



Scripts.com

Most Likely to Die

By Laura Brennan

(dramatic theme music playing)

(birds chirping)

(phone ringing)

Hello.

- Did I wake you?

- No.

- Nobody's there yet, right? I left early.

- Nope.

Can you believe it's been
10 years since graduation?

Oh, I feel so old.

It's gonna be great
seeing everybody though.

This isn't a good idea.

Listen, I know

you don't want people over,
but these are your friends,
your real friends.

Tonight we're gonna
get drunk, reacquainted,
help Simone fill out
her stupid name tags.

And then tomorrow
you and I are gonna be
the best-looking couple
at that reunion.

Whatever you say, Ashley.

Ray, baby, are you okay?

You know I don't give a damn
about that stupid
hockey thing, right?

Stupid hockey thing.

Right.

It just means you won't be
on the road all the time
and we can spend
more time together.

So just sit tight, baby.

I'm gonna take care of you.

I'll be there soon.

I'm fine.

(Horn honks)

Yoo-hoo!

Ray, baby, I've got a surprise.

Look at what you've done
with the family manor.
Your mama must love this.
(humming a tune)
All ready.
I am saving the rest
of the striptease for you.
Well, well...
This is nice.
"Find me"?
Ooh, fun and games.
I like it.
Seriously, Ray,
you're missing out.
Ooh, great minds think alike.
Am I now?
Okay, Ray, I give up.
Now come out and ravage me.
(Object rustles)
I know where you are.
Fisher twins' party,
senior year.
You remembered.
Oh!
Goddamn it, Ray!
This is not how you get laid.
Come out, asshole.
That's it. Creep.
- (Door slams)
- (gasps)
Ray?
Screw you.
I'm out of here.
No, no, no, no, no, no.
Come on.
(screams)
Oh, my God. Stop!
(Whimpering)
Oh, God, stop!
Please stop!
(screams)
(dramatic theme playing)
(car engine revving
in distance)

I can't stop thinking of you
Tell me, tell me
Tell me
Do you feel
the way I feel?
Tell...
Okay.
Come on, girl, ante up.
Oh, that's gross.
Okay.
The longest drive ever.
- Welcome back.
- Oh.
- Hi. You scared me.
- Help you with your bag?
Oh, no.
No, I think I got it, thanks.
All right, well, you let me
know if you need any help...
- Okay.
- ...Gabriella.
Do I know you?
Butcher's Red Ale,
Saturday night only.
Poker nights, that's
what you used to drink.
Tarkin.
What are you doing here?
Oh, Ray took me on,
you know, when I lost the store.
He brought me here
to be the caretaker
and look after his place
while he's on the road...
you know, hockey.
Okay, good to know.
Okay, I should go in.
Yeah, all right. Well, let me
know if you need anything.
Got it.
See you around.
All right.
Not if I see you first.
Ray! Ashley!

Is anybody home?
(sighs)
Okay.
Hello?
Wow, impressive.
Oh, my gosh, who would do that?
Oh, my goodness.
That's gross.
(chuckles)
Shit.
Oh, shit.
Oh, shit, shit, shit, shit.
- You came!
- Oh, my gosh.
- You're here.
- Jade.
I'm so... Stop.
I swear to God
I'm so mad at you
right now. Stop.
Did you find out about Brad?
You knew?
Why is he even coming?
He never even graduated.
Well, the faculty
is presenting him
with an honorary diploma,
you know, due to his
overwhelming success and all.
It's two days.
You'll live.
- One hint of a warning.
- Yeah, and you wouldn't have come.
Damn straight,
I wouldn't have come.
Well, go on then, go.
If you're gonna escape,
now is your chance, 'cause
everyone's gonna be here any minute.
(car horns honking)
Or right now.
It's too late.
You're doomed.
Stop, stop, stop.

(electronic music playing
over speakers)

Man:

A toast to us.

- (all cheering)

- Cheers.

You'll be proud to know
that the goats
still reign as the best
senior prank ever.

Simone:

That was ridiculous.

The real senior prank was
organized by the cheerleaders.

And it sucked.

They TP'd

the goalpost

on the football field.

Simone:

And the sprinklers came on.

Toilet paper is really hard
to clean, Mike, that's what.

I can attest to that, because the
football team had to clean it.

- Simone:

- But the goats were still way better.

Thank you.

Thank you, thank you.

Wait, wait, I thought the
goats were Freddie's idea.

They were, yes,

but numbering three goats

"1, 2 and 4", that was me.

The faculty must have searched
for goat number three
for a week.

The phantom goat.

Ooh!

Simone:

talk, more name tags
for the reunion. Who would
like to get this shit done?
Yes, ma'am, Miss Most Likely
to Get What She Wants.
All I want right now is just spend
the rest of my life in that hot tub.

Gabriella:

wrangled into this?
Jade did not tell me that
there would be hard labor.
- Simone didn't have your number.
- Oh, okay.

Jade:

But Miss Class President says
it's the yearbook
committee's responsibility.
Make fun of me all you want, but
I had to organize this reunion
- from three states away.
- I helped, too.
Yeah, but you're here in town.
It's easier for you.
Okay, who here joined
Yearbook for the credits?
And it looked good
on my college application.
And who joined
for the hot teacher?
Yeah, of course.

