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Tucker and Dale vs Evil

By Eli Craig

Should we be doing this?
It's still a crime scene.
Sack up, Billy. It's called
"investigative journalism" for a reason.
Yeah, but don't we need a press pass
or a permit or something?
Press pass this!
You know, the police missed
something here, I can feel it.
What do you say, Billy? Won't a Peabody
Award look great up on your...
Yo, Chuck, speed up, man!
Yeah, man, speed up.
Guys, this is my dad's car.
So if I go any faster, he will kill me.
Holy shit!
- Shit!
- Jesus, that was close.
You fucking assholes!
We are in hillbilly country now, boys.
Squeal like a pig!
Yeehaw!
Chad, just cos they're not in your
fraternity doesn't mean they're freaks.
Actually, it does, Allison. You see,
you're either Omega Beta or you're a freak.
- Omega Beta! Omega Beta!
- Fuck.
- Chi, chi, chi!
- I'm in a oar full of morons.
No, if we were morons,
we wouldn't have thought to bring this.
OK, I stand corrected.
You are a fucking genius.
Hey, Chuck, speed up, man.
They're gonna pass us.
Oh, jeez. Whoa, Jesus.
Did you see the way
those guys looked at us?
Hey, guys! Guys!
We forgot the beer!
No!
Sure you got everything
you need? Cos once you get up there...

Can I help you?

Uh, yeah. Where's your beer at?

Beer's in the back.

You see the way them kids looked?

Read that list back to me.

OK, three-quarter-inch nails,

hacksaw, baling hooks,

brush-clearing Scythe, clamps...

Hey, Chad, do we need more bug...

- "crosscutting handsaw...

- Chad?

- lubricated condoms...

- Chad?

Hand drill...

.feminine napkins,

stone bit, one-eighth hole saw...

- Oh, my God!

- It's just me.

Let's get out of here.

This place is so creepy.

- Dale, we need anything else?

- Pickled eggs. Six-pounder.

Oh, hot dog, Tucker. Have you ever

seen anything like that in your life?

There's nothing so special about them.

- They're just your average college girls.

- Nothing average about that.

You know something, Dale?

She's just human. Why don't you

go over there and talk to her?

Talk to her? What?

What in the world would I say?

I don't know. Tell her that you got a vacation home.

That'll probably impress her.

Are you out of your mind, Tucker?

These are college girls.

They grew up with vacation homes,

and guys like me fixing their toilets.

You gotta have some faith in yourself, man.

Girls can smell fear.

Now come on!

You are a good-lookin' man...

more or less.

You got a damn good heart.

Yup.

I mean, that's two things right there.

Now, go on, get over there.

What's the worst that could happen?

You know something?

- You're right, Tuck. I'm gonna do it.

- All right.

- I'm gonna do it right now.

- All right, hold up.

All right, now, whatever you say,

just smile and laugh.

It shows confidence.

Smile and laugh. OK.

- Do it.

- All right.

You guys, uh...goin' campin'?

Hey! Hey. Now, look...

we don't want any trouble, all right?

- So just...back off.

- Whoa!

- OK. OK. I'm sorry.

- Back off!

Get in the truck.

That's a-a good-lookin' cooler...

I told you, Tucker.

I'm a zero with the ladies.

They hate my face!

Come on.

I ain't like you, Tucker, you know?

I can't talk to the ladyfolk the way you can.

No one can. I mean, I...

I always get all stupid, and my hands get clammy, and I just act like a big fat idiot.

You know what your problem is?

You got an inferiority complex.

No, I don't.

- Yeah, yeah.

- No.

Let me tell you something, life is short.

You got to go after what you want.

Mm-hm.

Cos it sure as hell

ain't gonna just fall right in your lap.

- That's true, I reckon.

- Aw, shit.
- What are you doing?
- Shit, shit. We got a cop.
Oh, I got you.
I got a rag. Move your arm.
You spilled beer all over your crotch.
All right, he's pulling over.
- Get up, Dale.
- I can't.
- Dale, he's coming.
- No, it's stuck on my sleeve.
- Get up.
- My hand is stuck on...
Un-stuck it, then.
He's out of his car.
He's out of his car?
He's coming.
- Tucker!
- Get it...
Yeah.
- Howdy, Officer.
- Hey.
- It's a beautiful day, isn't it?
- Yeah.
License, please.
Uh, I lost my wallet a couple weeks back.
New one is in the mail.
Temporary.
Where you two headed?
We're headed to our vacation home
up by Morris Lake.
I sank every penny I had into it.
Me and Dale here, we're gonna go fix
'er up, maybe do a little fishin'.
- Do a little fishin'.
- He's been striking out with the ladies.
I figured a little man time
might do him some good.
There ain't nothing up there but pain and
suffering on a scale you can't even imagine.
I pulled you over cos
you got a broken turn signal.
Oh, yes, sir.
See that you, uh...

get that fixed.

That was very helpful.

- Man, that was tense.

- That dude's weird.

There he goes.

Bye

God, would you look at him?

You know what his problem is?

He was jealous because

he can't afford a place of his own.

Ah. Well...

Here's to the good life, huh?

- Oh, yeah.

- To the good life, man.

I mean, what's a parasite?

Oh, look at this little truck right here!

I know, I know.

Is that ours?

Wow. And another one right there.

Oh, my God.

It's perfect!

- And what did they call this, a fixer-upper?

- Yeah.

- All right, let's go check it out inside.

- Yeah.

I can't believe this is ours! Oh, my God!

- Well, it's just a little dusty is all.

- It's a mansion!

Whoever used to live here must have been an archaeologist or something.

Yeah, archae... Yeah.

Look at this.

Must have been a real news junkie, too.

Chubby's Chili Dog Depot?

Buy three, get two free. No expiration date.

- All right.

- Score!

Tucker, look! They got my favourite board game here, too.

You know what?

I tell you something, Dale.

I cannot believe that I am standing in my own vacation home right now.

