

TYLER
LABINE

ALAN
TUDYK

KATRINA
BOWDEN

TUCKER & DALE VS. EVIL

EVIL JUST MESSED WITH THE WRONG HILLBILLIES.

"BRILLIANT.
HILARIOUS,
GENIUS"

— Fangoria



MAGNET

WHEN UP AGAINST PURE EVIL...JUST GIV'ER.



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COMING SOON

TUCKER AND DALE
vs. EVIL

screenplay by
Eli Craig & Morgan Jurgenson

April 9th, 2009

EXT. APPALACHIAN MOUNTAINS - DAY - 1987

Gliding over the endless green forests of the Appalachian Mountains, we slowly descend...

SUPER: MEMORIAL DAY, WEST VIRGINIA - 1987

Continuing to descend through the trees... the sound of frantic breathing rises... someone's running.

CHERYL, a 19 YEAR OLD COLLEGE GIRL looks back, terrified. Whatever's chasing her is getting closer.

Cheryl trips over a log, lands face down in the mud. She quickly sits up, looks around. There is no sign of who or what she's running from.

SNAP! A twig breaks nearby. The Girl flattens on the ground, looks about. Through the brush she can make out a blood covered machete. A pair of worn, blood spattered work boots approach.

Cheryl quietly stands, pressing her back against a tree, slowly moving around the trunk, out of sight.

She watches as the figure searches about, then turns and walks off. The girl eases. She turns--

Straight into the eyes of A KILLER HILLBILLY. He holds the machete up in the air.

Cheryl SCREAMS as the hillbilly flips the machete over and smashes the butt of it down--

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. WEST VIRGINIA - DAY

Bluegrass music and blue sky. Cottonwood seeds float through the air. It's springtime in the mountains. The hills are green, the air is clear, and it couldn't be more beautiful.

SUPER: 20 YEARS LATER

A beat up CHEVY TRUCK speeds along a country highway, heading for the hills. It's loaded down with work tools and an aluminum boat is tied to the roof.

TUCKER (V.O.)
Did you ever even talk to her?

DALE (V.O.)
I was gonna. But she moved out
before I ever got a chance.

INT. TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Behind the wheel is TUCKER MCGEE (30), your classic West Virginian good 'ole boy, flannel shirt, an easy laugh, a good heart, and a dependable truck. He's a natural leader, but given his intelligence quotient - his only follower is...

DALE DOBSON (28), riding shotgun - the slower of the two. He's not exactly prince charming either, with disheveled hair, a goofy laugh, and an awkward smile, but once you get to know him, you'll see a heart of gold. Right now, he's clearly in the dumps.

Sitting between them is JANGERS, Dale's mangy dog.

TUCKER
Before you ever got a chance!?
It's been three years!

DALE
I was waitin' for the right time.

TUCKER
She lived across the goddamn
street! You passed by her house
every day. You're hopeless, Dale.
You know that? Hopeless.

Tucker takes a swig from a can of PABST BLUE RIBBON.

DALE
Well, I ain't like you, Tucker. I
ain't no good at talkin' to girls.
I get all nervous, and I always end
up sayin' somethin' stupid.

TUCKER
You know what you got? An
inferiority complex.

DALE
(Not sure what it means)
No, I don't!

TUCKER
Yeah, you do! That girl probably
thought as much about you as you
thought about her.
(MORE)

TUCKER (CONT'D)

She's probably crying her eyes out
right now wonderin' why you never
talked to her.

DALE

I doubt that.

TUCKER

See what I mean? I'll tell you
this, buddy. Life's short and you
gotta go after what you want,
'cause it sure as hell ain't just
gonna fall in your lap.

Tucker takes another gulp of his beer, when A SIREN chirps
out behind them. He jumps, dropping his beer in his lap.

TUCKER

Shit.

He spots a police truck behind them and pulls over. The beer
rolls down onto the floor, spraying everywhere.

DALE

Here, let me help.

Dale picks up a rag off the floor and leans in, mopping up
the beer. His hand slips, falling into the space between the
door and the driver's seat. His sleeve catches the seat
recline bar.

TUCKER

Knock it off, Dale.

Tucker glances in the side mirror, and sees THE SHERIFF
approaching.

TUCKER

Dale, what are you doing?

DALE

My hand's stuck.

Face down in Tucker's lap, Dale fights with all his might to
free himself. The truck rocks under the force.

Dale finally slips out of his shirt, sitting up quickly just
as the Sheriff reaches the window. He acts as cool as he can
with no shirt on and with how the situation looks.

TUCKER

Howdy officer? Beautiful day,
ain't it?

The Sheriff gives the two of them a hard cold stare.

SHERIFF
License please.

Tucker digs a crumpled paper from the console. He irons out the wrinkles by rubbing it against his chest, then proudly hands it to the Sheriff, who eyes it skeptically.

TUCKER
Lost my wallet a couple weeks ago.
New one's in the mail.

SHERIFF
Where you two headed?

TUCKER
(proud)
Funny you should ask, 'cause we
just got ourselves a vacation home
up by Morris Lake. Sank every
penny I had into it. Me and Dale
here are gonna fix up the place,
maybe do some fishin'.
(leans in, hushed)
He's kind of been striking out with
the ladies. So I figured some
serious man time would do him good.

The Sheriff's eyes shift to Dale, still shirtless. Dale smiles. Then he looks back at Tucker, his eyes narrowing.

SHERIFF
There ain't no fish in them
mountains.

TUCKER
Well that's why we brought the
boat. Figured we'd try the lake.

Tucker laughs. Dale joins in. They immediately stop as the Sheriff takes an ominous tone.

SHERIFF
(ominously leans in)
There ain't nothin' up there but
pain and sufferin' on a scale you
can't even imagine.

Tucker and Dale glance at each other, then look back at him.

TUCKER
Oh... Okay.

The Sheriff relaxes and scribbles on his ticket pad, hands the ticket to Tucker.

SHERIFF

I pulled you over because you have a broken turn signal. See that you get it fixed.

TUCKER

Yes, sir. And thanks for the tip.

The Sheriff walks back to his Police Truck, and spins a U-Turn. Tucker waves.

DALE

Man, that was tense.

TUCKER

Poor guy's jealous. Probably can't afford a place of his own.

Dale reaches into the back and grabs two fresh beers.

DALE

Here's to the good life.

TUCKER

To the good life.

They toast.

Tucker turns on his broken turn signal, and pulls out... A HORN BLOWS... BRAKES SQUEAL...

DALE

Look out!

A BLACK SUBURBAN swerves around them, almost losing control, before recovering.

INT. SUBURBAN - DAY

NINE COLLEGE KIDS are crammed inside the Suburban. Polo shirts, fresh hair cuts, good looks. These kids are a J-CREW catalogue come to life.

CHAD (22), the kind of guy that joins a fraternity because hazing is cool, rides shotgun. He's overly handsome, except for his slightly large front teeth.

CHAD

...Assholes!

CHUCK (20), the overweight nerd who doesn't seem to belong, slows way down as he grips the steering wheel tight.

CHUCK

Holy crap, that was close.

Chad looks out the window as Tucker and Dale speed past them. The college kids and the hillbillies exchange a long, disturbing stare with each other.

CHLOE (19), blonde, beautiful, panophobic (afraid of everything), trembles as she lights a cigarette.

CHLOE

Did you see the way those guys
looked at us?

CHAD

We're in hillbilly country now
boys! Squeal like a pig!

Chad reaches over and twists Chuck's nipple.

CHUCK

Ouch! Stop.

ALLISON (20), wears a baseball cap and a tank top. She's clearly the kind of girl that could care less about the way she looks, but she's all the more stunning because of it.

ALLISON

Chad, just 'cause they're not Sigma
Chi doesn't mean they're freaks.

CHAD

Yes, it does. You're either Sigma
Chi or you're a freak.

JASON (21) African-American jock, high fives Chad from the back seat.

JASON

Yeah, Chadster!

TOGETHER

Sigma Sigma Chi Chi Chi, Sigma
Sigma Chi Chi Chi.

Chuck mouths the words, trying to fit in, but he's off rhythm. Allison just rolls her eyes.

ALLISON

(sotto)

Great. I'm in a truck full of morons.

MITCH

No. If we were morons, we wouldn't have thought to bring this.

MITCH (20), the pseudo-intellectual stoner, lights up a HUGE JOINT.

ALLISON

Okay, I stand corrected. You're a genius.

MITCH

Thank you.

TODD (20), skate poser, takes the joint from Mitch and adjusts his hat so it's perfectly crooked.

TODD

How far are we going anyway?

CHAD

We go until we get there.

MIKE (20), blonde and athletic, calls out from the back.

MIKE

The only question is where is there?

CHLOE

Yeah, I need to pee.

CHAD

You'll have to hold it.

ALLISON

We passed a store a few miles ago.

JASON

Screw that, piss in this bottle.

CHLOE

Fuck you.

CHUCK

I kinda gotta go pee now too. Can we go back?

CHAD
Sorry, ladies. There's no
stopping, there's no going back.
Not for anything.

NAOMI (19) African-American, gorgeous, smart-ass, yells out
from the back.

NAOMI
Hey guys! GUYS!!!

The intensity of Naomi's voice stops everyone. Her lips
tremble with fear, as she realizes...

NAOMI
We're out of beer.

The kids all SCREAM as the Suburban hits the brakes, slides
to a stop and turns around.

EXT. THE LAST CHANCE STORE - DAY

The last stop before entering Appalachian country, this store
sells anything and everything.

The Suburban backtracks down the road, parks. Tucker's truck
is parked off to the side. The college kids pile out.

A HILLBILLY KID stares at the college kids as he works the
hand pump on an old WATER PUMP. The pump SQUEAKS OMINOUSLY.

Allison makes eye contact with the kid. The kid smiles, his
teeth are all BLACK AND ROTTED. Allison tries to hide her
disgust as she steps into the store.

INT. THE LAST CHANCE STORE - CONTINUOUS

The store's CLERK is at the counter checking out Tucker's
rental tools.

CLERK
Now, you're sure you got
everything? Once you're out there
you're a long way away from--

The bells on the door JINGLE as Allison and Chad enter. The
Clerk stops mid-sentence and stares at them.

The two of them glance around the store: Animal heads mounted
on the wall, chainsaws, knives, ropes, along with a couple
aisles of canned food and camping supplies.

CLERK
Can I help you with somethin'?

CHAD
(a little freaked out)
Uh... where's your beer?

CLERK
Beer's in the back.

Chad continues to the beer cooler in the back. The Clerk looks to Tucker over his glasses.

CLERK
You see the way them kids
looked...?

Tucker shrugs.

TUCKER
Read the list back to me just to be
sure.

CLERK
Alrighty. We got 3/4 inch nails, a
hack-saw, bailing hooks, machete,
brush clearing scythe,
woodchipper...

ALLISON'S POV

The store takes on a more ominous appearance. She glances at the hunting trophies on the walls. The floorboards creak.

Allison walks along the aisle, looking at the items on the shelf. She sees a can of bug spray--

ALLISON
Hey guys? Do we have enough--

She turns around, but there's no one there.

She grabs the can. As she pulls it away, she notices a pair of eyes peering at her through the items on the shelf.

They're the bloodshot, slightly demented eyes of Dale.

Dale quickly picks up a jar of PICKLED EGGS and pretends to inspect them.

Allison moves on, but spots the hillbilly watching her again. Chloe grabs Allison's arm and she jumps.

CHLOE

It's just me.

(looks at Dale)

Let's get out of here. This place
is creepy.

Allison glances back, as Dale watches her leave.

TUCKER

Hey, Dale? We need anything else?

Lost in a daze, Dale walks to him with the PICKLED EGG JAR.

EXT. LAST CHANCE STORE - DAY

Dale stuffs his hand into the pickled egg jar, pulls out an egg, and takes a bite. Tucker loads their tools into the truck as Jangers the dog sits in the cab, watching them.

Across the parking lot, the college kids load up their beer cooler. Dale watches them.

DALE

Damn, Tucker. You ever seen
anything like that?

TUCKER

(glancing over)

Nothin' so special about them.
Just your average college girls.

Allison bends to pour the ice into the cooler.

DALE

Ain't nothin' average 'bout that.

TUCKER

You know somethin', Dale? She's
just human. You should go over
there and talk to her.

DALE

Talk to her!? What the hell would
I say?

TUCKER

Heck, tell her you got a vacation
home, that oughtta impress her.

DALE

Are you out of your mind!? Those
are college girls.

(MORE)

DALE (CONT'D)

They probably grew up in vacation homes, while guys like me fixed their toilets.

TUCKER

You gotta believe in yourself, Dale. Girls can sniff out fear.
(rubbing Dale's shoulders)
Come on, you're a good lookin' guy, more or less, and you got a damn good heart. Now get over there and talk to her. What's the worst that could happen?

Dale looks at Allison, nervously as he lifts the last piece of gear, a brush clearing SCYTHER.

DALE

You know somethin', you're right. I'm gonna do it!

TUCKER

That's my boy. Now, whatever you say just smile and laugh afterwards. It shows confidence.

He spruces up Dale's plaid collar and sends him off.

COLLEGE KIDS POV

Dale approaches, absentmindedly using the Scythe as a walking stick. He walks up to them, stops, and has a panic attack.

His lips quiver. His whole body seems to be shaking. He tries to form words, but they aren't coming out. Finally...

DALE

You girls... goin' campin'?

He smiles and laughs, making him look even more demented. The girls are terrified. Chad jumps in front of them.

CHAD

We don't want any trouble, okay, man?

Chad spins his hands in some kind of ju-jitsu move.

CHAD

Just back off!

The college kids quickly climb in the Suburban and it peels out, leaving Dale in the dust.

He turns and looks back at Tucker. The blade of the scythe hangs over his head, making him look like the grim reaper.

DALE

I told you, Tucker. I'm a zero
with the ladies.

Tucker shakes his head. Even Jangers seems disappointed.

EXT. BACKWOODS ROAD - DAY

Tucker's truck drives up a rugged dirt road, towing the rented woodchipper. The forest grows thicker around them.

