

Camp BLOODY Nowhere

by

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FADE IN:

START TITLES OVER:

EXT. DARK WOODS -- NIGHT

A full moon presides over some decidedly spooky woods. Deep dark, and undisturbed.

EXT. A CABIN IN THE DARK WOODS -- NIGHT

A small log cabin. Smoke billows from the chimney. The window glows. A SCREAM echoes through the valley. Birds take flight, rabbits run for their lives.

INT. LOG CABIN -- NIGHT

A woman's bare legs propped up, her belly swollen. Two OLD HANDS, ready to catch BABY.

OLD HANDS

Don't worry mommy. I caught you,
I'll catch your baby. Never dropped--

A BABY pops out, bloody and slippery, right through the Old Hands. Baby lands on a dirt floor. A boy!

Then... Drops of blood hit his chest from above.

OLD HANDS (CONT'D)

Mommy's bleeding just a touch. Don't
worry daddy. I've never lost--

BABY coos, a gush of blood SPLASHES on his chest.

EXT. A CABIN IN THE DARK WOODS -- NIGHT

OLD HANDS holds Baby toward the moon. Baby smiles.

OLD HANDS

Born in dirt, washed in blood! You
will accomplish great--

DADDY, grief stricken, a crazy look in his eyes, plucks Baby from the air.

EXT. DEEP DARK WOODS -- NIGHT

Daddy drives his old jeep like a mad man. He's got a full tank of gas and a lead foot. Baby bounces in the passenger seat, his umbilical chord dangling like a wet noodle.

Jeep flying up a steep hill.

Jeep mounting a summit then careening down the other side.

EXT. DEEP DEEP DARK WOODS -- NIGHT

Daddy has taken his jeep as far as it will go. The woods are too thick, the tank is near empty. The wheels spin.

Rays of moon light stream through the thick canopy above.

Daddy grabs Baby. Baby smiles. If he could talk he'd say, "I love you daddy".

Daddy rolls a dirt bike out the back of the jeep. He puts Baby in a small basket. He does not provide a safety harness. He's got a full tank and a crazy look in his eye!

EXT. DEEP, DEEP, DEEP DARK WOODS -- EVENING

Daddy REVS the bike. Baby bounces dangerously, his little knuckles whiten on the sides of the basket.

It's getting dark. A light fog. The bike barrels forward.

A heavy fog. Daddy switches to high beam. That makes it worse dummy! The engine REVS a high pitched WAAHHHHHHHHH!

Spent, his tank below E, in the heart of nowhere, Daddy stops. He drops Baby on the cold wet ground.

Daddy peels out. Baby is pelted by dirt and rocks.

EXT. DEEP, DEEP, DEEP DARK WOODS, CLIFF -- NIGHT

A huge cliff. Daddy drives toward it. Tears stream across his face. The motorcycle flies off the cliff. WAHHHHHH!

DADDY

AHHHHHHH!

EXT. DEEP, DEEP, DEEP DARK WOODS -- NIGHT

Baby on his back. His little body a mess of dried dirt and blood. He kicks his arms and legs, working out the kinks.

END TITLES:

FADE TO BLACK:

FADE IN:

INT./EXT. CHEVY SUBURBAN -- DAY

SIX TWENTY SOMETHING'S, good looking, confident, partiers, drive a large, red Suburban down a dirt road. The driver, RICK, BELCHES, loudly and hurls a beer can over his shoulder.

GINGER, a young woman, lovely, ducks from the beer can.

GINGER

It's not even noon ya bloody wanker!

The Suburban SCRATCHES across the gravel to a halt.

A cabin, a sign: WILDERNESS EXCURSIONS.

RICK

Bloody hell, we're feckin' 'ere.

INT. WILDERNESS EXCURSIONS HEADQUARTERS -- DAY

VIOLET, 21, tough as nails, sporting a waist length braided pony tail, watches the six young college kids spill from their car. She shakes her head in disgust.

Violet pulls a well worn book of maps from her back pocket.

VOICE OF AUTHORITY (O.S.)

The "jerk-offs" are here. They've paid for the Deluxe Excursion. You will follow the Deluxe route exactly!

The map has several official routes mapped out in black. It also has routes hand drawn in red. Violet traces the Deluxe Route with her finger, then pulls a red pen from her hair.

VIOLET

Yeah. Yeah.

One of the "jerk offs", CHESTER, stumbles into the cabin.

CHESTER

KRIMEY! Where's the bloody loo?

VOICE OF AUTHORITY (O.S.)

Last chance, sweetheart. You lose one more jerk-off and you're gone!

Violet traces a route on the map she's never been. Her finger passes hills and valleys, into an uncharted area.

VIOLET

On my mother's life: I won't stray one foot from the official route.

CHESTER

Excuse me, we're not so much "jerk offs" as, "wankers". Loo please?