You know something?

Dreams really do come true.

Look out!

- Whoa!

- Well, I guess we should fix that.

Yeah, that's a good idea.

You can get off me now.

If you have a reoccurring dream about sucking a dick but never do it, are you gay?

- Yes.

- Really?

- Guys!

- Are you serious?

- What?

- You guys want to hear a scary story?

No!

Chuck, no.

- Absolutely not.

- That's not funny.

- You're such a liar.

- It happened to my cousins, I think.

Now, do you fuckers

want to hear a real story? Huh?

This story happened right here,
right in these very woods.

It was 20 years ago today.

The Memorial Day Massacre.

How a bunch of college kids...

just like us...

they came out here to have a good time...

but little did they know that they weren't
the only ones in these here woods.

Pump Up The Jam)

Pump it up

While your feet are stompin'.

And the jam is pumpin'...

J' Pump it up a little more.

J Get the party going on the dance Hoof.

J' See, cos that's where the...

Get another one! Come on!

J' I'm gonna meet my maker.

J' I ain't afraid to die.

- Hey, what the hell are you doing?

- Yeah, put that back on.

No, no.

This is cool, I like this.
Only one person lived to tell this story.
The rest of them just disappeared...
and their bodies are buried beneath us.
Hey! Hey! There's a lake back there.
Who wants to go skinny dipping?
- I do.
- Yeah.
- All right.
- I'm not getting naked.
Uh... That's OK, Tuck.
You take that. That's yours.
That's why you're never gonna
get ahead in life.
It's cos you don't stick up for yourself.
Do not even think about it.
- But you just said...
- Are you kidding me?
- OW!
- Are you serious?
What'd I just say?
- You said I gotta stick up for myself.
- I said, "Don't even think about it", though.
That was the last thing I said.
Hello?
Is someone there?
Guys?
Yargh!
God, Chad! What the hell are you doing?
- You are such an asshole.
- Come on, that was funny.
No, it wasn't.
You got nothing to worry about, Allie.
It's just me.
You totally freaked me out.
You know, you can drop the act now.
- What act?
- Like you're better than everyone else.
- I don't think...
- Yeah, you do.
But that's OK, Allie, because I get it.
I mean, you are better than everyone else.
You and I, Allie...
are cut from a different cloth.

You know what I mean?

- I'm not... I...

- All I'm saying is...

I'm glad that we have this chance
to get to know each other better.

Chad, you're drunk.

That's a good thing.

It lowers my inhibitions.

OK, uh...

- Come on, stop.

- Why?

Why? Why stop?

We're perfect for each other.

Let's talk about this later.

I'm gonna go catch up with everyone.

Come on, Allie. Come on...

Oh, it's so cold!

Here we go!

What's that all about?

I don't know,

but I think we should go check it out.

No. No, Tuck, you know what?

My guess would be that they
don't really want to see us right now.

- Yeah, I kind of want to see them.

- No, no.

What the hell are you doing?

- Damn it, Dale!

- What?

I'm not gonna go around
one more time with you on this.

- OK.

- Hush.

Whoo-hoo! I love camping!

Look.

Oh.

- Tucker!

- Shush!

God damn it, Dale!

What the hell is the matter with you?

Me? What did I do?

When you see a college girl prancing
around in front of you half-naked,

- you do not yell out my name.

- Well, you were being a Peeping Tom.
You are hopeless,
do you know that? You're hopeless.
She didn't come up yet.
- Tuck, paddle.
- Oh, Jesus.
Hey! Lady?
Hey, lady!
- Where'd she go, Tuck?
- Whoa, whoa, Dale!
Help me get her in the boat! Come on!
Get her legs!
Oh! No!
- Hey, we got your friend!
- Oh, God!
They got Allison! Come on!
Hey!
We got your friend! Why the hell
are they running away? Hey!
Doesn't matter, Tucker, we gotta get her
back to the cabin. Come on, let's row.
- Shit!
- Oh, man.
Shit.
Chad! Chad!
The hillbillies...
- What hillbillies?
- From the store!
They captured Allison!
Allie!
Oh, God! No.
- No, please! No, please, don't...
- Don't...don't cry.
Please don't cut me open!
Oh! It's the pancakes! You hate pancakes!
I'll go make you something else. I'll just...
Doesn't like pancakes.
Should have asked her if she liked
pancakes. Big fat stupid idiot!
Pa... Pancakes?
Allison!
I don't understand.
Where do you think they took her?
- Maybe they took her to the hospital.

- You don't get it, do you?
Chuck, tell him what you saw.
Well, it was really dark,
but it looked like one of the guys was...
like...eating her face off.
That is so disgusting.
Not to sound too cliché,
but shouldn't we go to the police?
And just leave Allison with them?
If they already ate her,
what difference does it make?
We don't need the police.
We can handle this on our own.
What if I go? It's my dad's truck.
He told me I was the only one allowed to drive it.
Fine. You wanna go, Chuck? Then just go.
OK, awesome.
I'll be back in a jiffy, I swear.
That's such bullshit.
Why does he get to go?
Hey, guys!
You better come look at this.
What is this place?
It's just a cabin.
It doesn't mean they're psycho killers.
Oh, yeah? Then why don't you
go in there and talk to them?
All right. Maybe I will.
I said maybe.
There you go. Please don't tell me
that you hate eggs and bacon.
Wha-What am I doing here?
Oh, you don't remember?
OK. Uh...
Well, me and Tucker...
I mean, uh, I and Tuck...
Well...
- Tucker and I brung you here last night.
- Why?
Because you were about
to go swimming with your friends,
and you climbed up on a bunch of rocks,
and you fell and banged your head
and then you fell into the water,

and then...

I dove in and rescued you.

- Wait, you...you were spying on us?

- No. No, what? No!

No, we weren't spying.

No, I swear to God, no, no.

We were out there fishin'. OK?

I didn't... We didn't see...

I didn't see...

Maybe Tucker might have seen a little...