Freddie:

join Yearbook, Gaby?
'Cause Brad joined Yearbook
for the hot teacher.
(Gasps)
Oh, my God.
- Oh, my God. Oh, my God.
- What?
- Ray has an original.

- DJ:

- Gaby:

- I know.

Ray must have smuggled one.

We got so much shit for that.

I don't know if that's how I'd put it.

Could have been way worse.

That was not my fault. I shouldn't have gotten into trouble at all.

How do you figure that? They way

I remember it, you did the eyes.

- We were so wasted.

- What's the point of poker night?

It was still

a shitty thing to do.

I just meant that it wasn't

my fault that it got out.

Ray's the tool who slipped

it into the yearbook,

and we all got detention

until graduation.

Detention was awesome.

We bonded.

It was replacing that page in

everyone's yearbook that sucked.

I still have scars on my fingers

from those stupid razors.

Lamont:

little yearbook carving,

but Ray almost got expelled,

would have kissed that hockey scholarship bye-bye.

Ray was lucky that shit went down with John, took the heat off him.

You guys, the only

lucky thing that happened

was that nobody got killed.

You're acting like one thing

wasn't directly related

to the other.

You think John had a gun in his

locker because of the yearbook prank?

I definitely think it was the straw

that broke the camel's back.

Jade:

Gaby's right.

We had tortured that kid
since the first grade.

Yeah, Ray and just about everybody
else in the student body.

I'm just saying, you know,
who knows what would have
happened if they didn't find it?

Simone:

Poor John Doe... Dougherty.

God, we never even called
him by his real name.

Whatever happened to John?

After he got expelled,

I think he went to Juvie.

I heard he eventually moved to
San Francisco with his mom.

Come on, guys.

New subject, right?

All:

Yes, thank you.

- Jade:

- Yeah. Shit.

Jade:

Did I tell you
that I had to go
through Brad's people
to invite him to this reunion?
His freakin' agent
fielded my calls.

DJ:

TV star now.

Freddie:

Mannon, Private Eye."
(all laughing)

This isn't a good idea.
You said you'd talk to her.
You promised.
It's not that easy with her.
You could charm it out of
her, if you wanted to.
I would be awfully grateful.
All right.
Come on.
I don't know, it's just the
whole concept of a reunion
seems so archaic now.
I'm not much of a Facebook guy,
but I'm sure you girls know
already who popped out six kids
and turned into a blimp.
Stacey Bevins.
- Okay.
- Told you.
- I know, right?
- Whose is this, guys?
Oh, I know.
Where is Ashley?
She's getting reacquainted
with Ray's hidey-hole.
I guess they're on again.
Uh-uh, I'd say
off again.
You guys, this is just mean. I
don't care who she slept with.
- I'm taking this down.
- Who hasn't she slept with?
- Freddie.
- Oh, my God, Jade.
We're in high school
all over again.
- She's not my type.
- DJ.
I'm too much of a gentleman.
Anyway, Gaby, poor Ashley
just had to pick up the slack
after you became
an ice princess.
That's mean, dick.

Jeez.

Oh.

(All shouting)

What are you doing?

Not the chocolate-covered
raisins!

Stop, stop.

Okay, what's the matter?

Out of ammo?

Well, that's ugly,
no matter who she slept with.

(Engine whirring)

Gaby:

looked like a psycho
in front of, like, the 10th most
beautiful woman in America.

So you're a psycho.

Who cares?

You're our psycho
and we love you.

So this weekend
isn't just Campbell, no.

It's, like, Campbell and a sex kitten.

Did you know?

Please, if I'd known he was bringing
a supermodel, I would have told you.

And I also would have asked him
to bring a few more to share.

- Thanks, your support is really overwhelming.

- You're so welcome.

What are you doing?

- I'm currently a little low on funds.

- No way.

So it occurred to me
that it would a great service
to shoot the class reunion
and make it available for
downloads at a modest price.

Freddie, no one's going to pay
to watch themselves
act like idiots.

Mm-hmm,

but will they pay

to watch their friends
act like idiots?

- Maybe.

- Holy shit.

Who knew Freddie was
the class genius?

Just a knack for exploitation.

Now if you'll excuse me,
there are one and a half celebrities in
the hot tub, and that's worth money.

By the way,
sorry about your bracelet.

Did you lose a bracelet?

Sort of, I guess.

It was a poker thing.

I didn't really think
anybody cared.

What are you talking about?

Okay, maybe it's not
quite TV star cache,
but professional
poker player... sexy.

I bet you say that to all the girls,
Miss Most Likely to Slut It Up.

What? Most Likely
to Break Hearts,
thank you very much.

And anyway, it's all talk.

I'm a one-woman
woman now.

- Really?

- Yeah.

When do I get to meet her?

The reunion
tomorrow night, maybe.

Okay, hot tub calls.

You coming?

- No.

- What?

Yeah, I'm not gonna
play a hand I can't win.

Oh, Gaby, your loss.