Violet grabs a long metal case... Flips it open. There, in soft velvet, a hiking stick. Around the handle -a small golden locket. Violet slips the locket around her neck.

VIOLET

Any fucking tree will do, Wanker.

Violet twirls the stick on one hand, checking the balance...
It's perfect. She heads for the door.

VIOLET (CONT'D)
We're leaving.

EXT. WOODS -- DAY

Violet, in spite of her heavy pack, hikes aggressively. She plants her stick firmly with every step.

The Wankers in her charge pant and wheeze behind her.

RICK
Bloody Hell! Somebody tackle that lanky streak of piss.

EXT. DEEP DARK WOODS -- EVENING

Violet and the Wankers hike on.

A young geeky man, TOM, holds up a PDA.

TOM
'Tis official. We're pushin' terty miles. I'm losin' me signal.

CHESTER
How do ya lose a signal from a bleedin' satellite?

They all stop.

RICK
Mutiny-on-the-bounty time.

Violet pushes on without a pause.

VIOLET
Please forgive my efforts to get us through bear country alive.

A lovely young woman, KIT, jumps back in line behind Violet.

KIT
I am not fond of bloody bears!

Everyone hops back in line and pushes on with a GROAN.

EXT. DEEP DARK WOODS -- NIGHT

Six sleeping bags rise and fall slowly as six tired Wankers sleep below the stars. Empty beer cans ring the campsite.

Beside a dimming fire, Violet fights off sleep.

Suddenly... Violet freezes, paralyzed with fear. Sweat dots her upper lip.

Violet's POV-- Half asleep, hazy vision. A flash of white. A ghostly apparition of an OLD WOMAN in a ratty white robe, floats across the ground and into the camp.

Violet squints her eyes, she can't believe what she's seeing.

The Apparition is... Collecting empties?

The Apparition rummages through Violet's stuff... Finds the map... Grabs the red pen.

EXT. DEEP DARK WOODS-- MORNING

Violet walks around and kicks the Wankers.

VIOLET

We move!

RICK

Oh. My bleedin' 'ed.

EXT. DEEP, DEEP DARK WOODS -- DAY

Violet leads her team of Wankers. She uses her hiking stick to cut a path through the thick brush.

GINGER

Bloody 'ell. Tell me this is the "wilderness" part.

RICK

Fecks sake! The last t'ree feckin' parts were the bleedin' wilderness. When's the feck'n "excursion" -ya know skinny dipp'n 'n the quiet lake, and drink'n pints by the fire...

Rick's tirade drops away as he and his fellow hikers find their trail blocked by some impossibly thick foliage. Violet checks her map, -shakes her head.

VIOLET

This makes no sense.

Violet looks back, then all around, -checks the map again. Scrawled across it, a new line, one leading straight ahead.

VIOLET (CONT'D)

Who's been monkeying with my map?

Rick jumps up and down and HOO HOO's like a monkey.

RICK

Hoo! Hoo! AH! AH!

Rick grabs the map and shakes it over his head.

Everyone starts LAUGHING, except Violet. She eyes her stick and wonders if Rick would be missed.

Rick grabs the shrubs and shakes. He breaks branches and throws them around wildly.

RICK AS MONKEY
AHH! AHH! EW! EW!

Everyone stops laughing. They stand, mouths agape.

Behind Rick, through the broken foliage, a clear trail. Over the trail, a dilapidated sign reads: "CAMP NOWHERE".

Violet's eyes narrow. She steps forward.

VIOLET
Time for the excursion part.

EXT. CAMP NOWHERE -- EVENING

Three small cabins nestled beside a pristine lake. Violet and her campers stumble into camp.

GINGER
Sweet Mary Mother a God!

RICK
CABINS! A Bloody lake!

Rick drops his pack, rips off his shirt and runs for the water. All the young Wankers do the same.

VIOLET
It's getting dark, we have to secure
the...
(beat)
Whoa, wicked deja vu. Listen up
Wankers, there are gonna be some
fucking rules.

Violet scans the woods with her eyes. She touches her gold locket.

VIOLET (CONT'D)
Something's out there.

She twirls her stick in one hand nervously.

VIOLET (CONT'D)
I can feel it.

EXT. DEEP DARK WOODS -- EVENING

POV -Six feet above the ground, flowing across the forest floor. Trees fly by. A fallen log is vaulted. Bees BUZZ.

POV -We dodge and weave behind trees as we spy from a distance-- Camp Nowhere and it's six new inhabitants. The Wankers are all there, but no Violet.

EXT. CAMP NOWHERE -- NIGHT

Violet sprints through the woods around the camp. She runs low and quiet, like a hunting cat.

She stops below a large tree. She sniffs the air. A bee BUZZES by. She looks all around. Nothing.

