

SCREENPLAY

FADE IN:

EXT. FOREST - DAY

A midsummer day. Temperatures are hitting the high 90's.

A dirt road weaves through the forest carrying a single car.

The car goes down a side path and stops at a dirt parking area.

EXT. SMALL DIRT PARKING AREA - DAY

The parking area reveals that not many people have visited here lately, weeds have taken over.

Loud ROCK MUSIC blasts from the open car windows. The music goes silent and the car spits out four youngsters.

PETE

About time. I was stuck to my seat.

PETE is in his mid-twenties, tanned, athletic, and has lots of energy.

RYAN opens the trunk. He is mid-twenties as well, sports a two days' growth and has a cool and collected demeanor.

GINNY

Is that a lake?

GINNY, in her early twenties, wears tight revealing clothing, hair tied in a ponytail. Sunglasses rest on the top of her head.

SHAUNA, mid-twenties, steps up next to her. She wears casual summer clothing, and has a pensive face that possesses a graceful elegance.

RYAN

Let's find a good spot for our tents.

They grab their camping gear out of the trunk.

EXT. CLEARING - LATER

Tents have been set up. Ginny eats an apple while a bag of candy passes between the others.

Pete pushes away branches to reveal an overgrown path.

PETE

Looks like an old path. It might lead to the lake.

RYAN

Recon time.

GINNY

Shouldn't one of us stay back here to keep an eye on the tents and stuff?

RYAN

I doubt we have to worry about thieves. This is not exactly a hot spot.

EXT. LAKESIDE - DAY

Dusk kicks in. Ginny swats at mosquitoes and rubs her arms.

RYAN

Check that out.

The group stops and sees a

VERY SMALL HOUSEBOAT

close to the shore.

Its wooden cabin rests on top of a rusty metallic frame and contains several windows including a little chimney. The boat has no engine of its own. The entire structure makes a sad impression.

GINNY

Damn, what's that? A trailer in the water?

SHAUNA

Sure looks that way. I just wonder what it's doing here?

RYAN

It looks deserted. Who knows how long it has been rusting in that lake.

SHAUNA

We should consider going back to our tents. It's getting pretty dark.

The others agree.

EXT. CLEARING - NIGHT

The moon and stars hide behind a thick blanket of clouds.

The group sits around a campfire, eating some sort of canned food.

Crickets CHIRP. Once in a while an owl HOOTS.

Ginny sits next to Pete, who has his arm wrapped around her.

GINNY

I can't wait to go for a swim in the lake tomorrow and work on my tan.

PETE

You actually brought a swimming suit? That explains why you packed five bags for a two day camping trip.

GINNY

Well, a girl has to be prepared. And as you can see, it tends to pay off.

PETE

Well, you should pay me off. I had to drag all those bags for you.

GINNY

I don't --

RYAN

-- Sorry to interrupt your guys' romantic discourse, but I think I see a small light coming from the lake.

Pete gets up and wipes some dirt from his pants.

PETE

Yes, that's definitely a light.

SHAUNA

Think it's coming from that boat?

PETE

I guess it isn't deserted after all then.

GINNY

Ok guys, for some reason I really don't like the thought of somebody living on that boat.

SHAUNA

Yes, I am sure it must be a serial killer. They tend to live on houseboats in very remote areas.

EXT. LAKESIDE - NIGHT

The group silently approaches the lakeside. The light comes from inside the houseboat.

Ryan kneels to the side of a tree. The others kneel next to him.

RYAN

(hushed voice)

We don't want to alarm the serial killer.

Ginny huffs.

SHAUNA

I can't believe somebody is actually living in that thing.

RYAN

Sshht. Keep your voices down.

SHAUNA

I am. I did.

PETE

Guys, did you notice that this spot is completely silent? I don't even hear a single cricket.

GINNY
That's messed up.

Ryan motions for them to be silent.

The light in the cabin goes out and the group finds itself in total darkness and silence now.

The door of the cabin SCREECHES as it opens.

Silence again.

The sound of splashing water is heard. Whatever is creating the sound moves further onto the lake.