God.

Brad:

Shotgun fire everywhere.

And I'm supposed to get shot in the chest and fall back into the glass.

And I have these squibs with fake blood.

Except they go off early, blood all over the floor. I slip head first into the glass. But of course it doesn't break, knocks me out cold.

That's movie making.

- I'm shooting a movie.

- I did see that.

No, a real one.

I can get you the script.

It's about these four guys who break out of prison...

Freddie, tomorrow. I'm taking the day off, okay?

(Yells)

(laughing)

Sorry.

Sorry, guys.

(All chattering)

- Where's Gaby?

- She didn't feel like coming in.

You guys are never gonna guess

- who she ran into this morning.

- Who?

- Tarkin.

- Oh.

- Tarkin?

- Yeah, Tarkin.

- That's a blast from the past.

- I know.

- Who's Tarkin?

- He used to own a liquor store.

Sold a little on the side too.

To underage kids

for twice the price.

He gave me my first

shot of whisky at 13.

What was Tarkin doing here?

He takes care of the place
when Ray isn't here.
Yeah, where is Ray? I mean, he's
not being a very good host.
He's been feeling pretty
down since he got cut.
You know, I should try his cell.
No cell reception.
I already tried.
The landline's dead too.

Jade:

are down at the beach,
you know.
They're down at the beach,
getting reacquainted.

Freddie:

- Simone:

of caves down there.
- Spelunking.
I'm gonna get another beer.
Anybody want anything?
I would love it
if you could give me
a little shirtless action
in camera.
For your fans, Rock Mannon.

- Jade:

- It never pays me.
- Rock Mannon.
- Come on, Rock.
Bella?
Ugh, stupid.
Need some help?
No, I'm good.
Bella seems sweet, pretty.
Yeah, yeah.
Mm-hmm.
Can I help you with something?
I... I want to be
friends again.

Okay, great. Friends again.

Awesome.

- Whoa, wait, Queenie, I just want to explain.

- Don't call me that.

Okay, I was a jerk. And I don't
know what else to say, okay?

You abandoned me, Campbell.

You are a coward.

I was 17 and terrified.

I mean, come on, Gaby,

I'm trying.

It was really great to see you, Campbell.

It really was.

But there's just isn't
anything left to say,

so you don't need to try, okay?

I'm over it.

It's in the past.

So did you ask her?

I haven't asked her yet.

I'm sure you'll find the nerve.

I'm gonna go change.

(Door opens, closes)

(man breathing heavily)

So what have you been
up to all these years?

You know, married, divorced.

Seriously?

I have a habit

of falling for things

that look good on paper.

How about you?

I teach at Andersonville.

- Our archrivals.

- Yeah.

- How could you?

- They're good kids.

Traitor.

So, not to point out
the obvious,

but you look good,

not the Lamont I remember
in high school.

Yeah, I... I grew up.

Yes, you did.

Look, I lied back then
when I said

I joined Yearbook
for the hot teacher.

Oh.

I joined for you.

- What?

- Totally.

I mean, I had
the hugest crush on you.

- You did not.

- I did. I did.

I just couldn't work up the
nerve enough to tell you.

You know, I do remember,
right after Tommy and I
broke up,

that one day after class
you stayed

and you let me cry my eyes
out on your shoulder.

I so wanted

to kiss you that day.

- I was in tears.

- Yeah, you were gorgeous.

Still are, more so.

So what stopped you?

I mean, you were

the class president.

You would have never gone
for a guy like me.

Yeah, that's probably true.

I'm not gonna lie.

But nothing like 10 years
to level the playing field.

Meet me in

the downstairs bedroom.

DJ:

She's a ringer.

Um, hell yes.

I want to take some lessons
from the pro.

Lesson one:

Muck, muck, muck.

What is this anyway...

the "most likely" thing?

Bella started modeling

at 13 in Italy...

lots of tutors, no senior

superlatives for her.

Rough life.

I raise you 10.

Freddie:

Oh, I'm in on this one.

- You in?

- Please.

Can't you see I'm making

a move on your girl?

For us non-supermodels, our

friends, such as they are,

predict our destinies

after senior year.

Not everyone can be

Most Likely to Succeed,

so those of us near the

bottom of the food chain

get more colorful monikers.

"Most Likely

to Have the Last Laugh?"

Class prankster.

"Most Likely to Spike

the Punch"?

Class drunk.

Speaking of which,

when did you dry out?

I'll tell you right after

I win my first hand.

Why doesn't Brad have one?

Gaby erased his

after he skipped town.

He dropped out a month

before graduation

and ran off to New York to

become a big Broadway star.

I guess she was hoping
he wouldn't have a future.
I see.

Freddie:

action from the pro.

Brad:

Raise you 10.

- **Freddie:**

- **Gaby:**

- I'm out.

- Check.

20. Looks like

it's just you and me.

Yep.

Raise you 50.

Freddie:

Oof.

All right, I'm in.

So how come you've never
won a world championship?

- Really?

- First of all, she can't bluff for shit.

- Shut up.

- Plus, she chokes on the big hands.

Jade:

No, you're both wrong.

