they've forgotten to turn the lights off down there.

She moves deeper into the living room, towards the stairs that lead UPSTAIRS to the LOFT. Then, she freezes - is that movement on the landing?

Just then - A DARK FIGURE looms up behind her, takes her by the shoulder, and puts a hand over her mouth, pulling her backwards.

CASEY
(muffled)
Mmmmmph!

She's pulled down, behind a couch, and released. It's MATT. He raises a finger to his lips, then points it skyward, indicating to freeze for a second: something is happening on the landing.

CASEY is breathing hard.

Close-up on CASEY's face.

More silence.

CASEY turns back to MATT.

He is gone.

She looks around, searching for him.

Then -

ASHLEY
(shrieking, from upstairs)

(CONTINUED)

Bodies bodies bodies! bodies bodies
bodies!

Sounds of chaotic scrambling, and then the lights come on, revealing, from CASEY's perspective, ASHLEY standing at the top of the staircase, looking down at a body that is hidden from view.

DAVID emerges from a bedroom upstairs and stands by ASHLEY.

ASHLEY

You guys! Up here!

CASEY, BEE, SCOTT, and MATT all scramble up the stairs.

On the landing, LIZ, is acting her heart out as she pretends to be a corpse, one hand flung above her head, a small smile frozen on her face.

SCOTT

Dear God! Liz!

BEE

(flatly)

Which of you murdered her? Confess!

(beat, silence)

Damn. I was really hoping that
would work.

DAVID

So, usually a good way to start the investigation is with everyone saying where they were when the body was discovered. I was in the bedroom. And I'm the one who turned the upstairs lights on, when I heard Ashley scream.

ASHLEY

I found the body, so on the landing, obviously.

CASEY

I was in the living room.

MATT

I was also in the living room, by the stairs.

SCOTT

Downstairs bathroom. I turned the downstairs lights on, if anyone cares.

(CONTINUED)

BEE

I was in the living room. Hiding under the table, mostly.

They all look at each other suspiciously.

DAVID

So did anyone notice anything they think the group should know?

Nervous hesitation among the group.

DAVID

Okay, I'll go first. I went upstairs pretty early on, and I hid in the bedroom. Someone came in there and stayed for most of the round, but ran out a minute or so before Ashley called 'Bodies Bodies Bodies.' Was that any of you?

Silence.

DAVID

So the fact that no one's admitting to it suggests to me that either it was Liz, or it's a murderer who's trying to cover their tracks.

CASEY

Could you tell if it was a guy or a girl in there with you?

DAVID

I want to say a guy? But really I couldn't tell.

SCOTT

Ashley, you discovered the body. What were you doing right before you found her?

ASHLEY

Basically nothing. I was hiding in that corner - points to a corner of the landing - for pretty much the entire game, when suddenly I heard a commotion nearby...I went to investigate - and Liz had been murdered right in front of me!

(CONTINUED)

BEE

You were never in the bedroom with David?

ASHLEY

Nope.

CASEY

How long did you say you were in that corner?

ASHLEY

I don't know. Like I said. A while.

CASEY

Pretty early on in the game I heard a big 'thump' - did anyone else hear it?

General nodding.

CASEY

I thought maybe it was a body falling?

SCOTT

Actually, it wasn't. I knocked somebody's suitcase over when I was trying to find a good place to hide.

CASEY

But Ashley, you heard the thump?

ASHLEY

Yeah.

CASEY

So here's a question. Did you go up to the landing before or after the thump?

ASHLEY

Um... before. Like I said, I was there pretty much the whole game.

MATT

See, that's funny, because I think I saw you go up the stairs right before the body was found.

(CONTINUED)

ASHLEY

You think?

MATT

I'm pretty positive. But I'm not 100% sure.

CASEY

I saw someone, but I can't confirm it was Ashley.

ASHLEY

(sounding obviously suspicious)

What?! No way. Not me! I told you, I just hid on the landing the whole time! I didn't do anything! Stop looking at me!

MATT

I'm pretty sure you're lying right now. And since I can't think of any reason why you would lie about that, you're also probably a murderer.

ASHLEY

Or maybe you're a murderer, and you're trying to get an innocent person hanged.

DAVID

Did anyone else see Ashley moving around during the game?

No one speaks up.

BEE

She is acting really suspiciously...

MATT

Pretending to find the body would be a good cover. Is that allowed?

DAVID

It's allowed.

ASHLEY

Oh, my God! Guys, Matt is trying to frame me. He's the murderer!

(CONTINUED)

BEE

Okay, let's take a step back. Casey and Matt saw someone going upstairs right before the body was found. If it wasn't Ashley, who could it have been?

SCOTT

Well, it could have been Liz.

BEE

But if it was Liz, then Matt's the murderer, right? Because he's lying about seeing Ashley.

MATT

I didn't say it was definitely her. I said I *thought* it was.

CASEY

(slowly)

What Matt says doesn't matter. Either Ashley's lying, or David is.

SCOTT

What? How do you know?

CASEY

Think about it. Matt and I definitely saw someone go upstairs right before the round ended. Three people were upstairs when the lights came on: David, Liz, and Ashley. If Matt's right, and it was Ashley going up the stairs, then Liz was the one who was in the bedroom with David, and Ashley went upstairs and murdered her when she came out onto the landing. That's the simplest scenario.

(A beat, as everyone nods)

But even if Matt's wrong, and it wasn't Ashley, then who was it? There were three people upstairs when the lights came on.

If it was David going up the stairs, then David's lying about what he did during the round.

If it was Liz, then Ashley's still lying, because she would have had to have been in the bedroom with

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CASEY (cont'd)

David - if David's telling the truth, then there's no one else it could have been.

So regardless of whether or not Matt's telling the truth, either David or Ashley is a liar.

SCOTT

My head hurts.

BEE

I think I get what you're saying...

ASHLEY

This is bullshit! Maybe you're both the murderers, and you're coordinating to try and frame me!

CASEY

If we're the two murderers, then who killed Liz? You said it happened right before you discovered the body, and we were downstairs when the lights came on.

ASHLEY

Shit.

BEE

Okay, I guess there's still the possibility that David is lying, but overall I feel like the evidence points to Ashley.

ASHLEY

Traitor!

SCOTT

Seconded.

MATT

It was absolutely Ashley. I can't believe you all can't tell she is lying. Look at her!

ASHLEY

You're lying! The murderers are Matt and David, you guys, I'm telling you!

(CONTINUED)

SCOTT

You just said it was Matt and Casey, and now you're saying it's Matt and David? Get your story straight, murderer.

ASHLEY

I don't know who it is! I just know it wasn't me.

CASEY

Ashley, look me in the eye and swear you're telling me the truth.

ASHLEY

I'm telling you the truth. I promise.

CASEY

David, now you go.

DAVID

I swear I'm telling you the truth.

CASEY

(After a pregnant pause)
Yeah...I have no idea.

ASHLEY

(intense frustration)
If I'm the murderer, why would I call 'Bodies bodies bodies'? Why wouldn't I just keep sneaking around and murdering people?

SCOTT

To cover your tracks, obviously.

BEE

(gazing down at Liz and shaking her head)
If only the dead could speak.

DAVID

Are you guys ready to vote?

General assent.

DAVID

Okay, everyone who wants to hang Ashley, raise their hand.

Everyone but Ashley raises a hand.

(CONTINUED)

DAVID

Ashley, you have been judged and found guilty by a jury of your peers. You are now hanged. Please exile yourself to the basement.

ASHLEY

(the very picture of wounded innocence)

Oh my God. Well, enjoy getting murdered, you assholes. I need a beer.

ASHLEY heads downstairs, but before she goes, LIZ, eyes still closed, lets out a long, drawn out moan that stops her in her tracks.

BEE

She speaks!

LIZ

(Zombie voice)

Baaaaaaaasmemenetntntconfssns...

SCOTT

Huh?

LIZ

Baaaaaasement
confessssssssssssionnssss....

DAVID

Oh! Right! Basement confessions. When the murdered people and the hanged go to the basement, they tell each other the truth about their identities. That way, if the victims triumph and hang both the murderers, the people in the basement can go upstairs and stop the game.

LIZ stands up, arms outstretched in front of her, and shuffles off downstairs with Liz.

DAVID

Does anybody need another drink before we start the next round?

EVERYONE

Yes!

INT. CABIN - KITCHEN - A FEW MINUTES LATER

MATT, by the counter, is refilling his flask with whiskey, from handle that is now empty.

CASEY
God, how are you still standing?

MATT
Years of intensive conditioning.

He swallows another pill.

CASEY
Got a headache?

MATT
Just something to take the edge off. Want one?

CASEY
(shakes her head)
Is hanging out with us really that stressful?

MATT
Hanging out with new people is always a little bit stressful.
(beat)
I'm shy.

CASEY smiles.

MATT
This game, though - it's a little spooky, honestly. Especially with strangers. Telling the truth and have nobody believe you - it's fuckin' weird. For a second there, I was sure you were all going to trust Ashley over me...I mean, you all have been friends forever, and me, I'm just some guy who lives in Scott's apartment building...