EXT. BACKWOODS CABIN - DAY

The weighted-down truck emerges from the dense forest and Tucker's property comes into view. It's overgrown with thornbushes, dying trees, and that's not the worst part...

THE CABIN looks like something straight out of a horror film. The paint has entirely worn away, much of the wood has rotted out, and the front door is boarded up with a KEEP OUT! sign.

Tucker and Dale slide out of the truck, awe-struck.

DALE

Oh. My. God.

The men are speechless. Jangers WHINES her concern.

DALE

It's perfect! And they said it was
a fixer upper?

TUCKER

C'mon, let's have a look inside.

INT. CABIN - MOMENTS LATER

PRYING is heard as the KEEP OUT SIGN is pulled free from the front door. A splinter of light cuts through the darkness. Tucker and Dale enter, sweeping away spiderwebs.

A RAT scurries in front of them.

TUCKER

A little dusty is all.

DALE

It's a mansion!

Tucker sees a long row of animal skulls and bone trinkets hanging from the ceiling.

TUCKER

Wow. The guy who lived here musta been some kinda archeologist.

DALE

Yeah. He musta been one of them news junkies too. Check it out. He bought newspaper wallpaper.

Dale points at the wall, plastered with old yellowing newspaper clippings. Tucker walks over takes a look.

SMASH CUT into headlines: MEMORIAL DAY MASSACRE. ONE SURVIVOR. DISAPPEARED. RAPED AND TORTURED.

TUCKER

Oh shit, buy three get two free at Arby's, no expiration date. Score.

Tucker rips down the newspaper clipping.

DALE

Hey look!

Dale runs across the room, opens the door on a huge steel incinerator and sticks his head in.

DALE

(his voice echoes)
...a pizza oven!

He tries the ignition switch and an unnecessarily large flame ignites within.

DALE

And it works too!

Tucker takes in the place, proud of his new home.

TUCKER

Fully modernized.

Dale walks over to an old bookshelf and sees a stack of old dusty BOARD GAMES.

TUCKER

I can't believe I'm standing here in my own vacation home... dreams really can come true.

Tucker slaps his hand against a vertical support beam. CREAK-SWOOSH! A loose rafter beam swoops down at Tucker. He stands wide-eyed as the nail spiked board swings at his head.

Dale tackles Tucker, pulling him to the ground. The spiked beam comes to a rest right where Tucker's head was.

TUCKER
I guess we should fix that.

DALE
Good idea.

TUCKER
You wanna get off me now?

DALE
Oh, right.

EXT. COLLEGE KIDS CAMPSITE - EVENING

SLO-MO: A HATCHET FLIES THROUGH THE AIR... hits a tree trunk and bounces off. Chad reaches into his pant leg, quickly pulls out a knife and flings it. THUNK! It connects.

CHAD
Yes!

The rest of the college kids are sitting around a CAMPFIRE smoking pot. Allison sits next to Naomi as she watches Chad.

ALLISON
What's his deal?

NAOMI
Chad? He's always been like that.

ALLISON
Like what?

NAOMI
Like he's getting ready for... something.

Allison stares at Chad.

CHUCK
Hey, you guys want to hear a scary story?

Everyone turns to Chuck.

CHUCK

Okay. This is totally a true story. There were a pair of teenagers hooking up at lover's point. Then they hear a radio alert about murderer on the loose with a hook for a hand.

JASON

Lame!

MITCH

Man, that story's so old.

CHUCK

No... it happened to my cousins.

The kids pelt Chuck with empty beer cans. Chad walks over, grabs the joint out of Todd's hands, and takes a hit.

CHAD

(talking & holding breath)

You guys want to hear a real story. A story that happened here at this very lake.

He exhales, then chases it with a hit off his asthma inhaler.

CHAD

It happened twenty three years ago to the day. The Memorial Day Massacre. A group of college kids came out here to have a good time. But...

(in a redneck accent)

They weren't the only ones in these here woods.

FLASHBACK - EXT. WOODS - NIGHT - 1987

A HIT 1987 SONG blares from a car stereo as headlights illuminate a group of dancing college kids. The college kids wave glowing green light sticks in the air as they dance and grind with each other.

The car door opens. A LARGE HAND wrapped in gauze presses eject on the tape deck. The music suddenly cuts off. The hand slides a different tape into the deck and BLUEGRASS music booms out.

The kids stop dancing and turn to look. Stepping in front of the light is an oafish hillbilly in tattered clothes.

COLLEGE KID

Hey, man? What the hell are you doing?

COLLEGE KID #2

Yeah, put that back on.

One of the freaks holds a 6" circular saw blade. He raises the blade, scratching his neck with it. Blood trickles down.

COLLEGE KID

No, this is cool. I like this.

The hillbilly unleashes the blade. It spins through the air, smashing into the college kids skull right between the eyes. He falls down, dead. A girl SCREAMS.

The college kids scream and scatter in all directions.

A MACHETE swings into the SCREAMING GIRL'S throat, stapling her to the tree, silencing her. The hillbilly leans in close to her, putting his finger to his lips. Shhhh!

Cheryl, the girl from the opening, looks at the Hillbilly and turns to run. The Hillbilly takes off after her...

EXT. COLLEGE KIDS CAMPSITE - NIGHT - END FLASHBACK

The reflection of the fire continues to dance in Chad's eyes.

CHAD

Only one person lived to tell the story, the rest just disappeared. Their bodies are buried beneath us.

The kids are scared speechless. Then Mike jumps up.

MIKE

Alright! Who's up for skinny dipping?

EXT. MORRIS LAKE - NIGHT

A full moon rises over the evergreen peaks, reflecting in the still waters of the lake. Tucker and Dale are in a row boat near the shore of a cove, drinking, and fishing.

They finish their beers at the same time and reach to the cooler for a new one... IT'S THE LAST ONE!!

DALE

You go ahead. That's okay.

TUCKER

See that's why you're never gonna
get what you want. You never stick
up for yourself.

Dale reaches for the last beer. Tucker slaps his hand away.

TUCKER

Don't even think about it.

Tucker cracks open the beer, takes a long gulp, followed by
an equally long BURP! Dale looks at the beer, longingly.

They hear someone splash into the water across the lake,
followed by the SHRIEKS and YELPS of the college kids.

DALE

What's that all about?

They can barely make out one of the girls standing on a rock,
taking her top off before jumping into the water.

TUCKER

Maybe we should go find out.

DALE

Aw, I don't know, Tucker. My guess
is they'd rather not see us again.

Tucker starts paddling toward them, but Dale fights him by
paddling the other way. The boat just spins in circles.

TUCKER

Will you knock it off?

SPLASHING draws their attention. A swimmer approaches.

TUCKER

Somebody's comin'. Go back.

They quietly paddle the boat backward into the tall reeds.
Allison swims about fifteen feet from them, then stops.

ALLISON

Chloe? Chloe?

She looks around. Nothing.

ALLISON

Chloe?

Suddenly something yanks Allison underwater. She SCREAMS
before disappearing beneath the surface.

DALE
Holy shit. What was that?

TUCKER
I don't know.

Allison emerges, choking for air. Chad appears, laughing.

ALLISON
Chad! You're such an asshole!

CHAD
Come on, that was funny.

ALLISON
No it wasn't.

Chad moves in close.

CHAD
You know, you can drop the act now.

ALLISON
What act?

CHAD
Like you're better than everyone else.

ALLISON
I don't--

CHAD
Yeah you do. But that's okay. You are better than everyone else... You and I, Allie. We're cut from a different cloth, you know what I mean?

ALLISON
Uh--

CHAD
What I'm saying is - I'm glad we have this time to get to know each other better.

He leans in and kisses her.

ALLISON
Chad, you're drunk.

CHAD
So what? Everybody's drunk.

He leans in to kiss her again, this time more forcefully.

ALLISON
Chad--

CHAD
I love it when you say my name.

ALLISON
(pushing him back)
Just stop, okay?

CHAD
You know, something? You need to
lighten up.

ALLISON
And you need to sleep it off.

CHAD
I invited you here because I
thought you could use a break after
finals, maybe have some fun for a
change. Guess I made a mistake.

He starts swimming towards the group, then turns back.

CHAD
Hey, I'll race you back. First one
there gets to keep your clothes.

ALLISON
(sotto)
Great.

Tucker and Dale watch as Allison swims in the other
direction, toward a sloping rock ledge.

DALE
(whispering)
What a jerk.

Allison climbs up on the rocky ledge, cautious of where she
puts her bare, wet feet.

Dale politely puts his hand over his eyes. He glances
through his fingers and sees Tucker taking in the view.

DALE
Tucker!?

Allison hears the noise and turns to see two dirt-covered hillbillies in a boat, staring up at her.

Allison SCREAMS. Tucker and Dale SCREAM.

ALLISON'S FEET SLIP out from under her and HER HEAD SLAMS AGAINST A ROCK. She slides unconscious into the water.

TUCKER

Jesus, Dale. What in the hell's the matter with you?

DALE

Me? What did I do?

TUCKER

When a hot little college girl is prancing naked in front of you, you don't call out my name!

DALE

Well, you were bein' a peepin' tom.

TUCKER

You're hopeless, Dale. You know that? Hopeless.

The two of them turn and notice Allison hasn't surfaced. A beat as they look at each other - then...

The two of them jump into action, paddling toward the spot where she went under. Dale plugs his nose and leaps into the water like a kid that's just learning to swim.

Tucker watches anxiously from the boat. There's no sign of either of them. Then...

Dale resurfaces gasping for air. Allison is in his arms.

DALE

Help me get her in the boat.

Tucker reaches out to grab Allison.

EXT. MORRIS LAKE - NEAR ROCKS - NIGHT

Chuck and Naomi sprint through the forest, their flashlights cutting through the darkness.

NAOMI

Over here. It sounded like Allison.

They emerge from the forest on a small rocky slope. Chuck shines his light down at the water. What they see will haunt them for the rest of their lives.

The two hillbillies from the store have captured Allison. She lies unconscious in the middle of their boat. One of them hangs over her, kissing her, or worse...

The other hillbilly stands up, waving at them.

TUCKER

Hey, we got your friend! Hey!

CHUCK

(crying)

Oh, God. They got Allison!

The two of them turn and run into the woods, screaming.

EXT. TUCKER'S BOAT - CONTINUOUS

Tucker watches as the kids SCREAM and run away.

TUCKER

Hey! Hey!?

(to Dale)

What in the hell's a matter with them?

Dale is on his knees giving her CPR. Allison spits up water, and begins to breathe, but remains unconscious.

DALE

She's hurt real bad, Tucker.

We gotta get her back to the cabin.

Tucker nods, still confused about the college kids.

EXT. COLLEGE KIDS CAMPSITE - NIGHT

The other college kids are back at the campfire, drinking beer and laughing, when Chuck bursts out of the woods.

CHUCK

(out of breath)

The hill... the hillbillies...

Chad has just finished drying off, and pulls on his shirt.

CHAD

What hillbillies?

CHUCK
The hillbillies from the store...
They've captured Allison!

Chad grabs his HATCHET and the group runs toward the lake.

EXT. MORRIS LAKE - NIGHT

The full moon reflects off the water and the rising mist.
Chad and the college kids reach the shore just in time to see
Tucker and Dale's boat disappear into the fog.

CHAD
Allie!!!!

Chad falls to his knees as his voice echoes in the darkness.

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

Allison lies under a stack of blankets on a cot, tossing and
turning. Sweating. She awakens and bolts upright.

ALLISON
No!!!

She looks around the cabin. The moonlight casts an eerie
glow across the room. She touches her head and feels the
bandage on it. A MENACING GROWL catches her attention.

Sitting by the foot of her bed, JANGERS the dog devours a
RAT. The dog looks up at her, his face covered in blood and
he bares his fangs... footsteps approach.

Allison looks up. Out of the shadows emerges an oafish ogre
of a man. He steps into the moonlight. It's Dale, with a
devilish grin on his face and STEEL CHAINS in his hands.

DALE
I finally got me a girl of my own.

He tosses the chains at her.

INT. CABIN - MORNING

Allison bolts upright in the cot.

ALLISON
No!

Morning sunlight streams through the cabin and the birds are
singing outside.

She looks around the room, confused, scared, breathless from the dream. Sitting at the end of her bed is JANGERS the dog, playfully licking a chew toy.

She looks around what seems like an evil cabin: Old tools hanging from the walls, various animal skulls, the incinerator, and then she sees the newspaper articles...

Still sitting on the cot, she slides over and begins reading the old yellowing newspaper articles: SIX DEAD, MANY MORE MISSING. ONE SURVIVOR...

Dale walks around the corner with a breakfast tray in his hands. He freezes when he sees her awake.

DALE

Oh... hi.

Allison turns in fear. Dale is equally terrified, but his fear comes from desperately searching for something to say.

Jangers interrupts the moment, climbs on the bed to inspect Allison, catching her off guard.

ALLISON

Get away.

DALE

That's just Jangers. She looks mean, but she's real nice... I made you some--

Dale steps toward her.

ALLISON

No!!!

DALE

I'm sorry. I shoulda asked if you liked pancakes. I'll make you somethin' else.

Dale rushes away with the BREAKFAST TRAY.

EXT. WOODS - DAY

A FLOCK OF CROWS SHRIEK and jump into flight.

CHAD

Allison!?

NAOMI

I don't understand, where do you think they took her?

MITCH

Maybe they took her to the hospital.

CHAD

You don't get it do you? Chuck, tell him what you saw.

CHUCK

It was pretty dark, but one of them looked like he was... eating her face off.

CHLOE

That's totally disgusting.

Naomi tries her cell phone. There is no signal.

NAOMI

Shit. Hey guys? Not to be too cliché but shouldn't we go to the police?

JASON

And leave Allison with them?

NAOMI

If they already ate her what difference does it make?

CHAD

We don't need the police. We can handle this on our own.

CHUCK

Why don't I go? Yeah, it's my Dad's truck, and he told me not to let anyone else drive it.
(off the girls look)
I'm the only one insured.

CHAD

Fine. You wanna go? Go.

