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Dead Shack

By Phil Ivanusic

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(bloodcurdling scream)
(door opens and closes)
(staggering)
It was a lonely night,
The feeling in the air
was turning,
Oh, baby take my hand
and close,
close your eyes,
I'll lead...
(gasps)
lead the way
the way to an end
(laboured breathing)
I know what I want you to,
to do to me,
(laboured breathing)
I know what I want you to,
to do to me,
Come on, come on
come on, come on
just take my hand
(closes car door)
(low growling)
Oh no... why am I so high?
(footsteps outside)
(fearful moaning)
(low heavy breathing)
(screaming)
No, no, no! No, no!
No!
(cocks gun)
(screams)
(gun shot)
(whimpering)
(sobbing)
I know what I want you to,
to do to me,
What the fuck?!
(horn honking)
(snarling)
(horn honking)
(horn honking)

(snarling and feeding sounds)

Come on, come on,

Come on, come on,

Just take my hand.

take my hand.

I know what I want you

to do to me

(arguing fades in)

...so what, now he needs...

his friends?

Yeah!

He fuckin' does!

Want me to send you a

fucking list of people

he can hang out with, Shane?

Maybe.

I'm sure he doesn't approve

of all the time

you spend with Mary.

Oh!

Now we're going there?

I thought we talked

about this.

Now we wanna talk about

fucking Mar.

How many fucking times do you

wanna talk about fucking Mary?

I want to talk about Mary until

we get to the bottom of it!

That was bullshit,

you know that!

(message alert)

(message alert)

Yo, Jay!

Jason, yo.

You got my text, right?

You got- it was a dick.

Yeah.

You got that, right?

Yeah, I got it.

Ok. Get in.

(bumps head)

Ow!

What's up, big Jay?

Hey, Mr. Slade.

Hi, Miss Lisa.

Hey.

Hey Summer.

You know, why do you always
wait outside
when we come and pick you up?
You never let me in your house.
Are you- are you embarrassed
of me or something?

Like, what if I have to pee,
man?

No, man.

I just- you know, my house
is a trashy piece of ding dong.

No, my house is a way
trashier piece of ding dong.

There's no way, man.

Yeah, no, 'cause we're way
poorer than you-

Hey, Colin, come on.

We're not that poor.

And stop saying "ding dong".

You sound super lame.

Hey, there we go.

Ha ha!

Jesus Christ, Roger!

Don't text and drive, dad!

I got it!

I'm not texting, ok?

I'm checking my emails.

Alright, guys.

Let's go eat.

Summer, wake up
your brother.

Ok.

Oh, no.

Oh, come on, honey.

The Hilltop Diner I'm sure
is good enough
for your distinguished palate.

Yeah, Lisa, I hear that they
serve their chicken nuggets
with caviar.

Mmm, nuggets.
Eh, I'm not hungry.
Sure you don't want
somethin'?
Yeah, a top off.
Nobody likes a morning drunk,
Lisa.
Nobody likes a smart-ass,
Summer.
I like morning drunk Lisa.
I'm on vaycay mode.
Great catch, dad.
I hate you.
Be quick.
(snaps photo)
Yeah.
I'm gonna post that.
What'd you say?
I said "great catch".
And "I hate you".
(door opens)
Oh, wow.
Check out all the missing bros.
I mean, ugh.
One dude called himself "Gator".
What a dick.
Come on, Colin.
Don't be an asshole.
Those guys are missing.
Dad, did you crack a window
open for Lisa?
Don't disrespect your maybe
future stepmom, please.
Ugh.
Oh, seriously dad,
don't settle.
What? She's nice.
Yeah, but so was Dolores
and Denise...
And Shannon and Lily.
Yes, and Michelle, too.
Michelle.
Oh, yeah, Michelle.
She was hot.

She was super hot.
Really hot.
I blew that one.
I blew it.
Yeah, it sucks.
And what can I get ya?
Oh, hi.
Uh, yeah.
We will start off with uh,
maybe some bigger menus.
(dry laugh)
Ok.
Uh, can I get some coffee?
You know, com- don't listen
to him.
He's making me sound like
I'm an irresponsible parent.
We'll just get four beers,
please.
(silence)
Nope, still nothing.
I'll get the Trucker's Breakfast
please and thank you.
Uh, salad, please.
Uh, can I get toast and jam,
please?
Uh, can I just get some
eggs and shit?
Colin, come on.
Can I have some eggs
and shit, please?
Eggs and shit
coming right up.
Thank you.
Shouldn't take too long.
That's- you wanna
take those?
No?
Ok, we'll just leave them.
So, guys, who's excited,
huh?
Camping trip?
I'm excited.
Going to a cabin.