(beat)
You were good, though. You came through for me.

CASEY
False. The powers of logical deduction came through for you.

(CONTINUED)

MATT
(leaning in close, voice
lowered, intimate)
Still. I was telling the truth. And
you believed me.

CASEY
(in the same tone, seductive)
Are we playing the game right now?

MATT
Maybe.

SCOTT (O.S.)
Are you guys still making out or
can we get this game going?

CASEY kisses MATT lightly on the mouth. His eyes widen in shocked surprise, and she darts into the kitchen.

INT. CABIN - LIVING ROOM - A FEW MINUTES LATER

DAVID
(by the light switch)
Everybody ready?

SCOTT
Actually, before we start, I have
an objection!

BEE
(mutters)
What a surprise.

SCOTT
Th hot tub lights up this whole
area. It's not dark at all. I
couldn't go across here the whole
round because I was scared someone
would see me.

DAVID
That's actually a good point.

CASEY
I'll get it.

She begins tugging a rope that pulls heavy blackout curtains across the window, blotting out the light from the tub.

DAVID
Now, if everybody's ready, let
Round Two begin!

(CONTINUED)

He hits the lights. The room is plunged into total blackness.

Moment of stunned silence.

BEE
(from the blackness)
It is really, really dark in here.

INT. CABIN - KITCHEN - SECONDS LATER

A shot of the clock on the stove, glowing green, moving from 11:19 to 11:20.

Then, even that small light is covered by a shadow of a figure moving across it.

Blackness, for several seconds.

A slow rise of the sound of heavy, scared breathing.

Silence again.

Blackness.

Then - a genuine, strangled scream.

BEE
Bodies bodies bodies!

The oven clock becomes visible again: 11:47.

But the lights do not come on.

BEE
Fuck.

She stumbles in the darkness, bumps against a counter, knocks something off the counter that falls with a clatter. Finally makes it to the kitchen light switch. The lights come on.

BEE
(much louder)
I *said*, Bodies Bodies Bodies!

From off-screen comes the sound of people hurrying down the stairs.

CASEY and MATT enter the kitchen.

(CONTINUED)

BEE

Where were you guys?

CASEY and MATT quickly exchange glances.

CASEY

Upstairs.

BEE

Where's David?

DAVID emerges from the opposite direction.

DAVID

I was in the hallway. Sorry.

BEE

(looking down, nudging him
with her foot)

Well, Scott's dead.

SCOTT is lying face down on the floor, with none of the dramatic 'presence' of Liz's corpse. He is motionless, and looks, if not dead, then at least passed out. The rest of the group also looks a bit pale, tired and disheveled - the liquor is catching up with them.

CASEY

What time is it? Jesus, it's only
been twenty minutes? That felt like
forever.

BEE

(genuinely a bit shaken)

It was really, really dark.

DAVID

(mechanically)

Okay, so who was where?

BEE

I was here. I didn't move the whole
time because I was afraid of
crashing into something. I didn't
hear anything. Then, I finally took
one step and Scott's body was,
like, right fucking there.
It was freaky.

DAVID

Hmmm.

(To MATT and CASEY)

What about you guys? What did you
do this round?

(CONTINUED)

From their feet, SCOTT lets out a loud sarcastic snort. Everyone is a little startled - it's not like they thought he was really dead, but...

BEE

Shut up, corpse.

CASEY

I wandered around for a lot of it. Eventually I made my way upstairs. I didn't know anyone else was there, but when Bee called Bodies Bodies I definitely heard someone moving around in the room with me, and when I finally found the light switch, Matt was there.

MATT

I found a really good hiding place upstairs and I hid there the whole time.

DAVID

I hid in the hallway in the bathroom. I was sure someone was there with me. I could hear them breathing. But when the lights came on, no one was there. I looked around but didn't find anyone.

(beat)

I guess it was my imagination.

Everybody looks at each other, slightly stunned. They don't quite have the energy for this. Matt goes to a cupboard, takes out a new bottle of whiskey, opens it, refills his flask, and drinks.

DAVID

Well, I'll go ahead and say that I don't think Bee is the murderer, because I don't believe the murderer would use the trick of pretending to stumble on the body two times in a row.

MATT

Unless she *wanted* you to think that, of course.

DAVID

One thing I have noticed, though, is that this is the second time you and Casey have given each other alibis, and I find that suspicious.

(CONTINUED)

CASEY

See, that's interesting, because I was noticing that in this round, and in the last one, you jumped right in and started leading the conversation, and I was wondering if that was a ploy to direct attention away from yourself.

DAVID

But in the last round, you went straight for Ashley and got her hung. You've got a killer instinct underneath that innocent facade.

CASEY

That's not true! I was just being rational!

DAVID

That's what all the cold-blooded killers say.

MATT

Anyway, you're wrong. I'm not giving Casey any kind of alibi. We were in the same room when the lights came on, but I have no idea what she was doing for most of the round, and from what Bee said, it sounds like Scott could have been murdered at any point in the game. I'm not standing up for Casey here.

CASEY

Same. Honestly, I don't think we have any real clues to work with here.

MATT

We're going to have to go on gut instinct.

DAVID, CASEY, MATT, and BEE all look at each other.

BEE

(abruptly)

I think it was David.

The others turn to her in surprise.

(CONTINUED)

CASEY

Did you, like, hear something?
Before you found the body?

BEE

No. I just...I don't know. I think
it was him.

DAVID

Bee, what the hell?

BEE

You said we needed to go on gut
instinct, and it's what my gut
says. David did it.

MATT

Wow.

CASEY

What a twist!

BEE

You guys don't have to believe me.
We can keep reasoning it out if you
want. But I think David did it.

DAVID

Dude! I defended you!

MATT

I have no idea, so for me Bee's gut
feeling is as good evidence as any.

DAVID

Come on! This is bullshit.

MATT

Honestly, I'm kind of tired of
thinking things through. This game
is getting long. If Bee wants to
hang you, I'm okay with that.

DAVID

(to Casey)

Come on! Let's talk about this!

CASEY'S mouth twists. She looks thoughtful. She glances from
BEE to MATT. Then she locks eyes with DAVID and, very
slowly, draws a finger across her throat.

(CONTINUED)

DAVID
Goddamnit.

CASEY, MATT, and BEE all high-five.

CASEY
Mob justice for the win.

DAVID
You're making a mistake.

CASEY cups her hand to her ear.

CASEY
I thought I heard something, but it
must have been the wind, because
the dead can't talk.

Another round of high-fives.

DAVID
(sullen)
I expected better of you, Casey.

DAVID leaves. SCOTT stands up, creakily, and cracks his back. He looks from BEE, to MATT, to CASEY with a small smile on his face, as though he knows a secret. He crosses to the refrigerator, gets a beer, cracks it, and toasts the remaining three. Then SCOTT leaves, closing the basement door with a bang.

Pause.

BEE
So, if Ashley and David were the
killers, they'd come upstairs now
and tell us we won, justice has
been served, and the game is
over...right?

A longer pause. The wind is really picking up.

A shot of the closed basement door.

A shot of MATT, CASEY, and BEE, their camaraderie dissipating and a new suspicion settles over them.

MATT
Guess we fucked that up.

CASEY
Guess so.

(CONTINUED)

BEE
I don't think I like this game.

CASEY
Well, it'll all be over soon.

MATT
One way or another.

CASEY hits the lights.

Blackness.

INT. CABIN - KITCHEN - SECONDS LATER

Total darkness.

Fast, frightened breathing.

The sound of the wind picking up again.

The sound of someone shuffling forward, tentatively.

The scared breathing even closer, louder.

The oven clock comes into view: 12:37.

The wind reaches new heights of fury.

The clock goes black.

EXT. CABIN - BACKYARD - NIGHT - SIMULTANEOUSLY

The blue light of the hot tub flickers off and its ambient hum goes quiet.

The wind lifts up a swirl of snow and batters it against the house.

The windows of the cabin have all gone dark.

INT. CABIN - KITCHEN - LATER

Darkness.

CASEY
(Uncertain, quiet voice)
Guys? I think the electricity might
have gone out. Guys?

Sounds of fumbling, tripping.

(CONTINUED)

CASEY

Fuck.

More sounds of fumbling, and then - a light. CASEY's face is visible.

Shot of CASEY'S phone showing the time: 12:52. And: 'no service.'

CASEY enables the flashlight function on her phone. She sweeps this light across the kitchen, and we see the counters, covered with the detritus of the night's partying, and the dead oven clock.

She turns the light and aims it at the closed basement door.

INT. CABIN - BASEMENT STAIRCASE - CONTINUOUS

CASEY opens the door and aims the flashlight down the stairs.

CASEY

Guys?

Eerie silence as she tiptoes down the stairs, her hesitant progress illuminated only by the wobbling light of her phone.

She reaches the bottom of the stairs and sweeps her flashlight beam across the basement:

A dead television.

