

CAMP KILLSPREE

A gay slasher comedy play by

Sean Abley



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CAMP KILLSPREE
A Gay Slasher Comedy Written by Sean Abley

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ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Camp Killspree was first performed at Bailiwick Repertory (David Zak, Executive Director), Chicago, IL, on July 5, 1994 as part of the Pride Performance Series. The production was directed by Sean Abley. Repertory Stage Manager – Mitchell Sellers. Production Stage Manager – Patricia Sutherland. Fight Choreographer – Kirk Pynchon. The cast was as follows:

CLIFFORD.....	Joey Meyer
NORMAN.....	Fred Gloor
RICHARD.....	Brad Boehmke
STEVE.....	Elliott Jordan
TIM.....	Todd Ball
TERRY.....	John Cardone
JACK.....	E. Millard Jones
CHUCK.....	Mitchell J. Fain
CARLOS.....	Angelo Petronio
GARY.....	Shawn Courtney
ANDREW.....	Rick Beech
HITCHHIKER.....	Fred Gloor
ROSE.....	Joey Meyer
COPS.....	Fred Gloor, Brad Boehmke

SPECIAL THANKS: The Factory Theatre, John Rent at the Flower Cart, Roscoe’s Café, Mike Meredith, Nick Digilio from ALIVE, Michelle J. Rappaport DDS, Maureen Marrinac MD, and Party Productions.

CHARACTERS

CLIFFORD – 70’s gay porn star type

NORMAN – Ditto, until he comes back as the Hitchhiker.

RICHARD – Ditto, until he comes back at the end of the play

STEVE – A clone, any age but probably in his 20’s.

TIM – Ditto. You can’t really tell him apart from Steve.

TERRY – Dentist, well-heeled and maybe a little stuffy, but not obnoxiously so. A grown up, probably in his 30’s or 40’s.

JACK – Terry’s boyfriend, a little bit more of a free spirit, constantly trying to get Terry to loosen up. 30’s or 40’s.

CHUCK – The single guy, the “Final Girl” of this movie. Good looking, but a big of a complainer, and a little bit psychic.

CARLOS – a Latin actor type. 20’s or 30’s.

GARY – Carlos’s boyfriend, a fratboy type. 20’s or 30’s.

ANDREW – a gay nerd until he takes his clothes off, then he’s an incredibly hot gay nerd.

HITCHHIKER – Originally thought to be Norman from the prologue, but could be just a random crazy guy.

ROSE – A career waitress. Played by a man in the original production, but not a requirement.

THE KILLER – Should be played by several different actors that are obviously different sizes throughout the show.

COP ONE

COP TWO

TIME

Twenty years ago in 1970, and twenty years later in 1984. Yes, the math doesn’t add up.

SETTING

Hard Log Men’s Resort, and Camp Community.

CAMP KILLSPREE

By Sean Abley

Scene One

(SLIDE - "1970 - Twenty Years Ago."

LIGHTS UP. HARD LOG MEN'S RESORT. Twenty years ago. Bearskin rug, fireplace, clothing optional, all the requisite elements for a "Men Only" resort. Outside, it's pouring rain. We hear SFX: car pulling up and some 70s dance music from the car radio. The car and radio cut out at the same time, car doors open and shut, then CLIFFORD and NORMAN making their way to the house in the rain.)

CLIFFORD. *(Off.)* Hurry up! Watch out for that puddle, it's really deep!

(SFX: splash.)

NORMAN *(Off.)* Wow, that puddle's really deep!

(CLIFFORD and NORMAN enter, soaking wet.)

CLIFFORD. Hurry up! I'm soaked.

NORMAN. You're soaked? That puddle must have been waist deep.

CLIFFORD. Take off your shoes. I don't want wet footprints all over the floor.

(NORMAN stays at the door, takes off his shoes while CLIFFORD takes off all his clothes.)

NORMAN. This place is beautiful. What's it called?

CLIFFORD. Hard Log Men's Resort.

NORMAN. You and Richard own this whole place?

CLIFFORD. The whole thing. Right down the middle. So if one of us dies the other one will get everything. *(Does a take as SFX: Crack of thunder)*
Let's not talk about Richard.

NORMAN. Dick.

CLIFFORD. He prefers Richard.

NORMAN. Well, I prefer dick.

CLIFFORD. Ah, the witty sexual innuendo wordplay that makes up the homosexual lexicon.

NORMAN. Um, what?

CLIFFORD. Never mind.

NORMAN. I want to own property some day. My dream is to have my own gay sports bar. I'm going to call it "Balls." Because there are a

lot of balls in sports.

CLIFFORD. You don't say.

NORMAN. No, I just did.

CLIFFORD. You just did what?

NORMAN. Say. You said, "You don't say." But I did say.

CLIFFORD. Norman, your cunning linguistics are wasted on me.

NORMAN. My cunninglinwhatstics?

CLIFFORD. And you as well, apparently. Are you just going to stand there?

NORMAN. Well, my shoes are off, but my clothes are going to drip all over the floor if I'm off the mat.

(CLIFFORD lies on the rug across the room.)

CLIFFORD. Hmmm, that's a problem. I'm not sure how you're going to get all the way over here to the rug without getting the floor wet.

NORMAN. Oh, wait, I have an idea. *(Strips off his clothes.)*

CLIFFORD. Good answer, Norman. You are a very wise man.

NORMAN. Now what?

CLIFFORD. I take that back. Come over here.

(NORMAN moves over to CLIFFORD on the rug. They start making out, but NORMAN keeps nervously looking toward the door.)

CLIFFORD. What's wrong?

NORMAN. What if Richard catches us? He has a really bad temper. I remember back when we were dating he kicked in our TV screen when they switched "Darrins" on "Betwitched."

CLIFFORD. Stop being paranoid. I'm just fucking his ex while he's away for the weekend. What could go wrong?

NORMAN. He'll kill us if he comes home early.

CLIFFORD. He won't get home early.

(RICHARD enters.)

RICHARD. I'm home early!

CLIFFORD. Shit.

NORMAN. Hi, Richard! It's me!

RICHARD. Clifford?

NORMAN. No, Norman!

CLIFFORD. Um...Thank God you're home! I was attacked and knocked unconscious, and Norman just happened to be in the neighborhood of our secluded men's only resort and saved me.

NORMAN. He's joking. He sucked my dick in the diner's bathroom in town and said we should finish off here. Hi!

CLIFFORD. Can't you *ever* play along?

RICHARD. What the hell is going on here?!

CLIFFORD. Richard, wait, this isn't what you think.

RICHARD. This isn't you fucking my ex because you thought I was going to be gone all weekend?

CLIFFORD. Okay, sure. But there are extenuating circumstances! His dick is really nice!

RICHARD. We agreed—no playing around one-on-one with random tricks. Threeways or fourgies with both of us only!

