



# ***RETRIBUTION***

**TimberFest Terror.**

***Cutting edge justice.***



***This new horror thriller is the latest from the mind of John Dunning, producer of 58 movies, including cult classics, **Shivers**, **Rabid**, the **Ilsa: She Wolf** films, **Happy Birthday to Me**, **My Bloody Valentine** and its **3D** remake...***

***Teaming again with Lorenzo Orzari, his co-writer for **Flight of the Living Dead** and **My Bloody Valentine 2**.***

*****Retribution** content is available in separate versions: Suspenseful thriller... Gore-fest slasher horror... 3D horror thriller.***

***Grip your version right now... classic, cutting edge, to die for!***

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***Treatment.*** This ***Thriller*** version contains footnotes for the ***Horror Annex*** attached with R-rated versions of select scenes.

*"3D" indicates shots for a 3D version.*

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# ***RETRIBUTION***

***As seasonal logs arrive by river and Blackwood Falls celebrates its annual TimberFest, the town's Krazy 8 bullies face the psychotic vengeance of a killer lumberjack.***

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In a panorama... A river flows with logs dangerously shepherded by **Lumberjacks** jabbing their logger spears with razorback teeth and <sup>3D</sup> hooks maneuvering logs rumbling in the current.

The 'jacks nimbly run on the logs floating downstream... An aerial view over a blur of trees reveals the eventual destination of the winding river, a saw mill, where beyond further trees and a forest field, the view opens to reveal...

A quick pan of a sports field with a few empty stands, no one around, though the field's set up for logging competition events...

A big chainsaw with a muffler sits by a log on a metal frame. A retro crosscut saw with handles on both ends remains halfway cutting another log. A tree trunk "slice" stands upright, ax planted in its painted bulls-eye. Two logs float in a small above-ground pool in the shadow of two sixty-foot climbing poles.

The view passes a field banner... "Blackwood Falls / **TimberFest Games!** / Regional Eliminations" and a lumberjack poster... "Cash Prizes for Best Beard of the Festival!"

Near the sports field is a Community College behind which is the small town of Blackwood Falls.

Sitting on campus steps, 19- to 20-year-old **students** are eating their lunches. But inside the college...

Running terrified up a deserted corridor past lockers... student **JEREMY ACKERMAN**, 19, shoots quick glances over his shoulder. He's wearing a white T-shirt under an old red plaid shirt, jeans with wide yellow suspenders, backpack hanging from a strap...

Scraggly, with a beard barely growing, he desperately stops, faces —

Seen from behind, **BUZZ "BUZZCUT" KRAZEN**, 20, and **BITCHIN' BANSHEE**, 19, block him after they suddenly turn the corner. They close in on Jeremy in view over their shoulders. Buzz has a spiky buzzcut, Banshee a bitchin' hairstyle. On the back of their necks they each have a Krazy 8's tattoo... grinning skull-dice over two crossbone axes.

Blocked, shadows rising over him, Jeremy steps back in fear.

He glances, left, right — dashes for the stairway —

Jeremy slams himself back against the stairway wall, staring up at towering student, “**BIG TIM**” **BURVIN**, 20, with a razor-cut beard, and a hefty girl, **LUMBERJELLY**, 19, coming down from upstairs —

They also have Krazy 8 tattoos on the backs of their necks visible as they stare down at him.

Jeremy bounds down the stairs —

But halfway down the first section of stairs, Jeremy freezes, horrified, when he sees two more tattooed Krazy 8’s, **BUSHWHACKER**, his beard a creepy frizz, just coming up the lower half of the stairs with spike-haired **PREENING PRISCILLA**, both 19, turning, now blocking the landing to which Jeremy was running down.

He flashes a look back up over his shoulder, sees heavy boots slowly thump down.

Jeremy suddenly vaults sideways over the banister —

**BANG!** He thuds halfway down the second set of steps below, almost twists an ankle — with Bushwhacker and Priscilla looking down from the landing now above him.

Jeremy bounds out of the stairway so fast, he **SLAMS** into the opposite wall of the ground-floor corridor.

He turns, sees at the far end of the corridor, *relief* — ! The light of the exit door — Suddenly blocked by a freakishly grinning Krazy 8, **WOODY**, 19, his beard psychotically razored, just rounding a corner with Krazy 8 **SLUTTY SALLY**, 20, tattooed, chewing with a nasty snarl —

Absolutely terrified, Jeremy backs up, glances over his shoulder — caught in a tightening corridor space, facing Krazy 8 Woody and Slutty Sally closing in to grab him —

The stairs behind him echo boots **THUMPING** down. Buzz and the other Krazy 8’s hustle out of the stairway —

Jeremy glances desperately, sees he’s facing the Men’s Room door — He bashes through it —

In the washroom, Jeremy’s hand desperately reaches up to grip the window latch. His hand is yanked back, out of view.

Thumps...

In one of the toilet stalls, a short student, **ERIC REICHER**, stops undoing his belt, turns to the sounds, looks through a crevice of his closed stall door.

Glimpsing Buzz and the Krazy 8’s in the washroom, Eric’s eyes widen in fear. He panics, trapped, sits on the toilet, raising his feet, grips his ankles in silence, not wanting to be seen.

Eric leans, dares to spy through the door crevice... He sees Jeremy’s clothes drop in a pile on the floor... his old red plaid shirt, white T-shirt, his yellow suspenders, his shoes, socks... His pants drop with the sound of keys, cell phone sticking out of a pocket.

His underwear drops onto the pile...

Eric suddenly pulls himself back, staring at a shadow on the floor approaching his door.

Nearing the door of the stall Eric is hiding in, Woody drops Jeremy's backpack after pulling a muscleman magazine out of it. Woody smirks, but he's turned on by the cover... A muscleman's erect bicep is gripped by a gorgeous woman in a bikini.

Leering at the magazine with a hand rubbing his crotch, Woody is about to shoulder into the stall —

Inside the stall, Eric stares down in silent terror... at Woody's boots stepping closer — Eric pulls back from a door-crevice glimpse of Woody ever so close —

Buzz calls out, "Woody!" And Woody turns, "Something just came up." Buzz: "What'd I tell ya? You're gonna go blind beating your meat every day." Woody grins, "Keeps you pumped." Woody mimics Jeremy's pained grimace. "Ain't that right, girly boy?"

With the Krazy 8's surrounding Jeremy, only his head and bare shoulders are visible. Buzz orders Woody to "Get over here. Ya gotta see this."

Hardly breathing as Woody's motionless boots suddenly thump away, Eric dares to peek through the crevice of his stall door. He sees the backs of Krazy 8's...