Couches, made up for sleeping. Backpacks and suitcases, in various states of messy unpacking, piled in the corner.

A coffee table littered with beer cans.

But otherwise, the basement is totally empty.

Shot of CASEY, surveying the basement with disbelief. Where is everyone?

Then - a sound: someone knocking?

CASEY takes a step deeper into the basement. Turns to the right.

Up a small set of stairs, a door leads directly to the outside.

That door is open, blowing on its hinges.

EXT. CABIN - BACKYARD - NIGHT - SECONDS LATER

CASEY emerges from the basement into the yard at the back of the house.

She shields her eyes, stares into the bleak forest, and sweeps the expanse with her phone flashlight, which is pathetically ineffective at illuminating the darkness.

Snow batters her - she's wearing only a thin sweater. She shivers and wraps her arms around herself.

She turns and goes inside.

INT. CABIN - BASEMENT - SECONDS LATER

Casey hurries through the basement, obviously freaked.

She rushes up the stairs again, breathing hard.

She sweeps the kitchen again with her flashlight - nothing new.

Into the living room: quick sweep.

She's heading towards the stairs - when suddenly she trips - screams -

Drops the light -

Blackness -

And then someone else is screaming.

CASEY
Oh my God!

BEE
(on the ground)
Oh my God!

CASEY scrambles for the light, aims it at BEE, who shields her eyes and blinks, confused.

CASEY, hugely relieved, grabs BEE and hugs her.

BEE
Holy shit, you scared me.

CASEY
What the fuck? Didn't you hear me calling?

(CONTINUED)

BEE

I was upstairs, hiding in a closet. I thought I heard something but I wasn't sure. The game was taking forever and I got kind of scared, but I didn't want Ashley to make fun of e, so I came down here and lay down and waited for someone to find me.

CASEY

Everybody's gone.

BEE

What are you talking about?

CASEY

Downstairs. The basement. No one's there.

BEE

(like CASEY's crazy)
Casey, what are you talking about?
Calm down.

CASEY

(calmly)
I am calm.

BEE stands, goes to a nearby light switch, flicks it on and off, first slowly, then in increasing frustration.

CASEY

The electricity's out.

BEE

(still flicking - shouts)
Guys! Game over! Guys!

CASEY

That's what I'm trying to tell you...

BEE

BODIES BODIES BODIES! BODIES BODIES BODIES!

CASEY

Dude!

I already did that. I saw that the stove light had gone out. I called but no one answered. I went

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CASEY (cont'd)
downstairs to the basement. It was empty. The door was open. Everyone is gone.

BEE
That doesn't make any sense.

CASEY
I know.

BEE
(hopefully)
Are they playing a joke on us?

CASEY
If they are, it's not a funny one.

BEE
(plaintively)
Where *is* everybody?

CASEY
I said, I don't know.

She looks around, shining her flashlight around the empty living room.

CASEY
(half to herself)
It's so *dark* in here.

Then she gets an idea. She stands and walks purposefully across the room to the big picture window, which she covered earlier with the blackout curtains. She begins yanking them open with the pull rope.

At first, they reveal nothing but more darkness, and the reflection of her flashlight bouncing across the glass - the hot tub is no longer illuminating the porch.

But then, clouds pass, and in the moonlight shows -

A shadowy figure, standing right in front of the window.

The figure bangs her hands against the glass.

BEE's scream is cut off mid-way through, because it's ASHLEY outside, wearing a thick down jacket.

She says something, but she's inaudible through the glass. Realizing they can't hear her, she makes the universal sign of confusion, lifting her hands away from her face - WTF?

Overcome with relief, BEE and CASEY scramble for the door.

EXT. CABIN - BACKYARD - NIGHT - SECONDS LATER

BEE barrels into ASHLEY's arms and embraces her, gasping.
ASHLEY, pats her on the back, comforting but confused.

ASHLEY

Hey darlin. The game gettin' to be
a little too much for you?

BEE

(near hysterics)
Everybody's gone.

ASHLEY looks over BEE's shoulder to CASEY and raises her
eyebrows, waiting for an explanation.

CASEY

(accusing)
Where were you?

ASHLEY

(prickly, picking up on her
tone)
What? Why are you two freaking
out? I took a walk.

BEE pulls back from her embrace to look at her in disbelief.

BEE

A walk?

ASHLEY

Yeah. A walk.

There is a moment when it seems as though either CASEY or
BEE will confront ASHLEY with the absurdity of this
statement-a walk, in the snow, at midnight?- but it passes.

ASHLEY

What the fuck is going on with you
two? What's got your panties in a
twist?

CASEY

Well, the electricity's out and
everybody's missing.

ASHLEY

(condescendingly)
That's ridiculous.

(CONTINUED)

She crosses back over to the picture window, shields her eyes, and peers in.

Then she pauses, takes a deep breath, clenches her fists, and then bellows at the top of her lungs:

ASHLEY
HEY EVERYBODY! GAME'S OVER! BODIES
BODIES BODIES!

Silence.

BEE
We tried that already.

CASEY
Maybe they all decided to take
a walk.

INT. CABIN - TOP OF THE BASEMENT STAIRS

CASEY, ASHLEY, and BEE stand at the top of the stairs, each holding their phones like a flashlight.

BEE
We already looked down here.

ASHLEY
I'm sure they're just fucking with
us.

CASEY
I don't think so. Scott or Liz,
maybe. But the others? No.

ASHLEY
(shouts)
GUYS! This isn't funny anymore.
GUYS!

She takes a bold step down towards the basement.

ASHLEY
David, I swear to God, if you don't
come out of wherever you're hiding
right now, I'm going to tear your
fucking throat open with my teeth.

They're at the bottom of the basement stairs now, ASHLEY in the lead.

(CONTINUED)

ASHLEY

Liz, stop being such a goddamned dripping cunt and come help us figure out how to get the lights back on!

She swings the light over to the door to the outside, which is now closed, and uses her light to investigate a melting snowdrift and a couple of dead leaves that floated inside. Then she turns and heads to the other side of the basement, which is much deeper in shadow.

ASHLEY

Matt, I don't really know you, but I hope you know me well enough to believe that if I find you hiding somewhere, I will yank your balls off and shove them up your ass.

CASEY

This is getting a little too graphic.

BEE

(to herself, trying to figure it out)

David and Liz were dead, but Matt should have still been playing the game...

ASHLEY is going further and further into the basement, CASEY and BEE trailing behind.

The majority of the basement is carpeted, and decorated like a den, but there is an unfinished section that was not visible from either staircase. This is where ASHLEY heads now, slightly more tentatively than before, but still intently focused.

A large boiler is in front of them. ASHLEY starts creeping around it.

ASHLEY

(continuing her rant, but no longer quite so boldly)
Scott, you mother fucker...

She trips over something on the ground and drops her phone, which skitters across the floor, sending a beam of light across something pale.

(CONTINUED)

ASHLEY

Scott?

CASEY and BEE aim their lights at the ground, where ASHLEY is kneeling, her hands covered in blood.

ASHLEY

Scott!!!

SCOTT's body is lying on the ground. He has been stabbed to death.

Now the screaming begins in earnest. The lights swing, panicky, from side to side. We see a flash of ASHLEY's bloody hand, retrieving her phone, and then all is chaos as the shrieking girls flee outside in terror.

EXT. CABIN - BACKYARD - NIGHT

CASEY, ASHLEY, and BEE stumble into the backyard. BEE is having trouble breathing and might be close to either a panic or an asthma attack. ASHLEY is screaming and rubbing her bloody hands in the snow, desperate to clean them. CASEY is muttering to herself and pacing back and forth. BEE collapses, and CASEY struggles to pull her up.

BEE

Oh my God. Oh my God.

CASEY

We have to go. We have to get out of here!

ASHLEY

Liz! Liz and David! What happened to them? Are they still inside?

CASEY

It doesn't matter! We have to go and get help! We have to leave now!

She grabs Ashley by the shoulder and the three of them stumble across the porch, sliding in the snow. Then, suddenly, CASEY stops. The wind whips around her.

ASHLEY

What?

CASEY

Who's driving?

(CONTINUED)

ASHLEY
...We rode with Liz and David.

CASEY
I rode with Scott and Matt.

Pause as the other two realize what this means.

BEE
(low moan)
No....

ASHLEY
(frantically)
Maybe there's a house! Somewhere
close! We could walk there and call
the police!

CASEY
There aren't any houses! We're six
miles from town! We're not even
wearing jackets. We'd freeze to
death!

ASHLEY
What do we do??

The girls look at each other in terror.

BEE
Does anyone's phone have service?
Even just a bar?

CASEY and ASHLEY shake their heads.

ASHLEY
The keys will be right by the door.
In the kitchen. We won't have to go
anywhere near...him.

CASEY
Okay.

ASHLEY
Turn your lights off.

BEE
What?

ASHLEY
In case...somebody sees.

Tip-toeing, terrified, the girls tip-toe back into the
kitchen. Nothing has changed. They make it to the door.

(CONTINUED)

ASHLEY
(whisper)
Okay, light.