CLIFFORD. Richard—

RICHARD. You've made me look like an idiot for the last time! You're gonna pay for this!

CLIFFORD. Richard, cut it out! You're scaring me!

RICHARD. Oh, I'll cut it out, alright!

(RICHARD grabs a small chainsaw just outside the door and starts it.)

NORMAN. Shit!

CLIFFORD. Richard, wait—!

NORMAN. Now I'll never own "Balls!"

(BLACKOUT. In the dark we hear their screams and the chainsaw. OPENING CREDITS. Typical horror film music as the credits roll. The credits should be real, listing the writer, director, producer, cast and crew of this production, but which roles the actors play should be left out. The last slide/credit should read: "1984 - Twenty Years Later." CREDITS AND MUSIC FADE OUT.)

Scene Two

(STEVE AND TIM'S APARTMENT. STEVE and TIM are packing. Today they wear white t-shirts that both say "Bottom," cutoffs, and boots.)

STEVE. How long are we going to be there?

TIM. Two months.

STEVE. Okay, so we've got ten white t-shirts, ten white tank tops, ten black t-shirts, two pairs cut-offs, and sixteen pairs white crew socks...

TIM. ...diamond studs, small hoop earrings, freedom rings, cock rings...

STEVE. ...hand towels, condoms in bulk...

STEVE / TIM. Thank God for Costco!

TIM. *(Commercial:)* Wet personal lubricant, two liter family size...

STEVE. And one jockstrap each. Phew! All this packing makes me thirsty.

TIM. Here, drink this. *(Hands a can of Coke to STEVE with the logo conspicuously displayed.)*

STEVE. *(Drinks soda.)* Mmmmm this product placement is delicious. Is this an off-brand soda?

TIM. Nope! (*Commercial:*) It's the real thing.

STEVE. We better get going. It's supposed to rain and I want to get there before it gets dark.

TIM. What's the name of this place again?

Scene Three

(*TERRY AND JACK'S APARTMENT. JACK and TERRY are packing.*)

JACK. Camp Community. And it's a great cause. You know, gay teenagers.

TERRY. I know, but aren't we a little old for this? I mean, all that ever happened at camp was drinking, and smoking pot, and skinny dipping, and sex all the time...

JACK. And?

TERRY. And did you see the paper today? (*Holds up newspaper and reads the headline:*) "Homicidal Lunatic Escapes Asylum." (*SFX: Thunder crack. He flips paper over and continues to read:*) "Stay Away From Summer Camp." (*SFX: Thunder crack. He turns paper over, reads headline on the back:*) "Seriously, He Will Kill You." (*SFX: Thunder crack.*)

JACK. That's funny. There isn't a cloud in the sky. Anyway, as long as he's not a *homo*-cidal lunatic, we'll be fine. Come on, loosen up, doctor. Unbutton that top button.

TERRY. But it's still daylight out. Chest hair is for evenings and weekends.

JACK. This is going to be fun. Help me get this stuff into the car. We have to be at Carlos and Gary's in fifteen minutes.

Scene Four

(*CARLOS AND GARY'S APARTMENT. CARLOS and GARY are packing. Their friend CHUCK mopes around their house.*)

CHUCK. But I don't want to go.

CARLOS. Why not, Chuck?

CHUCK. Well, you know I'm a little bit psychic, and (*Spooky, reverb, semi-psychic voice:*) I have a bad feeling about this trip. (*Normal voice.*) Besides, I'm totally going to be the— (*Counts on his fingers.*)—seventh wheel.

GARY. You are not.

CHUCK. I are, too. Everybody else is going to have their boyfriend or lover there, and I'm stuck with Mrs. Thumb and her four daughters.

GARY. Why do you name your jack off hand a woman?

CHUCK. What do you call jacking off?

GARY. An encore presentation of *Hand-el*'s "Messiah."

CHUCK. Well, how cultured of you. I'm sure your high school music teacher is thrilled every time you masturbate.

GARY. Thanks. Now I'll be thinking of Mrs. Granger every morning in the shower.

CHUCK / CARLOS. Eeeeeiww.

CHUCK. Carlos, please. Don't make me go.

CARLOS. Don't be such a pussy. Besides, Gary and I have arranged for you to have a, um, bunk mate for the summer.

CHUCK. What?! No way. *No way.* I am not going on a two-month blind date with some loser *mus grande* and the six of you playing matchmaker. Count me out. I'd rather die alone. (*A beat.*) Is he cute?

GARY. He is... loaded with personality.

CHUCK. Oh, God, he's ugly.

CARLOS. He's not ugly.

CHUCK. Then he's a closet case.

CARLOS. He's not in the closet.

CHUCK. Then he's a Republican.

CARLOS. I just told you he's not in the closet. (*SFX: Doorbell.*) I got it! (*He exits.*)

CHUCK. You know how much I hate being set up. I swear, Gary, if this turns out bad, I'll murder you. (*Does a take as SFX: Thunder crack.*)

(*CARLOS enters with STEVE, TIM, TERRY, and JACK. There are "hellos" all around.*)

STEVE / TIM. What's wrong, Chuck?

CHUCK. Carlos and Gary set me up with some weirdo for the summer.

TERRY. Is he cute?

GARY. He's very... vivacious.

STEVE / TIM / TERRY / JACK. He's ugly.

GARY. He's not ugly. He's differently handsome.

JACK. So you invited Eve Arden.

(*SFX: Doorbell*)

GARY. He's letting us use his minivan, so behave. (*GARY exits.*)

JACK. We're being have.

CHUCK. You know, I'm suddenly not feeling well. Man, my stomach is a mess. Maybe I should just stay home.

CARLOS. Maybe Terry should examine you. Start with this prostate.

TERRY. I'm a dentist.

CARLOS. Considering Chuck's track record, I'm sure it's a straight shot to his molars from there anyway.

CHUCK. Laugh it up, but I'm not going.

JACK. But what about all those poor gay teenagers you'll be letting down?

Each of us has a set of skills crucial for this camp to run well. Without you, the whole thing could fall apart.

CARLOS. Think of the children.

STEVE. Wait, Chuck has skills?

STEVEN / TIM. Name one.

CHUCK. Well, I am a little bit psychic. I actually knew who shot J.R.

JACK. That's... valuable...ish. And we also need someone to direct the talent show, so...

CHUCK. The talent show! (*Magnanimously.*) Well, if I must put aside my personal discomfort for the good of the children, then so be it. I have a lot of plans for our little theatrical extravaganza, and the first order of business will be casting. Of course I nominate myself for the lead—

TERRY. There's a lead in a talent show?

(*GARY enters.*)

GARY. Hey, everybody! Meet Andrew.

(*ANDREW enters in full nerd mode.*)

ANDREW. Hello, everyone. Sorry I'm late. I had to get a refill on my inhaler prescription.