Big Tim Burvin and Bushwhacker stand outside the Men's Room, blocking the door.

They allow two Krazy 8 girls to go in, Bitchin' Banshee and Preening Priscilla... Big Tim and Bushwhacker watch through the half-open door and smirk. Under Buzz's direction, LumberJelly, Bitchin' Banshee and Preening Priscilla circle their bare-shouldered prey, Jeremy, slash his face with makeup.

Also inside the Men's Room, Slutty Sally sneers as she lewdly chews gum. She reaches into her strapped bag...

Through a crevice in the stall door, Eric sees Buzz and the Krazy 8's stuffing Jeremy's backpack and clothes into a garbage can.

Peering past a door edge for a view outside the Blackwood Falls Community College... Jeremy sneaks out, now revealed to be wearing a summer dress, his face grotesque with makeup.

He tries to sneak past students sitting on the steps, on the grounds, eating their lunches... The students stare, hoot and LAUGH as they see him running.

Jeremy skulks from behind a suburban house next to his home. Though his makeup is monstrous, his face emanates desperation. Trying to remain unseen, he hurries from the edge of the house to disappear in front of his home.

A garden hose extends around the corner from a hose timer bracket on the side of his home...

An unseen potted plant crashes over... a garage door starts to open...

Driving her car around the corner, **LUCINDA ACKERMAN**, 43, is busy talking on her cell

phone, bags of groceries and other shopping on her car seats.

She turns into her driveway, talking, pressing her garage remote, squints, sun in her eyes... Her garage is not opening properly because it looks like some garbage, or women's clothing, is jamming the garage door.

She presses the remote, but the garage won't budge... It just remains jammed about a foot and a half open.

She drives in closer, trying to see with her hand up since the sun is blinding her... And just then, water starts timer-spraying from the garden hose strung up to the women's clothes hanging from the light fixture over the garage door. Water **SPRAYS** all over, from the dripping dress, garage and driveway.

Lucinda turns on her wipers... drives in closer.

Her eyes widen in **SHOCK**... **OH, MY GOD!**

What is she staring at? Her son Jeremy hanged himself.

Water showers everywhere... from the sprayer on the hose tight around his neck...

His face grotesque with makeup, water dripping from his dress and bare feet.

A high, dizzying view <sup>3D</sup> from the top of a huge tree trunk reveals the plunging depths of a forest below.

A pan up reveals the claw spurs of lumberjack boots stabbing into and rising up the tree trunk... Lumberjack tree topper, **JAKE ACKERMAN**, 45, steadies himself to unlatch a chainsaw from his utility belt, **CRANKS** it up **WHINING** to cut the top off the tree.

He's wearing a bright "X" safety vest over his distinctive red plaid shirt, a red helmet with soundproofing earmuffs in place. With chainsaw-safe lumberjack gloves, before his rugged face with a black beard, he flicks down his safety visor. Chainsaw splinters bounce off his **black metal-mesh face mask**.

The top of the tree spectacularly **CRASHES** down to earth, revealing magnificent forest valley lake scenery below... out of which suddenly rises a **ROARING** Heli-logging chopper.

Jake grips the top of the cut tree, supported by his boot spikes and a cable.

The **pilot**, looking dead serious, signals that Jake's gotta get down and come with him...

The turning chopper has a Blackwoods logging company logo...

The same company logo is on a pickup truck as it passes suburban houses, double parks on the street because cars are lined up in front of Jake's home. One of the cars is the Police Chief's cruiser.

Jake rushes out of the truck to get to his house, then sees in heavy *slow motion* the police tape

blocking off the driveway and garage door... the garden hose dangling from the garage light fixture... The water's turned off. The body already taken away...

Jake moves to the entrance, sees a little bouquet of flowers leaning against the garage door.

And standing there in black, then slowly walking away, is Goth Girl, **MORGANA LEVANE**, 19.

She passes other **kids** coming with flowers from various directions.

Jake busts into his home. In the living room he faces —

**Police Chief HARLEY REICHER**, 49, going over investigation points with **town coroner Dr. BEN MURPHY**, 59. **Lawyer TOM SENESZY**, 43, stops his discreet talk with community college **dean WILLIAM "WILLY" RANDALL**, 46. Tom and Willy sport beards in keeping with the TimberFest celebration. They're here now as friends with **MINISTER JAMES**, 50, to offer condolences.

But Jake wants to hear nothing but how the fuckers who did this to his son are going to pay — Jake had been asking all of them over and over again — What were they gonna do about this goddamn bunch of Krazy 8's bullying kids for years, and now — Where the hell are they?

The Police Chief hesitates. Jake gets in his face. "You're the Law — What're you going to do about it?" The Chief hates to say... What can he charge them with? A prank that went sour?

Dr. Murphy confirms Jeremy's death was suicide by hanging, with no other bruising, no evidence of assault or struggle with anyone else.

Jake's best friend, lawyer Tom Seneszy, says the hotshot lawyer father of Krazy 8 leader Buzz Krazen will state Jake's son was mentally unstable. Tom suggests the only option would be a civil suit against the Krazy 8's or the school, but... They have no witnesses, says the Dean.

Jake's furious with the Police Chief and lawyer really sorry there's nothing they can do. There's presently nothing in the books... They can't enforce something that doesn't exist. There's no proof directly connecting the Krazy 8 bullies to Jake's son committing suicide.

Jake pushes Tom the Lawyer away, aggressively says, "The law is good for nothing!"

He storms out, gets into his Jeep Cherokee parked at the curb in front of his house. Angrily thumps the steering wheel.

Police Chief Reicher approaches Jake's side window. They exchange a look that communicates the Chief really wishes he could do something more... Jake fumes, tearful. The Chief promises Jake he'll pull the Krazy 8's into the station for questioning. Goddamn it, he also was there when Jeremy was born... The Police Chief swears he'll do everything he can.

Jake sees several **students** approaching with flowers. Grim, he drives past them.

In a solemn, quietly emotional walk towards the house, three or four students bring flowers and votive candles. Some students come away from dropping off their flowers at the garage door where Jeremy hanged himself, stop on the sidewalk —

They move aside to let the Krazy 8's defiantly pass on their way to the police station, to answer questions the Police Chief wants answered.

As Buzz leads the Krazy 8's... Bitchin' Banshee, Big Tim Burvin, LumberJelly, Preening Priscilla, Woody Eckard, Bushwhacker, and Slutty Sally... Buzz casts a glance at Jeremy's house in passing. He just says, "The queer had it coming."

Bushwhacker turns to Buzz, "That's what you're gonna answer the Police Chief? What're we gonna say?"