PETE
What was that?

RYAN
No clue, but let's get the hell out of here.

EXT. CLEARING - LATER

PETE
Damn. That was weird.

GINNY
Weird? Try scary. Somebody lives in that rust bucket.

SHAUNA
Probably some anti-social nut ball.

GINNY
Well, nut ball or no nut ball, I don't feel too comfortable sleeping in this tent now.

PETE
Don't worry. I am here to protect you.

He draws Ginny against him and grins.

EXT. CLEARING - NIGHT

The couples have moved into their tents for the night. The campfire flickers.

The beam of a flashlight can be seen moving around in one of the tents.

INT. PETE AND GINNY'S TENT - NIGHT

Pete attempts to make out with Ginny, who is clearly not in the mood.

GINNY

Cut that out.

She pushes him away.

GINNY

How can you expect me to be in the mood? We just now found out that some creep is living in that boat.

PETE

Damn, you're paranoid... I'm gonna take a piss.

SHAUNA

Thanks for sharing.

Pete gets up and exits the tent, taking the flashlight with him. His shadow moves across the tent.

A few moments later another SHADOW slides across the tent.

EXT. BUSHES - NIGHT

Pete does his business against a tree and whistles a tune.

A SHADOW flashes across Pete and the tree. Pete quickly concludes his business and scans the area with his flashlight.

The crickets stop chirping and complete silence engulfs him.

He cautiously walks around the tree.

Suddenly an owl HOOTS on a branch above him. Pete jumps. Then he hits the tree trunk with his fist and exhales.

He shoos the owl off.

EXT. CLEARING - NEXT MORNING

Ryan makes coffee using a percolator. Bacon and beans sizzle in a skillet.

Ryan shakes both tents.

RYAN
Rise and shine.

The others drip out of the tents one by one.

RYAN
I suggest we head over to that boat
after breakfast and introduce
ourselves properly.

GINNY
Are you nuts? You think this is the
time for social niceties?

PETE
Stop fretting, Ginny. Who knows who
lives there. Might be a nice old
guy.

SHAUNA
(teasingly)
My bets are on a cannibal who is
seriously ticked off with his Jenny
Craig diet.

GINNY
You guys are nuts.

EXT. HOUSEBOAT - LATER

The group walks up to the boat. Ginny lingers behind.

Ryan calls out to the boat.

RYAN
Hello?

PETE
(directed at group)
This is the County. We are here to
collect property taxes.

The others laugh.

RYAN
Hello?

No answer.

Ryan gets onto the deck and knocks on the small door. The
door isn't locked and CREAKS open.

RYAN

Wow. Come check this out.

Ginny shoots him a "are you for real" look.

GINNY

I know who the nut ball is now.

Pete and Shauna join Ryan. Ginny sighs and hesitantly gets up onto the deck as well.

INT. HOUSEBOAT - DAY

The interior consists of a bed, a desk, and a wooden cabinet, and is meticulously organized. A kerosene lamp rests on the desk, next to a flipped-open BOOK and a SHADOW BOX filled with labeled insects.

SHAUNA

The word neat springs to mind.

GINNY

Oh my god. Are those dead bugs?

Ryan flips through the pages of the book. The pages not only contain written words, but also drawn images of insects.

RYAN

It looks like some kind of log book...

He flips to the beginning of the book.

RYAN

It goes back over 20 years.

PETE

That explains the rusted state of this boat.

Pete opens the drawers in the cabinet. They all contain filled shadow boxes.

PETE

Somebody has been busy.

GINNY

Swell. Now let's get the hell out of here before the exterminator returns.

SHAUNA
Yeah, bugman might not appreciate
us digging through his stuff.

A deep and loud voice comes from behind.

BUGMAN (O.S.)
(thick southern accent)
A bit late now.

BUGMAN, late-fifties and balding, keeps his shotgun trained at the group while a burned-out pipe dangles in the corner of his mouth. A small case and a butterfly net rest at his feet.

He motions for the group to step away from the cabin.

BUGMAN
Didn't your momma tell you that
it's impolite to spy on other
people like that?