CHUCK

Okay. I'll be back in a jiffy.

Chuck runs off into the forest, happy to be leaving.

CHLOE

That's such bullshit. Why does he get to go?

Chad shrugs. Jason calls out to them from a distance.

JASON

Guys! You'd better come take a
look at this.

The others follow. As they do, they can make out THE CABIN
through the trees. It looks like something from a nightmare.

NAOMI

What is this place?

MITCH

It's just a cabin. It doesn't mean
they're psycho killers.

CHLOE

Oh yeah? Then why don't you go up
there and talk to them.

MITCH

Alright. Maybe I will.

Mitch hesitates. The kids give him a look.

MITCH

I said maybe.

INT. CABIN KITCHEN - DAY

Dale scrapes eggs onto a plate, tenderly aligns bacon next to
it, finishes the breakfast tray with coffee and flowers.

THE MAIN ROOM

Allison tries to get out of bed, recoils with pain and
dizziness. Dale enters with the BREAKFAST TRAY, silently
sets it in front of her.

Allison's confused gaze rises from the eggs, to the fresh
flowers, to Dale's uncomfortable quest for words.

DALE

Please tell me you don't hate eggs.

ALLISON

What am I doing here?

DALE

Oh. You don't remember? Me and
Tucker... I mean, I and Tucker... I
mean, Tucker and I... We brung you
here last night.

ALLISON

Why?

DALE

(really fast)

Well, You were out swimmin' with your friends, and your boyfriend was kind of a jerk, and then he swum off, and you swum off, and you climbed up on some rocks and you slipped an' fell and banged your head and fell into the water...

(pauses, proud)

...and I rescued you.

Allison takes this in. For a moment she seems touched, then-

ALLISON

You were spying on us?!

DALE

No. No. We were just out fishin'. I swear. We didn't see... I mean I didn't. Tucker mighta...

Allison eyes Dale, suspicious.

ALLISON

What happened to my friends?

DALE

They just ran off... Don't be too mad at them. Some people ain't no good in a crisis. Anyways, we brung you back here, figurin' they'd come get ya in the mornin'.

Allison notices the oversized, tattered clothes she's wearing. They're Dale's old work clothes.

DALE

I didn't have any girl clothes. Sorry.

ALLISON

That's okay. I never had much fashion sense anyway.

DALE

Me neither.

Allison smirks at the obviousness, Dale nearly passes out from the minor success.

DALE
I'm real sorry about the mess.

Dale starts picking up around the cabin, a futile attempt.

DALE
Tucker just bought this place. I'm
sure it don't look like much to
such a high class girl, but it's
sort of a dream for us to have a
vacation home.

Allison looks around at the decrepid cabin, skeptically.

ALLISON
This is your vacation home?

DALE
Like I said, I'm sure it ain't much
to a girl like you. Anyway, I'll
let you get some more rest. I
didn't mean to bother you.

Dale turns to leave. Allison calls after him.

ALLISON
Hey, what's your name?

DALE
My name? Uh... oh yeah, it's Dale.

ALLISON
I'm Allison, but my friends call me
Allie.

DALE
Well, it's a pleasure to meet you,
Allie... son. If you need anything
you just holler, okay?

He turns away again.

ALLISON
Hey Dale? You got anything to do
around here?

DALE
(thinks)
You like board games?

EXT. WOODS - DAY

Mitch and Mike do rock-paperscissors. Mitch loses again.

MITCH
C'mon four out of seven.

MIKE
No way, dude. You lost.

MITCH
Fine. Jesus, you guys are such pussies. Including you, Chad.

CHAD
Shut up, bitch.

EXT. CABIN - DAY

Tucker walks to his pick-up and pulls out a chain saw. Through the open door of the cabin he sees Dale playing a board game with Allison. Tucker shakes his head and smiles.

TUCKER
Goddamn Romeo.

He yanks the starter cable on the saw. It doesn't start...

EXT. CABIN - CONTINUOUS

Mitch walks with trepidation down the rough path to the cabin. A chain saw ROARS to life in the distance. He immediately turns and looks back at Chloe who waves him on.

EXT. CABIN - CONTINUOUS

Tucker cuts into a branch with his chain saw. A bee buzzes around him and he tries to shoo it away with his hand.

ECU: Behind the branch he's cutting A MILLION BEES climb in and out of their HIVE. Tucker doesn't notice them.

EXT. CABIN - CONTINUOUS

Mitch looks over at an OLD COW SKULL nailed to a post. A CROW sits on top of it.

With each step, the crow CAWS ominously. Mitch tries to trick the bird by pausing, but it CAWS as soon as he steps again. He starts to hyperventilate but continues forward.

EXT. CABIN - CONTINUOUS

ECU: The chain saw blade cuts through the wood, sawdust spraying behind it.

Tucker has a focused look on his face as he works. The saw slices through the branch, and into THE BEES NEST! A hundred bees immediately swarm around Tucker.

He rears back, yelping and hollering, swinging the chain saw about in a frantic attempt to fight off the bees.

EXT. CABIN - CONTINUOUS

Mitch hears a wild, piercing SCREAM. He stops, about to turn back, when he sees the most terrifying sight of his life...

A psychotic hillbilly runs around the corner, flailing his chain saw over his head and SCREAMING.

TUCKER
AHHHHHH!!!

Mitch turns back to his friends.

MITCH
RUN FOR YOUR LIVES!!!

The college kids scatter into the woods. Mitch turns and bolts toward the lake, running harder than he's ever run.

Tucker screams in agony as the bees swarm around him, stinging him as he sprints for the water.

Mitch turns, looks behind him. Tucker's gaining on him, chain-saw about to rip him to shreds. He SCREAMS...

Then, he looks over, and he can't believe what he sees. Tucker running alongside him. They are side by side, looking at each other, both terrified. Then Tucker passes him.

THOOMP!!! Mitch runs headlong into a pointed branch. He looks down at his chest. A gnarled piece of wood sticks clear through him.

As the life drains from his body, he watches Tucker toss the chain saw and dive into the lake.

A bee lands on Mitch's nose. There's a moment of understanding before he fades away.

INT. CABIN - DAY

Dice roll across the table. Dale moves his chip forward and Allison picks up a card.

ALLISON

Who was the fifth President of the United States?

DALE

Oh that's too easy. James Monroe.

She flips the card over and reads the back.

ALLISON

Right again. God, you're killing me.

DALE

Sorry 'bout that. I got this weird brain. I'm dumb as a stump, but I remember everything I ever heard.

ALLISON

That sounds pretty smart to me.

DALE

Trust me, I'm stupid. I hardly made it past third grade.

ALLISON

That doesn't mean anything. There's a difference between education and intellect.

Dale is touched by her kindness, catches himself staring.

DALE

What is it you study in college?

ALLISON

I'm getting a Bachelor's degree in Psychology.

DALE

Oh. What kind of work would you do with that?

ALLISON

When I graduate? Well... I don't know. I have these stupid dreams.

DALE

Dreams aren't stupid.

ALLISON
Well... I just think so many
problems in the world happen
because of a lack of communication,
you know?

Dale nods in agreement.

ALLISON
I kind of always thought I could be
a good therapist.

Allison leans back in her chair, resting against the deadly
support beam. It CREAKS!

DALE
DON'T!!!

ALLISON
My parents say the same thing.

Dale grabs Allison and yanks her away from the beam.

DALE
No... I think you can do anything
you want to do. But that beam's a
bit rickety.

BAM! The front door flies open and Tucker stumbles in. His
face is swollen and distorted by the bee stings.

DALE
Tucker?! What the hell happened to
you?

TUCKER
(with swollen lips)
I sawed into a bees nest.

DALE
Why?

TUCKER
I didn't do it on purpose, stupid.
If you were out there helping me, I
mighta avoided it.

Dale looks guilty.

TUCKER
We came out here to work, not sit
around and play board games!

ALLISON

It was my fault. I suckered him into a game.

DALE

That's not true. It's my fault. Here, let me get those stingers outta your face and then I'll help ya with whatever you want.

Tucker looks around Dale to Allison.

TUCKER

I saw one of your friends out in the woods. Ouch!

(Dale pulls stinger out)

He must be allergic to bees or something, 'cause he was runnin' like a bat outta hell.

ALLISON

I should probably go find them.

DALE

No. You should get some rest. We'll go find your friends.

ALLISON

But--

DALE

No buts. You just relax. Tucker n' Dale will take care of it. Won't we Tucker?

TUCKER

Uh--

DALE

C'mon.

Tucker reluctantly gets up, and follows Dale to the door.

ALLISON

Dale? Be careful okay? My friends can be a little... judgemental.

DALE

That's okay. I'll let Tucker do the talkin'. He could win over just about anyone. He's a people person.

Tucker nods, his face looks horrendous.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Dark red blood drips through the leaves of the tree Mitch is impaled on. His head is slumped over; he's clearly dead. The group of college kids stand around him, terrified.

MIKE

They fucking killed him, man.

CHAD

And they left his body here as a message.

JASON

Yeah, stay the fuck out of our woods.

CHLOE

I can't believe this is happening.

Chloe's hands tremble as she attempts to use her phone again.

CHAD

Will you quit it? Cell phones don't work out here.

Chad rips the cell phone out of her hands and throws it.

CHLOE

Thanks a lot, asshole!

NAOMI

We got to get to the road. Try to catch a ride outta here.

CHAD

We don't need a ride outta here. Don't you guys get it? This is what it's all about. It's us against them. Survival of the fittest!

Chad throws his HATCHET. It flies through the air and connects with a tree trunk.

CHAD

YES!

CHLOE

You have a major problem. You know that?

They hear some voices rise in the distance.

TODD

Quick. Someone's coming.

The kids scramble and hide.

COLLEGE KIDS POV: Through the foliage they watch as Tucker and Dale approach. The hillbillies walk right past Mitch's body without noticing.

DALE

...Tucker, you woulda been proud of me. Smart little college girl, and I was beatin' the crap out of her.

TUCKER

Dale, you beat everybody. It's probably because there's something wrong with your brain.

DALE

I tell you what, when we get back, I'll finish her off, and then we'll get back to work.

Naomi and Chad share a glance.

NAOMI

(whispering)

They're gonna kill her.

TUCKER AND DALE'S POV:

Tucker and Dale look out into the bushes.

TUCKER

Hey, look. Somebody was just here.

Tucker points at Chad's HATCHET wedged into the tree.

TUCKER

(yelling out)

Hey college kids!! College kids!!!
Huh, they musta took off.

DALE

Why don't we leave them a note in case they come back.

TUCKER

With what?

Dale looks at the hatchet stuck in the tree.

DALE
This'll work.

EXT. WOODS - DAY

THE NOTE is carved into the side of the tree with the hatchet. It reads 'WE GOT UR FREIND TRY AND GIT ER'. The hatchet is wedged into the tree as an exclamation mark.

The college kids look at it, eyes wide with fear. They exchange a nervous look. Chad yanks the hatchet free.

EXT. CABIN - LATER

A PICK AXE swings down into the dirt. Dale is drenched in sweat as he digs out a six foot long hole in the ground.

Allison walks up behind him. Somehow she's managed to take ownership of Dale's oversized clothes and looks as gorgeous as ever.

ALLISON
Dale? Did you find my friends?

DALE
(re: her appearance)
Uh, whoa.

ALLISON
What?

DALE
I mean, No. But we left them a note. I'm sure they'll come by soon.

Allison looks at the six foot long hole in the ground.

ALLISON
(curious)
What're you doing?

DALE
I'm diggin' a shitter hole. I mean, a crapper hole... for the outhouse.

ALLISON
Mind if I help?

DALE

Oh, no. This ain't no kind of work
for a girl like--

She grabs the pick axe as Dale empties his shovel and takes a mighty swing into the dirt.

ALLISON

I grew up on a farm. It was either
help out or get out.

Allison continues swinging the pick axe. Dale is frozen, unable to stop staring at her.

ALLISON

Well, are you gonna help, or are
you just gonna sit there like a
lump on a log?

Dale snaps out of his trance and picks up his shovel.

EXT. WOODS - DAY

The college kids crawl along the bushes. Through the underbrush, they see Allison dressed in Dale's oversized clothes, swinging a PICK-AXE into the ground. She looks like his prisoner forced into manual labor.

TODD

That sick fuck. He's making her
dig her own grave!

CHAD

We don't have much time.
(to Mike and Todd)
You guys got your weapons?

Todd's crafted a spear from a branch, sharpened at both ends.

Mike struggles to open the blade on a small Swiss Army knife. Damn those things! He finally frees the blade, holds it up.

MIKE

Set!

EXT. CABIN - MOMENTS LATER

Dale grabs the pick and helps Allison climb from the hole.

In the bushes, Chad sees what looks like Dale about to deliver a death blow to Allison. He stands and yells out.

CHAD

Now!!

Dale notices Chad.

DALE

Oh, good, your friends are here.

Allison sees Todd running full sprint at Dale, spear in hand.

ALLISON

Todd?

Todd SCREAMS like a suicide bomber as he runs at them.

ALLISON

Dale? Look out!

Allison tackles Dale into the open hole in the ground. As they land, Allison hits her head on an exposed stone and is knocked out cold.

As he charges, Todd's foot catches on a rock. He trips and falls onto his own spear. The sharpened wood is thrust through his body with a sickening sound.

He topples head first into the hole, landing on top of Allison and Dale. His eyes bulge and blood runs from his mouth as he GASPS his dying breath.

DALE

AAAAHHHH!!!

He struggles to get the dead boy off of him.

AT THE WOODCHIPPER

Oblivious to what's happened, Tucker keeps on working.

Mike runs at him, his nerves now turned to pure rage. He holds up his pocket knife, about to stab Tucker in the back of the head, when Tucker leans down for another branch.

Mike stumbles, flying over Tucker's back face first into the woodchipper. Chunks of brain and blood splatter across Tucker as he stands upright.

TUCKER

AAAAHHHHH!!

Mike's legs twitch involuntarily as his body grinds to pieces. Tucker grabs hold and tries to pull him free, but Mike is ground in deeper.

