

The Cabin In The Woods

by

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and

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INT. BREAKROOM - MORNING

Steve HADLEY and Richard SITTERSON are workaday white collar joes getting coffee and vending snacks as they chat. Hadley is blandly handsome, Sitterson bordering on nerdy, but they have a sweet rapport.

HADLEY

It's hormonal. I mean, I don't usually fall back on, you know, "it's women's issues"...

SITTERSON

But child-proofed how? Gates and stuff?

HADLEY

No no, dude -- she bought gates, they're stacked up in the hall -- she did the drawers! We're not even sure this fertility thing is gonna work and she's screwed in these little jobbies where you can't open the drawers.

SITTERSON

At all?

HADLEY

They open, like, an inch, then you gotta dig your fingers in and -- it's a nightmare!

SITTERSON

Well, I guess sooner or later --

HADLEY

Later! She did the upper cabinets -- kid won't be able to reach those 'til he's thirty! Assuming, you know: kid.

Hoisting files and, in Sitterson's case, a small white cooler -- the kind that might carry organs -- they exit into:

INT. HALL - CONTINUOUS

It's an anonymous concrete maze. A few other workers pass by as the men talk.

SITTERSON

It's a talisman. It's an offering.

HADLEY

Don't even -- you have women's issues.

SITTERSON

Please. You of all people --

HADLEY

Me of no people! It's a jinx.
Guarantees we won't get pregnant and it
takes me twenty minutes to get a fucking
beer.

Wendy LIN, a nervous woman in a labcoat, joins them.

LIN

Stockholm went south.

SITTERSON

Seriously? I thought they were looking
good.

HADLEY

What cracked?

LIN

I haven't seen the footage; word's just
going around.

HADLEY

That scenario's never been stable. You
can't trust... what do you call people
from Stockholm?

SITTERSON

Stockholders?

Hadley points at him, 'oh no you didn't' making a big

HADLEY

Haaah!

LIN

That means there's just Japan. Japan and
us.

HADLEY

Not the first time it's come down to
that.

SITTERSON

Japan has a perfect record.

HADLEY

And we're number two so we try harder.

LIN

It's cutting it close.

They turn a corner and find a row of golf carts at the end of a long, featureless hall. The boys hop in.

HADLEY

That's why it's in the hands of professionals.

SITTERSON

They hired professionals? What happens to us?

LIN

You guys better not be messing around in there.

SITTERSON

Does this mean you're not in the betting pool this year? Big money...

LIN

I'm just saying it's a key scenario.

HADLEY

I know what you're saying. '98 was the chem department's fault. And where do you work again? Wait, it's coming back to me...

He peels out, Sitterson trying not to spill his coffee. We stay with them...

HADLEY (CONT'D)

Gonna be a long weekend if everybody's that puckered up. Hey, you want to come over Monday night? I'm gonna pick up a couple power drills and liberate my cabinets --

Very suddenly there is a horribly loud musical sting and a smash cut to titles:

THE CABIN IN THE WOODS

EXT. COLLEGE TOWN - DAY

The horrible sound gives way to jaunty rock. We see a street with a good, boho student vibe, not unSanFranciscolike. Arm is on a nice three story townhouse and into the second story window of:

INT. DANA'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

DANA POLK, a thoughtful, attractive college sophomore. Her room is like her: restrained and well ordered, but with funky touches of color and whimsy. A few sketches and watercolors of her own dot the walls as well.

Dana is in shirt and undies, packing for a trip and bopping softly to the music, which now comes from her little stereo. She does that singing-along thing where you start to sing too soon, looks sheepish even though she's alone.

She takes a couple of political science textbooks, drops them in her suitcase. Crosses to grab some art supplies, including a battered sketchbook. She pauses, flipping through her sketches -- which aren't bad -- til she gets to a portrait of a handsome thirtysomething man with longish hair and glasses.

CLOSE ON Dana staring sadly at the picture when Julie "JULES" Louden comes into frame next to her. Jules is bubbly, sexy and as of ten minutes ago, blonde.

JULES

What a piece of shit.

DANA

(not looking up)
I was in a hurry.

JULES

You know what I mean. Why haven't you stuck that asshole's picture on the dart board yet?

DANA

It's not that simp -- oh my God your hair!

JULES

Very fabulous, no?

DANA

I can't believe you did it!

JULES

But very fabulous, right -- hurry up with the very fabulous, I'm getting insecure about it now.

DANA

Oh God, no, it's awesome! It looks really natural, and it's great with your skin. I just didn't think you were gonna --

JULES

Impulse. I woke up this morning and thought "I want to have more fun. Who is it that has more fun?"

DANA

Curt's gonna lose it.

JULES

He'll have more fun too. And so will you --

(plucks the pad from Dana)
-- while we are burning this picture.

DANA

(grabbing back)
I'm not ready to -- seriously, this isn't his fault.

JULES

What's not his fault? Being thirty eight and married, fucking his student or breaking up with her by e-mail?

DANA

I knew what I was getting into.

JULES

Right: Dana Polk, Homewrecker. Please. You know what you're getting into this weekend?

She holds up Dana's bikini from her open drawer.

JULES (CONT'D)

This. And if Holden's as cute as Curt says he is, possibly getting out of it.

DANA

That's the last thing -- if you guys treat this like a set-up I'm gonna have no fun at all.

JULES

(crossing to the suitcase)
I'm not pushing. But we're packing this. Which means we definitely won't have room for --

She pulls the text books out.

DANA

Oh come on, what if I'm bored?

JULES

These'll help? "Soviet Economic Structures"? "Aftermath of the Cultural..." No! We have a lake! And a keg! We are girls on the verge of going wild -- Look at my hair, woman!

DANA

It is great...

CURT

Think fast!

CURT Vaughan is Jules's boyfriend and yes, that's a letterman jacket he's wearing and yes, that's a football he's throwing right at the girls.

REVERSE on them yeeeping and flinching as the ball goes right between them and out the window.

CURT (CONT'D)

Well, faster than that...

JULES

Curt!

Dana moves to look out the window, is in time to see:

ANGLE: DOWN ON THE STREET

Curt's friend HOLDEN McCrea rushes into the street and catches the ball, a slowing car bumping his leg. It's an impressive catch.

HOLDEN

Yes!

(to the driver)

Sorry. Sorry. Move along.

ANGLE ON: the two girls at the window, Curt behind Jules, all looking out.

CURT

Niiice!

DANA

Is that Holden?

CURT

(calling)

Come on up!

(to the girls)

Transferred from State. Best hands on the team. He's a sweet guy.

JULES

(to Dana, archly)

And he's good with his hands...

CURT

That's nothing. Watch this:

He grabs Jules's boobs from behind.

CURT(CONT'D)

Oh my god! Both at once! I'm like some kind of Olympian God!

JULES

(wriggling free)

Olympian wad...

CURT

(to Dana, shyly)

I'm sort of seeing this girl, but, uh, you're way blonder than she is, and I was thinking we could... what is this?

He pries the books from Jules.

CURT(CONT'D)

What are these? What are you doing with these?

DANA

Okay, I get it, I'll --

CURT

(to Jules, ignoring Dana)

Where did you get these? Who taught you about these?

JULES

(ala PSA:)

I learned it from you, okay?

In mock weep, she flees the room. Curt holds the first book up to Dana.

CURT

Seriously? Professor Bennett covers this whole book in his lectures.

(MORE)

CURT (CONT'D)

Read the Gurovsky; it's way more interesting and Bennett doesn't know it by heart so he'll think you're insightful. And you have no pants.

He tosses the books back on the bed, calling out to:

CURT (CONT'D)

Holden! Crazy mad skills of catching!

Dana, panicked, hoists her jeans on, heading out after Curt into:

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jules is opening the door for Holden, and he's even better looking up close. Less of a wild man than Curt.

HOLDEN

You laid it in my hands, I did but hold them out.

He tosses it back to Curt and grabs his weekend duffle bag, entering.

JULES

Hey, I'm Jules.

HOLDEN

Hi. Man, Curt did not exaggerate.

JULES

(pleased)

That's a first...

CURT

Dude, this is Dana.

DANA

Hey.

HOLDEN

(shakes her hand)

Holden. Really nice to meet you and thank you guys for letting me crash your weekend. I'll just put a disclaimer up front: you don't have to explain any of your in-jokes. I'll probably be drunk and think they're funny anyway. Should I have left out the part about being drunk?

CURT

With hindsight, yeah.

HOLDEN

Damn. Can I help anybody carry anything?

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE - A BIT LATER

Holden is dumping Jules's last suitcase (she has overpacked) into the RAMBLER, the trailer Curt owns, with the dirt-bike attached to the rear. Dana's inside, takes it from him (polite smile between them) as he turns back to Jules and a bag-laden Curt.

HOLDEN

That pretty much it?

CURT

Fuckin' better be! Jules, it's a weekend, not an evacuation.

JULES

Trust me when I say there is nothing in those cases you won't be glad I brought.

CURT

I'm shuttin' right up.

DANA

(looking off)

Oh my god...

ANGLE: A CAR has just finished parking. Martin "MARTY" Mikalski is getting out of the driver's seat while smoking a huge bong. It's difficult to maneuver, but definitely not his first time.

His friends instantly look around for, oh, say, police...

JULES

Marty...

CURT

Fuck is wrong with you, bro?

MARTY

People in this town drive in a very counterintuitive manner, and that's what I have to say.

CURT

Do you want to spend the weekend in jail? 'cause we'd all like to check out my cousin's country home and not get boned in the ass by a huge skinhead.

JULES

Marty, honey, that's not okay.

MARTY

Statistical fact: cops will never pull over a man with a huge bong in his car. Why? They fear this man. They know he sees farther than they and he will bind them with ancient logics.

(staring at Jules's hair)

Have you gone grey?

CURT

You're not bringing that thing in the rambler.

MARTY

A giant bong, in your father's van?

He pours the water out. Removes the bowl, sticks it in a little holder inside the tube and telescopes the entire thing down, pulls a lid off the bottom and pops it on the top, making it look exactly like a can of Fresca.

MARTY (CONT'D)

What are you, stoned?

As Holden raises his eyebrows and Jules rolls her eyes Marty hops in, calling out:

MARTY (CONT'D)

(from inside van)

Dana! You fetching minx! Do you have any food?

INT./EXT. VAN - A BIT LATER

The key is turned, the gas stepped on. Curt looks in the rear view at his peeps.

CURT

Everybody ready?

General assent.

CURT (CONT'D)

Then let's get this show on the road!

ANGLE: FROM UP HIGH we see the rambler rolling off into the distance. The camera arms up to watch it go, the side of the building in frame.

It reaches the roof and pans over as we find a group of six men in Clean Room Suits standing silently. After a beat, one speaks into his earpiece.

CLEAN MAN

Nest is empty, we are right on time.

A beat, then he circles his finger in the air, scrambling the men to pick up cases and head for the door to the stairwell.

CLEAN MAN (CONT'D)

Go for clean-up. Go, go, go.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - DAY

A thick metal door (not vault-sized, but impressive) wheezes open, a military guard standing behind it. His name is Alex TRUMAN, and his exact military affiliation is unclear. He is upright, exacting, and pretty new at all this.

TRUMAN

Identification, please.

REVERSE on Sitterson and Hadley as they pull off their badges and swipe them over Truman's handheld reader. He confirms:

TRUMAN (CONT'D)

Mister Sitterson, Mister Hadley, thank you. Please come in.

The control room has two levels. On the lower level are a couple of tables with built-in monitors and phones. The upper level, behind, is a wonderland of screens, switches and dials, with two rolling chairs for Sitterson and Hadley to move about in. On the far wall, over the lower space, are three big screens, also off. The place resembles a movie mixing stage, or a tiny Houston Control.

Hadley and Sitterson make their way up, talking with Truman.

HADLEY

What's your name?

TRUMAN

Alex Truman, sir.

HADLEY

Well, this isn't the army, Truman, so you can drop the "sir". But Sitterson does like to be called "ma'am".

SITTERSON

(sliding the cooler under a counter)

Or "Honey Toes".

HADLEY

He will also answer to "Honey Toes". Are you clear on what's gonna be happening here?

TRUMAN

I've been prepped extensively.

HADLEY

And did they tell you that being prepped is not the same as being prepared?

TRUMAN

They told me. I'll hold my post, Mister Hadley. I'll see it through.

HADLEY

Not much else you gotta do. Stand watch, check I.D.'s, shouldn't be a lot more than that. And you have to get us coffee.

TRUMAN

They also told me you would try and make me get you coffee.

HADLEY

Balls.

(quieter, indicating Sitterson)

Can you make him get us coffee? With your gun?

TRUMAN

And that you would try to make me do that.

SITTERSON

(from off camera)

It wasn't funny last time, either!

Hadley is shrugging, hitting a bank of switches on the wall that audibly powers up the control room. He crosses to his chair and starts flipping switches there as well.

Sitterson is already entering data into a computer, locking and testing knobs and levers.

Sitterson rolls to another bank of controls, flips the cover off a row of buttons.

SITTERSON(CONT'D)

Let's light this candle, boys. Up is go on your command.

The screens all come to white, blank life, their light brightening the dim room.

EXT. RAMBLER - DAY

It trucks along an old road, nothing but brush visible.

INT. RAMBLER - CONTINUOUS

The gang is in mid-ride, clearly a couple hours in. Curt is still driving. Jules, riding shotgun, is checking both a map and the GPS. Marty sits at the little table, cautiously rolling an elegant, filtered row of joints. Dana sits with him, Holden in the bathroom with the door open, where we can see they've stashed a keg. He's filling three cups.

JULES

I hope this is the right road, 'cause right now it looks like the only road.

CURT

What about that thing we crossed back there?

JULES

Doesn't even show on the GPS. It's unworthy of global positioning.

DANA

It must feel horrible...

MARTY

That's the whole point. Get off the grid. No cellphone reception, no markers, no traffic cameras... go somewhere for one goddamn weekend where they can't globally position my ass. This is the whole issue.

JULES
(heard this before)
Is society crumbling, Marty?

MARTY
Society is binding. It's filling in the cracks with concrete. No cracks to slip through. Everything is recorded, filed, blogged, chips in our kids so they don't get lost -- society needs to crumble. We're all too chickenshit to let it.

JULES
I've missed your rants.

He grins at her, holds up a gorgeous joint.

MARTY
You will come to see things my way.

JULES
I can't wait. Is that the secret stash?

MARTY
The secret secret stash. I haven't told my other stash about it because it would become jealous.

DANA
(pointing ahead)
A sign. Up there.

JULES
(turns back)
Yes. And... okay, left. Bear left.

CURT
You sure?

JULES
Not even a little bit.

Holden brings up beers for Curt, Jules and Dana, who smiles at him shyly.

HOLDEN
What is this place exactly?

CURT
Country home my cousin bought. He's crazy for real estate, found this place in the middle of nowhere, it's like civil war era, seriously.

