

DECK THE HALLS: "SCARE B-N-B"

Written by

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2019

Stu parks the van and he, Emma, and Jackie pour out onto the gravel and dirt driveway. The cicadas are already buzzing.

STU

(to the tune of LFO's
Summer Girls)

New Kids on the Block had a bunch
of hits, Richard Nixon went by
Dick, and I think it's fly when
Girls come by in the summer. In the
summer.

Rocket pops band aids and Pixi
Stix, Pringle chip duck mouth
giggle fits, I had my hand stuck in
a can ever since last summer. It's
a bummer.

Stu continues sing/rapping as he unpacks the car. Jackie and Emma talk over him in the foreground.

WE HEAR: Emma move a couple of stones/bricks.

EMMA

Perfect. We can build the fire
right here, move some chairs down
to the sand. We'll have a perfect
view of the fireworks.

JACKIE

Are you sure this is the house?

EMMA

This is the only house.

JACKIE

I thought there was going to be
like... other cabins. And cars. And
people. We didn't take a wrong turn
somewhere?

EMMA

This is the only road. We took a
right and a right and a right and
passed the old Dairy Queen. There
hasn't been another turnoff for a
mile.

JACKIE

Maybe we didn't go far enough.

EMMA

The lake is right here. There's no more road to go down.

We hear water lapping on the shore and maybe a canoe bumping to underscore this point.

JACKIE

Maybe we missed a right. Or maybe this is... like... the boat house?

EMMA

What does the website say?

WE HEAR: Jackie take out her cell phone and tap through a few screens.

JACKIE

Each cabin features orange awning. See? Each implies more than one!

EMMA

I'd call that awning... orange?

JACKIE

Maybe if we scrape off all the bird crap.

(tap tap)

Yellow parasols.

EMMA

Parasols...

WE HEAR: Emma crunch around on the gravel and lift a tarp.

EMMA (CONT'D)

Ah! Here! Under the... tarp. With some... logs. And part of a bicycle.

STU

(singing moves briefly into the foreground)

Call me Seven Up because you're looking down. Your dad left your mom for a circus clown. They said Green Acres is the place to be, I like Fudgesicles when you share with me. You like the Word Jumble in the New York Times, Shel Silverstein and Busta Rhymes. When I met you I said my name was Mitch. I don't know why I said that, 'cause my name is Rich.

(MORE)

STU (CONT'D)

(chorus)

New Kids on the Block had a bunch
of hits--

JACKIE

Charming vista.

EMMA

I mean. There's birds.

JACKIE

Citronella tiki torches.

EMMA

Oh! Maybe that's what the logs are.

WE HEAR: Emma lift the tarp again, then lower it on her next
line.

JACKIE

Green deck chairs.

EMMA

Maybe we did miss a turn. I don't
even see a lock box or a Hide-A-
Key...

(looking at phone)

Says there's a key box under a
cactus planter.

JACKIE

Oh. Deck chair.

EMMA

Where?

WE HEAR: the water burp up a chair.

JACKIE

In the water.

WE HEAR: the water turn the chair over before it sinks again.

EMMA

It's a pretty festive lime green.

JACKIE

Great. Where the hell is Trip?

EMMA

He's driving up after work. His Dad
had to pick up some cousin of his
from the airport.

JACKIE
 It's Trip's dumb vacation rental.
 It should be him navigating us
 through the damn woods.

2 INT. TRIP'S CAR -- DAY

2

WE HEAR: road noise, light music. (note, to create contrast between two plot lines, let's keep Emma/Jackie/Stu background stark and outdoorsy and Trip/Junior background music/crowd populated.)

Joke idea: whatever accent Cousin Sasha employs, GPS should match it.

GPS
 Make a U turn. Make a U turn.

TRIP
 What? Why?

WE HEAR: Trip tap the GPS screen angrily, hit the dashboard.

JUNIOR
 I told you, make a left.

TRIP
 There is no left.

JUNIOR
 There's a horse trot right off the feeder.

TRIP
 I can't take a Tesla off-roading.

WE HEAR: Cousin Sasha shift a box of firework-making materials aside. His voice comes from the back seat.

SASHA
 It's not a Tesla, it's a Kalashnikov.

JUNIOR
 See? Sasha doesn't mind.

SASHA
 Can you scoot your seat up?

JUNIOR
 Naw, you're fine.

TRIP

I can't take a weird, imported electric sports car off-roading.

JUNIOR

This thing is a tank. Made by the same Soviets that manufacture AK-47s. You could fly it to the moon and blow out chunk of the Sea of Tranquility!

TRIP

I'm more worried about it getting stuck in a ditch.

GPS

Perform a sixteen point turn at the nearest charging station.

TRIP

What?

GPS

One quarter unit bar left in reserve supply.

TRIP

What?

GPS

Recharge.

WE HEAR: Sasha spill some powder. (Think grainy consistency, like sand.)

SASHA

If we're stopping, let's find a service station that sells charcoal.

TRIP

This thing can run on coal?

SASHA

No no, I'm mixing the blasting caps for the sparklers.

WE HEAR: Sasha set off a very small explosion.

WE HEAR: The car swerve as Trip looks over his shoulder at what Sasha is doing. Another car honks.

TRIP

IS THAT GUNPOWDER?

GPS
Accelerant.

SASHA
It will be. Once we get some real
proper black powder!

WE HEAR: another small explosion.

TRIP
Put that down!

SASHA
Hey! You spill everywhere!

WE HEAR: Trip reaching over the seat, grabbing things away
from Sasha. (bags of powder, charcoal briquettes, and
detonation tubes a la empty gift wrap tubes)

JUNIOR
Hold the wheel!

GPS
Accelerate.

3 EXT. CABIN IN THE WOODS -- DUSK

3

WE HEAR: Mosquitos buzzing, Jackie slapping bugs, trying door
knobs.

JACKIE
This place looks like it would go
up in flames if you dropped a
sparkler.

EMMA
Trip says Junior and Sasha do
fireworks every year for Perun.
They haven't burned the woods down
yet.

JACKIE
Maybe that's where all the other
cabins went. What's Perun?

EMMA
I'm not 100% sure. It's some kind
of Slavic holiday. For the Thunder
God?

JACKIE

Ah. Good excuse to get drunk and
blow up all the fireworks you got
drunk and forgot about on the 4th.

EMMA

I think in ye olden days, people
would kill a bull and wash their
weapons in its blood. Trip's
grandma used to make calf blood
stew and challenge her sister bare
knuckle box in the yard.

(moving away)

So honestly this is pretty low-key.

JACKIE

(low)

Gross.

(calling)

Does Trip have the keys?

WE HEAR: Emma a short distance away, crouched down, moving
pots and looking for the keys.

EMMA

They're supposed to be in a
planter. By the door!

WE HEAR: Jackie walk back to the van.

JACKIE

Stu, you done unloading?

STU

Help me get the cooler out.

WE HEAR: Jackie help Stu lift the cooler out of the back. She
slams the trunk.

JACKIE

I'll move the car.

WE HEAR: Stu fish out the keys. Jackie takes them.

STU

Wait. Move it where?

WE HEAR: Jackie unlock the car door and open it.

JACKIE

To town.

EMMA

Jackie!

JACKIE
 Real quick! I'll just whip out and
 get some more Margarita mix. Some
 Lactaid. Maybe a tetanus shot.

EMMA
 (disparaging)
 Jackie.

STU
 Are you sure? I brought two
 gallons.

WE HEAR: Emma shut the car door, take the keys away from
 Jackie, and troop on towards the cabin.

EMMA
 No bailing.
 (distant)
 I'm sure it's nicer inside.

JACKIE
 You brought two gallons? Of what?

STU
 Margarita mix. They only sell the
 big jugs at Costco and I wanted to
 get both flavors. See? Blue AND
 green. Like fireworks. Kaboom!

WE HEAR: Stu hold up the jugs of Margarita mix. They sound
 very full. Jackie takes one of the bottles.

JACKIE
 This blue one isn't Margarita mix.
 It's curaçao.

STU
 Is that different?

JACKIE
 It's liqueur.

STU
 Okay.

JACKIE
 The Margarita mix is not.

STU
 I know. I brought tequila to mix
 with them.

JACKIE
Have you been mixing the curaçao
with tequila?

STU
Nooooo. Not... always.

JACKIE
This stuff is 80 proof.

STU
What's 80 proof?

JACKIE
Alcoholic. Hella alcoholic.

STU
Ah. Yeah, that... that makes much
more sense.

JACKIE
Explain.

STU
See, there's this contest at the
Arlington Stadium Applewings
Italian Box where you send in
recipes for new menu items and if
you get picked, they give you a
golden helmet and free chicken
pizza wings for a year! I've been
tinkering with something really
crazy... Desserts. That are Drinks.

JACKIE
Like putting vodka in a milkshake?

STU
This is the *Stadium Applewings*,
Jackie. The Cowboys play there.
Their pit master just got awarded
the Presidential Medal of Freedom.
It takes a little more razzle
dazzle than thinning out bulk fudge
ripple with antifreeze.

JACKIE
How about chardonnay and cream
cheese?

STU

I started simple, you know, soaking lady fingers in rum or, y'know, jamming a bunch of mini Oreos into a bottle of Champelle, but this time I've got a winner.

JACKIE

Hit me.

STU

(very low)

It's a mutant turtle Margarita parfait.

JACKIE

Turtles like... the caramel pecan chocolate things?

STU

No no no, like Ninja Turtles Secret of the Ooze! But I can't call it that. The rules lady already rejected my Thanos Edible Infinity Garlic Knots.

JACKIE

I remember those. Are you sure they rejected it on copyright grounds? I'm still trying to get the food coloring stains out of my guest bathroom. It looked like I was dropping unicorn bath bombs in the toilet for two days after we ate those!

STU

Well, see that's why this recipe is brilliant. No extra food coloring necessary!

WE HEAR: Stu gesture with the bottles.

STU (CONT'D)

You mix the blue stuff with Cool Whip and make the margarita in the blender and then you go Cool Whip-margarita-Cool Whip-margarita-Cool Whip-margarita-thin layer of fruit cocktail-dash of margarita-Cool whip-Cool Whip-Cool Whip and then you stick it back in the freezer and after an hour give it ONE TINY half push on the "chop" speed of the blender and BOOM. It looks like a tie-dyed sewer and it tastes like... well, I guess it mostly tastes like Lime Jello at first.

JACKIE

Call it the Secret of the Booze Parfait.

STU

Yes!

JACKIE

Wait, so how many shots go into a single serving?

STU

I'm still working that out. But both times I made it, I fell asleep after like four sips. All that Cool Whip went to waste. It takes like 3 tubs.

JACKIE

You passed out? Like on the floor?

STU

I dunno. Once under the house. Once in the back yard. But it didn't rain! So it was still a pretty good birthday after all!

JACKIE

That was on your birthday? Gretch and I knocked on your door for like twenty minutes! I bought mylar balloons!

STU

Oh no! They're so bad for sea turtles.

JACKIE
We had to go to the bowling alley
without you.

STU
Aw! With the disco lights?