Buzz says Jeremy couldn't take a prank. He puts down Jeremy. So he suicided? What an asshole. He was a coward, took the easy way out, had no backbone. Good riddance. Buzz smirks at the Krazy 8's. Plenty of other victims around. Look at these idiots with flowers...

Some students see the approaching Krazy 8's and cross the street to avoid them.

Buzz crosses the street and grabs a bouquet from a **girl student**. She backs away, quietly cries while her friends comfort her.

Buzz crosses back to the other side and gives the flowers to his girlfriend Banshee —

The flowers are snatched away by another student, a bearded jock, **RON SIMON**, 19, who returns the flowers to the girl. He's not afraid to stand firm to Buzz in the middle of the street. He threatens Buzz, "One day, you're gonna get yours."

Not to lose face, Buzz dismisses the Jock, just says, "All I'm gonna get is... laid." His hand moves down Banshee's ass next to him.

The Krazy 8's come out of the police station, smirking and high-fiving each other on the steps. The cops have nothing on them. The 8's didn't do anything. Did anybody see them force Jeremy to put on a dress? No. Did they hang him? No. That Jeremy kid was nuts, did it to himself, right?

The Krazy 8's feel they're untouchable, will hook up later to knock back a few TimberFest brews at the Log 'n' Lager Bar...

That evening, parked in the driveway of a suburban townhouse are Police Chief Reicher's cruiser and the Dean's car with a Blackwood Falls Community College bumper sticker.

The Dean is having dinner with Chief Harley Reicher in his home, with the Chief's wife **HELEN** and son **Eric**... The Chief tells the Dean he got the Krazy 8's in for questioning, but goddamn it, couldn't find anything to charge them... With no proof of their harming Jeremy or causing him to kill himself, he had to let them go.

The Chief turns to his son Eric, asks if he heard anything at school about what happened to Jeremy. The Krazy 8's often picked on Jeremy, right?

Eric won't say he saw anything at school, nothing that would incriminate any of the Krazy 8's as guilty of the bullying, of the final humiliation that caused Jeremy to kill himself. Eric just can't

talk. Close on Eric's eyes, evasive...

His father the Police Chief waits for an answer, wants something done about the situation. He's getting so goddamned frustrated he can't do his job, he starts raging — His wife tells him to stop it, right now. His pressure's getting so high, he's going to blow a vein. In his last investigation, he almost had a psychotic breakdown.

Eric, withdrawn, can only say... "Dad... Even if I saw or knew something... Do you know what my life would be like if I said anything?" The Dean slowly nods, confirming the sorry truth.

Police Chief Reicher really wants his son to say if he saw anything, grow a backbone, be a man.

Reicher's wife, sardonic, says, "Be a man... *like you?*" Bullied by his superiors, with his high blood pressure... The Police Chief and his wife Helen have their implied differences. She tells him to leave their son alone, let him get his education without any trouble.

That night, before the Blackwood falls Log 'n' Lager bar, there's a festive atmosphere with "**TimberFest**" banners and decorations all around the street. Firecrackers pop, surprising people walking by dressed in lumberjack gear, backslapping jovial, laughing.

Many **TimberGames competitors** are sporting real beards. Others in the spirit of things are even buying fake beards and lumberjack clothes and paraphernalia from open storefronts.

Pushing through the crowd, the 19- to 20-year-old Krazy 8's boisterously thump into the Log 'n' Lager Bar. Just inside the entrance, a customer objects to their noise.

The Krazy 8's insidiously grin as the clean-shaven Buzz and Big Tim Burvin with his razor-cut beard stare the customer down. Buzz asks the customer how his kid's doing in school. The customer turns away, not wanting to make trouble for his son.

The bar crowd is festive, drinking, most sporting lumberjack clothes and beards. Even a few young women are wearing fake beards. Some **real lumberjacks** are in the mix. The retro decor includes wall photos of old-time loggers, timber pulled by horses...

Under a picture of **legendary lumberjack Paul Bunyan**, a college student almost spills his beer, his chest finger-thumped by a drunk **French Canadian lumberjack** insisting in his heavy accent, "Bon Yieux! Paul Bon-yon was no 'Merican! 'E was from Saint-Eustache, Quebec, colis!! *I'm* 'is descendant!"

Passing with the Krazy 8's, Buzz smirks the hairy lumberjack descended all right. From Sasquatch. The lumberjack belligerently confronts Buzz, "What you say?" Buzz just says unfazed, "From Sasquatchewan, right?"

The lumberjack doesn't get it, suddenly bursts out laughing, guzzling beer spilling over his beard. Buzz shakes his head as if dismissing a moron, backslapped by the Krazy 8's. He looks around at all the bearded people in the bar, especially the college TimberGames competitors, all sizes and shapes drinking beer.

Beard contest or no, not wanting to go with the flow, the clean-shaven Buzz says he doesn't

need a face bush to beat these college beard-os in the TimberGames.

The Crazy 8's take over a corner chugging beer, jeering, ironically singing the **Monty Python song, "I'm a lumberjack and I'm okay!"** And just as they're singing the lyrics about the lumberjack dressing like a woman —

BOOM. Jake bursts in, drunk, smoldering. The bar is silenced.

Still wearing his red plaid lumberjack shirt (the same kind his son Jeremy was wearing), Jake pushes through the crowd, his sights are on the Crazy 8's. Jake menaces, "Police Chief says he can't prove it, but I know you bastards killed my son. Now *you're* gonna get nailed."

Jake suddenly lunges for Buzz's neck, people holding back Jake as he accuses Buzz who just shrugs, "Me? What did I do? Your son Jeremy was touched in the head, probably fell like an apple... not too far from the tree." Jake looks away, a repressed volcano. Buzz: "You ever catch him wearing your wife's clothes?" Jake loses it, just wants to tear Buzz apart.

Jake's pulled out by Police Chief Reicher, Tom Seneszy and **sympathetic townsfolk** including some **buddy lumberjacks**.

The Crazy 8's just end up laughing, smacking each other, saying Buzz was brilliant, thinking they can just get away with anything.

In the parking lot outside the bar, Tom tries to calm him down Jake, tells him he's got friends here. There are ways... It's just, there are laws...

Jake drunkenly rages, "Laws for *who*? You ever heard of vigilante justice?" — He punches his best friend Tom the lawyer.

Police Chief Reicher watches Jake stagger off. Tom slowly gets up, tells the Chief, "He needs help... You going to stop him from doing something crazy... on his own?" The brooding Chief looks like he's weighing dark thoughts. He moves after Jake.

The TimberFest festivities continue in the bar... In the carousing, a plaid-shirted **band** (like Stompin' Tom Connors' or rockin' Jackyl...), plays raunchy lumberjack rockabilly, the loud **crowd** hoisting beers and hard drinks...