JULES

There's a lake, and woods everywhere...
we saw some beautiful pictures.

(to Dana)

You will be doing some serious drawing.
No portraits of pedophiles...

Dana gives her a 'shut up' look.

HOLDEN

(settling by Dana)

You're an art major?

DANA

Art and political science.

HOLDEN

Ooh, triple threat.

DANA

(after a small beat)

That's only two things.

HOLDEN

Yes, a double... threat that sounds weird
-- let's just say I find you threatening.

CURT

I thought you were dropping art.

JULES

Uh, no, never mind...

Jules swats Curt, gives him a look.

DANA

I'm switching a few courses.

HOLDEN

How come?

CURT

For no reason! For very good reasons
that don't exist. Hey look, trees!

MARTY

We have patterns. Societially. The
beautimous Dana fell into one of the
oldest patterns and we are here to burn
it away and pour ash into the grooves it
has etched in her brain. Cover the
tracks and set her feet on new ground.

HOLDEN

(to Dana)

Is it okay if I didn't follow that?

DANA

I'd take it as a favor.

CURT

Gas!

They all look ahead.

CURT (CONT'D)

Gas. And maybe someone who knows where we actually are.

EXT/INT. GAS STATION

It is as decrepit and abandoned looking as it can be. An old pump squats in front of a monument to rust, windows clouded with grime.

ANGLE: FROM INSIDE through the windows we see the rambler pull up. The inside of this place doesn't look any more inviting than the outside. Once upon a time things were fixed and goods were sold in here, but not of late.

The kids pile out, stretching, looking about. Curt and Marty examine the pump.

CURT

I'm thinking this thing doesn't take credit cards.

MARTY

I don't think it knows about money. I think it's barter gas.

Curt moves a pace to see if anyone is around.

ANGLE: HOLDEN is inside, moving slowly toward the back. We hear Curt's offscreen:

CURT

Hello?

But no reply. Holden keeps walking, tracing his finger along the countertop.

CLOSE ON: HIS FINGER trailing a line of clear glass into the grime.

ANGLE: THE GIRLS

Are making their way nimbly around back.

JULES

Because I hate going in the Rambler!

DANA

You think the toilet here's gonna be better?

JULES

I don't like to pee when all my friends are two feet away from me. I'm quirky. At least this has gotta be HOAH!

They stop, staring in horror.

REVERSE ON: THE BATHROOM. It's just as horrible as it could be. The door off, the room tiny -- the walls stained with what might be actual slime. The toilet is lidless, broken and filled with brownish sludge.

A weird little gurgle comes from it.

Dana moves forward, brow furrowed. She leans in and looks down.

In the toilet, a scorpion struggles, drowning in the fetid muck.

ANGLE: HOLDEN is heading back outside. We're behind him, and through the open doorway we can see Curt and Marty trying to figure out how to work the pump.

HOLDEN

I don't think there's gonna be any --

The ATTENDANT fills the doorway, having come around from the outside. He speaks as he appears, over the surge of music and Holden's shocked jump --

ATTENDANT

You come in here uninvited?

HOLDEN

(over this)

Fuck!

The attendant is old, weathered, and creepy as hell. One eyeball is hideously red, tobacco chaw spills over his stained lips, and he carries a permanent scowl of disgust.

HOLDEN (CONT'D)

Dude....

ATTENDANT

Sign says closed.

Curt is making his way over to him, Marty judiciously hanging back.

CURT

We were looking to buy some gas? Does this pump work?

ATTENDANT

Works if you know how to work it...

But he doesn't move to help. The girls come around, no more anxious to get close once they've seen him than Marty was.

HOLDEN

We also wanted to get directions...

CURT

Yeah, we're looking for...

(to Jules)

...what is it?

JULES

(coming forward)

Tillerman Road? Do you know if it's this way?

The attendant looks at her, the name registering. She kind of wriggles under his gaze.

ATTENDANT

(mutters)

What a waste.

He starts ambling toward the pump, pulling out a ring of keys and unlocking a latch.

ATTENDANT (CONT'D)

Tillerman Road takes you up into the hills. Dead ends at the old Buckner place.

CURT

(to Jules)

Is that the name of --

JULES

There wasn't a name...

The attendant sticks the nozzle in the rambler's gas tank. The numbers on the pump start going up manually (like they used to back when), but creak to a stop almost immediately.

CURT

(to the attendant)

My cousin bought a house up there, you go through a mountain tunnel, there's a lake, would that be...

ATTENDANT

Buckner place. Always someone looking to sell that plot.

(bad, bad smile)

Always some fool looking to buy.

JULES

You knew the original owners?

ATTENDANT

Not the first. But I've seen plenty come and go. Been here since the war.

JULES

Which war?

ATTENDANT

(flaring up)

You know damn well which war!

She takes a step back, freaked. Dana takes her arm.

MARTY

Would that have been with the blue, and some in grey? Brother, perhaps fighting against brother in that war?

ATTENDANT

You sassin' me, boy?

MARTY

You were rude to my friend.

The attendant stops for a second, not expecting this guy to have come back at him. Glances at Jules, mutters:

ATTENDANT

That whore?

Curt is about to clock him but Holden puts a hand to Curt's chest, steps forward.

HOLDEN

I think we've got enough gas.

ATTENDANT

Enough to get you there. Gettin' back's your own concern.

He pulls out the nozzle as the gang moves back in, Curt contemptuously throwing a twenty at the guy's feet.

MARTY

Good luck with your business. I know the railroad's comin' through here any day now, gonna be big. Streets paved with... actual street.

(to himself)

Fucker.

ANGLE: THE RAMBLER'S TIRE

Spins in the sand and takes the heap right out of there, cruising down the road.

The attendant watches, spits chaw. Watches.

EXT. WOODS - DAY

A helicopter shot floats over the Rambler as it winds through an endless expanse of firs, finally consumed by them.

EXT. MOUNTAIN TUNNEL - AFTERNOON

The Rambler comes up the side of a steep drop-off. We see Jules in the passenger seat smiling...

JULES

Guys, take a look...

And we pan with the vehicle as it enters the mountain tunnel, slowing down a bit -- it's a tight fit. The camera moves up the mountainside, looking down to see the Rambler come out the other end.

A bird comes from behind camera, flying directly above the tunnel. About halfway across it hits an invisible barrier and falls in a shower of sparks as for one moment an electrical grid seems to appear where it struck, before sparking away into nothing.

EXT. CABIN/INT.VAN - AFTERNOON

There's no audio but music as the kids all crowd the front of the van to look at their vacation spot. The lake appears up ahead, sun rippling over the water, and they look and point, talking a bit.

Finally the camera races through the forest and finds the cabin. It squats uninvitingly, a fairly ramshackle -- though not overly rustic -- single story structure. Windows on either side of the door, not unlike closed eyes.

The van pulls up and the kids come out, more slowly than they did at the gas station, taking it in. Dana's a little entranced, Holden curious, Curt pumped, Jules mildly excited, Marty wary.

JULES

Oh my god, it's beautiful!
 (to Curt, sotto voce)
 One spider and I'm sleeping in the
 Rambler. I mean it. Uno spidar-o.

MARTY

(to himself)
 This house is talking a blue streak...

As the boys start unloading the keg, Dana approaches the front door... slowly turns the knob...

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

She enters the living room. It's also, if you turn to the right, the kitchen; the stove is a classic old wood-burning Kalamazoo Wonder, the sink clearly retro-fitted. The decor is sparse and antlered. A wolf's head is mounted on one wall.

A hall goes down the middle, with two bedrooms on either side. Dana makes her way around the room as the rest of the gang pours in.

CURT

Oh, this is awesome!

JULES

It is kinda cool. You gonna kill us a raccoon to eat?

CURT

(nodding)
 I will use its skin to make a cap.

Jules runs down to the hall, to look in the rooms, grabbing a doorknob --

JULES

Dibs on whichever room is -- OW!

She pulls her finger back -- it's cut, slightly on the tip, a little blood welling up.

JULES (CONT'D)

Curt, your cousin's house attacked me.

CURT

I smell lawsuit...

HOLDEN

When was your last tetanus shot?

JULES

Thanks, that's very comforting.

CURT

Jules is pre-med. She knows there's no coming back from this.

(stroking her hair)

I'll miss you, baby. I'll miss your shiny new hair.

Dana looks over at Marty, who stands in the doorway, looking around warily.

DANA

Marty? Are you planning on coming in?

He looks around, not ready to make his move.

INT. HOLDEN'S ROOM -- AFTERNOON

Holden throws his bag on his bed, which squeaks appallingly. He looks around the decrepit -- but not entirely un-homey -- room, focusses on a picture opposite the bed.

ANGLE: THE PICTURE is like 19th century print, but it's of a hunting party with machetes and dogs tearing a lamb to pieces and, upon close examination, is repulsive.

HOLDEN

Yeah, I don't think so.

He takes the picture off the wall, camera follows him as he leans it on the floor, comes back up to find Dana staring at him blankly through a hole in the wall. Once again, he jumps.

HOLDEN (CONT'D)

Wow. I've heard about the walls being thin, but --

She bares her teeth at him. He stops, not getting what's going on at all, then as she starts picking between them, he gets it. Moves forward and puts his hand to the one-way mirror between them.

HOLDEN (CONT'D)

No way...

He watches her for a bit, first amused, then a little hypnotised. She really is kind of beautiful. She musses her hair a little, gives up, grinning at her own vanity. Moves to her bed and starts unbuttoning her shirt.

HOLDEN (CONT'D)

Oh shit, ah no, ahh...

He bobs back and forth between this golden opportunity and common human (yawn) decency. Moves away from the hole, out of frame. Moves back.

Finally bangs on the wall, ducking his head just as she's about to take it off --

HOLDEN (CONT'D)

(calls through)

Hold up!

INT. HOLDEN'S ROOM/HALL/DANA'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The gang is all in there, checking it out.

JULES

You have got to be kidding me.

DANA

That's just creepy.

MARTY

It was pioneer days; people had to make their own interrogation rooms. Out of cornmeal.

HOLDEN

(touches the edge)

This from the... seventies, judging by the weathering. Who did your cousin buy this place from?

CURT

We should check the rest of the rooms. Make sure this is the only one.

(to Jules)

You know Marty wants to watch us pounding away.

MARTY

(wincing)

I didn't even like hearing that.

JULES

(as they exit)

Don't be an ape, Curt.

He makes ape noises off screen. Dana is still staring at the glass.

HOLDEN

How about we switch?

(she turns to him)

Not that I'd... I mean I'll put the picture back but you might feel better if we switched rooms.

DANA

I really would.

He grabs his bag and they head out as she says:

DANA (CONT'D)

Thanks for... being decent.

HOLDEN

Least I could do, since Curt and Jules have sold you to me for marriage.

She makes cringe face.

DANA

They're not subtle.

HOLDEN

I'm just here to relax. And so can you.

DANA

Yeah, I'm not looking for... But I'm still grateful that you're not a creep.

HOLDEN

Hey, let's not jump to any conclusions there. I had kind of an internal debate about showing you the mirror. Shouting on both sides, blood was spilled...

In her (now his) room, he dumps his stuff and she grabs hers.

DANA

So you're bleeding internally.

HOLDEN

Pretty bad.

DANA

Well, Jules is the doctor-in-training. You should probably talk to her.

HOLDEN

Yeah.

Dana exits, clearly frustrated with her lame exit line. She enters her new room and, dropping her luggage, moves to put the picture back. She's stopped by the sight of Holden, also looking a little frustrated. A moment, and he pulls his shirt over his head. He's in pretty good shape. He pulls his bathing suit out of his bag, starts unbuttoning his pants --

DANA

Uhhh... ah! God!

Sheepishly, she grabs the picture and replaces it. Takes a moment to look at the slaughtered lamb scene...

DANA (CONT'D)

Yeah, I don't think so.

We cut to a high and wide of her placing a little blanket over the picture, and suddenly the frame is that of a monitor, as we pull back to see:

INT. CONTROL ROOM

...we're watching Dana on a MONITOR. And as we continue to PULL OUT, we see MORE MONITORS. ON THE SCREENS: we see a surveillance view of Holden in his room...

...and Marty in his room... and Jules with Curt... In fact --

ALL THE MONITORS on the control bank are now lit up, each showing different views of the cabin and surrounding area. Sitterson rolls into frame on his office chair, looking the screens over --

SITTERSON

All right -- places everyone -- we are live --

Hadley stares at DANA'S MONITOR. Keys the microphone in front of him --

HADLEY

Engineering, we've got a room change. Polk is now in Two, McCrea's in Four. Story department -- you copy? We'll need a scenario adjustment...

VOICE

(over speaker)
Have it back to you in fifteen...

Sitterson glances up as --

SITTERSON

Ms. Lin!

-- Wendy Lin enters the area, clipboard under her arm. Sitterson wheels himself towards her.

LIN

We've got bloodwork back on Louden.

ANGLE: ON A MONITOR is JULES, going through her stuff.

LIN(CONT'D)

Her levels are good -- but we're recommending a fifty milligram increase of Rhohtase to increase libido.

SITTERSON

(nods)
Sold.

LIN

Do we pipe it in or do you wanna do it orally?

SITTERSON

(closes his eyes)
Ask me that again only slower.

LIN

You're a pig. Guess how we're slowing
down her cognition.

(off his not asking)

The hair dye.

SITTERSON

(impressed)

The dumb blonde. That's artistic.

LIN

Works into the blood through the scalp,
very gradual.

(to Hadley)

The Chem Department keeps their end up.

HADLEY

(not looking up)

I'll see it when I believe it.

And ANOTHER VOICE rings out over the speakers --

SECOND VOICE

Control?

HADLEY

Go ahead.

SECOND VOICE

I have the Harbinger on line two...

Hadley and Sitterson share a glance. Sitterson holds up
his hands -- don't look at me. This is all yours...

HADLEY

Christ. Can you take a message?

SECOND VOICE

*Uh... I don't think so. He's really
pushy.*

(beat)

To be honest, he's kinda freaking me out.

HADLEY

(looks to the other two...)

Yeaaaahh. Okay, put him through --

Hadley hits a button on his keyboard --

HADLEY (CONT'D)

(into mic)

Mordecai! How's the weather up top?

YET ANOTHER VOICE
The lambs have passed through the gate...

EXT. GAS STATION

The ATTENDANT (who, it turns out, is named MORDECAI) speaks into the gas station payphone --

OLD MAN
 ...They are come to the killing floor.

INT. CONTROL ROOM

Hadley nods, moves to hang up --

HADLEY
 Yeah, you did great out there. By the numbers; started us off right. We'll talk to you later, oka--

ATTENDANT (O.S.)
Their blind eyes see nothing of the horrors to come. Their ears are stopped; they are God's fools.

HADLEY
 (hangs his head)
 Well, that's how it works.

ATTENDANT (O.S.)
Cleanse them. Cleanse the world of their ignorance and sin. Bathe them in the crimson of --
 (pause)
 Am I on speakerphone?

