

HORROR CAMP

Written by

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EXT. HAPPY CAMP - DAWN

WE OPEN on a far too quiet camp in the middle of the woods.

There are no campers or counselors to be seen in the twilight dawn, only deserted cabins and empty trails.

The smoke of a smoldering campfire rises up into the air. A PAIR OF LEGS IN HIKING BOOTS lies motionless off to the side.

A flagpole rattles in the wind with the HAPPY CAMP FLAG - THE CAMP'S SMILEY FACE LOGO SMEARED WITH A BLOODY HAND PRINT.

A Teenage Girl's SCREAM echoes through the forest.

EXT. WOODS - CONTINUOUS

STACIE (18, with feathered brunette hair and bookish glasses) runs barefoot and terrified through the trees.

She's covered in blood, wearing only panties and a white T-shirt with *Stacie* in iron-on letters a heart dotting the "i".

The bare footed teen races down the path as fast as she can as FAINT ELECTRONIC GAME NOISES trickle in from somewhere.

Stacie looks back. There's nothing there but empty woods. She faces forward, relieved -- and then suddenly GASPS!

AN OMINOUS FIGURE LOOMS BEFORE HER IN A CLOAK OF RAGGED ANIMAL SKINS, WEARING A DEER'S SKULL AND ANTLERS AS A MASK.

He's carrying A LONG BLOODY FEMUR WITH A SHARPENED ANTLER BLADE jutting out of one end, like A PRIMITIVE SCYTHE.

He's THE BLACK HART. He is death itself.

KRISTY (V.O.)

Put your phone away. You're missing the good part.

ELI (V.O.)

There are no good parts. These movies are so fake.

Stacie SCREAMS and falls to the ground as the killer's blade swings over her head and sticks into the tree beside her.

KRISTY (V.O.)

But this one's my favorite. And it's my night.

ELI
Okay, okay... fine.

The electronic noises stop as Stacie scrambles to her feet and takes off through the woods with the killer close behind.

The terrified teen spots a PILE OF BRUSH about 50 FEET AHEAD at the edge of the forest and makes a break for it, oblivious to the sharp twigs cutting her feet with every frantic step.

The Black Hart is right behind her, extending a blood-crusted hand to grab for the girl just as she leaps over the brush and rolls sprawling onto the ground beyond it.

Stacie looks back, panting, as The Black Hart goes crashing through the pile of brush into the freshly dug pit beneath it. She smiles, victorious.

STACIE AND KRISTY (KRISTY IN V.O.)
Ha! Eat dirt, dick bag!

A beat. The pit is silent. Stacie slowly crawls toward the black hole to investigate, pulling her face just to the edge.

ELI (V.O.)
Oh, that's a good idea.

KRISTY (V.O.)
Shhh.

WHAM! The Black Hart's claw-like hand suddenly rises from the pit and grabs hold of Stacie's throat.

ELI (V.O.)
(Gasp!) He's still alive! I did not see that coming!

KRISTY (V.O.)
SHHH!!!

Stacie tires to scream, but it's no use. She's out of air and out of luck... or is she?

JOHNNY STEELE (O.S.)
Hey, John Deer...!

Startled, Black Hart turns to see JOHNNY STEELE (beefy and bleeding from the MACHETE WOUND in his VARSITY SWEATER).

ELI (V.O.)
Wait, what?! It's *that* guy?!

JOHNNY STEELE
...Game's over.

With perfect quarterback form, Johnny launches a LARGE ROCK at The Black Hart's head, striking him with a loud CRACK!

The killer releases his grip on Stacie's throat and tumbles back down into the darkness of the pit.

STACIE

Johnny, I thought you were dead.

ELI (V.O.)

He was!

JOHNNY STEELE

No one benches Johnny Steele.

Johnny takes off Stacie's glasses and the two traumatized teens lock eyes as the sparks fly.

ELI (V.O.)

Are you fucking kidding me? They hate each other! And his slutty girlfriend just got murdered!

KRISTY (V.O.)

They've both been through a lot.

ELI (V.O.)

So, what, they should just end up together because everyone else is dead or psychotic?!

Romantic music swells as the handsome quarterback leans in and kisses Stacie, hard.

The young girl's face floods with excitement and then-SHINK!

Johnny GURGLES and Stacie pulls back from the kiss revealing:

THE BLADE OF THE BLACK HART'S SCYTHE HAS TORN THROUGH THE BACK OF JOHNNY'S HEAD, POKING OUT HIS OPEN MOUTH INTO HERS!

Stacie is horrified but miraculously unharmed.

ELI (V.O.)

Ha! That'll teach him not to come back! If you get gone, stay gone!

Johnny's twitching corpse collapses, revealing the blood-thirsty killer emerging from the pit. Stacie SCREAMS and sprints for THE PICK-UP TRUCK sitting across the road.

KRISTY (V.O.)

Can you shut up?! It's almost over.

ELI (V.O.)
 Thank god. This has been the
 longest 78 minutes of my life.

The blood-splattered final girl hops into the driver's seat,
 and desperately searches around for the keys. Nothing in the
 ignition. Nothing on the seat next to her.

She SIGHS, but then, in a moment of inspiration, she pulls
 down the sun visor and a SET OF CAR KEYS falls into her lap.

ELI (V.O.)
 This movie is ridiculous.

KRISTY (V.O.)
 Shh! This is the best part!

Stacie fumbles the keys into the ignition and starts the
 truck, LAUGHING VICTORIOUSLY at her good fortune.

Tearing down the dirt road, Stacie smiles a bit maniacally as
 she watches the camp disappear in the rearview mirror.

She lets out a YELL of victory and relief, and bangs her
 bloody hands against the wheel. She made it out alive!

The truck zooms by a wooden sign reading: HAPPY CAMP.

STACIE AND KRISTY (KRISTY IN V.O.)
 Happy Camp, my ass! This place can
 eat shit and die!

SUDDENLY AN ANTLER BLADE SWINGS IN THROUGH THE OPEN WINDOW
 AND PLUNGES THROUGH HER NECK WITH A SICKENING SQUISH!

ELI (O.S.)
 Welp, there you go.

STACIE'S HORRIFIED FACE FREEZES IN A TWISTED DEATH MASK as
 THE SCREEN WASHES WITH RED and the end credits roll. "FRIENDS
 FOREVER", the cheesy theme to HORROR CAMP, plays.

GIRL SINGER AND KRISTY
 (singing)
 FRIENDS FOREVER,
 TOGETHER YOU AND I,
 WE'RE HAPPY CAMPERS,
 UNTIL THE DAY WE DIE...

Camera zooms out slowly to reveal that the scene has been
 playing on a large TV in a hip, young couple's living room.

INT. ELI & KRISTY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

ELI (white, mid-20s, hipster) and KRISTY (black, mid-20s, adorably nerdy) sit on opposite ends of the couch. Kristy sings along with the theme song.

GIRL SINGER and KRISTY
 (singing)
 AND WHEN WE'RE DEAD AND GONE AND
 BURIED IN THE GROUND,
 THE MEMORIES WE MADE WILL STILL
 LINGER AROUND...
 LIKE A GHOST
 OF THE MOST
 AMAZING SUMMER...
 FRIENDS FOREVER--

CLICK! The song stops abruptly as the TV goes black.

KRISTY
 Hey, what are you doing?!

ELI
 (playfully)
 Putting me out of my misery.

KRISTY
 Is my singing that bad?

ELI
 No, but your movie's garbage.

Eli brings the popcorn bowl to the KITCHEN. Kristy follows.

KRISTY
 Horror Camp is awesome! You should see the response my blog got when I mentioned we were watching it.

ELI
 Oh yeah, we should definitely trust the readers of TWISTED FLICKS.

KRISTY
 They're good people!

ELI
 They're twisted, it's in the name. And for the record, I only agreed to watch your movie 'cause I thought you said it was Whore Camp.

KRISTY

Whatever. It's way better than that documentary about teeny tiny houses you made us watch last week.

ELI

That was about responsible living.

KRISTY

We can barely survive in *this* amount of space.

ELI

Because you're always making us watch these terrible movies!

Eli drops the bowl off in the sink and heads to the BEDROOM.

KRISTY

You might actually like them if you ever paid attention...

(making a texting gesture)

Mr. Beep Bop Borp with your phone.

ELI

That candy's not gonna crush itself.

KRISTY

I should crush your thumbs.

ELI

See... these movies make you violent. They're not good for you.

The couple changes for bed as their conversation continues, Kristy slipping into a Horror Camp-themed nightshirt.

KRISTY

Actually, they're great for us. Horror movies are a healthy way to express our natural violent tendencies. It's like watching porn when you're horny.

ELI

My porn doesn't have decapitations.

KRISTY

You're just not watching the right ones.

ELI
 (playfully)
 I love you, but you're a fucking
 weirdo.

The couple climbs into bed from opposite sides.

KRISTY
 I just wish I could share the
 movies I love with the man I love.

ELI
 Look, I get it. And if I could warp
 my brain to match yours, I would.
 But it's been two years, baby. I
 just need a break from this messed-
 up film festival of yours.

KRISTY
 Okay. How 'bout this? Next time
 it's my weekend, no horror movies.

ELI
 Yes!

KRISTY
 And no documentaries.

ELI
 Wait, what?

KRISTY
 Let's mix it up a bit.

ELI
 Foreign films?

KRISTY
 Let's take a trip!
 (all sexy and smoochy)
 We can go somewhere nice and
 quiet... No TV, no phones ...
 Just you and me... And the peaceful
 serenity of nature.

DRAMATIC MUSIC CUE and SMASH CUT TO HUGE BLOOD RED TITLE
 CARD: HORROR CAMP

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

A CAR cruises down a winding wooded highway as hip hop hipster techno bluegrass plays.

OPENING CREDITS MONTAGE

We cut back and forth between the CAR and the WOODS.

INT. CAR - DAY

KRISTY HELMS THE WHEEL WITH ELI IN THE PASSENGER SEAT AS THE COUPLE CONNECTS SWEETLY THROUGH VARIOUS ROAD TRIP ACTIVITIES: TAKING PICTURES, DRINKING FROM A FLASK, SMOKING A PIPE, HAVING AN IN-DEPTH DISCUSSION, LAUGHING, SNUGGLING, ETC.

EXT. WOODS - DAY

WE SEE EXTREME CLOSE-UPS OF GLOVED HANDS PERFORMING VARIOUS OMINOUS TASKS: SHARPENING A SMALL AXE, STRINGING A BOW, SNIPPING LARGE HEDGE TRIMMERS, AND FINALLY DONNING THE ICONIC DEER'S SKULL AND ANTLERS MASK.

END OPENING CREDITS MONTAGE

I/E. CAR - DAY

Eli and Kristy roll along in the late afternoon. The enthusiasm of their trip is waning. Eli plays on his phone.

ELI

Is it much further, Papa Smurf?

KRISTY

Not far now, my little Smurf.

ELI

And you're not going to give me any hints?

KRISTY

You do understand how surprises work, right? You'd never guess it anyway.

ELI

Falconry training?

KRISTY

Nope.

ELI
Barn raising?

KRISTY
Uh-uh.

ELI
American Gladiator auditions?

KRISTY
That's it. You totally nailed it.
But first we have to get to the
DeLorean so we can go back to the
90s.

ELI
(pointing at the road)
Look out!

Kristy SCREAMS and cuts the wheel, narrowly avoiding a CREEPY GUY (mid-40s, mustached) walking along the side of the road with a FOUR FOOT LONG HARD-SHELL CARRYING CASE in his hand.

He looks like a psychotic soccer dad, with his MEMBERS ONLY JACKET AND CLIP-ON SUNGLASSES.

He gives Eli and Kristy a cold stare as they speed away.

ELI
(looking back)
Did you see that guy?

KRISTY
Just barely.

ELI
I think he knows where the time machine is. Maybe we should give him a ride?

SHE HITS THE BREAKS.

ELI
Whoa, I wasn't serious.

KRISTY
Relax. We're here.

The car turns off the main highway and heads down a dirt road just about 200 feet from where the Creepy Guy lurks along.

EXT. OLD DIRT ROAD - DAY

The dirt road is long and rough with thick woods on either side. The car bumps along kicking up dust.

A MYSTERIOUS FIGURE WATCHES THE CAR THROUGH BINOCULARS.

I/E. CAR - CONTINUOUS

Kristy vibrates with excitement.

KRISTY

This is so cool. I can't believe
we're actually here.

Eli looks around eagerly, but there's really nothing to see.

ELI

Where are we?

THE MYSTERIOUS FIGURE TURNS A METAL CRANK ATTACHED TO A TREE.

KRISTY

You don't recognize it?

ELI

Um... Should I?

A WIRE STRETCHES TAUGHT ACROSS THE ROAD ABOUT 100 FEET FROM KRISTY AND ELI'S STEADILY APPROACHING CAR.

KRISTY

Okay. How 'bout... now?

KRISTY STOPS THE CAR JUST INCHES AWAY FROM THE WIRE.

She looks eagerly out Eli's window. Grinning from ear to ear. He turns to see AN OLD WOODEN SIGN that says: HAPPY CAMP.

ELI

No. Way.

KRISTY

Way.

The car creeps forward, pushing against the wire.

SOMETHING SNAPS: gears whir, wires zing, and A LIMP MANGLED BODY DROPS ONTO THE HOOD OF THE CAR, splattering blood everywhere.

The couple SCREAMS!

ELI
What the fuck?!

Eli looks back out his window and jumps again, startled to see A HOT YOUNG GIRL (AVERY, 18) in short shorts, white athletic knee socks, and a BLOODY HORROR CAMP HALF SHIRT.

(The white t-shirt has the blue Happy Camp logo with a bloody hand print on the smiley face and the word "Horror" scrawled above the X-ed out "Happy").

THE YOUNG GIRL'S THROAT APPEARS TO HAVE BEEN SLIT.

ELI
Ahh!

AVERY
(with flat, bored affect)
Welcome to Horror Camp.

KRISTY
(very excitedly)
Eeee! Thank you!

Avery nonchalantly cranks the nearby winch, hoisting the bloody "body" back up into the trees.

ELI
What's the hell is going on?

KRISTY
It's your surprise.

AVERY
Can I have your names please?

KRISTY
Kristy Redman and Eli Moore.

Avery checks her CLIPBOARD.

AVERY
Cool. You're the last two.

ELI
The last two what?

The camp worker opens the back door and climbs into the car.

ELI
What are you doing?!

AVERY

Everyone else is here. I'm not walking back to camp.

KRISTY

Oki doke.

Kristy continues driving down the dirt road. Eli is anxious.

ELI

Where the fuck are we?!

AVERY

Seriously?

Avery rolls her eyes and SIGHS as she starts into a very rehearsed speech.

AVERY

Horror Camp is an over-night interactive experience that recreates the thrills and chills of the classic 80s film franchise of the same name. There will be many simulated threats and classic horror movie situations, but at no time will you be in any real danger. That said, I need you to sign this waiver.