Leaning on the bar, Woody leers at **three girls** in a booth, elbows Bushwhacker to watch how a master does it. Just as the **bartender** turns his back, Woody reaches over the bar, swipes a bottle of rum and a two-liter bottle of cola.

The three girls suddenly see Woody with his psychotically razored beard leaning over them... He asks if they could give him a hand with something *big*. He leers closer, gripping the big bottle of rum before his crotch. They can all have a drink with him some place more intimate... Do they mind drinking from the bottle?

He grins, creeping out the girls who continue talking, giving him the cold shoulder.

Seeing Bushwhacker silently laughing at him, shaking his head, Woody nods back like "just wait."

Woody turns his back to the **girls**, pulls some mints out of his pocket, shoves them into the two-liter cola bottle which suddenly erupts as he turns, spraying the girls' tops with a <sup>3D</sup> ejaculation of cola gushing out of the bottle he lewdly holds before him! The girls shriek as their tops get soaked, revealing the contours of their breasts <sup>in 3D</sup>!

Bushwhacker and the Krazy 8's laugh and hoot, tug Woody away.

Early next morning, in a small diner on Main Street, Slutty Sally reluctantly works as a part-time waitress serving breakfast at the counter. She hates the small-minded, tip-cheap **townsfolk**. She hears a beep, sees Preening Priscilla in her VW Cabriolet convertible outside the window, waving "Let's go."

Before serving a couple of customers, Sally with her back to them, secretly spits in their oatmeal in Priscilla's view. Smirking with Priscilla, Sally gets in the car, to join up with the Krazy 8's at the Community College TimberGames field for the tryouts.

With a sly smile at a traffic light, Priscilla sends another text on her pink cell phone. Cars behind her honk, but she doesn't care, raises a middle finger. Cyber-bullying other girls is just too much fun... In their tease talk during their short drive, Slutty Sally wants to make her breasts bigger, get a job at the town strip club, lure and marry some rich company owner to get out of this small town fulla dumb-ass hicks (*without her realizing she's talking like one*). Gonna use her ass-ets. She knows how to blow... She blows bubblegum, her tongue like pushing through a pink prophylactic.

Slutty Sally pops a bubble as she gets out of their car that just now stole a spot in the parking lot of the TimberFest Games field. Priscilla flashes a middle finger, puts it in her mouth and "blows" it as an unseen car beeps. Sally mashes her wad of bubblegum into the hair of a passing **girl** she bullies with a daring look... the bubblegum disastrously ruining the hair of the girl who was on her way to the Games Field.

Sally and Priscilla approach the TimberFest Games field next to the Community College where an unseen loudspeaker echoes, enthusiastically announcing the start of a sports event...

A ROAR and a BLARE from the side make the two girls step back as a log-loading tractor with logs in its raised <sup>3D</sup> jaws rumbles by, revealing the view of the activities on the sports field...

A master view of the field opens as Sally and Priscilla walk in past the banner of the "Blackwood Falls **TimberFest Games**" highlighted by the **loudspeaker** describing the qualifying tryouts for the regional eliminations.

Some **competitors** are lacing lumberjack boots with spikes, some warm up with ax swings <sup>in 3D</sup> slashing like baseball batters before they're up, others head for their tryout heats after hearing their names called on loudspeaker.

**Two Officials** with clipboards, stopwatches and megaphones get ready to time competitors preparing for different activities on the sports field...

...like Jack and Jill crosscut sawing... "hot saw" heats with boosted chainsaws to slice off the ends of logs... sledgehammer wedge log splitting... ax throwing... Two **girls** practice log

running in a three-foot above-ground pool... **Pole climbers** with cables and spiked boots practice running up two 60-foot poles...

The two Officials megaphone-call the timings of the best qualifiers with numbers on the backs of their longsleeved TimberGames lumberjack shirts.

From the top of the stands, the **college gym instructor** provides the loudspeaker voice using a microphone and small set of speakers to call out the names of competitors, timings close by mere seconds... The stands aren't full, but the atmosphere's festive.

The competitors are cheered on by some **other students** in the stands, some secretly spiking their coffees with flask booze, drinking and cheering even louder in collegiate camaraderie.

A few students and **locals** bring in coolers, beer cases and lawn chairs, joining other locals watching the TimberGames from the stands.

Over on the left, two tool trailers have their side panels open, revealing semi-full racks of single and double-bladed axes, bow saws, long saws, spear-like peaveys, pole-climbing spurs, log hooks and tongs, boosted chainsaws with mufflers, black mesh safety glasses... A **toolmaster** hands a throwing ax and a two-handed crosscut saw to a couple of competitors. **Another toolmaster** sharpens the edges of a double-bladed ax on a grindstone wheel that sparks *in 3D*.

After stacking logs nearby, the log-loading tractor RUMBLES by, its raised empty jaws CLANKING shut *in 3D*. Behind it...

On the far side of the TimberGames field... traveling carnival semitrailers and trucks are rolling in for the set up of rides and games adjacent to the field.

The loudspeaker voice announces — "What's coming up are hotdogs grillin', drinks chillin', cotton candy, screamin' rides and games — Let's have a big cheering welcome for **Colonel Carny's Travelin' Thrills!** Joining our TimberFest celebrations for the opening of our logging season...!"

Heading for the stands, Sally and Priscilla walk past a corner of the field where —

A sudden cloud of SPLINTERS *3D* BLASTS into our eyes — from the blade of a WHINING chainsaw powerfully gripped by a **male art student**, wearing black mesh safety glasses. He turns off the chainsaw, watches Sally and Priscilla walk by.

Four other **art students** raise their black mesh safety glasses, use small handsaws, mallets and chisels, crowding around to work on the details of who-knows-what the chainsaw was sculpting out of a pre-cut tree trunk standing with a thick raised branch.

Sally and Priscilla just keep walking toward the stands, where next to the TimberGames field four of the Crazy 8's are preparing... Buzz and Big Tim check their long blade for two-man sawing, LumberJelly hefts her throwing ax... Guys in passing cast furtive glances at Banshee looking hot in her cut-off top and jean shorts doing stretches to limber her legs...

Priscilla and Slutty Sally join them making wisecracks, putting down male and female competitors on the field, including bearded jock Ron Simon who previously snatched back the flowers Buzz took, who stood his ground before Buzz. The loudspeaker voice provides

commentary... Ron Simon was last year's top qualifier representing Blackwood Falls at the **Paul Bunyan TimberGames Championships!**

Ron is a competitor handy with timber moving tools. Hanging from his belt is a LogJaw grasping handle with steel snake jaws. He and another competitor position a log for crosscutting, each holding the end of a carrier bar with two nasty central hooks dug deep into the log. The bearded Ron Simon shoots Buzz a dark look in passing.