(*All turn and look at CHUCK. SFX: Thunder crack. BLACKOUT.*)

Scene Five

(*IN THE VAN ON THE ROAD. All of our campers are crowded in, with ANDREW at the wheel.*)

ANDREW. Cow! Auto Bingo! Man, I am smoking you guys! In your face!

TERRY. You were right. This is a lot of fun.

CARLOS. Chuck, why aren't you playing Auto Bingo with the rest of us?

CHUCK. I'm reading this book on "How to Harness Your Psychic Power."

GARY. Why?

CHUCK. In the last scene I established I'm a little bit psychic, and I don't know, I just think it will come in handy later...

JACK. It's roasting in here.

STEVE / TIM. Can't we turn on the air conditioning?

TERRY. Good idea.

(*He reaches for the control, but ANDREW stops him.*)

ANDREW. Sorry. I can't have air conditioning. I'm allergic to freon.

CARLOS. Then roll down the windows.

ANDREW. Ooh, no. The wind shear wreaks havoc on my gas mileage.

CARLOS. Oh. Okay.

ANDREW. You're not eating back there, are you?

GARY. *(He is eating)* No.

ANDREW. Okay, because I don't want to get food on the floor.

JACK. So we can't eat, we can't roll down the window, we can't turn on the air conditioner, and we can't listen to the radio because it's a strain on the van's battery.

CHUCK. It's like a less fun Bataan Death March.

JACK. I'm pretty bored here. Why don't you tell us what we can do.

ANDREW. We could sing "Row, Row, Row Your Boat" in a round.

ALL. *(General disagreement.)*

ANDREW. The License Plate Game?

ALL. *(General disagreement.)*

ANDREW. *(Pulls out a spiral notebook.)* I could read my "Star Trek" Kirk/Spock gay slash fiction stories out loud.

ALL. NO!

GARY. Actually...

CARLOS. Shush!

TERRY. Hey, wait a minute. We brought a boom box and batteries. Let's listen to that.

ALL. Cool, great, excellent, right on, etc.

TERRY. I have a cassingle of [NAME OF SONG] right here.

(TERRY pulls out the box and puts in the cassingle of some sort of 70's dance music that mirrors the song we heard in the prologue. [The original production used "Boogie Fever" by The Sylvers] They sing along, under their breath at first, then more and more energetically until we have a full-fledged song and dance floorshow that magically expands outside the van.)

A HITCHHIKER suddenly appears at the side of the road. He looks quite dangerous and frightening. He jogs alongside the van.)

JACK. Look! A hitchhiker!

(The music instantly stops as everyone snaps back to their places in the van.)

STEVE / TIM. He looks dangerous and frightening!

JACK. Let's pick him up.

ANDREW. I don't know...

TERRY. We could be asking for trouble by inviting a transient into the van.

JACK. Oh, stop. What's the worst that could happen? It's not like he's going to murder us this early in the play.

ANDREW. Well, okay. It's the least we could do, considering he's kept up with us doing sixty and all. *(Pulls the van over and stops.)* Come on in, stranger.

HITCHHIKER. Thanks! How about a hand in?

CHUCK. Here...

(CHUCK holds out his hand to help HITCHHIKER in. As soon as they grasp hands, CHUCK has a vision. We hear SFX: chainsaw and the opening scene in voice over.)

NORMAN (V.O.). Shit!

CLIFFORD (V.O.). Richard, wait—!

NORMAN (V.O.). Now I'll never own "Balls!"

(The vision is over.)

CHUCK. Oh my God!

GARY. What?

CHUCK. I just had a—

HITCHHIKER. Hey, the Sylvers! That brings back memories. That must have been almost twenty years ago!

JACK. Memories?

HITCHHIKER. Yeah, I musta been about twenty-eight when I first heard that song.

CHUCK. Wait, "Boogie Fever" came out in 1975... is a random thing that I know. The prologue was 1970, and it's 1984 now, so ...

CARLOS. Wow. Please don't take this wrong, but you don't look that old.

HITCHHIKER. Well, thank you. I use a moisturizing soap. It keeps my skin soft. Boy, am I thirsty. It must be over ninety degrees out there.

STEVE / TIM. Here, have a product placement. *(They hand him a Miller Lite.)*

HITCHHIKER. Well, thank you. *(HITCHHIKER drinks the entire bottle of beer as everyone else sits and watches.)* Ahhh. That has all the taste but half the calories.

JACK. *(After an uncomfortable beat.)* Let's play a game!

GARY. How about "I Spy"?

HITCHHIKER. I'll start! I spy, with my little eye, something that used to be a slaughterhouse! In the summer, when they'd crank up the bolt guns and fire up them furnaces, you could smell steer guts for twenty square miles if you got lucky and the wind was right. You could hear them cows and hogs squealin', and sometimes it sounded like a person, like a person bein' murdered in cold blood, like a person screamin' for his very own life. Sound like that would stop yer blood cold in yer veins. I know 'cause I heard that very scream myself once, see. It started in the mouth a' someone I was real close to. Someone that got themself cut ta ribbons right in front a my eyes. And when the screams got closer, and that person gettin' the shit sliced outta himself got done screamin' 'cause he was dead, I realized them screams was comin' from my own mouth. I had a chainsaw diggin' into my guts, leavin' me with a few scratches— *(He pulls up his shirt to reveal "HORRIBLE SCARS" written on his torso.)*

ALL. (*Horried screams.*)

HITCHHIKER. (*He puts his shirt back down.*) They say what don't kill ya makes ya stronger, and they're right. I'm stronger now! I can take just about anything. Like this! (*He pulls out a Zima.*)

STEVE / TIM. Oh, my God! He has a Zima!

(*Everyone in the van freaks out as HITCHHIKER chugs the Zima.*)

HITCHHIKER. See? See?! I can take it! You know, you look just like my friend—

(*HITCHHIKER grabs JACK and tries to kiss him. ANDREW slams on the brakes. They throw the HITCHHIKER out and speed away. He chases after the car.*)

HITCHHIKER. I can take it! It makes me stronger! But it's gonna kill you!
Ah ha ha ha ha ha! (*And he's gone.*)

STEVE / TIM. He was dangerous and frightening!

TERRY. Look, there's a diner up ahead. Let's pull over and call the police.

ANDREW. I don't know—

CHUCK. Pull over!

(*CHUCK yanks the wheel to the side. ANDREW stops the van and everyone files out.*)

TERRY. I'll go call the authorities.

JACK. I'm coming with you.

(*They exit. Everyone stretches.*)

ANDREW. You should be careful, Chuck. These babies roll like a donut at high speeds if you jerk the wheel to far.

CHUCK. I imagine the front seat would get pretty trashed in an accident.

ANDREW. Oh, sure. The driver would be meat loaf in a collision.

CHUCK. Then I'll have to try harder next time.