She hands Eli a clipboard.

ELI

Are you kidding me with this?

KRISTY

It's gonna be fun.

ELI

It's an interactive horror camp.

KRISTY

You know how much I want to share this stuff with you. I thought you might connect to it more like this.

ELI

Damn it, Kristy. You could have at least told me first.

KRISTY

You would've said no.

ELI
I'm still saying no!

AVERY
Your registration fee is non-
refundable.

Kristy stops the car, hard.

KRISTY
(to ELI)
You can be a real shit sometimes.

ELI
What?

KRISTY
I smiled through your hip hop
hipster techno bluegrass for four
fucking hours today! The least you
can do is give this a chance.

ELI
Christ.

KRISTY
One night, Eli. That's all I'm
asking. If you honestly still hate
all this horror stuff afterwards, I
promise you'll never have to deal
with it ever again.

ELI
Why? You gonna break up with me?

KRISTY
I don't know. But I don't want to
end up with you just because
everyone else is dead or psychotic.

The mood in the car is heavy. Avery shifts in the back seat.

AVERY
Orientation is about to start.

ELI
Okay...! Okay, fine, let's do this.

KRISTY
Really?

ELI
Yeah, sure. What have we got to
lose?

Kristy SIGHS and hugs Eli.

KRISTY
You won't regret this.

Avery leans ominously over them.

AVERY
Sign the waiver.

The car shifts into gear and heads on down the road to camp.

EXT. HAPPY CAMP - DAY

Everything looks exactly the same as it did in the movie, except for the handful of cars in the parking lot.

Kristy practically explodes with joy as they exit the car.

KRISTY
Oh my god. It's perfect! They've got everything right! The fire pit. The bloody flag. They've even got the Happy Camp truck!

ELI
(looks up from the waiver)
This says that the "actors" can touch us, but we can't touch them!

AVERY
Think of it like a strip club, but instead of strippers, it's homicidal maniacs.

ELI
(to Avery)
You just got a lot more interesting.

AVERY
And you got a lot more creepy.

KRISTY
This place is amazing!

Kristy grabs the clipboard and signs her waiver.

ELI
When does the fun start?

A woman's bloodcurdling SCREAM echoes through the camp.

AVERY

Now.

Kristy takes off running up a long path toward the scream with Eli and Avery sauntering after her.

ELI

You're not supposed to run *toward* the scream, baby...! I thought you were an expert!

INT. DINING HALL - DAY

Eli enters a dusty, wide-open camp cafeteria with the tables pushed up against the wall. Kristy's piling up a paper plate with SEVERED FINGER SANDWICHES and EYEBALL JELL-O SALAD.

KRISTY

This is so much fun. You hungry?

ELI

(making a face)
...not anymore.

Eli looks over at the various benches set up in rows with only HALF A DOZEN CREEPY "CAMPERS" scattered across them and BRENT, the douchy head of security, watching off to the side.

ELI

Jeez... I hope we can find a seat.

Kristy bumps past Eli and grabs a bench, as Eli, groaning, snags the tray of bloody sandwiches and joins her.

NORMAN (a chubby late-20s fan boy) leans in with a odd smile.

NORMAN

Hi, I'm Norman.

And that's when the CREEPY PIANO MUSIC BEGINS and the DRY ICE FOG STARTS ROLLING IN.

ELI

Christ... what fresh hell is this?

KRISTY

(squeezing Eli's arm)
It's the theme to Horror Camp!

In seconds, the entire room is lost in a sea of white.

ELI
 (in Kristy's direction)
 So fucking cheesy. Is this really
 supposed to be scary?
 (beat)
 Kristy?

Silence.

And then a BLOOD-SPATTERED WOMAN suddenly leaps out of the fog and SCREAMS in Eli's face, an ANTLER THROUGH HER NECK.

ELI
 What the fuck!?!

The small audience cheers as the fog clears to fully reveal the blood-spattered woman as HEATHER LYNNE PRESCOTT, the scream queen herself (mid-40s, beautiful and a little weathered, with dyed blonde hair and bleached teeth).

Along with her GORY ANTLER WOUND PROSTHESIS, Heather Lynne's wearing a BLOODY HORROR CAMP T-SHIRT (with an iron-on heart-dotted "Stacie") and short shorts.

She dramatically addresses the crowd like she's won an award.

HEATHER LYNNE PRESCOTT
 Thank you! Thank you, one and all!
 And welcome to... Horror Camp!

More APPLAUSE, except from Eli, who just stares dumbfounded.

HEATHER LYNNE PRESCOTT
 As I'm sure most of you know, I am
 Heather Lynne Prescott, the only
 actress to appear in all seven
 installments of the Horror Camp
 series.

NORMAN, the obsessive fan boy, lets out a WHOOT!

HEATHER LYNNE PRESCOTT
 Thank you. Now even though I have
 been featured in over 47 films,
 including Dawn of the Cannibal Cave
 Dwellers and Shark People 2 in 3-D,
 the Horror Camp franchise holds a
 place near and dear to my heart.
 That's why I started this place six
 years ago, so I could keep the
 spirit of Horror Camp alive and
 offer a once-in-a-lifetime
 experience to my truly special
 fans.

More applause. A hand shoots up in the air. It's Norman's.

HEATHER LYNNE PRESCOTT

Ooo, I see we have a question from
the young man in the front row.

Norman stands, revealing his vintage iron-on Horror Camp t-shirt with Heather Lynne's death face as Stacie from the freeze-frame ending of the first movie.

He wheezes nervously and takes a puff from an inhaler. PSCHT!

NORMAN

Miss Prescott... You've died in every movie you've ever been in, including all *eight* of the Horror Camp films. Which death was your favorite?

HEATHER LYNNE PRESCOTT

(motioning to his shirt)

Well, my portrayal of Stacie in the original Horror Camp will always be special because it was my *first* on-screen death... and, as we know, it defined the *rest* of my career.

Slightly uncomfortable beat.

HEATHER LYNNE PRESCOTT

So. It seems you know everything about me, let's get to know more about all of you.

(pointing to Norman)

Why don't you start? Since you so kindly broke the ice.

NORMAN

Oh, okay, wow, uh... hi, everyone. My name is Norman Felcher. I've seen every Horror Camp film at least 13 times. But this is my first year actually attending Horror Camp due to uh... persistent family issues. Oh, and if my mom calls for me, this is Bible Camp.

The group CHUCKLES.

NORMAN

No, I'm serious.

Norman sits and GEERT AND GERDE SPENGLER stand.

They're a wealthy German couple in their mid-40s. Geert wears acid-washed jeans and the same HIGH-SCHOOL LETTERMAN SWEATER from the opening film. Gerde wears a CHEERLEADER'S UNIFORM.

GEERT

(in a thick German accent)
 Hallo. Back home in Germany, we are Geert and Gerde Spengler from Dusseldorf. But tonight we are Johnny Steel, all-star high school quarterback, and his naughty girlfriend, Debbie Dallas, the head of the cheerleader squadron. Ya, we are just your typical, dumb, horny American teenagers unaware of the danger that is awaiting us out in the woods...

GERDE

(bouncing up and down)
 Go footballs!

Geert and Gerde sit. Malady and Ash (mid-20s, goth, lesbians) stand up. Ash, the more butch of the two, starts them off.

ASH

(pointing to each)
 Ash. Malady.

MALADY

We're here to celebrate our 5th anniversary!

ASH

And stare death in the face.

They sit.

ELI

(sarcastic, eating a bloody finger sandwich)
 Fun.

Kristy playfully slaps his shoulder and stands up.

KRISTY

Hi! I'm Kristy, long-time Horror Camp fan, first-time Horror Camper. And *this* is my boyfriend-

ELI

Here against my free will.

KRISTY
 (chastising)
 Eli...!

HEATHER LYNNE PRESCOTT
 Whoa... did he sign the waiver?

AVERY
 (rolling her eyes)
 Yes.

ELI
 But only because this little
 "interactive experience" could get
 me out of watching horror movies
 forever.

NORMAN
 Why in the name of Leatherface's
 chainsaw would you do that?!

ELI
 Because they're super fake and, no
 offense, really fucking dumb.

CORPORAL JAMES BROWN (20s, African American, military
 muscled) interjects. He's dressed in camo pants, a tight
 olive t-shirt, and is wearing dog tags.

CORPORAL JAMES BROWN
 Psh, right? Horror movies be
 fuckin' everything up. Like who's
 the first person always gets
 killed? It's the mutha fuckin'
 brother. And yet, *and yet*, when you
 watch one of them movies with a
 black audience, every single one of
 them niggas knows exactly what the
 fuck you are NOT supposed to do
 when there's a killer on the loose.
 And they be shouting it out too.
 "Don't you go up them stairs!"
 "Don't you open that door!" But it
 don't make no difference, 'cause
 every single time some dumb ass
 nigga's gonna go open that door and
 get a mutha fuckin' axe in his
 mutha fuckin' head. It's a god damn
 shame.

HEATHER LYNNE PRESCOTT
 Well, that certainly is an
 interesting point of view, mister-

CORPORAL JAMES BROWN
Corporal. Corporal James Brown.

BRENT (20s, Texan, with matching Chuck Norris beard and attitude) SNICKERS behind his MIRRORED SUNGLASSES.

CORPORAL JAMES BROWN
(shoots an icy gaze)
Laugh it up, Chuck Norris. Let's see who gets an axe in his mutha fuckin' head.

BRENT
What'd you say... boy!?

The tension is thick.

ELI
Hey, I thought this was only supposed to be "simulated threats."

CORPORAL JAMES BROWN
Psh, this ain't nothin'. Back in the Sand Box, shit was always goin' down. Every second of every day was mutha fuckin' life or death. Back here, I ain't killin' nothin' but fuckin' time. And time be goin' slow as a one-legged dog.

HEATHER LYNNE PRESCOTT
Thank you for your service to our country, Corporal... But I must remind you that here at Horror Camp, you are not required, nor allowed, to actually fight for your survival.

BRENT
If you try anything, and I do mean anything, you'll be out of here faster than dog with *all* its legs.

Corporal Brown keeps his eyes locked on Brent as he sits.

HEATHER LYNNE PRESCOTT
Maybe now's a good time to introduce our Head of Security.

She gestures to Brent, who strides to the front of the room.

BRENT

(with his southern accent)
My name's Brent Duché, and I am here for your own good. Now this here experience, although perfectly safe, has been designed to scare the living shit out of you.

Kristy smiles with excitement.

BRENT

You my be chased, abducted, and subjected to simulated torture at any point. If at any time this becomes too overwhelming, and you find yourself terrified beyond your ability to cope, you can always run your little chicken legs over to join Avery in the No Kill Zone.

He motions to a RED CIRCLED AREA on the CAMP MAP.

BRENT

Or, if you need more immediate relief, all you have to do is say the Safety Phrase and the terror will cease, immediately. Now repeat after me: "I'm a big pussy...!"

CAMPERS

(with mixed enthusiasm)
"I'm a big pussy..."

HEATHER LYNNE PRESCOTT

Brent!

BRENT

"And I want to go home!"

CAMPERS

"And I want to go home...!"

HEATHER LYNNE PRESCOTT

Brent!! We did *not* agree on that being the Safety Phrase.

BRENT

Hey, none of them *has* to say it.

Brent peers over his sunglasses and struts back to his post.

HEATHER LYNNE PRESCOTT
Well, that should just about do it
for orientation. Who's ready for a
night you'll never forget?

GEERT
It is time for the boobs and the
blood?

Gerde lifts up her cheerleader sweater and FLASHES HER BOOBS.

GERDE
Go footballs!

ASH
Nice.

Malady elbows Ash in the ribs.

HEATHER LYNNE PRESCOTT
Actually, as is the tradition with
Horror Camp, the frightful fun will
officially begin the next time you
hear my signature scream.

SUDDENLY THE BLACK HART DROPS DOWN FORM THE RAFTERS, BONE
SCYTHE IN HAND!

Heather Lynne lets out a bloodcurdling SCREAM!

CORPORAL JAMES BROWN
Da fuck?!

The Corporal spins around instinctively and tackles the
imposing figure to the ground with a guttural war whoop.

The soldier pummels the costumed figure in a blind rage until
Brent and Ash pull him off.

BRENT
Cut it out! I said stop it! NOW!

The Black Hart gets to his feet and throws off his deer
skull, revealing HUNTER ERICKSEN, a tough guy in his 50s.

HUNTER ERIKSEN
Let him go. Let's see how the
little punk does when I'm actually
ready for him.

NORMAN
(having a nerd-gasm)
Oh my god...
(MORE)

NORMAN (CONT'D)
that's Hunter Eriksen, *the* Black
Hart killer from Horror Camp One,
Two, *and* Four!

ELI
(aside)
I should be impressed?

KRISTY
(whispered)
Very. He's broken over 150 bones!

ELI
And that makes him a *good* stunt
man?

HEATHER LYNNE PRESCOTT
Hunter, settle down! You know I
cannot allow you to fight another
camper.

HUNTER ERIKSEN
That little punk's asking for it.

BRENT
No, he's asking for a ticket home.

CORPORAL JAMES BROWN
Fucker jumped me! That was self
defense!

HEATHER LYNNE PRESCOTT
Ugh. Did he sign the waiver?

AVERY
They *all* signed the waiver.

HEATHER LYNNE PRESCOTT
Fine. He's gone. But no refunds.

CORPORAL JAMES BROWN
You kiddin' me with this shit!?

BRENT
You broke the rules, pal. Now hit
the bricks!

CORPORAL JAMES BROWN
Fuck you, rent-a-cop! I paid my
money! And I ain't leavin'!

He grabs the handle of the BIG-ASS KNIFE in his belt.

Without missing a beat, Brent lifts up the bottom of his shirt, revealing the HANDGUN tucked into his pants.

BRENT

Say that again. I dare you.

CORPORAL JAMES BROWN

Fuck this shit. Just couldn't wait to get rid of the black man first, could ya?

He grabs his DUFFEL BAG and heads for the door.

CORPORAL JAMES BROWN

You all best keep it clear, this ain't no god damn movie. Nah, man. This nigga's gonna outlive every last one of you mutha fuckas!

He busts through the doors and disappears.

AVERY

Was that a real gun?

HUNTER ERIKSEN

I'm going to my trailer.

GEERT

This is part of the show?

HEATHER LYNNE PRESCOTT

(Forcedly upbeat)

Okay everyone, let's not let this spoil the start of our horrific weekend! For your safety, please take a map and flashlight from the table. And if any of you haven't received your cabin assignments yet, Avery will show you where you belong.

AVERY

Yeah. Wouldn't want you sleeping in the wrong heap of moldy logs.

HEATHER LYNNE PRESCOTT

Have a bloody good time, everyone! And stick together... we all know what happens to stragglers in these woods.