HADLEY
 No, no of course not.

ATTENDANT (O.S.)
Yes I am. I can hear the echo. Take me off. Now.

Sitterson starts laughing. He clamps his hands down over his mouth to keep quiet. Lin keeps mostly cool...

HADLEY
 Okay, sorry.

ATTENDANT (O.S.)
I'm not kidding. It's rude. I don't know who's in the room.

HADLEY

Fine. There -- you're off speakerphone.

OLD MAN (O.S.)

(not off speakerphone)

Thank you.

Sitterson's nearly crying now --

OLD MAN (CONT'D)

Don't take this lightly, boy. It wasn't all by your 'numbers'; the Reveller nearly derailed the invocation with his insolence. Your futures are murky; you'd do well to heed my--

(beat)

I'm still on speakerphone, aren't I?

That does it. Everyone loses it -- even Truman is grinning. As the room erupts with laughter --

HADLEY

No. You're not. I promise.

OLD MAN

Yes I am!

(furious)

Who is that? Who's laughing?

Sitterson pounds his head on the console, he's laughing so hard. Off which --

EXT. DOCK - DAY

Footsteps ring out as Dana and Holden race down the wooden dock. They're both in their swimsuits, running at top speed. As they reach the end, they dive into the lake --

DANA

(as she emerges from the water)

OH! Cold! That's what cold feels like --

HOLDEN

Fight through the pain. It's worth it. I'm nearly convinced it's worth it.

Reverse on Curt, Jules, and Marty (all also in swimwear except Marty, who at least has bare feet and rolled-up pants) as they casually walk down the dock --

JULES

(to Dana and Holden)
Does it seem fresh? Lotta funky diseases
sitting in stagnant lake water.

DANA

What? This water?
(takes a gulp of the lake
water)
This water's delicious.

HOLDEN

Oh my god, she's right --
(cups it into his mouth)
It tastes like... vitamins. And hope.

DANA

C'mon Jules -- life is risk.

JULES

Yeah, I might just risk lying out in the
sun for a while.

Curt steps to the edge of the dock, face falling as he
looks into the water --

CURT

What is that?

DANA

What?

CURT

In the lake. I swear to god I...

DANA

Yeah, right...

CURT

(scared)
No, seriously. Right there. Don't you
see it? There. It looks just like --

He puts his hand on Jules back --

CURT (CONT'D)

My girlfriend.

And with that, he shoves Jules straight into the lake.
Splash!

JULES

(as she surfaces)
Oh! Oh my god! I'm gonna kill you!

Curt points at another part of the lake --

CURT

Look -- there's something else in the lake --

He jumps out right where he was pointing -- SPLASH -- as he surfaces --

CURT (CONT'D)

It's a gorgeous man!

JULES

(swimming over to him)

You are so dead --

He laughs as she tries to dunk him --

CURT

Don't kill the gorgeous man! They're endangered!

Dana laughs, looks up at Marty --

DANA

Marty -- get in here --

MARTY

Nah, man. I'm cool. Just seeing the sights...

He sits down on the edge of the dock, dangles his feet in the water. Leans back. High as the proverbial kite --

MARTY (CONT'D)

Just seeing the sights.

And with that, we CUT WIDE ON THE LAKE. On the horizon, the sun is just starting to set. We HOLD ON THIS TABLEAU as the kids splash and laugh and frolic in the lake.

For a moment, all is right with the world.

INT. CONTROL ROOM

WHUMP! A large wad of CASH slams down onto the console. Widen to reveal Sitterson -- for some reason he's holding large wads of cash. As he steps up onto the console --

SITTERSON

Last chance to post! C'mon people, dig deep. Betting windows are about to close!

The room is bustling with activity. Several people are clustered around Hadley, thrusting papers and cash in his face, everybody talking over each other --

HADLEY
(to Sitterson)
Who's still out?

Sitterson looks at his clipboard --

SITTERSON
I got Engineering, I got R&D, I got
Electrical --

HADLEY
Did you see who they picked? They're
practically giving their money away.

SITTERSON
Yeah, you're one to talk, Aquaman.

A TECHNICIAN in a labcoat hands her form to Sitterson.
As he looks at it --

SITTERSON (CONT'D)
I'm not even sure we have one of these...

TECHNICIAN
Zoology swears we do.

SITTERSON
(shrugs, takes her money)
Well, they'd know.

Across the room, A YOUNG GUY who looks a lot like an
INTERN hands his form to Hadley --

HADLEY
(re: form)
No no -- they've already been picked.

INTERN
(angry)
What? Who took 'em?

HADLEY
Maintenance.

INTERN
Maintenance! They pick the same thing
every year.

HADLEY

What do you want from me? If they were creative, they wouldn't be in Maintenance. If you win, you're gonna have to split it. You wanna switch?

INTERN

(thinks, then)

Nah. Leave it. I got a feeling on this one.

Lin is off to the side, where Truman stands at attention, stoically watching the proceedings.

LIN

Not betting?

TRUMAN

Not for me, thanks.

LIN

Seems a little harsh, doesn't it. It's just people letting off steam.

(looks at Hadley and Sitterson)

This job isn't easy, however those clowns may behave.

TRUMAN

Does The Director... do they know about it downstairs?

HADLEY

(joining them)

The Director doesn't concern himself with stuff like this. Long as everything goes smoothly upstairs and the kids do... what they're told...

TRUMAN

But then it's a fixed.

(off their looks)

How can you wager on this when you control the outcome?

Hadley glances up at the monitors. ON THE SCREENS -- we see Dana, Holden, Jules, Curt, and Marty crossing through the cabin, heading towards the living room.

HADLEY

No no. We just get 'em to the cellar, Truman. They take it from there.

SITTERSON

They have to make the choice of their own free will. Otherwise, system doesn't work. Like the harbinger: creepy old fuck practically wears a sign saying "YOU WILL DIE", why would we put him there? The system. They have to choose to ignore him. They have to choose what happens in the cellar. Yeah, we rig the game as much as we have to but in the end, if they don't transgress...

Hadley counts the money --

HADLEY

...they can't be punished. Last chance, Truman. Window's closing.

TRUMAN

I'm fine.

HADLEY

(yells to the crowd)
All right! That's it, gang. The board is locked.

He hands the rest of the money to Sitterson, who elams it on the pile with the rest of the cash.

SITTERSON

(looking at screens)
Let's get this party started!

INT. CABIN - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Curt pumps the keg, sprays beer into a plastic cup as Jules puts on a song --

CURT

Let's get this party started!

He hands the beer to Jules, who dances through frame in time to the music pumping out of the stereo.

HOLDEN

Oh, I've played before -- I don't really get the third part.

DANA

Well that's our own thing.

JULES

It takes it to a whole new level.

HOLDEN

Okay, whose turn... Marty. Truth or Dare
or... Lecture.

MARTY

I could go for a lecture.

HOLDEN

(the pressure's on)
Perfect. Lecture.

MARTY

Wait, hang on --

He a grabs a joint, lights it, and takes a massive hit.
But he doesn't exhale. He just looks at Holden -- all
right, bring it on...

HOLDEN

(lecture mode)
Marty Mikalski, you are... squandering
your potential.

Marty nods -- true.

HOLDEN (CONT'D)

You've... anesthetized yourself to the
outside world; you're hiding in a womb
made of reefer. It's time you "gave
birth" to the real Marty.

(to the others, into it)

I think he'll find there's more to life
than getting high.

Marty exhales a huge cloud of smoke as the group
applauds.

MARTY

(genuine)
Thank you for opening my eyes to whatever
it was you just said.

(then)

Jules! Truth or Dare or Lecture.

JULES

Let's go dare!

MARTY

All right.

(thinks)

I dare you to make out with --

CURT

...please say Dana, please say Dana...

MARTY

-- that moose over there.

Everyone turns, looks to where he's pointing. MOUNTED ON THE WALL is the large, snarling WOLF'S HEAD. For the record, it couldn't look less like a moose.

DANA

Um, Marty... have you seen a moose before?

MARTY

Whatever that mysterious beast is --

CURT

It's a wolf.

HOLDEN

Yeah, it's a wolf.

MARTY (CONT'D)

I'm living in a womb of reefer, leave me alone.

(then)

Jules, I dare you to make out with the wolf.

Jules nods, takes a drink, hops to her feet.

JULES

No problem.

The group cheers. As Jules makes her way across the cabin, she drops her hips a bit, adding a sultry swagger to her step.

WOLF'S POV: We're looking out at the cabin as Jules walks right by us. And just as she's about to exit frame, she stops in her tracks. Looks over at us.

She glances over her shoulder. Bashful. Looks back at us wolf, points to her chest.

JULES (CONT'D)

Who? Me?

(pretends to listen, then)

I am new in town, how did you know?

Everyone laughs, cheering her on. But Jules pretends they're not even there -- it's just her and the wolf.

She blushes, twirls her hair around her finger --

JULES (CONT'D)

(to the wolf)

Oh my god, that is so sweet of you to say. I just colored it, in fact...

(MORE)

JULES (CONT'D)

(then)

Yes I'd love a drink, thank you.

She steps towards the wolf, then acts like she trips --

JULES (CONT'D)

Whoops --

(looks towards the ground)

I seem to have dropped my birth control pills all over the ground...

While the group hoots and hollers, Jules turns around, bends over right in front of the wolf. Pretends like she's picking something from the ground.

Then, without turning around, she stands up straight, so that the wolf is now directly over her shoulder. She nuzzles it, cheek to cheek --

JULES (CONT'D)

Oh.. Mr. Wolf. You're so big. And bad.

(then)

No no no -- there's no need to huff and puff...

She turns around, takes the wolf's head in her hands --

JULES (CONT'D)

I'll let you come in.

And with that, Jules leans in and gives the wolf the most passionate kiss we've ever seen. She just goes for it -- full-on, tongue-to-taxidermied-wolf-tongue action.

The group loses their minds. Everyone leaps to their feet, giving Jules a standing ovation.

Jules looks to the group, takes a bow even as she makes a face, spitting out stuffed-wolftaste. As she walks back to the group, Curt hands Jules her beer, the others keep applauding --

HOLDEN

I didn't know it was possible, but I think you just officially won Truth or Dare.

DANA

Or Lecture.

HOLDEN

Sorry.

JULES
The night is still young. Now then...
Dana --

CURT
(bored)
"Truth."

Dana frowns. Glances at Curt --

DANA
What's that supposed to mean?

CURT
I'm just skipping ahead.
(to explain)
You're gonna say "Dare," she's gonna dare
you to do something you don't like and
then you'll puss out and say you wanted
"Truth" all along.

DANA
(studies him)
Really.

CURT
(nods)
Or "Lecture".

DANA
No, I wouldn't want one of those...

ANGLE MARTY -- he's glancing at Curt. Frowning.
Something about all this seems a little off...

And Dana seems to notice it too. But she's not about to
let Curt get under her skin --

DANA (CONT'D)
Okay, Jules...
(defiant)
Dare.

And just then, behind her -- WH-WHAM -- the cellar door
blows open. Everyone screams, startled.

JULES
What the hell was that?

They all look back at the now-open hole in the floor. As
they move toward it --

DANA
It's the cellar door...

MARTY
I thought it was locked.

CURT
The wind must have blown it open...

JULES
What wind...?

They all cluster around the hole. A set of stairs leads down into the foreboding darkness. The group stares down at it, all a little spooked --

HOLDEN
What do you think's down there?

JULES
(shrugs)
Why don't we find out?
(then)
Dana...

Dana glances up at her. What?

JULES (CONT'D)
I dare you to go down into the cellar.

And we're CLOSE ON DANA as she tries not to show just how much that scares her. OFF HER LOOK --

INT. CELLAR

Crrreak. Dana cautiously makes her way down the old wooden staircase. It's dark; Dana's flashlight barely illuminates three feet in front of her.

She reaches the landing. Tries to keep her voice steady as she calls back to the others --

DANA
How long do I have to stay down here?

CURT (O.S.)
Oh, you know, just 'til morning...

She stands at the base of the stairs, trains the flashlight beam around the room. Curiosity getting the better of her, she steps into the darkness.

Creak...

The flashlight beam scans the room, catching a glint of metal -- OLD RUSTY TOOLS hang from hooks along the walls.

Creak...

Dana keeps moving, heart pounding in her chest. Her flashlight sweeps the area, finding a dusty old RECORD PLAYER... a CHILD'S TOY CHEST... a dressmaker's MANNEQUIN...

Dana turns, beam sweeping across the wall. As it does so, it finds --

A GHOSTLY FACE.

Staring right at her. Dana screams, nearly jumps out of her skin --

HOLDEN (O.S.)

Dana?

As footsteps ring out from above, Dana angles the light back towards the face, realizes --

It's a PORTRAIT. A daguerrotype, to be precise, of a young woman, roughly fifteen, dressed in turn of the century garb. She stares back at Dana with sad eyes.

HOLDEN (CONT'D)

You okay?

Dana turns to find Holden racing down the stairs, the others right behind him.

DANA

Yeah. Sorry. I just --
(embarrassed)

I just scared myself. It was stupid.

CURT

You called for help. Voids the dare.
Take your top off.

Marty strikes a match, lights an OLD OIL LANTERN hanging from the wall. As orange light spills across the room...

HOLDEN

Oh my god...

...they get a full view of THE CELLAR. The room is big -- much bigger than we expected -- and every dark corner seems to be filled with creepy clutter.

JULES

Look at all this...

MARTY

Uh, guys, I'm not sure it's awesome to be down here.

But the others aren't even listening to him. They spread out, each focusing on a different part of the cellar --

Holden looks down at a variety of CHILD'S TOYS scattered across the floor. He picks up an ORNATE MUSIC BOX --

HOLDEN

Dude, seriously -- your cousin's into some weird shit.

Curt has picked up a CONCH when he sees a WOODEN SPHERE sitting behind it. He puts the conch down and hoists the sphere. It almost looks like a small globe, it's so ornately carved, but it has dusty brass rings inlaid around it -- it can be turned and adjusted almost like a spherical Rubik's cube.

CURT

Yeah, pretty sure this ain't his. Maybe the people who put in that window...

Dana can't take her eyes off the portrait of the girl. On the vanity below it, she notices a variety of personal effects: an old hairbrush... a silver mirror... and a leather-bound BOOK.

DANA

Some of this stuff looks really old.

Jules studies the dressmaker's mannequin. AN AMULET hangs around its neck. Jules touches it...

JULES

(almost to herself)
It's beautiful...

MARTY

Maybe we should go back upstairs...
(then)
I dare you all to go upstairs?

But even Marty can't help but be intrigued as he spots an OLD SUPER-8 PROJECTOR. He finds a film reel, starts unspooling it...

HAUNTING MUSIC fills the air as Holden starts winding the crank on the music box...

Curt starts turning the sphere parts -- they seem to be lining up...

Dana brushes the dust off the book, revealing the word "DIARY" on the cover...