We're gonna act
like rednecks,
or people who don't trust
the government, huh?
You already don't.
I know I don't, yeah.
So, Jay?
Not excited?
Your dad doesn't take you
camping or something?
No, my dad's not really
the camping type, Mr. Slade.
Yeah, 'cause your dad's more
of the dick-sucking type, right?
(smack)
Stop!
Woah, Colin, too much. Uh uh.
No, I mean, that's what
Jason says
and Jay knows I'm just
messin' with him.
That's how we roll.
What, you act like a little
douche and then Jason
politely takes it?
Hey, I don't just take it.
You kinda do, Jay.
Yeah, you kinda do,
Jay, honestly.
You need to toughen up
a little bit, you know?
Start with a power five,
you know?
See, a power five.
Like this, come on.
Power five!
Like that.
We'll work on it.
We'll work on it
this weekend.
Or you could just be super
butchy like Summer.
Hey, shut up, pube-head.
Uh uh, stop it.

Stop what?
Stop wasting food, Colin.
Ketchup is not food,
Ronald Reagan.
Ok, stop it now-
Ooooh!
Guys, come on!
(laughing)
Oh man!
Shit, Colin!
Colin, enough. Seriously.
Summer, language.
Jason, bathroom.
I'm sorry about that, Jay.
That was super trashy of me.
What?
It was funny.
Uh uh.
What?
Nope!
Ok, alright.
Put it down!
Ok, just leave the condiments
alone.
Please.
I swear both of you are adopted,
you know that?
(laughing) That's some funny
shit, dude.
Seriously, you should come
by my dad's cottage.
You know, I'm gonna start
my own business-
Blue chips, paint chips, stocks.
Yeah.
Yeah, we like to go
to the casino-
Paint chip stocks?
Yeah.
Seriously, you should
come to my dad's cottage,
it is so chill.
Hot tub.
So. Chill.

Um...

excuse me, I need to...

get through...

Hey! Hey, broskis!

Can you let the kid through,
please?

Dude.

I think that kid just got
his first period.

What a fine young woman
you've become.

(chuckles)

Sweetie, don't let the big bad
bros scare ya.

They might look pretty
but they ain't that smart.

I like you guys better drunk
and quiet.

The more you drink the less you
talk and the more I like you.

Hear that, bro?

She thinks we're pretty.

Why don't you go get the rest
of that taken care of, sweetie?

Alright, thanks.

I'll just...

Yeah, let's get lit!

Don't forget to thank
the nice lady, Jason.

Don't forget to ask your friend
for a tampon, Jason.

(laughing)

(door slides open)

I had coffee.

I saved you some sausages.

You like sausages, don't
you, Lisa?

Colin.

Yeah.

Of course she likes sausages.

(laughing)

We're talking about penises.

Couldn't find somewhere further,
could you?

Seriously, Roger.
Yeah, seriously, dad.
It's the cheapest place
that I could find on Craigslist,
alright?
You think that I can
afford a place that is not
in the middle of nowhere
or potentially dangerous?
Hey, you picked him.
He's my dad so I have
to like him.
You guys are bonding.
That makes me feel
all warm inside.
Don't settle, Lisa.
It's nice being out of the city,
eh, Summer?
Touching nature.
Being able to be in touch
with nature.
Yeah, Jay.
You can touch nature
all you want, there, buddy.
No, I just meant...
it's nice to spend time
and uh...
can I grab your bag for you?
Knock yourself out,
boy scout.
(groans)
This place looks like
a murder cabin.
Jay, you should keep
my sister close
so she can protect you.
(weak laugh)
You know, it doesn't say
it in the instructions
but I mean there's gotta be
a hidden key
around here somewhere,
right?
High-tech security.

Safe.

Shotgun the best room!

You can't shotgun what you
can't see, dumb-ass.

Nyuuuh.

Ok, watch the booze, Rog.

I am not spending a week
in here sober.

(snorts)

Women. Am I right, big guy?

(chuckles)

Let me help you
with that.

Oh.

This is nice.

Dad, this place sucks.

What're you talking about?

It's cozy in here.

Where's Lisa?

Oh, Lisa's gone.

What do you mean,
she's gone?

(snaps photo)

She get a ca- oh,
you're joking.

Ha.

Funny.

Just up there, Jason.

(blows trumpet)

Thanks for dropping
my bags off.

Oh, yeah, no, that was...

that was no problem,

Summer.

I was just uh... just happy
I could help.

You know, I've seen the way
you look at me.

You're like 14 or something?

Adorable.

But weird.

Adorable is good, right?

Nah.

You blew it, man.