JACKIE
(shrug)
Well.

STU
Now I feel like a boob.

JACKIE
It was a spur of the moment thing.
I didn't even know I was going to
be in town until that morning.

STU
I wish I'd known.

JACKIE
I wish *I'd* known. We would have at
least brought you inside.

STU
Why didn't you mention it?

JACKIE
It was your birthday, I didn't want
to make you feel bad just because
our dumb impulse party idea didn't
pan out. Besides... I figured Katie
was running wild on your... you
know. Birthday present.
(she means dick)

STU
(conspiratorial)
Oh, we had our own "adult"
celebration a couple nights before.

JACKIE
Yeah?

STU
It was wild.
(low)
I nearly dislocated my elbow.

JACKIE
Woah!

STU
I've still got some of the bruises.
The big one on my butt just started
to turn yellow.

JACKIE
(impressed)
Stu!

STU
Katie probably got some funny looks
at work the next day. I
accidentally whanged her in the
face pretty hard with one of my
balls.

JACKIE
(disgusted)
Oh.

STU
I wasn't *aiming* for her face, but
y'know, when you're both jumping
around it's kind of hard to hit a
target. She was wearing goggles,
though, so in the end it just gave
her a funny red line above her
eyebrow.

JACKIE
(let down)
Oh.

STU
It just made her look like she was
very surprised for a couple of
days.
(imitating Katie)
You have APPENDICITIS?? There are
bagels in the CAFETERIA??

JACKIE
(educated guess)
Batting cage? Paint ball?

STU
Trampoline Land! The one by the
mall has adult dodgeball on
Wednesdays now!

Jackie kisses Stu on the forehead.

JACKIE
Never change, Stu.

EMMA
 (distant)
 I FOUND THE KEYS.

Emma is up on a precarious balcony. WE HEAR: the metal squealing slightly with each step. (Alternatively, could do this as creaking wood with a board cracking once or twice.)

STU
 Woah!

JACKIE
 How did you get up there?

EMMA
 (catching breath)
 I crawled up on the woodshed, then I rolled over the porch roof and then there's a window open through a... it's not really an attic. More of a crawl space? Then I jimmied open the dormer and fell out on the window box. Keys were right on top of the flower pot. Just like the website said. Well... except I don't know if I'd call an "aloe plant" a "cactus." Watch your head.

WE HEAR: Emma push the aloe plant aside and toss the keys down. They hit the dirt. Jackie scoops them up.

JACKIE
 Got 'em!

WE HEAR: Jackie squeeze the key fob a few times. (It's a rubber floaty thing, when you squeeze it it makes a little Oink Oink sound.)

STU
 The key chain's a little pig!

WE HEAR: Stu trying to squeeze the key chain.

STU (CONT'D)
 (sotto, rapid discovery)
 A little pig and his eyes pop out when you squeeze. His eyes and his tongue and when it squeals
 (gasp)
 JackiecanIseethatamminute?

EMMA

Can you lift me down? I don't want to crawl back through the attic. My clothes are gritty.

JACKIE

Yeah?

WE HEAR: Stu still trying to get the keys from Jackie.

STU

It poops when you squeeze it! Look!
It poops and then it goes back in!
(squeaking the toy)
Poop. Back in. Poop. Back in. Poop.
Back in.

JACKIE

Stu!

WE HEAR: Jackie grab the keys back from Stu, may have some light 3 Stooges slapping.

STU

I just wanted to--

JACKIE

We can play with the key chain
later.

STU

Can I be in charge of the keys
then?

JACKIE

You can be in charge of the key
chain.

STU

(sotto)
Yes.

JACKIE

After we get Emma down and we get inside, I will take the keys off and appoint you exclusive secretary to Mr. Oinks here. 'Kay?

EMMA

Still up here.

JACKIE

Hang on, I'm looking for something we could use as a ladder.

STU
I should make him a hat. And little powdered wig! Then we can call him Alexander Hamilton.

WE HEAR: Jackie trying to drag a metal washtub or a large planter under the porch.

EMMA
Cute.

STU
Alexander. HAMILton.

EMMA
(over it)
I get it.

JACKIE
(strain)
Stu, help me move the planter.

WE HEAR: Jackie and Stu strain. The planter barely moves.

STU
What did they plant in here?
Cement?

JACKIE
A hernia.

EMMA
(with movement)
Why couldn't they put the keys in a plant on the ground floor?

JACKIE
Maybe they rent to people who are taller.

STU
Like Shaq!

JACKIE
Or the Skarsgårds.

EMMA
What if you backed the car up to right underneath the porch?

JACKIE
The back angles out, you'd still have to jump.

(straining with planter)
(MORE)

JACKIE (CONT'D)

If we can move this planter... two more feet-- you could reach your foot down and almost touch--

WE HEAR: Stu grunt and drop the end of the planter.

JACKIE (CONT'D)

Stu! Come on.

STU

Nuts to this. Em, sit down. Slide your legs over the edge. We'll grab your feet.

EMMA

I can crawl back through the attic. Or hey, there's 2/3 of a hook ladder stuck in the crawl space.

JACKIE

What happened to the rest of it?

EMMA

Dunno. Rusted off.

JACKIE

(sotto)

Nasty.

EMMA

Maybe I can hang it off the gutter.

STU

Come on. If I stand on the planter, I can reach you. You put your left foot down on my shoulder, then slide back and put your right foot down onto Jackie's shoulder. Then I step down off the planter and you lower yourself until you can jump off.

JACKIE

Human ladder. Okay.

STU

Just like in cheerleading.

EMMA

I was never a cheerleader.

STU
Yeah, but you'll pick it up. We've got the Treasury Secretary for good luck. Right Jack?

WE HEAR: Jackie squeak the key-chain.

STU (CONT'D)
Thank you.

JACKIE
Welcome.

STU
(slaps shoulders)
Come on. I gotcha. Big G, little O,
Go

JACKIE
Go!

STU AND JACKIE
Go!

STU
V-I-C-T

EMMA
Stop clapping!

WE HEAR: Emma, Stu, and Jackie getting into position. Emma slides down onto her stomach, Stu and Jackie grunt mildly and position themselves to hold her legs steady.

EMMA (CONT'D)
Ready?

STU
Hut!

EMMA
(easing down)
I'm never going anywhere again
without rope and a grappling hook.

STU
Got your foot.

Stu pulls Emma's foot into a tight lock on his shoulder. Emma audibly reacts.

STU (CONT'D)
I've got your spot. Okay?

EMMA

Okay.

STU

Jackie, ready to catch the right foot?

JACKIE

Ready.

STU

Slide back.

EMMA

Sliding.

WE HEAR: Emma slide back. A number of soft plops follow in rapid succession: spider egg sacs falling to the ground.

JACKIE

WOAH

STU

WOAH

EMMA

What? What what what what what?

WE HEAR: Stu and Jackie jump away.

STU AND JACKIE

AUGH AUGH AUGH.

EMMA (CONT'D)

HEY! HOLD THE LEGS. HOLDING LEGS. PART OF THE DEAL WAS HOLDING MY LEGS.

JACKIE

DON'T MOVE.

STU

DON'T MOVE.

JACKIE

OH GOD DON'T MOVE.

EMMA

What! WHAT?

WE HEAR: egg sacs breaking open

JACKIE

Oh my god oh my god oh my god oh my god auuughhhewwhewhewhewhew no no no.

STU
 (sotto)
 Get a stick.
 (aloud)
 I'm gonna get a stick.

JACKIE
 Stick, stick, get a stick.

WE HEAR: Stu go to get a stick.

EMMA
 (fear)
 What?

JACKIE
 Sweetie. Honey. Got a good grip?

WE HEAR: Emma scraping against the roof to adjust her grip.

EMMA
 Why?

JACKIE
 It's fine. It's fine. There are
 just... a few... spider nests. On
 you.

EMMA
 AUGH.

JACKIE
 (raising voice)
 So we need you to hang REAL TIGHT
 for just a minute!

WE HEAR: Stu come crashing back.

STU
 GOT A STICK.

EMMA
 There's one in my sandal. I feel it
 now, there's one in my shoe! It's
 right under my toe!

JACKIE
 Okay. Don't move your foot.

EMMA
 It's sticky and firm and I can't
 shake off I can't shake it off it's
 under my toe!!

JACKIE
I'm going to unbuckle your shoe,
Stu's going to knock it off.

WE HEAR: Jackie unbuckle the shoe.

JACKIE (CONT'D)
(soft)
Okay. Here comes Stu.

STU
Hold you foot straight--

WE HEAR: Stu slide the stick between the sole of the shoe and
Emma's foot to knock it off.

EMMA
(ticklish)
Mmph! Ack!
(shriek/laughs)
Ahahahanoahaha!

STU
What! Hey!

EMMA
Stop! Stop! I can't hold on!

STU
Hold your foot straight!

EMMA
I can't! Too! Ticklish! AUGH AUGH!

STU
RELAX YOUR FOOT!

JACKIE
HOLD YOUR FOOT STRAIGHT!

WE HEAR: Stu knock the shoe off.

STU
Got it off!

EMMA
WHAT'S ON MY FOOT?

JACKIE
It broke! The nest broke!

STU
AUGH!

EMMA

AUGH!

(still laughing/shrieking)
Ahhahaaaaauuguuhauuuahghh. They're
going up my leg! Get them off!

JACKIE

Stu, get the rest of them!

EMMA

THE BACK OF MY KNEE!

WE HEAR: Stu whacking spider nests off Emma.

STU

Stop moving!

JACKIE

Don't whack the nests! You're
breaking them!

STU

They're sticky! I can't help it!

EMMA

It tickles! Oh god! Help! Augh!

JACKIE

Oh god. They're everywhere! Stu,
jackets!

WE HEAR: Jackie take off her jacket. Stu take of his.

JACKIE (CONT'D)

Whack 'em off!

WE HEAR: Jackie and Stu whack Emma's back and legs with their
jackets.

EMMA

Ow! OW!

STU

Sorry! Sorry! Sorry! Awkpth!! I got
one in my mouth!

WE HEAR: Stu drop his jacket and stomp on it.

JACKIE

What are you doing?

STU

They're hatching! They're stuck all
over my sweatshirt!

JACKIE
Throw it in the lake!

EMMA
SEND THEM BACK TO HELL

JACKIE
(out of breath)
Emma! You have to jump!

EMMA
You have to catch me!

JACKIE
I don't... eeuugh... okay okay okay
okay. I've got your right leg! Stu!

WE HEAR: Jackie catch Emma's leg.

STU
(reluctant)
There still might be spiders in her
clothes.

EMMA AND JACKIE
STU.

STU
Auuugh

JACKIE
Left leg! C'mon! S-P-I-D

STU
E-R-S!

STU AND JACKIE
That's the way we spell Success!

EMMA
What?

STU
S-P-I-D

JACKIE
E-R-S

STU
That's the way weeeeew ew ew ew ew
ew.

WE HEAR: Stu grab Emma's other leg.

STU (CONT'D)
Spotter up!

JACKIE
Ready?

STU
Basket catch.

JACKIE
Drop on two! One TWO.