CASEY fumbles with her light, sweeps the key rack by the door.

It's empty.

She turns her light towards her companions, illuminating BEE and ASHLEY's stunned faces.

The light clicks off.

EXT. CABIN - BACKYARD - NIGHT - MINUTES LATER

BEE
We're all going to die. We're all
going to die. We're all going to
die.

CASEY
That seems...premature.

ASHLEY
I agree with Bee. We're all going
to die.

CASEY
Shut up! We don't know what
happened. We might not be in any
danger. Maybe...maybe it was a
drifter. Who wandered in and
then...left. Or maybe...maybe David
and Scott got into a fight or
something.

ASHLEY
What? David and Scott? That's the
stupidest thing I've ever heard.
Scott and Matt, maybe. We don't
even know that guy.

CASEY
Fine! Scott and Matt! It doesn't
matter. What matters is getting out
of here. Because it is freezing
out, and Bee is wearing a fucking
t-shirt, so we're going.

She takes a deep breath, and says, decisively:

(CONTINUED)

CASEY

Scott drove. His keys will be in his pocket. We'll go get them.

BEE

No.

ASHLEY

Oh, fuck no.

CASEY turns around and faces the house: snow swirling around its blackened windows.

CASEY

Let's go.

With CASEY in the lead, the girls make their way around the cabin.

They stop to look at the blood-streaks on the ground from ASHLEY's hands.

The door to the basement stands open. It's pitch black inside.

INT. CABIN - BASEMENT - SECONDS LATER

The girls, holding hands, led by CASEY, creep through the basement, with only CASEY's bobbing phone to light their way.

They pass the open door up to the kitchen, look at it briefly - it's ominous but empty.

They see the boiler, behind which Scott's body is hidden, and approach.

BEE can't go any closer. She freezes.

ASHLEY makes it a few steps farther, but then also stops, and covers her face with her hands.

CASEY, with a terrible, ferocious expression on her face, steels herself and kneels by SCOTT's body. A pool of blood is spreading beneath him and it gets on her clothes.

CASEY

(hissing whisper)

Ashley! Ashley!

ASHLEY takes a few trembling steps closer.

(CONTINUED)

CASEY

Take the light.

ASHLEY holds up the phone as CASEY begins searching the body. At first, she is tentative as she feels in the pockets of his sweatshirt, but she becomes more frantic as she pulls only a crumpled piece of paper from his front jeans pocket. She tries to reach underneath him, but can barely lift him.

With a grunting burst of exertion, she turns him over. ASHLEY lets out a keening whine that she keeps up as CASEY furiously pulls SCOTT's wallet out of his back pocket and turns them inside out, revealing that they are empty.

CASEY

No. No no no no no no.

Meanwhile, ASHLEY's keening is growing too loud to ignore. CASEY whips around to shush her-

And ASHLEY lifts a shaking hand to point out what she sees -

The pool of blood surrounding SCOTT's body has grown larger - and the blood is not all his.

It's oozing from beneath a closed utility closet door.

CASEY stands up.

Deathly pale, but with determination, she moves towards the closet.

Her sneakers squeak in the blood.

She stretches out her hand.

She opens the closet.

The bodies of LIZ and DAVID tumble out and land at her feet.

LIZ's eyes are open, staring. Her throat has been slit.

DAVID has been stabbed repeatedly in the torso. A knife protrudes from his stomach.

BEE crumbles quietly, caving in on herself. She is very close to the edge of collapse.

ASHLEY starts to scream and then claps her hand over her mouth in terror.

CASEY is absolutely silent, and frighteningly rigid: as though she herself has begun to enter rigor mortis.

(CONTINUED)

As the camera lingers on CASEY, the sound of retching comes from behind her. BEE is vomiting onto the floor.

CASEY's face begins working terribly as she realizes what she has to do. Like a deep sea diver, she plunges in and begins searching DAVID's body for keys. His body is in a much worse state than SCOTT's - this is a gross-out moment.

By the time she is finished, her arms are gloved to the elbow with blood. She finds a bottle opener, and - a brief pause to unfold it - a blank piece of paper, with no 'x' on it.

But there are no keys.

In a haste very close to panic, she begins searching Liz's body.

This is a quicker endeavor, but equally unsuccessful. It also turns up a blank piece of paper.

She stands, face twisting in pained frustration - all that for nothing!

She turns to BEE and ASHLEY and shakes her head.

ASHLEY

What are we going to do?

CASEY shakes her head again. Stares down at LIZ, DAVID, and SCOTT - no longer beloved friends, but a tangle of bodies.

CASEY

Matt.

ASHLEY

(whispering, full of dread)

What about him?

CASEY

He'd been arrested.

ASHLEY stares mutely at her, uncomprehending.

CASEY

He put his finger down. During the game. No one asked him about it. No one else noticed. And I didn't say anything.

ASHLEY

But that doesn't...

(CONTINUED)

CASEY
(growing more and more
certain)
He's a stranger. None of us knows
him.

ASHLEY
Scott knew him!

CASEY
(almost scornful)
For like two months! Besides, Scott
trusted everyone. You could tell
that kid any fucking thing, and
he'd believe it.

ASHLEY
I don't...

CASEY
He's the only one left! The keys
are gone! He's a murderer and a
liar. And he will get us if we
don't get him first.

She kneels down and violently pulls the knife from DAVID's
corpse. BEE and ASHLEY recoil in horror. When CASEY stands,
gripping the long-bladed knife, she has become a force to be
reckoned with.

CASEY
Come on.

INT. CABIN - KITCHEN

CASEY, BEE, and ASHLEY emerge into the kitchen, CASEY in the
lead. CASEY wields the knife. ASHLEY holds her phone as a
light and casts it around the kitchen.

The light falls on a knife block on the counter, where one
of the knives is missing.

BEE hurries over to the knife block and pulls out a shorter
blade.

CASEY and ASHLEY exchange surprised glances - BEE seems to
have come back from the brink.

Following her example, ASHLEY also goes to the knife block,
but all that's left is a serrated bread knife - hardly ideal
for self defense. Nonetheless, she takes it and tucks it
awkwardly into her belt loop.

(CONTINUED)

There is a flicker of badass pride among the group that almost immediately dissipates into uncertainty. They speak in intense, hushed whispers.

BEE

Now what?

CASEY

We find him. Get the keys. And get the fuck out of here.

BEE

Or...

CASEY lifts her eyebrows and gives BEE a challenging look.

BEE

Alternatively, We could hide.

(beat)

And wait for him to come out.

CASEY

What? No -

BEE

Like, we could hide behind those curtains, and when he walks by -

She mimes jumping out and slashing him.

CASEY

No! We're not hiding anymore -

ASHLEY

It's not a terrible idea.

(beat)

Element of surprise.

(beat)

I think I might like to hide.

CASEY

It IS a terrible idea. He slaughtered all our friends, and if we don't get the fuck out of here, we -

MATT

Hey dudes! What are you all talking about?

BEE, CASEY, and ASHLEY shriek and wheel towards him, knives at the ready.

(CONTINUED)

MATT jumps back, hands up in a motion of surrender - but his general demeanor is one of confusion rather than fear...he is either quite drunk, or pretending to be.

MATT
Whoa whoa whoa, *ladies*. What's going on?

Unable to come up with a suitable explanation on the fly, the girls just wave their knives at him.

MATT's eyes focus in on CASEY.

MATT
Is that *blood*?

CASEY
Don't you move!

MATT, who wasn't moving, continues not to. Everyone looks at each other. A long, uncomfortable silence.

MATT
So...uh...is the game over, or...?

CASEY
SHUT UP!

More uncomfortable silence.

BEE
(nicely)
Um. By any chance, do you have the keys to either of the cars?

MATT
What?

CASEY
The *keys*. To the *car*.

MATT
Huh?
(beat)
Oh, yeah. Sure.

He reaches towards his pocket, which triggers a round of knife-waving among the girls.

Very carefully, MATT reaches into his pocket and pulls out a set of keys that are to several goofy-looking novelty keychains: a troll doll, a plastic beer can, etc.

(CONTINUED)

ASHLEY
(gravely)
Those are Scott's.

The girls look at the ground, briefly overwhelmed by sorrow.

BEE
How could you?

ASHLEY
He was your *friend*.

MATT
...How could I... borrow Scott's
car?
(he regroupes)
Okay, look, I'm not trying to be a
dick or anything, but I need one of
you to tell me what's going on
here, now. Where are the others?
Why are you covered in fake blood?

BEE
It's not fake blood! It's real
blood! And everybody's dead.

ASHLEY
Don't pretend you don't know.

CASEY
They're dead, and you killed them.

MATT
Ho. ly. fuck.

A long beat.

CASEY
Get on your knees.

MATT
No. Absolutely not.

CASEY advances towards him threateningly.

MATT
(with masculine authority)
Okay, everybody just take a breath
and calm down.

ASHLEY
(wildly)
Don't fucking tell me to calm down!