(someone catches her eye)

Speaking of which...

She gestures and everyone turns to see THE CREEPY GUY FROM THE ROAD STANDING SILENTLY IN THE DOORWAY.

ELI

(whispering to Kristy)
Holy shit. That's the guy from the road. He didn't follow us here, did he?

AVERY

(approaching Creepy Guy)
Um... I'm sorry, sir, but this is a reservation only kind of event.

HEATHER LYNNE PRESCOTT

Avery, please, let's not be too hasty. We just had an opening.

KRISTY

(concerned)
They're not going to take him, are they?

NORMAN

(laughing)
I'm sure there's enough fake blood to go around.

The campers slowly file out of the mess hall, a little weirded out, but excited nonetheless.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DUSK

Kristy, lost in thought, pulls AN OVERNIGHT BAG out of her car as Eli fiddles with his PHONE.

ELI

The reception here is terrible.
(looks up)
And this place is fucking weird.

KRISTY

But in a good way, right? Like me.

Kristy smiles. Eli turns and SUDDENLY COMES FACE TO FACE WITH AVERY, who is standing silently right behind him.

ELI

Ahh! Warn a guy, would ya?

She holds out an open RED METAL TACKLE BOX.

AVERY

I need your phone and your keys.

ELI

Why?

AVERY

It's camp policy.

Norman noses in, as is his style. He's got A SMALL STACK OF 8X10 PICTURES with him.

NORMAN

Lack of communication and transportation is a staple of classic 80s horror films.

He adds his phone to THE OTHER PHONES AND KEYS in the box.

AVERY

Plus we don't want you driving away or, like, calling 9-1-1 or something.

KRISTY

It's all part of the fun.

KRISTY ADDS HER KEYS AND PHONE to the box and stares down Eli until HE RELUCTANTLY PUTS HIS OWN PHONE into the mix.

ELI

When do we get these back?

AVERY

When it's all over.

She closes the box and latches it tight.

NORMAN

So. What cabin you guys in?

AVERY

Nine.

NORMAN

Ooo... Site of the infamous bunk bed beheadings of Horror Camp Five. I know exactly where that is!

AVERY

Perfect.

Avery abruptly turns and walks away with the box of phones and keys.

ELI
 (to Norman, re: Avery)
 I think she likes you. You have a
 girlfriend?

NORMAN
 Yep.

KRISTY
 Really?

NORMAN
 Uh-huh. We met online. And someday
 we'll actually go on a date.

ELI
 There it is.

Kristy elbows Eli as Norman walks off and they follow.

EXT. HAPPY CAMP - CONTINUOUS

Norman leads Kristy and Eli down a path through the camp. The
 geek is practically glowing.

NORMAN
 I can't believe I'm really here!
 This is the best day of my life!

He takes a big puff off his INHALER. PSCHT!

KRISTY
 (joking, in spooky voice)
 Be careful. It might be your last.

NORMAN
 I should be so lucky. I've dreamed
 about dying at Horror Camp ever
 since I was a kid.

ELI
 (sarcastically)
 Yeah, that's normal...
 (re: Norman's photos)
 What are those?

NORMAN
 Oh these? They're just *ORIGINAL*
 production stills of Heather Lynne
 Prescott in her various roles from
ALL the Horror Camp films.

He flips through the pictures one by one as they walk.

Each photo features one of Heather Lynne's many death scenes, each time as a different character.

NORMAN (O.S.)

Here she is as Stacie Donovan in the original Horror Camp.

She's BRUNETTE and IMPALED THROUGH THE NECK BY THE BLACK HART'S BONE SCYTHE (as seen in the opening scene & on Norman's shirt).

KRISTY (O.S.)

Sweet!

Flip.

NORMAN (O.S.)

Lacie Donovan in Horror Camp Two.

She's BLONDE and pinned to a tree WITH A PAIR OF GIANT HEDGE SHEARS NEARLY CUTTING THROUGH HER NECK.

ELI (O.S.)

Again with the neck.

Flip.

NORMAN (O.S.)

Mrs. Donovan in Horror Camp Three!

She's WEARING A HOUSEDRESS AND CURLERS, HANGING FROM A TREE.

ELI (O.S.)

(sarcastically)

That's one unlucky family.

Flip.

KRISTY (O.S.)

Ooo! Robyn Woods! From Horror Camp Four!

She has a ROBIN HOOD COSTUME with an ARROW IN HER CHEST.

ELI (O.S.)

What's with the costume?

KRISTY (O.S.)

It was drama camp.

Flip.

NORMAN (O.S.)
Here she is as Officer Barnes in
Horror Camp Five.

She's DRESSED AS A MAN with a TERRIBLE MOUSTACHE, IMPALED ON
A SET OF ANTLERS.

ELI (O.S.)
Drama camp again?

KRISTY (O.S.)
Nope.

Flip.

NORMAN (O.S.)
And as both Mandy and Randi in
Horror Camp Six.

She's A PAIR OF TWINS GETTING STABBED IN THEIR HEARTS.

KRISTY (O.S.)
(super excited)
The twins!

FLIP.

NORMAN (O.S.)
And here she is a Lindsey Cox the
big camp slut of Horror Camp Seven.

She's TOPLESS WITH HUGE TEASED OUT HAIR. HER THROAT HAS BEEN
SLIT and blood is gushing out all over her naked torso.

ELI (O.S.)
Nice tits.

KRISTY (O.S.)
It was the 90s.

NORMAN (O.S.)
And last but certainly not least...

Flip.

NORMAN (O.S.)
Here she is as Ebony Jones in the
infamous franchise killer Horror
Camp Eight.

Heather Lynne's IN BLACKFACE (yes, BLACKFACE), with a
TERRIBLE AFRO WIG and AXE IN HER HEAD. Eli is floored.

ELI
Holy. Shit.

KRISTY
I know.
(to Norman, excited)
Where did you get this? I thought
the studio destroyed any evidence
of the film.

NORMAN
They tried. That's what makes this
one so valuable.
(he turns to Kristy)
Wow... Your knowledge of the Horror
Camp canon is truly impressive.

ELI
Isn't it?

KRISTY
Not as impressive as your
collection!

NORMAN
Well, once I get Heather Lynne to
sign these, it'll be priceless.

He kisses the photo.

ELI
(sarcastic)
Just like this experience...

One of Heather Lynne's unmistakable SCREAMS echoes through
the forest. Eli jumps with a start. The games have begun.

NORMAN
Well, here we are. Home sweet home.

EXT. CABINS - CONTINUOUS

Kristy, Eli, and Norman have arrived at a small group of four
cabins, numbered 6-9, just as the sun is setting.

KRISTY
See, teeny tiny houses, just like
you wanted.

ELI
(sarcastically)
Thanks.

Ash and Malady are working busily in front of Cabin Seven, smudging with sage and pouring a circle of salt.

Geert and Gerde run out of Cabin Eight, GIGGLING hand in hand, and head for the woods.

Eli spots their cabin and begins to ramble excitedly.

ELI

Oh hey, look, it's Cabin Number Nine. Thanks for the tour, uh, Norman, was it? We'll see you around.

NORMAN

You sure will, roomie.

Norman bounds up the stairs into Cabin Nine.

ELI

You have *got* to be kidding me!

KRISTY

(taking him aside)
What's your problem?

ELI

Look, I know you've been wanting someone to geek out with, but if I've got to share a cabin with Mr. Creep Show over here, I won't survive.

NORMAN (O.S.)

Nobody survives Horror Camp.

They turn to see Norman waiting on the stairs.

NORMAN

But if you guys want another cabin, that's-that's cool.

ELI

Look man, it's nothing personal. You're really nice, and... informative, but this was supposed to be a getaway weekend for *us*. And it's already off to a weird start.
(backing away)
So... enjoy your upgrade to a private cabin... we'll just go find something else.

Eli turns and AVERY IS RIGHT THERE.

ELI
Ahhh!

AVERY
No vacancies.

ELI
Seriously? What about G.I. Joe's
bunker?

AVERY
Weird dude called it.

She gestures to Cabin Six. The Creepy Guy lurks behind the door, staring through the screen.

KRISTY
You let him in? Seriously?

AVERY
It's amazing what you can get with
a fanny pack full of cash.

Everyone is focused on the Creepy Guy as he slowly pulls the shade down over his window...

BRENT (O.S.)
(from behind the group)
Hey!

Eli jumps, again.

ELI
Enough with the fucking scares!

BRENT
Y'all seen that military dickhead?

KRISTY
Didn't you kick him out?

BRENT
His car's still in the parking lot.

Brent heads off quickly, on high alert.

BRENT
(waving his walkie talkie)
Call me on the walkie if you see
anything.

AVERY
(really put out)
Ugh... whatever.

Avery sulks off into the woods in the opposite direction.

ELI
(almost cheerfully)
This place is fuuucked.

NORMAN
So. I guess that settles it. You
guys want to take the bunkbeds?

KRISTY
(distracted, something on
her mind)
Yeah, sure. Sounds great.

She makes a bee-line toward Cabin Six. Eli follows.

ELI
Baby! Hey! Where are you going?

KRISTY
I want to meet the new guy.

ELI
The creepy dude?

KRISTY
He wasn't at orientation. I'm just
being neighborly.

ELI
Uh... you sure you want to do that?
I mean, you did almost hit him with
your car.

ASH (O.S.)
Maybe you did hit him.

The couple turns to see ASH AND MALADY IN FULL GOTH GLORY -
BLACK CORSETS, SCARFS, AND ALL.

ASH
Maybe he's a ghost.

MALADY
(cheerfully)
These woods are full of them.

NORMAN
(showing up and nosing in)
I've heard that too.

ELI
Seriously?

MALADY

There are several historic
massacres pinned to this very site.

(to Ash)

Tell 'em, babe. Tell 'em the story
you told me.

(to Eli and Kristy)

It's so good.

ASH

(telling her ghost story
way too dramatically)

Where you are standing now was once
an Indian village--

MALADY

Native American, but, go on.

ASH

(rolls her eyes)

One summer, on a night very much
like this one, when the men of the
village were off hunting--

MALADY

Dominating Mother Nature with their
penis spears.

ASH

-- the village was invaded by the
5th Calvary Regiment of the United
States Army.

MALADY

I thought it was the 6th.

ASH

(snapping)

You want to tell the story?

MALADY

Nope. No. My lips are zipped.

(beat)

Go on, babe.

ASH

Now all those soldiers, starved for
affection and far from home, forced
themselves upon the good, proud
women of this village, and savagely
raped every last one of them.

ELI

Ugh, men... am I right?

Ash, Malady, and Kristy stare daggers at Eli.

ELI

Sorry.

KRISTY

So what happened to the women?

ASH

They knew the only way they could reclaim their power from those brutal men was to take their own lives.

NORMAN

They killed themselves?

ASH

All of them. All together.

MALADY

And the men, returning to the horror of their ruined village, were so ashamed of their failure, that they scattered into the woods, and were never seen again.

ELI

As one does.

ASH

The only survivor who remained behind was the village shaman. He swore revenge for his people and went on to slaughter the entire regiment, one by one, like death itself. They say he was wrapped in bloody furs and crowned with the skull of a deer.

NORMAN

(Gasp!) The Black Hart!

ASH

And sometimes, on nights very much like this one, the ghost of the shaman returns to his village, to cleanse the crimes of its past...

(dramatic pause)

With blood!

Gerde SCREAMS and everyone jumps as the German tourist comes running out of the woods, TOPLESS AND SPLATTERED WITH BLOOD.

ASH

Nice.

GERDE

(babbling in German)

Er ist tot! Er is tot! Mein Mann
ist tot! Die schwarze Hirsche
Mörder ist real!

MALADY

Anybody speak German?

ELI

(gesturing toward Gerde)

She does.

Gerde looks around at the group, scared and confused.

GERDE

HELP!!!

The half-naked cheerleader takes off running back into the dark woods from where she came.

ELI

Should we follow her?

NORMAN

Of course we should follow her! Who
knows what's out there?!

He fires up his FLASHLIGHT and eagerly waddles off.

KRISTY

(squealing with delight)

This is awesome!

Kristy kisses Eli on the cheek and runs after Norman with her flashlight lighting the path.

ELI

(to Ash and Malady)

You guys coming?

MALADY

(seriously scared)

Goddess no. There's something
wicked in those woods.

ASH

(seriously offended)

And we're not guys.

ELI

O-kay.

(calling out, sarcastic)

Hey! Wait up! I don't want to be a straggler!

Eli turns on his flashlight and follows Kristy and Norman into the woods as the day slips away into deep dark night.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Eli, Kristy, and Norman crunch through the dense forest, following Gerde's wails.

KRISTY

See, isn't this way better than just watching a movie?

ELI

It's better than watching *Horror Camp*, that's for sure.

Kristy smacks Eli and he laughs.

NORMAN (O.S.)

I think she went this way!

EXT. CLEARING - CONTINUOUS

Norman leads them into a small clearing where their flashlights land on Gerde, collapsed on the ground, sobbing.

NORMAN

Yep, here she is.

ELI

Way to go, Columbo.

KRISTY

Why is she crying?

ELI

Um... maybe *that's* why.

Their flashlights drift up to reveal:

GEERT, PINNED UP AGAINST A TREE BY A GIANT PAIR OF HEDGE SHEARS THAT ARE NEARLY CUTTING THROUGH HIS NECK.

Blood spurts from his twitching body.

KRISTY

Oh my god.

NORMAN

I know. It looks amazing!

ELI

Nice touch with the pants around his ankles.

GERDE

(sobbing)

Er ist tot...! Meine arme Geert ist tot...!

ELI

So... what happens now?

NORMAN

Well, if this was one of the Horror Camp films, the killer would take advantage of our distracted, and therefore vulnerable state, and appear right behind us ... now!

They turn around. There's nothing there.

ELI

For once, nothing's sneaking up behind me.

Gerde SCREAMS.

Everyone quickly turns back around to see:

THE BLACK HART KILLER!!!

He's standing right behind the terrified tourist, a claw full of her hair, a MACHETE up against her throat.

ELI

(actually startled)

Holy shit!

KRISTY

Awesome!

NORMAN

Whoot!

In one fluid motion, the killer slits Gerde's throat!

BLOOD POURS OUT OF HER NECK, SPILLING DOWN UPON HER NAKED BREASTS BEFORE SHE COLLAPSES IN A GURGLING HEAP.

KRISTY

Whoa. That looks so real.

ELI

Real gross.

NORMAN

Aw man, I want to get killed.

The Black Hart steps over Gerde's body and walks toward the trio, his BLOODY MACHETE glistening in the moonlight.

ELI

Welp, looks like you might get your wish.

NORMAN

Man, I wish I had my phone. The details in the costume are amazing.

Norman leans in for a closer look. The Black Hart grabs his face and throws him hard to the ground.

ELI

Whoa, whoa, whoa, that was a little much, don't you think?