She's too nice.

- She feels bad winning.

- Oh, my God, you guys are killing me.

Okay, I check, I check. I don't
even know what I have. I check.

- Raise you 50.

- All yours.

What? You had

a pair of kings.

That's right, I did.

And I laid them

face down on the table, so I kind

of didn't want folks to know.
So much for laying traps, pro.
I wasn't laying a trap.
I was losing.

DJ:

You had a set of kings.
Yeah, but he caught bullets.
Boom.
She's right.
That's amazing.
How did you know?
I mean, I can always
read Campbell.
He's the one who taught me
how to play.
Now, if y'all don't mind,
the pro's gonna
sit the next one out.
(Car lock chirps)
- Coward.
- I was just...
Yeah, sure. Come on, let's
go find Ray and Ashley.
I'm sure they're at the coast.
(Sighs)
(engine whirring)

Brad:

Olly, Olly, oxen free!
Okay, yeah.
Yeah, that should do it.
It's TV.
What do you expect?
(Both chuckling)
Hey, congratulations
on the show, by the way.
You know, I never really
got to tell you that.
Well, thank you.
Right back at you.
It's a living, I guess.
Please, you came in 18th at
the World Series of Poker

out of, like, 6,000.
Yeah, but 18th is still losing.
It's still pretty amazing.
Still no poker bracelet.
Want to join the chorus
and tell me why?
I wouldn't dream of it.
By the way, what was that
me-teaching-you-poker up at the house?
I didn't teach you anything.
Yeah, I don't know,
sure you did.
Just, like, the important
bits, I guess...
never expect to win, never
think you're too clever,
never trust anybody.
They help.
Sounds like
a lonely way to live.
- (laughs)
- What?
I mean, careful, Campbell.
If I didn't know any better, I
thought you were flirting with me.
Maybe you don't know better.
Okay, I mean, you come up
here with a supermodel
and you expect me to believe
that you're on the prowl?
Bella is a fling, okay? I was
trying to help her get into acting.
And I only brought her because
I couldn't shake her.
She knew you'd be up here and...
What?
Wait, wait, wait, wait.
What's...?
You want something from me,
but not for you, for her?
Okay.
I'm gonna say no, by the way.
But you might as well ask.
Okay, it's nothing.

She's doing a poker benefit
and she would like some tips
from a pro, and I said yes.
Oh, wow.
Wow, brazen, I'll give you that.
Okay, well, I mean,
are the words "over my dead
body" good enough for you?
- Yeah, crystal.
- Yeah, cool, great.
I didn't come up here for Bella.
Yeah, I know. You came up here
for your honorary diploma.
Maybe once you get that,
you can grow the fuck up.
I'm glad you think
so highly of me.
God, okay, I know you, okay?
I can read you every time.
You get greedy.
You just...
you just had the best hand
in there, okay?
A good pot, unbeatable,
and you still wanted more.
You will...
You will always want more.
God, I learned that
a long time ago.
I may not beat you, Campbell, but
I've only lost big to you once,
and I never will again.
(Sighs)
Oh, where are they?
Oh, my gosh.
Ashley! Ray!
(Engine whirring)
Ashley.
Ray.
Hello?
Ashley?
Holy shit.
- (Yells) - Jesus,
Freddie, what are you doing?

I wanted to get
you and Brad making out.

- Is he in there?

- No, no, no, no, Freddie.

Ahh! Ahh!

What the fuck?

Oh, fuck.

Freddie, shit.

Shit.

Oh, my God.

(Simone screaming
with pleasure)

(laughing)

- Guys.

- **Simone:**

- Sorry, guys.

- What the fuck, DJ? Knock next time, man.

Sorry, guys. It's just
something's happened to Ashley.

- What happened to her?

- I don't know. I haven't seen her yet.

- Lamont, we need your help.

- Yeah, yeah, I'll meet you upstairs, man.

Oh, shit.

(chuckles)

Oh, my gosh.

(Both giggle)

I'll be right back.

(Gasps, moans)

God.

Gaby, Gaby.

What?

- When the cops get here...

- What?

...can we keep Freddie
out of this?

You don't think Freddie...

No, no, no, of course not.

It's just that, you know,
him being here in California...

God, he's breaking parole.

Wait, Freddie went to prison?

Yeah, he's gonna freak

that I told you,
but I just don't want him
to get in trouble
because I'm the one who twisted
his arm for him to be here.
Just try.
Please, just try.
Yeah, okay.
Good.

(Engine whirring)
Okay, yeah, that's real.
That's fucking gruesome.
Look at that shit.
- Oh, my God.
- What the fuck do we do now?
Did you just find her like that?
Did you go inside at all?
- No, I haven't touched her.
- It's horrible.
We can't just
leave her like that.

Gaby:

back with the police.
They'll need to see the body.

Freddie:

Just wait around?

DJ:

for at least three hours,
pending he can even get a signal on his
cell once he clears the mountains.
- Brad, don't.
- What are you doing?
She's our friend.
She's not just a body.
I'm gonna turn
the generator off.

Jade:

Stop yelling.
This isn't an episode
of "Rock Mannon."