Lounging on the stands, Preening Priscilla puts down girls who aren't Barbie-perfect like her, like that **dark-haired girl** talking to a **buff lumberjock** Priscilla was eyeing.

Priscilla cyber-bullies with her pink cell phone, takes a picture of the dark-haired girl, cuts her head, pastes it on a fat gorilla... sends the cell phone picture to everyone. The buff lumberjock laughs at his cell. Priscilla tells the girl she needs some serious body hair removal. Boasting she's got a Brazilian bikini cut, Priscilla pulls the buff jock away.

Slyly glancing back at the hurt dark-haired girl, Priscilla behind her back raises her middle finger between two fingers together, sarcastically says, "Read between the lines."

At the Community College, framed in a window, the Dean is at his office computer screen, researching other colleges with bully problems.

**Buzz's father, BOB KRAZEN** the **hotshot lawyer** comes in like he owns the place. He's also a board administrator at the Community College.

He pressures the Dean with the threat that if anything happens to his son Buzz, if the Dean is even thinking to expel Buzz for any alleged bullying... then the Dean can start looking for another job, without a recommendation.

The Dean asks what about the parents of bullied students suing the College for not providing a safe environment...? The parents of Jeremy Ackerman who committed suicide...?

Buzz's father smirks he'll get that tossed out of court. No witnesses, no proof. With Bob Krazen's looks and attitude, it's obvious from whom Buzz learned how to be a bully.

Buzz laughs from a top stand overlooking the TimberGames, watching Bushwhacker stealthily move down the stands to bully a **nerd student** with glasses studiously working a laptop before the tryouts on the field.

The nerdy student's laptop screen suddenly SNAPS DOWN on his fingers — *Ow!* — to reveal Bushwhacker blocking the sun, standing over him.

Bushwhacker says, "Nice to see you're doin' our homework. Hand it over." Sunlight glints off the nerd's glasses as he slowly, fearfully shakes his head.

Bushwhacker suddenly presses the laptop side button, snatches the disc that pops out, breaking the delicate disc tray. The kid's shocked, staring at his laptop. Bushwhacker says, "Don't worry. Ya got another copy on your hard drive, right?"

Bushwhacker snatches the laptop, *accidentally* — "Oops" — drops it clattering onto the metal stand on which the nerd is sitting. The laptop blacks out.

Bushwhacker points a warning finger in the nerd's face. "You freak, why'd you let it slip like that? Don't you know laptops are delicate?!"

Bushwhacker walks away smiling, mimicking the nerd's pained grimace in the mirrored side of the disc Bushwhacker holds up before his own face. He just breaks himself up, laughing, waving the disc like he got it, no problem, for Buzz.

Trying to pull open a bag of nuts he snatched from a kid near the TimberGames field, Woody bursts the bag open when he sees a **female competitor** passing by, good looking though wearing a **fake beard**. Woody catches up, says he'd love to stick his Woody in her pubic beard. Grossed out, the girl tosses her beard into a garbage can. He persists as she walks away, "Ya don't want a chew of my salty pee'nuts? 'Don't know what you're missin'!"

The stands provide a panoramic view of the events on the practice field. With the loudspeaker clamoring, two **pole climbers race up**, each flipping up his cable around a bare tree trunk pole, speed climbing up 60 feet with spiked boots. Beyond their shadows, the field bustles with different activities. At the **ax throwing** challenge...

Buzz lewdly shows off behind Banshee, coaching her windup of a throwing ax, showing her how to first grip it in front of her like an erection.

LumberJelly tells them to get a room as she moves in, aims her ax at a big "slice" of tree trunk standing up, painted with target circles. She hefts, throws her ax —

It whirls toward us *in 3D* — **TOK!** Hits the target ring close to center. LumberJelly smugly nods aside, as if to say "Try to beat that" to her competitor...

First looking like a wild man, **Goth girl Morgana** pulls her fake beard off over her crazy purple-black hair. She looks stunning in her black leather. Blocking the view of her target as she walks back from it, she gets into position, throws her black ax — It WHIRLS toward us *in 3D* — **TOK!**

The **crowd** "Oooo's!" Buzz cringes, fuming. Morgana's ax is planted in the bull's-eye... right in the crotch of a paper outline of Buzz with his spiky buzzcut. She sneers. Some spectators quickly stop snickering when Buzz shoots them sharp looks, stomping over. Buzz confronts Morgana, tension between them.

Loner Goth girl Morgana was a friend of Jeremy, the bullied teen who killed himself. She and Jeremy had a quietly special relationship...

Morgana speaks low and menacing... she knows Jeremy was bullied for years by Buzz and the Krazy 8's. Buzz threatens her. She threatens right back with her wickedly mascara'd eyes. She's tough, not talkative, a TimberGames competitor who can handle blades. Her grip tightens on the handle of her black throwing ax.

The Krazy 8's watch. Is Buzz going to back down? Buzz saves face with a smirk when his name is called out by the loudspeaker. Buzz has to get over to the crosscut timing, right now.

Buzz approaches the **two-handed crosscut sawing** setup with Big Tim.

The loudspeaker announces for the Crosscut Saw heat, the favored contenders are last year's winning team, **Ron Simon** (the bearded Jock) and **Jeff Higgins**, each clasping a handle of their

huge long saw between them, ready to race crosscut an end slice off a big log.

Buzz and Big Tim lean in position on either end of their own big crosscut saw over a log. Bearded Jock Ron Simon glowers at Buzz. A **timing judge** shouts, “Go — !”

The sawing is fast and fierce! Huge saw teeth grind through pine wood, blades in-and-out THRUSTING *in 3D* —

A big slice of log THUMPS down — Buzz and Big Tim win by mere seconds! Ron the bearded Jock pivots, kicks the grass in disbelief. Glaring at Buzz, Ron yanks his big saw out of the log.

The Krazy 8’s cheer Buzz and Big Tim in a huddle at the foot of the stands. Buzz pulls a big file out of Big Tim’s sleeve, offers it to Priscilla doing her nails with a tiny file. Buzz slyly grins, “Here, you can sharpen your claws with this...” Glances back at his competitors who lost... “Or take the edge off.”

A log glistens as it rotates in splashing water. Banshee’s practicing some **sexy log running**. She likes showing off in her cut-off TimberFest T-shirt and jean shorts. **Guys** hoot and wisecrack... The loudspeaker voice also makes a crack about hot legs and hot timing...