Scene Six

(*CONTINUOUS. JACK and TERRY enter with ROSE, a waitress from the diner, giving directions.*)

ROSE. Well, if you're headin' for that old resort, you're headin' in the right direction. Or the wrong direction, dependin' on how you look at it.

STEVE & TIM. What do you mean?

ROSE. Well, look at you two! Ain't you cute. It's like a Nancy boy version of that Patty Duke show. I bet a hotdog makes you both lose control. (*She cracks herself up.*) Whoo, boy! I just crack my ass!

CHUCK. Did you call the police?

TERRY. No, the diner doesn't have a working telephone.

JACK. And just when we need one. (*Shrugs.*) Oh, well.

ROSE. Sorry 'bout that. I was making calls all morning and afternoon long, and then right before you boys pulled up, poof! Phone died. But don't worry, I'll tell the sheriff all about your run in with that crazy lunatic when I see him. Now, what were we talkin' about before all that exposition?

JACK. The resort.

ROSE. Oh, right, right. The resort. Hard Log Resort. Beautiful place. Two gentlemen bought it in the sixties and fixed it up real nice. Repaintin' and varnishin' and new throw rugs and matchin' curtains. Very El Swankola, if ya know what I mean. Those two, why, they had, well, they had a special knack for decoratin'. Uncanny, it was.

JACK. Why would heading to the resort be the wrong direction?

ROSE. Somethin' terrible happened at Hard Log Resort one year. In fact, exactly twenty years ago this summer, in 1970.

CHUCK. But it's 1984...

ROSE. Somethin' awful. Somethin' unthinkable. Murder. The owner, Richard, caught the other fella with another fella and got crazy mad and took a chainsaw and cut 'em to pieces. At least that's what they think happened. Because they only found one body. When they caught Richard, he wouldn't say a thing. Wouldn't tell them where the other body was, or why he did it, or even his name. All through the trial, he just sat there, starin'. Starin' right through ya if ya happened to catch his gaze. They sent him to the state mental hospital for the rest of his life. Now the worst part of this whole mess is that Hard Log, that nice place for those young men, is cursed. Every time somebody tries openin' that place back up, there's a fire, or someone dies under mysterious circumstances, or the hot water only gets, like, halfway hot.

ALL. (*Improvised "Oh, my God, that's terrible!" reactions.*)

ROSE. Some think it's that fella they never found, that he lived and is makin' damn sure that place never, ever opens again. More than one person swears they saw a man, a horribly scarred man, lurking about in the forest surrounding Hard Log, just waitin' for someone foolish enough to try and reopen it so he can kill 'em off in the same horrible way Richard killed Clifford years before. Maybe so. But this year he's gonna have some help. 'Cause Richard just escaped from that state mental home. And you can just bet he's gonna come straight back here. Back to the forest. Back to his home. To finish off the job he started twenty years ago... (*Big pause.*) So you boys have fun gettin' murdered! Bye! (*She exits.*)

JACK. (*A beat.*) She seems fun.

ANDREW. Back in the van. We're losing light.

(They clamber back into the van, crank up the music, sit there for a beat, then stop the van and immediately climb back out because they've arrived at—)

Scene Seven

(CONTINUOUS. HARD LOG MEN'S RESTORT aka CAMP COMMUNITY MAIN CABIN. Everyone splits up to explore the lodge.)

JACK. Well, here we are. Camp Community.

CHUCK. More like "Dump" Community.

TERRY. Is that mouse poop? I think that's mouse poop. Hey, look, mouse poop!

STEVE / TIM. This place is disgusting.

CARLOS. *(Entering from kitchen area.)* I just went through the entire contents of the kitchen, and for some reason we're missing an egg beater.

GARY. That seems really specific.

CARLOS. I know, right?

TERRY. Jack, I know this is a good cause and it means a lot to you and all, but they lived better than this on "Land of the Lost."

ANDREW. I loved that show! Remember when they would shove that big log down the dinosaur's throat?

CARLOS. I remember that! And every Saturday morning I'd think, "Lucky dinosaur."

JACK. Alright, I admit this place is a little—

STEVE. Filthy.

TIM. Gross.

TERRY. Squalid.

CARLOS. Disgusting.

GARY. Slimy.

ANDREW. Dank.

CHUCK. Nauseating.

JACK. Shabby. But that's what we're here for. To clean up the cabins. Then next week when the kids get here, it's cake for the rest of the summer. We just keep them entertained and do our best to make sure they don't drown in the lake while we're having sex for the next two months.

TERRY. Keep them entertained doing what?

JACK. I don't know. Stuff. We'll just play it by ear. Come on. It's just cleaning. It's not gonna kill you.

(SFX: Spooky music. GARY reveals a theremin which he has just played to make said spooky music.)

GARY. Look! I found a theremin!

STEVE / TIM. What's a *(Both horribly mispronounce.)* thenererim?

GARY. An electronic musical instrument from 1928. It's named after a Russian inventor named Léon Theremin. You might recognize the sound from the movies, as it has been widely used in soundtracks for suspense films. You play it without touching it, like this. (*Plays the theremin. SFX: Spooky music.*)

TERRY. How perfectly random.

JACK. Okay, I'll go start the generator—

CHUCK. Generator?

JACK. —and then we can get started. We'll be done in no time. I'll be right back.

(JACK exits as GARY plays the theremin for some spooky exit music.)

GARY. Cool, huh?

TERRY. He better hurry. It's going to get pretty dark when the sun goes down.

(The sun abruptly goes down, plunging the cabin into total darkness.)

TERRY. Uh-oh.

(GARY plays the theremin which supplies the SFX: Spooky music soundtrack for the KILLER, a hulking figure in coveralls and a hockey mask, as he crosses through the cabin, unseen by the others because of the darkness. He stops center stage and pulls out a horrible weapon with which to terrorize the audience... an egg beater!)

CHUCK. What was that noise?

STEVE / TIM. Crickets / The wind... (*They look at each other.*) Wind / Crickets...

CHUCK. Didn't sound like crickets to me.

CARLOS. That's just because you're never out in nature.

ANDREW. What did it sound like?

CHUCK. (*Far-away special effects voice of doom:*) Like a hulking murderer in coveralls and a hockey mask carrying a kitchen implement...

(KILLER exits. GARY stops playing the theremin. The lights come back on. JACK enters.)

JACK. I'm back.

CHUCK. Did you see anything out there?

JACK. No. Why?

CARLOS. Jeanne Dixon here thinks the crickets are after him.

CHUCK. Ha ha. I'm busting a gut. Seriously, I think somebody is out there.

JACK. Whatever. Come on, let's put on some music and get this place cleaned up.

(A tape is put into the boom box. SFX: Big Fun Dance Music. The music plays for less than 30 seconds, just enough time for JACK to put up a single set of gaily colored curtains. The music stops.)

JACK. Done!

GARY. Wow!

CARLOS. This place does clean up well.

STEVE. We've got a week before the kids get here.

TIM. What are we gonna do?