God, you've gotten so cold. How can you just stand there and do nothing?

Because nothing is what needs to be done.

If we just stay calm, then maybe we can help the police find whoever did this.

- You know who did this?

- What, Ray? Ray would not do this, man.

- He has a temper, but this?

- How do you know?

- This is some other shit, man.

- How do you know?

When was the last time you guys saw him... actually saw him, not on Sports Center, not on his fan page, but actually saw him?

I mean, it's been 10 years. Stop being so fucking delusional.

We don't know each other anymore.

I'm just saying, don't jump to conclusions.

That's it?

Oh, my God, where's Freddie?

He just...

he needed a moment.

I'll find him. You girls should go back to the house then.

Okay, but it doesn't feel right to leave Ashley alone.

I mean, Lamont will be back with the police. I just...

- I'll...

- You want to stay here?

I'll stay with you. I'm gonna stay with her.

All right.

Hey, Gaby,

Brad's in shock. You don't have to prove anything.

No, I know, I know.

Thanks.

- I'll be back.

- Okay.

God, this is just so surreal.

(Mechanical click)

("Pomp and Circumstance"

playing over speakers)

Hello?

Is anybody here?

Lamont.

Guys?

(Screaming)

Help!

Help!

(Struggling to breath)

(engine struggles, quits)

Jade:

creepiest part is?

All of it?

Yeah, but...

Brad's right.

I mean,

you're my best friend.

We get together once a year.

We text.

Come on, Gaby.

What do you really know

about my life,

or me about yours?

Your life on the poker tour...

I can't even imagine that.

When we were kids,

we actually knew each other.

We've grown up.

We've all changed.

(Chuckles)

- What?

- People don't change.

They just become better at being

the shits that they were.

Speak for yourself.

I am, okay?

I mean, look at us.

I make a living off trusting

nobody, least of all myself.

Gaby.

Freddie's still hustling.
Brad's still trading
on his charm.
You're still...
What?
I'm still what?
You're still here, Jade,
in the one-horse town
we were born in.
Why are you still here?
I'm gonna wait at the house.
I'm sorry.
Jesus.
You want to analyze this, Gaby?
Fine, go ahead.
But I'm not gonna
stick around for it.
Oh, God.
Oh, my God.
Damn it, DJ.
Oh, my God, now is not the time
to be sneaking up on people.
- Sorry.
- Oh, fuck.
Any sign of Freddie?
Plenty, if you count
regurgitated pizza.
But no Freddie in the flesh.
No Ray either.
I mean, why would he
stick around?
Why would he kill Ashley?
Well, she used to cheat
on him a lot.
And maybe the cut
from the Rangers
was just too much
for him to handle.
The Rangers thing, maybe.
But I don't see him
giving a shit
about who Ashley fucked.
He's not like you and me.
What's that supposed to mean?

Well, let's just say
we both kept track
of who screwed us.
You think I'm like that?
Come on, your grudge
for Campbell
has been growing so big
over the last 10 years,
by this point it can fill
the Grand Canyon.
But do you let him have it
when he walks through the door?
No, you just ignore him,
pretend he doesn't exist.
Holding that shit in
is dangerous.
So what, I should
just prank him?
Hey, it keeps me sane.
And it gave me a rep
in high school
of something more
than a reject loser.
If it weren't for the pranks,
I'd have ended up
just like John Dougherty.
Okay, I'm not like you, DJ.
I just handle things
differently.
That's bullshit.
You were just like me.
In high school,
you were a fighter,
a survivor.
And once you realized that school
band wasn't doing much for your rep,
you traded in your clarinet
for a set of pompoms.
And by senior year,
you were dating one of the
most popular boys in school.
Yeah, and look
where that got me.
Campbell fucked you over.

And after that, you changed.
That's the same reason you haven't
been able to win a poker tournament.
God, why do I even bother
paying a shrink?
I've got you guys.
That other stuff...
they were just mouthing off.
But I've watched you play.
When it really matters,
if you don't have the hand
to back it up, you fold.
That killer instinct you had...
it died somewhere.
If I lived my life like that,
I'd be shit.
Didn't have the looks.
Didn't have the brains.
Didn't have the money.
I had to bluff my way
up the food chain,
same as you.
And you used to be great at it.
So you're saying,
if I can win with a bad hand...
say, for instance,
lure a TV star
away from a supermodel with my
nonexistent feminine wiles,
then I can win a poker bracelet?
Well, yeah.
God, just shoot me now.
- Oh, God, what are you doing?
- Watch it, asshole.
- Campbell, what are you doing?
- Gaby, shut up.
I'm taking you back to the house.
We need the lights.
- Bella just found Simone.
- What?
This is crazy.
I mean, this is nuts.
- I'm gonna be sick.
- I mean, Ray and Ashley,

I can wrap my mind around,
but Simone...

how could Ray do this?

- She's in the hot tub.

- Obviously.

No, no, no, no. Okay,
Ashley's name was in lights.

And Simone just got

exactly what she wanted...

to spend the rest of her life in a hot tub.

It's their "Most Likely Tos."

