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Cabin Fever

By Eli Roth

Hey, boy.
Hey, boy!
Come on, boy.
Hey!
Hey!
Hey, fella.
- Whoo!|- Whoo!
No more fucking finals!
Hey, don't do it!|Don't go to college.
It's a fucking scam.|It fucking sucks!
- Bert, got any more smokes?|- No.

Bert:

Put her there, sport!
What's the matter?|Cat got your tongue?
- Jesus!|- God damn it, Dennis, no!
No, Dennis, no!
No, don't hit him|or anything.
Everybody knows not|to sit next to Dennis.
- He'll give you tetanus.|- Maybe you should make a sign.
There's a stream around back,|if you want to wash your hand.
I'll get you a towel.
Hey, pal,
do you think it's a smart idea|leaving your kid here
where he might be|a danger to people?
What are you saying exactly?
I'm just saying,|if such an incident
were to bring about a "lawsuit,"
- you might be held liable.|- Jeff, save it for law school.
Cute kid.
Hey.
What's your name?
Yeah!

Man:

it's cheap,|but it's an antique.
Some of those bottles|up there
are dated|before the Civil War.
And over there,|I used to have-
in that empty space,|I used to have
some of the prettiest|Shirley Temple bottles I've ever seen.
And this woman came in here|with the palsy, the poor soul.
She thought|they were so cute,
and she reached for them|and knocked every one down

and broke them all|to damn pieces.
So I took her in the back and gave her|some coke and ammonia.
I thought she was|gonna have a spell.
We should get something|for your mom to say thanks.
How about some fox piss?
- My mom would love fox piss.|- Oh Lord, don't drop that.
If you do,|that's powerful stuff.
All the foxes around|would come down here.
You'd have friends|you'd never had before.
You all here for a vacation?

Jeff:

That's nice. And if you go|in the woods...
- be very careful.|- Why, what's in the woods?
Tommy, get those kids|their sandwiches.
They're all wrapped up.
- So, what's the fox urine for?|- That's for foxes.
- What's the rifle for?|- That's for niggers.
Okay, let's see.|Let's give you those sandwiches now.
I think we're about ready|to get y'all out of here.
- That's \$56 even.|- Okay.
Anything I can do|for you, friend?
No, I think that's...
Thank you.
You all have|a good vacation now.
- You too.|- Come back and see me.
Thanks a lot, man.|You have a nice day.

Jeff:

Marcy:

You can call it the "n" word.
Hey.
Boy, you want to give me|one good reason
why you would steal|a Snickers bar.
The nougat?
Sorry, man.|My bad.
All right. Enjoy.
Thanks.
What?
Moron.

Jeff:

Bert:

I should burn his fucking|store down, the racist fuck!

- **Marcy:**

- **Marcy:**

- **Jeff:**

Stop, stop!

I left my Mott's apple juice|back at the store!

- **Women:**

- **Paul:**

Paul:

Yes!

Paul:

Karen:

This map's for Cincinnati.

Karen:

Jeff:

Marcy:

"Welcome, y'all.

Enjoy your vacation|from all of us
at Bunyan Mountain Getaways."

Oh my God, Jeff,|check it out.

It's so cute- this little room,|this little bed...

Its view is so beautiful.

The view of the shrubs...

and the bush|and the antlers.

It's gonna be so perfect.|We're here for a week,
and there's no one|to bother us.

Who's up for a dip?

We're- they're-

Yeah. Safe sex.

- Eh, Paul?|- Yeah?

Have fun.

It's kind of sweet,|you know?

They seem pretty in love.

Bert, what the hell is that?

Huh? I'm gonna go shoot|some squirrels.

Why would you want|to kill squirrels?

- 'Cause they're gay.|- Don't be a fucking retard.

Kidding. I don't care if|they're gay or straight.

- I'll kill them either way.|- Will you be careful with that?

Would you relax, man?|It's a fucking BB gun. Relax.