The killer turns his menacing focus on Eli.

ELI

I know they said you could touch us, but what the fuck, man?

The Black Hart raises his machete into the air.

ELI

We didn't sign off on getting our asses kicked.

The Black Hart throws the huge blade across the clearing and it sticks into a tree next to Eli, just inches from his head.

KRISTY

Eli...!?

ELI

Fuck this, I'm out. I'm a big pussy and I want to go home.

The killer continues toward Eli as Kristy helps Norman up off the ground.

ELI
 (to Black Hart)
 Didn't you hear me, freak show? I'm
 a big pussy and I want to go home!

The Black Hart gets right into Eli's face.

ELI
 (knocks on the deer skull)
 Hello? Anybody in there?

The killer ignores Eli and pulls the machete out of the tree with his blood-caked hand.

ELI
 (yelling, emphatically)
 Oh, for fuck's sake... I'M A BIG
 PUSSY, AND I WANT TO GO--

The Black Hart stabs the machete right for Eli's head.

ELI
 SHIT!

KRISTY
 ELI!!!

Eli barley dodges the blade, sliding out from under the killer's arm and stumbling to safety as it strikes the tree.

His neck is smeared with blood from the killer's hand.

KRISTY
 Are you okay?

ELI
 Not even remotely!

The Black Hart yanks his machete out of the tree and turns toward the trio with hauntingly empty sockets.

KRISTY
 Run!

The group scrambles and disappears into the woods with the killer right behind them.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Eli, Kristy, and Norman weave through the trees as fast as they can, looking back to try and spot the killer.

Norman starts WHEEZING and stops behind a log to catch his breath.

KRISTY
Norman, you alright?

NORMAN
(wheezing)
I'll be fine... Just need a
second... set of lungs.

He takes a puff from his inhaler. PSHT!

ELI
What the fuck was that guy's
problem back there?!

KRISTY
It didn't feel right.

ELI
You think!?

NORMAN
(between wheezes)
Maybe Hunter's drunk. According to
the horror 'zines he was arrested
twice last month for disorderly
conduct... I guess all these CG
effects really killed his career,
so he threw himself through a
window at a bar to prove he's still
got it.

ELI
(sarcastically)
Oh yeah, that totally explains why
he's trying to stab me in the
fucking head!

KRISTY
(in a whisper)
Shut up.
(looking at her map)
We're almost to the No Kill Zone.

She points to a bright light up ahead.

ELI
Great! Let's report Stunt Man Mike
and get the fuck out of here!

NORMAN
(getting up)
Wait. Wait for me.

Eli rolls his eyes.

ELI
Ugh. You're a real third wheel, you
know that?

NORMAN
(smiling)
...We're a tricycle.

KRISTY
Go!

And the trio takes off toward the light as fast as they can.

EXT. NO KILL ZONE - NIGHT

An isolated cabin sits in the middle of a circle of red "NO
KILL ZONE" tape. Avery's out front, looking bored.

Eli, Kristy, and Norman duck under the red tape and burst in.

Avery looks up, sighs, and takes out her ear buds as the
threesome staggers up to the cabin, winded and pissed off.

AVERY
You done already? It's only been,
like, 10 minutes.

KRISTY
Something's wrong. Hunter just
attacked us.

ELI
He threw a sword at my fucking
head!

AVERY
Did you say the Safety Phrase?

ELI
What? You didn't hear me all the
way over here? I was screaming it
at the top of my fucking lungs!

KRISTY
Look, you need to tell Hunter to
back off!

NORMAN

Yeah, this isn't fun! I mean, the German couple getting killed was really cool, but the rest of it was way too real!

AVERY

What are you talking about with the Germans?

ELI

Back there? The guy? He was pinned against the tree with these giant scissors in his neck.

KRISTY

And the girl got her throat slit.

NORMAN

Right in front of us!

AVERY

Ugh. They never tell me anything around here.

KRISTY

Wait. You didn't know about that?

NORMAN

Did we just see someone get killed for real...?

AVERY

Relax. I'm sure it's fine.

Avery picks up her WALKIE TALKIE and GROANS.

AVERY

Ugh, I hate this part.
(into her walkie talkie)
Scream Queen, this is Goldilocks,
what's the 4-1-1 on the Germans?
Over.

Heather Lynne's voice crackles over the walkie talkie.

HEATHER LYNNE PRESCOTT

(from walkie)

This is Scream Queen. Please repeat, Goldilocks. Over.

AVERY
 (into walkie)
 What's the deal with the Germans?
 Nobody told me they were staff.

HEATHER LYNNE PRESCOTT
 (from walkie)
 The Spenglers are *not* staff. Is
 there a problem? Over.

AVERY
 (into Walkie)
 I've got three people over here who
 say they saw the Germans get sliced
 up or something. What should I do?

Suddenly, Heather Lynne trademarked SCREAM echoes through the woods as the walkie talkie goes dead.

NORMAN
 (Gasp!) Oh my gosh...

AVERY
 Fucking vampire. She needs your
 nerd worship to live.

NORMAN
 What if the killer got her too?!

AVERY
 There is no killer.

KRISTY
 How can you be so sure?!

She GROANS, pulls out a Horror Camp pamphlet, and reads.

AVERY
 (disaffected, rehearsed)
 Due to the intensely frightful
 nature of the Horror Camp
 experience, it is not uncommon for
 campers to convince themselves that
 they're actually being threatened.

ELI
 What?!

AVERY
 (continuing)
 However, no matter how realistic
 the scares may seem, at no time are
 you in any real physical danger.

AN ARROW SUDDENLY FLIES IN AND PIERCES AVERY'S CHEST.

Everyone is stunned.

Avery SIGHS heavily.

AVERY

They never tell me anything.

AND SHE FALLS TO THE GROUND, DEAD.

Beat.

Norman SCREAMS like a little girl.

Another arrow flies in and hits the cabin. THUNK!

Norman stops screaming and everyone turns to see THE BLACK HART TEARING HIS WAY THROUGH THE RED "NO KILL ZONE" TAPE, LOADING ANOTHER ARROW INTO HIS CROSSBOW.

ELI

So much for the No Kill Zone.

NORMAN

RUN!

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Eli, Kristy, and Norman crash through the forest. The spectre of The Black Hart looms behind them.

Thunk! An arrow hits the tree next to Kristy. She SCREAMS.

ELI

You still think this is better than watching a movie!?

Norman, wheezing, tries to take another hit off his inhaler, but it comes up dry.

NORMAN

(wheezing)

Shoot... I'm out...

He tosses the cartridge aside.

ELI

Big surprise. You've been hitting that thing like a crack pipe!

KRISTY

You got another one?

NORMAN
... back at our cabin...

ELI
You really need it?

NORMAN
Um... ...yeah...!

ELI
Fuck.

The trio continues on while back up the path we see THE MUDDY BOOT OF THE BLACK HART CRUSH THE OLD INHALER INTO THE GROUND.

EXT. CABINS - NIGHT

Eli and Kristy stumble out of the woods with the wheezing bag of nerd that is Norman between them.

They see something ahead and stop dead.

ELI
What the hell?

Ash and Malady, done up in goth-approved CLEAVAGE-PLUMPING CORSETS, sit outside their cabin, surrounded by CANDLES, on opposite sides of a LARGE CIRCLED PENTAGRAM MADE OF SALT.

They are CHANTING.

ASH & MALADY
(in unison)
Come to us, oh ancient one.
Take from us, our gift of blood.
Let the wrongs all be made right.
Come to us, and go tonight.

Eli, Norman, and Kristy continue on toward Cabin Nine.

ELI
(with some urgency)
Um... you guys might want to take that show on the road.

NORMAN
The Black Hart's coming... and he's really killing people, for real!

MALADY
We know. We summoned him.

ASH
 (seriously offended)
 And we're not guys.

KRISTY
 This isn't a joke! People are
 dying!

ASH
 And they'll keep dying until we
 finally end this curse.

MALADY
 (to Ash)
 You are so sexy.

ELI
 O-kay. We're gonna go.

The trio take off running toward Cabin Nine, Eli calling back to Ash and Malady over his shoulder.

ELI
 Feel free to join us if you want to
 live!

There's a crashing in the forest. The Black Hart is close.

KRISTY
 Get in the cabin! Now!

Eli and Kristy drag Norman inside Cabin Nine and close the door just as The Black Hart appears.

I/E. CABIN NINE - CONTINUOUS

Eli and Kristy look out through the cracks in their door as Norman roots through his bag to find his inhaler, knocking his HEATHER LYNNE COMMEMORATIVE DEATH PHOTOS onto the floor.

ELI
 (in an exasperated
 whisper)
 What are we going to do? We can't
 just leave them out there.

KRISTY
 (whispering back)
 We don't have a choice.

Outside, the goth girls calmly continue their ritual with the killer a mere 10 feet away.

He slowly stalks toward them as they CHANT in droning unison.

ASH & MALADY
Come to us, oh ancient one.

They slice their left palms with ORNATE MATCHING DAGGERS.

ASH & MALADY
Take from us, our gift up blood.

Blood drips from their fists into their circle of salt.

ASH & MALADY
Let the wrongs all be made right.

They smear their bloody palms across their cleavage.

ASH & MALADY
Come to us, and go tonight.

Ash and Malady stay seated, eyes closed, their bloody left hands raised in the air and their right hands open, palm flat, as if offering their daggers.

Eli and Kristy stare, transfixed, as they whisper.

ELI
(whispering to Kristy)
What the hell are they doing?! He's
right there!

Norman takes a puff off his new inhaler just as he notices something in his pictures. PSCHT!

KRISTY
Shh!

The Black Hart moves forward, slowly, and steps into the salt circle. He seems strangely calm and non-aggressive.

ELI
Are you kidding me? Their bullshit
cannot be working!

NORMAN
Um... guys?

KRISTY
Shhh!

Back outside, The Black Hart kneels in the center of the pentagram, lays down his crossbow, and bows his head in submission to Ash and Malady.

ELI
Are you fucking kidding me?!

NORMAN
Guys!

ELI & KRISTY
Shhh!

NORMAN
Fine, I'll shut up, *after* you look
at these.

Norman holds up THREE OF HEATHER LYNNE'S DEATH PHOTOS.

From Horror Camp Two: SHE'S PINNED TO A TREE WITH A PAIR OF
GIANT HEDGE SHEARS NEARLY CUTTING THROUGH HER NECK.

From Horror Camp Four: SHE'S GOT AN ARROW IN HER CHEST.

From Horror Camp Seven: SHE'S TOPLESS WITH HER THROAT SLIT
AND BLOOD GUSHING OUT ALL OVER HER NAKED TORSO.

ELI
Holy shit. That's exactly how
everyone died tonight.

NORMAN
Almost perfect recreations.

KRISTY
(Gasp!) The twins!

Kristy quickly looks back out the door with Eli and Norman.

JUST THEN, THE BLACK HART GRABS BOTH ORNAMENTAL DAGGERS AND
SIMULTANEOUSLY STABS ASH AND MALADY IN THEIR CHESTS.

The goth girls GASP, surprised.

THEN THE KILLER TWISTS THE DAGGERS IN THEIR HEARTS, AND THEY
COLLAPSE TO THE GROUND, SPUTTERING AND WRITHING BEFORE DYING.

NORMAN
(loudly from the cabin)
Holy crap!

The killer looks over at Cabin Nine.

Eli, Norman, and Kristy crouch down behind the door.

NORMAN
You think he heard us?

ELI
I think he heard *you*.

KRISTY
Shhh! He's coming this way...

The Black Hart heads straight for their cabin, loaded crossbow in hand.

The terrified trio babble in forced whispers.

NORMAN
This is way too intense.

Norman takes a puff from his inhaler. PSCHT!

ELI
(re: inhaler)
Is that stuff flammable?

NORMAN
I guess so.

ELI GRABS THE INHALER from Norman.

KRISTY
What are you doing?

ELI
Saving our lives.

He takes a ZIPPO LIGHTER out of his pocket and lights it.

KRISTY
Whoa, whoa, whoa... I don't think that's a good idea.

ELI
Neither is dying.

The Black Hart killer throws opens the door.

ELI
Burn in hell, bitch!

Eli sprays the inhaler stream across the flame, casting THE MOST PATHETIC LITTLE PUFF OF FIRE before it sputters out.

ELI
Aw, shit.

THE BLACK HART RAISES HIS CROSSBOW TO ELI'S HEAD.

ELI
I hate this place.

BRENT (O.S.)
Drop it!

Everything freezes.

The trio looks out their door to see BRENT, ABOUT SIX FEET FROM THE CABIN, WITH HIS BIG FUCKING GUN AIMED AT THE KILLER.

BRENT (O.S.)
I said drop it, mother fucker!
(he cocks his gun)
Or I *will* shoot you!

The Black Hart lets the crossbow fall from his bloody hands.

The trio breathes a collective sigh of relief.

BRENT
Now back the fuck down them stairs
and get on the ground, hands behind
your head... or whatever the fuck
that thing is!

The killer does this, slowly, the empty gaze of his skull fixed on Cabin Nine the entire time.

ELI
I never thought I'd be so happy to
see *that* guy.

KRISTY
I know, right?

Brent moves in closer and takes out some handcuffs.

BRENT
I got you now, you little cock
sucker. You mess with Texas, you
get the horns.

NORMAN
(something clicks)
Horns...

He looks down at the picture from Horror Camp Five with OFFICER BARNES IMPALED ON A SET OF ANTLERS.

NORMAN
Oh no, no no no... Wait!

BRENT
For what?

SUDDENLY THE BLACK HART LEANS BACKWARDS, GRABS HOLD OF BRENT'S ARMS, AND PULLS HIM DOWN HARD UPON HIS ANTLERS.

BRENT
(with his last breath)
Mother... fucker...

AND HE DIES.

ELI
Shit. Run!

Eli, Kristy, and Norman scramble out of their cabin and run up toward the front of the camp as The Black Hart frees himself from Brent's pincushion corpse.

EXT. HAPPY CAMP - NIGHT

The threesome runs between the buildings.

KRISTY
Where are we going?!

ELI
I don't know! I figured running was better than staying!

NORMAN
Ooo... I know how to get us out of here! Follow me!

He starts in one direction, stops, and looks around.

NORMAN
Wait, I mean... Follow me!

He heads off in another direction.

ELI
Our survival depends on that guy?
Seriously?

KRISTY
Come on.

They follow.

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Norman enters the lot with Eli and Kristy right behind him.

NORMAN
(very proud of himself)
Here we are! Sweet freedom!

He gestures to the half a dozen cars.

ELI
We don't have our keys, dumb ass.

NORMAN
Like that's ever stopped anyone in
a horror film.

He heads to THE OLD HAPPY CAMP TRUCK parked off to the side.

NORMAN
While lack of transportation *is* a
classic staple of the genre,
whenever the hero *does* find a car,
there's *always* a set of keys in the
visor.