Jules takes the amulet off the mannequin, holds it up to her neck, looks for the clasp -- as though she were about to try it on...

Marty holds the film strip up to the light, frowns as he tries to discern what's on it...

As Holden continues to wind the crank, the music BUILDS and BUILDS... He's staring down at the box-lid -- it's as though something's about to pop right out of it... And just as the music's about to reach crescendo --

DANA

Guys.

Holden stops winding the crank. The world goes quiet. Everyone looks up from what they're doing.

DANA (CONT'D)

Guys, listen to this...

Reluctantly, each person puts down the object of his or her attention and moves towards Dana.

DANA (CONT'D)

(reads from diary)

"Today we felled the old birch tree out back. I was sorrowed to see it go, as Judah and I had sat up in its branches so many summers..."

JULES

What is that?

Dana looks in the inside cover.

DANA

Diary of Patience Buckner, 1903.

CURT

Wow...

JULES

That's the original owners, right?

DANA

(reading again)

"Father was cross with me and said I lacked the true faith. He did not give me my dose and he turned his eyes from me at supper.

(MORE)

DANA (CONT'D)

I wish I could prove my devotion, as Judah and Matthew proved on those travellers..."

MARTY

Uh, that makes what kind of sense?

HOLDEN

You know, it's uncommon that a girl out here was reading and writing in that era.

DANA

(reads)

"Mama screamed most of the night. I prayed that she might find faith, but she only stopped when papa cut her belly and stuffed the coals in."

She stops, looking at everyone. Nobody comments. Bewildered, she flips ahead, continues:

DANA (CONT'D)

(reads)

"Judah told me in my dream that Matthew took him to the Dark Room so I know he is killed. Matthew's faith is too great; even Father does not cross him or speak of Judah. I want to understand the glory of the pain like Matthew, but cutting the flesh makes him have a husband's bulge and I do not get like that."

MARTY

Jesus, can we not...

CURT

Go on.

MARTY

Why?

CURT

Suck it up or bail, pothead! I wanna know.

Dana looks around. Holden gives her a little nod.

DANA

(reads)

"I have found it. In daddy's oldest books, that I will burn before I go, is the way of saving our family. For no one truly dies who understands the Great Pain.

(MORE)

DANA (CONT'D)

I can hear Matthew in the Dark Room, working upon father's jaw. My good arm is hacked up and et so I hope this will be readable, that a believer will come and speak this to our spirits. Then we will be restored, our love will be unending, and the Great Pain will return."

(looks up)

And there's something in Latin.

MARTY

Okay, I am drawing a line in the fucking sand here, do not read the Latin.

A small voice seems to whisk across the top of the room, barely audible:

VOICE

Read it....

Marty is the only one who seems to hear it. He looks around...

MARTY

The fuck..?

VOICE

Read it out loud...

Marty starts across the room as Dana appears to be about to start. Curt plants a hand in his chest and shoves him back.

CURT

Fucking baby!

JULES

Curt...

CURT

It's a diary!

DANA

It doesn't even mean anything. Look:

MARTY

Dana...

DANA

Dolor supervivo caro. Dolor sublimis caro.

EXT. WOODS - CONTINUOUS

As her voice continues to echo on the soundtrack, a gnarled and grey hand digs its way out of the ground, holding a rusty blade.

They come out one by one, in various parts of the woods: a group of hastily buried and not all that decomposed zombies, five of them, all in 1900's farm clothes, all holding various appalling farm implements.

These are the Buckners: FATHER with his scythe, MOTHER with her broken saw, skinny JUDAH with his thin, sharpened trowel, enormous MATTHEW (we don't see his weapon yet) and little, one-armed PATIENCE, holding a hatchet.

Patience is the first to move, ambling toward the distant light of the cabin.

INT. CONTROL ROOM

ON THE MAIN VIEWSCREEN -- we see the image of the ZOMBIE FAMILY slowly making their way towards the cabin.

SITTERSON (O.S.)

We have a winner!

Widen to reveal a HUGE CROWD has filled the control room. Everyone's watching the large viewscreen intently.

SITTERSON (CONT'D)

It's the Buckners, ladies and gentlemen!
Buckners pull the "W!"

Most of the crowd GROANS in disappointment, throws their betting slips to the ground. But a few BLUE-COLLAR GUYS throw their arms up in triumph --

SITTERSON (CONT'D)

(looks over at the wall)
Looks like congratulations go to
Maintenance...

And as he says that, we see behind him:

A LARGE WHITE-BOARD against the wall. Written in marker, down one column, there's a long list of MONSTERS. A few words jump out at us: "VAMPIRES," "WEREWOLVES," "FLOATING WITCHES," "ALIENS," "ZOMBIES," "KEVIN," "CLOWNS," "WRAITHS," "SCARECROWS," "ANGRY MOLESTING TREE," "MUTANTS."

Down another column: a corresponding list of DEPARTMENTS: "ELECTRICAL," "ENGINEERING," "SECURITY," "ZOOLOGY" and so forth.

SITTERSON (CONT'D)

(continuing)

...who split the pot with Ronald the Intern.

Hadley hands an enormous wad of cash to the BLUE-COLLAR GUYS and another wad to the happy INTERN we saw earlier.

People shake their heads, begin to file out of the room. A WIRY GIRL approaches Sitterson on her way out --

WIRY GIRL

That's not fair! I had zombies too!

SITTERSON

Yes, you had "Zombies." But this is "Zombie Redneck Torture Family..."

Sitterson taps the board. There it is right there: "ZOMBIE REDNECK TORTURE FAMILY." Right next to "MAINTENANCE" and "RONALD THE INTERN."

SITTERSON (CONT'D)

Entirely separate thing. It's like the difference between an elephant and an elephant seal.

Her shoulders slump. Knows he's right. As she goes:

SITTERSON (CONT'D)

There's always next year....

Truman stares at the screens, at the shambling Buckners corpse-clan.

TRUMAN

They're like something from a nightmare...

LIN

No, they're something that nightmares are from. Everything in our stable is a remnant of the old world, courtesy of...

(pointing down)

...You know who.

TRUMAN

Monsters, magic...

LIN
You get used to it.

TRUMAN
(turning to her)
Should you?

Sitterson walks over to Hadley. He's just standing there, staring up at the screens. Looking a little despondent --

SITTERSON
I'm sorry, man.

HADLEY
(can't believe his bad luck)
He had the conch in his hands...

SITTERSON
I know. Couple more minutes, who knows what would have happened...

HADLEY
(frustrated)
I'm never gonna get to see a nerman.

SITTERSON
Dude, be thankful. Those things are terrifying. And the cleanup on them's a nightmare.

Hadley nods -- I suppose you're right. He gestures towards the screens.

HADLEY
So... the Buckners, huh?

SITTERSON
I know.
(watches the screens)
Well, they may be zombified pain-worshipping backwoods idiots, but...

HADLEY
They're our zombified pain-worshipping backwoods idiots.

SITTERSON
-- and they have a hundred percent clearance rate.

Hadley nods, good point. As they start walking back towards their console --

HADLEY

True. We may as well tell Japan to take the rest of the weekend off.

SITTERSON

Yeah, right. They're Japanese. What are they gonna do -- relax?

HADLEY

I don't know. Maybe they can do some group calisthenics or something...

And as Sitterson and Hadley clear frame, we HOLD ON ONE OF THE MONITORS.

ON THE SCREEN: we see a video feed of a JAPANESE SCHOOL ROOM. Several schoolchildren run screaming in terror from a SOPPING WET YOUNG GIRL who's floating through the air like she's hanging from an invisible noose. As the children SCREAM and SCREAM, the WET GIRL floats TOWARDS US and we CUT TO --

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The music is blaring and Jules is dancing up a storm. Curt is going with it, occasionally getting behind her for the butt-cupping dance, but she's all over the room -- really working it. Pops a couple of buttons to show more cleavage.

Everyone else is sitting, Dana and Holden on the couch, Dana still holding the book, and Marty slumped in armchair, smoking sullenly.

Jules dances over in front of Holden and does a little impromptu lap-dance wriggle for him. He looks a little awkward, glancing at Dana, who isn't exactly thrilled.

CURT

Go baby, oh yeah... that's the goods right there, fuck yeah.

MARTY

This is so classy.

CURT

Like you wouldn't want a piece of that.

MARTY

Can we not talk about people in pieces anymore tonight?

JULES
 (kittenish, turning)
 Oh, are you feeling lonely, Marty?

She moves to him, gives him a little wriggle action as she takes his joint and sucks hard.

JULES (CONT'D)
 Marty and I were sweeties on our freshman hall.

MARTY
 (to the others)
 We made out once. I never did buy that ring.

JULES
 (pouty)
 But we're still...
 (blows the smoke in his face)
 ...close...

MARTY
 You know, I have a theory about all this.

CURT
 That's our cue to bail! Tommy Cheng has a theory,
 (indicating Holden)
 You can tell it to Egghead here, if he's not too busy devirginizing Dana.

Dana stands, dropping the book on the couch.

DANA
 Jules, do you want to lie down?

CURT
 That's exactly the point!
 (pushes Jules to the door)
 Mushi Mushi!

JULES
 (not upset)
 Don't push me around.

CURT
 Not around, baby, straight line. Right there. Out there. Pretty stars.

They exit, as Dana crosses to get another beer and Holden flips through the book. Marty hoists himself up and joins her, still smoking.

MARTY

Do you seriously believe that nothing weird is going on?

DANA

(wryly)

A conspiracy?

MARTY

The way everybody's acting!

DANA

I'm sorry about downstairs --

MARTY

It's cool, it's not -- when does Curt start with this alpha male bullshit? He's a sociology major; he's on a full academic scholarship! Now he's calling his friend an "Egghead", whose head in no way resembles an egg...

(looks over at Holden)

...except...ahhh. Okay, kinda, from this angle, it's...

(holds his own head to keep

it from becoming eggshaped)

...ahhh...

DANA

Curt's just drunk.

MARTY

I've seen Curt drunk -- Jules too.

DANA

(pointing at the joint)

Then maybe it's something else.

MARTY

My secret secret stash is a gateway to enlightenment; it's not a devolveafier.

(to the wolf head)

Moose, back me up on this.

(to Dana)

You're not seeing what you don't wanna see -- the puppeteers.

DANA

Puppeteers?

MARTY

(hears it wrong)

Pop-tarts? Did you say that you have pop-tarts?

DANA

Marty, I love you, but you're really high.

MARTY

(dead serious)

We are not who we are.

(closes his eyes)

I'm gonna read a book with pictures.

He ambles off into his bedroom as Dana comes back to the couch with a beer for herself and Holden. He takes his, still holding the book.

HOLDEN

(translating)

"The pain outlives the flesh. The flesh returns... or re... has a meeting place... towards the pain's ascension".

DANA

What's that?

HOLDEN

The Latin. That you...

DANA

You speak Latin?

HOLDEN

Not well, and not since tenth grade. Weird how it comes back.

He sips his beer, tosses the book back on the couch.

DANA

Well, it's a weird night. I'm so sorry about... tonight. Everybody.

HOLDEN

Do I lose points if I tell you I'm having a pretty nice time?

She smiles, looks down.

DANA

No. You can tell me that.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Jules is laughing, running through the woods, Curt in hot pursuit. He catches her around the waist with one hand, beer still held in the other.

CURT

Come here!

JULES

Ah! Don't spill on me!

CURT

Did I get a little beer on your shirt?

He kisses her, deep and hard.

CURT (CONT'D)

I guess it'll have to come off.

He starts pulling at the last buttons. She pulls away a little.

JULES

Not here...

CURT

Oh, come on...

INT. CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

They're suddenly on three huge screens, being shot with a remote camera on a long lens, with fifteen workers low in frame watching them intently.

CURT

...we're all alone...

EXT. WOODS - CONTINUOUS

He pulls the shirt open but she takes a step back and holds it together.

JULES

I'm chilly.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A groan throughout the crowd cause Hadley to stand up from the control area behind them.

HADLEY

Okay, that's enough, everybody out. Job to do.

As they are herded out by Truman, Hadley sits, saying to Sitterson:

HADLEY (CONT'D)

We got temperature control in that sector?

SITTERSON

(interrupting)

On it.

He types fast on a keyboard, uses a touch-screen thermometer gage to raise the heat.

Hadley is working his own controls...

HADLEY

Okay.... Engaging the pheromone mists...

EXT. WOODS - CONTINUOUS

AT THEIR FEET we actually see wisps of fog rise from the ground.

Jules, still holding her shirt together, closes her eyes and takes a deep breath through her nose. She opens her eyes, looking at Curt with half-lidded lust. He goes in for another kiss and she wraps her arms around him, pulling off his shirt. As he tries to arch her down to the ground, her last sleepy protest:

JULES

It's so dark... I'm gonna get twig-butt.
Take me inside.

CURT

Baby, this is why we came here... it's romantic...

He starts to turn her, pulling her open shirt away from her neck and kissing it from behind...

INT. CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The boys are working in concert now.

SITTERSON

(to himself, singing)

Music and moonlight and love and romance...

He pushes a lever -- literally a dimmer -- up as he hums.
And:

EXT. WOODS - CONTINUOUS

Before the kids, a tiny glen of moss and soft green fronds suddenly seems to glow in the moonlight. It couldn't be more inviting.

Jules smiles, dizzy with lust.

ANGLE: GROUND LEVEL -- Jules drops down into frame, Curt on her, the two of them only about the business. They roll over, Jules on top, sliding her hand down Curt's pants -- he moans with longing, running his hand up her chest over her bra.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The men watch the screens, hands at the ready to manipulate any dial. They have the dispassionate focus of porn theater patrons.

HADLEY

(quietly)

Okay, boobies, boobies...

SITTERSON

Show us the goods...

Truman looks over at them, a little disturbed.

TRUMAN

Does it really matter if we see --

HADLEY

(not looking around)

We're not the only ones watching, kid.

SITTERSON

Got to keep the customer satisfied.

(does turn)

You understand what's at stake here?

TRUMAN

(nodding)

Sorry.

Sitterson turns back to the screens, and the two men watch their handiwork.

INT. CONTROL ROOM/EXT. WOODS - CONTINUOUS

And now we cut back and forth a bit.

Curt, kneeling, slides Jules's pants off. His head comes back into frame and takes the edge of her panties in his mouth, making a little growl as he lets go and it snaps back on her waist --

Jules laughs, leaning her head back and suddenly not laughing, breathing hard...

Hadley and Sitterson stare, (looking perhaps directly into camera to make us even less comfortable)...

Jules swings on top and pulls her shirt off at last. She takes her time, sliding her hands up her belly to her breasts, finally to the clasp in the middle of her bra...

She pops it open, holding it together coyly for one moment before pulling the bra off, revealing her breasts, a sheen of sweat (and the fact that they're not fake) making them all the more enticing. She smiles knowingly, a vision of hedonistic perfection.

Curt looks up at her in silent wonder.

All three men in the control room -- including Truman -- look at her the exact same way.