Sorry.

So, Karen...

how long have we|known each other?

Seventh grade, right?

Yeah.

I was thinking, we've known|each other for so long,
and even though we-

Karen:

And, even though we've|always been good friends,
we never actually-

I've always thought|you were really cool.

Hey, race you to the raft.

La la la la la|la la la la

La la la la la|la la la la la la...

Fuck!

Jeff:

La la la la la|la la la la la la...

Oh, feels fucking great!

- You like that?|- Yeah!

Jeff:

So you know Ken Webb?

Yeah.

Short, greasy Ken.

The guy with the CDs, right?

Yeah.

He tried to kiss me.

- He did?|- Yeah.

Two days ago.

This guy I've known|for 12 years,
he's a family friend.

He puts his hands|on my face,

full-on tongue!|It was so gross!

Why, was it gross because|you've known him for so long or...

'cause he's gross?

No, it was definitely him.

I don't know. When you've known someone a long time,
you just want to kiss them just to see if they're a good kisser.
There's nothing wrong with that, right?

No.

- Where are you going?|- What's it look like?

- I thought we were kissing.|- Yeah, we were.

So-

so what, you like me now?|Is this like a date?

Don't be gay.

Come back, Mr. Woodchuck.

I'm gonna get you now.

Oh shit.

Oh fuck.

I'm sorry, man.

What?

- Why did you shoot me?|- I thought you were something else.

I didn't- fuck!

- Are you all right?|- I'm s-
sick.

- I need help.|- Oh man.

I'll get you some help, all right?

I'll be right back. I got a car.

Oh fuck.

Oh please, help me.

- Fuck.|- I'm sick. I need water.

Just lay down. Don't move, man.

- Water.|- I'll get you water.

Just stay-|don't come near me, okay?

Is that your-

- is that your cabin?|- No!

Just stay there!|Please, stay there.

Don't make me|fucking shoot you, man.

Just stay the fuck back,|please!

Fuck!

Fuck!

Fuck!

What the fuck, man?|Where were you?

You gonna burn the whole|fucking place down?

What are you,|Smoky the Clown now?

Don't you mean,|Smoky the Bear?

Whatever. This is horseshit, man.

- It's a fireplace.|- How old are you?

Can't you be responsible|for anything?
We can't leave you alone|for five minutes
without you destroying something!|What were you shooting at?
I heard a squirrel.|I was just looking for a squirrel.
- A squirrel?|- Yeah.
- Fucking idiot.|- Jeff: To stick up his ass.

Jeff:

What are you gonna roast|on that thing?
Come on, Paul,|tell them story.
No, I can't.|It's a traumatic experience.
- I don't want to talk about it.|- We like traumatic stories.
- Not about me, but...|- Trauma bonds people.
- You can tell us.|- It bonds those who go through it,
- not the people you tell it to.|- Tell the fucking story!
All right!
So there's this bowling alley|when we were growing up.
You guys might remember it-|Lenny Meads Brighton Bowl?
It was in Brighton, right?
That's probably why it was|called Brighton Bowl.
We used to go there|for birthday parties
or with my dad|for the weekend.
This one time, I asked|my dad if we could go.
He's like, "No.|The bowling alley's closed."
This marshmallow's so burnt!
It turned out there had|been a break-in.
All the employees|were held at gunpoint.
After they had been|gagged and beaten,
they were tied to chairs.
The chairs...|they were set in a circle,
so that way everybody|was forced to watch
everybody else.
And then the robber,
this sick maniac,
he goes and finds one of those|little ball-peen hammers.
And then one by one...
he smashed the backs|of their heads open with the hammer.
Everyone had to watch|their friends die,
knowing that they'd|soon be next.
Ball-peen...
The guy doesn't stop there.
He breaks out the fire axe.
The alarm goes off...|he doesn't give a shit.
He hacked off|all of their limbs.