Oh, I shotgun this bed,
by the way.
If you forgot the white
tequila, Roger,
I swear to God...
Come on,
my little fortune cookie,
I'd never forget the white gold.
Oh, dad, sweet racism.
What?
Was I racist?
(laughs)
(yawns)
I'm gonna explore.
You two coming?
Hmm, spend more time
with my lame sister?
Yeah, sure, we'll go.
Ok.
Dad, Lisa, we're leaving!
Ok, later.
Babe, pay attention to me!
Wow, you must be a really
good pitcher, Summer.
I play first base.
So, uh... your parents like
to party, huh?
Lisa's not my mom.
But yeah, they do.
Yours?
Um... yeah, no, they party
all the time.
They're, like, super trashy.
Ok, dude, don't try to hit
on my sister in front of me.
I wasn't hitting on your
sister, man.
She's not even really
my type.
Really? Why is that?
Well, uh... you walk weird,
and um...
uh, your hair is too messy
and, uh, you can be mean

sometimes and, uh...
well, your family is-
Messed up?
That's not what I meant-
To say?
Look, I'm messing with you,
Jason.
You really gotta loosen up,
man.
My family's messed up, too,
you know.
(laughs)
Strike two, playa.
Yooooo!
Check it out!
Woah.
Maybe a deer died here
or something.
Yeah, it's pretty sweet.
This would be good for
LARP Camp next week.
Uh, yeah, about that live action
role play thing next week...
well, I mean, it's really more
of a seminar.
But, uh, I don't even know
if I can go or whatever.
Oh, 'cause you wanna go
on a date with my sister?
Dude.
No way, man.
I mean, she could come
to LARP camp too,
but I mean, she would
make a great demon cow.
Whatever, man.
Ugliest, nastiest demon cow.
Woah.
Ever.
Well, I mean, she's-
she's not that ugly.
Dude.
Gross.
Hey! Dungeons and Dildos,

let's keep moving!
We were just, you know-
Dude. Who cares?
Whatever you're showing us
better be better
than playing
with bones in the woods.
Ok, Summer?
Fuck.
Oh, ok.
A shitty old house with a bunch
of shitty old cars.
Fuck off, Colin.
Sweet.
Oh, uh, guys?
I think this is
private property.
Yeah, be more of a wuss,
Jason.
Girls love that stuff.
Shotgun!
Ugh!
(sniffs)
Ugh!
It friggin' stinks in here!
Hey.
Summer!
I don't- I really don't think
we should be here.
Are you scared of guard dogs
or something?
Um... yeah.
Aren't you?
No.
Well, good. I feel
safer already.
Yo, what is all this shit?
Hey guys, come here!
Oh, Colin, get outta there.
Ugh.
Oh, gross.
I'm gonna barf!
Oh, god.
It smells like your room.

Come on, let's bounce.
Fuck you.
Yeah, no, that's
a great idea.
Yeah.
Yo, wait!
There's mad bling up
in this barrel!
Hey, that might actually be
worth something.
Hey, fuck you!
That's mine!
You're such a pussy, Colin.
Hey, shut up. That's sexist.
You're such a... you're such
a penis, Summer.
Guys.
Guys, we should get the heck
outta here.
There's, like... melted watches
and cell phones
and crap in here, too.
Oh, shit.
See that?
(vehicle approaches)
Let's go.
We're gonna get arrested!
Arrested?
We're gonna get freakin'
murdered!
(whispers) Ok, go.
Come on, go, go, go, go.
Is this where the party is?
We are gonna get so turn't.
What's with all the cars?
What are you, like, a
mechanic or something?
That'd be kinda hot.
Thanks- thanks for driving,
lady, 'cause uh...
we're so wasted.
(laughing)
Ok, can we go?!
Nah, dude.

This place's gonna have
a threesome.
Colin, you don't even know
what that means.
It's 2017, Summer.
Everybody knows
what everything means.
You're gonna get us shot!
(inside) So, like... where
are we gonna do this thing?
'Cause full offense, lady,
this house is creepy.
What's with all
the unicorn stuff?
I know we may not look it
but we're real artists
in the bedroom.
You don't-
you guys think dad has
ever had a threesome?
God, shut up, Colin.
(soft music begins)
I did stunts in a movie once.
Ooh, hello sexy.
To good times and
awesome strangers.
Woo!
Oh baby take my hand,
and close,
close your eyes...
You don't, uh, dance, lady?
(laughs)
Shut up, Colin!
Shut up, Summer!
Fuck you!
Frig off, Summer!
I know what
I want you to,
to do for me,
It's go time.
(chuckles)
I know what
I want you to,
(thud)

That's messed up, bro.
(laughs)
Come on, come on,
Come on, come on,
Guys, can we go do,
like, literally anything else?
No.
Uh...
the fuck...?
Whaaat?
I'm hearing,
your chest is beating,
Oh baby, take my hand,
and close,
close your eyes...
Guys.
Guys, I think she drugged them.
No, no.
I mean... maybe they're
just really drunk.
I mean, dad passes out
all the time, right?
Wha- where are you going?
Summer!
Summer! Summer!
Fuck!
(muffled thumps)
Guys.
Shhh!
Guys.
(inside) Oh, fuck!
Hey, kids, I got something
for ya.
Clinton, Alicia,
time for breakfast.
Can we please go?
(door opens)
(music continues)
Alicia!
It's time for breakfast.
Can we go?
Shut up.
What the hell?!
What the hell?!