As Curt slides his hand over her chest, she leans down into him, his arms coming around her back.

HADLEY

Score.

SITTERSON

Eat that, Stockholm...

He makes a small tweak on a dial, eyes still on the screen.

ANGLE: ABOVE THE LOVERS the camera comes softly down towards them, the tableau romantic and sensual. He's atop her and a bit to the side, one hand (out of frame) working under her panties as she moans, arms out...

CLOSE ON: HER HAND, running along the soft moss.

A rusty trowel nails it to the earth.

Jules SCREAMS, rearing up --- hampered by the hand that won't move, as Curt tumbles off her, looking up to see:

Three zombies (as they will be called from now on) are attacking them.

Skinny JUDAH is crouching over Jules, pulling his trowel out even as MOTHER reaches around her neck with her snaggle-toothed saw. MATTHEW, the biggest, is still a few feet behind, ambling towards.

CLOSE ON: THE MOTHER'S BELLY as three burning coals flop out of a slit in it, sizzling on Jules's hair and the moss.

She starts to draw the saw along Jules's neck and Curt snaps out of it. He piledrives right into Mother --

CURT

Fuck away from her!

-- knocking her back on her ass. He turns to Judah just as Judah digs the trowel into his arm. Curt howls, trying to pull it out as Jules holds her bleeding neck, trying to rise but weak.

Curt pulls his arm away, bringing Judah towards him and then punches Judah hard right in the nose. The nose breaks easily, crumbling a bit, Judah completely unfazed by it. Curt looks over towards the third zombie.

Matthew stands a few feet away, leaning slightly. Suddenly he lets a chain slide through his fingers, all the way to the ground, pulled by a broken bear-trap, just a rusty metal jaw with teeth: a turn-of-the-century mace and chain.

Matthew grins.

The trap swings with sudden speed, whacking Curt's head (luckily not with the jagged side) and knocking him back, bleeding and dazed.

JULES

Curt!

She tries to rise and Matthew swings again, digging the claw of the trap into her back. She SCREAMS, arching back and flopping face-down onto the ground, digging her fingers into the earth as Matthew drags her backwards.

Curt atumbles up -- and Father is behind him, slipping the shaft of his scythe over Curt's head and pulling it back hard against Curt's throat. Curt thrashes, unable to scream, as his feet are pulled off the ground. He sees:

The screaming, pleading, whimpering Jules is kept in place by Matthew's foot as he yanks out the trap.

Judah pulls her hair back, holding up her head -- her eyes on Curt's -- as Mother places the broken blade once more at her throat. Curt watches in silent horror.

Inside the control room, the men are equally silent, Truman trying hard not to lose it as Jules's pleas fill the air around.

CLOSE ON: JULES'S PLEADING EYES as we hear the horrible scrape of the saw tearing flesh.

No sound in the console at all save scraping and shuffling. Truman has his eyes closed. Hadley and Sitterson both have lowered their heads, and Sitterson quietly intones:

SITTERSON

This we offer in humility and fear, for
the blessed peace of your eternal
slumber. As it ever was.

HADLEY

As it ever was.

Sitterson pulls a short necklace from under his shirt. On it is a weird pagan symbol, five pointed but not a pentagram. He kisses it and replaces it under his shirt as Hadley crosses behind him to a series of five mahogany panels at the far end of the room.

He opens the first and presses an ornate brass lever down.

CLOSE ON: A MECHANISM almost like an old clock, Jules Verne-esque. A small hammer strikes a vial that cracks, dark red blood pouring out into a brass funnel that runs down a thin pipe, seemingly a very long way.

INT. THE CHAMBER - CONTINUOUS

The pipe ends in the ceiling of a dark room we won't really see just yet. The blood pours out onto a leaning slab of dark marble, right into a groove at the top. The blood races down the groove as it bends and arcs different ways, forming a primitive picture of some sort -- though of what, we do not yet see.

EXT. WOODS - CONTINUOUS

Judah hisses at us.

Drop wide to see Curt has stopped struggling, Father still holding him as Judah and Mother amble toward him. Matthew is bent over Jules's corpse, but we can't see what he's doing, thankfully.

As they raise their blades, Curt springs into action, planting his feet on both of them and pushing as hard as he can, knocking them back -- and Father as well, Curt rolling over him and pulling himself free.

Gasping for breath, Curt scrambles on hands and knees back towards the cabin, almost on his feet -- and the blade of Father's scythe slices through the cuff of his jeans, pulling his leg and dropping him back to earth.

INT. MARTY'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Marty is lying in bed on his back as he reads Curious George.

MARTY

George, man, don't do it! It's ether!
You're gonna act the fool!

Letting out a breath, he drops the book to his chest.

MARTY (CONT'D)

Ah, but you love your ether, don't you?
Little George...

VOICE

I'm gonna go for a walk...

He sits right up.

MARTY

(loud, to the room)
Okay, I swear to fucking God somebody is
talking.

He runs his hands over his eyes, weary.

MARTY (CONT'D)

Or I'm pretty sure someone is...ah...

VOICE

I'm gonna go for a walk...

MARTY

(standing)
Enough! What are you saying? What do
you want? You think I'm a puppet, gonna
do a puppet dance -- fuck all y'all!
(MORE)

MARTY (CONT'D)

I'm the boss of my brain so give it up!
 (beat. Pissed:)
 I'm gonna go for a walk.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Dana and Holden are leaning in for a kiss when Marty strides by, making them stop.

MARTY

He's got a husband bulge.

They look at each other awkwardly, the moment broken. Marty shuts the door behind him.

EXT. CABIN - CONTINUOUS

We walk out with Marty, leaving the house behind. He comes out about thirty yards, near the first trees. In medium close-up, he looks up...

MARTY

I thought there'd be stars...
 (sighs)
 We are abandoned.

And he starts to take a piss. All of which is held at this close angle, so we only hear it.

There's a noise in the woods behind. He turns around to see a copse of trees, but no movement. Turns back and in the BG one of the trees turns out to be a figure -- a silhouetted girl with only one arm, holding a hatchet.

She makes her way slowly toward him, now lit by the side window of the house, now lost in the dark in front of it. Marty zips up, turns again -- and Curt attacks him from right beside camera, yelling and scaring the shit out of him.

CURT

Run! Fucking run!

MARTY

What's --

CURT

GO!!!

Marty heads back, with Curt, when Patience steps out of the shadows in front of the house. Marty rears back but Curt fucking clothelines her, sends her flying --

CURT (CONT'D)

Dead bitch!

-- and pulls Marty toward the porch.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Dana closes her eyes as Holden softly kisses her. It's tender and sweet. She pulls back.

DANA

I don't wanna... I mean I've never...
(momentarily confused)
I don't mean 'never', but...

HOLDEN

Hey. Nothing you don't want.

They start to kiss again...

WHAM! Curt spills onto his knees in the doorway. Dana and Holden race to him, gasping as they see his bloody wounds --

HOLDEN (CONT'D)

Jesus -- what happened?

MARTY

DOOR!

Marty's right behind Curt -- as he races inside -- Curt grabs the door, slams it shut. Gasps for air. Dana races to his side, tries to examine his wounds --

DANA

(frantic)
Where are you hurt?
(re: blood)
Is this all from you?
(then)
Where's Jules?

Curt pushes her away, shakes his head. Tears spring to his eyes -- he's clearly in shock. Holden tries to calm him down --

HOLDEN

It's okay, Curt. You're okay...

MARTY

(gasping for air)
No. We're not okay. What's the opposite of okay?

DANA
 What are you talking about? Curt --
 where's Jules?

CURT
 (shakes head)
 She's gone.
 (then)
 We gotta get out of here...

He's already moving towards the back of the cabin.

DANA
 No -- wait --

Dana reaches for the front door. Starts to open it...

MARTY
 Dana -- don't open that --

DANA
 I'm not leaving here without Jules.

...and she swings the door open, revealing --

MATTHEW.

He's standing on the porch, framed in the doorway. Just staring at us. Holding something round down by his side. He tosses it right at Dana -- she gasps, catches it, looks down to see --

It's Jules' HEAD.

Dana screams her heart out. She drops Jules' head on the ground, glances up as Matthew steps up the porch. She screams and screams as Matthew approaches -- Holden dives forward, slams the door shut just as --

WHAM! Matthew slams into it. The frame shakes, the wood splinters. Marty races forward, helps Holden brace the door. As they slam the deadbolt into place --

Curt flips the couch over, tries to shove it against the door. Looks up at Dana, who's still in shock --

CURT
 Dana -- c'mon --

Dana snaps out of it, helps Curt shove the couch under the doorknob. WHAM! The whole cabin seems to shake as Matthew slams into it --

DANA
 (terrified)
 What is that thing?

CURT
 I don't know but there's more of them --
 get the back door --

Holden races across the living room, throws the deadbolt
 on the back door.

DANA
 (glances at Marty)
 More of them?

MARTY
 (nods)
 I saw a young girl -- all zombied, like
 him. And "Little House on the Prairie",
 too, but she's missing an arm --

Dana's face falls as she realizes --

DANA
 Oh god. Patience.
 (glances at Holden)
 The diary --

HOLDEN
 "The pain outlives the flesh."
 (thinks about it)
 She must have... bound a mystical
 incantation into the text so someone
 would come along, read the diary aloud
 and...

DANA
 (quietly)
 And I did it.

CURT
 (to Holden)
 Look, brainiac -- I don't give a limp
 dick WHY those things are here. We gotta
 lock this place down --

MARTY
 (nods)
 He's right.

CURT
 We'll go room by room, barricade every
 window and door --

Curt starts heading towards the back of the cabin. As he waves them forward --

CURT (CONT'D)
And we gotta play it safe -- no matter
what, we have to stay together --

INT. CONTROL ROOM

Hadley's slumped in his chair, shaking his head as he stares at the surveillance images of Curt and the others moving through the cabin. Sitterson's right beside him, working the console --

SITTERSON
(to Hadley)
-- calm down, I got it. Watch the master
work...

Clickety-clack -- he hits some keys, throws a switch --

INT. CABIN

Curt's hair ripples slightly as he's hit by a gust of air from a nearby HEATING VENT. He stops in his tracks, looking slightly confused --

DANA
What's the matter?

He glances around, looking slightly befuddled. Shakes his head --

CURT
(almost to himself)
This isn't right...

He looks at the others almost like he doesn't trust them.

CURT (CONT'D)
This isn't right. We should split up.
We can cover more ground that way.

And now Dana and Holden look a little hazily paranoid as well. They think about it, nod --

HOLDEN
Yeah...
(beat)
Yeah -- good idea.

MARTY

Really?

CRASH! Just then, the living room window EXPLODES INWARD. Our group cries out in surprise, looks back to see MATTHEW'S ARM now reaching through the window --

Curt turns, races back towards the living room --

CURT

I got it! You guys -- get in your rooms --

As Curt starts shoving a bookcase up against the window, Dana and Holden share a glance. Nod.

DANA

Let's go --

They race towards the back. Marty hesitates a moment, frowning -- something about this isn't quite right. But then he shakes it off, hurries after them.

INT. CONTROL ROOM

ON THE MONITORS -- we see Dana, Holden, and Marty running down the hall. As Hadley and Sitterson watch --

HADLEY

Lock 'em in.

Sitterson throws a switch --

INT. CABIN - HALLWAY

-- and as Dana, Holden, and Marty all split off into their separate rooms --

All the doors SLAM SHUT behind them, and: WH-CHUNK! We hear vault-worthy locks slamming home.

INT. CABIN - MARTY'S ROOM

Marty stops in his tracks. Glances back at the closed door behind him. Again, he frowns -- Huh. That's weird... But before he has time to consider it fully --

WHAM! The cabin shakes again. We hear glass breaking in another room. Marty snaps out of it -- stick to the plan. He races to the window, which is wide open --

As he dives for it, pulling it shut, he loses his balance, knocks over the end table next to his bed --

CRASH! A lamp SHATTERS on the ground. Marty glances down at the fragments. Sees something...

ON THE FLOOR -- a thin black wire snakes through the shards of glass. Marty picks it up, sees there's actually a small, fiber optic CAMERA at the end of it --

INT. CONTROL ROOM

ON THE MONITOR -- Marty's face fills up the entire screen as he stares directly into the camera --

SITTERSON

Uh-oh -- that's not good.

HADLEY

(into mic)

Chem -- I need 500 cc's of Thorazine pumped into Room Three now --

SITTERSON

No no no -- hang on --

He points to another monitor. ON THE SCREEN -- we see one of the zombies walking out of the forest, heading straight towards backside of the cabin --

SITTERSON (CONT'D)

Judah Buckner to rescue...

INT. CABIN - MARTY'S ROOM

Marty pulls the camera wire taut, follows it up the length of the wall. Stares up at the ceiling. We see the realization hit him --

MARTY

Oh my god, I'm on a reality show.

(then)

My parents are gonna think I'm such a burnout --

CRASH! Just then, the window behind Marty EXPLODES INWARD -- Judah reaches through, grabs Marty by the neck, yanks him backward, THROUGH THE WINDOW --

Marty screams as Judah tries to pull him out of the cabin. Marty struggles mightily -- he holds fast to the window frame, desperate to get back inside --

Judah growls, yanks Marty again. As Marty starts to lose his grip on the window, he flails about, his free hand searching the nearby dresser top for anything he can use as a weapon --

And just as Judah yanks him one last time, Marty's fingers close around the FRESCA CAN --

EXT. CABIN - CONTINUOUS

Judah hauls Marty straight out of the cabin window --
WHAM -- Marty slams into the ground -- he gasps in pain, looks up just in time to see --

Judah plunging THE TROWEL down straight at Marty's head. Marty rolls to the side -- THUNK -- as Judah buries the trowel into the ground next to him --

Marty struggles to his feet, but Judah's right on top of him. As Marty tries to fight him off, he glances down at the Fresca can in his hand. He gives it a shake --

Cl-CLACK -- and it telescopes outward into the GIANT BONG. Marty takes the makeshift baton, swings it with all his might --

WHAM! He hits Judah flush in the side of the head, dropping him to the ground with a sickening thud.

Marty stares down at Judah's crumpled body... but Judah's only momentarily dazed... he's already starting to get to his feet. Marty doesn't hesitate any longer... he bolts towards the forest --

But as Marty races away at top speed, Judah takes the trowel in hand --

And hurls it right at Marty's back.

Wh-CHUNK! Bullseye -- he hits Marty right between the shoulder blades. Marty cries out in pain as he pitches forward, crashes to the ground.

Judah slowly walks towards the fallen Marty...

ON THE GROUND -- Marty gasps in pain, tears in his eyes as he desperately struggles to get the trowel out of his back. He reaches behind him -- his fingers touch the hilt, but they can't find purchase...