The cops found six|bloody torsos
tied to the bowling seats.
Blood everywhere...
Turns out the guy was|some disgruntled employee.
That was|my childhood playground.
Bert, you asshole,|it's not funny.
Yes it is,|you fucking slut.
Jeff?
What?
Tell them about|the happy bald guy.
- No, I can't take it.|- He gave us our shoes
and quarters for|the video games.
There was a room with|a pool table,
but my dad wouldn't|let us go there.
The bald guy was always happy,|always smiling.
But the killer|got him too.
When the cops searched|the place,
they found hacked off limbs|at the end of the bowling lanes.
The guy had bowled|people's organs.
Arms, legs, everything.
They found the bald guy's head|in the ball return.
- He was still smiling.|- Oh, no.
I knew you were full of shit!|You suck!
No! It was in the paper.|I swear!
I'm laughing because
Jeff is an asshole|and he's making me laugh.
I swear...
I loved this place.|I still remember the sounds...
the cracking,|the bouncing.
The smell of the shoes,|the sound of the Q-Bert machine...
Holy shit!|What are you doing?!
- I'm cool.|- Are you spying on us?
- I'm cool.|- Is your dog friendly?
Yeah, he's cool.
This is Dr. Mambo.|Here, boy.
Come on, Dr. Mambo.
Is it "Dr." like a physician|or a professor?
Yeah, he's a professor...
of being a dog.|Oof! Faced!
Scratch-moded.
It's a positive bonfire.
Got room for one more?
Actually, we were having a private|conversation, if you don't mind.
That's cool.

I guess I'll smoke|all this weed by myself.

All:

It's not that private.

Awesome.

Yeah, sit right here.

Bert:

Guy:

- Wait, so your name was...|- Justin...

- but you can call me "Grim."|- Grim.

Like Grimace?

"Grim" is my skating name.

I got it in Berkeley while|competing in the X-Games.

Really? Karen's going|to go to Berkeley.

Dude...

awesome.

I love Berkeley.|People there are so wacked.

I met these guys and they had me|fucked up for five days straight.

They wouldn't let me drink|anything but beer.

Yeah, I've done that,|except I did it with JD.

Karen's got a great idea.

We should only drink beer|for the rest of the trip.

I could probably do that,|but I doubt you could.

I'll bet you. I can only drink|beer the rest of the trip.

If I drink anything else,|you can have the rest of my supply.

All right, you're on.|We only drink beer.

Bert:

So, you're a skater?|Is that your occupation?

Oh, crap.

Party's over.

Hey Justin...|Grim...

you want to come inside?

I'd love to, but I left|all this shit outside my tent.

It's starting to rain,|if it gets fucked up,

it's like \$4,000 worth|of shit pissed away.

How far away is your tent?

- Cool. Bring the weed.|- I will.

Check you dudes later.|Come on, Dr. Mambo.

- Jeff:

Bert:

What do you mean "how"?|It had a hose...
a bunch of different settings,
pulse, power...
stream.

And you came every time?

Totally.

You can imagine my disappointment|the first time I had sex.
Tell me about it.

What's that supposed|to mean?

- I've got a better story.|- Paul: I'm sorry,
but no story is better|than Karen and the shower massage.
No, seriously.

One time I was masturbating...
and my dog came up|and started licking my balls.

Right as I came it stuck|its tongue up my ass.

That's serious fucking|masturbation talent right there.

Fucking good.

He'd better have brought more weed|or I won't let him in.

Relax, pal.|I'm coming.

His name's Grim.

Jesus Christ.

Help me...|please.

I need a doctor.

Oh shit.

Man:

Yeah, all right.

Somebody grab a blanket|or something.

You...

you shot me.

No, no, no.

There's no way this contagious|fucker's coming in here.

- He's sick, for Christ's sake.|- You want him to come in here
and touch all of your shit,|your fucking soap...?

Let's throw him|a blanket or something.