PETE
We weren't spying --

BANG! Bugman fires into the air.

BUGMAN
One more word outta you, boy, and I
promise I'll squeeze you into one
of those boxes and pin you like a
bug.

Bugman's face indicates that he means business.

BUGMAN
And you better not have touched my
babies.

PETE
No, Sir, we --

BANG! The buckshot perforates Pete's torso. Wide-eyed he sinks to his knees in a long-lasting gurgle.

BUGMAN
Damn, boy, you're stupid.

The others are shell shocked for a second before reality sinks in.

Ginny and Shauna SCREAM like butchered pigs. Ryan gasps for air, not able to make a sound.

With a scream Ginny launches herself at Bugman but he floors her with the back of his hand.

Bugman hovers over her.

BUGMAN

We all wanna be a hero, don't we?

Bugman lifts his shotgun, ready to land the butt of it on Ginny's head.

Ryan closes in on Bugman and hits him on the back of the head with his fist.

Bugman stumbles and drops his shotgun.

Ginny grabs the gun and crawls up.

GINNY

You piece of shit!

She pulls the trigger. Nothing.

She looks at the gun, pulls the trigger a few times more, but still nothing.

RYAN

Run!

Ginny slings the gun at Bugman's head, but he avoids it easily.

Ryan grabs her hand and drags her with him.

SHAUNA

Come on! Hurry guys!

Bugman is in no apparent hurry. He reloads his gun as he walks after them.

EXT. CLEARING - CONTINUOUS

They arrive at the tents, out of breath.

Ginny pulls all five of her bags out of the tent and digs frantically through them. Tears run down her cheeks.

GINNY

In which damn bag did I put that knife!?

SHAUNA
Come on, Ginny! Leave that shit
behind, we gotta get out of here.

GINNY
I am not leaving without Pete!

RYAN
Pete is dead, Ginny!

A SHOT rings out and tears the bark of the tree next to
Ryan.

SHAUNA
Come on, Ginny!

Ryan and Shauna run off.

Ginny turns another bag upside down. No luck.

GINNY
This has to be it!

Madly she empties the final bag and she clenches her Swiss
army knife.

A shadow falls onto her back.

She turns around, her face in anguish.

BUGMAN
I am sure you've had better days.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Shauna and Ryan run.

Shauna trips over a fallen branch. Ryan stops.

RYAN
You ok?

SHAUNA
I think I twisted my ankle.

A loud SHOT echoes through the forest. Ryan looks up.

RYAN
Shit...Ginny...

Shauna groans and struggles to get up.

RYAN
Are you able to run?

SHAUNA
No, but we gotta keep moving.

Ryan looks around distraught. He spots something.

RYAN
This way!

Ryan helps Shauna.

Shauna looks back over her shoulder.

SHAUNA
He is coming!

Ryan picks up a small, yet thick branch along the way.

RYAN
Only a few more steps. Come on!

They stop and Ryan pulls Shauna behind a tree.

SHAUNA
What the hell are you doing? He is
going to kill us.

RYAN
Just trust me and stay put.

Ryan emerges from behind the tree. Bugman stops in his tracks.

BUGMAN
Aww... Chase ends so soon?

RYAN
We'll see about that.

Ryan throws the small branch with full force into the canopy above Bugman.

Bugman, puzzled, looks up to see a BUZZING BEEHIVE making its way down.

The beehive drops at his feet. The numerous bees are merciless.

Bugman HOWLS in pain and drops his gun. He staggers off and swats at the bees.

Ryan grabs Shauna's hand.

RYAN
Let's go!

EXT. SMALL DIRT PARKING AREA- CONTINUOUS

Quickly, Ryan and Shauna get into the car. Shauna looks back.

The engine starts and the car speeds off.

INT. HOUSEBOAT - LATER

Bugman sits at his desk and writes in his book. Then he pulls the shadow box closer.

INSERT - THE SHADOW BOX

A very swollen hand pins a severed nose into a vacant slot.

Then the hand adds a label. The label reads "Homo sapiens a.k.a. nosy brat"

FADE OUT.

THE END