Norman opens the door and gets into the truck.

ELI
Yeah, but this isn't a horror
movie, dipshit! This is a fucked-up
situation where someone's *actually*
trying to kill us!

Norman pulls down the visor. CAR KEYS drop out into his hand.

NORMAN
Bingo!

ELI
How the hell did that work!?

NORMAN
(he grins)
This is my car.

ELI
(exasperated)
God damn it, Norman.

KRISTY
Get in!

Eli and Kristy go around and slide in from the other side as Norman gushes on about his ride.

NORMAN

So what do you think? It's cool, right? And it's not a replica. It's the actual truck from the original Horror Camp! This seat, right where I'm sitting, is where Heather Lynne Prescott had her very first on-screen death!

(beat)

Aw, crap.

SUDDENLY AN ANTLER BLADE SWINGS IN THROUGH THE OPEN WINDOW AND PLUNGES THROUGH NORMAN'S NECK WITH A GROSS SQUISH!

His face twists into an exact replica of Stacie's death grimace from his shirt ... AND THEN HE DIES.

KRISTY

(shocked, drenched with Norman's blood)

Oh my god...

(looks behind her)

Oh my god!

The Black Hart looms in the back of the pick-up truck, his iconic bone scythe gripped in his gore-splattered hands. His skull crown drips with Brent's blood.

KRISTY

Let's get out of here!

Kristy pushes Eli from the truck and they run, full-speed, into the woods as The Black Hart watches and waits.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

The terrified couple sprints through the forest, weaving between trees, as they glance back.

ELI

I think we lost him.

KRISTY

Don't say that. It's bad luck in horror movies.

ELI

For the last time, this isn't a fucking--!

WHAM!

ELI RUNS FULL-FORCE INTO THE BLACK HART. THE KILLER'S SKULL AND ANTLERS GLOW A PURE AND GHOSTLY WHITE IN THE MOONLIGHT.

ELI
Oh shit...

Eli stumbles backwards and grabs A BROKEN BRANCH that he swings like a club.

ELI
Back off, man! Or I will club you!

In one move, THE KILLER SNATCHES THE CLUB AWAY FROM ELI.

HUNTER ERIKSEN
(from inside the costume)
What the hell has gotten into you punks today?

HE THROWS THE CLUB TO THE GROUND AND TAKES OFF THE DEER SKULL AND COWL, REVEALING THE GRIZZLED OLD STUNT MAN UNDERNEATH.

HUNTER ERIKSEN (CONT'D)
(exhausted)
First that gung-ho soldier boy jumps me and now you're taking swings? Screw this.

Hunter reaches into his furs and takes out a FLASK as Eli scrambles and picks up the club again.

ELI
I'm serious, you fucking psycho.
Stay the fuck back!

HUNTER ERIKSEN
I'm not a psycho, I just play one in the pictures. God damn kids.

Hunter takes a long drink from his trusty flask.

KRISTY
Eli, I don't think it's him.

ELI
What?

KRISTY
He's not the killer. Look at his mask. There's no blood on it.

It's true. The skull is as white as white can be.

HUNTER ERIKSEN

What the hell are you two talking about?

KRISTY

People have been dying out here tonight. For real.

ELI

Yeah. There's a killer on the loose.

HUNTER ERIKSEN

Horse shit. Ain't nothin' dying in these woods 'cept my god damn career.

Suddenly a noose drops down around Hunter's neck.

HUNTER ERIKSEN

What the hell?

THE ROPE PULLS TIGHT AND LIFTS HIM INTO THE AIR BY THE BRANCH IT RUNS AROUND, AS CORPORAL JAMES BROWN LEAPS DOWN FROM THE TREE HOLDING THE ROPE'S OTHER END.

CORPORAL JAMES BROWN

How you like being jumped, mutha fucka?!

Kristy SCREAMS as HUNTER'S DEAD BODY GOES LIMP. She takes off running deeper into the woods as Eli follows.

CORPORAL JAMES BROWN

(still holding the rope)

Where the fuck are you two going!?!

Eli and Kristy tear through the forest, faster than they've ever gone before.

The path funnels them right into an encampment.

EXT. SOLDIER'S CAMP - CONTINUOUS

The panting couple stand on the edge of the MAKESHIFT CAMP, SURROUNDED BY A SERIES OF NASTY-LOOKING SHARPENED STICKS THAT CIRCLE THE 10' X 10' PERIMETER.

The soldier's olive drab DUFFEL BAG is there, next to a SLEEPING BAG and GLOWING FIRE PIT.

A few scattered TORCHES give the place an eerie glow.

KRISTY

Holy shit.

ELI

Hello, Rambo.

CORPORAL JAMES BROWN (O.S.)

Psh, Rambo's a pussy.

Kristy and Eli spin around to see the Corporal blocking their only way out. He's holding his BIG-ASS KNIFE.

CORPORAL JAMES BROWN

(to Eli)

And so are you, from what I heard.

(imitating him)

I'm a big pussy and I want to go home...!

(he laughs)

ELI

Look, man, we just want to get out of here.

KRISTY

We don't want any trouble.

CORPORAL JAMES BROWN

I ain't gonna give you no trouble, sista. Shit, I wouldn't hurt a fly, 'less that fucker bit me first.

ELI

You just killed Hunter!

CORPORAL JAMES BROWN

Yeah, 'cause he was goin' 'round, with them horns and shit... slicin' and dicin' up fools like some mutha fuckin' chef at Benihana!

KRISTY

But it wasn't him!

CORPORAL JAMES BROWN

Bullshit! If he ain't the psycho, then who the fuck you think it is? Me?!

Eli and Kristy are silent.

CORPORAL JAMES BROWN

Psh. That's fuckin' it, ain't it? You all a bunch of racist pussies.

(MORE)

CORPORAL JAMES BROWN (CONT'D)
 So quick to point a finger, just
 'cause I'm black and pissed off?!

ELI
 You threatened the entire group!

KRISTY
 And then you disappeared and
 everyone started dying!

CORPORAL JAMES BROWN
 Now that's some mutha fuckin'
 coincidence right there. I mean,
 shit, what's a brother gotta do to
 convince you he ain't no killer!?

There's a muffled, wet THUNK!

CORPORAL BROWN PAUSES AWKWARDLY AND FALLS DOWN DEAD, A HAND
 AXE IN THE BACK OF HIS MUTHA FUCKIN' HEAD.

Eli and Kristy GASP.

STANDING THERE, BLOCKING THEIR ONLY EXIT, IS THE BLACK HART.

Blood drips from his antlers, down to his bleached white
 skull, in thick red streaks.

ELI
 (exasperated)
 Of course.

The Black Hart tosses a handful of 8X10 PHOTOS at the couple.
 They flutter and spin and land on the ground next to them.

Each one depicts one of Heather Lynne Prescott's classic
 Horror Camp deaths.

KRISTY
 Why are you doing this?!

THE BLACK HART PULLS OFF THE BLOODY MASK AND COWL, REVEALING
 HEATHER LYNNE PRESCOTT INSIDE.

HEATHER LYNNE PRESCOTT
 Because I'm sick and tired of
 always playing the victim!

ELI
 Holy shit.

The crazed actress steps on the corporal's back and yanks the
 small axe out of his head.

HEATHER LYNNE PRESCOTT
 I have died 47 times on film. 47
 spectacular times! I have been
 staked, and stabbed, and burned,
 and beheaded, and in Vampire Pimps
 of South Detroit, I was killed in
 all four ways. And you know what? I
 was damned good at it. Right from
 the beginning.

She picks up the picture of her death as Stacie.

HEATHER LYNNE PRESCOTT
 I was the star of a major motion
 picture at the age of seventeen.
 Seventeen! All because of my
 talents. I was a triple threat with
 double Ds and a scream that sent
 them running to the box office.
 Horror movies were my kingdom and I
 was their queen!
 (beat)
 But then they made the jester.

As Heather Lynne paces, KRISTY SPOTS THE CORPORAL'S KNIFE
 NEARBY AND GESTURES TOWARD IT WITH HER EYES TO ELI. She wants
 him to get it, but he doesn't think that's a good idea.

HEATHER LYNNE PRESCOTT
 The studios turned me into a joke.
 Nobody cared about the roles
 anymore. They only cared about the
 ridiculous ways they could kill me.
 I was pickled, and bowling balled,
 and microwaved, and eaten by
 poodles, and in Praying to the
 Porcelain Devil--I shit out my own
 spine!

Eli finally relents and slowly makes his way toward the knife
 as the homicidal actress continues her monologue.

HEATHER LYNNE PRESCOTT
 Even in my beloved Horror Camp
 franchise, the roles and the deaths
 got more and more pathetic.

She motions to the other pictures.

HEATHER LYNNE PRESCOTT
 I died as twins, and men, and bare
 chested sluts!

Kristy holds up the photo of HEATHER LYNNE IN BLACKFACE.

KRISTY
And black people.

HEATHER LYNNE PRESCOTT
They tarnished my entire legacy!
And for what? For what!?! A few
laughs. A new look. A new death!

She grabs the picture away and furiously tears it to shreds.
ELI STEALS THE DISTRACTED MOMENT TO FINALLY GRAB THE KNIFE as
she tosses the pieces into the fire.

HEATHER LYNNE PRESCOTT
I asked the studios if *I* could make
it to the end of the movie without
dying, for once. A symbolic victory
for surviving 30 years in the
business. They laughed at me. Told
me my career was dead. They said
all I was good for was dying off-
screen as Woman #2. Off-screen!

Eli tightens his grip around the knife. His moment is coming.

HEATHER LYNNE PRESCOTT
I bought this place to give my real
fans a chance to see me in action.
To worship me properly. And every
weekend, The Black Hart would kill
me, and I would scream, and
everyone would cheer...!

She basks in the glow of the memory. Kristy motions for Eli
to jump in and get her -- it's now or never.

HEATHER LYNNE PRESCOTT
But over the years the crowds got
smaller. And the cheers got
quieter. And they couldn't drown
out the voice of failure anymore. I
knew that if I was going to make it
to the end of the movie... I was
going to have to kill everyone else
myself.

ELI
This isn't a fucking movie!

ELI JUMPS UP AND PLUNGES THE KNIFE INTO THE ACTRESS' CHEST.

She SCREAMS, of course. But there's NO WOUND. And NO BLOOD.
ONLY THE FAINT CREAKING OF A RUSTY SPRING.

Eli, confused, pulls the knife back, and sees that the blade didn't pierce Heather Lynne. It just slid up into the handle.

IT'S ONLY A PROP KNIFE!

ELI
--what the fuck?

HEATHER LYNNE PRESCOTT
(smiling and laughing)
Surprise!

Eli stares at the demented actress in total confusion.

CORPORAL JAMES BROWN
(fun and flamboyant)
Ha! We got you, bitch!

Eli jumps, startled to see that THE CORPORAL'S ALIVE AND WELL AND VERY VERY GAY. Kristy stays off to the side, smiling.

ELI
Ahh! You're alive?

CORPORAL JAMES BROWN
Girl, I'm on fire. And you... you should have seen your face when Miss Thing was monologuing. It was *all* types of crazy. Had to bite my cheek just to keep off the giggles and stay dead.

HEATHER LYNNE PRESCOTT
You were fabulous, darling.

CORPORAL JAMES BROWN
(re: Heather Lynne)
I learned from the best.

HEATHER LYNNE PRESCOTT
Naturally.

ELI
Will someone please tell me... WHAT THE FUCK IS GOING ON!?

Kristy runs over to Eli, giddy as a school girl.

KRISTY
I wanted to scare you, really scare you, but I was afraid the camp might not be "real" enough to do the job, so I set up something a little... special.

CORPORAL JAMES BROWN
 With a little help from her
 fabulous friends.

HEATHER LYNNE PRESCOTT
 And a whole lot of star power!
 (to Kristy)
 I must say *that* was the best role
 I've had in *years*. A washed-up
 actress who's out of her mind...
 what a refreshing twist.

CORPORAL JAMES BROWN
 Well, I for one am just tickled
 pink that this "mutha fuckin'
 brother" wasn't the first one to
 get killed. Score one for progress!

A GUNSHOT suddenly echoes through the forest.

THE SIDE OF CORPORAL JAMES BROWNS'S HEAD EXPLODES IN A SPRAY
 OF BONE, BLOOD, AND BRAINS THAT'S FAR MORE REAL THAN ANY OF
 THE PREVIOUS DEATHS. HIS CORPSE DROPS, DEADER THAN DEAD.

Heather Lynne doesn't scream this time. She just freezes.

ELI
 (annoyed, to Kristy)
 Okay, you got me. Can we just chill
 out with all the killing already?

KRISTY
 (quietly, in shock)
 That wasn't me...

Heather Lynne frantically checks the Corporal for a pulse.

HEATHER LYNNE PRESCOTT
 Oh my god... he's dead.

ELI
 He was dead two seconds ago...!

HEATHER LYNNE PRESCOTT
 No, you idiot, this is real! He's
 really dead!
 (disturbed, she takes her
 hands off the body)
 Eww, gross.

ANOTHER SHOT RINGS OUT through the forest.

ANOTHER BULLET hits the Corporal's corpse with WET THUD, just
 inches away from the faded actress.

HEATHER LYNNE PRESCOTT
 (leaping to her feet)
 This is bullshit!

KRISTY
 (shutting down)
 It wasn't supposed to be like this.

Eli spots something in the woods.

ELI
 (pointing)
 Fuck. It's the creep from the road.

Kristy and Heather Lynne look up to see the Creepy Guy in the Members Only Jacket leaning on a tree outside the encampment.

He's got a large BOLT-ACTION RIFLE.

HEATHER LYNNE PRESCOTT
 (to Kristy)
 Isn't he one of your friends from
 the website?

The creep twists the rifle's bolt and loads a bullet.

KRISTY
 No. He wasn't part of the plan.

The Creepy Guy casually aims his rifle right at Eli and Kristy, peering through the scope at them.

ELI
 Oh shit... Run. Run!!

Eli grabs his shell-shocked girlfriend and pulls her out of the way just as ANOTHER SHOT IS FIRED.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Eli, Kristy, and Heather Lynne run through the woods.

HEATHER LYNNE PRESCOTT
 I thought you had this all figured
 out!

KRISTY
 I did!
 (with sudden clarity)
 (Gasp!) We have to get to the
 dining hall!

ELI

What?

KRISTY

We have to warn everyone!

HEATHER LYNNE PRESCOTT

Are you insane? We've got to get out of here - there's a killer in the woods!

Kristy keeps running. Eli shakes his head and follows her.

HEATHER LYNNE PRESCOTT

Haven't you learned anything from watching my movies!?

But they're gone, leaving the star all alone in the woods.

Heather Lynne peers into the spooky darkness. Her breath shallow in the silence.