Where are my friends?

- They ran off into the woods.

- They just left me?

Yeah, but don't be mad at them.

Some people just aren't

any good in a crisis,

and that's why Tucker and I brung you here,

hoping that they would

come get you in the morning.

I didn't have any girlie clothes, so...

it's OK, I...

I never really had much fashion sense,
anyway.

- Me neither.

- Yeah.

That's my dog, Jangers. He looks mean,
but he's just a big old marshmallow.

You can just pet him round the nose.

- He's drooling.

- I know.

Anyway, um...I'm sorry
about all the mess around here.

Tucker just bought this place,
and, uh...you know...

Yeah, I'm sure it doesn't look like much
to a high-class girl like you,
but we've always just had sort of
a dream to have our own vacation home.

But, uh...anyway...

you should relax and rest, OK?

Hey, what's...

what's your name?

Uh...

It's Tale. Ducker.

My name...

- My name is Dale.

- I'm Allison.

But my...

my friends call me Allie.

Well, it's a real pleasure to meet you,
Allie...son.

And if you need anything else,
you just holler for me.

I'll be right in the little room here.

- Uh, Dale?

- Yeah.

Do you guys have
anything to do around here?

Do you like board games?

What kind do you have?

We got this one right here.

It's my favourite. Trivi-Up.

- Yes!

- Come on, four out of seven.

No way, dude. You lost.

Just shut up and walk, bitch.

Goddamn Romeo.

Oh, well.

Oh, Jesus.

Aargh! Aargh! Argh!

Run! Run for your lives!

Yargh!

Here we go. Big roll. Five.

One, two, three, four, five.

OK, shoot.

Who was the fifth President
of the United States?

Oh, that's too easy.

That's James Monroe.

God, you are right again.

You are killing me.

I know. I'm sorry about that. I just...

I got this weird brain

where I'm dumb as a stump,

- but I remember everything I ever heard.

- That sounds pretty smart to me.

No, trust me, I'm stupid.

I barely even made it past the third grade.

Oh, that doesn't mean anything.
There's a difference
between education and intellect.
Yeah?

So, um, what is it that
you study in college?
I'm getting my Bachelor's
degree in psychology.

Oh, a Bach... Oh.

So, what kind of work
would you do with that?

Oh, I don't know. I, um...

I-I have these stupid dreams.

Dreams are not stupid.

Well, um...I just think that so many of the
major problems and conflicts in the world
are caused by a lack of communication,
you know?

- Yeah.

- And I just...

I just always thought that
I'd make a really good therapist.

No, don't! Don't!

Yeah, my parents say the same thing.

I should probably just give up.

No. I think you could do whatever you want.

It's just, that beam is a little bit rickety.

Yeah, you could have just
pushed that thing right over.

Hey, hey.

Oh, my God, Tucker,
what happened to your face?

I sawed into a bees' nest.

Why?

I didn't do it on purpose, you idiot.

I might have avoided it
if you were out there helping me!

Yeah.

We came out here to work...
not sit around playing stupid board games!

It was my fault, I...

I suckered him into playing.

No, that's not true. It was my fault.

How about I come over there

and pull those stingers out of your face?
Then I'll help you with whatever you want?

- All right, I'd like that. Thank you.

- OK.

Let me help.

Wow, they really did a number on you.

- Be careful. Be careful.

- They really got you.

Hi.

I saw your friend out there.

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

- I should go out there and find them...

- No, no! That's... No!

No, you need to rest,
so we'll go find your friends.

- But I can just...

- No. No buts, OK?

We'll go find your friends. You should relax.

Tucker and Dale are on the case.

Ain't that right, Tucker?

- Yeah.

- Yeah.

- Yeah, yeah.

- Yeah. Good man. OK.

Dale, just...

just be careful, OK?

My friends can be kind of judgmental.

I'm gonna let Tucker

do most of the talking, anyway.

He can win over just about anybody,

can't you? Real people person.

OK, here we go.

You just relax, OK? Get some rest.

- They fucking killed him, man.

- They left his body here as a message.

- Yeah, "Stay the fuck out of our woods."

- I can't believe this is happening.

Would you fucking quit it with this thing?

It doesn't work out here!

We gotta get to the road

and try to catch a ride out of here.

We don't need a ride out of here.

Don't you get it?

This is what it's all about.
It's us against them.
Survival of the fittest!
What are you doing, man?
That's my whole face.
You have serious issues, you know that?
- Quick. Somebody's coming.
- Oh, shit. Oh, shit...
And the answer was, "isosceles triangle".
You know what that is?
Is it a triangle?
Yeah.
Tucker, you would have been proud of me.
A smart little college girl like that,
and I was beating the crap out of her.
- Dale.
- Yeah?
You beat the crap outta everybody.
There's something wrong with your brain.
I know. You keep telling me that.
Tell you what, when we get back I'll finish her
off real quick then we'll get back to work.
They're gonna kill her!
- Somebody was just here.
- Oh, yeah. It's a hatchet.
College kids!
- College kids!
- Say it again. Louder.
- College kids!
- Hey, college kids!
College kids!
I don't see 'em.
They must have run off.
Well, hmm... Maybe we could leave
them a note in case they come back.
All right. With what?
- Well, this'll work.
- All right. Please, hurry up.
- My face is as hot as a haemorrhoid.
- Yeah, you don't look so good. OK.
- Careful.
- I'm gonna have to etch it in.
Uh-huh, I got my cootie shot.
You think that girl is hot...