She's right,

so whoever did this...

they were close enough

to hear what she said.

I've got gasoline here.

What have you got?

- **Gaby:**

- What is this?

- **Gaby:**

- **DJ:**

Yeah, no shit. All the
fuel lines have been cut.

Jade:

What about Ray's?

Gaby:

underneath looks dry.

Brad:

hotwire a truck then?

DJ:

1996... this is bullshit.

- **Jade:**

- Find some keys.

No poker tournament

is worth this!

- We need to start walking.

- I'm not walking in these heels.
- We can't just stay here.

- Brad:

and come up with a plan.

DJ, we need to secure the house,
lock the doors and windows.

- I'll get Ray's bedroom.

- I'll check the kitchen.

(Rustling)

(both scream)

Freddie, Jesus,

what are you doing?

I need some fucking cookies!

I eat when I get stressed out!

- (Door slams)

- (screams)

It's Tarkin. It's Tarkin.

I know it.

100%, it's him. He's broke.

He's lonely.

He's living here in the middle of nowhere.

He's gone fucking crazy.

He's creepy enough.

He always watched me change from
outside the bedroom window.

And you didn't say anything?

People watch me all the time.

I'm used to it.

But maybe he heard Simone
if he was close by.

Or it could have been someone
who was already in the house.

I'm just saying.

I gotta go pee.

Who's coming with me?

I'm not going alone.

It's okay.

I have to go too, so...

- I'll go together then.

- Yeah.

(urinating)

Look, I'm sorry
about earlier, okay?

I was just like...
I was way out of line.
You want to know
why I never left town?
It's none of my business.
I fell in love.
That's why.
(Toilet flushes)
Why hide that from me
of all people?
I didn't think you'd approve.
Me?
Are you demented?
How can I not approve
of you being in love?
With our Honors English teacher.
Elaine Miller?
You're dating Tiller Miller?
And that's why
it's still a secret.
Speaking of secrets,
Elaine and I stayed here
last year.
There have been
some break-ins
and, well, Ray just
wanted us to feel safe.
Now you know and I know.
Just in case we need it.
Why show me?
You may not trust anyone, Gaby.
I get it.
It's okay.
But I trust you.
All done.
Who's next?
You.
What were you two
whispering about?
Nothing.
You want to sit down?
(Water running)
When I was obliterated
drunk in my car,

ran a red light
and smashed into
oncoming traffic,
my boyfriend was
in the car with me.
He didn't make it.
That's when I stopped drinking.
What the fuck?
(Muttering)
Oh, my God!
Oh, shit!

Freddie:

I didn't do anything!
Then why aren't you
covered in blood?
- Because I didn't wash my hands.
- Bullshit.
- Damn it, Campbell, you're not helping.

- **DJ:**

- **Brad:**

- What about me?
No one knows anything about
you for the last 10 years.
I haven't been hiding from my
problems like you, that's for sure.
Wow, great, let's just tear each other
apart, save the psychopath the trouble.

Jade:

Something must have happened.

- **Brad:**

- I don't believe that.
- Maybe you shouldn't...

- **Jade:**

Believe it.
Holy shit.
Am I being punked?
You set me up.

Jade:

the world revolves around.

Brad:

nothing to do with anything...

Oh, please, like this

cabin-in-the-woods shit really happens.

It's more of a coastal property,

but maybe Boobies has a point.

What if we are getting punked?

I mean, did anybody

check a pulse?

Jade:

Oh, my God, they wouldn't.

What about you, class prankster? You're

probably in on this, aren't you?

Sweetheart, I wish

I was this good.

Where the hell are you going?

To check on the bodies.

What else?

Bella, no one knew you were gonna be here.

I don't know what you think...

You did.

And you set me up,

so I'd feel like I was

part of the group.

I figured it out.

I'm not leaving.

Okay, then I'll go alone.

You never did care

about me, did you?

No, I'm sorry.

I'll go with her.

Bella, wait.

Wow, the brave man is gonna let his

girlfriend go find the killer by herself.

I didn't let her go alone.

DJ's with her.

There's always an excuse,

isn't there?

Look, it may have taken me

almost 10 years to figure out

what's important to me, Gaby,
but I know what is now.

And I'm not gonna
jeopardize that again.

I don't need you
to look after me.

(Instrumental music playing
over speaker in distance)

Is that the "Rock
Mannon" theme song?

What the fuck?

That's my cell.

Hmm?

That's my cell.

There it is.

Okay, so that means
we have a signal.

What's your cell phone
doing on the floor?

I don't know.

Wait here.

(Phone beeps)

- Hello.

- **Man:**

- Who is this?

- You never did sign my yearbook.

(screaming)

Get the gun!

The gun!

Hey, asshole!

Don't shoot.

Brad's back there.

(Brad groaning)

Oh, shit.

Oh, my goodness.

Oh, my goodness.

(Mumbles)

Did we get him?

Get him to the couch.

Oh, shit.

Shit.

When did you even get a gun?

- Why aren't we using it?

- Give me your shirt, Freddie.
- We didn't know who to trust.
- And you do now?

Guys, what about the phones?