IN THE BUSHES

COLLEGE GIRLS POV: It looks like Tucker is jamming Mike into the woodchipper by his legs.

The girls SCREAM as Tucker yanks even harder on the woodchipper, accidentally turning it toward the bushes. Blood sprays out of it into the woods, splattering Chloe.

INT. CABIN - DAY

The cabin door flies open. Dale holds Allison in his arms.

DALE
Come on, Allison? Say somethin'.

Dale gently lays her down. Tucker runs in, covered in blood.

TUCKER
Holy mother of God! Them college kids are out of their minds! I think they're trying to kill themselves! We've got to hide all the sharp objects around here!

Tucker runs through the cabin, putting away knives.

DALE
I think they're trying to kill her too!

The men look at Allison, unconscious, innocent.

DALE
Think about it, Tucker. That's why they acted so funny after we saved her. 'Cause they wanted her dead.

TUCKER
Why the hell would they want her dead?

DALE
Maybe she knows something they don't want her to know?

TUCKER
Like what?

DALE
I don't know.

TUCKER

Well you're lucky you don't, 'cause
if you did know they might want you
dead too.

DALE

(scared)

Yeah, good point.

(beat)

Maybe we should go to the police.

TUCKER

Go to the police!? And say what?

DALE

Tell 'em what happened.

TUCKER

That's a great idea. We'll just
tell them we were sittin' around
minding our own business, when some
kid runs up and dives head first
into our woodchipper.

DALE

Well, that's what happened.

TUCKER

It don't matter what happened. The
only thing that matters is what it
looks like happened. And it don't
look pretty out there.

Dale turns and looks at the window, dripping with blood.

DALE

Well, then what the hell are we
gonna do?

Tucker paces. He looks at Allison and then at Dale.

TUCKER

We gotta clean up the mess.

Dale cringes at the thought.

EXT. WOODS - DAY

Chloe's hands tremble as she lights a cigarette. She's
covered in blood and can't stop crying.

JASON

You shouldn't smoke so much, Chloe.
It's not good for you.

CHLOE

Fucking dying isn't good for you
either, but that doesn't seem to
stop anybody!

NAOMI

We never should have come out here.
Who's stupid idea was this?

CHLOE

Chad?

They look at Chad, he's sharpening his hatchet with a stone.

CHLOE

Why did you bring us out here?

CHAD

You guys are all such fucking
pussies, you know that? I mean a
few little tiny murders and
everyone just freaks out. But do
you know how lucky you all are?

JASON

What are you talking about, man?

CHAD

How many people do you think get
the chance for something like this.

CHLOE

The chance to die?

CHAD

The chance to live! To be free
from people always telling what you
can and can't do. There's no rules
out here, Chloe. It's just us
against them. And if you don't
think you can handle that, then
maybe you deserve to die.

They all look at Chad, shocked. Suddenly, a distant noise.

JASON

You hear that?

They listen. It almost sounds like--

NAOMI
Chuck got the police! Come on,
lets go!!

The girls run toward the sound. Chad calls after them.

CHAD
No! Fuck the cops! The cops
aren't gonna help us!! Don't you
idiots know anything!?

But they are gone.

EXT. APPALACHIAN MOUNTAINS - DAY

An overhead shot, sweeping across the heavily forested mountains. In the distance, speeding along a small dirt road and kicking up a rooster tail of dust, is a POLICE TRUCK.

INT. POLICE TRUCK - DAY

Chuck sits next to the Sheriff. He looks over at Chuck, who seems agitated.

SHERIFF
Now, don't you worry. I'm sure
your friends are fine. It was
probably just a little
misunderstanding, that's all.

CHUCK
Look out!

The Sheriff swerves around Chloe, who is covered in blood and running down the middle of the road.

EXT. ROAD - CONTINUOUS

The truck slides to a stop, and Chloe throws herself onto the hood, screaming and crying.

CHLOE
Help us! Help!

CHUCK
Chloe?

CHLOE
They're dead.

SHERIFF
Whoa. Hey now. Slow down there.

CHLOE
They killed them!

The rest of the kids emerge from the woods. Except for Chad, he's nowhere to be seen.

SHERIFF
Okay, stay calm. Why don't you
kids climb in the back seat and
we'll go have a look.

Chad is in the bushes at the side of the road.

CHAD
(sotto)
Stupid fucks.

He can only watch as his friends pile into the back of the Police Truck.

INT. CABIN - DAY

Tucker and Dale pull on Mike's legs, trying to dislodge his head from the woodchipper. It's a gooey congealed mess.

DALE
I don't think I have the stomach
for this.

TUCKER
Yeah, he's really jammed in there,
huh? That store better not charge
me for this.
(gets a better grip)
Okay... on three...

DALE
Alright.

TUCKER
One. Two. Three.

The two of them pull as hard as they can, yanking Mike's body out of the woodchipper. The upper portion of his body is a headless mass of blood, bones, and bodily fluids.

The body SPLATS down on top of Dale.

DALE
Ahhhh! Get him off! Get him off!

Tucker pulls Mike's body off of Dale. Dale stands.

TUCKER
 Alright, now grab a leg and let's
 pull him over to the truck.

The two of them begin dragging the headless body, when the
 sound of car tires on gravel grabs their attention.

The Sheriff's Truck comes to a stop in plain sight of them.

DALE
 Oh shit.

Tucker and Dale stand stock still, each of them holding a leg
 of the headless college kid. They turn and look at the
 POLICE VEHICLE like a couple of deer caught in headlights.

TUCKER
 (softly)
 Let me do the talking.

DALE
 Good idea.

INT. POLICE SUV - CONTINUOUS

The Sheriff and kids spot Tucker and Dale each holding a foot
 of Mike's headless body.

SHERIFF
 You kids stay put. I'll handle
 this.

He exits the vehicle, taking the keys with him.

EXT. CABIN - CONTINUOUS

The Sheriff slams the door and walks toward Tucker and Dale.

TUCKER
 It's good to see you again,
 Officer. Boy, have we had a doozy
 of a day.

Tucker drops Mike's leg. It falls with a THUD.

DALE
 A real doozy.

The Sheriff stares at them, caught in a moment disbelief.

TUCKER

You'll never believe it, but there we were, just hangin' out, minding our own business, working on some improvements for my new place, when all of a sudden these kids started killin' themselves all over the property here.

DALE

This one dove head first right into the woodchipper.

TUCKER

There's another one over there that done shoved a spear straight through his gullet.

DALE

Straight through.

TUCKER

I don't know if you've ever been through anything like that, but we were scared shitless.

DALE

Shitless.

The Sheriff pops open the button on his gun belt and shakes his head, spitting tobacco on the ground.

SHERIFF

You've got to think I'm some kind of moron to believe that story.

DALE

Oh... no, sir.

TUCKER

No sir, not a moron.

INT. POLICE SUV - CONTINUOUS

The kids watch the Sheriff talk to the hillbillies.

CHLOE

What's he doing? Why the fuck doesn't he just arrest them?

EXT. CABIN - CONTINUOUS

The Sheriff looks down at Mike's headless body.

SHERIFF

Now, let me get this straight,
cause I'm having a hard time
understanding something... You two
were just working, minding your own
business, when this kid ran up and
stuffed his head into that
woodchipper?

TUCKER

That's a fact sir.

Dale nods along.

DALE

I think they wanted to kill the
girl too.

Tucker shoots Dale a look, trying to get him to shut up.

SHERIFF

What girl?

DALE

The girl we saved from drowning.

SHERIFF

Now, where's she?

DALE

Oh, she's inside. She could
explain everything...
(Dale hesitates)
...if she weren't unconscious.

Tucker shakes his head. They're screwed.

SHERIFF

You got another one inside, and you
say she's unconscious?

Tucker and Dale are silent.

SHERIFF

Well, you better show me what you
done to her.

They head for the cabin. Tucker punches Dale's arm.

DALE

What..?

Tucker just gives him a dirty look.

INT. POLICE SUV - CONTINUOUS

The kids watch as the Sheriff heads for the cabin.

JASON

Where's he going?

NAOMI

No. Don't go in there.

The kids pound on the windows, trying to get the Sheriff's attention. It's no use, they disappear inside the cabin.

INT. CABIN - DAY

Allison lies peacefully on her cot. The Sheriff opens her eye-lid and shines a flashlight in her eye. Her pupil constricts.

SHERIFF

Well, her eyes are still equal and reactive to light. At least she's not brain dead.

DALE

Oh, thank God.

The Sheriff just shakes his head.

SHERIFF

I told you boys to stay away from this place but you just didn't listen, did ya? Now, you're looking at at least two counts of involuntary manslaughter, but you'd be lucky to get that. Most likely you two are gonna get the chair.

DALE

What kind of chair?

SHERIFF

The death chair.

DALE

Oh.

SHERIFF

Of course, if she really can corroborate your story, who knows... I guess you got a lot riding on her coming out of her coma. If you're telling the truth, that is.

TUCKER

C'mon Sheriff, do we look like psycho killers to you?

SHERIFF

Well, it's hard to say. Looks can be decei--

The Sheriff steps to the support beam in the middle of the room and leans against it.

DALE

No!

TUCKER

No!

The support beam is immediately knocked loose, which in turn knocks loose the rafter beam. It swings through the air, nails pointed outward...

The Sheriff's eyes go wide. SPLAT! The beam connects with his head sending him flying backwards.

EXT. CABIN - CONTINUOUS

The Sheriff flies out the front door, his skull partially smashed in. Tucker and Dale come running out SCREAMING.

INT. POLICE SUV - CONTINUOUS

The college kids watch from the police car... freaking out.

EXT. CABIN - CONTINUOUS

In his dying throws, the Sheriff manages to get up and stumble toward the SUV. He walks all the way to the front and opens the door.

INT. POLICE SUV - CONTINUOUS

Chuck screams at the sight of the bloody, dying Sheriff.

The Sheriff lifts the radio, is about to speak when he collapses, ripping the CB cord from the radio in the process.

CHLOE
They fucking killed him!!!

Jason tries for the doors, they're locked and a METAL GRATE separates them and the front seat. Jason kicks at the grate.

JASON
Unlock the doors, Chuck! Unlock the fucking doors!

NAOMI
Get the gun, Chuck.

Chuck finally snaps out of it, and looks down at the dead cop. His gun is in its holster.

EXT. CABIN - CONTINUOUS

Tucker and Dale are even more scared.

DALE
I told you we shoulda fixed that beam.

TUCKER
Well maybe if you hadn't been playing games with that girl, we coulda got to it.

Chuck stands outside the Police Truck with the Sheriff's gun in his trembling hands. He points it at Tucker and Dale.

CHUCK
(trembling)
F-f-fuck you. Motherfuckers!

Tucker and Dale turn to see Chuck, pistol in hand. Their eyes go wide as Chuck pulls the trigger. NOTHING!

DALE
You got to take the safety off there.

Tucker shoots Dale a look.

DALE (CONT'D)
Oh... sorry.

Chuck turns the gun around, trying to figure it out.

TUCKER
DON'T!

BLAM! The gun goes off, shooting Chuck in the head and spraying blood all over the window of the police truck.

TUCKER (CONT'D)
Holy shit! You kids have got to
start being more careful.

Suddenly, Chad runs out of the bushes and grabs the gun.

TUCKER
Look out.

He pulls Dale inside the cabin door as a gun blast tears a whole in the wall.

INT. CABIN - CONTINUOUS

Tucker and Dale dive on the ground. Tucker pushes the door shut with his foot as wood splinters fly around them.

TUCKER
You know somethin', Dale? None of
this woulda happened if you weren't
such a goddamn good samaritan.
(imitating Dale)
Ooh. She's drowning. Let's do
something, Tucker! Help!

DALE
Hey, I ain't the one that wanted to
go fishing in the first place. I
don't even like fishing.

TUCKER
(suddenly hurt)
You don't like fishing?

DALE
I... I like it okay. I'm sorry,
did I hurt your feelings?

TUCKER
Kinda.

A new volley of gunshots RIP through the cabin walls.

TUCKER
Jesus...

The gunshots stop. Tucker and Dale exchange a look, trying to figure out what's happening. A dog YELPS outside.

DALE
Hey, Tucker. Where's Jangers?

CHAD (O.S.)
Hey, hillbillies... It's your
move.

Dale peers out the window. He sees Jangers tied to the tree,
Chad's pistol pointed at his head. Jangers whines.

DALE
Those kids got my dog, Tucker!

TUCKER
Shit.

DALE
(on the verge of tears)
We got to do somethin'!

Tucker thinks for a moment.

TUCKER
Did you bring that nail gun in
here?

DALE
Yeah. Why?

INT. CABIN - MOMENTS LATER

QUICK SHOTS: Tucker fires up the air compressor, and turns
the PSI all the way up.

He attaches THE NAIL GUN to the hose.

He loads a clip of nails into it.

He thrusts the nail gun into Dale's hands.

TUCKER
Cover me.

DALE
I ain't never shot at nobody
before.

TUCKER
Just think of them as moving two by
fours if it helps.

Dale pulls the trigger, and a nail WHIZZES past Tucker's head
and lodges into a wooden beam.

TUCKER

Whoa.

He pushes the nail gun away from him.

DALE

Sorry.

TUCKER

I'm gonna sneak out the back window. You try and create a distraction...

Tucker heads for the back of the cabin.

TUCKER

And try an' NOT shoot me, okay?

Dale nods and turns to the window.

EXT. CABIN - MOMENTS LATER

The kids watch, wait for some sign of a response.

CHAD

What the fuck is taking so long?

Suddenly, Dale breaks out a window with the nail gun.

DALE

Hey college kids! You want some of this?

Dale pulls the trigger and a nails fly at the Police SUV.

The nails strike, shattering the windshield, hitting the radiator and blowing out the tires. By the time Dale stops, the truck is almost completely destroyed.

The kids hide behind the SUV, narrowly missing flying nails.

IN THE BUSHES

Tucker moves through the underbrush, out of sight of the college kids. He sees the dog tied to a tree. Dale is screaming and hollering from the cabin, nail gun blazing.