Suddenly, an empty can flies from the camp, TINKS off the tree, and falls at her feet.

VIOLET
(shouting)
IDIOTS! The rules. Read them, love
them, live them. Emphasis on LIVE!..

Violet disappears into the woods.

A SHADOW, A KILLER? Drops slowly from above, landing without a sound on the very spot Violet was just standing.

KILLER POV-- We pick up the can of beer. A bright red and yellow can. We look at the Wankers. Bees BUZZ. A BREATHING sound.

The sun sets.

EXT. CAMP NOWHERE -- NIGHT

All six wankers are huddled in blankets around a large campfire. One GUY pees into the fire... WHIZ SIZZZZ.

Rick drinks from his beer, and BELCHES.

RICK
Let's review shall we.

Rick looks at a piece of paper.

RICK (CONT'D)
Violet's Rules. She thinks she's
the bloody Queen.

CHESTER
'Ur bloody Queen can bleed my Mickey!

RICK
Can it skidmark! We don't joke about
that...

(Reading)
Rule number one. No Drinking.

He takes another large swig of beer. So does everyone.

GINGER AND CHESTER
Check!

RICK
Two. No guitars and no singing!

CHESTER
That feekin' reminds me.

Chester pulls out a guitar.

CHESTER (CONT'D)
(singing)
Oh I rose early in the mornin', to
pack my sack it was my need--

RICK
No jokes about killers. That's three.

Ginger makes a show of rummaging through her bag.

GINGER
Bloody 'ell. I thought you packed
the cereal... killer.

Everyone LAUGHS.

CHESTER
(singing)
I tried to rise, I was not able,
Nancy had me by the knees.

RICK
No skinny dipping, no sex and last
but not least, absolutely do not,
under any circumstances, gather wood
or wee in the woods... alone.

Rick raises his beer.

RICK (CONT'D)
To Camp BLOODY Nowhere!

EVERYONE
Here! Here!

GINGER
That's it, I have to piss.
(MORE)

GINGER (CONT'D)
 I think I'll go alone... but where?
 I know, the bleedin' woods.

Ginger points at the woods.

EXT. DARK WOODS -- NIGHT

KILLER POV-- the woods. Ginger is pointing right at us. We duck behind a tree. We slink away, Ginger rushes to the spot we were standing.

CHESTER (O.S.)
 There goes the shrubbery!

Ginger squats in the woods. A bee BUZZES by her ear. She swats at it. Behind her, more BUZZING.

She turns to see: A PSYCHO-MANIAC KILLER, his face a raging swirl of bees, a scythe raised high over his head.

The Killer hesitates.

Ginger lunges forward and bites him in the crotch.

KILLER
 ARGH!

The scythe flies in the air. The Killer grabs his crotch. The scythe comes down and sinks itself into his thigh.

KILLER (CONT'D)
 ARGH!

Ginger runs off SCREAMING.

The Killer grips his leg, and crotch, in excruciating pain.

KILLER POV-- Ginger waddles through the woods, her panties around her ankles, her cute little butt jiggling.

EXT. DARK WOODS, ELSEWHERE -- NIGHT

Violet hears screaming.

GINGER (O.S.)
 PSYCHO-KILLER! BLOODY 'ELL!

Violet takes off like a shot.

EXT. CAMP NOWHERE -- NIGHT

Violet bursts on the scene. The Wankers huddle around Ginger.

GINGER
 And. And. And, the BEES!
 (MORE)

GINGER (CONT'D)

Bees all over 'is face and, and, he
didn't even really 'ave a face.
And, and...

VIOLET

Where?

Ginger points to the woods. That's all Violet needs to know.

EXT. DARK WOODS -- NIGHT

Violet jumps into the spot of the "attack", her stick ready.

Nothing.

Violet searches for tracks.

Nothing.

Violet examines leaves closely. She sniffs the air.

Nothing. No blood, no tracks, no scent. Nothing.

Then, a single bee BUZZES her ear. She snatches it out of
the air and crushes it in a tight fist.

A voice yells from camp.

RICK (O.S.)

What the bloody 'ell are we doin'
'ere?

Violet watches the woods, fingers her locket, a killer look
in her eye.

VIOLET

(sotto)

Revenge. Sweet... Bloody... Revenge.

EXT. DARK WOODS -- NIGHT

KILLER POV-- Limping through the woods, the sound of labored,
teeth gritted... BREATHING.

We come upon a small, rustic, somewhat spooky, cabin.

INT. RUSTIC CABIN, KITCHEN -- NIGHT

HARPY, an old woman, sporting a flower print apron over a
ratty white robe. It's the ghostly apparition from Violet's
restless night in the woods. Except now in focus.

Harpy opens a cabinet to see... A live CHICKEN.

CHICKEN

Cluck.