What the hell?!
What the hell?!
I wanna see.
No, Colin, let's go!
Come on, let's go.
Please.
No, you saw it.
You wanted to save
these bros.
Colin!
(starts feeding)
(gasping)
Come on! Let's go!
Now!
Summer!
Summer!
Colin!
Summer!
Colin!
What did you see?!
What did you see?!
Blood! Eating!
She killed them!
Fuck.
(glass shatters)
What the hell'd
you do that for?!
What do you mean?
I just saved the other
dude's life!
How?
Well, now she knows that someone
else is out here
and saw everything.
And that she should murder us
to tie up loose ends?!
Well... I thought you were
gonna throw a rock, too!
Guys!
Let's go!
Go!
You're such a little prick,
Colin!
This is all your fault!

How is this my fault?
"Oh, those playas gonna
have a threesome!"
How was I supposed to know
she's a bro-drugging psycho?
I'm not fucking psychic!
Oh yeah, but you're
bloody stupid!
Yeah, and you're
a bloody bitch!
No wonder mom left!
Guys!
Fuck you!
(struggling)
Guys!
What?!
Listen to me!
Chances are that woman,
she probably knows these woods
better than we do.
We're not safe until we tell
your parents what happened.
So apologize now
and let's go.
Or don't.
Either way, we should
still get going.
Ok, good.
Let's go.
Let's go, ok?
(turns lock)
(suspense music)
(suspense music)
(suspense music)
(suspense music)
(suspense music)
(feeding)
(slurping and snarling)
You got any 8's?
Go fish.
It's your lucky day, cowgirl.
(chuckles)
You got any 4's?
Mmm...

nope.
Go fish.
Caught a big one.
Well, well, well.
Start-
Dad! Dad!
Oh, shit!
Dad, there's a psycho bitch!
(clamouring)
Lisa and I, we were just um...
Playing Go Fish Foreplay, yeah.
Wait, that's a thing?
Fuck, hot dogs.
Hey, sensible bites, Colin.
Ok, dad, you need to listen
to me.
Yeah, what's up?
The- the neighbour, it's-
it's our neighbour and it-
Henry's here?
I love that guy.
Sperm whale, where are
you, you...
What the fuck, dad?
Not our neighbour back home,
our neighbour here!
Are you drunk already?
If I say yes will you be mad?
Yes!
Then no.
Ok, dad, you really need
to focus here.
Ok.
Our neighbour, she drugged
these guys and then-
and then I think she killed
one of them and-
No, she would have fed them
to something.
That's the same as
killing them!
Mmm.
So what you're saying is
that our neighbour,

who is a lady,
is also a cannibal.
Colin, is she hot?
Yeah.
We gotta go then
and check this out.
Ok, dad-
Lisa...
Look, we- can we just call
the cops and get outta here?
Come on, we're not gonna
call the cops.
Look.
Fine. I'll drive.
(snorts)
(drunkenly) Yeah,
I'm gonna let you drive.
Screw you, Lisa.
Oh, Summer, come on.
You don't suppose that
there's a landline around here
or something?
What's a landline?
Oh my god, why did we even
come here?!
'Cause it's cheap.
Alright, ok, guys, seriously.
Enough.
We'll go for a walk.
I'm gonna get some
fresh air,
and check out this cabin.
Together.
Ok?
If there's anything shady going
on I'll take care of it.
No, dad, nu-uh.
Summer. Summer.
Hey, I got this.
Huh?
Seriously dad, you're really
not helping anything.
Jason. Jason!
Have fun, Jason!

I'll have fun in here
not getting eaten!
You can help me make dinner.
No.
I guess you already ate.
(urinating)
Woah.
I peed on my beer cans.
I almost wrote my whole name.
(chuckles)
Here.
What do you want me to do
with this?
Woah, woah, woah,
hey now, Jay, big Jay,
come on, no, no, no.
Only responsible-
rebe... response...
only persponsible grown-ups
are allowed to use the axes.
Mmmkay?
Lisa.
Lisa!
Huh?
Take a photo of- of me.
I look like a lumberjack.
(laughs)
You look so sexy.
Eh?
That's disgusting.
No, it's not.
It's sexy.
You heard her say it.
Ugh.
With any luck he's gonna
get bored and fall asleep
and then we can drag
his drunk ass back home.
No, you won't!
(urinating)
Hey, look! I got a kick-stand.
You drink six,
you piss out twelve.
Am I right, kids?