DALE

Hah-hah! You like that? Well, there's plenty more where that came from! Goddamn freaky college kids!

Chad rises and unleashes a volley of gun blasts. BAM! BAM!
BAM! CLICK!

CHAD

Shit!

Chad ducks down as Dale reappears in the window firing nails
all over the place, SCREAMING like Rambo.

TUCKER

(sotto)

Jesus, Dale, cool out.

He continues to creep along.

WITH THE COLLEGE KIDS

As Dale drops out of sight, Chad steps forward, pretending
like he's not out of bullets.

CHAD

Hey, Hillbilly. You shoot at us
again, and your dog's dead!

No response.

CHAD

Now... Bring out the girl.

No response.

CHAD

Okay, then. We're going to kill
your dog!

Dale pokes his head out the window, looks like he's crying.

DALE

You kill my dog, I swear to God,
I'll... I'll get really mad!!

CHAD

Then bring out the girl.

In the bushes, Tucker takes a deep breath and makes his
decision, now or never.

TUCKER

(sotto)

You owe me big for this one, buddy.

He gets up and sprints toward the dog.

Tucker gets to Jangers. He tries to untie the rope. Then realizes he can just slip it over her head.

TUCKER
(whispers)
Go home, Jangers.

Jangers turns and runs straight into the woods.

TUCKER
Wrong way, shithead.

The college kids turn around. Tucker's just standing there.

TUCKER
Hi, howya doin'. Mighty nice day
for a run, isn't it?

He turns and sprints into the woods. The kids run after him.

EXT. WOODS - DAY

Tucker runs through the woods, branches slapping against his chest, legs, face. He looks over his shoulder and sees...

The college kids running toward him, relentlessly.

He trips, falls on his face, Chad's already there. Tucker crawls backward, hopelessly trying to escape.

TUCKER
No... please. No!

Chad punches Tucker in the face.

CUT TO BLACK:

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

At first everything is a blur. Then things start to come into focus. A fog has rolled in through the trees. Tucker raises his head and takes in his situation...

He's wrapped up in a VOLLEYBALL NET strung up between two trees about eight feet up. Beneath him the college kids are covering up some kind of trap with leaves and branches.

NAOMI
Okay, are we done yet?

CHAD
Just a little more.

They throw more dirt over the pit. Jason notices Tucker.

JASON
Hey... he's awake.

TUCKER
What in the hell's a' matter with
you kids?

CHAD
What's the matter with us?
(to Jason)
Lower him.

Jason walks over to the tree and loosens the volleyball net,
lowering Tucker to the ground. Chad looks him in the eye.

CHAD
I've never stood so close to pure
evil before.
(sniffing the air)
It kind of stinks.

Tucker smells his armpit and shrugs.

TUCKER
They say 24 hour protection.

Chad holds his hatchet up to Tuckers face.

TUCKER
Whoa. Listen, I know you kids are
havin' fun and all, but I'm not
really much of a thrill seeker.

CHAD
It's time for payback, hillbilly.

Chad moves the blade toward Tucker's hand, grabs a finger.

TUCKER
Tell you what, you let me go and
I'll go get my cooler... I got at
least ten maybe fifteen beers in
there...

CHAD
This is for Mike!

TUCKER
No, come on. Hey. That's so not--

Chad raises the hatchet, and brings it down, blood splatters across his face. Tucker SCREAMS out in pain.

EXT. WOODS - CONTINUOUS

Tucker's SCREAMS echo through the foggy woods, shattering the eerie calm.

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

Dale uses a warm rag to wipe the blood and dirt off Allison's face. She has a newer and bigger bandage on her forehead. She opens her eyes and looks over Dale.

ALLISON

Dale?

DALE

Allison? How are you feelin'?

ALLISON

I feel... a little fuzzy. What happened?

DALE

Well, I... I can't really...

Dale just starts sobbing. It all comes pouring out. She pats him on the back.

DALE

Oh, God... It was awful. I'm sorry... I'm so embarrassed.

ALLISON

It's okay. Sometimes its good to cry.

DALE

(crying harder)
I was so scared...

ALLISON

There... just let it out.

Finally Dale starts to breath.

ALLISON

Okay, now tell me what happened.

Dale shakes his head, wondering where to begin.

DALE

Well, it's kinda hard to say. Your friends... Do some of them take medication?

ALLISON

Why?

DALE

'Cause, I think they forgot to take it.

ALLISON

What are you talking about?

Allison sits up.

ALLISON

Where are they?

DALE

They're somewhere out there. Tryin' to kill my best friend... and my dog.

ALLISON

Dale, what's going on?

DALE

The truth is, it don't make no sense at all. It's like they all just went postal or somethin'.

ALLISON

The last thing I remember I saw Chad, and then Todd was running toward me... Oh God.

DALE

At first I thought they were tryin' to kill you, but then they started killing themselves. And then they tried to kill us. Then they went after Jangers.

(emotional)

I guess they just like killin'.

ALLISON

Dale... I think there must have been some kind of mistake. My friends would never hurt anyone.

THUMP! Dale jumps at the knock on the door, followed by footsteps running away from the cabin.

Dale quickly crawls underneath the table, hiding.

DALE

Jesus, they're coming back after us. They're not gonna stop until we're all dead.

ALLISON

Shhh. It's okay, Dale. It's okay. Nobody wants to hurt you.

VOICE (O.S.)

Die Hillbilly!

DALE

It sure sound like someone does.

ALLISON

You just relax. I'm going to go talk to them.

Allison gets up and cautiously walks toward the front door.

ALLISON

Don't worry. This is all just a big misunderstanding, and we'll clear it right up.

She opens the door and steps out.

EXT. CABIN - NIGHT

Allison stands in the doorway and looks out at the dimly lit woods. Thick fog rolls through, but she can clearly make out the police truck, Chuck with his head blown off, the dead Sheriff, and blood everywhere. She can also see Mike's headless body.

She grabs onto the railing of the porch to keep herself from fainting.

ALLISON

Oh my god.

She looks back at the cabin, for a moment wondering if Dale could have done this. Then she glances down at her feet.

A blood-soaked bundle of cloth lies on the ground.

ALLISON
(calling out)
Chad? Chloe? Is anyone out there?

There's no response. She picks up the blood soaked rag.

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

Allison slams the door behind her and gags, tries to recover from the horrendous sight. Dale leans from under the table.

DALE
Did you see them?

She shakes her head. Dale looks at the bloody rag that Allison holds in her hand.

DALE
That's from Tucker's shirt.

He grabs it, slowly unfolds the bloody plaid cloth bundle.

Allison SCREAMS and Dale jerks back. Inside the bundle, lies three bloody severed fingers... Tucker's fingers.

DALE
Oh, God! They... they cut off his
bowlin' fingers!

Allison is horrified. She sees a small slip of bloody paper next to the fingers. She reaches down and picks up the note.

ALLISON
(reading)
Now we got your friend. Try and
get him.
(in disbelief)
Dale, how long was I out for?

DALE
A few hours.

ALLISON
I don't understand how--

Dale gets up, walks to the wall, grabs an old rusted Machete.

DALE
I gotta go help Tucker.

ALLISON
Wait a minute. We can't escalate
things.

DALE
Escalate things?

ALLISON
Just stop and think about this for a moment, okay? They must have thought you were trying to harm me.

DALE
I was trying to harm you? They're the ones running around killin' themselves and cuttin' people's fingers off.

ALLISON
But they wouldn't have done that unless they thought I was in danger.

DALE
And why would they think that?

Allison looks away, embarrassed.

ALLISON
I don't know.

DALE
I think maybe you do know.

ALLISON
Well... when we first saw you guys at that store... we thought you looked kind of... creepy.

DALE
I was nervous!

ALLISON
Yeah, I know that now, but at the time...

DALE
You thought I was some kind of freak.

A look of guilt crosses Allison's face.

ALLISON
It wasn't you. It was us. We misjudged you.

He takes this in, and heads for the door.

ALLISON
I'm sorry, Dale.

DALE
Don't be sorry. It's my fault. I
should'a known if a guy like me
talked to a girl like you,
somebody'd end up dead.

ALLISON
Dale?

DALE
(Turning back around)
Oh, if you see your friends, tell
'em... tell 'em I never wanted to
hurt nobody.

He closes the door behind him. Allison looks worried.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

The fog has grown thick, the shadows have grown darker, and
the sounds of the forest louder. Dale walks holding his
machete tight, his silhouette backlit by moonlight.

He walks through the woods, pushing tree branches back. His
breath is short and broken by fear.

DALE
Tucker? Tucker? You out there.

Dale pushes through some branches. He looks down and sees
something lying on the ground before him.

He bends and grabs it. It's JANGERS' COLLAR.

DALE
Jangers!? Jangers?

There's a pool of wet blood beneath him.

DALE
No...

He stands up and bumps into THE DISTORTED FACE OF MITCH!!
Dale SCREAMS and falls backwards, looks up at the dead kid.

DALE
(sotto)
Goddamn stupid college kids. Why
can't you go kill each other at
school where your supposed to.

Dale pulls himself up and begins walking.

DALE
(yelling out)
Tucker!?

In the distance he hears a strained voice call out, eerily.

TUCKER
Dale?

Dale begins running through the forest, trying to find him.

DALE
Tucker?

TUCKER
Dale?

DALE
I'm comin' buddy!

Dale runs as fast as he can, branches slapping against him.

In the distance, he sees a figure strung up between two trees. It's an eerie sight in the mist.

DALE
Tucker!?

Tucker looks up at Dale. His face is severely swollen from the bee stings, he still has blood on him from the woodchipper incident, and his hand is a bleeding mess.

Dale runs toward him.

TUCKER
Stop! It's a trap.

Dale stops, but it's too late. The ground gives way and Dale falls, but only up to his chest.

The soil shakes free around him, revealing a thatched roof to some kind of death pit. Dale screams and grabs at sticks, trying to pull himself free, but they all come loose.

DALE
Oh, God... I don't want to die. I
don't want to--

He drops out of sight. Tucker watches in disbelief.

TUCKER

Dale?

INT. PIT - NIGHT

Dale sits at the bottom of the pit. There are about twenty hand carved spears pointed upward. He looks to his groin. A spear has cut through his pants, right between his legs.

He shakes in fear as he slowly reaches out and touches himself down there. He smiles.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Tucker strains against the bonds.

TUCKER

Dale! Dale!?

A hand reaches up over the edge of the hole. Then another hand holding a machete. Tired, dirty, and mad, Dale pulls himself up over the lip of the death pit.

TUCKER

You okay?

DALE

This is the only time you'll ever hear me say this, but I'm glad I ain't hung like a bear.

(standing)

Now, lets get you down from there.

Dale walks up to the rope.

TUCKER

Wait!!!

Dale swings his machete into the rope. The line suddenly gives way, sending Tucker crashing down to the ground.

DALE

Sorry, 'bout that.

TUCKER

(weak)

I hate this vacation.

EXT. CABIN - NIGHT

In the moonlight, the cabin looks like it has a life of its own. A single kerosene lamp flickers inside.

The college kids sneak toward the cabin.

INT. CABIN - DOWNSTAIRS BEDROOM - NIGHT

The window slowly lifts. Chad and the girls climb through.

Where Tucker and Dale saw nothing but beauty, these kids see only horror and terror. The room looks like a dungeon.

NAOMI
Look at this place.

Chad looks around, an odd smile spreading across his face.

CHAD
This is where evil lives.

NAOMI
Let's just hope Allison's still
alive.

Chad walks up to the wall and looks at an old necklace with a cross on it hanging from a string and covered in cobwebs. He reaches up and touches it with an odd reverence.

NAOMI
Chad? C'mon.

Chad grabs the necklace and follows Naomi.

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

Allison throws another log into the wood stove and puts a tea kettle on top of it.

The floorboards behind her CREAK. WHISPERING VOICES rise.

VOICES (O.S.)
Allison... Allison.

She looks around, scared. The whispers surround her.

VOICES (O.S.)
Allison! Allison! Allison!

The voices start to sound familiar. She turns and sees Chad, holding his BLOODY HATCHET, poking his head out of the bedroom, whispering at her.

CHAD
Allison.

ALLISON
Chad?

CHAD
Shhh!

ALLISON
What the hell are you guys doing?

NAOMI
We're saving you, stupid. Now come on. Let's go.

ALLISON
Why are you guys whispering?
There's nobody here.

CHAD
Oh.

Chad and Naomi stand and walk into the room.

NAOMI
This place is really freaky.

CHAD
What have they done to you, Allie?

ALLISON
They haven't done anything to me.
Chad, there's been some kind of terrible misunderstanding.

Chad picks up a GASOLINE CAN in the corner and starts pouring it all over the floors and walls.

CHAD
We have to burn this place to the ground. Destroy it completely.

ALLISON
No! We can't do that. This is their vacation home.

Chad and Naomi look at Allison confused.

ALLISON
You guys have to listen to me.
Tucker and Dale didn't mean to hurt anyone. They're really nice.

Chad tosses the GAS CAN and a wave of hostility passes over him as he glares at Allison.

CHAD

You have no idea what this is all about do you, Allie?

She shakes her head. He runs a finger across her face.

CHAD

These freaks are evil. And they deserve everything that's coming to them.

ALLISON

But Tucker and Dale aren't evil.

CHAD

(suddenly enraged)
DON'T TELL ME WHO ISN'T EVIL!!

ALLISON

Okay. Okay. Relax. I'm just trying to explain that this has all been a terrible misunderstanding. Tucker and Dale have been nothing but gentlemen while you guys have been running around terrorizing them!

NAOMI

But they started this!

ALLISON

By doing what? Saving my life?

Chad and Naomi look at each other confused.

NAOMI

Wait a minute. I remember reading about this in my sociology class. It's called the Stockholm Syndrome. When someone who's been kidnapped ends up falling in love with their kidnapper.

Chad suddenly turns on Allison, enraged.

CHAD

You're falling in love with him!??

ALLISON

No. What? Chad, I'm trying to explain...

CHAD

Tell me you're not in love with
that freak, Allison.