WE HEAR: Emma drop.

4 EXT. GAS STATION -- DAY

4

WE HEAR: Trip hook the car up to a charging station. Just inside the car, we hear the GPS unit bing happily.

GPS
Charging. 80 verstas to full power.

WE HEAR: Trip put a coin in the gas station vacuum cleaner and vacuum the dust off the seats.

JUNIOR
I told you not to throw that bag out the window.

TRIP
You didn't say it was sulfur.

JUNIOR
Upholstery's gonna smell like rotten eggs for weeks.

TRIP
We'll ride with the windows down.

JUNIOR
(tsk)
If you're gonna be pissy about it.

TRIP
You told me no illegal fireworks this year!

JUNIOR
I said no "homemade fireworks".
Sasha bought these special!

TRIP
Illegal.

JUNIOR

Naw, I'm sure he ordered them
from... Amazon. He's just juicing
'em up.

NOTE: any gibberish appearing in Sasha's lines is a
phonetically spelled Russian word.

SASHA

(distant)
(Russian affectation for
elder)
Stahr sheng!

JUNIOR

What'd you find?!

SASHA

M-60s! 2 for 5000 hryvnia! A
bargain!
(hrr-eye-v-nee-ah)

JUNIOR

Get four!
(to Trip)
Ah, your cousin, like a kid at
Christmas. He's a real Mozart with
explosives.

TRIP

Cousin Sasha had to have his index
fingers replaced with his distal
phalanges.

JUNIOR

Most people don't even notice the
toe fingers.
Hey, didja ever see him do his
magic trick?

TRIP

No.

JUNIOR

(Sasha, magic trick!
Snap!)
Sasha! Fokus! Shchelchok!
(Focus. Shell-chok!)

WE HEAR: The coin drop and the vacuum cleaner fall silent.
Trip hangs up the nozzle.

TRIP

NO.

SASHA
(distant)
Eh?

JUNIOR
No, this is great. Very special. He
only does it once a year.

TRIP
(sigh)
Fine. Sasha. Shchelchok!

SASHA
(hooray)
Oora!

WE HEAR: Sasha jog over and roll up his sleeves. Cracks his
knuckles.

SASHA (CONT'D)
Yeh?
(razzle dazzle singing)
Da-da-daaaaa-dada-daaaa-da da da da
da-da-da-da-da! Da da daaaaa da da
da da da da dad adadadadada. (etc)

JUNIOR
Eh?

TRIP
(sigh)

The singing builds to a presentational finish.

SASHA
-- yat da dat da dat da daaaaa!
Pull my finger.

TRIP
(sigh)
All this for a fart--

WE HEAR: Something awful to underscore the trick. Either a
crack or a pop mixed with a tear.

TRIP (CONT'D)
(jump/blurt)
Toethumb.

Junior and Sasha make fart sounds and cackle.

SASHA
(gleeful)
Yah! Toethumb!

JUNIOR
 Outstanding. Let's see if this gas
 station sells electrical tape.

WE HEAR: Junior and Sasha walk to the store, leaving Trip
 gasping for breath.

GPS
 70 verstas to full power.

TRIP
 Auuugh!

<editing option: could smash to this scene on pg 22, then cut
 back and forth between pg 22-23 "aaaaaugh spiders" chaos and
 extended "da da daaaaa" singing.>

5 INT. CABIN IN THE WOODS -- DUSK 5

SMASH CUT: Door slamming.

WE HEAR: The gang drop the grocery bags. All three gingerly
 make their way across the room. They are haggard, exhausted,
 and still wary of whether there are spiders in their clothes.

Stu sadly squeaks the key chain, which has gotten a hole in
 it during the scuffle. The Oink has a wheezing squeak to it
 now, and the Oink itself gets lower in pitch with each
 squeeze.

STU
 (sotto)
 You said it, Mr. Secretary.

Stu continues to squeak the toy for a few moments more.

EMMA
 I would like a drink.

JACKIE
 Blue please.

EMMA
 Blue and green.

JACKIE
 Thank the Buddha Christ.

WE HEAR: Jackie and Emma unscrew caps, pour haphazardly, and
 drink.

EMMA
 Oh god, that's vile.

JACKIE

(gross)

I can't believe you mix this with
Cool Whip.

WE HEAR: Emma pour again. They clink glasses.

Stu squeaks the toy a few more times in rapid succession.
It's oink sounds sicker and sicker. He tosses it down.

STU

It's broken.

JACKIE

I'm sorry, Stu.

EMMA

He died as he lived.

JACKIE

In abject, filthy squalor.

STU

Surrounded by spiders.

Emma shudders.

JACKIE

It still squeaks a little bit. Just
let it rest.

Stu brushes his hair vigorously.

STU

My scalp still feels gritty. Or...
foot-y. You can't see *anything* in
my hair?

JACKIE

Not in my face!

EMMA

Stick your head under the faucet.

JACKIE

I'm going to change my clothes.

EMMA

Burn mine.

STU

Where's your shoe?

EMMA
The spiders took it.

JACKIE
I've got it.

WE HEAR: Jackie toss Emma's shoe on the counter.

EMMA
Boil it.

JACKIE
Good idea.

STU
(laughs)
Boil it.

WE HEAR: Jackie pull out a pot and fill it with water.

STU (CONT'D)
Oh. You mean really.

JACKIE
Really. Give me your shirt. Boil everything. I'll just wear my PJs on the drive home tomorrow.

WE HEAR: Emma pulling off pieces of clothing.

EMMA
I don't have any other clothes.

JACKIE
Oh no, that's right.

WE HEAR: Jackie put the water on to boil.

STU
Not even your swimsuit?

EMMA
Trip's bringing my bag up with him.

STU
You can wear my swimsuit.

WE HEAR: Stu unzip his bag and give Emma a swimsuit.

EMMA
Thanks.

JACKIE
Here. I've got an extra T-shirt.

WE HEAR: Jackie unzip a bag and hand Emma a shirt.

EMMA

(low)

Do you have any extra underwear?

JACKIE

(hesitate)

Nooo.

EMMA

Jackie.

JACKIE

It's the *weekend*. A lazy lake weekend in the dirt, sweat, and lake water, I'm not bringing my good lacey things to the woods.

EMMA

You never bought a pack of Hanes?

JACKIE

(pure question)

What, like to wear?

STU

You can have some of mine.

WE HEAR: Stu unzip a smaller pocket in his bag and hand Emma a pair of underwear.

EMMA

Wow. These are... really cute. Look, flamingos and hot dogs.

JACKIE

Cute.

STU

It's my party underwear.

JACKIE

Huh.

EMMA

See? Some people wear cotton.

JACKIE

Give me a pair.

WE HEAR: Stu shuffle through his underwear pouch.

STU
Doughnuts or lightning bolts?

JACKIE
Lightning.

EMMA
Turn your back.

JACKIE
Watch the water.

WE HEAR: Stu turn. Jackie and Emma change into new shirts, Stu's undies. Emma puts on Stu's swim trunks.

JACKIE (CONT'D)
These are roomy. I could fit my wallet in here.

WE HEAR: Jackie snap the material.

EMMA
It must be weird to have a wang.

JACKIE
Like having a tail.

EMMA
Or a really long butt.

STU
I always thought of it like an extra nose.

JACKIE
What?

EMMA
'Cause you gotta blow it!

JACKIE
HA.

STU
No, not a nose nose, but more like how elephants have trunks? Except I can't smell out of my... um.

JACKIE
Wizzkicker.

EMMA
Tinkler sprinkler!

STU

But I always thought it would be neat if I could pick up things... like... peanuts and... lemonade.

The girls snort and giggle. Stu's embarrassed.

The water starts boiling.

STU (CONT'D)

Ah! Water's boiling!

JACKIE

(pull it together)

Alllllll right. Gimme yer duds.

EMMA

Okay, okay.

WE HEAR: Jackie drain her glass and pile up an armload of clothes.

STU

I don't think this pot is big enough to hold everything.

JACKIE

We'll do batches. Thin clothes first, socks shirts and underwear. Denim and chinos can go next. Might have to do two loads.

WE HEAR: Stu put clothes in the boiling water.

STU

This is just like pioneer times.

EMMA

Right down to the cholera.

STU

We can find a rock at the lake to beat the clothes on when they're done boiling.

JACKIE

Yeah. Beat 'em.

EMMA

(sotto)

Beat 'em right out.

The girls snort and snicker again. (sign of light inebriation)

JACKIE
Some people prefer modern
contraptions to take care of their
dirtiest laundry.

EMMA
But really, there's nothing like
the old fashioned methods.

JACKIE
My grandmother had a special hand
crank machine to squeeze out her...
unmentionables.

EMMA
I've heard hand beating laundry is
really coming back. With
millennials.

JACKIE
Oh yes, mm-hmm, I read about that.

EMMA
Manual...
(breaking w/ giggles)
Manual whacking--

JACKIE
It's economical. It's eco-friendly.

EMMA
Like stress baking. There's this
tremendous sense of pride--

JACKIE
Of making something from scratch!

EMMA
Working with your hands!

STU
You guys are weird.

JACKIE
What? Just having a casual
conversation about beating out.
(snorting)
Our dirty laundry.

EMMA
(shriek)
In the woods.

The girls cackle again. Jackie pours fresh drinks. (as laughs wind down, give sense of "laughing so hard you peed a little.")

STU

I don't know what the pioneers did for soap.

JACKIE

I think they all died before their clothes got dirty enough for it to matter.

STU

There's a tiny bit of dish soap left in this thing.

WE HEAR: Stu squeeze a crusty old bottle. It makes that whistling sound almost empty dish soap bottles make.

JACKIE

SALT. I bet they boiled all their clothes with salt.

EMMA

That doesn't sound right.

JACKIE

What else would they have?

EMMA

Salt would make the clothes all crusty.

STU

Ehhhh.... let's see what we've got.

WE HEAR: Stu looking through cupboards.

STU (CONT'D)

Comet. Eugh, mousetraps. Baking soda, baking soda, nutmeg, baking soda...
Oh! Here's some salt!

WE HEAR: Stu shake a little plastic shaker. Not much salt left.

STU (CONT'D)

Not much left.

JACKIE

Do people use baking soda to clean clothes? Or is that just teeth?

EMMA
Or your bathroom.

STU
My deodorant has baking soda in it.

EMMA
So it's got cleaning properties.

STU
The Ancient Egyptians used it to
make mummies.

JACKIE
Pioneers didn't have baking soda.
That's why they had hardtack.

EMMA
You're thinking of baking powder.

STU
Even if they did... this stuff
looks pretty old. This box is
mostly dead lacewings.

WE HEAR: Stu open boxes of baking soda, then drop a solid
mass.

STU (CONT'D)
And that one's a brick.

JACKIE
Maybe if we soak the box in the
sink we can chisel some slices out.

STU
Okay.

WE HEAR: Stu run some water in the sink.

EMMA
Isn't there a shower someplace?

JACKIE
I saw one outside.

STU
(low)
It looked pretty rusty.

EMMA
Ugh! Then I'll jump in the lake.