Yeah, dad, you've had your fun,
so we can go back now, right?
There's hot dogs at home.
Yeah, but this is
way more fun.
I don't think he should be
out here in this state.
Well, to be fair, my dad does
his best fighting
when he's drunk.
Yeah, that's right.
Power five.
(makes explosion sound)
That was pretty weak, Jason.
I'm being honest with you.
I'll tell you- give you
a word of advice.
A man can always tell
how manly a man is
by how powerful his
power five is.
Thanks for those words
of wisdom, Mr. Slade.
That's great.
Roger.
Call me Roger.
I consider you t- to be
a son to me, you know?
A taller, better-looking son.
God, dad!
I'm joking!
Come on.
Let's go find some
fucking cannibals.
Hey, cannibals!
Ok.
(laughs)
Just a little more quiet,
maybe?
Hit me baby one more...
(suspense music)
So this is it.
I should go on adventures
with you kids more often.

(laughs drunkenly)
Shhh!
Bum-bum-bum-ba-ba-ba...
Mr. Slade!
You really need to be quiet!
Ok, you know what, Jason?
I'm super drunk
and I'm kinda high.
So being quiet is really hard
for me.
Mmmkay?
Good talk.
Boop boop.
Huh?
Let's go.
(trips on garbage cans)
Aaah.
Oh, that smells like shit.
Dad!
(groans)
With love, shut up!
Yeah!
Tastes like shit, too.
(music playing inside)
Ugh. This is boring.
I'm gonna go and see
if anyone's home.
Dad!
Hello?
It's your neighbour.
Carrying a big axe!
(stumbles)
(crashes)
Shhh!
Dad, stop dicking around!
Hello?
(slips)
Woah.
It's ok.
It's just really cheap wine.
(snorts)
I'm gonna try
this room.
Dad, seriously!

(shuffling)
(muffled crash)
Woops!
You guys hear that?
I'm just gonna turn off
that music.
I'll turn it back on later.
Dad!
(pulls needle off record)
I don't see any cannibals.
Come on.
Maybe she has a phone
or something.
We just broke into
someone's house.
(laughs)
How messed up is that?
Ugh.
Hey, Lisa, I have to pee.
We've been through
this before, Colin.
You don't need to ask me.
Well, what if the psycho
cannibal lady is in there?
Dammit, Colin,
close the door!
Well, what if the cannibal
lady is in here waiting for me
to close the door so she can
friggin' murder me?
You think about that, Lisa?
No. You didn't.
'Cause you didn't finish
high school.
Hey, Lisa?
Do we have any dessert?
Yeah, it's called get some
damn manners cake!
Well.
(knocking)
It's about damn time.
...The fuck?
(urinating)
(thump)

Fuck!
(urinating)
(muffled screaming)
Stop it!
Stop it!
You're squeezing me!!!!
(bottle smashes)
(thump)
(urinating in bowl)
(urinating)
Shh...
(urinating)
Fuck.
(continues to urinate)
Oh, fuck. Goddammit!
Be quiet, fucking piece
of shit!
(urinating)
Fuck!
(feeding)
Ok, so what now?
Well, maybe we should-
Think we should split up
and cover more ground?
I was thinking the exact
same thing, my friend.
I was actually gonna say stick
together no matter what, but...
Jason?
You, my friend, are
a tactical genius.
That's why I would not wanna
play chess with you.
Also because chess
is fucking boring.
I do- I- I have to say,
I broke into this house
under the promise that I was
going to see some crazy shit.
So far, pretty disappointed
in the both of you.
So where is she, huh?
Where's the sexy cannibal?
(gasps)

Hey, Jason, Hey!
Come here! Come here!
Come on, boy.
I got- I got a good idea.
We should start a band called
Sexy Cannibals.
Huh?
I'm the guitar and singer,
obviously,
you play the drums,
Colin plays the bass, what's
her name plays whatever it is,
we go on tour, we play
some fuckin' shows,
we sleep in the van...
it's not as creepy as it sounds,
and we fuckin' party.
And we'll party all the days...
long days.
What if no one goes
to our shows?
Why wouldn't people go
to our shows...
should be the question
that you ask.
I just bought a drum machine,
actually-
You bought a-
Hey, guys! Come here!
What? No.
It's too far.
Ok, fine.
Stay there.
Just don't touch anything.
Jason?
Get your axe.
Get your axe, Jason.
You be careful
with that thing, buddy.
Woah.
Yeah.
Woah.
(snorts)
Ready?

(thump)

Dad?!

Oh.

That's not good.

Yeah, no shit.

I don't...

He's still breathing.

Ok, good, good, good.

I think he drank some
of that drug wine.

Yeah, no shit, Jason.

Come on. Help him up.

Dad? Dad!

Dad.

Roger? Roger!

God.

Fuck, I hate you.

Let's move this table.

It's a fact, my dad's
an idiot.

Maybe he'll be fine in
a few hours or days.

I don't know that much
about drugs, but...

That's hoping that psycho
doesn't mind having
a 200 pound moron sitting
in her living room.

(thump)

Come on, dad.

(grunting)

He's heavy.