Chad moves toward her, gripping his hatchet like a weapon.
Allison shakes her head, afraid.

CHAD

How could you love him?

ALLISON

Chad, please. You don't
understand.

He backs her up against the wall.

CHAD

Are you or are you NOT in love with
him?

ALLISON

What is the matter with you!??

Chad shoves her back, pinning her against the wall by her
throat. She struggles to breathe. Naomi watches, unsure
what to do.

CHAD

Tell me!

The DOOR FLIES OPEN. Dale stands in the doorway, muddy,
covered in blood stains, and with the machete in his hand.
Tucker, looking even worse, leans at his side.

DALE

Let the girl go.

Chad hesitates, then releases her. Allison keels over,
coughing.

DALE

You okay, Allie?

She nods, catches her breath. Chad glances from her to Dale.

CHAD

Allie? Did he just call you Allie?

Chad steps forward, ready for a fight.

ALLISON

Wait! Everybody just stop for a second and let's talk this out.
Nobody wants to hurt anyone.

Tucker holds up his bloody hand.

TUCKER

You coulda fooled me.

CHAD

Fuck off, hillbilly.

ALLISON

Wait!

They all eye each other mistrustfully. Chad and Dale are seconds from going full tilt. The tension crescendos as the tea kettle WHISTLES loudly.

ALLISON

How about I make some tea... and we sit down... and we talk things out.

Everyone looks at her like she's crazy. Allison pulls out a seat for each of them at the table.

ALLISON

Chad. Sit here.

Chad hesitates, but sits down, pissed off.

ALLISON

Dale. You sit here.

Dale hesitates too, but grudgingly sits opposite Chad.

Covered in blood, sweat, and dirt, they stare each other down across the table. Chad grips his hatchet tight. Dale grips his machete.

Allison pours tea for them.

CHAD

This isn't Chamomile, is it? I hate Chamomile. It fucks with my asthma.

ALLISON

It's Earl Grey.

DALE
(excited)
Oh, I love Earl Grey.

Dale and Chad take sips while they stare each other down.

ALLISON
Okay. Here's what we're going to do. I want each of you to explain their side of the story. As you're listening to the other person, I want you to imagine you're in their shoes. Okay?

DALE
Okay.

ALLISON
Now, it's important that we communicate our feelings and understand each other's perspective before any progress can be made. Chad, why don't you start.

CHAD
Where should I fucking begin?

ALLISON
Wherever you'd like.

Chad stares down Dale. When he finally speaks, his voice is dark and hollow.

CHAD
A long time ago... before I was born...

ALLISON
Okay, maybe not that far back.

CHAD
This is important! You see... my parents were attacked by hillbillies like him.

Everyone turns and looks at Chad, shocked.

CHAD
It was twenty years ago - the memorial day massacre...

EXT. WOODS - DAY - FLASHBACK

BLINDING LIGHT punctuated with a SCREAM. A SAW rips through flesh.

CHAD (V.O.)
They brutally murdered everyone...
just for fun.

Cheryl, Chad's Mom, tries to run away but slams right into the chest of a hillbilly. She turns to run the other way, but a second hillbilly picks her up and throws her over his shoulder.

CHAD (V.O.)
My mother didn't even know she was
pregnant with me yet. But they
captured her...

INT. CABIN - DAY - FLASHBACK

The HILLBILLY FREAKS toss Cheryl into the cabin. His Dad is on the floor, a rag stuffed into his mouth. He looks up at Cheryl with horror in his eyes.

CHAD (V.O.)
And they tortured her...

AN IRON CROSS NECKLACE is dangling over a candle. They take the necklace and press it against his mother's neck. It sears a scar into her neck.

CHAD (V.O.)
My father was helpless...

His arms are bound behind his back, and he can't move.

CHAD (V.O.)
But my Mom outsmarted them...

Cheryl stabs a screwdriver into the hillbilly's leg and runs out of the cabin.

CHAD (V.O.)
...and escaped. My father wasn't
so lucky.

They slam the pizza oven/incinerator door. Chad's father's hands grab hold of the iron bars as the flames engulf him.

CHAD (V.O.)
His body was never found.

INT. CABIN - NIGHT - END FLASHBACK

Pulling out off Chad's eye... the flames slowly recede. Chad's voice is hollow, and divorced from all emotion.

CHAD

By the time I was born, my mother was already institutionalized, and I grew up hearing that story from my Grandmother.

Everyone stares at Chad, speechless. Allison searches for something to say, but she's clearly in over her head.

ALLISON

Okay. Thank you for sharing with us, Chad. Dale, do you have anything to say?

Dale is speechless.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

The cabin lights glow in the distance. Jason and Chloe make their way under the cover of darkness.

CHLOE

Nah ah. I'm not going in there.

JASON

Chad said if they were more than fifteen minutes, come in guns blazing.

CHLOE

You don't even have a gun.

JASON

Damnit, don't argue with me, woman!

Chloe makes a face behind him as he moves on.

Jason looks about, notices a weed-whacker resting nearby.

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

Everyone is still lingering on Chad's story. Allison continues to moderate the peace settlement.

ALLISON

Dale?

DALE

Well... first off, I'm real sorry
about your parents gettin'
massacred and all.

Allison nods her approval.

DALE

But I gotta say I didn't have
nothin' to do with it. I woulda
been like six years old.

Chad looks up at Dale and takes a hit off his asthma inhaler.

CHAD

It may not have been you, but it
was definitely your kind.

DALE

My kind? I don't even like hurtin'
fish.

TUCKER

It's true... He doesn't like
fishin'.

(off the kids' look)

I know, I was surprised too.

ALLISON

Okay. Now that you've both
expressed your points of view. How
do you feel?

Dale takes a deep breath, a lets out the tension.

DALE

I feel better. Thanks.

ALLISON

Great. Now lets just shake hands,
and--

The door flies open and Jason charges in, the weed-whacker
raised high, the spinning string screaming through the air.

JASON

It's show time freaks!!!

ALLISON

No!!!!

He runs straight for Tucker. But Tucker's already off
balance and falls out of Jason's path.

Moving too fast to stop, Jason turns the weed-whacker and stumbles into... Naomi. The spinning string rips into her face. Blood splatters onto Chloe as she SCREAMS.

Chad takes advantage of the moment. He flips the table and jumps at Dale, swinging his hatchet down at him. The blade misses and digs into the table near Dale's face.

He raises the hatchet again.

CHAD
This is for my Dad!

Allison grabs Chad's hand.

ALLISON
Chad, you have to stop this--

Chad backhands her. Dale is enraged.

DALE
Alright! That's it! There's only
so much Dale Dobson gonna take!

Chad picks up the machete and the hatchet, and spins them in his hands like a martial arts master. Dale hesitates.

DALE
Don't make me come over there.

Jason recovers from the horror of killing Naomi and turns.

JASON
Goddamn it!

He raises the weed-whacker over his head to strike again. Tucker's still dazed and unable to move as Jason approaches.

TUCKER
No!!!

Chad picks up the KEROSENE LANTERN off the counter.

CHAD
Go back to hell, where you belong,
freak!

He tosses the lantern at Dale. But Dale ducks!

CRASH!!! The lantern shatters in Jason's face as he's about to strike Tucker with the weed-whacker! He drops the weapon and SCREAMS as his body is engulfed in fire.

Chloe quickly grabs a can of liquid.

TUCKER

No, not that!

Chloe tosses the liquid on Jason and he suddenly erupts into a fireball. Chloe looks at the can it reads "PAINT THINNER".

CHLOE

Shit.

Jason reaches to her for help, embracing her in a firey hug. Chloe is quickly consumed, becoming a second flaming torch.

Everyone freezes, mouths agape, overwhelmed by the sight of two burning kids running about. Everything they touch catches on fire. The counters, the doorway, the curtains.

TUCKER

Hey... not cool.

Chloe stumbles into a few more cans of paint thinner igniting them on fire, then collapses next to SEVERAL FUEL TANKS.

TUCKER

...I knew I shoulda moved those.
Run for it!

Dale grabs Allison and follows Tucker for the door. Chad reaches for them, but Naomi grabs his leg. Chad turns and looks at her: She's hardly more than a living skull...

NAOMI

Help me.

CHAD

Get off of me, you nasty bitch!

He kicks at her, trying to free himself.

EXT. CABIN - NIGHT

Tucker, Dale and Allison burst from the cabin just in time. It suddenly ERUPTS in a ball of fire as the gasoline ignites.

The blast knocks the trio to the ground.

They slowly pick themselves up, disoriented. The fiery timbers of the cabin collapse inward.

TUCKER

My cabin!

Tucker is devastated as his dream goes up in flames.

The three of them can do nothing, only watch the burning timbers of his cabin. We dolly across the three forlorn faces--

ALLISON

Jesus.

DALE

Goddamn.

TUCKER

Fuck.

Something moves inside the flaming wreckage...

ALLISON

Oh my God...

Rising out of the smoldering debris and ashes is a demented looking figure.

Partially burned from the fire.

WHEEZING as his seared lungs fight for air.

IT'S A DEMONIZED CHAD!!!

Sparks fall around him as he throws a burning beam aside, and takes a hit off his partially melted inhaler.

TUCKER

Them college kids are tough!

DALE

Get to the truck. Now!

The trio scrambles for the beat up old Chevy.

Chad steps from the blazing ruins of the cabin. His polo shirt is torn and smoldering. His skin is charred and disfigured. Smoke rises from his hair.

INT. TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Dale and Allison help Tucker into the truck and then jump inside. Dale cranks the ignition, but it only WHIRS and WHIRS, refusing to catch.

DALE

Oh, come on.

Allison looks out the back window.

ALLISON
Hurry, Dale. He's coming!

Dale pumps the gas and turns the key. CLICK! CLICK! CLICK!

TUCKER
What're you doing? You're gonna
flood it.

DALE
You wanna drive?

ALLISON
Guys!

EXT. TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Chad limps towards the truck, closing ground quickly.

INT. TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Tucker's had enough.

TUCKER
Here.

Tucker leans over and turns the keys with his good hand. The ignition catches. Dale floors it... but it's in reverse!

EXT. TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

The truck ROARS backwards... and slams right into Chad!

INT. TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Allison SCREAMS as Chad is knocked from sight.

Dale slips the truck into first and the truck peels away.

EXT. FOREST ROAD - NIGHT

The truck shoots out onto the forest road.

The glowing blaze of the cabin lights the woods behind them as they race into darkness. Only one of the truck's headlights illuminates the way.

INT. TUCKER'S TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Allison sits between Tucker and Dale, crying as they speed off down the dirt road. Dale drives, frantically.

ALLISON
This is all my fault. This all
happened because of me.

DALE
That's not true. Don't be so hard
on yourself.

TUCKER
Hell, you were unconscious half the
time.

ALLISON
(crying)
I'm a terrible therapist.

DALE
No, don't say that. It's not true.
(trying to cheer her up)
I feel like I could talk to you
about anything.

ALLISON
Really?

DALE
Sure.

Allison snuffles, feeling better. The truck hits a rough patch of road as it skids around a corner.

TUCKER
Easy, Dale. This truck is the only
thing I got left.

Dale continues talking to Allison.

DALE
For instance, I'd probably have a
hard time telling Tucker this, but
I feel like I can tell you.

ALLISON
Go ahead.

DALE
We ain't got no brakes.

TUCKER

What?!

DALE

See. He takes everything so personal.

Dale cranks the wheel as they speed around a corner. Ahead of them the road declines into a steep hill.

DALE

Hang on!

Everyone grabs hold of the dashboard.

EXT. DIRT ROAD - CONTINUOUS

The truck flies down the hill out of control, going faster and faster. It slides sideways, but Dale's able to keep it on the road.

The truck slows as they head up a short hill.

INT. TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

The group relaxes.

DALE

Well, that wasn't so bad, now was it?

But as they come over the hill, the lights shine down revealing an even longer downhill run.

It's like the top of a roller coaster. They creep over the edge, but the descent is swift. They all SCREAM!

EXT. ROAD - CONTINUOUS

The truck barrels down the road, out of control. It hits a bump and flies into the air, crashing down just before a sharp right turn. It careens around the corner and then comes into a straight away.

INT. TUCKER'S TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Everyone hoots with excitement, amazed they're alive.

ALLISON

Nice driving, Dale!

TUCKER
You were like Jeff Gordon there!

ALLISON
Who's that?

They both look at her like she's insane.

BAM! A figure slams onto the windshield. A smoldering, creepy looking, demented figure. Chad!

DALE
AHHH!!!

Chad pounds at the window with his fist.

TUCKER
Hey, get off my truck!

ALLISON
Chad, I know you're really upset,
but you have to let it go.

DALE
Yeah, let go!

Dale flicks on the windshield wipers. They swing back and forth, slapping Chad in the face.

Chad grabs the wiper blades and rips them from the truck.

TUCKER
Ah, c'mon, man!

Dale cranks the wheel back and forth trying to shake him, but only manages to bank off of a couple of trees.

TUCKER
Watch the truck, Dale!!

Chad smashes his hatchet through the front windshield.

TUCKER
Hey!

Chad sticks his face through the hole in the windshield.

CHAD
Time to reap what you sow.

Chad swings the hatchet at Tucker's face, but Tucker catches his arm.

TUCKER
That's what my Dad always said.
And he's still alive!

BAM! Tucker punches him in the face, sending him flying. He rolls off the hood.

The three watch as Chad tumbles onto the road behind them.

DALE
Hah. Well, that wasn't so--

He looks up and sees...

The truck is sliding straight for a tree! Dale hits the brakes...

NOTHING!!!

He grips the wheel and SCREAMS!

EXT. DIRT ROAD - CONTINUOUS

THE TRUCK SLAMS INTO A TREE. The hood crumples, and the three of them slam into the dashboard violently.

INT. TRUCK - MOMENTS LATER

Steam rises from the radiator, the windshield is cracked, and the truck is demolished. One of the turn signals flashes creating an eerie light show in the thinning fog.

Dale, Tucker and Allison are hunched over, beaten senseless from the crash. Finally, Dale stirs.