Still no signal. We're
either unlucky as fuck
or he's somehow blocking it.

Okay, you guys,
go check the balconies,
see if you can see
DJ and Bella anywhere.

- Come on.

- Gaby:

Shit.

Good job leading the troops.

If this were a TV show, you would
have saved the day by now.

Yeah, if it were a movie,
I'd be the killer.

Fuck. Where's Lamont?

Shit.

Hey, look at me.

You saw the robe.

There is no coincidence that
our reunion is tomorrow.

This isn't a random psychopath
we're dealing with here.

This is somebody we know, okay?

You need to be careful.

So you're telling me
to trust no one?

Well, no one except me.

Thank God.

- There's no sign of him.

- Gaby:

Just Simone in the hot tub.

Look, I think it's safe to
say this isn't a prank.

Okay, we need to figure
out a way out of here,
because obviously walking
is off the table, right?

There are two ways
to trap an opponent.
You can advertise strength
or you can feign weakness.
- Who's feigning?
- We need to focus
on what's left,
which Most Likelies.
Most Likely
to Spike the Punch...
all those words are
extremely aggressive.
Most Likely to Play
the Hand She's Dealt.
Let's just hope
it's not aces and eights.
Most Likely to Break Hearts.
(Freddie laughs)
Your wake of scorned lovers
is probably laughing right now.
Karma is a bitch, isn't she?
- Grab your camera.
- What?
I want to say goodbye
to my girlfriend.
Come on, guys.
I know deep shit when I'm in it.
Get your fucking camera.
Fucking over here,
there's better light.
(Brad groans)
What are you doing? Stop, no, no, no.
You shouldn't.
Trust me, it's better than lying
here, waiting to be butchered.
A man of action,
just not when it counts.
You know, Gaby, you're right.
It doesn't matter.
- It does matter.
- It doesn't matter.
I'm sorry.
I'm sorry.
We had something special.

And I wanted more.
At least I thought I did.
When you got pregnant...
I just saw my whole life
disappear.
I wasn't ready and I panicked.
I didn't need you to be ready.
I just needed you to be there.
I wish I would have stayed.
From the bottom of my heart,
I wish I would have stayed.
You should not have
done that alone.
And I'm sorry.
I'm sorry.
(Shutters)
Brad, Brad.
Shit, guys.
Guys, he's going into shock.
Grab a blanket.
- Here.
- Oh, God, his body temperature's dropping.
Oh, my God, he's freezing.
- I'm gonna go boil some water.
- I'll go with you.
Okay. Keep him talking.
Keep the gun close.
Yeah, okay.
Brad.
Brad, come on, come on.
It's okay.
Gaby's gonna get you some water.
It's okay.
We need to get him
to a hospital.
Lamont should have been
back by now.
What if that pig fucker was
in the car when he left?
Oh, a what a time
to be on the wagon.
Maybe I should just OD on whisky
and save Ray the trouble.
You think it's Ray?

Brad can barely move.
It's not gonna be Jade.
And I'm pretty sure Bella, DJ and
Lamont are freakin' dead right now.
We just haven't found
their mutilated bodies.
So, unless it's Ray,
who is it? John Doe?
Maybe it is, okay?
Makes the most sense,
finishing what he didn't get
to back in high school.
Except he has no idea
where we are, Gaby.
I could barely find this place.
What about you? You left
your name off the list.
Lamont told you
I did time, didn't he?
He wanted me
to look out for you.
Just like Lamont,
always looking out for people.
"Fuck your parole. Come to
the party, motherfucker.
We've got to
cheer Ray up."
Well, Ray is fucking
happy now, isn't he?
Texas Chainsaw Massacre happy.
(Whistling)
Bella, you're okay.
- He's out there.
- Where's DJ?
He's...
(screams)
(screams)
(screaming)
Oh, my God.
Jade!
Shit.
Shit.
Jade!
Jade!

Jade!

Jade!

Jade!

Get out of the way!

Oh, God.

- Get me out of here.

- Okay, stand back.

No, no, no, don't shoot. It's steel.

You'll kill us.

I'm sorry, I'm just
trying to help.

- Okay, give me the gun.

- Wait, why?

- 'Cause I'm gonna go after him.

- Gaby, no.

- Give me the goddamn gun.

- Fuck.

- Okay, go back, make sure Brad's okay.

- Okay.

Fuck.

Okay.

Oh, okay.

(Whimpering)

(whimpering)

Oh, my God, Jade.

Oh, my...

Oh, my God.

I'm so sorry.

(Jade sobbing)

Gaby...

(deep breathing)

Gaby.

I'm sorry.

Jade!

(Sobbing)

(deep breathing)

DJ, DJ.

DJ.

Damn, DJ.

Hey, DJ.

What... what the hell
happened?

It's Ray.

Ray... he attacked me.

Simone's dead.

What?

Wait, wait.

No, no, no, no, no.

What are you talking about?

- You were gone longer than I thought.

- No, no. See, see,

my car ran out of gas

about 10 miles back.

Somebody cut my fuel line.

Yeah, I know.

It was me.

(Screams)

- No, no, no.

- Let's see if you really can eat anything.