- Or your douche?|- Let's drive him to a doctor.

He's not coming in!

We're out of range.|I'm not getting anything.

- Fuck!

- What's that?|- He's in the car.

What?

- Jeff:

- Karen:

Fuck!

Hurry up!|He's in the car already!

Get out of the fucking car!

Get out of there.|Get out of the car!

Get out!|Get out of the fucking car!

Fuck!

Get the fuck out!|Get out of there!

- Fucker!

- You shot the car!

What was I supposed to do?

Oh my God!

Fuck!

Paul:

Shit!

Oh!

- Get him!|- He's coming towards us.

Stop or I'll fucking|stab you!

Stop! Stop!

Back off.

Fuck off!|Leave us alone!

Fuck off!

I know. I know.

What else were we gonna do?

First he gets his shit|all over the car,
and I don't want him|touching me, you, or anybody.

I think the rain will|put him out.

He's dead anyway.|You saw that shit on him.

He looked like he was|skinned alive.

We have to tell the police|it wasn't our fault.

I think we should tell them now.

Calm down.

There's nothing we can do.|The car's fucked.

We need a mechanic. We'll find|somebody who knows one,
and then we'll report|the accident.

That's the keyword here.|It was an accident.

Paul:

holy shit.

You should clean up some|of this shit while we're gone.

I'll save some for you guys.

- Just stick with the girls.|- What's that supposed to mean?

It means you're a fucking pussy.
That's fucked up.
What's fucked up is you beating the shit out of my truck.
What about the jag-off with the rifle?
Did you forget about him?
We all fucked up that car, don't just put it on me.
Good morning, boys.
Are you going to kill each other now?
Where are you going?
To get help.
So... Bert and Jeff are gone.
I know.
Last night was a fucked up situation,
- and I think... - That guy asked for our help.
We lit him on fire.
Can you understand if I'm not in a particularly social mood?
I got scared.
I was...
I was just trying to help.
Karen...
I'm sorry, Paul.
Every time I close my eyes I see him.
It was an accident.
The guy was going to die anyway.
Better?
Yeah.
Thanks, Paul.

Jeff:

God damn it!
God damn it! God damn it!
God damn it!
Hold it! You there!
Do you see this?! Do you see this shit?!
We didn't see anything.
Tell Murray I can't eat this shit. Some animal's been running around
infecting everything.
What am I supposed to do with a sick hog? Huh?
I am not about to eat that meat. Would you?
- No, I'm a vegetarian. - None of this shit is good.
It's all sick. It's all gotta go back.
I want me a new hog!
We were just looking for a mechanic.
Mechanic? You won't find one around here.

- You'll have to go to town.|- Bert: That's the thing.
Our car's busted,|so we can't get into town.
We need somebody to take|us into town
- so we can find a mechanic.|- Oh.
I've already been|in town today, sorry.
All right, if you do go back,|would you tell us?
We're staying at a cabin,|and...
we don't know Murray.
Oh, I'm sorry.
Yes, of course,|of course.
Why didn't you|just come out and say that?
Come on inside,|I've got a radio.
We'll call Ricky.|He's got a tow truck.
- Call Ricky.|- Ricky.
Sorry to bother you, but this|crazy guy came out of the woods
and tried to trash|our car.

Woman:

So this person damaged|your car?
It was just this crazy hermit.|Real dangerous.
- We chased him away with bats.|- It wasn't Henry, was it?
Nah, shit, never.
Henry?
My cousin Henry.|He knows about that ordinance.
He wouldn't do something like that.|You hit him with a bat?

Both:

No, it wasn't Henry.
Our friend Walter, he got drunk.|One thing led to another...
- That's no good.|- Yeah.
I've got a great idea. Why don't|we take a walk down ourselves?
- It's really nice out.|- We'll just walk.
- I haven't seen the scenery.|- You sure? Ricky's awfully handy.
- Thanks for your help.|- Are you sure?
A little fresh air|sounds great.
We really appreciate your help.|Take care.
We burned Henry.
Fuck!
Hello?
Hello?
Hello?
Hello?
Hello?
Hello?
Is anyone home?