JACK. Never fear! I brought, uh, supplies.

ANDREW. Like what?

JACK. Well, I was a camp counselor in high school, so I thought it would be fun if we did the same stuff I did when I was a teenager.

CARLOS. We're gonna stalk and kill a mastodon?

JACK. No. I'm afraid we might accidentally shoot your mother.

ALL. Ooooh...

JACK. So I brought cheap wine...*(Pulls out a bottle of wine.)*

GARY. "Aunt Festa's Boysenberry Ass-Kick"? Jack, this label is handwritten.

JACK. I know!

CARLOS. *(About the label.)* Careful, the tape is coming off.

JACK. And my friend, "Mary Jane." *(Pulls out some pot.)*

ALL. Cool, etc.

ANDREW. There's a girl coming?

CHUCK. Hand me a large rock and I'll put it out of its misery.

JACK. And Trivial Pursuit.

STEVE / TIM. Boring!

TERRY. I never know any of the answers.

JACK. You will this time. It's the new "Laverne & Shirley" edition.

ALL. Okay, great, etc. ...!

CARLOS. But it's still boring. All you do is sit there.

JACK. Not the way I play it.

(BLACKOUT.)

Scene Eight

(LIGHTS UP. Middle of game. Everyone is very stoned and drunk.)

ANDREW. I have to take a smoke of pot every time I get an answer wrong?

JACK. Every time.

ANDREW. You may not believe this, but I've never smoked grass before.

(He is smoking very badly.)

CHUCK. No kidding.

ANDREW. Swear.

TERRY. Okay—Fuck!

ALL. *(Improvised hilarity at this. "He said swear, so I did!" "You're a*

comic genius!" etc.)

STEVE. Speaking of "fuck"...

(STEVE and TIM start making out. CARLOS and GARY start making out. TERRY and JACK start making out. ANDREW looks to CHUCK. A beat.)

CHUCK. Steve, Tim. It's your turn... Hello... Fire... Dolph Lundgren naked...

ALL. Where?!

CHUCK. In my brain. Look, I feel gross from the trip and everything. I'm gonna go out to the bath house and take a shower. Will somebody go out there with me? I'm still nervous about the noises.

(Everybody looks at each other. Finally...)

ANDREW. I'll go.

ALL. *(Vehemently.)* Yeah, you go...

CHUCK. Thanks, guys.

ANDREW. Race you there!

(ANDREW races out.)

CHUCK. You do that. I'll get you all for this. *(SFX: Thunder crack. He exits.)*

TIM. Come on. I feel like going for a walk by the lake, through the woods we've never been in, in the pitch black darkness.

STEVE. I feel totally safe doing that!

(TIM and STEVE exit.)

TERRY. I've got the munchies. Let's go make something to eat.

(Everyone else exits to the kitchen.)

Scene Nine

(FOREST. TIM and STEVE.)

STEVE. I've got a surprise.

TIM. What?

(STEVE pulls out a blindfold.)

TIM. Oooohh...

(SFX: Scary music.)

TIM. Wait! Did you hear that?

STEVE. What?

TIM. That scary "Someone Sneaking Up Behind You" music.

STEVE. What? No. It's probably just Gary playing his (*Mispronounced.*) threreritin.

TIM. I swear I heard something. Steve, I'm scared!

STEVE. Well, there's only one thing to do when you're scared in the woods in the middle of nowhere at midnight.

TIM. What?

STEVE. Have sex!

TIM. You're so smart!

(They start taking off their clothes, putting down a blanket, etc.)

Scene Ten

(SPLIT SCENE. BATH HOUSE. ANDREW races in.)

ANDREW. I win!

(CHUCK enters.)

CHUCK. You sure did. Whoopee.

ANDREW. You know, I don't think it's a coincidence that everybody said I should come out here with you.

CHUCK. What?

ANDREW. Swear. I think that those guys are trying to set us up.

CHUCK. No! Really? That's amazing. That thought never crossed my mind.

ANDREW. Never?

CHUCK. Never.

ANDREW. Oh. Okay. Well, anyway, time for a shower.

(SFX: Funky 80's music starts. Spotlight on ANDREW, who is suddenly a stripper with killer moves. As he strips naked, ANDREW is revealed to be totally hot underneath that dork exterior. CHUCK is agog. After the strip, lights restore.)

ANDREW. *(Still a nerd, even though he's hot and naked.)* Race you to the stalls!

(He exits to showers. CHUCK starts yanking off his clothes.)

ANDREW. *(Off.)* Hey! There aren't any stalls, just one big room!

CHUCK. Don't use all the hot water!

(Naked, CHUCK exits to showers.)

Scene Eleven

(FOREST. STEVE is in his underwear, TIM is naked except for his boots.)

STEVE. Why are you still wearing your boots?

TIM. I don't want to step in anything. Look, there's deer poop!

STEVE. That's not poop, it's... a rock. See? It's hard.

TIM. Well, we can't let that be the only thing hard out here.

(SFX: Having Sex music. They start to go at it.)

STEVE. Shit! I forgot the condoms! Well, don't worry. I won't cum in you.

(SFX: Having Sex music abruptly stops.)

TIM. Don't worry? Steve, having unprotected sex is irresponsible behavior!

(SFX: Scary music.)

TIM. Wait! There it is again! That "Maniac On The Loose" music!

STEVE. Don't worry, it's just Gary's (*Mispronounce.*) therberiflim.

TIM. Don't worry? Steve, ignoring scary music in the woods is irresponsible behavior!

STEVE. Alright, alright. Here, you put on this blindfold, and I'll go get the condoms and check the area for strangers. Okay?

TIM. Okay.

(They smooch. STEVE exits. TIM puts on his blindfold. SFX: Scary music. KILLER enters, grabs TIM and forces him to his knees.)

TIM. Steve, is that you? Steve, you're scaring me!

(KILLER turns his back to audience, standing in front of TIM. We hear SFX: zzzzip.)

TIM. Now there's a sound I like!

(KILLER grabs TIM's head and forces it down onto his dick. He is strangling TIM. Finally TIM falls to the ground, dead. The KILLER exits. STEVE enters.)

STEVE. I'm back. Got the condoms. And there's nobody around for miles. Boy, do you look relaxed...

(He climbs on top of TIM and starts kissing him. When TIM doesn't move,

STEVE realizes he is dead. With a scream he leaps to his feet. The KILLER enters with a spatula.)

STEVE. Oh, my God!

(STEVE runs away. KILLER slowly walks off in the other direction.)

Scene Twelve

(BATH HOUSE. CHUCK and ANDREW enter, drying off post-shower.)

ANDREW. Weird how all the shower heads were broken so we had to share the same one, huh?

CHUCK. Mystifying, truly.

(STEVE screams offstage.)

ANDREW. Those crickets are loud!

CHUCK. No, that sounded like a scream!

ANDREW. We better get dressed and get back to the main cabin!