(CONTINUED)

(calmer)

Scott, Liz, and David are dead. You stabbed them. So we're taking the keys and getting out of here.

The girls nod, pleased by this straightforward explanation, and close in on MATT with the knives. MATT sinks to his knees slowly and carefully, so as not to set them off, and talks with the careful calm of a hostage negotiator.

MATT

Listen. Ashley. Bee. Casey. I can see that you are all very upset and scared right now, and I am also feeling upset and scared, because his is very confusing, for all of us. But I did not kill anybody, either in this crazy game or real life.

ASHLEY

Liar! You killed Scott. You have his keys!

MATT

(as though he's talking to a child)

Right. I do have his keys. And that is because he gave them to me for that beer run this afternoon. He was in the hot tub and didn't want to get out, so he asked me to drive. Remember?

A pause as everyone remembers. ASHLEY and BEE nod.

CASEY

Don't listen to him. He's messing with us.

BEE

He did, though. Go for a beer run. Earlier.

ASHLEY

Yeah. It's true.

CASEY

It doesn't matter! Scott, Liz, and David are dead! He killed them!

(CONTINUED)

MATT

No, I did not. I did not kill anyone. At the very beginning of this round, I went upstairs and hid, and until I came downstairs five minutes ago, I didn't even know anyone had gotten hurt.

BEE

But then why didn't you come out when we called? We were calling and calling...

MATT

I fell asleep.

CASEY shakes her head in disgusted disbelief.

CASEY

Bullshit.

MATT

Okay. I passed out.

(to CASEY, entreating)

You saw I was taking those pills. Ativan. Anti-anxiety. In combination with the drinking - I could've slept through anything. I *did*.

(to everyone)

Please. I understand that something terrible has happened. You're scaring me. Just put down the knives.

Tears are running down ASHLEY's face, and BEE is trembling. Slowly, they lower their knives. MATT exhales with a huge sigh, and slowly stands

- and then, without warning, lunges for CASEY's knife.

CASEY dodges, then attacks him, stabbing him first in the chest, and then in the throat. The happens in utter silence, with only the sound of heavy breathing and falling backwards as MATT stumbles against the counter - a long minute of clumsy battle that eventually takes them back towards the open door leading to the cellar stairs.

MATT has his back to the stairs. He's holding his bleeding throat with his hand.

(CONTINUED)

MATT

Please -

CASEY stabs him in the face.

He sways, the knife protruding from his eye. As the camera lingers on this, offstage, ASHLEY screams.

MATT falls backwards down the stairs, his body disappearing into the darkness. After a beat, CASEY follows him.

Close up of ASHLEY screaming.

BEE closes her eyes, sways - she is about to faint.

There is the mulchy, horrifying sound of someone being stabbed over and over again.

Then CASEY reappears at the top of the steps.

BEE and ASHLEY cower away from her. BEE lets out a little terrified whine.

CASEY

Don't.

ASHLEY opens her mouth to speak, but no words come out. Surprisingly, BEE is the one who erupts instead.

BEE

He said he was upstairs. That he'd passed out. What if he was telling the truth?

ASHLEY

We could have tied him up. Or just left him here. But you *killed* him.

CASEY

Yes. I killed him. He tried to grab my knife.

BEE grabs hold of the counter for support. ASHLEY slowly shakes her head in disbelief. They are in a kind of trance.

CASEY

Did you kill Scott?

ASHLEY's eyes flicker towards CASEY, but neither she nor BEE gives CASEY an answer.

(CONTINUED)

CASEY
(fiercely)
Did you?

ASHLEY shakes her head.

CASEY turns to BEE.

CASEY
Did you?

BEE also shakes her head, 'no.'

CASEY
(to ASHLEY)
What about Liz? Did you kill her?
Did you stab your best friend in
the gut until she bled to death and
stuff her body in the closet for
the rest of us to find?

ASHLEY
(whispers)
Jesus, Casey. Stop.

CASEY
What about David? Did you-

BEE
We didn't kill them! You know that.

CASEY
Well, if we didn't kill them, then
Matt *did*. And it doesn't matter
what he said; it doesn't matter if
it sounded like the truth; it
doesn't matter if he *seemed nice*;
he's the only one who could have
done it, and if I hadn't killed
him, he would have killed *us*. So
stop fucking looking at me with
those goddamn Bambi eyes, and let's
get the fuck out of here, okay?

CASEY bends down and scoops the keys from the ground where
MATT dropped them.

BEE
Okay.

BEE
(whispers)
But what if it was a drifter?

(CONTINUED)

CASEY
 (screams)
 IT WASN'T A DRIFTER!

ASHLEY
 (soothing)
 Okay. Okay.

EXT. CABIN - BACKYARD - NIGHT

ASHLEY, BEE and CASEY emerge from the cabin. The wind is blowing, and the snow is coming down hard - much harder than when the girls were last outside.

The wind shrieks around them and CASEY and BEE stop abruptly, shocked by the force of the wind. We see BEE stop and hesitate, but CASEY forcefully waves her on, shouting something that can't be heard over the shrieking wind. Running as fast as they can in the adverse conditions, they move across the porch and out of sight.

EXT. CABIN - DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

The girls are running down a set of steps that lead to a long, winding driveway.

ASHLEY is in the lead. She stops suddenly.

BEE and CASEY crash into her.

CASEY
 Ashley, what the -

BEE
 Oh, my God.

In the driveway, we see what the girls are seeing: two cars.

One, a battered station wagon, is parked normally, and its windshield covered in snow. This is Scott's car.

The other, an SUV, is parked at a t-bone angle behind SCOTT's car, blocking it in. The tracks in the snow, and its relatively clear windshield, suggest it has been moved only a little while ago.

ASHLEY
 No no no no no no.

The girls run to the cars. CASEY hits the button on SCOTT's keychain and the car beeps and unlocks, the lights flashing.

(CONTINUED)

ASHLEY reaches the SUV and frantically tries to open the driver's side door, to no avail. She pummels the window with her fist.

ASHLEY
Goddamnit!

Meanwhile, CASEY is sitting in the driver's seat of SCOTT's car. BEE is beside her, opening the passenger-side door, but before BEE can even enter, CASEY starts it up, guns the engine and tries to maneuver around the SUV, but it's clearly impossible to do so.

Still, she moves forward and back, forward and back, and finally jams the car in reverse against the SUV, but to no avail: the tires spin and start to smoke.

CASEY slams her hands against the steering wheel and hits the horn, letting it scream out into the night.

CASEY
FUCK!

BEE collapses on the ground in a snowdrift and starts sobbing.

ASHLEY comes up behind her and lifts BEE up. She unzips her own jacket and drapes it around BEE's shoulders, then guides BEE into SCOTT's car.

INT. SCOTT'S CAR - NIGHT - SECONDS LATER

The girls warm themselves in the car: CASEY in the driver's seat, BEE and ASHLEY embracing in the passenger's seat for warmth and comfort.

They are shivering and sobbing, and the following conversation is conducted in weak, exhausted tones.

BEE
I don't understand. Why did he do this?

CASEY
(dully)
He must've thought we'd just take the keys and run. And he could come after us and catch us here.

ASHLEY shakes her head, unconvinced.

(CONTINUED)

ASHLEY

Or maybe he killed David first and got those keys from him. And moved the SUV to keep us from escaping in Scott's car before he got to us.

BEE

But he already had Scott's keys, so there was no way we could've escaped. He didn't need to block us in to keep us here. We were already trapped.

ASHLEY

None of this makes any sense! None of us even knew him! We hadn't done anything to him? Why would he want to kill us?

CASEY

He was a psycho killer! He didn't have to have a reason!

ASHLEY

That's not how things work! Not in real life! People don't just start spontaneously killing other people!

CASEY

Well, I guess it turns out they do, because he did!

Looks at CASEY accusingly.

BEE

Guys, stop. Please. It doesn't matter.

ASHLEY

(starting to crumble)
I just want this to be over.

BEE

I know, baby. I know.

ASHLEY

So what do we *do*, now?

BEE

It's simple, right? If Matt moved David's car, then he must have David's keys.

(to CASEY)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

BEE (cont'd)
Did you go through his pockets?

CASEY
You mean after...? No.

BEE
Well then. We know where they are.
And we just have to go back and get
them.

ASHLEY puts her face in her hands.

CASEY
I don't know if I can do that.
Again.

ASHLEY
We could wait here. Until the
morning.

BEE
(gently)
What will be different in the
morning?

ASHLEY
There'll be fucking *light*.

Ashley presses her forehead to the car window and stares out
into the dark.

CASEY
Maybe there are neighbors? Or
something? If we screamed? Or if we
just started walking?

ASHLEY
I still think that maybe... if we
waited until the morning...maybe
someone would drive by...

BEE
We're miles from anywhere. No one
is going to come by. I don't want
to go back in there. But Matt's
dead. There's nothing to be scared
of anymore. We can spend the night
here, terrified. Or we can go get
the keys and drive out of here. In
twenty minutes, this can all be
over.

(CONTINUED)

ASHLEY

But it's so dark. And all those bodies...