Hello?

- Ah!

- Bert, you dick-nose.|- Shut up.

What the hell?

- Did you find anybody?|- No, nothing.

I followed the path|that the old guy ran,
but I couldn't find him.|He could still be alive.

No, it's impossible.

- Want any beef jerky?|- No, put it away.

- Why?|- It's not our house.

So?

- Did you find a phone?|- No.

I felt weird looking around.|There's nobody here.

We found this other place,|but...

there was|nobody there either.

I wonder if the cops|know about it yet.

I doubt it.|If they did know,
they'd have been|at the cabin by now.

Good morning.|Deputy Winston,
Bunyan County|Sheriff's Department.

Hi.|What can I do for you?

I'm on patrol|in my jurisdiction
and I heard there was a lot|of commotion here last night.

I wanted to know|what the story is.

Yeah, sure. Some guy tried|to break into our cabin.

And he was sick.

I don't know what kind|of disease he had,
but he was a mess.

I have to report this.

Yeah, totally.

My friends are out looking for|a neighbor so we could call you.

We don't have a phone here.

Everyone uses radios.|That's what I use.

Hey...

Looks like you guys were doing|some pretty good partying, huh?

Yeah, you know,|we were drinking...

and then this guy came along

and tried to break into|the cabin.

We had no choice|but to get rough.

I feel awful,|but he was going crazy.

He smashed into our car,

and then he wouldn't come out,|so...

we had to hit him.

We hurt him.

We were terrified. | We didn't know what to do.
That's why we went | to look for help-
Hey, man, I told you... | I'm gonna make a report.
Don't worry about it. | He ain't gonna come back.
Looks like you guys | scared him away pretty good.
I ain't gonna let him | ruin your fun.
Thank you.
My friend's inside right now | and she's pretty freaked out.
She wants to go home.
We all kind of do.
A lady friend, huh?
I bet you like to party...
with the ladies.

Karen:

Is everything okay?
Howdy, ma'am. | Everything's fine.
Just go back inside, | have yourself a big 40,
just party.
Umm...
okay.
Oh, Daddy, why are you | talking about leaving?
You've got to stay and party.
That's why we came here | in the first place.
I'm telling you, | this is a major party town.
- Really? | - Are you kidding me?
You know what it's like | when you go
to a new town | and you're the new guy?
All the girls see you | walking down the street...
they don't know you've got | five pounds of dangling meat.
They're looking for | no commitment.
- You understand what I'm saying? | - I've heard that theory before.
This is that town.
It's like when I go party | up at Wambusau.
My cousin goes to school there.
When I party at Wambusau, | I know I'm gonna get pussy.
Plus the girls there don't know | I'm a deputy.
So I know they're gonna | party hard with me.
Believe me, man, | they do.
That's too bad, I bet you ruled | this town before you had a badge.
Yeah, but a badge | makes you grow up quick.
Shit, this guy went and did | a number on your ride.
I'm gonna put out an APB. | We're gonna catch this guy.
Yeah, it wasn't totally him.

We hit it too.

But we were trying|to scare him away.

Could you get somebody|up here to fix it?

What do I look like?|An idiot?

I'll have someone up here|by tomorrow afternoon.

You're top priority.|You're the party man.

Do you realize how many|great parties we're gonna have?

Fortune's shining on you.

I know where all|the big parties are at.

Remember, my name is Winston.

You know how to|get a hold of me, right?

- 9-1-1?|- That's it, my man.

- Take it easy.|- Yeah.

Did he say he was gonna|report this shit or not?

I think he is.|He didn't make it seem like

we did anything wrong. He said|he'd get a tow truck up here.