JACKIE
It's probably full of leeches.

EMMA
Come on.
(sotto)
I just want soap and a loofah and a
piece of steel wool and apricot
scrub and a boiling hot shower.

JACKIE
Gimme the blue jug.

EMMA
We need ice.

WE HEAR: Jackie freshen drinks, Emma look in the fridge for
ice. She finds empty trays.

EMMA (CONT'D)
They've only got trays.

STU
Eugh, maybe wipe them down before
you fill them.

WE HEAR: Emma wipe the ice trays, fill them, put them back in
the freezer.

JACKIE
How is this place \$600 a night?

6 EXT. NICE CABINS ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE WOODS -- DUSK 6

WE HEAR: The car pull up and park (a nice clean sound). When
Trip, Junior, and Sasha get out of the car, we hear party
music fade in (luau or similar party music) along with
laughter.

TRIP
Woah.

JUNIOR
Oh good, the Donaldsons are already
here!

SASHA
(calling)
Mitzi!

JUNIOR
Oooh, Mrs. Donaldson got a new two
piece.

TRIP
 Stop ogling old ladies in their
 bikinis, Dad.

JUNIOR
 I'm not talking about her swimming
 costume.

Two young men call out.

PIECE #1
 (distant)
 Hello.

PIECE #2
 (distant)
 Hello.

JUNIOR
 Nice catch, Janet.

JANET DONALDSON
 (distant)
 Oh, thanks. Just got back from Palm
 Beach.

JUNIOR
 Okay now. You're in the South
 cabin. Sasha and me are in the
 master bungalow. Throw on your swim
 trunks, let's see what's in the
 blender at the swim-up bar.

WE HEAR: a blender roar to life merrily. A brief cheer.

TRIP
 Where are the girls? Where's Stu?
 Where's the minivan?

JUNIOR
 Probably with the valet.

TRIP
 No, Emma texted me hours ago. She
 said she was here. She's probably
 waiting--

WE HEAR: Trip dial his phone. It goes to voice mail.

JUNIOR
 She's off with her friends having a
 little girl time. Relax, it's a big
 place, they've got plenty to do.

(MORE)

JUNIOR (CONT'D)

Come on now, we've got to get the
rocket launcher set up before it
gets dark!

7 INT. CABIN IN THE WOODS -- DUSK

7

WE HEAR: Emma and Jackie digging in the freezer.

JACKIE

I gooooot... Banana sherbert pops.

EMMA

Exploded Ecto-cooler.

JACKIE

Lima beans!

WE HEAR: Jackie scrub frost off the package.

JACKIE (CONT'D)

No wait. Chicken livers.

STU

Eww.

EMMA

Eggo waffles.

JACKIE

How old?

EMMA

Not sure...

STU

Who's on the box?

EMMA

Wayne Gretsky.

STU

(thinking)

1992.

(alt joke: Hanson, 1998)

(alt joke: the Mighty Ducks)

JACKIE

This place has a crime scene vibe.
Like something terrible happened...
and no one ever came back after the
coroners left.

EMMA

Trip said he used to come here all the time.

STU

Maybe it flooded.

JACKIE

Maybe it was originally a summer camp.

STU

And a pair of sexy summer camp counselors drowned.

EMMA

But they never found the bodies.

JACKIE

Because "something" took them under the water.

EMMA

And once every ten years, their cabin magically resurfaces.

STU

That would explain the warp on these cabinets.

WE HEAR: Stu nudge one of the cabinet doors. It doesn't close right.

JACKIE

Did they drown in their cabin?

EMMA

(think)

Yes. Right before breakfast. A breakfast... Of THESE WAFFLES.

WE HEAR: Emma shake the box of waffles at Jackie. They laugh and ditch the box in the freezer and close the door during Stu's next line.

STU

Once I dropped my neon orange Wayfarers in my mom's stepdad's Jacuzzi and by the time I found them again, they'd turned to that peachy color you see on Band-aids.

EMMA

I wonder if there's a Jacuzzi here.

STU
There's a suspiciously big pile of
leaves in the back.

JACKIE
Wait, who did Trip use to come here
with?
'Cause I really can't picture him
and Junior hot tubbing.

EMMA
I'm sure they came together
sometimes.

JACKIE
Is this like his dead mom's
vacation rental?

EMMA
Jackie!

JACKIE
I'm just saying, if like the last
time he was here was when his mom
was stocking up on Eggo waffles--

EMMA
It's not.

STU
And then *she* drowned.

EMMA
She never *drowned*.

JACKIE
The Eggos gave her the fatal cramp.

EMMA
She had a stroke!

STU
In the *lake*?

EMMA
He used to come here with his old
girlfriend, okay?

Beat.

JACKIE
Eugh!

EMMA

It was a long time ago!

JACKIE

This is a sex cabin?

EMMA

It's NOT a sex cabin! It's a LAKE house with a dock and a canoe!

STU

And a Jacuzzi.

JACKIE

Who sends their wife and her attractive best friends to their ex-girlfriend's sex cabin?

EMMA

NO. He didn't... and it wasn't like it was OH My LOVER, he came here with all his girlfriends.

JACKIE

That's *worse!*

STU

Euugh.

EMMA

I mean, like high school.

STU AND JACKIE

Euuugh!

EMMA

Like a PROM PARTY.

JACKIE

Sex cabin.

STU

Sex cabin!

JACKIE

Teenage sex cabin EWW.

EMMA

Grow up! There's board games! And puzzles! And baking soda! And ticks and spiders and shut up it is *not* a sex cabin.

WE HEAR: the water boil over in the pot. Stu moves the pot to another burner and turns the heat down.

STU
(soft)
Ai!

JACKIE
I did not think I could feel dirtier in this kitchen.

EMMA
Shut up.

JACKIE
I bet there's like 500 decomposing Solo cups in the crawl space under the house.

EMMA
Shut UP.

STU
And condoms.

JACKIE
Ew! And Mountain Dew!

STU
And silk dragon shirts!

JACKIE
And the rotted out husk of a guitar!

STU
And the ghost of Jennifer Love Hewitt stalking the halls.

JACKIE
Killed by one hell of a UTI, from the look of this counter top.

STU
If you listen carefully, you can hear the opening chords of Green Day's "Time of Your Life".

Stu and Jackie mock like they can hear the ghost. "Gasp, ooh, ahh!"

STU (CONT'D)
(ghostly singing)
I... had... the time of my life--

EMMA
That's Dirty Dancing!

STU
You bet it was!

JACKIE
She wanders, doomed to an eternity
of low rise, flare leg jeans.
Trying to discover the meaning of
life--

STU
Before she goes to *college!*

The word college is funny to everyone in the room.

JACKIE
(ghostly voice)
Should I double major in art
history and political scienceeee?

STU
(ghostly voice)
I have to go to a State Schooooool.

EMMA
(join in, if begrudging)
Maybe I'll just study draaaaaaaaa
until I transferrr to
Colummmmbiaaaaa.

Stu and Jackie cheer Emma joining in. All three make ghostly
WOOOOing sounds until they laugh.

EMMA (CONT'D)
What was the name of that guy who
was in love with her in that thing?

JACKIE
Ethan Embry.

EMMA
YES.

8 EXT. NICE CABINS ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE WOODS -- DUSK 8

WE HEAR: light construction sounds and water lapping a raft.
Cousin Sasha is leading construction of the fireworks
display.

WE HEAR: some distant ghostly "wooing".

TRIP
What is that?

SASHA
Come on, bubbeleh, sweet babiloos.

TRIP
(calling)
Dad! Emma get here yet?

JUNIOR
(distant)
Probably stuck in traffic.
(distant, with Janet)
Another Tom Collins, Janet?

JANET DONALDSON
Please.

WE HEAR: Junior pour Janet a fresh drink.

TRIP
(calling)
Well. Can you call her?

JUNIOR
(distant)
Sure thing, son.

SASHA
Okay, Mrs. Junior Junior gonna call
on the phone. Now sunset is in
fourteen minutes and then we light
matches KABOOM! Let's mush! Oyah!

PIECE #1
Raising struts!

PIECE #2
Raising struts.

TRIP
(strain/grit teeth)
Raising struts.

JANET DONALDSON
(distant)
Looking good boys!

TRIP
(out of breath)
Can't we just stick the fireworks
in a sand bucket and light them?

SASHA
(Russian laughter)

WE HEAR: more wooing, ethereal and strained, bouncing over the water.

TRIP
What is-- Don't you *hear* that?

SASHA
It is the weeping of your ancestors who perished in the icy Serbian winters huddled together for warmth because they HAD no fireworks. Now MUSH.

TRIP
Ai!

Possible tag: whip crack? More wooing?

9 INT. CABIN IN THE WOODS -- DUSK

9

If we woo to close out the last scene, carry over here.

There's a comfortable silence for a moment. The water is boiling, maybe the water is lapping outside. Crickets are chirping.

JACKIE
Well. This is not entirely un-cozy.

EMMA
We've got boiling water and two colors of liquor.

JACKIE
If we had an Ikea lamp and a succulent, this qualifies as Glamping.

EMMA
I'm starving.

STU
What should I do with the dead spiders? In the water. Fish them out with a fork?

EMMA AND JACKIE
(audible shudders)
Ugh! Augh!

WE HEAR: Stu trying to scrape up spiders out of the water with a fork.

STU
Nope. A fork's not doing it.

EMMA AND JACKIE
UGH.

STU
They're really small.

EMMA AND JACKIE
AUGH.

STU
Hundreds. At first I thought it was just sand, but sand doesn't float--

JACKIE
Skim them off on a paper towel.

EMMA
Do not let me see them.

JACKIE
Do not.

WE HEAR: Stu spooning things out of the water. (Scraping a few grains of sand in a wet paper towel against a metal surface might do this?)

STU
You don't... feel bad?

EMMA
Yes. Sick.

JACKIE
Disgusting.

STU
I mean about the baby spiders. Like at the end of Charlotte's web when Charlotte dies and Wilbur has to take care of her eggs? And he has to carry them to safety in his mouth--

EMMA
(gag)

STU

I forget why. Probably because if someone found them, like we did--

JACKIE

They'd freak out and stomp them into oblivion?

EMMA

A perfectly rational reaction.

STU

It was beautiful at the end. All the eggs hatched and the baby spiders flew away on little parachutes and they didn't even know their mother... how much she sacrificed--

(choke up)

JACKIE

Oh my god.

EMMA

I forgot about the little parachutes.

STU

They were beautiful and silver.

EMMA

They could be in the air right now.

JACKIE

Stu. Honey bunny. Spiders are a wonderful and wholesome part of the ecosystem.

EMMA

Until they're in your hair and mouth.

JACKIE

And your eyes.

EMMA

And nose.

STU

Oh god. Blue stuff.

EMMA

Gimme the green.

WE HEAR: Emma pour more blue and green stuff.

JACKIE

So, just... try not to worry. I'm sure none of them could talk.

EMMA

Or spell.

STU

I guess.

JACKIE

Circle of life.

EMMA

Hakuna Matata.

WE HEAR: Jackie and Emma knock back their drinks.