Judah grabs Marty by the leg. Starts dragging him into the forest --

MARTY
No -- NOOOO ---

EXT. FOREST - CONTINUOUS

-- and we're WITH MARTY as Judah drags him through the treeline. They're heading towards a DARK HOLE in the ground (from which Judah first emerged). Marty tries to struggle -- blood seeps from the wound in his back, leaving a bloody trail through the dirt.

Marty's fading fast... He coughs blood, tears stream down his face --

MARTY
No -- HELP ME --

And as Judah drags him down into the hole, we STAY UP TOP -- Marty struggles with everything he's got -- his TERRIFIED EYES stare back at us as he screams and screams -- his fingers claw trails in the dirt around him as he tries to hang on --

MARTY (CONT'D)
HELP ME --

But it's no use. And with a final yank, Marty disappears from view entirely. His horrified screams echo through the forest...

And then he's gone.

INT. CONTROL ROOM

CLOSE ON A LEVER as a hand pulls it down -- CH-CHUNK --

INT. CHAMBER

-- and once again, BLOOD trickles down, down, down through the carved stone etchings. And as it flows outward we slowly PULL BACK to reveal the picture forming is of a PRIMITIVE HUMAN FIGURE. It is holding a goblet and dancing.

We hear a RUMBLING...

INT. DANA'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Dana is laboriously moving a tall dresser in front of the window, at which a zombie pounds.

Suddenly the rumbling fills the room, which starts to shake with what feels like a decent sized earthquake. Dana looks around, almost exasperated in her terror --

DANA

What? No! No, come on!

INT. CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Hadley, Sitterson and Truman all pause to look around as they too, are shaking. Hadley is returning from the lever he just pulled down, turns to Sitterson with shrug...

HADLEY

They're getting excited downstairs.

SITTERSON

Greatest Show on Earth...

INT. DANA'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

The rumbling subsides and she turns her attention back to the dresser. As she gets it in place she hears the window shatter and the chest begins to rock. She shoves the bed against it and goes for the door.

It won't open. She pulls, kicks, but it's locked solid. She's staring at it, confused -- it looks so flimsy -- when the chest goes over and a zombie starts climbing in. She hits it with a lamp but it has no effect.

She sees a second one coming, backs up against the wall -- and the picture on it goes flying, glass shattering, making her jump.

Holden knocks out the rest of the one-way mirror. There's banging in his room but no zombies in yet.

HOLDEN

My door's stuck!

DANA

Mine too!

He looks at her sitch -- worse than his own -- and beckons her to come through.

HOLDEN

Come on!

She stands on the bed and wriggles through, with his help, but not without some cuts, and they both fall to the floor.

They're still rising when the furniture Holden has piled up is knocked away -- By Matthew.

DANA

The bed!

They up-end it and shove it at the window, holding its metal frame against the pounding from without. Dana looks around for something else, sees:

ANGLE: UNDER THE BEDSPACE is a trapdoor.

DANA (CONT'D)

Holden.

He looks, puts his shoulder to the bed to take the weight as he indicates for her to check it out. She moves to it and pulls it open -- nothing but blackness below. She looks back at Holden.

DANA (CONT'D)

Better or worse?

He sticks his foot out and slides a lamp to her. It's been set on the floor (during the furniture pile-up) but still plugged in. She lowers it into the dark space, lets it hang by its plug.

DANA (CONT'D)

It's empty...

Holden gives the bed one last kick in place and moves to the door, calling out:

HOLDEN

Curt! Curt!

The knob starts moving.

CURT

(from without)

Unlock your door!

HOLDEN

I can't! Get down to the basement! We got a way down!

CURT

(from without)

Okay!

Holden moves to the edge of the space, takes a quick look in and goes in head first, holding the edge and flipping himself over to land on his feet. Dana slips down into his upstretched arms right after, disappearing into the hole.

INT. DARK ROOM - CONTINUOUS

It's strangely quiet, as though it swallowed the noise from above. The only light is from the dangling lamp, and it throws the whole small room into a creepy half-light. And creepy seems to be the general theme.

It's a torture chamber, with a chair, chains, shackles, and a table with some truly appalling instruments rusting on it. Sweeney Todd would get squeamish in here.

They look around a bit, unwittingly fascinated.

DANA

This is the Dark Room.

HOLDEN

Which?

DANA

From the diary. This is where he killed them.

(quietly)

This is where he kills us.

HOLDEN

What?

DANA

(she's cracking)

I brought us here. I found the room, the diary... you're all gonna die because of me.

He takes her firmly by her arms.

HOLDEN

Nobody did this. Okay, it's bad luck. Horrible fucking luck but I'm not gonna die and neither are you. We just gotta find the door.

DANA

There isn't one.

He looks -- she's right.

HOLDEN

In the wall, something. Just look.

She pulls herself together -- moves to the far wall, grabbing something that looks like a small crowbar, running one hand along the wall for a hidden door and tapping with the bar occasionally to test the sound of it. Calls out:

DANA

Curt?

Holden has moved to one wall, now crosses below the trapdoor to the other --

HOLDEN

Hidden rooms were a staple of post-civil war architecture. There's gotta be a --

-- and the bear-trap swings down from the trapdoor, catching under his arm and digging into the back of his shoulder. He SCREAMS as Matthew starts hoisting him up through the trap-door.

Dana runs to him and helps him struggle, finally overbalancing Matthew, who falls forward, stuck upside down halfway through the trap-door, still grabbing at Holden on the floor.

Holden painfully pulls the trap from his shoulder -- but Matthew gets a hold of him, his mouth wide in a hissing scream --

DANA

You like pain?

Dana runs the crowbar right through Matthew's face and into the wall behind, pinning him. Screams in his face:

DANA (CONT'D)

How's that work for ya?

Matthew grabs the bar and pulls at it -- Holden getting free -- and Dana finds a kitchen knife, stabs Matthew with it several times, shaking with rage. Matthew finally hangs limp. Dana stares at him, breathing hard.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Sitterson pushes a button --

SITTERSON

Danger's over, and we...

INT. DARK ROOM - CONTINUOUS

CLOSE ON: THE KNIFE HANDLE as a small electrical charge jolts Dana's hand.

As we drop back wider, it looks like she's dropping the knife 'cause she doesn't like holding it. She turns her back on Matthew, dragging Holden up. They move to the other side of the room -- and the wall behind them opens, Curt reaching in to grab them.

DANA

AH!

CURT

Let's move let's move!

They exit into:

INT. CELLAR - CONTINUOUS

And make for the storm doors, pushing them open, Curt grabbing a handy plank to hit zombies with.

EXT. CABIN/INT. VAN - CONTINUOUS

They move as quickly as they can, both Holden and Curt being injured, ~~not~~ encountering any dead folk as they race to the Rambler.

DANA

What about Marty?

CURT

They got him.

They come around the Rambler, camera behind, and Curt moves to open the door.

There is dirt on the latch.

He looks at Holden, steps back with his plank as Holden readies to open the door and get out of the way. A beat, and Curt nods.

The door opens --

HARD CUT TO:

CLOSE ON: A HIDEOUS SCREAMING FACE of a Japanese floating drowned girl. It suddenly stops, a warm glow building around its now-bewildered face.

Cut wide to see:

INT. SCHOOLROOM IN JAPAN - NIGHT

The floaty girl hovers over the room, in which several Japanese schoolchildren are placing lotus flowers into a large bowl of water on the floor, all the while singing a happy song of love.

A frog hops out the bowl. The drowny girl is consumed by light and disappears.

JAPANESE SCHOOLGIRL

(subtitled)

Now Kiko's spirit will live in the happy frog!

They all laugh and hug.

HARD CUT TO:

INT. CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

Sitterson is watching this on a screen, very unhappy. Hadley is working behind him.

SITTERSON

Fuuhhheck yooouuu...!

A com-line lights up and he switches it, eyes still on the screen and the frog and the happy song of love.

SITTERSON (CONT'D)

(to the com, still watching)

You seeing this?

LIN

(from com)

Perfect record, huh?

SITTERSON

Naruto-watching, geisha-fucking, weird-gameshow-having DICKS! They fucked us!

LIN

(on com)

Zero fatality. Total wash. Any word from downstairs?

SITTERSON

Director doesn't care about Japan.
(unconvincing)
He trusts us...

LIN

You guys better be on your game.

Hadley replies, though he's still in the BG working.

HADLEY

You just sweat the chem, Lin. While these morons are singing "What a Friend We Have in Shinto", we're bringing the pain.

SITTERSON

Fuck was up with that fool's pot, anyway? He shoulda been drooling and instead he nearly made us.

LIN

(on com)
We treated the shit out of it!

HADLEY

(just to Sitterson, all business)
Got 'em in the Rambler, headed for the tunnel.

LIN

The Fool is toast anyway. You better not fuck us on the report.

HADLEY

Shit.

LIN

(on com)
What? Shit why?

Hadley makes the hand-across-throat sign to Sitterson.

HADLEY

(calm voice)
Work to do. Gotta go.

LIN

(on com)
You guys are humanity's last hope, don't tell me --

And Sitterson cuts her off, looking at Hadley.

HADLEY
There's no cave-in.

SITTERSON
What?

ANGLE: SCREEN OF THE OPEN TUNNEL, light on the road beyond.

HADLEY
The fucking tunnel is open!

Sitterson rolls back to his station, hits a com-line...

SITTERSON
This is control to demolition...
(to Hadley)
They're not even picking up!
(hits another button)
Broadcast, can you patch me in to
demolition?

BROADCAST
(on com)
We're dark on their whole sector, might
have been a surge in the --

But Sitterson stabs a button, cuts them off. He's on his feet heading out.

SITTERSON
See if you can bypass --

HADLEY
Fuck you think I'm doing?

SITTERSON
(to Truman)
Get the door.

TRUMAN
Mister Sitterson, you're not supposed to
leave the --

SITTERSON
Open the goddamn door!

HADLEY
(working the screen)
You got family, Truman?

TRUMAN
Yeah...

HADLEY

Kids get through that tunnel alive, you
won't anymore.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

The Rambler plows away from us at dangerous speed.

INT. HALL - MOMENTS LATER

Sitterson runs through the hall, a few workers and guards
moving aside --

SITTERSON

Make a hole! Move!

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

The Rambler careens around a curve -- and in the distance
is the tunnel.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Hadley gets an "UNABLE TO OVERRIDE. AUTHORIZE SYSTEMS
DIAGNOSTIC?"

He bangs the counter in frustration.

INT. DEMOLITION - CONTINUOUS

We enter with Sitterson to see the lights blinking and
sparks coming from a darkened console. Three workers --
slightly beefier or more weathered than Sitterson -- are
trying to bring it back to life.

DEMO #1

It's not the breakers!

SITTERSON

Fuck is going on in here?

DEMO #2

We don't know! Electrical said there was
a glitch up top, one of the creatures?

SITTERSON

The tunnel should have been blown hours
ago!

DEMO #2

We never got the order...

SITTERSON

You need me to tell you to wipe your ass?
 (pushes past him)
 How do we get past this?

DEMO#3

We're fried inside. We need a clean
 connection to the detonator --

Sitterson has dropped to the ground and pulled open the
 underpart of the console, revealing wires and circuits
 galore. He gets on his back, messing with ones above
 him --

DEMO #1

Systems Tech is trying a reboot on the --

SITTERSON

We don't have time. Talk me through.

INT. RAMBLER - CONTINUOUS

Curt is driving, Dana in the seat next to him, fear
 fighting despair as tears begin to line her eyes. Holden
 is between them, eyes on the tunnel...

HOLDEN

Don't stop for anything...

INT. DEMOLITION - CONTINUOUS

Sitterson replaces a chip in a board -- some of the
 console lights up.

DEMO#3

No, that's just local; it's not linked.

SITTERSON

Shit!

INT. CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The camera races in with Ms. Lin --

LIN

Hadley, what's going on?

He just spins and stares at her, nervous as hell. Camera continues past him to a screen showing the van speeding through the woods -- the tunnel visible not far ahead.

EXT. WOODS - CONTINUOUS

The van races through frame --

INT. DEMOLITION - CONTINUOUS

Sitterson puts a wire to a contact -- it sparks and he flinches --

DEMO #1

That's it!

SITTERSON

Blow it!

Demo #3 hit a big red knob.

EXT. MOUNTAIN TUNNEL/INT. RAMBLER - CONTINUOUS

And the Rambler enters the tunnel as a charge sends rocks tumbling down. The kids see them through the windshield falling up ahead before the van is pounded from above --

HOLDEN

Back up! Back up!

The whole tunnel is caving in as Curt slams on the brakes, hits reverse and tears back out, the van stopping a few yards from the din and smoke of total collapse.

The kids look at it, in shock.

INT. DEMOLITION - MOMENTS LATER

Sitterson is breathing hard, nobody saying anything. He exits, saying to #2 contemptuously:

SITTERSON

Wipe your ass.

EXT. MOUNTAIN TUNNEL - MOMENTS LATER

The kids are out, Dana looking nervously back for possible pursuing zombies, not giving in to the tears she can't stop.

Curt is furious, looking over the side of the mountain at the cliff's edge on the other side, a tantalizing 20 feet away. Holden looks it over intently, working the problem.

CURT

No! No fucking way! This isn't happening! It's right there!

HOLDEN

You got any climbing gear, ropes?

CURT

Yeah, in my fucking dorm room!

HOLDEN

We can't climb this. This is limestone, it's slippery and it'll crumble under pressure.

DANA

(joining them)

We can't go back. There's no way across?

HOLDEN

Not unless you can jump twenty feet.

CURT

Dude.

HOLDEN

What.

EXT. MOUNTAIN TUNNEL - MOMENTS LATER

ANGLE ON: CURT'S DIRTBIKE as the wheel spins in the dirt and the bike turns, Curt revving it, getting his nerve up.

DANA

Curt, are you sure about this?

CURT

I've done bigger jumps than this.

HOLDEN

You've got a smooth run and maybe a five foot differential on the other side, which is good. But you gotta give it everything.

CURT

You know it.

DANA

Curt...

He comes down off his adrenaline kick for a moment, looks at her like the guy we knew.

CURT

You guys stay in the Rambler. If they come, just keep driving away from 'em. I'll get help. If I wipe out I'll fuckin' limp for help but I'm coming back with cops and choppers and large fucking guns and those things are gonna pay. For Jules.

A moment. Dana kisses him on the cheek. He guns it.

HOLDEN

Don't hold back.

CURT

Never do.

He guns it and lets GO -- wheels spinning as he blasts toward the edge, Dana and Holden watching in fear and hope --

Curt sails over the edge with great form, front wheel high, the arc is good --

-- he slams into the invisible barrier and his bike explodes --

DANA

NOO!

-- as he plummets straight down, scraping the electrical matrix so it appears by him all the way as he falls.

DANA (CONT'D)

Oh God, oh God...

HOLDEN

(freaking)

He hit something! There's nothing!
What'd he hit!

DANA

(softly, realizing)

Puppeteers...

HOLDEN

Did you see it? What'd he hit?

DANA
Marty was right. God.

HOLDEN
Get in the van.