Woody stands weirdly jerking in the crowd. A hand suddenly grips his neck. “Playin’ pocket pool...?” It’s Bushwhacker. “Again?” He gestures fast axing with one hand, wisecracks Woody is so into lumberjacking *off*, he oughta sign up to win the standing block speed chop. Woody says the competition’s stiff. The heat’s here with the babes.

On the ground before the log run timing, Banshee elbows a **brawny lumberjill** competitor back, purposely making her step in some chainsaw grease. Behind her, LumberJelly grins as she discreetly drops a flattened tube of grease into a garbage can. Competing against Banshee in the log run, the brawny lumberjill slips, dances crazy antics to stay up — She falls —

*THUDS*, crotch lands on the log in the water. The crowd “Ow’s!” Many cringe, but Woody shivers with pleasure in the crowd.

Buzz and the Krazy 8’s hoot, then see carnival trucks and semitrailers move about, adjusting their parking positions in the setup of rides and games... next to the TimberGames field.

Woody comes back from talking to two **Carnival Workers**. He found out the big opening’s tomorrow, but tonight all the carnival workers are going to party, celebrate the birthday of Colonel Carny, owner of the traveling amusement rides. All the workers are going to the town’s local hotel for a big dinner and all-out party in this TimberFest crazy town.

No one’s going to be at the carnival the whole night except for two **Security Guards**.

The Krazy 8’s’ eyes are drawn to a semitrailer backing up, sounding safety beeps, parking on the side of the TimberGames field, opposite the stands. The trailer side moves in, advertising a lumberjack swinging a huge ax... “Dare enter the **FOREST OF FEAR** Thrill Ride!”

The Krazy 8’s exchange glances, check the inviting carnival rides set up next to the TimberGames field. They share Buzz’s sneaky grin... “We got us our own thrills ’n’ chills tonight.”

The sounds of an Oompah band and some cheering start up from another direction. Coming from there with sodas, Slutty Sally and Priscilla tell the Krazy 8's to hurry, come see... "The river logs are coming!"

In the parking lot near the waterfront by the Blackwood Falls saw mill... a **Lumberjack Oompah Jug Band** plays loud 'n' lively for the **Mayor's TimberFest ceremony** to welcome the Lumberjacks river-running the logs into the saw mill bay.

The Krazy 8's push in through the **crowd**, pull away some **kids** who've been waiting for hours to get the best view closest to the waterfront. Buzz just tells them, "Thanks for holding a space for us, guys. Shove off." Threatening smirks from the Krazy 8's silence any objections.

The Dean sees the Krazy 8's have pushed in to the front, makes a move toward them, but his arm is stopped by the hand of Buzz's father the hotshot lawyer. He gives the Dean an ordering nod to get in line with **Town Administrators** starting to applaud and cheer in the ceremony with Minister James' blessing. The music cranks up with fanfare to welcome —

**Down the river come the log-running Lumberjacks**, gymnastically using their peavey spears tipped with razorback teeth and hooks to maneuver the logs in a flow toward the saw mill...

For the "mill run", a bearded Lumberjack peavey guides the end of the first log in the water to get onto the conveyor belt that goes up to the saw mill. The Mayor swings a gold-headed ax down to a stump, cuts a ribbon between two small posts. The waterfront crowd cheers!

Police Chief Reicher checks crowd control, eyes the Krazy 8's at the front of the crowd, pointed to by a **little kid** the Krazy 8's had pushed aside.

Bushwhacker edges back, "Here comes security." Buzz looks bored, eyes the carnival behind them. "Let's hook up later." Leering, he tells Banshee and Priscilla, "Bring what we need for a little... *cocktail*."

Later that night, a **VW Cabriolet** convertible pulls up, edges back in the dark parking lot, closer to the TimberGames field entry than the carnival entrance. Priscilla's at the wheel, Banshee next to her. Buzz leans in from the back seat, just says, "Do it."

Banshee and Priscilla stroll up to the entrance of the semi-dark carnival, flirt to get the attention of the two **Security Guards** sitting at one of the tables under a concession stand awning. The girls pull "*cocktail*" flasks out of their purses, entice... The Security Guards close in, grin, invite them in. Sure, they have some time to kill...

Small talk reveals the Carnival Workers will be back from their Boss' birthday dinner and party after midnight. The girls keep flirting, ask who they think is sexier, get the Security Guards to drink from the Mickey flasks... containing a doped blend the girls made, implied by a little complicit smile the girls share, spitting their sips while the drinking Guards don't see...

Hunched in the VW convertible in shadows, Buzz peers to see how Banshee and Priscilla are doing with the Security Guards.

Woody in the back seat lights a fat joint, passes it. Buzz tokes, blows out smoke, grins as he

sees Banshee signal from the carnival entrance.

The other Krazy 8's quietly jump out of an old pickup truck parked in nearby shadows... They walk to the carnival entrance in a strange silence.

Under the awning of the concessions stand, the two Security Guards lay back slumped on chairs, unconscious. Buzz smirks, gets an idea, nods to Woody. They lift a nearby stand panel revealing a carnival toss game. They set up the two Security Guards seated between the colorful stuffed animals... inside the game stand with a view of the carnival semi-lit with night lights.

All the Krazy 8 bullies laugh, stroll in, horsing around, past the Security Guards... Big Tim sets a couple of beer cases and a portable stereo on one of the tables. They pull chairs under the big awning, LumberJelly snatches "free" snacks from the Concession Stand, all grabbing beers to party in their own private amusement park — "Let the festivities begin!" announces Bushwhacker.

*BANG* — They react as if to a gunshot —

Under a night light in the eerie carnival, Sally flicks the balloon she just popped. Raunchy MUSIC cranks up! Sally struts sexy in the carnival alley before the concession stand, dressed only in strategically placed balloons tied with strings to her thong! Her "stagehand" Bushwhacker grins by the portable stereo.

Sally does a sexy balloon strip before the howling Krazy 8's — tantalizingly releases or POPS select balloons she pinches. Woody POPS two balloons with his smoky joint, revealing more and more of showoff Sally getting all the attention. He's pulled back by Priscilla. With pursed lips, she raises her middle finger, nail POPS a balloon revealing a breast Sally quickly cups with an "Ow!" That pop stung her ringed nipple. The girls tangle — Bushwhacker pulls Sally back away to the balloon stand.

Menacing thunder rumbles. Lightning flashes. But the boisterous Krazy 8's don't care. Like bully kids in a candy store, they all want to try different things in the carnival, so they spread out in different directions, laughing and hooting.

Bushwhacker's turned on by Slutty Sally backing into the **stand full of balloons**. She stops him. Not so fast... She hustles him out of the surrounding balloons, tells him to hold onto his lumber. She wants to get dressed, go for the rides. She turns to get dressed, smirks. Outside the balloon stand, Bushwhacker's hot and frustrated.