- Dale?
- Yeah? Huh...
- Did you guys find my friends?
- Uh, whoa.
Whoa.
- What?
- Huh? What?
Your friends? No, no.
Uh, we left them a note.
They should be by here any minute.
- What are you doing?
- Oh, I'm digging a shitter hole.
I'm digging a crap... crapper hole.
It's a...
It's a hole.
It's for the shithouse. Craphouse...
- Outhouse hole.
- An outhouse hole.
- Right. You mind if I help?
- What? No!
No, no, it's not work for a pretty...
for a girl like you. That's...
Oh.
I grew up on a farm.
It was either help out or get out.
That's a good rule.
Yeah. So I've done this before,
believe it or not.
Yeah.
You gonna help,
or just stand there staring at me?
- Uh... No, I'm gonna help. I'll just...
- I can't dig this on my own.
Yeah, yeah.
- Yeah, you're doing a good job.
- Thank you.
That sick fuck.
He's making her dig her own grave.
We don't have much time.
- Does everybody have their weapons?
- All set, man.
All right, you guys go around, get the guy
at the wood chipper. You take the big guy.
I'm gonna just chill right here.

OK, one more load and we're done.
Hey, come on, get out. Here.
Now!
Huh?
Oh, good, look, your friends are here. Hey!
Dale!
Oh, God!
Are you OK?
Allison, say something!
- Tucker! Tucker!
- Holy mother of God!
You'll never beli... What happened to you?
- Are you OK?
- What happened to me?
Some kid, he just hucked himself
right into the wood chipper!
- What?
- Headfirst right into the wood chipper!
From his shoes and pants, it looked like
it might have been one of the college kids.
What the hell happened to her?
She got knocked out and fell
in the shitter hole right next to me.
Is that your blood?
What? No.
No, it's college kid blood. One of them
suckers came running out of nowhere,
speared himself through the gut
and died right on top of me!
- Holy crap.
- I know!
Calm down. Don't cry.
- Calm down!
- OK.
Get a hold of yourself!
All right...
I know what this is.
- What?
- This is a suicide pact.
- It's a what?
- These kids are coming out here,
- and killing themselves all over the woods.
- My God, that makes so much sense.
Holy shit. We have got to hide

all of the sharp objects!
You know what else?
I think they're trying to kill her, too.
Yeah. Think about it.
That's why they acted so funny after
we saved her, because they want her dead.
- Why?
- I don't know. I don't know.
It's good that you and I don't know -
if we knew they'd want to kill us, too.
Yeah, that's a good point.
OK, so what... what do we...
We go to the police?
- Call the police?
- Yeah.
- And tell 'em what?
- Uh...we'll tell 'em what happened.
That's a good idea, Dale.
"Oh, hidey-ho, Officer.
We've had a doozy of a day.
"There we were, minding our own business,
doing some chores around the house,
"when kids started killing themselves
all over my property."
Well, that's what happened, Tucker!
You would have to be a moron
to believe that, Dale.
It doesn't matter what happened. What
matters is what looks like what happened.
And what looks like what happened...
is pretty nasty.
So what the hell do we do?
We gotta clean this mess up.
- Right now.
- OK.
You shouldn't be smoking anyway, Chloe.
It's not good for you.
Fucking dying isn't good for you, either,
but that doesn't
seem to be stopping anybody!
We gotta get out of here. I mean,
what the hell are we still doing here?
How are we gonna get outta here?
Dickwad over here sent Chuck off

with the truck!

Well, then let's walk.

- 40 miles?

- You should have thought of that

- before you wore your stripper shoes.

- Will y'all just shut up?

Listen, we gotta work together, OK?

We never should've come out here.

Whose stupid idea was this?

Chad!

You guys are all a bunch of
fucking pussies, you know that?

I mean, a few little tiny murders...

and everyone just freaks out.

But do you know how lucky you all are, huh?

- Huh?

- What the fuck are you talking about, man?

How many people do you think

get a chance for something like this?

- The chance to die?

- The chance to live.

To be free from people always
telling you what you can and can't do.

There's no rules out here.

It's us against them.

And if you don't think

you can handle that, well...

maybe you deserve to die.

That's fucked up.

Shh. Y'all hear that?

Chuck got the police!

Come on, you guys, let's go!

No, you don't need the fucking cops!

The cops aren't gonna help us, man.

Don't you fucking idiots know anything?

Fuck.

Now, don't you worry.

Your friends are probably fine.

Probably just a little misunderstanding,
that's all.

Oh, God! Look out!

- Help us! Help us!

- Chloe?

They're dead!

They died!

Slow down, now.

- They killed them!

- OK.

Stay calm. Well, why don't you kids climb in the back seat, and we'll go have a look?

Those stupid fucks.

I don't think

I have the stomach for this, Tuck.

I know.

He's jammed in there pretty good.

- The store better not charge me for this!

- Yup.

All right, look, I'm gonna wedge it from that side, and you pull him out on three.

- OK.

- All right?

One. Two. Three!

Argh!

- Oh, Tuck! Oh, take it off! Take it off me!

- OK, help me get it off.

Get it off me. Not on the face!

Oh! I'm gonna barf.

You're OK, you're OK.

- Here, grab a leg. Grab a leg.

- OK.

Get him over to the truck.

Oh, God. Oh, God.

- He's heavy for half a guy.

- Oh, God.

Oh, shit.

- Let me do the talking.

- That's a good idea.

You kids stay put.

I'll handle this.

Hey.

Hello, Officer.

- Good to see you again.

- Yeah.

- We have had a doozy of a day.

- A real doozy.

- Uh, there we were...

- Yup.

- minding our own business...

- Yup.
- making improvements to my house...
- The new house.
..when, all of a sudden,
out of nowhere,
these kids started killing themselves
all over my property.
This one right here, he dove headfirst
right into the wood chipper,
the woody right back there.
There's another one up over there
who shoved a spear through his gullet.
Straight through.
I don't know how much experience
you've had with this,
- but we were scared shitless.
- Scared shitless.
You must think that I'm some
kind of moron to believe a story like that.
- No...
- Oh, no.
- No, sir.
- Not a moron, just...open-minded.
Let me get this straight, cos I'm having
trouble understanding something.
- What?
- You say you were just working,
when this...kid...ran up and stuffed
his head into that wood chipper?
- That's a fact.
- That is a fact.
And I think maybe they might be trying
to kill the girl that we have inside.
- What girl?
- You know what?
She can maybe explain
the whole thing if, uh...
if I hadn't have knocked her
unconscious with a shovel.
- That's...
- On accident.
On accident.
You've got another one inside,
and you say she's unconscious?