DALE
Allie?

Dale reaches over for Allison. She lies unconscious.

DALE
Allie, you okay?

Tucker moves. His nose is broken and his lower half of his face is drenched in blood.

TUCKER
I'm fine, thanks for asking.

Dale puts his finger against her neck, checking her pulse.

TUCKER
Is she out again?

DALE
Yeah, I guess so.

TUCKER
You know, she's a real special girl
and all, but she sure gets knocked
out a lot.

DALE
Well, at least she's still alive.

TUCKER
Yeah. Halle-fuckin'-lujah.

DALE
Hey, don't blame everything on her.

TUCKER
I'm not blaming everything on her,
I'm blaming everything on you.

DALE
You're the one who told me to talk
to her in the first place.

TUCKER
I didn't tell you to die for her!

EXT. DIRT ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Beaten, bloody, demented, and with a bad case of asthma, Chad
pulls himself up off of the dirt road. He stands and looks
over at the truck, broken up against the tree.

INT. TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Tucker and Dale are still fighting.

TUCKER
You know how much it's gonna cost
me to get this truck fixed?

DALE
Well, at least your turn signal
works now. Look!

Tucker glances into his shattered side mirror. It's true.
The turn signal works.

TUCKER

Well that's great, Dale. I'm sure
the dead cop will be real happy.

In the rearview mirror sees Chad picking up his hatchet in
the middle of the road.

TUCKER

Oh shit.

DALE

What is it?

TUCKER

We'd better get a move on...

Unable to open the doors, Tucker kicks at the shattered
windshield, knocking it out. He climbs out onto the hood.

TUCKER

Give me her arms.

They maneuver the unconscious girl out of the truck.

Dale slides out on his belly and SPLATS down in the mud. He
pulls himself up and freezes.

An axe flies out of the darkness. It slams into the side of
the truck, missing Dale's head by inches.

TUCKER

C'mon, grab her legs!

Dale helps lift the girl and they run off into the woods.

Chad walks up to the Truck and tries to pull his hatchet out
of the metal. It's wedged in too tight.

He spots the brush clearing SCYTHE in the bed of the truck.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Tucker and Dale rush with Allison through the forest. They
are being watched through the foliage.

TUCKER

I tell ya, Dale. It's gonna be a
long time before I take a vacation
again.

DALE

It's gonna be a long time before I
talk to a girl again.

Tucker slows as he catches his breath.

TUCKER
Okay. Break time.

DALE
What do you mean break time? We
don't got time for a break!?

Dale yanks on Allison again, throwing Tucker off balance.

TUCKER
If you haven't noticed, Dale, I'm
kinda hurting here.

DALE
Well, shake it off.

TUCKER
Why don't you shake this?

He flips Dale off. Both men stare at Tucker's bloody hand,
the middle finger is missing.

TUCKER
You know what I mean.

Dale notices a figure standing on a ridge behind Tucker.

DALE
Holee crap.

Tucker turns to see: a figure with a SCYTHE, backlit by
moonlight and fog, he looks like an apparition that's come to
steal their souls.

TUCKER
Okay, break's over.

Tucker grabs Allison's legs and they move off into the woods.

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

CHAD'S POV: We hear the sounds of heaving breathing, as
branches fly past us. And then we're running all out toward
Tucker and Dale.

TUCKER
Come on!!

DALE
He's gaining on us!!

Tucker and Dale look back, and then run faster.

TUCKER

Run DALE!!

The branches rip past us... the breathing grows more frantic.

Then Dale slips, falling on the ground, and dropping Allison. He rolls over, attempting to defend himself...

But it's too late, the dark mass leaps up onto him.

DALE

Get him off! Get him off!

Tucker doesn't have time to react. The mass digs into Dale's face, licking him all over.

DALE

Jangers?

The dog is even more excited than Dale is.

DALE

Jangers, you're alive!! What were you doing out here all alone? Huh? Were you scared, girl? Were you?

As Dale plays with Jangers, Tucker glances nervously into the darkness.

TUCKER

Maybe we should have this reunion some place else.

Jangers turns toward the darkness, her ears perked up. She starts to growl.

DALE

What is it girl? What is it?

They listen. It's quiet. Their breath is the only sound.

TUCKER

(softly)
College kids.

DALE

Well, C'mon lets get the hell outta here.

Tucker turns around, right into the terrifying face of CHAD!

TUCKER

Ahhhh!!!

Chad raises the Scythe and swings it down hard into Tucker's gut. Tucker falls to his knees.

DALE

Tucker!!

Jangers rushes at Chad, biting his leg. Chad moves back into the woods, vanishing into the darkness. Jangers yelps, and then there is only silence.

DALE

Jangers!?

Dale drops to Tucker's side, cradling him in his arms.

DALE

Tucker? Say somethin', old buddy.

Tucker spits up some blood.

TUCKER

That kid's got some serious issues.

DALE

I know.

Tucker coughs, spits up blood.

DALE

Listen, Tucker, you were right,
this is all my fault. I'm sorry.
I never should'a talked to Allison.
People like her and people like me
were never meant to mix.

TUCKER

That's not true.

Tucker grabs Dales arm.

TUCKER

(weak)

Dale... Listen to me. Remember
when we were kids, and we used to
catch frogs down at the creek?

DALE

Uh... yeah I guess so.

TUCKER

Remember how we used to compete to see how many we could catch?

DALE

Tucker I don't know if this is the time...

TUCKER

I used to tell you I let you catch more than me 'cause I felt sorry for you.

DALE

Yeah, I remember. And you let me lick 'em too. Man, did that make me feel funny.

TUCKER

Well, the thing was. I didn't let you catch them... You was just quicker than I was.

DALE

C'mon Tucker...

TUCKER

It's true, Dale. I always said I let you have 'em, but the thing is... you got 'em all on your own.

DALE

Oh... Okay...

TUCKER

What I'm sayin' is... you're better than you think you are.

(getting weaker)

She knows that too. I seen the way you two look at each other. I think she really sees you for who you are. Who knows, maybe after this whole experience she'll be fucked up enough to go out on a date with you.

DALE

I doubt it.

TUCKER

That's just it, Dale.

(spitting up blood)

(MORE)

TUCKER (CONT'D)

I don't want to hear any more negativity, okay? You're a good man. You're smart. You're strong. And you're not as ugly as you think you are.

DALE

Thanks, Tucker. That means a lot comin' from you.

Dale looks over at Allison. She's Gone!

DALE

Oh shit. That kid got Allison!

He scans the dark. Chad's laughter echoes in the distance.

TUCKER

Listen to me, Buddy. Life's short, and you gotta go after what you want. Go after her, Dale. She needs you. Maybe even more than you need her.

DALE

I ain't gonna leave you.

TUCKER

Don't worry about me, I'll be fine.

Tucker chokes, spitting up more blood.

DALE

Then you're coming with me.

Dale begins to pick up Tucker.

TUCKER

No... not this time. You got to do this one on your own, buddy.
(Holding out his bandaged hand)
Friends forever?

Dale pauses, then clasps his hand tight.

DALE

Friends forever.

TUCKER

Ouch... Now, get outta here and go kick that little frat boy's ass.

Dale hesitates.

TUCKER

Go!

Dale looks at his best friend for the last time... Tucker manages a smile. Dale turns and runs off into the woods.

Tucker stares up into the heavens.

TUCKER

Ice up the beer, Lord. I'm comin' home.

His gaze becomes distant. Suddenly a dark mass moves over him. It's Jangers. She licks at his face.

TUCKER

Stop it. Cut it out. Let me die in peace for chrissakes.

But Jangers just keeps licking him.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Dale runs as fast as he can through the forest.

In the distance he sees a light shining. He picks up speed as he runs down the hill.

EXT. LUMBER MILL - NIGHT

Dale runs through the grassy meadow that surrounds the old, abandoned lumber mill.

Buildings loom before him. They're old, rotted, even more decrepid and menacing than the cabin looked.

EXT. LUMBER MILL - FENCE - MOMENTS LATER

Dale runs along a ten-foot tall chain-link fence. He spots a figure dragging a body across the lumber yard. It's Chad!

DALE

Alright, you sonnova bitch.

He grabs hold of the fence and starts to climb.

DALE

I'll play your game.

He swings his leg over the top of the fence and drops.

But he only drops a few feet. His flannel shirt snags on the top of the fence and he just hangs there.

DALE

Oh, come on.

He wriggles about. But he can only hang there, looking like a scarecrow on a post.

INT. LUMBER MILL - NIGHT

Old broken down equipment and rotting logs are strewn about. Shafts of moonlight shine through the window.

Chad sits on the floor with Allison's head lying in his lap. He brushes her hair out of her face as he gazes at her in a loving, demented sort of way. Her eyes flutter open.

ALLISON

What happened? Chad?

CHAD

I love it when you say my name.

ALLISON

What are you doing?

CHAD

It's okay. You're safe now.

ALLISON

What? What did you do to--

CHAD

Shhh. Don't talk. Just rest.

ALLISON

Chad, what did you do?

CHAD

I did what I had to. And thank God I got to you before...

ALLISON

Before what?

CHAD

Before they did awful things to you, Allie.

ALLISON

You have to stop this.

CHAD
Stop what?

ALLISON
They didn't do anything--

CHAD
Shhh... It's okay. It's all over.
You're with me now. And I won't
ever leave you.

Chad bends down and kisses Allison. She is repulsed by him.

EXT. LUMBER MILL - NIGHT

Allison's SCREAM ECHOES through the abandoned mill.

Dale is still stuck on the fence, struggling to get free.

DALE
C'mon.

He shakes about. Finally, he's able to twist around and face the fence. He sets his hands and feet inside the chain links and lifts himself up, freeing his shirt.

DALE
Ha ha!!!

With a CREAK and GROAN of metal, the old fence folds and Dale hits the ground face first. He rolls over, dazed.

INT. LUMBER MILL - NIGHT

Allison is sitting up against a GIGANTIC piece of lumber. Chad is pacing back and forth.

ALLISON
Chad, you were wrong. You were
wrong about everything.

CHAD
No. You're wrong Allison. There's
a war going on and if you're not
with me, you're against me.

ALLISON
But, there doesn't have to be--

CHAD
It's not just for us, it's for our
children.

Chad runs his knife down the side of Allison's face.

ALLISON
Our children?

CHAD
We need to make this world a safer place. So that we don't have to worry about them wandering in the woods by themselves.

Chad presses the knife up against Allison's throat.

ALLISON
You're crazy.

CHAD
You've betrayed me, you fucking whore. Now, I'm willing to forgive you, but you're gonna have to beg.

Chad pushes himself against her, kissing her on the mouth. Allison BITES HIS LIP and KICKS HIM IN THE BALLS. Chad keels over as Allison fights to untie herself.

Chad slowly stands, walks up to her and punches her in the face. She tries to run but he grabs her and throws her on top of a LOG. He works to tie her down as she fights.

EXT. TOOL SHED - NIGHT

A two by four SLAMS into a LOCK, breaking it free. Dale slides the door of the shed open and flicks a switch. The florescent lights flicker, revealing...

A shed filled with tools. CHAIN SAWS, TREE CLIMBING BOOTS, BODY PROTECTORS, and all sorts of LOGGING TOOLS.

Dale steps inside and looks in awe at all the equipment.

DALE
You think I'm a hillbilly killer...
I'll show you hillbilly killer!

QUICK MONTAGE

Dale straps metal gloves onto his hands.

He pulls some kind of chest protector over his chest, and puts protective chain mail pants on.

He jams on tree climbing boots, with spikes on the bottom.

He walks along the row of chain saws. Small, medium, large, extra large... fucking huge. He picks that one.

EXT. TOOL SHED - MOMENTS LATER

Dale steps from the shed looking like one crazy motherfucker.

DALE
Game on, motherfucker!

Dale yanks the cable on the chain saw and it roars to life.

INT. LUMBER MILL - NIGHT

Chad finishes tying Allison to a HUGE LOG on a CONVEYOR BELT. The Conveyor belt feeds into a 5' CIRCULAR SAW.

ALLISON
What are you doing?

CHAD
I'm saving you from yourself.

Chad reaches for A SWITCH. Suddenly, the lights to the Lumber Mill flicker on. The place begins to hum with energy.

CHAD
Oh, good. Loverboy's here.

He looks out across the mill floor. Only a few of the lights work, casting shafts of light into the darkness. Broken and abandoned machinery crowd the floor. Stacks of old, rotting lumber create a labyrinth.

CHAD
Goodbye Allison.

CHAD FLIPS THE SWITCH and the circular saw begins cutting through the woods and the conveyor belt feeds into it.

CHAD
(calling out)
Hey Hillbilly! I got your girl
over here!

Chad runs away as Allison works to try and undo the knot.

A SILHOUETTE of a figure steps out of the smoke... The figure is decked out with A CHEST PROTECTOR, PROTECTIVE CHAIN MAIL PANTS ON HIS LEGS AND HANDS, AND A FACE SHIELD OVER HIS FACE. The figure is carrying a LARGE CHAINSAW.

ALLISON SCREAMS. Dale pulls up his face shield.

DALE
It's okay, Allie. It's just me.

ALLISON
Dale? What are you wearing?

DALE
I thought it might look kinda
intimidating. Does it?

ALLISON
Yeah.

DALE
Cool.

ALLISON
Uh, Dale? Wanna help?

DALE
Oh, yeah.

He runs over and starts untying her. Allison looks up at Dale as he works on the ropes.

ALLISON
Thanks for coming back for me.

DALE
It's nothin' really. I was headin'
over here anyway.

She smiles, as a voice booms out over the PA system.

CHAD (O.S.)
Ahh, how sweet. The dim-witted
hillbilly's trying to save the girl
of his dreams.

Dale blushes and struggles with the ropes.

CHAD (O.S.)
You think you're gonna win. But
you're wrong. Your kind never win.
That's why you live in trailers and
screw your cousins.

DALE
(to Allison)
That's not true...
(MORE)

DALE (CONT'D)

Well, we made out once, but I was only thirteen. We were just experimenting.