**Lumberjack gloves** reach, grab Sally from behind — with a *strange raspy whispering .... "Slutty sssSally"...*

She's breathlessly lifted and **impaled**, seated **on the helium balloon tank**, now **hissing** — She gasps — her belly expansion excruciating *in 3D* — *Her open mouth releases a high-pitched helium squeal...*

Outside the balloon stand, Bushwhacker stops his pacing when he hears a horrific **SQUEAL**, a sickening wet POP and smacking sounds —

He pushes through balloons — horrified to see Slutty Sally's face petrified in shock —

He gags, about to throw up, because of what he sees within blood spattered balloons... <sup>1</sup>

Bushwhacker hysterically tugs out his cell phone, calls Woody who doesn't believe what's going on, just thinks Bushwhacker's pranking him.

Bushwhacker tries to prove what he's seeing without freaking, turns his cell phone to take a photo of Slutty Sally's blown body... her Krazy 8 tattoo with ax crossbones on the back of her neck. A drop of blood drips from her Krazy 8 skull-dice nipple ring <sup>3D</sup> ... Trembling, he dials 9-1-1...

Bushwhacker gets bushwhacked. An ax blade flashes <sup>in 3D</sup> — His **call is cut**. His **severed hand** holding his phone falls in *slow motion*...

Bushwhacker grips his severed wrist — his mouth in his shocked face suddenly clamped shut and yanked by the snake jaws of a short log-grasping **LogJaw** handle... gripped by a **Lumberjack glove**.

Bushwhacker's boot heels kick the pavement as he's dragged away, muffled.

A recording emanates from the phone held by Bushwhacker's severed hand on the pavement... "9-1-1... Please hold..." The severed hand clutches the cell phone with a twitch. On the cell screen, a "Recharge your battery" warning appears. It blacks out.

Bushwhacker's head is **SLAMMED** onto a base plate painted like a slice of tree trunk. He groans, turns his face up — eyes widening under a **MASSIVE LOG-HEAD HAMMER** rising —

His name is whispered... *Bushhhwhacker*... The hammer <sup>3D</sup> **SMASHES** into his face — <sup>2</sup>

A blood-spattered cylinder rockets up past flashing post lights and signs — "Weakling" — "Girl Power" — "Big Hitter" — strikes a top bell that "**DINGS!**" — "**GRAND SLAMMER!**"

The high post <sup>3D</sup> view below reveals Bushwhacker's splayed body, big hammer obscuring his head crushed on the base of the **Slammer Hammer** Strongman attraction... <sup>3</sup>

The view from above slowly widens to reveal... The **Killer** dressed like a **Lumberjack** lets go of the hammer handle, thuds away in big lumberjack boots.

In front of the **Haunted Funhouse**, Woody tries his cell, turns it off, can't believe what a jerk Bushwhacker was, trying to get Woody to believe that Slutty Sally was blown up.

Thunder rumbles. A cloudburst soaks Woody and Preening Priscilla. They rush into the **Haunted Funhouse** entrance over which an ominous zombie face <sup>3D</sup> drools rain in flashes of lightning...

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<sup>1</sup> For R-rated version of scene, see "1" in the attached Horror Annex.

<sup>2</sup> " " " " " "2" " " "

<sup>3</sup> " " " " " "3" " " "

Coming out of the rain, Woody is turned on by Preening Priscilla, her wet chest enticing as she runs her hands through her wet hair. He stumbles after her, mimicking a drunken Frankenstein past a spiderwebbed room with a tilted floor. He reaches to take off her dripping top...

Woody reacts to a horrific HAG coming to claw him — !

She's the lightning lit reflection of Priscilla in a distorted mirror! She flicks on a light switch, revealing five distorted mirrors.

She tugs off Woody's shirt — In the first mirror, the reflection of his crotch bulges huge. His tiny head smiles smugly. They strip their wet clothes off as they pass each mirror, laughing at their surrealistically stretching, contracting reflections, their increasingly nude bodies distorting tall, skinny, fat... Priscilla's breasts ooze... Woody's lusting grimace widens, wisecracking... tongue stretching, wriggling down to the reflection of their bare stretched legs...

Over their nude embrace in the last mirror, a head grows, looms in a blood-red lumberjack helmet, black mesh mask for chainsawing... An ax blade glints... rising to Woody and Priscilla's *whispered* names... Blood splatters across grotesque mirrored distortions. <sup>4</sup>

Hearing all those **screams** from the *Haunted Funhouse*, Buzz wisecracks to Banshee that Woody and Priscilla must be having a great time in there. With different carnival rides in view, Buzz and Banshee are close under a game stand canopy in the rain. Next to them...

LumberJelly rubs up against Big Tim puffing a joint. Husky with lust, LumberJelly says, "How 'bout we find us a cozy private ride...?" Big Tim's eyes are drawn to her cleavage, hard nipples in her wet top. She discreetly reaches down to feel his crotch, says, "Looks like my idea is growin' on ya." <sup>5</sup>

Buzz and Banshee smirk as Big Tim moves off with LumberJelly who, passing a concession stand, lifts its panel to pilfer snacks and drinks.

Buzz points to the **Mirror Maze** before them in the rain. He and Banshee make a run for it. Thunder rumbles.

In the semi-darkness, Buzz grabs at Banshee's curves as they go deeper into the *Mirror Maze*. Buzz turns thinking he saw a shifting shadow. He turns back... Banshee's gone! He calls out her name —

She's alone, takes another turn, walking through her reflections in a maze of angled mirrors. She calls out, "Catch me if you can!" A hand moves out of the dark *in 3D*, slowly reaches for her shoulder...

As she feels her way, another hand, from the darkness before her, reaches for her fingertips *in 3D*... The fingertips touch. It's her own hand, reflected in a mirror.

But the hand reaching for her shoulder *in 3D* is real... It grips her — She **SCREAMS!**

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<sup>4</sup> For R-rated version of scene, see "4" in the attached Horror Annex.

<sup>5</sup> For R-rated version of cut away scene, see "5" in the attached Horror Annex.

Buzz laughs, lets go of her shoulder.

Buzz blocks Banshee's slap to his face, grips her jaw, roughly kisses her. She pushes him away.

He thuds back in a mirror — suddenly scared by a face leering at him. His own reflection.

Banshee pulls away, vanishes in the dark maze.

Touching her multiple reflections moving in different dark directions, Banshee now looks lost. She edges past a mirror, steps on a creaky board, is — **SHOCKED** — as a **CREEP** with ugly teeth **LUNGES** into her face <sup>in 3D</sup>! — Like he just popped right out of a mirror!