No, DJ!

Brad.

He's not dead.

Not yet.

("Pomp and Circumstance"

playing over speakers)

Brings back memories,

doesn't it?

Where did you go?

I heard screaming

in the kitchen,

so I ran to the bedroom

and hid under the bed.

Bella's dead.

She's decapitated.

And then this happened.

Where's the gun, Freddie?

I don't know where the gun is.

You guys had it last.

It's right here.

DJ, what the fuck?

Sorry for the delay, guys.

I had a legend on ice locked

in the trunk of my car.

So right now Ray is

nice and chill.

Freddie, come sit down.

Keep an eye on Ray.

Don't make me kill you, Freddie.

Come on, play along.
You might just
get out of this alive.
You did this, DJ?
Why would you do this?
(Turns off music)
It all goes back to...
John Dougherty, really.
All this over a lousy picture?
No, Freddie.
We helped destroy John's life,
all of us.
And you and me, we used to...
we used to be best friends
with him in grade school.
You too, Gabby.
We used to all go
to summer camp together.
- Yeah, and we grew up.
- We gave up.
We sold our souls to survive.
We put on masks,
turned our backs on the people
who were actually our friends.
And look at you now.
You're...
(DJ laughs)
You're a fucking ice princess.
And you're an alcoholic,
an ex-con.
- Was an alcoholic.
- Still a loser.
And you're a fucking
serial killer.
- Exactly my point.
- It was high school, okay?
It sucked. You graduate.
You get over it.
But John didn't graduate.
I didn't ask that kid
to put a gun in his locker.
No.
No, you didn't.
But Ray asked me

to put a gun in his locker.
And because I was
a spineless piece of shit,
I did it.
Ray knew he was going
to lose his scholarship.
Ooh, so he needed
something big to happen,
to make what he did
just look like
a little harmless
yearbook prank.
So now John wasn't just
getting humiliated.
which, frankly,
he was getting used to.
No, no, he was getting expelled,
getting sent to juvenile hall.
I ran into him
up in San Francisco.
We became friends again.
And nothing went right
for this guy...
I mean, money, women, friends.
He didn't have anything.
He didn't have any...
any dignity left.
So one day I told him
what we had done.
I wanted him to realize that it
wasn't the world coming down on him.
It was us.
And the next day,
he threw himself
off the Golden Gate Bridge.
We casually destroyed his life.
But I decided to do
something about it, so...
so this weekend
is about retribution.
And if it wasn't
for good old Ray here,
none of this would have ever happened,
so he's gonna take the credit for it.

(Ray muffled grunting)

Poor Ray.

He just snapped

after the Rangers cut him.

His little ego couldn't take it

and he just killed everybody.

So that's it then, hmm?

Kill us all, pin it on Ray,

then you can sleep

better at night?

I don't want to kill you,

Gaby, not if I don't have to.

Haven't you been listening?

I mean, me and you are the same.

We've both got blood

on our hands now.

I'm trying to help you get

that killer instinct back.

And Freddie here...

well, he's suffered

just like us.

Freddie's boyfriend

was in the passenger seat

of his car

when he plowed into traffic.

There wasn't a lot left of

that seat, was there, Freddie,

when they pulled his

body from the wreck?

No.

So I'm gonna let

the two of you live,

if you help us out,

because we're not done yet.

- Who's "we"?

- Who's "we"?

Me,

Ray and the graduate.

John Doe and I

have a long list of people

to visit tomorrow night

at the reunion.

We've got jocks,

cheerleaders, the prom queen.

Who's that guy who held you down and
pissed in your hair in fourth grade?

Dougie Jones.

Dougie Jones!

That fucker's gonna die.

So how about it, Freddie?

Are you in?

Uh-uh.

- Ah!

- Are you in?

I'm in, I'm in, I'm in!

And how about you, Gaby?

You in?

Sure, I'm in.

Well, Freddie here

has always been one

to give in to peer pressure,

but I'm gonna need

some convincing with you.

It's time to catch up

with me on body count.

Time to get some real payback.

Gaby...

Speak of the devil.

Now if anyone here

deserves vengeance, Gaby,

it's you.

Senior year, this son of a

bitch tells you he loves you.

He steals your virginity,

knocks you up, and then

heads for the hills.

How did that make you feel?

I wanted to kill him.

I still do.

So...

here's your chance.

(Mumbles)

I just want you to know

I forgive you.

DJ:

- Fucking die already.

- Let me.

Who's got the last laugh
now, motherfucker?
You know I was only kidding
about that business, right?
I know, Freddie.
(Ray muffled shouting)
Oh, my God.
Oh, fuck.
Oh, my God.
Queenie.
You'll survive.
Shit.
Oh, my God.
Okay, come here.
Let's get the fuck
out of here, come on.
Let me see the gun.
Let's get out of here.
Are you okay?
You realize you're starring
in my movie, Campbell?
- You got it, Freddie.
- Great.
It's about this crazy
high school reunion.

Gaby:

Shut up, Freddie.

Freddie:

But there's a happy ending.

Gaby:

to the hospital first.

Freddie:

All right.

(death metal music playing)