- Yeah, she's in my bedroom.
- That's...
You better show me what you done with her.
- Right this way. Let's show him.
- OK, I'm gonna put this leg down.
Great idea.
Why don't you go and show him?
Wait, where is he going?
- No, don't go in there.
- Right this way, Sheriff.
What's he doing?
Why doesn't he fucking arrest them?
Her eyes are equal, reactive to light.
- At least she's not braindead.
- Oh, thank God.
I told you boys to stay away from this place,
but you just didn't listen, did you?
Now, you're looking at least two counts
of involuntary manslaughter,
but you'd be lucky to get that.
Officer, do we look like
a couple of psycho killers to you?
Well, it's...
it's hard to say.
Looks can be deceiving.
Oh, don't!
Sheriff! You OK?
Oh, shit!
Come on!
What is going on?
- How's he even walking, Tuck?
- He looks like he's gonna walk it off.
He's gonna be fine.
Don't worry, I got it.
It's Sher... Sher...
Oh, my God! They fucking killed him!
Unlock the door!
God damn it, Tucker!
I told you we should have fixed that beam!
You are not putting this on me!
Do you understand me? This is your fault.
In there playing board games
with that little girl when I'm out working!
Unlock the fucking door!

If you hadn't been playing
board games with that little girl inside,
we would have had
a little more time to fix the beam!
Heads up.

- Fuck you, you motherfuckers!

- No, no, no!

Oh, you got to take
the safety off on the side there.

Don't do...

Jesus! Oh, God!

You've got to start being more careful!

I don't think he understands!

Om.

"You gotta take the safety off"?

You're something, Dale. None of this
would have happened if it wasn't for you!

- What?

- That's right!

For being such a goddamn Good Samaritan!

"My God, she's drowning, Tucker.

- "Oh, let's save her." Hell!

- Well, at least she's still alive.

- Oh, halle-fuckin'-lujah!

- Don't you dare blame this on her!

I'm not blaming this on her,

I'm blaming this on you!

Well, you know what, Tucker?

None of this would have happened

if we hadn't have gone fishin'!

- That isn't even an option.

- I don't even like fishin'!

You don't like...

- What do you mean, you don't like fishin'?

- I-I mean...

I like... I like it OK.

You know... I'm sorry.

I'm sorry, Tucker.

Did I hurt your feelings? I'm sorry.

Yeah, you kinda did.

Cut it out!

Tucker...

where's Jangers?

- Shit.

- Stay here.
Aah! Damn.
Nuts...
Hey, hillbilly! Your move.
Oh, son of a bitch!
- They got my dog.
- Shit!
We gotta do something.
- Did you bring that nail gun in here?
- Yeah. Why?
Stay low. Stay low to the ground.
Keep your hat!
Oh.
All right.
- Cover me.
- Uh...
I ain't never shot at nobody before.
If it helps,
think of 'em like moving two-by-fours.
Whoa!
- Whoa!
- I'm sorry. I'm sorry.
Now, you create a distraction.
I'm gonna go out the back door.
- And, Dale...
- Yeah.
Try not to shoot me.
- OK, I'll try.
- All right.
- What the fuck is taking so long?
- I don't know.
Hey, college kids! You want some of this?
Ha-ha! You like that, college kids?
How's that taste?
I got plenty more where that came from!
Bunch of freaks!
Shit!
Jesus, Dale.
Take it easy.
Hey, hillbilly!
You shoot at us again, and your dog's dead!
If you kill my dog,
I swear to God, I'll get really mad!
Then bring out the girl!

I'm gonna shoot your dog!
I'm gonna get really mad!
I'll get really mad!
Go home. Go!
No, you're going the wrong way, shithead!
Oh!
It is a beautiful day for a run, isn't it?
Oh, God. Please, no.
Are we done yet?
I don't know, Naomi, is it covered?
We may only get one chance at this.
All right...trap's set.
Hey...he's awake.
What the hell is wrong with you kids?
What is the matter with us?
- Hold him steady.
- Yeah.
Wait. Stop...
I've never stood so close
to pure evil before.
- It kind of stinks.
- It was supposed to be 24-hour protection...
OK! Don't...
No, look, I know you kids are having fun,
but I am not a thrill-seeker!
It's payback time, hillbilly.
Payback... All right, look.
Just let me go... Just let me go.
I can get my cooler.
Hey, I got 10 to 12 beers in there.
They're yours.
They're on ice right now, man!
- This is for Mike!
- No!
OW! You prick.
- Dale?
- Allison.
How are you feelin'?
- A little fuzzy.
- Yeah.
Wha...
What happ...
- What happened?
- Oh...

Well, uh...

I can't...

I can't really say.

Um...

It was so awful.

Oh, my God.

I'm embarrassed. I'm sorry.

- I can't cry in front of a girl, God damn it.

- That's OK.

It's good to cry sometimes.

It's OK, just...

Just let it out. It's OK, all right?

There you go. It'll feel better.

Come on, just take a deep breath.

There we go. Now...

Now tell me what happened.

Well...it's hard to say.

Um...

Your friends...

Do some of your friends take medication?

- Why?

- Because I think they forgot to take it.

What are you talking about?

What... Where are they?

They're out there somewhere right now

tryin' to kill my best friend...and my dog.

- I don't understand what you're talking...

- I know.

It doesn't make any sense.

That's what the truth is.

It's like all your friends just

decided to go nuts all at the same time.

The last thing I remember, I saw...

I saw Chad and...

and then Todd was running at us, and...

- Oh, my God.

- I know.

At first I thought they

were trying to kill you,

and then they started killing themselves

and then they tried to kill us,

and now they're going after my dog...

..Jangers.

I guess they just like killing.