Yeah, well, he's 40 and all he
does is watch cartoons and eat,
of course he's fuckin' heavy.

(struggling)

(drops legs)

That's not working.

Well, what then?

Where are you going?

I'm locking the door in case
she comes back.

We're gonna have
to hide him.

Close that door.

Fine.

(stumbles)

(thud)

What the hell?

Oh, no, no, no, no, no.

Don't tell me you wanna put
him in there.

Uh-uh.

I don't think we have a choice.

Fuck.

(flies buzzing)

(chokes)

Actually, we can do better
than that.

That's... that's not good.

(banging)

(door rattling)

Jason?

(door rattles)

Jason, just get the weapons.

Come on.

Come on!

Come on, come on.

(rattling)

Come on!

(rattling)

Ready?

(thumping)

(gasps)

(muffled screaming)

Oh god, I'm sorry!

I'm sorry!

(muffled screaming)

What the hell?!

Oh Jesus, I'm sorry!

I'm sorry!

I'm sorry!

I'm sorry!

You're gonna be sir,

I know first aid!

(whimpering)

(heavy thud)

Woah!

(muffled screaming)
Shit!
Shit, shit, shit, shit!
(screaming)
You know what?
No, no, no!
Ok, we need to help him.
Why?
Really?
Yes!
(screaming continues)
(feeding)
Woah!
(snarling)
Oh, Jesus!
Oh!
(low growling)
(thud)
(moaning)
(raspy breathing)
That was messed up.
Ok, ok, ok.
We gotta get-
we gotta get dad.
Ok.
(grunting)
Come on.
Yeah.
So we're gonna go home,
grab the van, pick up dad,
and get the hell
out of here.
Ok.
Get him...
(growling)
No, Summer.
Please, I don't wanna-
Shut up, we're doing this.
(growling)
Oh my god.
(grunting)
Come on.
Let's uh, squish it.
(grunting)

Shit.
(grunting)
Throw him in!
Now?
Come on, come on, let's go!
(thud)
Summer!
Were those what I think
they were?
I don't know, because to me
those looked like-
(twigs snapping)
Shit!
Come on, come on!
(sniffing)
What?
What is it, honey?
(low growls)
(rat squeaking)
(feeding)
(snarling)
What is it?
Is that a rat?
Drop it.
Drop it!
Ugh.
Dude, did you just smell
my hand?
What? No, I was just...
I was just sighing.
Colin? Colin!
Lisa?
Summer? Summer!
Summ-
Colin? Lisa?
(weak groaning)
(gasps)
Lisa!
Oh my god, I'm sorry.
I- I didn't like her
or anything
but I didn't want her
to turn into...
(faint moaning)

Colin!
We have to find Colin.
(groaning)
No, not again!
(retching)
I think I'm gonna puke.
No, no, no.
What the hell?!
What the hell?
I think she's
one of them.
Oh really?
What gave that away?
Fuck.
So, are we gonna-
Seriously, Jason?
Look, Lisa might be a bitch
but she's still
my dad's girlfriend.
Maybe we can, I don't know,
save her, or... the...
Oh, I think when the blood's
black there's no going back.
Now's the time you decide
to develop a sense of humour?
Sorry, I'm just trying to state
the obvious, here!
(snarling)
(thud)
(gasping)
I'm sorry Miss...
I don't know what Lisa's
last name is!
Wait.
Wait.
Lisa?
(snarling)
(yelps)
Oh shit!
(snarling)
(coughing)
Jason!
Do something!
Uh...

(snarling and growling)
Oh my god.
Ah!
I'm sorry!
I'm sorry!
Jesus!
(struggling)
Jason!
Get her off me!
Get her off!
(struggling)
(thumping)
This is so messed up!
Shit!
(choking)
Jason, Jason,
where are you going?
(choking)
Woah.
Woah, woah, woah!
Wait, wait!
Aaaaaggh!
Oh my god!
(gasping)
Holy shit!
(gasping)
Colin!
Get out of the way!
I've never done this before!
(gun shot)
Holy shit!
What?
(thud)
Lisa!
(gasping)
Did I get her?
Fuck.
Colin.
Colin, I thought...
I know, I know.
I know.
The neighbour, she was here
and then... and-
and I was peeing but then I-

she was doing something
to Lisa and I got scared
and I ran away
and I heard you guys screaming
and then I came in and then
Lisa was acting all crazy
and then she was trying
to kill you guys
so I just... I just...
did I just kill Lisa?
(spurt)
Dude, it's ok, man.
I- I think I peed my pants.
Oh, gross.
Whatever, man.
I mean, you're covered in,
like,
blood and brains and shit.
So where's dad?
What?
He's back at her place.
You left him back there?!
What, is he dead, too?
No, no, he's not dead,
he's safe and we're going
back to get him.
Look, he's not dead,
you hear me?
Why is he even there?
He drank some of the drugged
wine and then he passed out.
Fuck.
That's not my house,
you know.
The cabin?
No, the one you always pick
me up at.
The dump?
Yeah.
No, I actually...
I live in this big house
on Berksley Street
and my parents are loaded.
Well, whatever man,