BEE

They're just bodies.

CASEY

Bodies, bodies, bodies...

ASHLEY

Okay. Okay.

All three of them grab hands and squeeze.

BEE

We can do this.

They get out of the car, CASEY trailing reluctantly behind.

EXT. CABIN - DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

From the girls' perspective, the lightless cabin looming over them.

The bleak, endless woods.

The wind, the snow. The moonlight.

In silence, they creep up the stairs, and onto the porch.

The empty hot tub, silent now.

The open door to the cabin - a blank, black square.

They huddle together, imagining horrors.

CASEY

It's so *dark*.

They linger on the edge of the porch.

BEE

Nothing to be scared of.

CASEY

Nothing at all.

BEE turns her head to the side suddenly, and retches.

BEE

I don't think I can do this.

ASHLEY grabs her by the arm and hauls her up.

(CONTINUED)

ASHLEY

Yes, you can. You're smart and strong and beautiful and I love you. On the count of three. One... Two...

CASEY

(from behind - a sudden, urgent whisper)

Wait.

ASHLEY and BEE spin around to face her.

CASEY

Ashley. During Bodies Bodies Bodies, Matt and I saw someone going up the stairs. Was it you?

ASHLEY

What are you talking about?

CASEY

Just answer me! Was it?

ASHLEY

No. I told you. I was on the landing. But who cares...?

CASEY grabs hold of her hand.

CASEY

We need to get out of here. Now.

CASEY drags ASHLEY and BEE back in the direction of the house.

EXT. CABIN - UNDER THE STEPS - NIGHT

The girls huddle underneath the porch. CASEY is speaking rapidly, in a whisper.

CASEY

Listen. When the lights came on after the first round, there were three people upstairs. Ashley, David, Liz. We all thought David and Liz were hiding upstairs together, and right before the round ended, Liz snuck out and Ashley went upstairs and killed her.

(CONTINUED)

ASHLEY

I told you, I -

CASEY shushes her.

CASEY

Ashley says it wasn't her going up the stairs. Okay, fine. Then it was David or Liz. Except that it wasn't David, because when I was going through his pockets, I found a blank slip of paper. David wasn't a murderer, so he'd have no reason to lie about what happened during the round.

ASHLEY

So it was Liz. Who cares? Why are we talking about this now?

CASEY

Yes. It was Liz.

ASHLEY

So *what*?

BEE

(dawning horror, following CASEY's train of thought...)
Because...if Ashley was on the landing, and Liz was going up the stairs, then who was in the bedroom with David?

CASEY

There's someone else in this house.

INT. SCOTT'S CAR - NIGHT

The girls are rocking back and forth, terrified and trying to hold themselves together. They are also freezing - they're blowing on their hands and rubbing them in front of the vents to keep warm. Throughout the following conversation, they talk over each other and their voices overlap.

ASHLEY

I don't believe it. I don't. I don't I don't.

BEE

We can't stay here. We need to go for help.

(CONTINUED)

ASHLEY

It's so *cold*.

BEE

He could come after us at any minute. Why hasn't he come after us? Where did he come from? Why is this happening?

ASHLEY

Any second, he could be here. We have to run. I'm so scared, Bee.

CASEY

(disbelieving)

Someone's in the house. Someone's in the house.

BEE

We have to run.

ASHLEY

Maybe we're wrong. Maybe there's no one there! Maybe we missed something. Maybe Scott was going up there and got back down again. Or maybe it was Matt. Maybe it was Matt on the stairs!

CASEY

Matt was with me. It wasn't Matt.

She shakes her head slowly as the words take on a different meaning.

CASEY

It wasn't Matt.

Her face crumbles. BEE embraces her, kissing her face.

BEE

Shhhh, shhhh. It's okay. It's not your fault.

CASEY

It wasn't *Matt*.

CASEY begins rocking back and forth, moaning. ASHLEY and BEE exchange glances. Then BEE grabs CASEY by the shoulders and shakes her.

(CONTINUED)

BEE

Listen. This is terrible. I know it is. What happened to Matt is terrible. But there will be time to think about it later. You can feel as guilty as you want once we're out of this. But right now, you need to put it aside and help us figure out how to get out of here.

CASEY

Okay. Okay.

BEE

Listen. I think...and I know how this sounds...but I think we need to talk about splitting up.

ASHLEY

No!

CASEY

Bee, that's insane.

BEE

Hear me out. Right now, we're trapped. He knows where we are. He must. He's waiting...who knows why. But whenever he wants, he can come out here and slaughter us.

CASEY

Well, we've got...we could fight...Did either of you take your knives? I left mine.

ASHLEY

I did. It was in my jacket pocket.

BEE reaches into the pocket of ASHLEY's parka and reveals the knife. It looks pathetically small.

BEE

Mine was a bread knife. I left it in the kitchen. It was useless.

ASHLEY

Not as useless as nothing.

CASEY

Never mind. One knife or two - it doesn't matter. Three girls, against some psycho? Who's

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CASEY (cont'd)
expecting us? Matt wasn't expecting anything. That was why it was so easy. He didn't know.

BEE
(slowly)
What if it's not some psycho?

ASHLEY
What are you talking about?

BEE
David, Scott, Liz - don't you think if a stranger attacked them with a knife, they would have screamed, made a noise, ran away, something? So that we would have heard? But they didn't. And it's not like they were stabbed in the back, either. The killer got close.

(beat)
What if it's not a stranger? What if it's someone we know? What if this is happening for a reason?

ASHLEY
No. That doesn't make sense.

BEE
You're the one who said people don't just show up and start killing people for no reason! That there has to be a motive!

Who knows that we come to this cabin on the same weekend every year?

Who knows that the landlord keeps the extra key under the rock in the back?

Who has reason to be angry at us?

ASHLEY
Bee, stop it!

BEE
Casey, I'm sorry. But I think we need to consider...

(CONTINUED)

ASHLEY

No.

BEE

I just think we need to consider
the possibility.

ASHLEY

No! Why are you doing this?

BEE slams her hand against the car window.

BEE

I'm not *doing* anything!

(to ASHLEY)

But you got the the texts and the
emails and the phone messages after
they broke up!

You saw what he was like that night
at Scott's, after they brokeup! He
was furious at all of us! He was
out of his mind!

CASEY

(dully)

You guys talked to him?

BEE

...Yeah.

CASEY

He was at *Scott's*?

ASHLEY nods.

CASEY

But you *promised*...All of you
talked to him? Without telling me?
You told me you would never talk to
him again!

ASHLEY

Casey, it's complicated! We've
known him as long as we've known
you! Longer, even! He and Scott had
been friends since elementary
school! It's not that easy to just
cut someone out of your life!
Even...

(CONTINUED)

CASEY

(crying)

Even when they're a narcissist and
a sociopath?

Even when your best friend *slits*
her wrists because of all the
fucked up lies he told her!

You promised me you'd never talk to
him again, any of you! You
promised!

BEE

Casey, we love you! And we chose
you! There is no question about
that.

And he knows it, and he's fucked up
and he's angry and none of us know
what he's capable of doing - you
know that better than any of us.
Which is why we have to consider...

CASEY

I think I'm going to be sick.

CASEY scrambles out of the car and the sound of vomiting can
be heard offscreen.

ASHLEY

Do you really think...?

BEE

I don't know what I think anymore.

INT. SCOTT'S CAR - NIGHT - LATER

CASEY returns to the car, wiping her mouth, but saying
nothing.

BEE

I've decided. I'm going to go for
help.

ASHLEY

Bee...

BEE

You take the knife. If he comes
after you, fight or hide.

(CONTINUED)

ASHLEY
You'll freeze.

BEE
I won't freeze.

ASHLEY
Why can't you wait until the morning?

BEE
Because in the morning it will be too late. The car will run out of gas, the heat will stop, and then it will be daytime it'll only be easier for him to find us. I'm going.

She kisses ASHLEY on the forehead and presses the knife into her hand.

BEE
I love you. I'll see you soon.

ASHLEY curls up into a ball. CASEY picks up the knife from the floor of the car and tests its edge on her finger.

BEE leaves the car.

EXT. WOODS - ROAD - NIGHT

BEE trudges along the dirt road, down the mountain.

Snow blows into her face - she's pale, shaking; her breath steams. This is dangerous.

She looks across the night view - an endless expanse of trees. It looks impossible to walk, alone.

The wind quiets down - it's almost peaceful.

The moon is visible overhead.

Down below a dip in the road, an abandoned car is parked on the shoulder. BEE looks down at it. Then she looks up.

Against the sky, a telephone pole, strung with wires.

BEE, with her neck craned upward, stops and stares.

INT. SCOTT'S CAR - NIGHT

ASHLEY and CASEY are still sitting in the car, ASHLEY weeping quietly, CASEY holding the knife. CASEY turns to ASHLEY, about to speak, when suddenly -

A jump scare - someone hammering on the window.

Both girls scream.

But it's BEE, mouthing something urgently.

They fumble to unlock the door and BEE enters, speaking a mile a minute.