DANA
Marty was right...

INT. THE CHAMBER - MOMENTS LATER

The blood pours, this time onto the primitive figure of a muscular man with javelin and ball.

INT. RAMBLER

Holden guns the engine, swinging the Rambler back down the dirt road, away from the tunnel. Dana is oddly calm.

DANA
You're going back.

HOLDEN
(trying to think)
I'm going through. We'll just drive -- there's gotta be another road, another way out of here --

DANA
It won't work -- something will happen, it'll collapse, or wash away --

HOLDEN
Then we'll leave the roads altogether, drive as far as we can into the forest, go on foot from there --

Dana shakes her head, really starting to get it --

DANA
You're missing the point.

Her Zombie-like fatality gets to Holden.

HOLDEN
Hey -- hey. Look at me.

She looks at him. He holds her gaze, rock-solid --

HOLDEN (CONT'D)
This isn't your fault.

She actually laughs a little, which doesn't help.

DANA

I know. It's the puppeteers.

HOLDEN

Please don't go nuts on me, Dana. You're all I got.

She stares at him, eyes softening.

DANA

I'm okay.

HOLDEN

Good. 'Cause I need you calm.

(then)

No matter what happens... We gotta stay calm.

WSSSELICK -- A SCYTHE tears through Holden's throat from behind.

Blood splatters the windshield -- Dana SCREAMS -- she glances back to see --

FATHER BUCKNER.

He's right behind them, having crept up from his hiding place in the Rambler. He growls as he tries to dislodge his scythe from Holden's throat -- SHLOCK -- he pulls it free -- arterial blood sprays everywhere, all over Dana --

Dana continues to scream and scream as Holden's hands instinctively clutch at his own throat -- the steering wheel spins unchecked --

WH-SHLACK -- Father Buckner swings the scythe again, this time lodging it in the side of Holden's head. Holden pitches forward, the Rambler careens out of control, leaps off the road and crashes --

Right into the lake.

SMASH! The front windshield SHATTERS -- lake water comes rushing into the cab, blasting Dana straight back into her seat --

Beside her, Holden continues to THRASH -- he's still alive -- Father Buckner yanks the scythe free, tries to swing it again but the water blasts him back to the rear of the Rambler --

Lake water fills the cab -- within a matter of seconds, they're completely submerged -- we're with Dana as she screams, goes under --

And everything goes quiet.

Dana struggles underwater, panic in her eyes as she looks over and sees Holden staring back at her. He's still holding his throat -- blood pours from his wounds --

Dana fights to free herself from the seatbelt -- she shakes her head, CRIES OUT underwater as she holds Holden's gaze --

And WE'RE CLOSE ON HOLDEN as the life drains out of him. As he stares at Dana, his hands go slack, blood gushes from his throat, clouding the water around him until he disappears entirely...

EXT. LAKE - NIGHT

WIDE ON THE LAKE as the rest of the Rambler sinks below the surface, disappearing entirely from view.

INT. RAMBLER/LAKE - NIGHT

We're WITH DANA as the Rambler continues to sink, the van now perpendicular as it plummets straight down. She tumbles upward, into the ceiling, towards the back...

Her hands reach out for anything, desperate to find purchase. Her eyes dart upward, falling on --

The CEILING HATCH.

It's small -- a basic ventilation hatch, no more than a foot-and-a-half square -- but now's not the time to be picky.

There's a little bubble of air trapped in there, and Dana shoves her face in it, gasps it greedily. It disappears as she does and she pulls her head back, holding her breath again --

CLOSE ON: FATHER, smiling in the dark water. He doesn't need to hold his breath.

Dana reaches out, grabs the crank, spins it around. As the hatch swings open, she punches out the screen, squeezes her body through the hole. And just as she gets about halfway through --

Father Buckner grabs her ankle.

We're ON DANA as the sheer terror of it all hits her -- she's stuck half-in, half-out of a sinking van with a deranged zombie yanking at her legs. She thrashes with everything she's got left -- kicking him as hard as she can in the face -- WHACK -- knocking him back

She breaks free, rockets upward out of the hatch, towards the surface. Beneath her, the van disappears into the inky darkness of the lake below... Dana kicks for the surface, closer, closer --

INT. CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

And a beer breaks through the surface of the ice-water of the little cooler the boys had stashed by the console.

Sitterson tosses it to Hadley, pulls out two more for Lin and himself.

HADLEY

GodDAMN that was close.

SITTERSON

Photo fuckin' finish. But we are the champions -- of the world.

(to Truman)

Tru?

He holds a beer up. Truman shakes his head.

TRUMAN

I don't understand. We're celebrating?

LIN

They're celebrating. I'm drinking.

He points to the BIG MONITOR, where ON THE SCREEN we see a bloodied, exhausted Dana swimming through the lake towards shore.

TRUMAN

She's still alive. How can the ritual be complete?

HADLEY

The Virgin's death is optional. As long as it's last.

(watches the screen)

All that really matters is that she suffers.

Sitterson steps up beside him. Watches Dana on the screen.

SITTERSON
(with genuine respect)
That she did.

HADLEY
(watching screen)
I'm actually rooting for her, believe it or not.
(others peek in)
The kid's got spunk, which is more -- hey guys! Come on in!

As a few workers are at the door, holding out a bottle of tequila...

EXT. DOCK - NIGHT

Elegiac MUSIC starts to swell on the score. Dana grabs hold of the wooden dock -- it takes every ounce of strength she's got left to pull herself up out of the lake. She rolls on her back, gasps for air.

As she lays there, staring up at the stars, the score continues to swell. She gasps and gasps... and we're CLOSE ON HER as the realization finally hits her --

She's alive.

She made it. She closes her eyes, thank god -- I'm alive... And just as she breathes a sigh of relief --

WHAM! MATTHEW'S BEAR TRAP splinters the dock just millimeters from her head.

Dana screams, scrambling back, sees MATTHEW looming over her, the crowbar still sticking through his head. As he bears down on her --

INT. CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

ON THE MONITORS -- we see Dana fighting for her life with Matthew. But with the notable exception of Truman, nobody really seems to be watching anymore. People from other departments have trickled in, some with drinks, bags of chips --- there's an office party vibe -- even music playing.

Hadley is talking to couple of excited labcoaters...

LABCOAT GIRL
When the van hit the lake?

LABCOAT GUY
Oh! The zombie, the water rushing in...
That's primal terror.

HADLEY
(wistful)
Woulda been cooler with a merman...

Sitterson heads towards the Demolition guys.

SITTERSON
You! Yocuuuu! Knuckleheads almost gave
me a heart-attack with that tunnel!

DEMO #1
(in no mood)
That wasn't our fault.

SITTERSON
I'm just giving you a hard time.
(to Demo #2)
C'mere you -- let's have a hug --

DEMO #2
No. Seriously. That wasn't on us.
There was an unauthorized power re-route
from upstairs.

Sitterson stops mid-drink, frowns. Wait --

SITTERSON
What do you mean, "upstairs"?

BRRRRING.

Just then, a piercing RING fills the air. Sitterson's
face falls -- his eyes dart towards the back of the room
where --

A single RED TELEPHONE sits on the wall. **BRRRRING.** As
one, the crowd goes QUIET. Sitterson looks to Hadley --
they lock eyes, color draining from their faces -- Oh.
Shit. Hadley swallows, moves towards the phone --

HADLEY
(dead serious)
Turn that fucking music off.

Someone stops the music. The workers glance at each
other, tense. **BRRRRING.** Hadley grabs hold of the phone,
takes a deep breath, then answers it --

HADLEY (CONT'D)

(into phone)

Hello sir.

(listens, then)

That's impossible -- everything was within guidelines and the Virgin is the only --

(winces)

No no -- of course I'm not doubting you, sir, it's just --

Hadley's face falls as his eyes dart up to the VIEWSCREENS.

HADLEY (CONT'D)

(into phone, quietly)

Which one?

EXT. DOCKS - NIGHT

WHAM! Dana's body hits the dock hard. Matthew's bear trap shatters the wood beside her -- the dock's now in splinters.

Dana looks terrible -- she's sopping wet, battered and bloody. Clearly, Matthew's been kicking the hell out of her. Dana can't even stand -- tears in her eyes, she tries to crawl away -- she sees a broken dock plank beside her -- maybe it can be used as weapon -- she reaches out for it --

And Matthew steps down on her arm. Dana CRIES OUT... As she tries to struggle, Matthew bears down... We're with Dana as she realizes there's nothing she can do... she's as good as dead...

CHING... CHING... CHING... Matthew starts to swing the chain... He grabs the handle with both hands, swinging the chain behind his back and overhead... and just as he's bringing it down for the deathblow --

WWHH-CHING -- A BONG catches the chain from behind. Lets it wrap around and yanks it back --

Matthew jerks in surprise -- he stumbles backwards, crashing down to the dock --

Dana rolls to her feet, looks back to see --

MARTY.

His clothes are doused in blood, the wound on his back looks pretty nasty... but he's still breathing. Dana can't believe her eyes --

DANA

Marty!

But this is no time for tearful reunions. Matthew's already struggling to his feet beside them --

MARTY

Dana -- get away!

But she doesn't run. As Matthew yanks his chain from Marty's grasp, Dana grabs hold of the dock plank beside her. She swings it with all her might right at Matthew --

CRACK! It hits him square in the face -- he pitches backwards right off the dock -- SPLASH -- into the lake.

Dana joins Marty and they are at a dead run.

SPLDOSH! Matthew re-emerges from the lake. Starts moving through the water. Right towards them.

MARTY (CONT'D)

C'mon --

EXT. CABIN - NIGHT

Dana and Marty race towards the cabin. Behind them, we can see Matthew emerge from the lake, following them --

DANA

Where are we going?

WHAM! UP AHEAD, the front door of the cabin flies open. Framed in the doorway is MOTHER BUCKNER.

Dana and Marty both jump, scared. As Mother Buckner steps out onto the porch, Marty pulls Dana to the side --

MARTY

This way --

They bolt around the side of the house, heading towards the back. Mother Buckner follows...

EXT. CABIN/FOREST - NIGHT

-- Marty and Dana race around the corner of the cabin. Marty heads straight for the treeline. UP AHEAD -- we see the edge of the 'grave' Judah dragged Marty into earlier.

DANA

Marty -- wait --

Sccrrr... Dana looks over, sees Mother Buckner round the corner of the cabin. Dragging her saw by her side...

MARTY

Dana, o'mon --

DANA

(to Marty)

We're going in there?

Shlop... Shlop... the sound of Matthew's wet footsteps ring out as he comes around the other side of the cabin.

MARTY

I need you to keep the faith right now,
sister --

Fwsh -- in the forest UP AHEAD, Patience Buckner breaks through the treeline.

ON DANA -- as she sees Mother, Matthew, and Patience all closing in on her. She's trapped. She knows it. So it takes her all of one second to make the decision --

Marty kneels by the hole in the ground and opens it further like a storm door. On top, sod and leaves. Underneath, smooth, clean metal.

Looking apprehensive, Dana slides in and Marty SLAMS the door shut on top of them.

We stay outside, looking down, holding on the door in the earth for a beat. And then --

Patience Buckner slides down the embankment. She awkwardly tries to paw at the metal door with her one hand. And as she scratches at the metal, she lets out a chilling cry of zombie frustration --

PATIENCE

Mwrrrrroorsarr --

INT. UNDERGROUND SPACE - CONTINUOUS

The sound of Dana's breath echoes off the metal walls of this small, dark chamber. It's only tall enough to crouch in, but a good twelve feet by twelve feet, with a square metal door in the middle of the floor. The light in the room comes from a panel in the metal that's been popped out, a few glowing cables behind, including a couple that have been messed with. As Dana looks more closely...

DANA

What is this place?

She steps on something soft, jerks back as she realizes it's Judah's mewling face. He's been completely dismembered and piled up in the corner, but his bits still twitch.

MARTY

Yeah, I hadda dismember that guy with a trowel. What've you been up to?

She looks at him, bewildered and despairing.

MARTY (CONT'D)

Nobody else, huh?

She shakes her head.

MARTY (CONT'D)

I figured.

DANA

You figured everything.

MARTY

Not even close, but I do know some stuff.
As in:

He goes to the door in the floor and slides it open. She looks down: it's a small metal elevator. Two sides are thick glass, but they are up against the metal shaft so tight you might not even tell.

MARTY (CONT'D)

It's an elevator. Somebody sent these dead fucks up to get us. There's no controls inside but there's maintenance overrides in there. I been playing around. I think I can make it go down.

DANA

Do we wanna go down?

MARTY

Where else we gonna go?

A beat, and she scrambles down into it as he moves to the open panel.

MARTY (CONT'D)

Get ready -- the timing on this might be pretty tight.

INT. ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

She moves against the wall, looking up.

Marty flicks a switch and slides right into the hole as the elevator whirs to life and the door starts sliding shut. He barely makes it -- and one of Judah's arms falls in with him, the two of them doing the get-away-from-it dance even as they brace themselves against the sudden plummet.

MARTY

(kicking it to the side)

Ah! Fuckin' zombie arm!

The elevator starts down -- not too fast -- and it is shaken by another tremor.

EXT. WOODS - CONTINUOUS

The tremor rocks Patience as well. At its height, we hear metal scraping and the hatch grinds open a sliver. Patience looks at it, her head cocked curiously.

INT. ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

It seems to go down a good long while -- then joltingly stops. They look at each other -- nothing opens -- then it starts moving again...

MARTY

Are we moving sideways?

Dana is leaning against the glass when the elevator suddenly comes abreast of another elevator, also with a thick glass wall, and stops --

-- a ravenous WEREWOLF leaps at her as she turns -- she jumps back as it hits the glass, clawing at it and drooling. Marty stares in incomprehension.

MARTY (CONT'D)

So, no...

Both of them press up against the opposite wall -- and the elevator moves sideways again, revealing a Gigeresque ALIEN hanging from the ceiling behind them. It jumps onto the glass and sticks there, freaking them out again, making them move to the middle of the small space, looking around for the next horror.

The elevator is jerked down -- then sideways, revealing this time one on each side. Dana sees:

A little girl in a ragged ballerina outfit (not a tutu, but a limp, torn skirt). She has no face, just a circle-mouth with a ring of teeth.

Marty sees:

A staring man in a long, leather, futuristic coat. He's dead white, has no hair and buzzsaws stuck in his head in a neat row. His arms are ringed with barbed wire stuck in deep. He is grinning at Marty and holding a glowing sphere almost exactly the same as the one in the cellar.

DANA

(realizing)

We chose...

MARTY

(looking over at her)

What?

The elevator moves back down into darkness.

DANA

In the cellar. All that shit we were playing with... They made us choose.

(beat)

They made us choose how we die.