STU

You're right. You're right. If it wasn't us, the little baby spiders could have gotten snatched up by a hawk. Or crushed under a log or... no I guess spiders would like being under logs.

EMMA

All reproductive cycles have *some* accounting for natural selection.

STU

Right! If you crushed a dozen nests crawling out of the attic, there's probably at least forty or fifty more nests up there.

EMMA

I'm leaving.

WE HEAR: Emma get up, then fall down.

JACKIE

You can't leave, you're--

WE HEAR: Jackie get up and fall down.

From here to the next check point, Emma and Jackie are pretty darn drunk.

JACKIE (CONT'D)

CRAB.

EMMA
You're drunk.

JACKIE
So are you!

EMMA
STU.

STU
I told you not to mix the blue and
the green.

EMMA
Nooooo.

JACKIE
Stu, you have to take us away. You
have to drive us away from here.

STU
I can't. I already had a whole cup
of the blue one.

EMMA
No, you CAN'T.

STU
Buzzed driving is drunk driving.

JACKIE
Auuuuuugh.

EMMA
We're gonna die in the woods in
this dirty old sex cabin!

JACKIE
Gimme the green. One more green and
like an inch of blue, then poof,
drunk time machine, it's tomorrow
and Trip is here.

EMMA
(shining hero)
Trip!

JACKIE
With clean clothes and car keys--

EMMA
(weepy)
Why isn't Trip *here*?

WE HEAR: Jackie sloppily pouring drinks.

JACKIE
And we can gone home!

STU
That is entirely too much blue.

JACKIE
TIME MACHINE.

EMMA
WAIT.

WE HEAR: Emma knock the glass out of Jackie's hand.

JACKIE
Hay!

EMMA
If we fall asleep

JACKIE
Right

EMMA
's on the FLOOR

JACKIE
Or the counter. Dish towels.

EMMA
Spiders.

JACKIE
OH NO.

EMMA
I can't fall asleep!

JACKIE
You sleep with your mouth open!

EMMA
Spider mouth!

JACKIE
Spyman webs.

STU
Who wants water?

JACKIE
YES. Stu brilliant Stu.

EMMA
We gotta drink water.

JACKIE
Wake up.

WE HEAR: Emma and Jackie run water from the sink.

EMMA
Plugh! It's so--

JACKIE
Brassy.

EMMA
Drink the clothes water!

JACKIE
Nasty!

EMMA
Stu boiled it! It should be fine.

STU
We have *bottled* water.

EMMA
YES.

JACKIE
I told you! He's a genius!

WE HEAR: Emma and Jackie crack open water bottles and guzzle them down. This goes on for a while.

EMMA
(brief pause in drinking)
So smart.

STU
This is fun. It's like Survivor.

EMMA AND JACKIE
(still guzzling water)
Shut up Stu.

Emma and Jackie are not all the way sober yet, but they're less sloppy from this point.

STU
We already ate bugs. We're boiling our laundry. We'll start a roaring campfire and fish in the lake.

(MORE)

STU (CONT'D)

If we catch a bass, I can show you
how to make fish jerky.

JACKIE

Don't you just dry it out?

STU

Well... mostly. The smoke does
something else to it. Or maybe you
need salt.

EMMA

Why not just eat the fish?

STU

Or is it hot sauce?

JACKIE

That's sardines.

EMMA

Do we have any food?

STU

We don't really have enough salt.

JACKIE

Guac, hot dogs, and marshmallows.

EMMA

We didn't bring buns?

WE HEAR: Emma and Jackie looking through the groceries.

STU

Nah, yeah, I'm pretty sure the
smoke salts it.

EMMA

The smoke smokes it.

STU

I meant figuratively speaking.

JACKIE

We don't have fishing poles.

EMMA

Or a net.

JACKIE

Crap, we *didn't* bring buns.

STU
I can catch the fish with my hands.

JACKIE
No you *can't*.

EMMA
There's no microwave.

STU
We could boil the hot dogs.

JACKIE
Not in the underwear water! God!

WE HEAR: Jackie snatch the package of hot dogs away and shift through a pile of pans, pulling out a cookie sheet.

JACKIE (CONT'D)
We'll fry 'em on the cookie sheet.

EMMA
There's not like a frying pan?

JACKIE
Muffin tins--

STU
Those are popover tins.

JACKIE
Colander...

STU
Or maybe it's for those flaky
French butter cake things.

EMMA
Croissants?

STU
Kouign Amann.
(koo-ween ya-mahn)

EMMA
Queen Yaman?

JACKIE
I don't know what this one is. Meat
vent?

STU
 (very low)
 Ethan Embry makin' French pastry in
 the sex cabin.

JACKIE
 Strainer, splatter guard, annnd a
 candy thermometer. No frying pan.

STU
 I can fry them on the cookie sheet.

WE HEAR: Stu put hot dogs on the cookie sheet. They start to
 fry lightly. Emma looks in the shopping bags and the fridge.

STU (CONT'D)
 See? It's kind of like a griddle.

EMMA
 There's no ketchup either.

JACKIE
 Of course! Why would there be? Who
 would possibly expect a cabin in
 the woods to have a frying pan or
 ketchup or easily accessible door
 keys?!

STU
 Remember when we were in college
 and all the dorm had were three old
 cookie sheets, a big plastic bowl,
 and the lid of a saucepan?

EMMA
 It was really hard to make soup.

STU
 We can get by as long as we've got
 a fork and a pan with a brim.

JACKIE
 I know I bought *mustard*. I'm sure I
 bought buns.

EMMA
 Trip will be here soon. He'll have
 barbecue potato chips and sour
 cream and coffee and every good
 thing.

JACKIE
 We're just going to eat plain
 hotdogs, no buns, no relish,
 nothing?

EMMA
 We could dip them in the guacamole.

STU
 (remember)
 They're outside.

JACKIE
 What?

STU
 The buns.

EMMA
 With the bugs?

STU
 In the car! I only unloaded the
 bags with the perishables. We were
 supposed to be cooking over a
 campfire for dinner.

JACKIE
 Buns and mustard! Come on Emma.

WE HEAR: Jackie grab the house keys first. The squeaky toy
 tells us she grabbed the house keys.

EMMA
 Those are the *house keys*.

JACKIE
 (still drunk, hiding
 mistake)
 We might need the house keys too.
 Stu, gimme car keys.

STU
 I don't have them.

JACKIE
 Em.

EMMA
 You had them. Right?

JACKIE
 No. Stu drove. We were unloading
 the car.

(MORE)

JACKIE (CONT'D)

Right after we pulled the ice chest out, you climbed up on the roof--

STU

But when we pulled the ice chest out you said Give Me The Keys and I gave them to you.

JACKIE

I... that was joking.

STU

But I gave them to you.

JACKIE

And I... I gave them... I put them... They're not... here.

WE HEAR: Jackie look through her pockets and purse. The keys aren't there.

JACKIE (CONT'D)

I must have dropped them.

EMMA

Out there?

WE HEAR: Stu open the blinds.

STU

When did it get so dark?

EMMA

The sun *just* went down.

JACKIE

Thank god, I thought I was losing vision in my right eye.

STU

We were supposed to build a fire.

JACKIE

And my left eye.

STU

Without the fire it's just... it's a lot darker than I was expecting.

EMMA

What time is it?

JACKIE
Seven... forty... what does that
say?

STU
Were those trees always so tall?
And thick. Where's the moon?

EMMA
It's six. Sixty... seven.

JACKIE
No, wait, that's the second hand.

WE HEAR: Stu flick light switches.

STU
One of these must be a porch light.
Or a kitchen light.

EMMA
Eight fifteen.

JACKIE
At NIGHT?

WE HEAR: Stu turn a switch that turns out to be the garbage
disposal.

They all yelp! Augh! Stu shuts it off as quickly as he can.

STU
Garbage disposal!

JACKIE
Who's got their phone? We need a
flashlight.

EMMA
Where's my purse?

WE HEAR: Stu flip another switch and ANOTHER garbage disposal
turns on.

ALL YELL AGAIN! AUGH!

Stu slaps off the disposal. Relief.

STU
Disposal!

JACKIE
 WHO HAS TWO BUILT IN GARBAGE
 DISPOSALS AND NO GODDAMN FRYING
 PAN?

EMMA
 There's another set of switches by
 the door.

WE HEAR: Stu turn the lights on. (Can we find that sound really bad industrial lights make when you turn them on? Like a hiss and buzz of fluorescence.) Add a flutter of moths if we can find something that works.

STU
 Awpth!

JACKIE
 Moths!

EMMA
 Eww... please only be moths.

WE HEAR: Jackie rummage through her duffel bag for her phone. Emma looks through her purse.

EMMA (CONT'D)
 My battery is on 5%. Shoot! Trip
 called twice.

10 EXT. NICE CABINS ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE WOODS -- NIGHT 10

SASHA
 (distant)
 Galubushka!
 (darlings)
 Gather round! And we will ride the
 fires of our extinguishing mortal
 stars into the night!

WE HEAR: sparklers light. The crowd applauds/cheers.

JUNIOR
 (as if chomping on a
 cigar)
 All right!

WE HEAR: Trip on his phone. He dials and the call drops.

TRIP
 Emma isn't answering her phone.
 Were you able to get her?

JUNIOR
I thought she was in the pool.

TRIP
What? Why? Why would you think
that?

JUNIOR
(shrug)
Doesn't she swim?

TRIP
Gahd!

WE HEAR: Trip dial again.

11 INT. CABIN IN THE WOODS -- NIGHT

11

WE HEAR: Emma turn the flashlight function on and off. (some
click click sound?)

WE HEAR: The moths still fluttering.

JACKIE
Damn bugs!

EMMA
The battery saver won't let me use
my phone's flashlight.

STU
What if we put tape on our shoes?
Like flypaper.

JACKIE
To catch the moths?

STU
To catch the keys! We put tape on
our shoes and retrace our steps to
the car.

EMMA
(getting it)
Then we look at our shoes.

STU
Vegas odds...
(mental math)
We'll only need to walk twenty or
thirty laps til ONE of us comes up
with them!

JACKIE
OR we can use my phone. If we're
fast. I've still got like 30%
battery.

EMMA
If we had tape AND a flashlight--

STU
We'd find the keys THREE TIMES as
fast.

JACKIE
I'm hungry and I'm not waiting for
you to find masking tape--

WE HEAR: Jackie open the door turn on the flashlight.

WE HEAR: SOMETHING HISS AND SCAMPER.

JACKIE (CONT'D)
HAUGH!

WE HEAR: Jackie drop her phone and slam the door shut.

STU
What?

JACKIE
Shh! Shh! Lights! Turn the lights
off!

WE HEAR: Jackie slap the lights off and lock the front door.

EMMA
What? Jackie! Turn the lights back--

JACKIE
Shhh! Be quiet!

WE HEAR: Jackie retrieve her phone and turn the flashlight
off.

Beat.

The gang talks in lowered voices.

STU
What are we listening for?

JACKIE
You didn't see it?

EMMA
See what?

JACKIE
(at a loss)
Movement.

EMMA
You mean the moths.