- Sounds weird to me.|- The guy was weird.

Once he saw Karen,|he didn't want to leave.

Has Karen left her room yet?

No, she's still sleeping.|I don't know what's up with her.

She wants to get out of here|as soon as she can.

- Puts a kink in your plan, huh?|- What plan?

What plan?

The plan you've been trying|to execute
since eighth grade.

No, there's no plan.|Not anymore.

Whatever.|You guys are funny.

Fucking...

she likes you because you're nice|to her and she's nice to you
because she can control you.

- Fucking, you're nice to her...|- Bert, don't move.

Bert:

- It's that freak's dog.

- Should I hit it?|- I don't know.

If you're gonna hit it,|hit it hard.

So where's Grim?

He's out there rotting.|There's some sick shit
in the woods and the hermit's|spreading it around.

I'm not waiting for|that deputy to come back.

- Let's get out of here now.|- Should we say something
on our way out, like, "By the way,|we burned some guy alive"?

- Yes.|- No.

- Jeff.|- Fine, we'll tell the cops.

We have to. | They're gonna figure it out.
The deputy knows something happened. | We're the only outsiders.
They're gonna trace it | back to us.
I feel nauseous.
Karen...
How soon can you | get us out of here?
I don't know if | I can fix the car.
I'm thinking I could | make it drivable,
we could drive into town | and tell them what happened.
And that'll be that, right?
But you're gonna have | to watch me with the gun.
I'm not gonna go out there | with that fucking dog around.
I need a bath.
Jeff's mom has | the stupidest ideas-
"Let's get a cabin." | So gay.
Hey.
Hey.
Sorry. I didn't mean | to wake you.
That's okay.
I think Marcy made some chili.
I'm not hungry.
All right, then. | I'll let you go back to sleep.
No, wait.
Stay.
- Fuck.
- Why did you stop? | - Would you shoot him already?
Don't stop. | Keep working!
- Shoot it! | - If it gets closer, I can hit it.
Just keep working!
Oh my God!
Shit!
Marcy!
She's got it! She's sick.
Oh no, she's | fucking got it.
- Oh shit. | - I think I'm really sick.
Oh shit. | Stay in your fucking bed!
- Bert, can you help me? | - Calm down.
No! Get the fuck out! | Everybody out!
- Just get the fuck out! | - Bert, please!
- Stay in your fucking bed!
- I'm bleeding. | - Get the fuck out!
- Calm down! | - Can I go to the bathroom?
Listen, you bitch! | Get the fuck in bed!
- Leave her alone!

- Leave her alone!|- Fucking bitch!
- What the fuck is your problem?|- She's your fucking friend!
She's sick!|She's not coming near me!
I'm doing this for you|and all you fucks!
- Don't leave me!|- Stop it!
- Bert, Bert... calm down.|- Oh God.
- Okay.
What?
Fuck you, guys.
Karen, I'm sorry.|We just don't want to get it.
- I'm going to die in here.|- Paul: No, you're not.
Karen, please.|We're going to get help now.
- What about that guy's dog?|- Someone'll keep watch with the gun.
We'll bolt the door shut.
Somebody'll be out here.|We won't leave you alone.
I want to go home.
Ah!
- Ah!
Karen?
Karen.
Come on, Karen,|you've got to eat.
Let me know if you need|anything else, okay?
Okay?
Better close the door,|Marcy.
I don't want|to infect everyone.
- Oh God.|- What are you doing?
My friend...|she's very sick.
- You are very sick.|- Oh my God, I'm sorry.
- No, I'm-|- That's my wife in there!
My friend's dying!|We need a phone, please.
- Get the fuck off my property!
- Shit!|- Git!
Where have you been?
Did you find anyone?
Well, come on inside.|Marcy made chili.
Nobody's hungry?
- What if Karen used those bowls?|- Jesus! I washed them!
He's right. I'm not gonna eat|until we get back to town.