The incomprehension builds in her and she punches the glass. It doesn't make a crack but she keeps going, pounding away with both fists like a prize-fighter going for body blows -- Marty tries to hold her and she screams, thrashing as we drop back wide to see:

An endless array of elevators. Moving around like a 3-D puzzle, like Charlie's Great Glass Elevator, like "Cube". Monsters (many of them like the ones we've seen) in every single one. It's the Costco of death.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Everyone has cleared out except Wendy and our hero three. She's in the lower part, on console, earpiece in. The men are going through every part of the building on their screens, moving fast and frightened.

Sitterson watches nine constantly changing views of monsters in elevators, looking for the kids.

SITTERSON

(into com)

We saw them go down the access drop, they have to be in one of these! Internal security should be able to -- I don't care if that's not protocol! Are you fucking high?

Hadley, over this, is looking at halls and stairwells, (many of them being swept by security teams), also talking on an earpiece:

HADLEY

It's the atoner! No! You can't touch the girl -- If he outlives her all this goes to hell! **Take him out first.**

LIN

(to the guys)

Clean-up says the prep team missed one of the kid's stashes. Whatever he's been smoking has been immunizing him to all our shit.

HADLEY

How does that help us right now?

(into com)

What? Yes. If you have a confirmed kill you can take her out too.

TRUMAN

There!

He's looking at the elevator screens. Sitterson freezes them from changing, then puts their screen on all nine.

SITTERSON

Thirty six oh six. Gotchya.

HADLEY

Bring 'em down.

INT. ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

Marty is holding Dana, who's breathing hard but calm, as the elevator goes down. The elevator stops and the door opens into a sort of lobby. Instantly a GUARD is stepping one foot in, gun at their heads. Dana is a little in front of Marty, standing exhausted, haunted, her knuckles -- and much else of her -- bloody.

GUARD

Out of the elevator!
(beat)
Step out of the elevator!

DANA

Why are you trying to kill us?

GUARD

Step out! Just the girl!

DANA

Just me?

GUARD

Do it!

He moves forward and Judah's arm grabs his foot. He wigs, shooting at it.

Dana takes the moment to rush him --

INT. LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Pushing him back -- he lifts the gun and Marty knocks the guard's arm so his gun points straight at his own chin -- it goes off...

The guard falls against the wall, clutching at his bloodspurts as Marty takes the gun.

MARTY

(ala "Lassie":)

Good work, zombie arm!

They look around. There are eight elevator wells, four on each side, with a corridor turn behind from which we can hear the tromp of approaching guards. On the other side is a small guard station, which this dead fellow presumably came out of, since the door is ajar. The guard station has glass along the top half, as thick and unbreakable as the elevators'.

As the kids get their bearings, a voice comes over a loudspeaker in the hall. It's a good system, and the voice is surprisingly intimate.

THE DIRECTOR

(V.O.)

This is all most unpleasant.

They look around, seeing hidden speakers, not sure what to do.

THE DIRECTOR (CONT'D)

(V.O.)

I know you can hear me. I hope you'll listen.

Marty makes a motion to Dana -- don't speak.

THE DIRECTOR (CONT'D)

(V.O.)

You won't get out of this complex alive. What I want you to try to understand is that you ~~mustn't~~. Your deaths will avert countless others.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Hadley and Sitterson listen as well. On their screens, we see Marty and Dana in a corridor -- and a SWAT-lookin' team creeping down another.

THE DIRECTOR

(V.O.)

You've seen horrible things: an army of nightmare creatures. And they are real.

INT. GUARD STATION/LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

THE DIRECTOR

(V.O.)

But they are nothing compared to what lies beneath us.

The kids see the shadows of the approaching guards -- look around for escape.

THE DIRECTOR (CONT'D)

(V.O.)

There is a greater good, and for that you must be sacrificed. Forgive us... and let us end it quickly.

Marty pulls at Dana, handing her the trowel as they head to the empty guard station.

INT. GUARD STATION/LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

They are closing the door behind them when it is peppered with gunfire. They slam it shut and lock it, keeping low even though the glass isn't even cracking yet.

Marty looks up: the lobby is full of approaching guards -- SWAT-looking guys who keep a steady pound of bullets coming.

Dana looks at the console in here, realization dawning on her:

ANGLE: THE CONSOLE controls all the elevators. And there's a button that says "PURGE".

DANA

An army of nightmares, huh?

She looks at the guards, at Marty. Back at the console.

DANA (CONT'D)

Let's get this party started.

She hits "purge".

In the hall, the sound of the elevators is audible. The lead guard holds his fist up.

LEAD GUARD

Hold fire! Hold fire!

They finally do, and there's a moment of quiet.

ANGLE: DOWN THE HALL.

We can see every elevator door open, but not what's inside. Another moment as the men between turn to look.

Werewolves, Aliens, Mutants and Robots pour out of the elevators at crazy speed, decimating the men even as they begin to fire. It's a warzone in a second.

ANGLE: RUNNING DOWN THE ADJOINING HALL with the next group of guards, they turn the corner to see horrible Chaos -- and the doors open again, the next batch of horrors sweeping out directly at them.

ANGLE: DANA AND MARTY are sitting with their backs against the walls, listening to all manner of screams and weird sounds and things bumping or smearing against the window above.

INT. VARIOUS:

As the carnage continues:

ANGLE: FROM INSIDE AN ELEVATOR as it opens, and an alien rockets out at the guard turning to us and firing.

ANGLE: IN A CORRIDOR a guard runs from a floating, screaming witch, who grabs his head and mystically sucks the life out of it.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - A BIT LATER

There is chaos on every screen. Wendy is silent and near tears. Truman has his weapon at the ready. Hadley and Sitterson are still working.

SITTERSON

Why aren't the defenses working? Where's the fucking gas?

HADLEY

Something chewed through the connections, in the utility shaft.

SITTERSON

Something which?

HADLEY

Something scary!

The lights go out, the screens go dead. And something hits the door hard enough to buckle it.

INT. GUARD STATION/LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

The two are still cowering when something smashes through the glass and into the wall across. It starts unfurling... It's a DRAGONEAT.

DANA

Shit!

She makes for the door, Marty right behind. They open it and head out, keeping low.

The lobby is still a scary place to be but there are more things killing and/or feeding than looking for prey. They make their way across -- Marty shooting a Mutant in the eye -- and are almost to the turn when they hear an unbelievable screech.

They turn to see the dragonbat launch itself right at them from the guard station. They bolt, turning the corner --

-- and almost into a labcoat guy who passes them in the next corner they came from -- and gets nailed hard by the dragonbat that he and it smash through the wall.

The dragonbat pulls him back, eating his entrails, and Dana looks at the hole in the wall. There is a stone corridor beyond, different than any of the rest of this place. Older.

Marty is watching the corridor -- a couple of flesh-eating Zombies are slowly coming toward them -- and Dana grabs his arm, pulls him into the stone corridor and down it.

INT. VARIOUS

And more carnage:

ANGLE: A CLOWN taking bullet hit after bullet hit as it lumbers forward, knife in hand.

ANGLE: A WEREWOLF tearing out a man's throat with its teeth, as in the background a unicorn slams its horn repeatedly into the guard up against a wall, blood spurting on its lovely unicorn mane.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The door is off its hinges, smoke filling the dark room.

The SCARECROW FOLK have almost overpowered Truman, their knife-fingers twitching as he shoots them to no avail. He pulls out a grenade...

Hadley has a submachine gun from a sliding drawer of weapons under his console. He's looking down into the space and firing cover shots into the smoky room as Sitterson is working the key-pad of a secure trapdoor hidden under the carpet. Wendy Lin stands over him, terrified.

HADLEY
Running out of time!

SITTERSON
It's on emergency lockdown! I'm
bypassing...

Truman's grenade explosion knocks Hadley off the edge and into the main space, lost in the smoke.

LIN
Hadley!

SITTERSON
I'm close I'm close I'm close --

ANGLE: HADLEY is on his back, dazed, when he hears something slurping toward him in the smoke. He looks to see the MERMAN, black fin and dorsal like a whale, black soaking hair, black eyes -- everything else as white as his razor-sharp teeth. He puts a webbed hand on Hadley's throat as Hadley realizes he's about to be killed by a merman --

HADLEY
Oh, come on!

And it bites his face off.

ANGLE: SITTERSON AND LIN are concentrating on the trapdoor, we hear a 'ping' --

SITTERSON
Got it!

Sitterson swings the heavy stone door up as a tentacle wraps around Lin and whips her up out of frame. Sitterson dives into the hole and pulls the door shut over him.

INT. HIDDEN CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Sitterson races down a ladder and around the corner -- and right into Dana's trowel. He looks at her, confused by the blade in his chest. She looks stricken.

He sees Marty coming up behind her, turns to her as he sinks...

SITTERSON
Please... kill him...

And dies at her feet, trowel still in him.

MARTY

Come on. We have to find a way out
before everything else finds a way in.

She's looking down at Sitterson.

MARTY (CONT'D)

Dana!

She looks up at him. He holds out the gun.

MARTY (CONT'D)

Here. It's easier with this.

She takes the gun and does seem to gain some measure of calm from it. Starts down the hall -- and down a long stone staircase, taking point, gun held out.

INT. THE CHAMBER - CONTINUOUS

Marty and Dana enter quickly, Dana holding the gun, the camera circling them as they turn, looking at the five stone slabs, then arming up to see they're standing on a mosaic of the symbol Sitterson wore.

Except at the stairs, the edges of the stone don't reach the wall. The two of them look over the edge to see a space of maybe four feet across that goes all the way down into darkness. But there is the sense of something moving in that darkness. The kids draw back from it.

MARTY

No way out.

DANA

Look at these.

(turning slowly)

Five of them.

MARTY

What are they?

DANA

Us.

A whirring sound accompanies a spill of light as a small circular hatch opens in the center of the mosaic and up comes THE DIRECTOR (kind of like Luke in "Empire" when he enters the cryogenic chamber to fight Vader.)

He is older, distinguished, wearing a black suit, grey shirt, no collar, no tie, and grey gloves. He's calm, almost affectionate.

THE DIRECTOR

That's quite right.

DANA

(to Marty)

I should've seen it like you did. All of this: the old guy at the gas station, the out of control behavior, the monsters... this is part of a ritual.

THE DIRECTOR

The oldest.

MARTY

A ritual sacrifice? Great! You tie someone to a stone, get a fancy dagger and a buncha robes... it's not that complicated!

DANA

No, it's simple. They don't just wanna see us killed. They want to see us punished.

MARTY

Punished for what?

THE DIRECTOR

{shrugging}

For being young? It's different for every culture. And it changes over the years, but it's very specific. There must be at least five.

He points to one of the carvings: it's a woman standing erect, holding open her robe, her naked body revealed.

THE DIRECTOR (CONT'D)

The Whore.

DANA

(mutters)

That word...

THE DIRECTOR

She is corrupted, she dies first.

(pointing to the other carvings)

The Athlete. The Scholar. The Fool. All suffer and die, at the hands of the horror they have raised. Leaving the last, to live or die as fate decides.

(MORE)

THE DIRECTOR (CONT'D)
 (points to the last slab,
 looks at Dana)

The Virgin.

DANA
 (snorts)
 Me? Virgin?

MARTY
 Dude, she's a homewrecker!

THE DIRECTOR
 We work with what we have.

MARTY
 What happens if you don't pull it off?

THE DIRECTOR
 They awaken.

DANA
 Who does? What's beneath us?

THE DIRECTOR
 The gods. The sleeping gods; the giants
 that live in the earth, that used to rule
 it. They fought for a billion years and
 now they sleep. In every country, for
 every culture, there is a god to appease.
 As long as one sleeps, they all do. But
 the other rituals have all failed.

There is a great rumbling -- they all stagger a bit, and
 silt sifts down from the ceiling. As it subsides...

THE DIRECTOR (CONT'D)
 The sun will rise in eight minutes.
 (to Marty)
 If you live to see it, the world will
 end.

Neither of them questions the truth of it. They stare at
 him a moment.

MARTY
 Maybe that's the way it ought to be.
 Maybe it's time for a change.

THE DIRECTOR
 We're not talking about change. We're
 talking about the agonizing death of
 every human soul on the planet.

(to Marty)
 (MORE)

THE DIRECTOR (CONT'D)

Including you. You can die with them. Or
you can die for them.

MARTY

Gosh, they're both so enticing...

He looks over to Dana to see that she is pointing the gun
at him.

MARTY (CONT'D)

Wow.

DANA

Marty... The whole world...

THE DIRECTOR

(to Dana)

There is no other way. You have to be
strong.

MARTY

Yeah, Dana. You feeling strong?

DANA

I'm sorry.

MARTY

So am I.

A werewolf leaps at her from the stairs and tears into
her! The gun goes flying as she falls to the ground,
trying to pull the beast off her.

The Director and Marty both move for the gun, and
struggle themselves, but Marty finally gets hold of it --
knocking The Director to the floor -- and without
hesitation puts three bullets into the werewolf, sending
it screeching back up the stairs.

Dana rolls over, eyes wild, blood everywhere. The
Director rises and tackles Marty. They wrestle on the
floor, the gun just out of reach, the edge of the abyss
by their heads.

As they fight, Dana breathes heavily by the stairs,
unable to rise. She looks over as two small feet shamble
by her, in old, dirty shoes, the edge of a tattered
gingham dress swinging above the ankles.

Marty gets on top of The Director and pushes his forearm
against his windpipe. His back is to the girl.

DANA

Marty...

He turns -- The Director grabs the gun -- and Marty spins The Director on top of him just as Patience swings her hatchet, burying it in the back of the Director's skull.

Another tremor and Marty kicks The Director over the edge of the circle. Patience, unwilling to let go her hatchet, goes over with him.

Marty watches them a moment, then limps over to the stairs.

Another, bigger tremor makes him pause, but it subsides and he slumps in the corner next to Dana. She's breathing shallow, tears streaming from her eyes, but she's pretty alert.

MARTY

Hey.

DANA

You know... I don't think... Curt even has a cousin.

MARTY

Huh. How are you?

DANA

Going away...

MARTY

I'm sorry.

DANA

I'm so sorry I almost shot you... I probably wouldn't have...

MARTY

Hey, shh, no... I totally get it.

As he continues, he lights up a joint.

MARTY (CONT'D)

I'm sorry I let you get attacked by a werewolf and then ended the world.

He takes a drag and holds it out to her. With a shakey hand, she takes it and drags on it herself.

DANA

Nahh, you were right. Humanity...
(blows out smoke in a cynical
'Pfft')

It's time to give someone else a chance.

MARTY
Giant evil gods.

DANA
Wish I coulda seen 'em.

MARTY
I know! That would be a fun weekend.

Biggest rumble yet. The floor starts bulging, cracking,
as dust and debris cloud the screen.

Dana holds out her hand. Marty puts his in it. Squeezes
it. They hold a moment.

An explosion of debris from below obliterates the
chamber.

EXT. CABIN - DAWN

We are wide on the cabin as a gnarled hand, bigger than
the house and on an arm a hundred feet long, shoots up
from the crust of the earth.

BLACK OUT.

THE END