CHUCK. No! We don't have time to change! We must stay in these skimpy towels and race back to the others!

ANDREW. Oh, okay.

CHUCK. Crickets my ass...

(They exit.)

Scene Thirteen

(MAIN CABIN. TERRY, JACK, CARLOS and GARY eat heinous, stoner food.)

JACK. Okay, try this. Deluxe Grahams dipped in French onion dip.

(They all try it and, surprise, surprise, it tastes great!)

ALL. Delicious, yum, who knew...? Etc.

GARY. Okay, I got one. Vienna sausages in jam.

(They are just about to try this when STEVE bursts in, hysterical. He is now naked.)

STEVE. Thank God! *(Passes out.)*

(CHUCK and ANDREW enter.)

CHUCK. What's going on?

CARLOS. Tim, what's wrong? Where's Steve?

TERRY. That is Steve.

CARLOS. Is it?

JACK. I think it's Tim.

CHUCK. I think it's Steve, but I've never really known the difference.

CARLOS. Did either of them have some sort of distinguishing birthmark or something?

JACK. Oh! Yes, one of them had a mole right about his ass. I remember from that four-way tag team we had with them.

TERRY. Flip him over.

(They flip STEVE over so his ass is showing. There is a mole above one butt cheek.)

JACK. There it is!

TERRY. Mystery solved.

JACK. Except I can't remember which one had the mole.

(STEVE regains consciousness.)

STEVE. Uhh....

CHUCK. Hey...you. Are you okay?

ANDREW. Why are you naked?

STEVE. As I was running through the forest, the branches kept catching my underwear and slowing me down, so I was forced to take them off.

GARY. Running? From what?

STEVE. ...naked... boots... condoms... death... spatula... *(Faints.)*

ANDREW. You're not supposed to talk during charades.

JACK. Spatula? What does he mean by spatula?

CARLOS. It was the sled. *(After a confused beat.)* "Citizen Kane?"

CHUCK. "Rosebud," you idiot.

(TERRY has examined STEVE.)

TERRY. We better go find Tim and/or Steve. Jack, you come with me. The rest of you stay here. Don't mess with Steve or Tim, he's in shock. Don't leave the cabin until we come back and figure out what's going on. Don't unlock the door. Don't run with scissors, don't sleep in the subway, don't look in the basement, don't tell me how to live and putter... *(He and JACK crack up.)* We're so stoned!

(TERRY and JACK exit.)

CARLOS. Now what?

ANDREW. Maybe we should put some clothes on him.

CHUCK. No! He's in a state of shock. Like Terry said, he must remain naked until he regains consciousness. We can't touch him. We just have to wait.

(They all stare at STEVE's prone, naked body.)

Scene Fourteen

(WOODS. TERRY and JACK come across TIM's body.)

JACK. Oh, my God! Terry, look! It's Steve or Tim!

TERRY. He's dead.

JACK. How?!

TERRY. *(He examines the body.)* Well, judging from these lacerations on his mouth and face, I would say he choked to death on a huge penis.

JACK. *(A beat.)* At least he didn't suffer.

TERRY. Let's take his body back to the cabin.

JACK. Yuck!

TERRY. Jack!

JACK. He's all dead and stuff. Gross!

TERRY. Listen, mister. Steve or Tim was your friend. You've been through a lot together. Remember how you and I first met? We were spit roasting him and/or the other one at a sex party, and spontaneously high fived over him or the other one right before we ejaculated, and you said, "Look! We're making the Eiffel Tower!" You don't get many truly good friends in life, and now that you've lost one, I'd think you'd want him to lie with dignity instead of out here in the middle of the woods. He loved you like a brother that you fuck every now and then, and I know you felt the same way about him. And I'm certain he wouldn't leave you out here like this. Right?

JACK. I guess...

TERRY. Good. Now help me drag his dead carcass back to the cabin.

(They pick up TIM and carry him off.)

Scene Fifteen

(MAIN CABIN. GARY, CARLOS, CHUCK and ANDREW still stare at STEVE's unconscious body.)

GARY. We can't stand here all night.

CARLOS. Oh, I don't know...

GARY. I have to go to the bathroom.

CARLOS. It's a previously unmentioned plot device that all the toilets are in the bath house, not the main cabin. You'll just have to wait.

GARY. But I really have to go!

CHUCK. We can't split up, it's not safe. Just step outside and pee and then come right back in.

CARLOS. Here we go...

GARY. I can't go outside. I have nature pee-fright.

CHUCK / ANDREW. What?

GARY. I can't go to the bathroom outdoors. If I whip it out outside, some crazed boar could bite it off, or a wasp might land on it or something.

ANDREW. Don't forget rattlesnakes.

CHUCK. Well, it looks like you've got this particular neurosis all mapped out, so what are you gonna do? We have to stay together until those guys get back.

GARY. (*Thinks for a moment.*) Anyone here a piss bottom?

CHUCK. You can pee in someone's mouth, but you can't pee outside?

GARY. I use fantasy so it's not like I'm just peeing on someone's face. I pretend their face is a toilet that can talk and likes to choke on my urine.

CHUCK. You're going to make a great father some day.

GARY. Carlos, come with me to the bath house.

CARLOS. I don't know...

GARY. We'll be fine. We'll just run out and run right back. Please!

ANDREW. You guys!

CARLOS. Okay, but let's make this quick. We'll be right back.

(They exit.)

CHUCK. Shit!

(As CHUCK and ANDREW wait inside, KILLER crosses outside with a rolling pin. SFX: Scary music. Back inside:)

ANDREW. Chuck, I'm frightened.

CHUCK. Come here. Let me comfort you over the body of our comatose friend.

(The comforting progresses to making out over STEVE's body. TERRY and JACK enter with TIM's body. CHUCK sees them.)

CHUCK. Fuck!

ANDREW. Alright! (*He flips CHUCK onto his back.*)

TERRY. You guys, help us with Tim or Steve's body.

CHUCK. My God!

ANDREW. What happened?

TERRY. He choked to death on a huge penis.

CHUCK. Well, at least he died doing what he loved.

(TIM's body has been set down beside STEVE.)

TERRY. Let's move some stuff in the bedroom so we can put the body in there.

(The four of them exit into bedroom. STEVE wakes up and sees TIM. He has forgotten that TIM is dead.)

STEVE. Oh, Tim. I just had the worst dream. A spatula-wielding maniac had killed you and—

(He realizes TIM is indeed dead, screams and passes out again. TERRY, JACK, ANDREW and CHUCK enter, oblivious to STEVE's scream.)

TERRY. Help me carry him in.

(They pick up TIM and exit.)

Scene Sixteen

(WOODS. CARLOS and GARY. GARY comes out of the bath house.)

CARLOS. Better?

GARY. Much.

CARLOS. Good. Now let's get back to the others.

GARY. Or...

CARLOS. What?