Jeff:

I know we checked, but I'm|not gonna sleep near you guys.
So go sleep in the car|and give us all a break.
The car?|That thing's a germ factory!
- I don't even want to ride in it!|- Calm down. I cleaned it.

- So why don't you sleep in it?|- Maybe I will!
You're right. We should|prepare our own meals.
Who am I? I'm melting!
I'm burning!
What's your problem?
You're gonna|burn down this place!
- What?|- You asshole!
- Fucking prick!|- Marcy: Stop it!
- Jeff!|- Motherfucker!
Shut the fuck up!
Christ!
I can't take it anymore!
Just no more yelling.
We can eat alone,|we can sleep alone. Whatever.
We have to talk to each other.|We have to work together.
Bert, you just lost the bet.
Shit!
Okay, Karen, he's gone.
We're gonna stay out here|all night for you, all right?
Karen?
Fuck!
Come on, let's go, everybody.|Hurry up!
The Jeep's running.|Jeff, come on!
Come on, Karen.|We've got to go.
I think I've got a fever.
Let's go!
Come on, Jeff,|let's go!
Come on, motherfucker!
All right...|put her in the back.
I don't think|we should sit next to her.
Fuck off!|Put her in the front, then.
No, I'm not driving|with her sitting next to me.
I'm driving.|Just get in the fucking car.
Fine.

Paul:

Karen, you okay?

- Marcy:

Marcy:

Paul:

Come on.|You guys coming?

Are you nuts?|She just infected the car.

- I'll take my chances, man.|- I can't leave Karen.

- Bert, you don't look so hot.|- I don't feel so hot either.

But the longer we sit here,|the more she lies and rots!

How sick are you?|Did that old guy touch you?

This is fucking horseshit!|Come on!

- Did he?|- Fuck this, man!

Bert:

Marcy:

Oh God, she's bleeding again.

Don't move her.

It's okay, Karen. |We're gonna get help.

- Going somewhere?|- Anywhere but here.

Where the fuck do you think|you're going?

Jeff?

- Just let him go.|- Jeff!

Jeff!

Don't fucking|come near me. Stop!

I don't want to get sick. |I don't want any of us getting sick!

But you two fuckers|insist on touching her!

Now she's bleeding|all over both you guys.

So you two can fucking rot!|But not me!

No fucking way!|Not me!

Asshole!

Oh shit.

We're all going to get it.

We're all going|to get sick...

and Jeff's in the woods|getting drunk.

Bert's going to get help.

Karen will be fine. |I promise.

It's like being on a plane

when you know|it's going to crash.

Everyone around you|is screaming and yelling,

"We're going down!|We're going down!"

All you really want to do

is grab the person next to you|and fuck the shit out of them

'cause you know you're|gonna be dead soon anyway.

- You don't use condoms?|- Don't worry. I'm healthy.

Oh fuck!

Hello?

Somebody help! Hello!

What the hell|happened to you?

My friend, she's sick.

- You don't look so good.|- I know.

There's this disease.

I think all my|friends are getting it.

Do you know where|a hospital is around?

Yeah.

Stay right there. |Don't come any closer.

I'll get a doctor.

Bert:

Pancakes!

- Pancakes!|- No pancakes.

- Pancakes!|- No pancakes!

Dennis, I told you|to stay on the swing!

Dennis!

Fuck!

God damn it!|What pancakes!

Why did you come here?

Now look what you've done.

I just need a doctor, okay?

Look what you've done|to this poor boy!

- What has he done to you?|- I just need...

a fucking doctor, man!

I already lost one boy.

I ain't losing another.

What if the doctors|can't fix my boy?

You get my boy sick,|it's the same as killing him.

- It's murder!|- What?!

You being sick,|that's your problem.

Now Dennis is sick,|that's my problem!

And if I get sick,|that's Lucille's problem.

So we got to stop|the problem.

We got to stop|the problem right now!