I mean mine are, too.
No, I mean they're money loaded,
not drunk loaded.
Oh.
My dad's a dick and he treats
my mom like crap
and, you know, they're probably
getting a divorce.
This morning I left and I didn't
tell them where I was going
and uh... now I might die
and I don't even know if they'll
really give a shit.
Whatever, man.
I mean, my parents
are divorced.
And who knows?
I mean, maybe...
maybe your dad'll get
an undead girlfriend
and you'll get to blow
her brains out, too.
Colin, what?
Well, I don't know,
I'm nervous!
And I talk too much
when I'm nervous.
Wait, so you lied to me?
I'm, like, your best friend
and I tell you the truth
about everything and... like
that time when I wiped my ass
with Dave's toothbrush
because he-
he cheated on magic.
I was just... trying to fit in,
I guess.
By pretending to be poor?
That is so weird, man.
It's... weird.
You know, your family,
it might look messed up
but you guys actually
love each other,

like deep down somewhere.
You guys are more like
my real family, you know?
You sensitive bitch.
That was some seriously
deep shit, dude.
I love you, man.
You too, man.
Cute.
You know, Mr. Slade,
maybe he drinks
too much
and he swears and he's not very
responsible-
He farts in my face
sometimes, but...
But he loves you guys,
and he actually gives
a crap about me.
Well, enough to make fun
of me
and tell me when I'm getting
stepped all over.
So we're not gonna let some
crazy cannibal lady
take him away from us.
We're gonna go back there
and we're gonna mess her up!
She's not even that hot,
anyway.
So where'd you get the gun?
Just in here.
By the way, shotgun.
As in, shotgun the shotgun.
Woah.
Let's gear up.
And blow some bros.
You're gonna blow
some bros, Colin?
Blow up some bros.
You know what I mean.
Yeah.
Let's fuck shit up!
Woah.

Someone's balls
just dropped.
(howling)
This is a pretty
shitty weekend.
I'm gonna say it because all
we've been doing is walking up
and down this path, we've
seen some pretty disgusting shit
like blood and gore,
you know, and now it's snowing.
I got snow in my shoes, and...
I pissed my pants earlier
and you guys wouldn't
let me clean it.
So fuck you guys for that.
Sweeties!
(gasps)
Stop it. Stop it.
Get down.
They're the bros.
Yeah, yeah.
She fished them out of
the basement.
Don't make this harder
than it needs to be.
You're gonna pay for
what you did to Lisa!
Yeah!
We're gonna tell on you!
"We're gonna tell on you"?
The cops don't know,
the cops don't care.
They'll never suspect me,
they're all sexist.
(cocks gun)
Fuck!
Shit!
Split up! Split up!
(gun shot)
You're out of
your league, kids!
Alright, come on.
I want you to get them, huh?

Go get 'em.
Go on, boys.
Go on.
Go get 'em, boys.
Go get 'em.
Do you have any snacks?
I- I ate all my hot dogs
and I'm so fuckin' hungry.
No, I don't have any snacks,
man.
Fuck.
(snaps)
Oh, goddammit,
Harold, stop it.
Come on, honey.
You go make me proud.
Make me proud, honey.
(grunting)
(gun shot)
(snarling)
I got one!
Get down!
(gun shot)
(gun shot)
Oh, fuck.
Shit. Shit.
Shit, shit, shit, shit, shit!
(gun shot)
(groan)
Holy shit!
(groans)
(thud)
(moans)
Check mate, biatch!
Fuck!
Yo, she-bitch!
(gun shot)
I got her!
(snarling)
(struggling)
(snarling)
(gun shot)
(snarling)
(thud)

(groans)
Oh, disgusting!
Guys, guys!
Where's the neighbour?
Wha-
I don't know,
but let's go and get dad!
Yeah, yeah, yeah.
Ah, fuck.
Now I got piss and blood
all over me.
(grunting)
Wha- what's
with all the unicorns?
(shatters)
Fuck unicorns.
Where's dad?
Dad's under the stairs.
(bells ringing)
He's coming!
Who's coming?
Summer.
Who's coming?
Fuck.
The fuck is she talking about?
Holy shit.
(snarling)
Shit!
Shit.
Um, Jason, hold the door.
Colin, help me out here.
Ok.
(growling)
Come on.
(thumping)
(growling)
(bursts open)
Ok, come on, come on.
(creaking)
Summer.
Summer, where's dad?
Where are we going?
Shh!
Guys, where are you going?