JACKIE
Not in here. Out there. It was... I
don't know. Fur. There was
definitely fur.

STU
Maybe it was my grandma Arlene.

JACKIE
What?

STU
She has a mink coat! I'm trying to
stay positive!
Turn on the porch light, maybe
we'll scare it!

JACKIE
There *is* no porch light!

EMMA
Okay. Kitchen window. Maybe we can
use your flashlight to spot it.

WE HEAR: Jackie and Emma cross the kitchen, whacking into the
kitchen island (bottles fall onto chip bags) and shakily
raise the blinds a little higher.

STU
I wanna turn the lights back on.

EMMA
We can see further if we don't.

Stu whimpers.

WE HEAR: Jackie turn her flashlight on. She wipes the glass.

JACKIE
The window's too dirty. I can't see
past the planters.

EMMA
Open the window.

JACKIE
What if it's like... right there?

EMMA
Just a crack.

WE HEAR: Emma and Jackie work the window open.

JACKIE
(grumble/effort)
We're gonna die in the woods.

EMMA
Okay.

JACKIE
Shh.

WE HEAR: Jackie turn her flashlight on again.

STU
Beast eyes!

JACKIE
That's the car.

STU
Right.
(nervous laugh)
Honda. Old headlights.

NOTE: Let's use Foley tags to imply the light sweeping from sight to sight.

1) Bird. 2) Squirrel. 3) Frog. 4) Boat. 5) Grass/Deer.

Stu and Emma flinch with each sound.

STU AND EMMA
Snn!

JACKIE
Bird.

STU AND EMMA
Nngh!

JACKIE
Squirrel.

STU AND EMMA
Hmm! Aah!

JACKIE
Frog.

STU AND EMMA
Hau!

JACKIE
Boat.

STU AND EMMA
(oh yeah)
Ah.

JACKIE
Deer.

EMMA
Oooh.

STU
Majestic.

WE HEAR: The deer running away.

EMMA
Maybe it was a--

WE HEAR: Something BIG brush up against the car.

They all GASP.

WE HEAR: Jackie drop her phone in the sink.

JACKIE
Shit shit shit!

EMMA
Where is it?

STU
Turn the flashlight off! Turn it
off!

WE HEAR: Stu and Jackie scramble with the phone, turn the
flashlight off.

WE HEAR: The THING push harder against the car. Metal
buckles. It sounds like a large animal climbing onto the car.

STU (CONT'D)
(very low)
Don't move.

JACKIE
What is it?

WE HEAR: the THING trying to open the car door, pushing the windshield wipers, snapping the car antennae.

STU
It's trying to open the passenger side door.

JACKIE
The food!

EMMA
Did you lock the car?

WE HEAR: the car door open. The THING drops to the ground, then crawls into the car.

JACKIE
I guess not.

WE HEAR: paper and plastic bags being torn open in the car.

STU
Goodbye hot dog buns.

EMMA
Goodbye graham crackers.

JACKIE
Goodbye ketchup. Goodbye mustard.

STU
Look on the bright side. If you hadn't left the car unlocked, it might have just broken the window.

WE HEAR: a window in the car smash.

STU (CONT'D)
Well... it might have torn the door off.

They wait. No other breaking sounds. (But maybe a light beep of a car horn when an animal bumps it.)

STU (CONT'D)
At Yosemite they make you put all your food in bear lockers because the bears are food geniuses.

(MORE)

STU (CONT'D)

A Grizzly can smell an open pack of Cheez Nips in an Oldsmobile and rip right through the trunk like a can opener.

JACKIE

A Grizzly bear.

EMMA

You think it's a Grizzly bear?

JACKIE

It's not a Grizzly bear.

WE HEAR: Another horn honk, car shaking.

EMMA

Well, it's not a... *koala bear*.

JACKIE

There aren't Grizzly bears in Texas.

STU

There are black bears.

WE HEAR: Emma and Jackie shift to look at Stu.

JACKIE

(low)
What?

STU

They were endangered, but conservation efforts and stricter enforcement of hunting regulations has brought their population back to healthier numbers--

WE HEAR: another tumble or something from the animal in the car.

STU (CONT'D)

It's kind of exciting. You used to only see black bears back east, closer to Arkansas, but we've been seeing the population fanning out as new adolescents look for mates--

WE HEAR: Emma and Jackie yank on Stu's shirt.

EMMA AND JACKIE

Stu.

STU

Hey! What? I phone banked for the Sierra Club.

EMMA

What does the Sierra Club say about getting *rid* of black bears?

STU

They don't. That's kind of the point.

EMMA

Stuart.

JACKIE

Do we hide? Play dead?

STU

Oh, no. That's Grizzlies. Grizzlies are very territorial, so they won't mess with you unless they consider you a threat. Black bears, though... They attack because they're hungry.

EMMA

Haaaaaaaaaah.

WE HEAR: the animal bite through a can of Cheez Whiz. (little squeal of metal, a POP, and the sound of a ton of cheez whiz shooting out.)

JACKIE

There goes the Cheez Whiz.

EMMA

They *attack* if they're *hungry*?

STU

Oh yeah. I forget if you're supposed to run up hill or down hill. Or maybe you're supposed to climb a tree. Or punch it on the nose? No wait, that's sharks.

EMMA

STU.

STU

But you should absolutely not play dead, I know that. That's how people end up getting face transplants.

JACKIE
We have to call for help.

EMMA
I have to call Trip.

WE HEAR: Jackie and Emma struggle for Jackie's phone.

JACKIE
We don't need Trip, we need a park ranger! Or a fire truck and a hose!

EMMA
He's coming right now! He's on his way! What if he drives right up and gets out of the car right as the bear is getting out of our car and the bear knocks his face off with one paw and I have a faceless husband I don't know if our health insurance covers cadaver transplants!

STU
It might not be a bear.

EMMA
You said it was a bear.

JACKIE
(to Emma)
No, you said it was a bear.

STU
I was just making conversation.

WE HEAR: Jackie and Emma smack Stu.

STU (CONT'D)
Ow! Excuse me for being helpful.

EMMA
Go look.

STU
It'll see the flashlight.

WE HEAR: the animal puncturing soda cans. The animal jumps away from the spray, maybe some light squalling.

JACKIE
It's got the Diet Coke. That's the end of the food.

WE HEAR: Jackie dial 911.

JACKIE (CONT'D)
 In two minutes that lion or tiger
 or whatthefrackeverbear is going to
 be *in here* going after those hot
 dogs.

STU
 We ate the hot dogs.

EMMA
 Exactly. You're like a Styrofoam
 takeout container.

WE HEAR: the 911 operator "911 What's your emergency?"

JACKIE
 Hi. We're at... oh, crap, what's
 the address?

WE HEAR: Jackie scoot across the floor and look through her
 bag.

JACKIE (CONT'D)
 Hang on, hang on. We're in a
 rental. There's a bear or
 something... BIG outside.

911 operator: "It's in the yard?"

EMMA
 There was an attic light.

STU
 There was?

EMMA
 Just a bulb and a pull cord. If I
 turn it on, it might be as good as
 a porch light. We could see the
 yard.

JACKIE
 (on the phone)
 It's in the *car*. It's fifteen feet
 from the front door!

911 operator: "Ma'am, this line is for emergencies only."

STU
 That could work.

EMMA

Would the... thing... do you think
it would try to climb up to the
roof?

STU

Maybe it'll just think it's the
moon.

JACKIE

(on the phone)

We're trapped in here like... fish!
In a barrel! The bear could shoot
us like fish in a barrel.

911 operator: "The bear has a firearm?"

JACKIE (CONT'D)

(on the phone)

It's a figure of speech!

911 operator: "Ma'am, unless the bear enters the residence we
cannot dispatch rescue vehicles. Please remain indoors, shut
your doors and windows, and call the Texas Parks and Wildlife
department, 800-792-1112."

EMMA

(low, hasty)

If it tried to climb up and get the
attic light...

STU

Then we run out and get in the car.
How do we get to the light?

EMMA

There's a really tiny access panel
in the hall. I thought it was a
vent at first.

WE HEAR: Stu creep over to look at it.

JACKIE

How much of the bear has to be in
the house? The whole thing? What if
it just breaks a window? One paw?
What if it's a mountain lion?
Ma'am? Damn it!

STU AND EMMA

Shh!

JACKIE
 (lower)
Sorry.

WE HEAR: Jackie dialing again.

RECORDING
 (male voice, through
 phone)
 You've reached the Texas Parks and
 Wildlife Department. Your call is
 important to us. Due to the recent
 government shut down, our operators
 are running on a reduced schedule,
 Tuesdays, Thursdays, and
 alternating Fridays from 2-4pm. If
 calling outside operating hours,
 please leave a message.
 (beep)

JACKIE
 It's not officially an emergency
 until the animal is in the house.

RECORDING
 (female voice, through
 phone)
 Mailbox is full.

WE HEAR: a beep-beep-beep dial tone. Jackie hangs up.

JACKIE
 And the State Parks department is
 still shut down. Probably sharing a
 single Boost wireless burner with
 Fish & Wildlife and the Secretary
 of the Interior.

EMMA
 Now can I call Trip?

JACKIE
 See if he can pick up a shotgun on
 his way in.

WE HEAR: Emma take the phone and dial. She does this a few
 times while Stu and Jackie are talking.

STU
 Go watch the window.

JACKIE
 What are you doing?

STU
There's a light in the attic. Go to
the window. When I turn it on,
maybe the thing will run away.

JACKIE
It better.

STU
Wait!

JACKIE
What?

STU
Get your phone back. Take a
picture.

JACKIE
No!

STU
Come on. I wanna see what it is
too.

JACKIE
Oh for god's sake--

STU
If it's an alien, we can sell the
picture for a lot of money.

JACKIE
It's got FUR, Stu. It's not an
alien.

STU
Or a Sasquatch!

JACKIE
Or bullsh--

STU
Witness Magazine bought a picture
of a mermaid for three thousand
dollars. In March.

Beat.

JACKIE
Em, we need the phone.

EMMA

It keeps going straight to his
voice mail.

12 EXT. NICE CABINS ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE WOODS -- NIGHT 12

WE HEAR: Trip pacing. We hear a busy signal from his phone.

TRIP

I can't get Jackie to answer
either. We have to go find them.

JUNIOR

Aw, come on, I've got my cigar.
I've got my teeny tiny snifter of
brandy. Sasha's all mounted and
ready to start the fireworks.

TRIP

Fine. I will look for her. Where's
the car?

JUNIOR

I told you, Sasha's got it.

SASHA

(distant)

INTO THE BREACH!

TRIP

You gave him the car? To drive into
the lake NOT IN THE LAKE!

WE HEAR: The car sputter and start, then crash into the
water. It hums and puttters, then vrooms through the water.

WE HEAR: impressed applause.

JUNIOR

It's a boat car. Eh? Elon Musk
didn't think of that.

WE HEAR: the car begin to sink. People scream. Sasha yelps
and jumps in the water.

SASHA

Abandon the Kalashnikov!

JUNIOR

Oh. I guess it's just a regular
car.