GARY. We could have sex!

CARLOS. Steven or Tim is in shock, Tim or Steve is dead, and there's probably some evil, disfigured, hulking serial killer skulking around in the woods. As always your timing is perfect!

(They get all naked and begin having sex. SPLIT FOCUS with MAIN CABIN and WOODS.)

ANDREW. What are we gonna do?

TERRY. We'll wait for Carlos and Gary, then take the van and get out of here.

(The KILLER enters the woods as CARLOS and GARY make love. He sneaks up behind them and stabs them with his rolling pin, pinning them together. In the main cabin the guys hear CARLOS and GARY's screams as they die.)

TERRY. Pack it up!

(They start gathering their belongings.)

ANDREW. I'll go start the van.

CHUCK. Wait! You can't go out there unarmed.

ANDREW. You're right. What do we have?

(JACK goes through one of their bags.)

JACK. Let's see—firewood axe, pistol, butcher knife, sledgehammer, and Silly String.

ANDREW. Great. I'll take this and be right back. *(Takes the Silly String.)*

CHUCK. Wait! Before you go—

(He grabs ANDREW and kisses him, hard. Finally the others have to pull them apart.)

ANDREW. Bye! *(Exits.)*

TERRY. Come on. Let's get packed.

(Everyone starts packing.)

Scene Seventeen

(WOODS. ANDREW makes his way through the trees to the van. He gets in and tries to start it, but the engine won't turn over.)

ANDREW. Rats!

(He gets out of the van and opens the hood. The KILLER appears an electric beater with an extension cord trailing off stage to supply power. ANDREW backs up from the car and sees the KILLER.)

ANDREW. Oh, shit...

(The KILLER attacks him and they do battle. ANDREW fights valiantly with the Silly String. At some point the electric beater comes unplugged and the KILLER signals "Just a minute," goes off and plugs it back in, then resumes murdering ANDREW. ANDREW manages to overpower the KILLER by wrapping the extension cord around his neck and strangling him to death. Or does he? ANDREW cautiously approaches the KILLER's body to check it for signs of life. The KILLER springs up and, using one of the beaters, kills ANDREW. The KILLER exits, leaving the electric beater behind.)

Scene Eighteen

(MAIN CABIN. Everything is packed.)

JACK. All set.

TERRY. Okay, Chuck, help Steve or Tim and let's get the hell out of here.

(They exit the cabin and enter the WOODS. As they make their way to the van, CHUCK spies the electric beater.)

CHUCK. Oh, my God! He's dead! Andrew's dead!

TERRY. That's not Andrew, that's an electric beater.

CHUCK. Right. Sorry. My mistake. *(Spies ANDREW's dead body.)* Oh, my God! He's dead! *(Unceremoniously dumps STEVE on the ground and runs over to ANDREW's body and points to it.)* It's really him this time!

TERRY. Oh. Okay.

CHUCK. Why? Why? We never should have let him go out alone. He was just a kid. A boy, really. A young man ready to taste all that had been set before him on an "all you can eat" buffet of life. Ready to do a little dance, make a little love, get down tonight. A candle in the wind who'd made it through the rain and looked at love from both sides now. Sweet dreams are made of these, and I would be a lesser man if I were to disagree. And to top it off, I loved him. I honestly loved him. He lit up my life. And now? Now, he's walking up that stairway to heaven. Oh, my undercover angel, my midnight fantasy, tonight's the night they killed an innocent man. If only you'd da doo run... *run!* Well Mr. Maniacal Killer, his boyfriend is back, and you're gonna be in trouble! His boyfriend is *back*, smart guy, so you had better get out on the double! I won't get no satisfaction until my finger is on the trigger shootin' at the walls of heartache - Bang! Bang! I am the warrior!

(TERRY, JACK, STEVE [sitting up from unconsciousness], ANDREW [sitting up from death] and hopefully the audience applaud furiously. CHUCK is handed a bouquet of roses. CHUCK acknowledges this modestly.)

TERRY. That was beautiful. Now roll his dead body into that ditch and let's get the fuck out of here.

(They roll ANDREW's body off while JACK checks the van.)

JACK. The van is ruined! Someone pulled out all these wires or something.

CHUCK. Can't we fix it?

JACK. We're gay men in the 80s. Our onscreen portrayals still perpetuate the

myth we don't know anything about cars.

CHUCK. Oh. Right. So what are we gonna do now?

(The three argue with their backs to STEVE. As they fight, the KILLER enters with a plunger. He kills STEVE, unnoticed by the others, by plunging his face until his heart is sucked out of his mouth.)

JACK. I don't know.

CHUCK. Well, you better figure it out soon, genius, because you got us into this mess.

JACK. Hey! Nobody forced you to come. In fact, I wish you would have stayed home. At least then I'd die at the hands of a psycho-killer in peace!

TERRY. You guys! Come on!

CHUCK. *(Mocking.)* It'll be fun. It's for a good cause. Yeah, good cause—an organ donor bank!

JACK. Well, I can think of one organ that would be thrown out. "We can't use this one, Doctor. It's atrophied from lack of use!"

CHUCK. *(Spooky reverb voice.)* I knew something bad was—

JACK. And cut that shit out! Mr. Psychic Connection. How about you use this "gift" to warn us before someone gets killed.

CHUCK. It's a contrivance! It doesn't work that way!

TERRY. That's enough! It doesn't matter whose fault all this is. We have to pull it together and figure out a way to get out of here before it's too late. Now help me get whatshisname—

(They notice STEVE for the first time.)

TERRY. We've got to start paying more attention.

CHUCK. What happened?

TERRY. His heart was sucked out of his mouth with a plunger.

JACK. He had a plunger on his *mouth*?!

JACK / CHUCK. Sick!

TERRY. Come on.

(We hear a stick snap.)

CHUCK. What was that?

(We hear rustling in the bushes. Then an animal-like growling joins in. Then a chainsaw buzz. Then horrible screams. All the sounds get louder and closer.)

JACK. Shit! He's coming!

(Just as the sounds reach their peak, ROSE enters.)

TERRY / JACK / CHUCK. Rose!

ROSE. Hi, fellas! Sorry about the noise. I tripped over a sack of soda cans. Damn campers! Leavin' their trash from Hell to breakfast.

TERRY. Rose, do you have a car? We need to get back to town immediately!

ROSE. What? No. Well, yes, but it broke down about a mile from here. I thought I'd stop by and see how you boys was doin' and ended up takin' a hike through them woods. *(She sees the dead bodies.)* Oh, my Lord! What happened here?

CHUCK. He's dead! And everyone else, too! We're the only ones left!

ROSE. Dead? All those beautiful men, dead?

JACK. And the killer is still loose.

ROSE. I knew it! This camp never shoulda been reopened!

TERRY. The main cabin is the safest place right now. Let's take these bodies back to the cabin and barricade ourselves in.