What're you doing?
Guys?
Shh!
Shut up!
(gasps)
(stuttering)
Creepy kids!
(door bursts open)
(gasping)
Hey, you guys look cool.
What's up with
the crack babies?
Dad, stay down!
Ah gross!
Dad, come on!
Come on!
Is that blood?
Yes!
Because fucking dead!
What do you mean,
fucking dead?
Is that... blood on you, too?
Dad, I need your help!
What happened to the room?
What- ok, why is there
a couch-
What?
Bring it- Colin,
help me bring it down.
What?
No, dad, I need you
to help me!
Just stop yelling.
Hey, Colin.
Hey.
Buddy.
Hey. Hey!
I'm trying to- woah.
Look...
Come on, bash her
skull in!
You know I love you, buddy,
right?
Yeah.

A- And- And I know I can act dumb sometimes, right?

I'm trying!

And I know I should probably act more mature.

Y- yeah.

I just wanna be the fun dad.

(struggling)

You know,

the- the cool dad.

Alright?

Come on, Jason!

It's just a little girl!

But it's... it's hard, you know, your mother and I...

Uh-huh, yeah.

That's why this is so messed up!

I just want you to know that I...

I love you and your sister very much.

Ok, dad, we love you, too.

Ok, good stuff.

Good talk.

And I...

(gasping)

S- Summer,

what did you do?

What did you do?

Ok, dad, we gotta get out of here now.

Come on.

Where's Lisa?

Dad. Dad.

Lisa's gone.

What do you mean, she's gone?

What do you...

She turned into one of those and then Colin had to...

Colin had to what?

Colin? Colin?

Colin had to what?

Look, dad, you can increase your
chances of meeting someone new
if we get out of
here alive.

Oh... yeah, alright.

(smashing thump)

(gasps)

(low growling)

What is that?

Ok, dad, help me

with the door!

What the fuck is that?

Help me with

the fucking door!

(thud)

Fuck, I hate axes!

(groaning)

(thud)

My babies!

What did you do to

my babies?!

Colin, gun!

Shit!

I didn't reload it!

(cries out)

(thud)

(groans)

(fighting grunts)

Fuck!

I liked Lisa,

you fucking bitch!

(groans)

(cries out in pain)

(laughs)

Here's another one!

(cries out)

(groaning)

(cries out)

Dad!

Are you ok?

She fucking stabbed me!

Fuck off with the throwing

the knives!

Fuck.

(moaning)
Is it bad?
You got stabbed!
Yeah, it's bad.
It's pretty bad!
It's pretty bad.
Yeah.
Idiot!
Stay!
(splat)
I think we're done here.
Summer!
Summer, dad's hurt!
Fuck.
Shit.
(groaning)
Oh my god, dad!
Don't worry, we're gonna get
you out of here!
Shit, he's losing
a lot of blood.
Fuck!
Summer, don't use that kind
of language,
it doesn't suit you.
Guys, guys!
Car keys!
There's, like, a ton of cars
out there!
Alright, dad, dad, BRB.
What does that mean?
Jason, stay with dad!
I gotta- I gotta find something
to stop this bleeding.
Duct tape.
It really is good
for everything.
Stay with me, Roger.
You're gonna be ok, alright?
Hey, you called me- you
called me by first name.
P- power five.
Ow.
You nailed it.

Dad, we got a car.
(coughs)
Is it nice?
Yes.
You always were my favourite,
Colin.
I hate you.
No you don't.
(gun shot)
(screaming)
Dad!!!!!!!!!!
Dad!!!!!!
Dad!!!!!!
(gun shot)
(shatters)
Guys, guys, let's go, now!
Now! Now!
Now!
(gasping)
(gun shot)
That was my family you just
killed, you little shit!
Ten years.
Ten years of feeding,
caring for them.
Do you have any idea
how hard it was?
And did I get
any thank yous?
(gun shot)
No!
Not one fucking thank you!
Oh, bitch, you're
so dramatic!
But they loved me!
They really loved me!
Who's gonna love me now,
huh?
Who?
(gun shot)
Who cares?
(thump)
That was for Roger.
You shouldn't have messed

with my family!
(sobbing)
Your dad was a piece
of shit.
(spits)
Wait!
I got this.
Consider this the ultimate
power five, dad.
(hyperventilating)
(thudding squelch)
Let's get the fuck out of here.
You drive.
(turns on radio)
(phone vibrating)
It was a lonely night
the feeling,
Hi mom.
in the air was turning
I know what I want
you to,
to do for me.
I know what I
want you to,
to do for me.
Come on, Come on,
come on, Come,
just take my hand.
It was more than
just a call,
I'm hearing your
chest is beating
Oh baby take my hand
and close,
close your eyes
I'll lead, lead the way
the way, to an end
I know what I want
you to,
to do for me.
I know what
I want you to,
to do for me.
Come on, Come on,

come on, Come,
just take my hand.
Come on, Come on,
come on, Come,
just take my hand.
Take my hand.
To do for me
Come on, come on.
I know what I want
you to do.