No, there must be some kind of mistake.
My friends would never hurt anyone.
Jesus, they're here!
They're not gonna stop till they kill
all of us, I'm telling you. Hide!
Dale, it's OK. Nobody wants to hurt you.
- Die, hillbilly!
- It sure sounds like someone does.
I'm gonna go talk to them, OK?
Just stay there.
- What? No, no.
- It's all just a big misunderstanding.
We'll clear it right up, OK?
Allison, don't go out there!
You don't know what it's like out there.
Oh, my God.
- Ugh!
- Allison!
Oh!
Did you see them?
- No.
- No?
That's from Tucker's shirt.
What is that?
Oh, my God!
Oh, my God!
They cut off his bowlin' fingers!
There's a note right there.
"Now we got your friend. Try and get him!"
Dale, how...
how long was I out for?
A few hours.
I don't understand what...
I gotta go help Tucker.
God damn it.
My best friend needs me.
I'm gonna get these kids.
- Wait. We don't want to escalate things.
- We don't want to escalate things?
No. They must have thought
you were trying to harm me.
Oh, and why would they think that?
I... I don't know.
I think you do know.

Well, when we first saw you guys
back at that store...
we just thought that you looked...
a little creepy.
I was nervous.
I don't know how to talk to girls, and I...
Dale, I know that now, but we didn't then.
You thought I looked
like some kind of freak.
We misjudged you, Dale. I...
I'm really sorry.
Don't be sorry. It's my fault.
I should have known that if
a guy like me talked to a girl like you,
somebody'd end up dead.
Dale, it's... Dale, it's not like that.
If you do see your friends...
tell 'em that I never
wanted to hurt anybody.
Dale, Dale, stop. Wait. No...
Don't go there.
Oh, shit.
Tucker!
Tucker, you cut there?
Tuck!
Oh, goddamn stupid college kids.
Tucker!
- Dale!
- I'm comin' for you, buddy!
Tucker?!
Yeah.
Tuck! Tucker!
- Dale...
- Hey!
- Tucker.
- Dale, it's a trap.
- It's a what?
- It's a trap.
What?
Oh, no. Oh, no! Tuck, no!
I don't wanna die! Please!
Oh, God! Tucker!
Dale...
Oh. Oh... Oh...

I never thought I'd say this,
but I'm glad I'm not hung like a bear.
That's funny.
Whoa...
- Oh...
- Dale...
that kid, he's got some serious issues.
I know. Let's get you down from there.
Wait!
Sorry about that.
This vacation sucks.
Come on, let's go.
Look at this place.
- This is where evil lives.
- Let's just hope that Allison's still alive.
Allison!
- Allison!
- Chad?
- Chad?
- Shh!
What are you guys doing?
Saving you, stupid!
Come on. Let's go.
Why are you whispering?
There's no one else here.
Oh.
This place is really freaky.
What have they done to you, Allie?
Huh?
They haven't done anything to me.
Chad, this has all been
a huge misunderstanding.
We have to burn this place to the ground.
Destroy it completely.
What? No, no. Chad...
Chad! Stop.
No, Chad, no. Chad, stop!
You can't do this.
This is their vacation home.
You guys have to listen to me, OK?
Tucker and Dale did not mean
to hurt anyone. They're really nice.
You have no idea...
what this is all about, do you, Allison?

- Huh?

- No.

These freaks are evil...

and they deserve everything

that's coming to them.

OK, just relax, all right?

I'm just trying to explain

this is all a big misunderstanding.

Tucker and Dale have been nothing

but gentlemen to me this entire time,

- while you guys have been terrorizing them.

- But they started this!

By doing what? Saving my life?

Wait a minute. I remember reading

about this in my sociology class.

It's called Stockholm syndrome.

When someone who's been kidnapped

falls in love with their kidnapper.

You're falling in love with him?

No. W-What?

- Chad, the... The what? This is...

- Tell me...

you're not falling in love

with that freak, Allison.

How could you love him?

Chad, please. You don't understand.

Well, are you or are you not

in love with him?

- What is the matter with you?

- Tell me!

Hey! Let the girl go.

Tcha!

- Are you OK, Allie?

- Allie? Did he just call you Allie?

Wait. Everyone just stop for a second

and let's talk this out, OK?

Nobody wants to hurt anyone.

You could have fooled me.

- Fuck off, hillbilly.

- Eat shit, body perm.

Wait! How about I make some tea,

and we all sit and talk this out?

Oh, yeah, that sounds like a good idea.

I'll provide the finger sandwiches.

I'm gonna go get a beer.
OK, Chad, you...sit here, OK?
In this chair.
Dale, you...
you sit in this one.
OK, good. Now, um...
I'm gonna get the tea.
Is that camomile tea? I can't have that.
It fucks with my asthma.
It's Earl Grey.
Oh, I love Earl Grey. That's great.
Here's what we're gonna do.
I want you each to tell your side of the story,
and as you're listening to the other person,
I want you to see yourself in their shoes.
OK?
OK.
Now, it's important
that we communicate our feelings
and understand each other's perspective
before any progress can be made.
OK.
Chad, why don't you start?
- Well, where should I fucking begin?
- Wherever you'd like.
A long time ago,
- before I was born...
- OK, maybe not that far back.
This is important.
You see, my parents, they were attacked
by hillbillies just like him.
It was 20 years ago.
The Memorial Day Massacre.
They brutally murdered everyone.
Just for fun.
My mother ran for her life.
But they captured her.
My father was helpless...
and he didn't even know
that she was pregnant with me yet.
And they forced him to watch...
while they tortured her.
But my mom, she fought back...
..and she escaped.