CHUCK. Why do we have to keep bringing the bodies back to the cabin? They're dead.

ROSE. You don't want some rabid wolf takin' a chomp outta your nice dead friend's face, do ya?

CHUCK. Uh, I guess not...

ROSE. Then move your tuckus. 1, 2, 3, lift... *(Too heavy.)* Let's just roll it into the ditch.

(They roll STEVE's body off stage then make their way back into the cabin.)

Scene Nineteen

(MAIN CABIN.)

JACK. We better barricade ourselves in. *(He leans a broom against the door.)* Much better.

CHUCK. For now, but what next? Nobody is supposed to be here for almost a week. We can't stay locked inside for six days.

JACK. Says who? If it's a choice between that or being eviscerated with some kitchen appliance, I'll stay inside for as long as it takes.

ROSE. Speakin' of kitchen appliances, I think I'll check out the mess area. *(Exits to kitchen.)*

JACK. It's boiling in here.

TERRY. Let's get rid of these clothes.

(JACK and TERRY strip down to their jockstraps.)

CHUCK. Is it really necessary for you to be in your jockstraps right now?

TERRY. Hey, who's the dentist here?

CHUCK. What?

TERRY. If it gets too hot, we might develop heat prostration and then be

unable to defend ourselves.

CHUCK. Ah.

TERRY. Maybe we should come up with a plan to get help, or make weapons from things in the house so we can defend ourselves.

JACK. Or we could play a game! Twenty Questions? I'll think of some celebrity and you get twenty questions to guess. Okay?

TERRY. Sure.

JACK. Okay, got one. Chuck, you start.

CHUCK. (*Spooky reverb voice.*) Is it Ruth Buzzi?

JACK. (*Pissed.*) No.

CHUCK. Really? Wow. I'm usually pretty good about those things. Is it a woman who—

JACK. Alright, yes! It's Ruth Buzzi! Fucking A! I am so sick of your brain.

CHUCK. Jack, I'm sorry. Go again and I won't use my brain.

(*SFX: window breaking from the kitchen.*)

TERRY. Rose!

(*They race offstage to the kitchen, then immediately race back onstage.*)

CHUCK. She's gone!

JACK. He's got her!

CHUCK. We gotta go get her!

TERRY. We can't go get her, 'cause he's got her, and if he's got her, then she's a goner!

JACK. Terry!

TERRY. Be realistic, you idiots! He killed everybody else here. I don't think he's interested in taking hostages at this point. (*The lights go out.*) Shit!

CHUCK. The lights are out all over the camp. He must have shut off the generator.

JACK. We've got to have light! Our only defense is being able to see him coming.

CHUCK. Alright, I'm going to go out and fix the generator.

JACK. You?!

CHUCK. Yes! Me! We need light or we're dead for sure. I'll go because if he gets me, at least it won't break up a couple. I'd hate to live with the one of you that has to live without the other. You were both terrible people when you were single.

JACK. (*Taking CHUCK's hand.*) You are a true friend.

TERRY. Chuck, let's all go.

CHUCK. No! You stay here and re-barricade the door when I leave. At least you'll have the walls to protect you. Besides, we could all get separated in the woods anyway.

(*TERRY and JACK both give CHUCK a big hug and kiss.*)

TERRY. Take care, Chuck.

JACK. And come back.

CHUCK. I'll try. *(He takes the broom from the door and opens it.)* Put this back when I leave, and don't open this door for anyone until I get back.

JACK. Okay.

(CHUCK exits the door, the pops his head back in.)

CHUCK. Neither of you was, by chance, going to try and stop me from going? Like physically, or anything?

TERRY / JACK. No.

CHUCK. Shit.

(CHUCK exits, and they prop the broom back against the door.)

JACK. We're never going to see him again.

TERRY. I think you're right.

JACK. You know, you were real sexy when you got all mad when we wanted to go save Rose.

TERRY. Really?

JACK. Yeah. Like when you said, all forceful like, "We can't go get her, 'cause he's got her, and if he's got her, then she's a goner!"

TERRY. We can't go get her, 'cause he's got her, and if he's got her, then she's a goner!

JACK. Yeah! Just like that. Do more. Convince me that it's hopeless to try and save somebody, with alliteration.

TERRY. Um... He's getting her good, and her guts are all gory!

JACK. Yes!

TERRY. He'll stick her and stab her with scissors and a stapler...

(JACK, totally turned on, makes the moves on TERRY, who is also finding this game very sexy.)

JACK. More!

TERRY. More, shit! She sells sea shells by the sea shore!

(And by now they have taken off what is left of their clothes and do what all people being stalked by a maniac do: have sex. SPLIT SCENE with GENERATOR. CHUCK has made it to the power house.)

CHUCK. Great. Now what?

(He fiddles with the generator. In MAIN CABIN JACK and TERRY continue having sex as the KILLER tries to open the door, but can't because of the broom.)

TERRY. What was that?

JACK. It's a new thing I'm trying with my tongue. I read about it in Blueboy Magazine.

TERRY. No, the other that. *(Reacts to the door again.)* That that.

JACK. Whatever it is, is it more important than me going down on you?

TERRY. Absolutely not.

(JACK and TERRY continue having sex. The KILLER enters the MAIN CABIN through a window. He is carrying a melon scoop. He grabs TERRY by the hair and lifts him off JACK and cuts his throat with the scoop. Blood flies everywhere. JACK scrambles and tries to get away. The KILLER grabs him and kills him with a wisk.)

(At the GENERATOR. Chuck has heard the screams from the main cabin.)

CHUCK. Fuck! No!

(He exits the GENERATOR house and runs into the:)

Scene Twenty

(WOODS. CHUCK runs toward the main cabin but is stopped short by the KILLER, who has an ice cube tray. CHUCK screams.)

CHUCK. Aiiiiieeee!

(And runs. He and the KILLER run in place as if participating in a great chase scene; CHUCK fast, the KILLER lumbering but keeping up with him. In running, CHUCK trips, allowing the KILLER to get closer. CHUCK regains his footing and runs again... with a limp, of course. Finally CHUCK makes it to the MAIN CABIN. He can't get in the door because of the broom, so he goes around and climbs in the window. As he climbs in, he bumps his head on the sill and momentarily falls to the ground. There is a corresponding LIGHT CHANGE. Suddenly, the HITCHHIKER appears in the window.)

HITCHHIKER. Aha!

CHUCK. Shit!

(HITCHHIKER enters through the window.)

HITCHHIKER. So. Ya found my little home away from home.

CHUCK. Your home?

HITCHHIKER. Yeah. I spent a little time at Hard Log Men's Resort about twenty years ago.

CHUCK. In 1964?

HITCHHIKER. No! 1970. Twenty years ago.

CHUCK. Seriously, can no one do math around here?

(He advances on CHUCK, but both of them are stopped in their tracks by inhuman noises from outside.)

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