(calling)

Sasha, you crazy dreamer.

WE HEAR: Junior applaud. The crowd kind of follows along and applauds.

WE HEAR: big bubbles surfacing as the car sinks.

SASHA
(struggling)
I cannot swim!

WE HEAR: Sasha struggling for a beat. Trip looks at Junior.

JUNIOR
Oh, I can't either.

TRIP
(frustrated groan)
Hang on.

WE HEAR: Trip takes off his shoes, pants, shirt. He wades into the water.

JUNIOR
Shine on, you crazy diamond.

WE HEAR: Junior take a sip of his fancy brandy.

13 INT. CABIN IN THE WOODS -- NIGHT

13

WE HEAR: The phone ring out.

EMMA
Now he's not answering!

STU
He's probably still going through
the mountain pass.

EMMA
I don't know how to summarize this
in a text.

JACKIE
Come on... Let's flip the lights
and see what we're dealing with
first.

EMMA
Okay.

STU
You're gonna take the picture?

WE HEAR: Jackie take the phone.

JACKIE
I got it. Ready?

WE HEAR: Stu get into position. (his voice becomes slightly distant/muffled when he pokes his head and arm up into the attic crawl space.)

STU
Got the light cord. Ready?

JACKIE
Rolling.

EMMA
Wait. I don't have my shoes on!

JACKIE
Pull!

WE HEAR: Stu pull the light cord (bring back that buzz/flourescent sound), Jackie's camera starts rapidly clicking. The ANIMAL makes a horrible sound and tears out of the car.

EMMA
OH MY GOD!

JACKIE
WOAH!

EMMA
WHY IS THE FLASH ON?

JACKIE
SORRY SORRY SORRY!

EMMA
STOP FLASHING STOP FLASHING!

WE HEAR: Stu rush in to join Jackie and Emma.

STU
What What? What? Did you see it?

JACKIE
Where is it?

EMMA
What the hell were you doing?

WE HEAR: Emma grab the phone and turn the flash off.

JACKIE
I didn't know it was on!

EMMA
It's 2019, cell cameras shouldn't
even HAVE flashes any more!

STU
The car's empty!

JACKIE
It's gone!

STU
Which way did it go?

JACKIE
Do you think we scared it off?

STU
Did it run to the lake or the
woods?

EMMA
Guys.

WE HEAR: Emma tapping the phone, watching the bit of footage Jackie took. A little (very low) sound loop of the prior yelling-animal squalling-car rumble bit plays.

EMMA (CONT'D)
How many eyes is that?

Beat. WE HEAR: Stu and Jackie crowd around Emma.

JACKIE
(sotto)
One two three four.. five. Si--
(to Emma)
It's a lens flare. Or...

WE HEAR: Stu flip through the frames one at a time. (Hear a swish/flick, possibly a fragment of the sound loop played.)

STU
Where's the head?

JACKIE
It could have rolled in the bag of
Jolly Ranchers. Or maple syrup...
and broken glass.

STU
It's... wider... and flatter than I
thought it would be.

JACKIE

It's a bad flash. It's reflecting off the window screen and the wind shield.

STU

Unless bears can army crawl. Can bears army crawl?

EMMA

That's not a bear.

WE HEAR: the animal hit the door. We may hear the animal chatter, or just claws glide across the glass and the door knob rattle.

STU

Door! Door!

EMMA

It's at the door!

The thing bangs again. Everyone yelps!

JACKIE

(chant)

It's locked! I locked it! It's locked!

WE HEAR: The animal give up and move on.

EMMA

Is there a back door?

JACKIE

Lock everything.

WE HEAR: montage of the gang running around, locking windows, back door, and the animal bumping against the house and making noises of displeasure.

EMMA

Kitchen windows locked.

JACKIE

Bathroom window locked.

STU

(distant, returning)

Back door.

WE HEAR: the animal squall at the back door.

EMMA
Locked?

STU
(in foreground now)
It only had a chain.

WE HEAR: the door bang against the chain, more animal squalls.

EMMA
What do we do?

STU
Run for it?

EMMA
I can't run in sandals.

STU
We just have to get as far as the van.

JACKIE
We still have to find the keys.

STU
Maybe if we're very quiet and calm and slow we can sneak past it.

JACKIE
And get to the road. And walk to safety.

EMMA
Quiet. Calm. And slow.

14 EXT. NICE CABINS ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE WOODS -- DUSK 14

WE HEAR: Sasha in dripping clothes.

SASHA
Ho-kay! Nice party, a little oops-kosh, now we're ready for BOOMTIME. Man servants! Raise the rockets!

WE HEAR: Piece #1 and #2 turn cranks and pulleys.

TRIP
(low, to Junior)
That's it. Dad, I gotta go looking. Find me a car.

JUNIOR
Come on, just watch the first
rocket. This is like the Olympics!

SASHA
Light my arrow!

WE HEAR: A lighter lit, ignite a sparkler. We hear Sasha draw
back the bow string in the next line.

SASHA (CONT'D)
This time, real Robin Hood. Katniss
Evergreen.

WE HEAR: Sasha let the arrow fly. It hits a wooden target and
six fuses burst into flames. Six rockets fly.

SASHA (CONT'D)
AHHHAA!!

15 INT. CABIN IN THE WOODS -- NIGHT

15

WE HEAR: a firework explode. The animal squalls.

EVERYONE yelps.

WE HEAR: five more explosions.

STU
FIGHTER JETS!

JACKIE
TRANSFORMERS!

STU
LIKE THE MOVIE OR THE BOOK?

EMMA
(bring order)
FIREWORKS! It's the fireworks! The
fireworks are starting!

WE HEAR: the animal hit the front window squalling.

The Gang yelps!

STU
Kitchen window!

JACKIE
Shut the blinds!

WE HEAR: Jackie fumble for the blinds.

WE HEAR: another firework pop. The animal bangs against the back door. We hear the chain snapping.

EMMA
Back door!

JACKIE
Hold it shut!

WE HEAR: another string of fireworks. The animal moves back and forth.

STU
WINDOW.

EMMA
AND BACK DOOR.

WE HEAR: now the animal is at the front window and back door at the same time.

JACKIE
HOW IS IT IN TWO PLACES AT ONCE?

WE HEAR: in addition to the hell outside, we hear a new rush of claws under the floor.

EMMA
Under the floor! It's under the floor!

JACKIE
Oh my god, I can't take this.

EMMA
Call 911 again. They have to send someone! A tank! A helicopter!

JACKIE
It's 45 minutes to the nearest town. We'll be dead!

EMMA
We can set the house on fire.

STU
The fireworks! The fireworks!

WE HEAR: more fireworks, the animal rushing/clawing/squalls surges with each pop.

JACKIE
They're making it angrier!

STU

No! The fireworks! There must be people out on the lake. We can signal to them with the attic light!

EMMA

All the lights.

JACKIE

Fast. Before they start shooting off the *big* fireworks.

EMMA

Oh god. Stu, on the attic light! I got the kitchen.

JACKIE

I got the hall.

WE HEAR: the gang get into position. We hear a threatening animal growl/squall.

EMMA

Aaah! Ready!

JACKIE

Ready! Stu, you call it.

STU

(lightly muffled)

All together.

(clear, as if returned to room)

Wait. Is it long long long, short short short, or short short short, long long long.

JACKIE

SHORT SHORT SHORT.

STU

OKAY.

(lightly muffled)

All together! Short Short Short.

WE HEAR: The lights flick with Stu/Jackie/Emma's S-O-S dictation.

STU (CONT'D)

LONG LONG LONG. Short Short Short!

EMMA AND JACKIE

LONG LONG LONG Short Short Short!

16 EXT. CABIN IN THE WOODS -- NIGHT 16

WE HEAR: Jackie, Emma, and Stu inside shouting "Short Short Short, Long Long Long, etc" with electric buzzing to indicate the light on. WE HEAR: the animal moving like a plague or a swarm.

17 EXT. NICE CABINS ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE WOODS -- NIGHT 17

WE HEAR: Sasha lighting more fireworks.

WE HEAR: the 911 woman say repeatedly "Sir this line is for emergencies only."

TRIP
 She's been missing... four hours?
 Or three. But she was supposed to
 be here and she's never late-- Then
 what *does* merit an emergency?

911 woman: "I'm sure the police will call you if they find any pieces. Happy fourth."

TRIP (CONT'D)
 Wh-- auugh!

SASHA
 (to the crowd)
 What's next? Chrysanthemum?
 Girandola?

TRIP
 911 won't put me through. I'm gonna
 start calling hospitals.

SASHA
 Did someone say Catherine Wheel?

JUNIOR
 (calling)
 Do a cowboy hat!

TRIP
 What is that?

JUNIOR
 It's brilliant, first it blows in
 one of those flower ones, looks
 like the crown, then another shoots
 out, looks like the brim!

TRIP
 No. That.

WE HEAR: (very faint) The gang shouting Long Long Long-Short Short-Short Long Long Long.

WE HEAR: Trip take a few steps towards the sound, then start to jog.

18 INT. CABIN IN THE WOODS -- NIGHT

18

WE HEAR: the animal land FWUMP on the roof. (tin roof?) Potted plants fall off the balcony and the beams crack. We hear the scratching of feet spread over the ceiling.

STU
(still lightly muffled)
IT'S IN THE CEILING. IT'S IN THE
CEILING.

EMMA
STU GET OUT OF THERE

JACKIE
STU GET DOWN

STU
(lightly muffled)
KEEP GOING. LONG LONG LONG

JACKIE
STU

EMMA
STU

STU
(lightly muffled)
SHORT SHORT SHORT. SHORT SHORT
AUGHHH LONG LONG AUUGH

WE HEAR: Jackie and Emma abandon their light switches and drag Stu back into the kitchen.

STU (CONT'D)
IT'S GOT ME IT GOT ME

EMMA
Your arm!

JACKIE
Oh my god! Get a towel!

EMMA
Get a boiled shirt!

WE HEAR: Emma grab a tshirt out of the pot on the stove and slop it around Stu's arm.

STU
Ssssstings!

EMMA
So much blood.

JACKIE
Did you see it?

STU
Claws and teeth everywhere. It's a plague.

WE HEAR: Emma wiping Stu's arm.

EMMA
These are... really small scratches.

JACKIE
Are they... what is it?

STU
We have to run.

WE HEAR: another big firework explode outside and soft balls of fur and little clawed feet start dropping rapidly out of the attic access panel into the kitchen doorway. (imagine M&Ms being poured out of a bag onto a counter for sound speed and spread)

Beat as Jackie and Emma take in what they're seeing.

EMMA AND JACKIE
RACCOONS!

WE HEAR: the raccoons SQUALL and charge. Some tear into the grocery bags. Some run in circles, some run at the girls.

JACKIE
GET YOUR FEET UP!

WE HEAR: Jackie and Emma and Stu get up on the counter/kitchen table. Jackie grabs every dish and glass she can and hurls it into the mass of fur.

STU
They're eating all my guacamole!

JACKIE
 Ew EW Their little fingers they're
 like hands! They're like little old
 lady hands!