But my father wasn't so lucky.
His body was never found.
By the time I was born...
my mother was already institutionalized.
I grew up hearing that story
from my grandmother.
OK. Um...
Thank you for sharing with us, Chad.
- No, I'm not going in there!
- Hey, hey, hey.
Now, Chad said if they were
gone longer than 15 minutes,
we come in, guns blazing.
- But you don't even have a gun.
- Damn it, woman! Don't argue with me!
Are they drinking tea? Oh!
I would totally love a cup of tea right now.
No!
No way.
They're fucking trapped.
Oh...yeah.
Now, come on, we gotta do something.
It's your turn.
OK, well...
First of all...
I am really sorry
that your family got massacred.
That is awful.
Secondly...
I didn't have anything to do with that, OK?
I mean, I would have been six years old
at the time, so...
It may not have been you,
but it was definitely your kind.
My kind? Now, hey, I can't even hurt a fish,
can I, Tucker? I can't even hurt fish.
That's right.
He can't even hurt a fish.
I just can't do it!
OK. S-So now that you've both
expressed your side of the story,
how do you feel?
I feel better. I feel...
I feel like a weight... Yeah, I feel good.

Great. OK.
We're really making good progress.
It's show time, freaks!
Jason! No!
Jesus Christ!
Oh, shit, baby! Why didn't you duck?
Why didn't she duck?
Chad, st...
Get him, Tucker!
Dale!
Go back to hell where you belong, freak!
- Oh, shit!
- Whoa!
Shit! Chad, what the fuck?
- Be calm. It's just the leg.
- Stop and roll.
- I'm on fire!
- No, don't use that.
Aargh!
Aargh!
Stop, drop, and roll!
- Get away from him!
- Stomp it out!
He's crackling like a log!
Oh, that stinks.
- Oh, shit!
- I knew I shoulda moved that.
Allie, run!
Run!
Come on, let's go!
Help me!
Get off of me, you nasty bitch!
My cabin.
Your cabin.
I'm a terrible therapist.
What? No, that's not true.
Don't say that.
I thought you did a great job in there.
- Really?
- Yeah, really.
I think we were
on the verge of a breakthrough.
Thanks, Dale. That's really sweet.
- Uh, guys?

- Yeah.
I think we should go
to the pickup truck right now.
Wait. Maybe we should help him.
- Argh!
- Never mind. Let's just go.
Get to the truck!
Tucker! Tucker!
He's coming!
- OK, come on, truck. Come on, truck.
- Come on, Dale. Go, go!
- Do not flood it.
- Do you wanna drive?!
- Guys, just go!
- Be careful with this.
This is the only thing I got left.
Go.
Oh!
Crazy college kid can't catch us now!
- Dale, look out!
- Huh?
Jangers, not now, boy.
Jangers, hey!
Whoa. Jangers!
Allie.
Allison!
Jangers... Allison!
She's gone.
What the hell... Tucker?
Tucker, what happened?
Tucker, what hap...
He took her.
I tried to stop him.
Whoa, take it easy.
I tell you something, Dale.
It's gonna be a long time
before I take a vacation again.
Oh, shit. Tucker, this is all my fault.
- Look at you.
- Nah.
I never should have talked to Allison.
You were right.
People like me and people like her
just don't mix.

- That's not true.

- It is true!

I never should have even
came out here with you.

Listen to me.

Do you remember when we was kids...
and we used to go catch frogs
down at that creek?

Yeah. Yeah, I guess I do.

Remember how we used to compete
to see who could catch more?

Yeah, but I don't think now's
the time to talk about it, Tucker.

And I used to tell you that I let you catch
more than me because I felt sorry for you.

I remember you used
to let me lick 'em all, too.

That always made me feel kinda funny.

Yeah. Well, the thing is...

I didn't let you catch more.

You caught 'em on your own.

You was quicker than I was.

- Come on, Tucker.

- It's true.

What I'm trying to tell you...

is that you're better than you think you are.

Listen to me. That girl sees it.

I've seen the way that the two of you
look at each other.

You know, I think that she...

really sees you for who you are.

Who knows?

Maybe after this is all done...

you two can...

.date or something.

- I doubt it.

- Dude, that's what I'm talking about.

I don't want any more negativity.

- OK.

- Stop it!

- OK.

- You are a good man.

You're smart...

and you're strong...

and you're not as ugly
as you think you are.

Thank you, Tucker.

That means a lot comin' from you.

- Life is short.

- I know.

You gotta go after what you want.

Go after her, Dale.

She needs you now more than ever,
especially cos she's always falling down
and hitting her head, knocking herself out.

- But I don't even know where he took her.

- Jangers'll know.

- OK, but I'm not leaving you here.

- No, no, no.

I'll be fine. Go.

- Friends forever?

- Best friends forever.

Oh, Jesus!

- God! Fuck...

- I'm sorry.

OK.

That hurt very much!

I could tell. Just breathe in.

Out through your mouth.

Go get her. Go get her.

- Do me a favour.

- Anything.

Kick the shit out of that little
college dickhead for me, would you?

I'm gonna shove my boot down

his fuckin' throat. You stay here, OK?

Come on, Jangers, let's go.

Good boy, Jangers. Good boy.

OK. (Pants) You gotta let me

take it from here, OK, pup?

Don't worry about me.

I know what I'm doing.

More or less. OK, stay.

What is the matter with you?

What is the matter with me?

Do you have any idea what

I've been through trying to save you?

No.

You've gone hillbilly on me, Allison.
Now, I'm willing to forgive you...
but you're gonna have to beg.
Chad...
Oh!
That was just not a very nice apology kiss.
You see, we're making up, Allie,
so you have to be
more passionate than that!
- Chad, please...
- That's a start.
- Please...
- You're getting warmer.
Just stop, please!
No. I'm not gonna stop.
I've only just begun.
You want a killer hillbilly?
I'll show you a killer hillbilly.
Allie! Allie! Hey, it's just me. Hey...
- It's OK.
- Dale?
- Yeah.
- What are you wearing?
What? Oh, I thought it might look
kind of intimidating. Does it?
- Yeah.
- Sweet.
Dale, you wanna...
you wanna help me here?
Oh, yeah. Hang on, I'm comin'.
Hang on.
- OK, what do we got here?
- Thank you for coming for me.
It's no big deal.
I was headed over this way anyway, so...
How sweet.
The dim-witted hillbilly
is trying to save the girl of his dreams.
What kind of knot is this?
You think you're gonna win,
but you're wrong.
It's time to say goodbye to the girl.
You shouldn't have betrayed me, Allison.
No. Oh, jeez. No, no!