BEE

I was thinking - I was walking and it was so cold, and I knew it was too far, I wasn't going to make it, I'd freeze - and I was thinking - what are the odds, how could we be so unlucky - we're here, and he finds us, and there's no cell phone service, and then there's a storm, and the electricity goes out - and then I saw a wire - and I thought - it's not the storm - it was never the storm, it's in the closet, he was in the closet and I saw it, we can get help, it's so simple - I can't believe we didn't think of it before!

ASHLEY

Slow down. Slow down. Go slow.

BEE takes a big gulping breath, and grabs hold of ASHLEY's hands.

BEE

(triumphant)

The storm didn't knock the electricity out. He did. The box with the circuit breakers is in the closet where the bodies are. If we can turn the electricity back on, we can use the landline. We can call for help. We can call 911.

EXT. CABIN - DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

ASHLEY, BEE and CASEY creep slowly towards the house, through the yard leading to the door to the basement. Heavy, scared breathing.

The door is open. ASHLEY holds up her phone flashlight, aims it into the basement.

We see flashes of the empty basement...and the corner where the bodies are.

CASEY and ASHLEY step into the basement. Then they turn.

BEE is still standing at the entryway.

ASHLEY

Bee! Come on!

BEE

I can't.

ASHLEY

This was your idea!

But BEE shakes her head 'no.'

BEE

I can't. I'm sorry.

ASHLEY

There's no one in here! If we hurry...

BEE

It's not him. It's the bodies.

ASHLEY

Bee, please...

CASEY

We don't have time for this. Bee, you wait out here. Keep an eye out. Ashley and I can do this.

ASHLEY

Ok... wait!

ASHLEY hurries into the basement and returns seconds later holding a land-line, portable phone. She gives it to BEE.

(CONTINUED)

ASHLEY

As soon as the lights come on - as soon as they do - call 911. Right away. We're far away out here, and it will take a while for the cops to come - if he figures out what's happening and comes after us, we'll have to run, we can't waste any time.

BEE

Okay. Okay. I love you.

They kiss.

ASHLEY

(to CASEY)

Let's go.

EXT. CABIN - BACKYARD - NIGHT

BEE sits, cradling the phone in both hands. A series of sounds suggests how jumpy she is - a branch cracks; a pile of snow tumbles to the ground; a bird takes flight - and each time, she flinches and whips around.

Near where BEE sits is the bloodstained spot where CASEY cleaned her hands after discovering SCOTT's body. BEE looks at it with revulsion and moves away.

We see the house - blackened windows. Silent.

BEE paces, looks down at the phone in her hand. The snow crunches under her feet. She settles herself onto the porch steps, the ones that lead up to the patio where the hot tub is located.

She digs into her pocket, pulls out the slip of paper from the game. Opens it. It's blank. She crumples it up, tosses it on the ground.

She looks again at the cabin, black and silent - and then -

The house comes to life. Lights from the kitchen and the living room flood the yard; the hot tub whirrs and bubbles.

For a second, BEE stares, wide-eyed, in disbelief, and then hurriedly looks down at the phone in her hand. She hits power.

The sweetest sound in the world - a dial tone.

Hands shaking, she hits 9 - 1 -

(CONTINUED)

She is interrupted by a high-pitched, piercing, woman's scream.

She hesitates - every fiber in her being is pushing her to run and help whoever is screaming - but she resists.

She stays where she is, and presses 1.

The phone begins to ring. BEE ducks down and crouches under the stairs - an inferior hiding place, but psychologically comforting.

9-11 OPERATOR

9-11, may I have your location, please?

BEE

Yes. Hi. I'm in a cabin, up on Corbin road. It's uh, I think, 7221 Corbin, But I'm not sure about that. I need help -

9-11 OPERATOR

Yes, I have you at 7221 Corbin. What's your emergency?

BEE

There's someone in the house. He's killed my friends. I need the police. I need the police -

9-11 OPERATOR

I'm sending a vehicle on the way to you now. You say someone's --

ASHLEY (O.S.)

Bee! Bee! Help me! Bee --

CASEY (O.S.)

(overlapping)

Bee, help me!

Her scream cuts off abruptly. The 9-11 operator continues talking, inaudibly, as BEE lowers the phone. Trembling, BEE creeps around the steps, to the open basement door.

A shadowy, flickering light comes from inside the basement.

BEE inhales - a long, painful breath.

We see her, in silhouette, from behind - the phone glowing orange in her hand.

BEE enters the basement.

INT. CABIN - BASEMENT - NIGHT

The lights in the basement are off, but the room is lit by a television screen, which is silently playing the climactic scene from *The Cabin in the Woods*.

BEE, holding the phone like a weapon, moves into the unfinished half of the basement.

She passes MATT'S BODY on the stairs, and crosses into the unfinished part of the basement, sees ASHLEY and CASEY, surrounded by the BODIES of SCOTT, DAVID, and LIZ.

ASHLEY is wild-eyed and breathing hard. She is holding a knife in her hand.

CASEY has been stabbed in the arm, and she clutches the wound, blood oozing from beneath her fingers.

They are frozen in a kind of tableau. Their eyes are locked on each other.

ASHLEY

Bee...

CASEY

(simultaneously)

Bee...

BEE

I called the police...they're on their way...let's go...

But neither CASEY nor ASHLEY move a muscle.

BEE

He could come down here any second...we need to hide, we need to get out of here until the police arrive...we need to run.

ASHLEY and CASEY continue staring at each other.

ASHLEY

No one else is here.

CASEY

We're the only ones in the house.

BEE

I don't understand.

But of course she does understand. She just doesn't want to believe it.

(CONTINUED)

ASHLEY

She did it.

CASEY

(simultaneously)

She did it.

BEE

(low moan)

No...

CASEY

She attacked me. She stabbed me!
She was about to kill me right
before you came in!

BEE

No. It wasn't any of us. He's in
the house. He's -

ASHLEY

No, it was her...it was her the
whole time.

CASEY

Bee, listen to me.

ASHLEY

I love you, Bee. Please.

BEE

It doesn't...you're wrong. You're
both wrong. The police are on their
way. It's over. We just have to
wait for the police to come.

CASEY

Ask her who killed Liz.

BEE

He killed Liz! He killed all of
them! All our friends! Stop it! The
police are coming! Please!

CASEY

Not in real life. In the game.

Tears are streaming down BEE's face.

BEE

(wildly)

Who cares about the game?

(CONTINUED)

CASEY

Ask her.

BEE turns a questioning face to ASHLEY in confusion- *why is she asking me this?* - but ASHLEY looks stricken, and she is crying silently.

BEE

Ashley?

ASHLEY

I'm sorry...

BEE

What's happening?...somebody explain!

CASEY

(frighteningly calm)

Who killed Liz during the game, Ashley?

ASHLEY

(whispers)

I did.

CASEY

Why? Were you one of the murderers?
Did you pull an 'x'?

ASHLEY

(barely audible)

No...

CASEY

Then why?

ASHLEY

Because...

CASEY

Why, Ashley?

ASHLEY

Because I wanted Liz and I...to
have a chance to be alone.

BEE

(small voice)

Why?

(CONTINUED)

ASHLEY

I'm sorry, Bee...I'm sorry. It - we were - it happened over the summer. It was over. We'd agreed it was over, it was a mistake. We didn't want to hurt you. Or David.

But I just...I just needed to talk to her about it. All I wanted to do was talk. But all weekend, we couldn't find a chance to be alone. Someone was always there. David or

-

BEE

Or me.

ASHLEY

I didn't mean for anything to happen. But I needed to talk to her! So when I saw her upstairs, I squeezed her arm, and then...I let people think I was the murderer. So that we could go downstairs. Together.

BEE

You lied.

ASHLEY

We went outside for a smoke. We talked -

CASEY

They fought.

ASHLEY

No! We just talked. And then -

CASEY

And then you stabbed her.

ASHLEY

No!

CASEY

It's what happened! She's lying, Bee! I figured it out, just after we turned the lights on, and when I confronted her, she stabbed me! She didn't want to you find out.

(CONTINUED)

BEE
(to Ashley)
Did you?

ASHLEY
No! I mean, yes, I stabbed her. But it's because I figured it out! I figured it out that it had to be her! What happened with me and Liz doesn't matter-

BEE
Stop it! Stop it, both of you! The police will be here any minute!

CASEY
Give her the knife.

ASHLEY
What?

CASEY
Give Bee the knife. Just slide it over to her. And we'll wait until the police arrive.

ASHLEY clutches the knife closer to her chest.

ASHLEY
Bee, I didn't do this. You've got to trust me, baby. You know me.

BEE
Do I?

CASEY
Put the knife down!

ASHLEY
(weakly)
I'm scared.

CASEY
We're all scared! So if you want us to trust you, just put down the knife!

ASHLEY, trembling, begins to offer BEE the knife, and then, terrified, snatches it back.

ASHLEY
I need to know you trust me!

(CONTINUED)

BEE

I don't trust you!