STU
 (bummed)
 I soaked the peppers in lime juice
 and tequila for three days.

JACKIE
 Death blackened witch hands!

STU
 (to raccoons)
 You know, I made CHIPS to go with
 that!

WE HEAR: the raccoons tearing into a bag of chips.

STU (CONT'D)
 Okay, they found them.

JACKIE
 Baba Yaga!

WE HEAR: Jackie throw another plate! A raccoon hisses. (fur
 tornado)

EMMA
 Stop throwing things! You're making
 them madder!

STU
 We need a broom!

EMMA
 Where's a broom!

JACKIE
 No where because this cabin is a
 rancid death hole!

EMMA
 Get away!

STU
 They can't, the doors are locked!

JACKIE
 Emma's right. We have to set the
 house on fire.

WE HEAR: Another big firework go off. The raccoons start jumping for the counter.

EMMA
AUGH! GET AWAY!

WE HEAR: Emma grab the pot of boiled laundry and dump some of it on a pile of raccoons. They squall and run away!

STU
They're running!

JACKIE
Throw it all!

WE HEAR: Emma throw the rest of the pot on the pile. In the rush of water, wet clothes, and angry raccoons, we hear THE CAR KEYS go skittering across the floor.

STU
The keys!

JACKIE
The car keys?!

EMMA
Ohhhh that's right. I had them. In my pants pocket. After I took them from Jackie.

Beat.

JACKIE
("I'm waiting")
Ahem.

EMMA
I'm sorry! It was alcohol. And spider panic amnesia.

JACKIE
Forgiven. If we can find a way to get those keys.

STU
And unlock the door.

EMMA
And outrun the raccoons.
(thinking)
Stu, refill the water pot. Jackie?
Can you reach the freezer?

WE HEAR: Stu refill the pot and put it on the stove. Jackie scoot and stretch across the table.

JACKIE
(stretching)
I can... just... reach it.

WE HEAR: Jackie pop the freezer door open.

EMMA
Can you reach the waffles?

JACKIE
Come on yoga.
(stretching)
Hnngh!

WE HEAR: Jackie plant a foot on the fridge and balances precariously between the kitchen table and the fridge.

JACKIE (CONT'D)
(unsteady)
Hold the table steady.

WE HEAR: Emma plant her feet on the table. Jackie reaches into the freezer, grabs the waffles and flings them back onto the kitchen counter. She does the same with the Popsicles.

JACKIE (CONT'D)
(effort)
Waffles. Hnngh Popsicles!

As soon as she's grabbed the boxes, she falls back onto the table.

JACKIE (CONT'D)
(huffing)
Little bastards better like banana.

WE HEAR: Emma opening the boxes, unwrapping plastic.

EMMA
How's the water coming Stu?

STU
Lukewarm.

EMMA
Might have to do. Okay. We've got... eight Popsicles and six waffles. Ewww they're gummy.

JACKIE
 Good. More for their horrible
 little hands to glom onto.

EMMA
 Stu, how fast can you refill that
 pot?

STU
 It's slow.

JACKIE
 Throw the Margarita mix.

WE HEAR: Jackie open the bottles.

STU
 No!

JACKIE
 I'll buy you more tomorrow.

STU
 It's just an awful lot of sugar.
 We're already giving them
 popsicles.

JACKIE
 They're RACCOONS Stu, they don't
 have DENTISTS.

STU
 They can get upset stomachs,
 Jackie.

EMMA
 Shh! Let me think. We don't have
 enough ammo to do this twice.
 (sotto)
 Water. Popsicles. Waffles.
 (aloud)
 See, they're gonna end up jammed in
 the doorway. Unless we can drive
 them further back or lure them
 further into the kitchen.

JACKIE
 That's what the food is for.

EMMA
 The food's frozen. They can't smell
 it unless they're right next to it.
 We need to get the whole flock away
 from the door.

JACKIE

Use the pots and pans to play whack
a mole on their fat bushy tails.

STU

Not their bushy tails!

JACKIE

Dump all the food in the corner,
wait for them to pile on it, then
make a dash?

EMMA

I guess that's gonna have to do.
Stu, grab the house keys. Jackie,
get ready to jump.

WE HEAR: Stu pick up the house keys. (some jingling, maybe a
light squeak indication, but not a full squeak)

STU

Madams? Secretary Hamilton? If we
don't make it. It has been an honor
and a privilege.

JACKIE

Sir.. Since you're already injured,
I'm going to ride your broken body
like a river raft if we get
cornered.

STU

My friend!

WE HEAR: Stu and Jackie embrace. In doing so, Stu squeezes
the key chain which emits a long, painful squeak.

Exactly like a raccoon mating call.

The raccoons fall silent.

JACKIE

What's happening?

EMMA

Stu? Very carefully... squeak that
pig one more time?

WE HEAR: Stu squeak the key chain carefully. Interest ripples
through the raccoons. They move in closer, chirping and
squeaking. Their little hands make scratching sounds on the
cabinets. (Night of the Living Dead)

JACKIE
 Woaaah. Woaaaaah! What is this?
 Are they attacking?

STU
 They're amorous!

EMMA
 They're attracted to the key chain!

JACKIE
 Ew! Eugh! They're getting amorous
 on my backpack!

WE HEAR: Emma taking the key chain off the keys.

EMMA
 New plan! Throw the key chain down
 the hall. Grab the car keys. Run
 like hell.

JACKIE
 Deal.

STU
 Wait, do we still need the boiling
 water--

EMMA
 NOW.

WE HEAR: Emma squeeze and throw the key chain. It flies down
 the hall and the raccoons rush after it.

WE HEAR: Jackie hit the floor and grab the car keys.

JACKIE
 CAR KEYS!

EMMA
 On your six!

WE HEAR: Emma kick a raccoon.

JACKIE
 Augh!

EMMA
 Door! Door!

WE HEAR: a hiss!

JACKIE
Augh! Why aren't these chasing the
key chain!

EMMA
They must be female!

JACKIE
THROW THE SUGAR!

WE HEAR: The key chain squeaking, being torn apart. The
raccoons have got it.

STU
ALEXANDER HAMILTON!

EMMA
Stu! Get us out of here!

WE HEAR: Stu pull the pot off the stove and throw the water
on the floor. The raccoons squeal and scatter.

STU
WATER CYCLONE. WATER CYCLONE!

EMMA
Hngh! Hngh! Popsicles deployed!

JACKIE
Hut hut hut hut hut hut!

WE HEAR: Emma, Jackie and Stu jump onto the wet floor and
scramble to the door.

EMMA
DOOR KEYS!

STU
(strain)
Here!

WE HEAR: Stu reach out to give Emma the keys. A raccoon snap
at Stu.

STU (CONT'D)
AUGH.

WE HEAR: Emma unlock the door.

EMMA
GOT IT.

WE HEAR: Emma wrench open the door. Raccoon squall and growl.

STU
They're regrouping!

JACKIE
Who's got the waffles?!

STU
They're horny AND organized!

EMMA
GO GET IT!

WE HEAR: Emma empty the box of waffles into the mass of fur.

JACKIE
Shut the door shut the door!

WE HEAR: Stu and Jackie try to shut the door. Some raccoon squirm out.

19 EXT. CABIN IN THE WOODS -- NIGHT

19

STU
I don't want to squish them!

JACKIE
SHUT THE DOOR.

WE HEAR: Emma and Jackie and Stu run full tilt.

EMMA
THE CAR IS UNLOCKED.

WE HEAR: Emma open the door.

JACKIE
(distant)
Come on! Stu!

STU
I bit my tongue!

WE HEAR: Emma jump in the car and slam the door shut. She tries to start the engine.

EMMA
Run run run run!

WE HEAR: Jackie and Stu bolt into the backseat and shut the door. The engine won't turn over.

WE HEAR: a few raccoons pelt the door, but mostly the squalling is now distant and contained in the house.

JACKIE
 (out of breath)
 Go go go!

STU
 Wait, I'm still buckling my seat
 belt.

WE HEAR: Stu messing with his seat belt. The car clicks and
 clicks. Dead battery.

EMMA
 Come on, come on! Start!

WE HEAR: Someone knock on the window.

Emma, Jackie, and Stu shriek!

TRIP
 (muffled, outside)
 Woah.

EMMA
 Trip!

WE HEAR: Emma open her car door and try to drag Trip into the
 car.

EMMA (CONT'D)
 Get inside! Get in!

TRIP
 Augh! Hey! Augh!

WE HEAR: Emma slam the car door.

JACKIE
 Gimme his windbreaker! We can use
 it to cover the window!

TRIP
 (struggling)
 What! Are! You! Talking about!

EMMA
 Demon alien raccoons, Trip.

STU
 They move as one.

EMMA
 Like a hive. Like an alien hive.

JACKIE
Like a swarm of psychic alien bees
with bony, horrible thumbs.

WE HEAR: Jackie and Emma successfully yank Trip's jacket off.

TRIP
Hey--
(getting a whiff of the
three)
I... woah. That is a lot of
curaçao.

STU
Some of it's tequila.

TRIP
Stu, are you bleeding?

EMMA
Focus! If we're going to get out of
here alive, we have to work
together. God, honey, why did you
come to this godforsaken place?

TRIP
I saw the lights on across the
lake.

Beat to absorb.

EMMA
You saw--

JACKIE
Across the lake?

TRIP
At the lodge. I was going crazy,
the fireworks had started and you
weren't there and Sasha-- oh god,
whatever you do, don't ask about
his tothumb.
(turn)
But then I saw the lights flicking
and I thought maybe you got lost
and were still driving around over
here. So I jogged over.

EMMA
You jogged. Over.

TRIP
Well... not the WHOLE way.

JACKIE
While we were being mauled by
crazed raccoons.

TRIP
What raccoons? Those?

WE HEAR: A really cute squeak squeak squeak a short distance
away.

TRIP (CONT'D)
Hey look, they've got a Diet Coke
can.

WE HEAR: A small distant belch from one of the raccoons. (can
be human belch, just for funsies.)

STU
So that's how it's gonna be.

TRIP
Why don't you let me drive? I think
you're too... You seem like you
could use a rest.

WE HEAR: Emma crawling out of the driver's seat into the
passenger's seat.

EMMA
It won't start. The battery--

TRIP
You have to have the brake on to
turn the key.

EMMA
Oh.

WE HEAR: Trip put the car in park and start the car.

TRIP
I didn't even realize there were
still cabins over here. Dad knocked
down the cabins on the East bank
because they flooded every time
there was a hurricane.

JACKIE
I guess he missed one.

STU
Or kept one.

EMMA
Ewwwww ahahahahaaaaa.

TRIP
What?

JACKIE
Sex cabin.

STU
(singsong)
Sex cabin.

TRIP
Ew.
(reconsider)
Well.

WE HERE: Fireworks going off in earnest.

STU
Hey look! Big finish!

JACKIE
Pretty.

STU
(to Jackie)
Should I get a rabies shot?

JACKIE
I think we all should.

EMMA
To the hospital, Trip.

STU AND JACKIE
Hospital!

TRIP
Hospitallllll!

WE HEAR: the engine turn over and drive off.