A then, after a few long, quiet seconds... a twig SNAPS and the actress takes off running after Kristy and Eli.

HEATHER LYNNE PRESCOTT

Wait for me, you idiots!

INT. HAPPY CAMP DINING HALL - NIGHT

Kristy, Eli, and Heather Lynne cautiously enter through one of the open doors. The dining hall is dark and quiet.

HEATHER LYNNE PRESCOTT

This is a mistake. This is how people get killed.

KRISTY

Hello? Anybody here?

Suddenly the lights come on and FIVE RECENTLY DEAD CAMPERS jump out from under a "bloody" banner that says: HE'S ALIVE!

CAMPERS

(singing)

FOR HE'S A JOLLY GOOD FELLOW!

There's BRENT with his ANTLER PUNCTURE WOUNDS.

CAMPERS

FOR HE'S A JOLLY GOOD FELLOW!

And HUNTER with THE NOOSE AND ROPE BURNS AROUND HIS NECK.

CAMPERS
FOR HE'S A JOLLY GOOD FELL-ELL-OW!

And ASH AND MALADY, both with their DAGGERS STICKING RIGHT OUT OF THEIR HEAVING CHESTS.

CAMPERS
WHICH NOBODY CAN DENY!

And last, but certainly not least, there's NORMAN with the BONE BLADE STICKING OUT OF HIS NECK.

KRISTY
 Turn off the lights!

MALADY
 But you said--

KRISTY
 Turn them off!

Malady dutifully flips the switch. The room drops into semi-darkness as Eli and Kristy start fiddling with the doors.

HUNTER ERIKSEN
 (serious)
 What's wrong?

KRISTY
 We've got to lock the doors. Make sure he doesn't come in.

BRENT
 Who the hell you talking 'bout?

ELI
 That Creepy Guy, with the moustache. The one who's not you.

HEATHER LYNNE PRESCOTT
 He shot Marcus. With a real gun and everything. He's really dead.

BRENT
 (to Hunter)
 See! I told you they were gunshots!

HUNTER ERIKSEN
 Good for you.

Hunter lends Kristy and Eli a hand with the doors.

MALADY

This isn't real, right? It's just another joke. Right?

ASH

Tell us the truth!

KRISTY

We are. I'm sorry.
(she looks around)
Where are the others?

NORMAN

There's Geert and Gerde!

NORMAN POINTS OUT THE BACK DOOR TO THE BLOODY GERMAN COUPLE STROLLING UP, HAND IN HAND, SOME 200 FEET AWAY.

They're still in full high school Horror Camp cos-play. And, yes, Gerde is still topless.

KRISTY

Oh my god.

HEATHER LYNNE PRESCOTT

Relax, I'm sure they're fine. I'm the target here.

Kristy runs to the back door and flings it open.

KRISTY

Come on! Get in here!

GEERT

(with his German accent)
What? Did we miss the party!?

GERDE

(in better English - but still with her accent)
We had a party of our own.

They GIGGLE.

KRISTY

There's a killer in the woods!

GEERT

Ya, we know. He already killed us.

They laugh.

BANG!

GEERT, SHOT IN THE HEAD, VIOLENTLY FALLS TO THE GROUND, HIS HAND RIPPED RIGHT FROM GERDE'S GRASP.

Gerde's laughter turns to SCREAMS.

THE CREEPY GUY EMERGES FROM THE WOODS NEXT TO GERDE, RELOADING HIS RIFLE.

NORMAN

Holy crap. This is real. This is really happening.

Gerde SHRIEKS and starts running toward the dining hall.

The Creepy Guy calmly aims his rifle at her back.

BANG!

GERDE JERKS FORWARDS AND COLLAPSES DEAD IN THE FIELD.

The sudden silence is deafening.

Everyone is stunned.

HEATHER LYNNE PRESCOTT

I don't get it. Why is he shooting at you guys?

The Creepy Guy hungrily eyes Kristy in the open doorway.

ELI

(to Kristy)

Shit. Get in here. Now!

Eli pulls Kristy back in and closes the doors with Hunter while everyone else crouches down below the windows.

After a tense beat, KRISTY PEEKS CAUTIOUSLY OUT THE WINDOW. She sees the CREEPY GUY DRAGGING GERDE'S BODY INTO THE WOODS.

HEATHER LYNNE PRESCOTT

Forty-seven deaths on screen, and I'm still not ready for my final close up.

NORMAN

I don't want to die either. Not before I kiss my girlfriend.

MALADY

Yeah. There's enough real death in the world.

MALADY GRABS THE HANDLE OF THE DAGGER THAT'S STICKING OUT HER CHEST, AND PULLS IT OUT, ALONG WITH THE FAKE BLOODY CLEAVAGE PIECE IT'S STUCK INTO.

ELI

Who the fuck are you people?

KRISTY

They're long-time readers of my blog.

NORMAN

We love TWISTED FLICKS! We're her biggest fans.

HEATHER LYNNE PRESCOTT

Except for me, of course. I'm a featured player.

HUNTER ERIKSEN

She's just here for the money.

HEATHER LYNNE PRESCOTT

Unlike you. Drunk.

Hunter sneers and takes a tug off his flask.

ASH

Yep. We're all pretty much who we said we were. Warts and all.

MALADY

Except, Marcus, you know, the soldier guy... he wanted to spice things up a bit.

BRENT

He's an actor. ...Well...was an actor.

HUNTER ERIKSEN

(eyeing Heather Lynne)

I've worked with worse.

He takes another swig from his flask as EVERYONE STARTS RANDOMLY REMOVING THEIR PROSTHETIC DEATH PIECES.

ELI

(to Kristy)

So, what, you just posted an ad on your blog and the rest of you agreed to come out here and get fake-murdered in the woods...?

BRENT
Yep. Pretty much.

NORMAN
This *is* Horror Camp. It's an honor.

ELI
(finally snapping)
You're out of your fucking minds!
(glaring at Kristy)
All of you! It's these god damn
horror movies; they've warped your
brains -- and your lives!

Eli angrily stomps off across the room away from Kristy.

KRISTY
I just don't understand. It was all
going so well...

ASH
Until that creep showed up.

HEATHER LYNNE PRESCOTT
I thought he was part of the plan.
He paid in cash.

MALADY
But why would he just start killing
everybody for real?

ELI
We did almost hit him with our car.
(off everyone's looks)
Almost!

Silence. A concern look spreads over Norman's face.

NORMAN
What if it's TorturePornStar?

KRISTY
Oh god...

MALADY
It couldn't be him, could it?

ASH
How would he find us here?

BRENT
Yeah, that little shit's been off
the boards for months.

ELI

Who the hell are you talking
about?!

HEATHER LYNNE PRESCOTT

It's not an actual porn star, is
it?

KRISTY

No, he's another reader from my
blog. Called himself
TorturePornStar69.

HUNTER ERIKSEN

A real punk.

NORMAN

He started trolling the group.

ASH

Posting all these nasty comments.

MALADY

Being really negative.

BRENT

Just fucking with everyone.

KRISTY

So I threatened to kick him off the
site.

ELI

And...?

BRENT

He fucking snapped.

MALADY

It got real bad. Real fast.

ASH

Rape threats.

NORMAN

Death threats.

HUNTER ERIKSEN

Real chickenshit stuff.

KRISTY

I-I didn't think he was serious...

ELI

Yeah, with a name like
TorturePornStar, you'd think he'd
be a real sweetheart.

(beat)

Psh, you're all the same...

Ash grabs Eli and slams him up against the wall.

ASH

Look, just cause we love horror
movies doesn't mean we're violent
psychopaths!

ELI

(struggling to breathe)

I'm getting mixed messages here.

Ash GROWLS and drops Eli to the floor.

MALADY

What my sweetie's trying to say is
that the majority of us horror film
fanatics would never ever dream of
killing anyone for real.

ELI

Right. Pretending to slaughter each
other is more your style.

ASH

There's a difference between fake
murder and real murder, dipshit...
And if you can't recognize that,
you're the one with the problem.

KRISTY

Yeah, like TorturePornStar... he
never cared about the movies. All
he talked about were the kills.

BRENT

Well, I vote we kill him for real.

Brent takes out his BIG HANDGUN and cocks it.

BRENT

That little asshole out there just
brought piss to a shit fight.

ELI

(re: gun)

Is that thing even real?

BRENT

Fuck yeah. If I'm stuck in the middle of god-knows-where with a bunch of internet crazies, I'm packin' heat. And bringin' friends.

He pulls another smaller gun out of his boot.

BRENT

(to Hunter)

So what do you say, Tonto? We ridin' in to town?

HUNTER ERIKSEN

I ain't making a move without a solid plan. I've seen way too many guys get hurt that way.

BRENT

People are dying out there!

HUNTER ERIKSEN

I'm not going to be one of them.

HEATHER LYNNE PRESCOTT

Amen to that! We're celebrities. Our lives are much too important to risk.

HUNTER ERIKSEN

Shut your damn mouth! You're no better than anyone else in this goddamned room, and neither am I. We're just a couple of washed-up bullshit artists. And this shit here, this shit's real.

For once in her life, Heather Lynne doesn't know what to say.

ASH

Okay, I'll go.

MALADY

(re: Brent)

What? With him?

ASH

Two against one. It's better odds.

BRENT

Now *that's* what I'm talkin' 'bout! Check out the balls on this bitch!

ASH GRABS BRENT'S GROIN AND SQUEEZES, HARD.

BRENT
 (gasping)
 Mother... fucker...

ASH
 Call me bitch again, and I'll rip
 'em off.

Without breaking eye contact, Ash takes the BIGGER GUN, lets go of Brant's balls, and wipes her hand on her corset.

MALADY
 Don't do this, babe. Please. I-I
 can't live without you.

ASH
 You won't have to. I got this.

SHE KISSES MALADY, STRONG.

BRENT
 (struggling to breathe)
 Yeah, I wouldn't worry about her...

Ash readies her gun by the door as Brent limps over to her.

ASH
 (to Norman)
 Get the door.

Norman nods eagerly and takes a puff off his inhaler. PSCHT!

KRISTY
 You don't have to do this.

ASH
 Somebody has to.
 (to Norman)
 Now.

NORMAN THROWS OPEN THE DOORS. ASH AND BRENT STORM OUT, GUNS READY, AND THEN NORMAN QUICKLY SEALS THE DOORS AGAIN.

Silence.

MALADY
 (praying)
 Mother moon, goddess of the night,
 bring us vengeance, and make things
 right...

HUNTER ERIKSEN
 We need a back up plan. In case
 this doesn't work.

MALADY
Shut your mouth.

HUNTER ERIKSEN
I can shut it all you want, lady,
but it won't change the truth.

Beat.

NORMAN
Ooo! In *Zombie Zebras 3: Black,
White, and Red All Over*, Heather
Lynne sets a trap to catch the
killer by using herself as the
bait! Maybe we could try that?

ELI
Or maybe we can just drive out of
here and get the fucking police,
like normal people.
(to Norman)
You still got the key to that
truck?

Norman takes THE TRUCK KEY out of his pocket. Eli grabs it.

ELI
Hell yeah! So long psychos!

KRISTY
It's just a prop.

ELI
What?

KRISTY
That key. It's fake.

ELI
Are you fucking kidding me!?!

NORMAN
They didn't want me stealing the
truck. Probably a smart move. I
mean, it's awesome, right?

ELI
So where are the *real* keys?!

KRISTY
In the box, with our phones.

ELI

And you put everyone's phones *and* keys in the same fucking box?

HUNTER ERIKSEN

Yep. Didn't want you finding something and messing up the plan.

HEATHER LYNNE PRESCOTT

So stupid!

NORMAN

Um, speaking of the box... has anybody seen Avery?

KRISTY

(scans the room)

Oh my god. She's never made it back. What if he got her?!

HUNTER ERIKSEN

Let's not jump to conclusions.

Heather Lynne takes out her WALKIE TALKIE.

HEATHER LYNNE PRESCOTT

(into his walkie)

Golidlocks, this is *Scream Queen*, what's your location? Over.

After a long tense silence, the walkie crackles to life.

AVERY (V.O.)

(from walkie, whispering)

Shut the hell up. I don't want that psychotic soccer dad to find me.

Hunter grabs the walkie away from Heather Lynne.

HUNTER ERIKSEN

(into the walkie)

You saw him?

AVERY (V.O.)

(from walkie)

Yeah. He was creeping around here after I got killed. Then I heard the gun shots.

HUNTER ERIKSEN

(into the walkie)

He's still out there! I repeat, he is still out there! Stay where you are!

AVERY (V.O.)
(from walkie)
Yeah, no shit. I tried calling the
police, but the phones don't work
out here. We are so fucked.

Suddenly, there's a loud GUN SHOT outside the dining hall,
followed by A DOZEN OTHER SHOTS in rapid succession.

BRENT (O.S.)
(from far away)
Eat lead, mother fucker!

Another loud SINGLE GUN SHOT echoes through the woods.

Silence.

All eyes are on the front door, staring out into the unknown.

MALADY
(praying, softly)
Mother Moon, goddess of the night,
bring us Ashley, and make things
right.

Suddenly, there's a LOUD BANGING at the back door.

EVERYONE JUMPS and turns to see Ash leaning against the door,
looking pained and paler than usual.

ASH
(through the pain)
Honey, I'm home...

MALADY
Oh my goddess! Thank you, thank
you, thank you!

HUNTER ERIKSEN
(to Eli)
Give me a hand.

They rush to unblock and open the back door.

ASH TUMBLES IN, HER THIGH GUSHING BLOOD FROM A GUNSHOT WOUND.
Her gun is gone.

HUNTER ERIKSEN
She's hit.

MALADY
Let me see.

HUNTER ERIKSEN

It's bad.

MALADY

I'm a nurse.

Malady takes a look at the gushing leg wound. Heather Lynne looks a little faint.

HEATHER LYNNE PRESCOTT

Oh my god, all that blood... It looks so fake.

Malady snaps into ER mode, full of confidence.

MALADY

(to Eli and Hunter)

Put her over there, by the table.

Eli and Hunter drag Ash over to the spot, as requested.

MALADY

(to Kristy and Norman)

Close that door!

Kristy and Norman snap to it. But just as they're resealing the door, Kristy spots something out in the woods.

IT'S THE CREEPY GUY, WITH HIS RIFLE, WAITING IN THE TREES.

KRISTY

Oh my god... he's still alive.

Malady pulls the table cloth off the table, scattering food and trays everywhere, and rushes over to Ash's side.

HUNTER ERIKSEN

What happened out there?

ASH

(in pain, breathing hard)

We tried to take him down... but that son of a dick was waiting for us...

MALADY

(a bit disconnected)

You did great, babe. You did great.

Malady pulls a DAGGER out of one of their fake chest pieces.

ASH
 He shot first... from the trees...
 got me right in the leg... lucky
 bastard...

With expert skills, Malady uses the dagger to cut open Ash's pants at the bullet hole.