ASHLEY

I know! You trust *her*! And she's a murderer! That's why I can't give you the knife!

BEE

You cheated on me! You lied to me! You've been lying to me since the summer! How could you do this to me? How?

CASEY

It's because she's a liar. But they were all liars, Bee. They lied to me for years. He was running around behind my back, and everybody knew. And they lied to me about it.

ASHLEY

And that's why you killed them!

CASEY

No. But that's how I know you can never know for sure if anyone is telling you the truth. The people you know best can lie to your face, and you will never, ever know.

So don't listen to her, Bee. Tell her to put down the knife, kick it under the couch, there, and, together, we will all wait for the police to come.

ASHLEY

Bee, please. Just listen to me. I know she did it. And I can prove it. You just have to listen!

BEE

I'm tired of listening! I'm tired of arguing, I'm tired of logic, and I'm tired of trying to figure out who to believe! First we knew Matt did it, and then we knew your psycho ex-boyfriend did it, and now you know that Casey did it, but I don't know anything; I'm exhausted and I'm confused and *I am done*.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

BEE (cont'd)

So throw your fucking knife under the couch and we will sit here in silence for the five goddamned minutes it will take the police to get here, *please!*

ASHLEY

Okay. Okay.

ASHLEY lowers the knife to the ground and kicks the knife under the couch. The three girls watch it in silence.

ASHLEY

Now, will you please listen...

BEE

(shrieks)

Shut up!

The three girls sink to a seated position. ASHLEY tries to speak one more time and BEE shoots her a glare and she snaps her mouth shut.

They sit like that for a little while.

From far-off, very faintly, we here the sound of sirens.

ASHLEY exhales hugely

BEE

(to herself)

Oh, thank God.

BEE turns to go up the steps. But then she freezes.

From behind her come the sounds of stabbing - moist, disgusting methodical.

BEE turns around.

We see ASHLEY, on the floor, bleeding from a massive chest wound. The blood pools on the floor, and ASHLEY dies.

CASEY stands over ASHLEY, looking down at her dispassionately. She holds a long, bloody knife - the knife MATT was stabbed with.

BEE

(So dazed she sounds almost calm)

I thought you said you left your knife behind.

(CONTINUED)

CASEY

I lied.

BEE

But...

CASEY

Your cheating ex-girlfriend is a smart girl. Or was. I'm just about to kill her when she turns around and asks me: who were the killers in the game? Who drew the 'x's?

BEE

What?

CASEY

That's what I said! And she goes:

INT. CABIN - BASEMENT - FLASHBACK

Close-up on ASHLEY, holding the knife, confronting CASEY. The camera gets closer and closer to ASHLEY as she speaks. CASEY's voice is overlaid on top of hers.

ASHLEY

(with CASEY's voice overlaid)

It can't have been Liz, because killers can't be killed, and Liz died during the game. The same goes for Scott. It wasn't David, we know that, because we saw the piece of paper, and it wasn't me, even though I squeezed Liz's arm. Matt said it wasn't him, in the kitchen before he died and at that point he'd have had no reason to lie. And so it had to have been you and Bee, but Bee is a terrible liar, and there's no way, if she was the killer, she would've lasted in the game that long.

ASHLEY

(without CASEY's voice on top of hers)

So you're the only one left. But there were supposed to be two killers at the start of the game. Something's wrong.

The camera pulls back to show both girls - ASHLEY with the knife, CASEY with her hands in the air.

(CONTINUED)

ASHLEY

Show me your piece of paper. From
the game.

CASEY slowly reaches into her pocket and draws out a folded piece of paper. She unfolds it and shows it to ASHLEY. It is blank.

CASEY and ASHLEY look at each other, and then they lunge at each other -

Smash cut:

INT. CABIN - LIVING ROOM - EARLIER THAT NIGHT

ASHLEY, BEE, CASEY, DAVID, LIZ, MATT and SCOTT all toasting 'Bodies, Bodies, Bodies' in silence - and then taking their shots - and then CASEY passes around the cup.

CASEY

(Voice-over)

I never put any x's in the cup.

INT. CABIN - BASEMENT - NIGHT

Back to the stand-off between CASEY and BEE.

CASEY

I wanted to be the only murderer. I needed time, to do what I wanted to do. But then Ashley went and killed Liz so that the two of them could hook up behind your back, and that fucked everything up.

BEE

Why...

CASEY

(shrieks, insane)

Because you're all fucking liars!

EXT. CABIN - HOT TUB - EARLIER THAT EVENING

As in the opening, we see the HOT TUB SCENE from far away, in silence, but then the camera turns and we see THE EX, a seedy young man in his twenties, with a similar build to MATT, watching the group - and CASEY, looking uneasy, staring out into the woods

(CONTINUED)

CASEY

(voice over)

He'd been stalking me for months.
Not that any of you cared. Wanting
to tell *his side* of the story. He
knew I'd be here this week. He
followed me up here. And I went
outside and confronted him.

EXT. CABIN - BACKYARD - EARLIER THAT EVENING

From above, in silence: CASEY and THE EX arguing in the snow. At first, their conversation seems calm, but then he begins gesturing more intently, and steps closer to her. She takes out a knife and stabs him.

CASEY

(Voice over)

He told me you were all still
hanging out, behind my back. That
you were pretending to choose me
over him, because you felt guilty,
but that really you were all still
friends. And I believed him.

(beat)

And so I killed him. And then I
killed the rest of them. Because
they lied.

From above: THE EX, bleeding into the snow. Then his body begins to move. He's being dragged.

CASEY

(Voice over)

His body is under the porch. I was
going to tell the police he did it,
but this has taken so long he's
probably ice-cold by now, so I
guess I'll have to pin it on you.

INT. CABIN - BASEMENT - NIGHT

We return to CASEY and BEE's standoff. CASEY looks down at ASHLEY'S BODY.

CASEY

Or her. I'll have to think about
which lie they'll believe.

BEE

No, I don't...

(CONTINUED)

CASEY

(mocking)

You don't *believe* it? Don't you think it's about time to start?

(beat)

I think I'll blame you. I'll tell them you were angry about Liz cheating on you, and you snapped. I'm sure there are phone records and stuff.

BEE

They won't - forensics, and fingerprints -

CASEY

Everybody's fingerprints have been on this knife by now, and I'm a pretty white girl with no criminal record.

(beat)

I'm also a *really* good liar.

She moves on BEE with a knife. BEE shrieks and holds up the phone like it's a weapon.

BEE

Stop!

CASEY rolls her eyes and continues advancing, but then there is a thunderous banging, and the sounds of chaotic activity upstairs.

POLICE OFFICER

(O.S.)

Police!

We hear the sound of footsteps coming closer.

POLICE OFFICER

(O.S.)

Anybody down there?

BEE

Yes -

CASEY

(simultaneously, much more believably)

She has me at knife point! She's threatening to kill me! Don't come any closer!

INT. CABIN - TOP OF THE STAIRS

We see a POLICE OFFICER, in silhouette, gun drawn, frozen at the top of the stairs, hesitating.

CASEY

(O.S.)

Oh, no, Bee, *please don't!*

There is the sound of struggle. The police officer barrels down the stairs, where he finds CASEY standing over BEE with the knife. BEE is bleeding out. Her throat has been slashed. The phone is still clutched in her hands.

CASEY flings the knife away, as though in horror, and rushes towards the policeman, clutching her injured arm.

CASEY

She stabbed me! I got the knife away from her, and - oh, God - she killed them. She killed all my friends! Oh God!

She collapses in hysterical tears. The POLICEMAN, overwhelmed, reaches out a hand to comfort her.

POLICE OFFICER

Shhhhh. Shhhhh. You're safe. It's all over now.

CASEY leans against him, sobbing.

The POLICE OFFICER's radio crackles to life.

DISPATCHER

(On radio)

All units responding to 3421 Corbin. All units. Please be advised. We have 911 on the line.

Just then, BEE's back arches, and she gasps and burbles.

CASEY turns a tear-stained face warily towards her.

The POLICE OFFICER crouches over BEE.

POLICE OFFICER

(Into radio)

Where are the paramedics? We need an ambulance, here, immediately.

BEE tries desperately to say something, but she can't speak through her wounds.

(CONTINUED)

POLICE OFFICER

What's that? What are you trying to say? Tell me what happened!

BEE gasps, and blood bubbles from her throat. Then she thrusts the phone into the officer's hand.

DISPATCHER

(on radio)

Repeat. I've got 911 calling me, telling me they have a dispatcher still on the phone with one of the victims. Saying that someone - not sure I understand this, here - but that someone's not telling the truth. Could one of the officers pick up the the landline? Immediately?

The POLICE OFFICER, stunned, slowly lifts the phone to his ear. He looks at CASEY, and his face changes dramatically as he listens to what is being said.

Then the POLICE OFFICER raises his gun and aims it at CASEY.

CASEY puts her hands in the air.

CASEY

Please - I can explain -

But BEE summons the energy to force out a single, explosive word -

BEE

LIAR!

THE END.