ALLISON

It's okay. I understand.

CHAD (O.S.)

Time to say goodbye to the girl.
You shouldn't have betrayed me,
Allison.

The log Allison is tied to shifts. Dale suddenly realizes it's on a conveyer belt and it's moving right for the GIGANTIC SPINNING BLADE.

Wood particles fly as the blade cuts through the log.

ALLISON

Dale!

DALE

(re: the rope knot)
Lets see, the rabbit comes out of
the hole, goes pee, and--

ALLISON

DALE!

Dale reaches down and grabs his chain saw, yanking the starter cable. It roars to life.

The spinning blade begins to cut into the rope... then there's a holler and Dale looks up to see:

Chad sliding toward him, hanging onto a pulley. Chad smashes into Dale feet first, his chainsaw sputters across the floor.

CHAD

Oh, that's really too bad. Are you
okay? 'Cause I didn't mean to--

Chad swings the blade of his scythe down at Dale's face. Dale holds up his METAL MESH GLOVE and the blade cuts only partly into it. Chad twists the blade deep into Dale's hand.

The huge blade spins toward Allison's head. She turns her head to avoid it, her cheek inches away. She SCREAMS.

Dale kicks Chad in the ankle with his Metal spiked boot. Chad falls backward. Dale scrambles toward Allison. He reaches up and pulls at the ropes, just in time...

But Chad grabs onto his boot and drags him back. He pulls Dale to his feet and punches him in the stomach. Dale keels over, and Chad follows through with an uppercut to his face.

Dale flies backwards into a wall of old tools. A BOX OF SAW BLADES crash to the ground. Dale picks up one just as Chad lifts him off his feet smashing him to the ground.

ALLISON

DALE!!

Dale backhands Chad, follows through with a jab to the face. Chad flies backwards, and Dale looks up at Allison proudly.

The SAW BLADE is tearing at the clothing on her shoulder. She looks up at Dale, knowing she's going to die.

Not much chance, but it's his only hope. Dale tosses the circular blade through the air. It spins wildly... THUNK! It connects with the log, cutting the ropes in half...

Allison rolls to safety just as the log is torn in half. Dale smiles, and looks down at his hands in awe.

Chad rises and grabs his Scythe.

CHAD

It's time to die, hillbilly.

Chad spins the scythe around like an expert stick fighter.

Dale pulls the cable on his chain saw, firing it up, like an expert gardener.

DALE

I beg to differ, frat boy.

The two of them face off like fighters in a ring.

Allison climbs up onto a metal catwalk thirty feet off the ground. She looks down at Dale and Chad fighting like two Jedi warriors, only with lumber tools.

Chad charges. Dale lifts the saw, but it sputters and dies.

DALE

Uh-oh.

He tosses the useless weapon at Chad and runs. Chad dodges it and chases after him.

Dale darts between the old machinery. He rounds a corner and his steel boots lose traction. He goes sliding across the floor like a baseball player sliding into home base.

A moment later, Chad rounds the corner.

But Dale is gone.

INT. LUMBER MILL - MOMENTS LATER

Allison crawls along the catwalk. Looking around, she spots Dale crawling across the floor, hiding from Chad.

Allison looks for a way to get his attention.

INT. LUMBER MILL - CONTINUOUS

Dale hides behind a large water drum. He can't see Chad, but he can hear him walking around.

CHAD (O.S.)
Come out, come out wherever you
are.

Something hits Dale in the side of the head.

DALE
Ow!

He looks about, then up. BAM! A large bolt hits him right between the eyes.

Dale rubs his head, looks up to the catwalk, spots Allison. She points to a staircase that leads to the catwalk and to a DOOR on the second story.

Dale nods and quietly makes his way to the stairs.

He cautiously looks about and begins to climb.

A hand shoots out from between the steps, grabbing Dale's leg, sending him crashing down onto the metal stairs.

Chad peers at him from below the stairs.

CHAD
I don't think so, hillbil--

Dale reaches between the steps and grabs Chad by the collar, yanking him forward. Chad SLAMS against the metal stairs, releasing Dale and dropping to the floor with a THUD.

Dale scurries up the steps.

ALLISON
Dale, this way!

Dale follows Allison in through the door.

INT. FOREMAN'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Allison and Dale slam the door behind them.

DALE
Jesus, that kid's tough. Are you
okay?

ALLISON
Yeah. Move that table over here!

Dale and Allison wedge the planning table against the door.
They survey their surroundings for some way to escape.

The foreman's office is covered in a thick layer of dirt.
Cobwebs hang about the room. The place is still cluttered
with the daily objects of the foreman's job. It looks like
someone just up and left one day and never returned.

ALLISON
It's been awhile since anyone's
been in here, huh?

Dale notes a wall calender from 1987.

DALE
Twenty three years ago.

Allison finds a phone. She picks it up. It's dead. Dale
looks at her like she's an idiot.

ALLISON
I had to check.

Dale searches through the drawers of the desk. He grabs a
pen, brandishes it like a weapon and then tosses it.

ALLISON
Watch it, Dale!

DALE
Sorry. We've got to find some kind
of weapon. Preferably big and
sharp.

Allison opens a filing cabinet and notices a LARGE STACK OF OLD NEWSPAPERS. She reaches down and picks one up. The headline reads, "MEMORIAL DAY MURDERER FOUND". Allison sits and starts going through the newspapers.

Dale picks up an old WHIFFLE BALL BAT.

DALE
Maybe this will do...

He slams the bat against the table. It crumples in half.

DALE
Guess not.

Dale continues searching through a cabinet. There are still a bunch of old snack boxes and cans of tuna. He sees A LARGE YELLOW BOX OF TEA. He looks at it for a moment.

ALLISON
(re: the picture)
Oh my God. Dale? Come take a look at this.

Dale walks to Allison and looks at the OLD NEWSPAPER ARTICLE.

ALLISON
Something look familiar?

Dale sets the tea box down and glances at the picture: A HILLBILLY is cuffed and being pushed into the back of a police car. He is facing the camera, his face a mask of rage. An eerie cabin looms in the background.

DALE
Hey, that's Tucker's cabin.

ALLISON
Yeah, and it says here. Single survivor leads police to the memorial day killer. The survivor is reported to have been tortured and raped. She is now undergoing psychiatric evaluation.

DALE
Wow. That's just like that story that he made up--

ALLISON
What if he didn't make it up?

DALE

Well, then I guess I'd feel pretty sorry for him. Poor kid probably didn't have much of an upbringing and--

ALLISON

What did Chad say about his father?

DALE

Oh yeah. His Dad didn't really come around too much and he felt--

ALLISON

No... the other stuff.

DALE

Oh you mean about him being massacred and his body never being found?

ALLISON

Now, look at the picture...

Dale takes a good look. Same build. Same color hair. Same oversized teeth. THE HILLBILLY IS A SPITTING IMAGE OF CHAD!

DALE

Hah. That kind of looks like psycho-boy out there. That's funny.

He smiles, but then his smile fades as he looks at Allison. She's not laughing.

Dale glances up at Allison, then back at the picture.

DALE

Holee shit. You mean that--

BAM! The door is kicked open, the table flies backwards. Chad stumbles through, the wicked blade of the brush clearing scythe glints in the moonlight.

CHAD

Time to die, freak!

ALLISON

Chad...

Chad rushes at Dale, raising the scythe above his head.

DALE

Wait!

Chad hesitates for a split second.

DALE

You're a hillbilly too!

Chad stops, enraged by the remark.

CHAD

Shut up!

He raises the blade again, about to strike.

DALE

Look!

Dale cringes beneath the blade, raising the picture in front of him for protection.

Chad freezes, staring at the photo. His eyes focus on the image of the Hillbilly.

DALE

That's your real father there.

CHAD

No!

ALLISON

It's true, Chad. You're half hillbilly.

Chad sweeps the photo out of Dale's hands.

CHAD

It can't be!!!

He falters. For a moment, the evil seems to drain out of him. Dale and Allison exchange a look.

CHAD

(enraged)

They lied to me... How could they?

ALLISON

Maybe they were afraid to tell you the truth.

CHAD

Everything is a lie. There is no truth!

Chad screams like a kamakazi as he rushes at Dale, raising the Scythe over his head.

Dale reacts, grabs THE BOX OF TEA, quickly tosses the contents into Chad's face.

Chad stops mid swing... choking, gasping for air. He slumps to the ground and falls onto his side.

CHAD

I... can't breathe... I can't...

He shudders and convulses as he fights for air. He stumbles backwards, out the door, still fighting for air.

Allison and Dale follow him.

ALLISON

What'd you do?

Dale holds up the tea box. The label reads "Loose Unfiltered Chamomile Tea."

DALE

Anthemis nobilis...

ALLISON

Huh?

DALE

It's the ingredient in chamomile tea that can cause an anaphylactic reaction in rare cases where people who are allergic to it.

(off Allison's look)

Like I said, I remember weird stuff sometimes.

They look to Chad, GASPING for air.

DALE

But he'll be okay as long as we get him his inhaler.

Chad steps backward and accidentally tumbles over the railing, falling 25' to the concrete below. The two of them peer over the edge at Chad.

DALE

Or not.

Chad lies motionless.

EXT. LUMBER MILL - DAY

The multi-colored lights of police sirens flash as A NEWSWOMAN stands in front of a camera. Emergency response crews move about in the background.

NEWSWOMAN

(into camera)

The chaos and confusion of what transpired here last night is still being unraveled. What appears to be a tragic mass suicide involving a group of mentally unstable college kids may actually be the work of a lone deranged killer whose body is yet to be found.

Panning off the television, to reveal...

INT. RECOVERY ROOM - DAY

Tucker is lying in a hospital bed watching the news report. He has bandages all over his body.

Dale walks into the room.

DALE

Hey, buddy. How you feeling?

TUCKER

Well, all things considered I'm doin' okay. They stitched me up right as rain... Check it out.
(holds up his hand)
I got my fingers back.

His fingers have been sewn back on, but one of them looks a little different than the rest. It has red nail-polish on the nail and looks a lot like a girl's finger.

TUCKER

I don't remember one of 'em looking like that though. Does it look funny?

Dale looks at the creepy, mismatched finger.

DALE

No. Not at all... I brought you somethin'.

Dale lifts a Miller Hi-life 40 oz. that he was hiding beneath his shirt. It has a big bow on it.

TUCKER

The champagne of beers. Look at it, it's beautiful.

Tucker takes it in his hands.

TUCKER

Listen, Dale... I'm sorry I ain't gonna be able to make the bowlin' tournament.

DALE

That's alright. You take your time healin' and maybe we'll have a shot at it next year.

TUCKER

Maybe you could get somebody else to play for me?

DALE

Nobody could replace you, Tucker.

TUCKER

Thanks, buddy.

DALE

Anyway, I guess I'd better get going.

Dale turns to head out--

TUCKER

Hey, Dale... did you ask her?

DALE

Ask her what?

TUCKER

Ask her out for God's sake?

DALE

Uh, Well, I was gonna, but she left before I got the chance.

TUCKER

Oh, Dale. You're hopeless, you know that?

DALE

Yeah... you might be right.

Dale looks up and smiles at Tucker--

DALE

Except, she kinda mentioned she was a pretty good bowler, and--

TUCKER

Hey, I thought you said nobody could replace me?

DALE

Actually, I was just sayin' that to make you feel better.

Tucker looks mad and then starts to smile.

TUCKER

You dog you...

INT. BOWLING ALLEY - DAY

A bowling ball rolls down the alley, knocking all the pins over. A perfect strike!

Allison turns and cheers as SEVERAL HILLBILLIES watch her, jaws dropped open.

ALLISON

Another one! Whoo. Must be beginner's luck.

A BALD HILLBILLY with massive sideburns and missing teeth looks to Dale.

BALD HILLBILLY

Dale Dobson. You are one lucky man. That girl's got a perfect set of... bowlin' fingers.

DALE

Life's short and you gotta go after what you want, B.J. You can't just wait for things to fall in your lap.

B.J. looks over at a HOT GROUP OF COLLEGE GIRLS bowling on another lane.

BALD HILLBILLY
You know somethin'? You're right,
Dale. I'm gonna go talk to her.

DALE
Don't be nervous. Just be
yourself.

Allison plops down in the seat next to Dale. She grabs her
beer and takes a long chug off it.

DALE
Listen Ally. I know we've been
through a lot together and this
might seem kind of forward. But I
got you a little somethin'.

He hands her a box.

ALLISON
Oh. You shouldn't have.

She opens it. It's a WRESTLERS HELMET.

ALLISON
Dale. That's so nice of you.

She clips it around her head.

DALE
I figure if we were gonna hang out
together it might be a good idea
for you to keep that on.

ALLISON
Thanks, Dale...

She leans in and they are just about to kiss when they're
interrupted by a SCREAM. They turn to see:

The girl running away from BJ. She slams into a bowling ball
cart and falls down unconscious. Her friends swarm to help.

DALE
I guess it takes some practice.

ALLISON
What does?

Dale hesitates, then makes his move.

DALE
This...

He kisses Allison, the best kiss of both their lives.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. LUMBER MILL - NIGHT

A camera light follows the NEWSWOMAN through the lumber mill.

CAMERAMAN

Are you sure we should be doing
this? It's still a crime scene.

NEWSWOMAN

Sack up, Billy. It's called
investigative journalism for a
reason.

CAMERAMAN

But don't we need like a permit or
a press pass or something?

NEWSWOMAN

Press pass this.

She flips off the camera as she pushes through the broken
door of the foreman's office.

INT. FOREMAN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

The place is still in disarray from the fight.

NEWSWOMAN

The police missed something, I can
feel it. I'm gonna crack this
thing wide open. What do you say,
Billy, won't a Peabody Award like
nice on your--

A figure suddenly jumps out from a shadow. A SCYTHE comes
down on the Newswoman's head...

The camera jostles as the cameraman turns to run, but tumbles
over the railing, smashes to the ground.

The camera is still rolling as Chad appears, and looks
directly into the lens before hurling it at the wall...

SMASH CUT TO BLACK.

THE END