ASH
 We fired back... gave it all we
 got... but then he got Brent...
 right in the head ...

Malady inspects Ash's wound. BLOOD GUSHES OUT EVERYWHERE.

Kristy winces and turns away to look out the back door.

The Creepy Guy is gone.

MALADY (O.S.)
 Shit. He hit an artery.

Malady presses the table cloth down hard on Ash's wound.

MALADY
 (to Eli)
 You keep the pressure. I'm gonna
 have to tie this off.

Eli presses down on the table cloth. Ash SCREAMS in pain.

MALADY
 It's going to be okay, babe. Just
 hang in there.

MALADY TAKES OFF HER SCARF AND WRAPS IT TIGHT AROUND HER GIRLFRIEND'S LEG, RIGHT ABOVE THE WOUND.

NORMAN
 Wait! Don't you have to take the
 bullet out first?

MALADY
 That's only in the movies.

SHE PULLS THE SCARF, TIGHT, AND TIES IT OFF AS ASH GROANS.

MALADY
 There. That ought to hold you
 together 'til we get out of here.

ASH
 What would I do without you?

MALADY
Watch too much basketball.

She kisses her forehead and goes to join the others off to the side.

NORMAN
Holy crap. That was intense.

He takes a puff off his inhaler. PSCHT!

MALADY
We're not out of the woods yet.

ELI
Funny.

MALADY
She needs to get to a hospital.
Like, now.

HEATHER LYNNE PRESCOTT
We don't have the keys for our cars, remember?

KRISTY
I'll go get the box.

HEATHER LYNNE PRESCOTT
What?

KRISTY
None of this would have happened if it wasn't for me.

HEATHER LYNNE PRESCOTT
(looking at the guys)
True, but that shouldn't stop one of *them* from volunteering.

HUNTER ERIKSEN
I'd never make it with my knees.

NORMAN
And I'd never make it... Period.

KRISTY
No, it's okay. *I* need to fix this.

MALADY HANDS HER DAGGER TO KRISTY.

MALADY
Here, take this. I got a spare in my other boob.

KRISTY
 (she laughs)
 Thanks.

Kristy takes a deep breath and heads across the silent room toward the back doors as Hunter and Norman unblock them.

Eli shifts for an uncomfortable moment, until--

ELI
 Okay, okay, fine. I'll come with you... But only so I won't be stuck in here with these other psychos.

Eli grabs a FIREPLACE POKER from the wall and joins Kristy.

KRISTY
 ...you don't have to do this.

ELI
 Shut up, before I change my mind.

They get into position as Hunter and Norman ready the doors.

HUNTER ERIKSEN
 Call us from Avery's walkie when you get the keys. We'll get things ready up here.

KRISTY
 Got it.

MALADY
 Goddess speed.

ASH
 (weak)
 Give 'em hell.

HEATHER LYNNE PRESCOTT
 Try not to die.

Beat.

NORMAN
 This is so frickin' cool.

Hunter gives him a look.

NORMAN
 Oh yeah, the doors. Right.

The tension mounts as everyone awaits the signal.

HUNTER ERIKSEN
 Three... Two... One... NOW!

Hunter and Norman throw open the doors as Eli and Kristy sprint out of the dining hall into the field beyond.

A SINGLE RIFLE SHOT SPLITS THE NIGHT.

ELI JUMPS AND DROPS THE POKER.

ELI
 Holy shit!

Kristy keeps running.

ELI
 Wait up!

He speeds up and follows her into the woods.

INT. WOODS - NIGHT

Eli and Kristy bolt through the dark forest, leaping over logs and crashing through the brush, as fast as their weary legs can take them.

EXT. NO KILL ZONE - NIGHT

Kristy and Eli arrive exhausted and step over the fallen red "NO KILL ZONE" tape to approach the dark and isolated cabin.

ELI
 (winded)
 Holy... shit.

KRISTY
 (calling out in a whisper)
 Avery?!

Eli spots AVERY'S HORROR CAMP SHIRT on the ground near the edge of the cabin. THE ARROW IS STILL PIERCING THE SHIRT, STUCK INTO A BLOCK OF WOOD ON A DOUBLE-SHOULDER HARNESS.

ELI
 So that's how they did it...

KRISTY
 Avery?!

Kristy goes into the cabin for a beat and returns.

KRISTY
She's not here.

ELI
Um... yeah, she is.

ELI POINTS TO THE SMALL, DARK CRAWLSPACE UNDER THE CABIN.

Kristy gets down and peers into the pitch black abyss.

KRISTY
Avery?!

AVERY (O.S.)
(whispering, from the
darkness)
Go away. This is my spot.

ELI
We don't want your spot. We just
want the keys.

THE RED METAL BOX SLIDES OUT FROM UNDER THE CABIN.

ELI
And the walkie takie.

Beat. THE WALKIE'S TOSSED OUT.

AVERY (O.S.)
There. Now go away.

ELI
Oki doke.

Eli opens the box to inspect the contents. It's all there.

KRISTY
No. Avery, we're not going to just
leave you here.

AVERY (O.S.)
Yes, you are. Now fuck off.

Eli closes the box and grabs the walkie.

ELI
We're good. Let's go.

KRISTY
(motioning to Avery)
Eli...

ELI

What? If the little brat wants to die out here alone, that's her problem.

AVERY (V.O.)

Fuck you! I don't want to die at this stupid camp!

She HURUMPHS and starts crawling out from under the cabin.

AVERY

It's bad enough I have to work here.

AVERY IS A THIRD OF THE WAY OUT OF THE HOLE WHEN THERE'S A STRANGE SOUND FROM UNDER THE CABIN.

AVERY

What was that?

Beat.

Avery turns to look behind her but is hindered by the tight space. SHE BEGINS TO PANIC SLIGHTLY AND ATTEMPTS TO CRAWL FORWARD TOWARD KRISTY AND ELI, BUT FINDS HERSELF STUCK.

AVERY

Shit!

Avery continues to struggle toward Kristy and Eli, clawing at the ground to no avail.

HER BACK IS CAUGHT BY A PIECE OF RUSTY METAL SIDING.

AVERY

I'm stuck! Help me!

Kristy and Eli rush to Avery and grabs her wrists. They pull hard, causing her to SCREAM OUT in pain.

CLOSE ON Avery's back as THE METAL RIPS INTO THE FLESH UNDER HER SHOULDER BLADES.

The more she struggles, the deeper the rusty metal digs in.

Kristy and Eli, panicking, pull harder on Avery's wrists.

AVERY

Stop! Oh God! Stop!!!

Kristy and Eli finally stop pulling and let go of Avery.

HER BACK IS SCRAPED UP, BLOOD SOAKING THROUGH HER SPORTS BRA.

KRISTY
(gulping, trying to regain
some level of calm)
It's okay, we'll get you out of
there.

AVERY
Shit! I think something just
touched my foot. Hurry!

Kristy gets on her belly next to Avery and begins to reach
into the tight dark crawlspace.

KRISTY
I can't see anything! It's too
dark!

Eli hands Kristy his flashlight. She points it into the hole.

THE FLASHLIGHT BEAM TRACES DOWN AVERY'S LEGS AND FALLS ON THE
CREEPY GUY'S FACE LURKING JUST BEYOND HER IN THE DARKNESS!

KRISTY
SHIT!!

Kristy scrambles backwards in terror.

KRISTY
(stammering)
It's him. He's under there.

AVERY
Get me out of here! Get me out!!

Eli and Kristy lunge toward Avery and grab her by the
forearms. Avery SHRIEKS, becoming more and more frightened.

THE COUPLE DIGS IN AND YANKS AVERY TOWARD THEM, INCHING HER
OUT AS HER SHRIEKS BECOME HORRIFIED SCREAMS.

The flashlight falls a few inches toward Avery, its beam now
pointed at her back. KRISTY AND ELI GASP, dropping hold of
Avery as they see they terrible damage they've done to her.

THE GIRL'S BACK, FROM SHOULDERS TO HIPS, IS RAW, BLOODY AND
EXPOSED; A MASSIVE SLAB OF HER SKIN HAS BEEN FLAYED OFF BY
THE RUSTY METAL.

They hesitate for a moment, taking in the situation.

Avery MOANS and Eli snaps back into action, reaching for her.

But before he can get to her, WHAM! IN A SWIFT SINGLE MOTION, THE BLOODY GIRL DISAPPEARS, DRAGGED VIOLENTLY INTO THE DARKNESS OF THE CRAWLSPACE AS SHE SCREAMS IN HORROR.

KRISTY
Avery?! Avery!!

Avery's screams stop.

BLOOD SPURTS OUT FROM THE CRAWLSPACE.

KRISTY
Oh no...

ELI
We've got to get out of here!

Eli, with the box of keys in one hand, grabs Kristy and pulls her towards the woods.

ELI
Come on!

Kristy, stunned, finally relents, looking back to see THE CREEPY GUY'S BLOOD-SOAKED ARM EMERGE FROM THE CRAWLSPACE.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Shaken and shivering, Eli and Kristy race through the trees.

ELI
(into the walkie)
We're on our way! Avery's gone...
But we're not alone!

Eli glances back. THE CREEPY GUY'S STEADILY GAINING ON THEM.

His rifle's gone, but he's every inch just as terrifying; his Member's Only jacket splattered with their friends' blood.

ELI
Fuck.

Eyes back on the path as Eli and Kristy sprint ahead.

ELI
(to himself)
Don't fall. Don't fall. Don't fall.

They finally make it to the open clearing behind the dining hall, and run for their lives.

HEATHER LYNNE PRESCOTT (O.S.)
 (calling out from inside)
 I see them!

Eli and Kristy bolt across the field with the killer right on their heels.

The dining hall doors open and Heather Lynne waves them on.

HEATHER LYNNE PRESCOTT
 Come on!

The CReepy Guy reaches out for Kristy... BUT THEN *THE KILLER* TRIPS ON THE ABANDONED POKER AND STUMBLES.

ELI
 (looking back)
 Heh.

HEATHER LYNNE PRESCOTT
 (from the dining hall)
 Don't stop, you idiots! Come on!

Kristy and Eli push harder up the hill and gain some ground as they rush in through the dining hall doors.

INT. DINING HALL - CONTINUOUS

Eli and Kristy slow down and look back to see that HEATHER LYNNE IS STILL WAITING BY THE OPEN DOORS, WITH THE KILLER BACK ON HIS FEET JUST 20 YARDS AWAY, HOLDING THE POKER.

ELI
 What the fuck are you doing?!

HEATHER LYNNE PRESCOTT
 Why are you stopping!? I told you not to do that!

NORMAN (O.S.)
 Psst, over here!

Norman waves to Eli and Kristy from the other set of doors at the front of the dining hall.

NORMAN
 Come on!

There's a WEAK COUGH from across the room.

Eli and Kristy look over to where MALADY IS SITTING AGAINST THE WALL WITH THE WEAK AND WOUNDED ASH LYING IN HER LAP.

Malady nods and points up to the rafters of the dining hall.

Kristy and Eli look up to see HUNTER WAITING IN POSITION.

HUNTER ERIKSEN
(angrily waving them on)
Go! Go!

They get the hint and run over to join Norman by the front doors, where he's peeking out to watch the action. Eli hooks his walkie on his belt and they peer around the corner too.

NORMAN
They took my idea, about the trap.
This is going to be so cool.

Suddenly, Heather Lynne performs her signature SCREAM and runs into the room with The Creepy Guy right behind her.

HE SWINGS THE RUSTY POKER AT HER HEAD, BUT SHE FALLS, WITH PERFECT TIMING, AND IT PASSES OVER HER WITH A LOUD WOOSH!

The terrified actress flips around, scrambling backwards on her hands and heels, her eyes locked on the killer's cold death gaze as she moves toward the center of the room.

HEATHER LYNNE PRESCOTT
Don't kill me... please ... I-I
don't deserve to die...!

CREEPY GUY
Everyone deserves to die.

Without hesitation, the killer continues straight for the faded star; his weapon raised, ready to snuff out her flame.

NORMAN
(excited whisper)
Almost... almost... Now!

HUNTER DROPS FROM THE CEILING RIGHT ON TOP OF THE KILLER, just like he did before with James Brown.

ONLY THIS TIME WHEN HE HITS THE FLOOR THERE'S A LOUD CRACK.

Hunter GROANS and grabs his leg. A JAGGED FRACTURED BONE JUTS OUT OF THE BLOODY SHREDS OF MEAT THAT USED TO BE HIS SHIN.

HUNTER ERIKSEN
Damn it!

HEATHER LYNNE PRESCOTT
Hunter!

The killer gets to his feet, slowly, and raises the poker.

HUNTER ERIKSEN
 (through his pain)
 Come on, punk! Give me your best
 shot--!

THE CREEPY GUY SMASHES THE METAL ROD DOWN HARD UPON THE STUNT
 MAN'S HEAD HALF A DOZEN TIMES, UNTIL THE WHOLE THING
 DISINTEGRATES INTO A WET, MESSY PILE OF GOO. HUNTER'S DEAD.

HEATHER LYNNE PRESCOTT
 Oh. Shit.

The killer turns his murderous attention toward the actress.

KRISTY
 Get out of there!

Heather Lynne scrambles to her feet and takes off toward the front doors, but then she trips and falls for real.

ELI
 Stop fucking around!

HEATHER LYNNE PRESCOTT
 That was real!
 (holding her hurt leg)
 Owwww, Jesus ... I'm gonna die a
 cliché.

THE CREEPY GUY RIPS THE POKER FROM HUNTER'S HEAD WITH A WET SLURP AND LIMPS TOWARD THE FALLEN STAR, DRIPPING WITH BLOOD.

ELI
 Shit.

Eli rushes in, grabs Heather Lynne, and drags her out the front doors as the injured psychopath closes in.

ELI
 The doors! Close the doors!

Kristy and Norman scrambles to close the front doors, SLIDING A BROOM STICK THROUGH THE HANDLES TO SECURE THEM.

But before the killer can even test their efforts, THERE'S A WET, WEAK COUGH FROM INSIDE THE DINING HALL.

THE CREEPY GUY SHIFTS HIS ATTENTION TOWARD THE GOTH GIRLS, LYING OVER ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE ROOM.

KRISTY
Ash and Malady... they're still
inside!

The killer moves toward the dark lovers with fatal intent.

ASH
(coughing, weak)
Don't let him get us...

MALADY
Don't worry, babe.

She raises her dagger, defiantly.

MALADY
I won't.

SUDDENLY, MALADY STABS ASH RIGHT IN THE JUGULAR AND THEN STABS HER OWN NECK SEVERAL TIMES UNTIL THICK, RED BLOOD SPURTS EVERYWHERE. THEY COLLAPSE IN EACH OTHER'S ARMS. DEAD.

Kristy GASPS, horrified, and DROPS THE MATCHING DAGGER SHE'S BEEN HOLDING.