Fenster! Rifle!

Fuck you, man!

There are some kids in a cabin. |They got a disease.

They just gave it to Dennis.

We'll need the kit.

Jesus, Paul, |you did a number on my back.

I'm gonna go find Jeff|and we're walking out of here.

- What about Bert?|- I can't wait for him.

- I have to get out of here.|- What about Karen? Paul?

- Fuck!

Fuck!

Fuck! Fuck!

Oh, fuck!

Shit.

Up here!

Help me!

- Bert!|- They're coming for you.

- Who? The deputy?|- No, the guy from the store.

I knew these kids were trouble|the minute they stole from Cad.

Good God.

They're doing sacrifices|or something.

This ain't Christian.

Good night, fucker!

Got him.

Jeff!

Jeff! It's the water!

Wherever you are,|don't drink the water!

Hello?

Jeff?

Jeff!

Jeff?

Fuck!

So cheer up,|things will get better...

Here, have a big beer.

Come on, drink up.

You've got some sexy hair.

You got sexy shoes, too.

Shit, what the fuck|happened to you, man?

The tow truck.

What happened to|the tow truck, Winston?

Oh shit.

The fucking party man.

I'm so fucking sorry|about the tow truck.

I sent it, it broke down.|I had to get a tow truck
to get that fucking|tow truck.

What do you need,|you need a ride?

Yeah.

Yeah, a ride would be good.

Radio:

- Winston, do you copy?|- Yes, sir, I copy.

I'm still looking for|that underage booze party.

Radio:

Some kids up in a cabin|are on a killing spree.

There's two,|possibly three casualties.
They are armed and hostile.|Do not go anywhere near them!
They've got some kind of skin virus|that will eat you alive.
So if you do see them,|do not hesitate to shoot them.
- Do you copy?|- Yes. Can you repeat the last part?
I said, if you see the kids,|just shoot them on sight!
So, how about that ride?
What the fuck?|Just shoot him!
- Hey, I can't.|- You heard the walkie-talkie dude!
- The fucking gun is in the car.|- I just want to get into town.
- Why don't you just relax?|- Get away, fucking fruitcake!
You're not going anyplace!
- Fuck!|- Shit.
Come on, be cool.|Be cool.
Oh fuck!
You fucking idiot!
You just fucked up the whole|party, you fucking idiot!
The party's over, Winston.

Man:

We need you to start|from the beginning.
Everybody's dead.
We need to know...
where you got this disease.
It was a guy|from the woods.
Oh God, he looked|like Bert's marshmallow.

Paul:

I should have killed him too.

Doctor:

Cook County is|his only shot.
Fine.
You put him in the car...
and I'll take care of him.
Hey, look who's waking up!
The fucking party man!
I guess the party|ain't over, huh?
We have a long night|of partying.
- A long night.|- Water.
- I ain't got no water.
All I got's a 40.|But if you want some water,
I'll find some|for you, okay?
You just sit tight,|I'll take care of you.

Holy shit.
They're dead.
My God.
All dead.
I made it.
I made it.
Oh God, I made it.
I did it.
I fucking made it.
I fucking made it.
I did it.
I fucking made it!
I knew it!
I knew it!|I fucking made it!
I fucking made it!
I made it!
I fucking made it!
You got rid|of that other one, right?
Hey, I think there's another one|in the basement.
Come on, boys!
Let's do this!
Hey, fellas!
It's been a rough morning|up here.
Lemonade, mister?
Thanks, son.|Don't mind if I do.
That's five cents.
Businessmen.
You almost take|after your granddad.

Cad:

Stealing me blind right here.
Whoa! Now,|that is mighty fine.
Mighty fine. Grab a cup, boys.|This round's on me.
Here you go, all|polished and everything.
Ain't that a beauty?|Look at that, honey.
Looks like it's brand new.
- Hi, my nigga, how are you?|- What's up, nigga?
Where you been, man?