- Oh, Dale! Dale!

- OK. OK.

- OK, OK.

- Dale!

Hold on! OK, rabbit comes out the tree,
rabbit goes around the tree...

- Dale, come on!

- OK! Jesus, OK!

Oh, that is really too bad.

Are you OK, huh?

Because I didn't mean to...

Dale!

Dale!

Dale!

It's time for you to feel my pain.

Bring it, frat bitch.

- Dale, over here!

- Come on! Let's get outta here.

Come on. Come on. Here! Come on!

Go! Go, get up there.

Go. Come on. Quick, quick, quick.

- Dale, here!

- Oh, yeah, give me that.

Put a couple boxes on there.

Oh, Jesus H Christ!

That kid is tough as nails.

- Are you OK?

- Yeah, I'm fine.

- OK. OK.

- Looks like no one's been here for a while.

Yeah. What we need to find

is some kind of weapon,

something preferably big and sharp

so I can stab him!

Nah! Shit...

Oh, hey! This might work, huh?

Or not.

Oh, my God. Dale?

- What?

- Come here and look at this.

Look.

- What?

- Something look familiar?

- Hey, ain't that that dead Sheriff right there?

- No, that picture.

- Look at the guy in the middle.

- Oh, yeah.

He looks just like that
Kentucky fried college kid down there.

- Yeah.

- That's funny.

And it says here, "The single survivor
leads police to the Memorial Day Killer.

"The survivor is reported
to have been tortured and raped.

"She's now undergoing
psychiatric evaluation."

Think about it. He said his mother
was captured and his father...

His father's body was never found.

I think we've just found him.

Holy S-H-I-T.

Jesus Christ!

Chad!

- Time to die, freak!

- Wait!

Just wait! Wait, wait!

Wait, Chad! Wait!

- You're a hillbilly, too!

- Shut up!

No! Look!

That's your real father.

Right there!

No. No!

It's true, Chad. You're half hillbilly.

It can't be.

They lied to me!

How could they?

Maybe they didn't want you
to know the truth.

There is no truth!

Everything is a lie!

- What did you do?

- Anthemis nobilis.

- What?

- It's the ingredient in camomile tea
that causes an anaphylactic reaction in
rare cases where people are allergic to it.

Like I said, I remember weird stuff.
But he'll be OK,
as long as we get him his inhaler.
Or not.
OK, here we go.
And, you ready?
- Uh, yeah, wait. My teeth. Do I got any...
- Teeth are clear.
- Clear? OK, just give me a second.
- And we're rolling.
The chaos and confusion
of what transpired here last night
is still being unravelled.
What appears to be a tragic mass suicide
involving a group of
mentally unstable college kids
may in fact be the work of a lone deranged
killer whose body has yet to be found.
- The killings happened on the
- Knock knock. Hey!
- Hey, buddy. How you feeling?
- I'm feeling...
high on prescription medication.
Yeah, looks like it.
They found my fingers.
Check it out.
- Yeah.
- I got to tell you...
I don't remember that one looking that way.
Does that look funny to you?
No. No, not really.
That looks natural. It's good.
By the way, I brought you something.
- Shut your eyes, OK?
- All right.
OK, open them.
Oh...
- Oh, buddy.
- That's a PBR, buddy.
That...
that's a thing of beauty.
- It's cold, too, should be.
- Oh, oh...
Look what else I got you.

A bendy straw,
your favourite sipping utensil.
- - There you go.
Mmm. Mmm!
Don't choke. I'm gonna let you rest.
You enjoy that, OK?
Drink the whole thing.
When I come back, I'm gonna have more.
- Dale?
- Yeah?
Did you ask her?
- Ask her what?
- Did you ask her out, for God's sake?
Oh. Well...
I was gonna, but then
I never actually got the chance, so...
Dale!
You are hopeless,
you know that? You're hopeless.
Yeah. You're probably right about that.
Except for...
she kinda mentioned to me
that she's a pretty darn good bowler, so...
we're goin' bowling.
- You little dickhead.
- I'm outta here.
OW.
Whoo! Yes.
- Dale Dobson, you are one lucky man.
- I guess it's just beginner's luck.
That girl has got an amazing set...
of bowling fingers.
I know.
Listen, let me tell you something, OK?
Life is short, BJ.
You have to go after what you want,
because it sure as heck fire
ain't gonna just fall right into your lap.
- You know somethin'? You're right.
- I know.
- I'm gonna go talk to her.
- OK. Right, now, listen to me, though.
Don't be nervous, and just be yourself, OK?
Yeah.

You got 'er. Go, buddy.

Hey.

- I'm pretty good at this, aren't I?

- You are. That was great.

Listen, Allie, I hope you don't think this is too stupid or whatever, but I got you a little something.

Dale, that's so sweet.

You didn't have to do that.

I know. I wanted to.

Oh, my gosh.

- You know what that is?

- Yes, it's a... it's a helmet.

It's a pink helmet.

I think, you know, it might just be better if you wear that every day from now on, so...

- OK, thank you.

- You're welcome.

It's perfect.

So, listen, Dale, I'm, uh...

I'm really sorry about everything that happened.

What do you mean?

For what? I had a great time.

I mean, except for all the people dying, when they were bleeding on us and everything.

That wasn't so much fun, but...you know...

I enjoyed every minute

I got to spend with you.

- Dale...

- You know what? Let me just say this, cos I don't know if we're ever gonna get to spend this kind of time together again, and I want to let you know that I...

I feel the same way.

- Really?

- Really.

BJ!

Oh, my God, should we go help her?

Hell, no.

Whatever.