The Creepy Guy laughs and turns back toward the trio, the calm look of death in his eye.

Eli looks from the barely-secured dining hall doors down to the cars in the far-off parking lot.

ELI
We've got to make a run for it.

NORMAN
We'll never make it... Not with me.

KRISTY
What?

NORMAN
You guys go. I'll hold him off.

He sits on the ground with his back against the doors.

HEATHER LYNNE PRESCOTT
Okay. Thanks a bunch. Let's go!

KRISTY
No. We're *not* leaving him. We're a tricycle.

HEATHER LYNNE PRESCOTT
What?

ELI

It's a long story.

KRISTY

Come on, Norman! Get up! You're coming with us!

NORMAN

No! You're the best friends I've ever had that weren't on the internet... And Miss Prescott is a national treasure. If you all died because of me, I'd feel terrible.

THE DOORS SHAKE VIOLENTLY FROM THE CREEPY GUY TRYING TO BUST THEM DOWN. NORMAN DIGS HIS HEELS IN.

HEATHER LYNNE PRESCOTT

Will you let him save us already!?!

NORMAN

(sincere to Kristy)

Go on. Get out of here. And tell my mother I love her...

Kristy and Norman smile at one another for a tender moment -- and then THE FIREPLACE POKER SMASHES A HOLE THROUGH THE DOOR JUST INCHES AWAY FROM NORMAN'S HEAD.

NORMAN

Save yourselves...!

He starts singing, at the top of his lungs, as the doors shake violently.

NORMAN

(singing)

*FRIENDS FOREVER,
TOGETHER YOU AND I!
WE'RE HAPPY CAMPERS,
UNTIL THE DAY WE DIE...!*

Kristy and Eli, carrying the wounded Heather Lynne between them, rush off down the path to the parking lot as Norman's voice fades away into the night air.

NORMAN

*AND WHEN WE'RE DEAD AND GONE AND
BURIED IN THE GROUND!
THE MEMORIES WE MADE WILL STILL
LINGER AROUND...!
LIKE A GHOST
OF THE MOST
AMAZING SUMMER...!*

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

The trio, scared and shaking, makes it to their car.

Eli digs through the box of keys as Kristy looks back at the camp.

KRISTY
(tearing up)
I can't see him.

ELI
(finding the key)
We have to go.

HEATHER LYNNE PRESCOTT
Yeah, like now.

Eli unlocks the doors and Kristy snaps back into focus as they all hop into the car; Heather Lynne giving the back seat a quick inspection before sliding in.

And without another a word, they start up the car and zoom off down the road out of camp.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

Tearing down the dirt road, Kristy smiles faintly through her tears as she watches the camp disappear in her side mirror.

The headlights hit the old wooden sign reading: HAPPY CAMP.

HEATHER LYNNE PRESCOTT
(thrilled to have made it)
Happy Camp, my ass. This place can
eat shit and die!
(she laughs maniacally)
So where do we go from here?

Kristy and Eli look at each other and SIGH as the uncertainty of their future washes over them.

HEATHER LYNNE PRESCOTT
(from the back seat)
What the hell's wrong with you two?

RIGHT THEN THE CAR SNAGS A WIRE STRETCHING ACROSS THE ROAD.

SOMETHING SNAPS, GEARS WHIR, WIRES ZING, and A LIMP MANGLED CORPSE DROPS ONTO THE HOOD OF THE CAR.

Eli jams on the brakes.

ELI
What the fuck?!

HEATHER LYNNE PRESCOTT
Relax. It's just a dummy.

KRISTY
No... it's not.

Kristy points through the cracked windshield at the body:
IT'S GERDE. STILL TOPLESS, STILL BLOODY, AND STILL VERY DEAD.

ELI
...boobs and blood...

Stunned silence.

And then the walkie talkie on Eli's belt CRACKLES to life.

NORMAN (V.O.)
(from the walkie)
Um... guys? You still here?

Kristy frantically grabs for the walkie.

HEATHER LYNNE PRESCOTT
What are you doing? Don't talk to
him. We've got to get out of here!

KRISTY
(into the walkie)
Norman?! Where are you?

NORMAN (V.O.)
(from walkie)
I'm back at our cabin.

KRISTY
(into walkie)
What?

NORMAN (V.O.)
(from walkie)
I got away, but you all had the
keys. I didn't know where to go.

Eli looks at the box of keys beside him.

ELI
Aw, fuck. I can't believe I'm
actually going to do this.

CUT TO:

EXT. OLD DIRT ROAD - NIGHT

The car reverses and Gerde's body slides off the hood and dangles, spinning from its wire, as Eli tears down the road back into camp.

HEATHER LYNNE PRESCOTT (O.S.)
 What the hell are you doing?! You
 NEVER GO BACK!!

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

The trunk SLAMS shut.

Heather Lynne sits in the driver's seat with the motor running, as Kristy and Eli head into the woods -- Kristy carrying a TIRE IRON and Eli an UMBRELLA.

HEATHER LYNNE PRESCOTT
 If you two aren't back in ten
 minutes, I'm out of here! You got
 that?! Ten minutes! And I'm leaving
 the engine running!

Kristy and Eli disappear into the shadows.

HEATHER LYNNE PRESCOTT
 (shaking her head)
 Idiots.

EXT. CABINS - NIGHT

Eli and Kristy duck behind a tree, staking out Cabin Nine.

ELI
 Any sign of that creepy asshole?

KRISTY
 No. I don't see him anywhere.

ELI
 Good. Then let's get Norman and get
 the hell out of here before that
 fucking actress steals our car.

Kristy grabs Eli's arm.

KRISTY
 Hey, I'm sorry I got us into this.

ELI
I'm sorry I complained about horror
movies being fake. Turns out I
prefer 'em that way.

Kristy and Eli share a sweet little smile before turning
their attention to Cabin Nine.

INT. CABIN NINE - NIGHT

A long, slow quiet hold on the cabin door.

Suddenly, Eli and Kristy rush in.

They look around. THE CABIN APPEARS TO BE EMPTY.

KRISTY
(whispered)
Norman?!

Norman pops out of the closet, a big smile on his face.

NORMAN
(much too loudly)
You're here!

Eli and Kristy jump, startled.

ELI
Ahh!

NORMAN
I knew you'd come back!

He wraps his chubby little arms around Kristy.

KRISTY
Oh my god. I can't believe you're
still alive.

ELI
His singing must have scared that
psycho off.

NORMAN
Or maybe your face did.

KRISTY
Let's get out of here before he
comes back.

ELI
Too late.

Eli points out the window. The Creepy Guy has returned. He's heading straight for Cabin Nine carrying a MACHETE.

NORMAN
Quick, hide under the beds!

ELI
No fucking way. That's what the dead people in your movies do.

KRISTY
Eli's right. We have to fight him.

ELI
Wait, what?

KRISTY
It's the only way anyone makes it to the end.

ELI
Shit. Okay.

NORMAN
No no no, wait... there's got to be another way.

KRISTY
Shhh!

Kristy shoves Norman behind her as she and Eli crouch down on either side of the cabin door.

Kristy tightens her grip around the TIRE IRON.

Eli looks at his umbrella and SIGHS.

ELI
(whispering to Kristy)
Next vacation... I pick the place.

Kristy smiles. Then there's the CRUNCH OF SPLINTERING WOOD and a DULL, WET SQUISH. A strange look crosses Eli's face.

ELI
Huh, that's weird.

ELI STAGGERS SIDWAYS, SLIDING OFF THE MACHETE BLADE THAT'S BEEN PLUNGED THROUGH THE WALL AND INTO HIS SIDE!

Kristy GASPS as ELI COLLAPSES INTO A BREATHELESS BLOODY HEAP.

KRISTY
Eli--

But there's no time to mourn as THE KILLER RIPS THROUGH THE SCREEN ABOVE KRISTY'S HEAD AND GRABS HER THROAT, SQUEEZING THE LIFE OUT OF HER AS HE SLAMS HER HEAD AGAINST THE WALL.

Norman leaps to his feet, slapping at the attackers arms.

NORMAN

No!! Kevin, stop it!!

But it's no use -- with a quick elbow to the face, THE CREEPY GUY BREAKS NORMAN'S NOSE AND THE NERD CRUMBLES TO THE GROUND.

The murderous maniac laughs to himself, and then--

WHAM! KRISTY CRACKS HIM IN THE FACE WITH THE TIRE IRON.

The killer releases his hold and Kristy drops to her knees, gasping desperately for air as she tries to crawl away.

The wounded killer shakes it off and smiles -- the blood from the gash in his forehead staining his hungry grin.

CREEPY GUY

Uh-uh-uh, you're not getting away
from me this time...

With the voracity of a starving wolf, The Creepy Guy leaps through the window screen and pounces on Kristy.

CREEPY GUY

Now you're gonna get fucked and
flayed by a real Torture Porn Star!

Kirsty fights to get away, but the psycho killer overpowers the exhausted girl -- flipping her onto her back, vengeful hatred burning in his eyes.

CREEPY GUY

Let's see you try to block me now,
you stupid fucking cunt!

NORMAN (O.S.)

Hey, John Deer...!

Startled, the Creepy Guy turns to see Norman, bruised and bloody, pointing BRENT'S BIG GUN right at him.

NORMAN

...Game's over.

NORMAN FIRES THE GUN, SENDING A RED HOT BULLET RIPPING RIGHT THROUGH THE KILLER'S SHOULDER. He screams out in FRUSTRATION.

NORMAN

(suddenly yelling)

Yes, we do! He's dead, all right?!
He's dead, and I saved your life!
This is *my* moment!

Norman's intensity takes Kristy aback.

NORMAN

It's just like in the movies, you know ... the-the hero saves the day and gets the girl. That's how it's supposed to happen.

KRISTY

(with sudden realization)

Oh my god... Norman... what did you do?

NORMAN

Everything.

(beat)

I hated watching you pour so much into setting up this amazing weekend, knowing it was all for a guy who wouldn't even appreciate it. It broke my heart. You deserve so much more than... *him*.

(he gestures to ELI)

You deserve someone who really understands you... and loves the same things you do. Someone who would do all of this, and more... just for you.

KRISTY

...you killed people.

NORMAN

Uh, no, not technically. Well...

(re: Creepy Guy)

One, I guess. It's really too bad too. Kevin was so excited to help out with my plan. But he just couldn't accept the fact that you were off limits. Plus, he called you the C word. I couldn't let him live after that.

KRISTY

(gulps and trembles a bit)

Wow. I-I don't know what to say.

NORMAN

You don't have to say anything.
You've already shown me how you
feel.... I let you go, and you came
back, to save me!

KRISTY

But what about your girlfriend?
(beat)
Fuck. It's me, isn't it?

NORMAN

It's always been you. I knew it
from our first chat... it was about
Horror Camp, remember?
(beat)
Everything has been leading up to
this moment, since day one, and now
it's finally here and we can be
together... forever.

ROMANTIC MUSIC SWELLS AS KRISTY LEANS IN TOWARD NORMAN AND
KISSES HIM, HARD.

Norman's face floods with excited joy and then--

SHINK!

NORMAN'S EYES WIDEN IN HORROR AS HE STUMBLES BACK TO REVEAL
THAT KRISTY'S TIRE IRON HAS BEEN PLUNGED DEEP INTO HIS NECK.

SHOCK WASHES OVER NORMAN'S FACE -- THE GUN DROPS FROM HIS
HAND, HE DROPS TO THE GROUND, GASPING LIKE A FISH.

Kristy collapses to the floor, grabs the gun and points it,
shaking, at Norman - keeping her eye trained on the dying
nerd, waiting for him to rise up for the inevitable last
moment of glory.

But it never happens. This isn't a fucking movie.

ELI

(weak, through his pain)
See... I told you horror movies
make you violent.

Kristy GASPS and rushes over to the weak and wounded Eli,
cradling him in her arms, despite his GRUNTS and GROANS.

ELI

...I suppose you're gonna wanna
kiss me now.

KRISTY

We have been through a lot.

ELI

And everyone else is dead...

KRISTY

Or psychotic.

ROMANTIC MUSIC SWELLS as KRISTY KISSES ELI, TENDERLY, as we slowly fade to black.

EXT. HAPPY CAMP - DAWN

There are no campers or counselors to be seen in the twilight dawn, only deserted cabins and empty trails.

The smoke of a smoldering campfire rises up into the air. A PAIR OF LEGS IN ARMY BOOTS lies motionless off to the side.

A flagpole rattles in the wind with the HAPPY CAMP FLAG - THE CAMP'S SMILEY FACE LOGO SMEARED WITH A BLOODY HAND PRINT.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAWN

Kristy, detached and traumatized, helps the wounded, wheezing Eli out of the woods. They look around. THEIR CAR IS GONE.

ELI

Fuck.

But then... an ENGINE REVS from around the corner, and in a cloud of dust, their getaway vehicle appears, with Heather Lynne at the wheel.

HEATHER LYNNE PRESCOTT

You two look terrible. What happened? Where's Norman?

KRISTY

It's a long story.

Kristy and Eli climb into the back, sitting like they were on the couch back home, only now they're in each other's arms.

HEATHER LYNNE PRESCOTT

You know, all this would make one hell of a movie.

KRISTY

I think we've had enough horror movies for a while.

ELI
Yeah. And fuck tiny houses.

The couple shares a laugh and snuggles closer to each other.

EXT. OLD DIRT ROAD - DAWN

A gentle piano version of "FRIENDS FOREVER", the cheesy theme to HORROR CAMP, plays as Heather heads the car out of camp.

They slowly pass by the OLD HAPPY CAMP SIGN and GERDE'S BODY.

There's no cheering this time. No catch phrase.

Just peaceful silence and gentle music.

AND THEN A RAGGED FIGURE SUDDENLY STEPS OUT INTO THE ROAD, JUST IN TIME TO GET STRUCK BY THE SPEEDING CAR AND SMASH, FACE FIRST THROUGH THE FUCKING WINDSHIELD -- It's BRENT!

THERE'S A GAPING BULLET WOUND REPLACING ONE OF HIS EYES AND THE REST OF HIS FACE IS BEING SHREDDED TO BITS WITH JAGGED GLASS AS IT HANGS SUSPENDED IN THE SHATTERED WINDSHIELD.

BRENT
(gurgling blood)
Mother... fucker...

Heather Lynne SCREAMS into the mangled mess of man and moustache as THE FRAME FREEZES AND WASHES WITH RED.

Roll credits.

GIRL SINGER
*FRIENDS FOREVER,
TOGETHER YOU AND I,
WE'RE HAPPY CAMPERS,
UNTIL THE DAY WE DIE...
AND WHEN WE'RE DEAD AND GONE AND
BURIED IN THE GROUND,
THE MEMORIES WE MADE WILL STILL
LINGER AROUND...
LIKE A GHOST
OF THE MOST
AMAZING SUMMER...*

THE END