She backsteps, tangling with the Creep who horribly leans over her!

Feeling his way past mirrors, Buzz hears Banshee's blood-curdling **SHRIEK** calling him — A mirror **CRASHES!** His multiple reflections stare at him, hunched. He calls out her name. Silence.

He thumps past mirrors, scared, is about to move for an emergency Exit sign, when he sees Banshee sitting in the broken glass of a mirror she kicked with her boot... a Creep with his deformed face tilted over her.

As she gets up, she sees the Creep is just a wax dummy ticket collector meant to scare people in the *Mirror Maze*. But the ugly dummy looks so real, says Buzz. Is that blood on his neck? Banshee doesn't want to know. It's blood from a glass cut in Banshee's hand. She's creeped out, just wants to get the hell out of the *Maze*.

Buzz steps on a creaky board and the dummy on its platform abruptly <sup>3D</sup> CLANKS back into a recess between mirrors. They see at the end of a dark mirrored corridor, a carnival alley night light glow near the Exit.

The rain's stopped, the pavement's wet...

LumberJelly walks backward with tantalizing moves, pulls Big Tim into a caged cab of the **Whirling Rocker** ride, tells him to make love to her like a caged animal! Clanking the door shut, they lustily tug at their clothes inside, hotly making out... The cab swings to their moves.

But then a **lumberjack glove** reaches for the outside edge of the caged cab, makes it spin fast. Too *fast* —

Big Tim and LumberJelly closely tumble inside, limbs flashing <sup>in 3D</sup> — with her **SCREAMING** — Big Tim **YELLING** — *He's gonna kill whoever's spinning them!* <sup>6</sup>

Hardly recognizable in flashes, the red helmeted **black mesh mask** of the **Killer Lumberjack**

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<sup>6</sup> For R-rated version of scene, see "6" in the attached Horror Annex.

impassively looks on, lumberjack gloves spinning the caged cab faster and faster. The Killer's black mask turns to where a couple is heard approaching, talking.

Buzz and Banshee come over to the caged cab as Big Tim and LumberJelly are SCREAMING — Buzz finds it weird the caged cab is spinning while the whole ride's not moving. What the hell are they doing to make the cab spin like that? Big Tim *YELLS* to him from inside, "Stop the fucking spinning, or you're *Dead Meat!!*" Buzz stops the cab —

Big Tim and LumberJelly hurriedly tumble out of the opened caged cab. Big Tim starts swinging <sup>3D</sup> punches at Buzz who backs off, with Big Tim accusing Buzz of spinning the ride. Buzz insists it wasn't him, with Banshee backing him up! LumberJelly's riled too, shouting, "Then who the hell was it? There's no one else around — !"

Buzz tells Big Tim to cool it, that maybe he and LumberJelly are seeing things 'cause they smoked too much wacky weed. Still eyeing Buzz, glancing around paranoid, Big Tim grumbles, almost accepting... Was it the weed? He does have the munchies because of it... LumberJelly ate all the snacks they had.

Arranging her jeans and T-shirt, LumberJelly says the spinning ride scared the piss out of her. She needs to go pee. She's going to a portable toilet, tells Big Tim she'll meet him at that popcorn stand.

Banshee suddenly points, "Fuck the popcorn — We haven't tried that *Forest of Fear* ride yet!" She pulls Buzz toward the attraction. Over its entrance is the painting of a big Lumberjack swinging a huge ax.

Buzz glances, a silhouette furtively flashes by in the dark. Getting ticked off, Buzz calls out — "I swear, Woody, Bushwhacker — if you're trying to freak us out, I'm gonna kick your asses!"

LumberJelly sees a **Portable Toilet** under a night light in a dark part of the carnival. She goes into the toilet. The door locks. Near the door handle, a sign flicks... "Occupied".

While LumberJelly's sitting on the toilet, the whole portable stall starts rocking and shaking. *What the hell — ?*

On the outside, the rocking Portable Toilet *TILTS* toward us — *SLAMS* down on its back.

Suddenly, the **Killer Lumberjack** *YANKS* open the door like a lid.

The Killer rams a peavey logger spear down — not into the shocked LumberJelly. The razorback teeth of the spear tear through the plastic reservoir tank.

Laying back terrified, LumberJelly struggles as if trying to get out of a coffin —

The Killer Lumberjack leans over, *whispers raspy*... "*LummberrrrJehhlee...*"

He presses down the hook end of his sharp logger spear on LumberJelly's neck,

**forcing LumberJelly to GAG-SPIT-DROWN** in the **50 gallons of blue liquid** <sup>3D</sup> **GUSHING** inside from the **Portable Toilet's reservoir**.

Under the liquid, LumberJelly's face turns horribly dark blue and still... silent, submerged.

Her dead eyes stare at a liquid-wavering view of a black-masked Lumberjack holding her down with a logger spear. <sup>7</sup>

The exterior lights of the **Forest of Fear** ride suddenly turn on colorfully, promising scary thrills with that entrance picture of the Lumberjack swinging a huge ax. Other carnival rides are silhouetted by the dim glow of eerie night lights.

Empty *Forest of Fear* ride cars clank and jerk as if waking. Buzz operates the control lever, leering at Banshee.

A car slowly comes in for them. There's something threatening about the way that car slowly creaks in closer with slow jerks...

They hop in. Buzz says, "Handle my stickshift, and we'll have a good time." She seductively tongues her lips, says, "If you're a good boy, I could shift gears with no hands." He raises his fists and rebel yells as the thumping *Forest of Fear* ride doors swallow them and their car.

Inside the ride, Buzz and Banshee have a great time laughing and getting close-call jabs with all kinds of lumberjack scares — With each scare in the dark lit up in a flash, Buzz gets an extra squeeze on his crotch!

Their car approaches a tree trunk near the track being chopped by an **animatronic Lumberjack dummy**. "**TIMBER!**" The tree falls <sup>3D</sup> **CRASHING** toward Buzz and Banshee — But the trunk THUMPS on the track just in front of their car. The trunk rises back in place for the next car as their car continues down the track. Both Crazy 8's laugh off the scares. *Is that all?*

Surprisingly lit up by the side of the track... **Two animatronic lumberjacks drinking rotgut moonshine, crosscut saw** <sup>in 3D</sup> **the torso of another drunk lumberjack** who **laugh-cackles** while he's also guzzlin' 'shine... His severed stomach tube spurts out moonshine and blood <sup>in 3D</sup> ... Buzz is not impressed, "Yeah, big deal, you idiots really cut me up."

Buzz and Banshee's car THUMPS through doors to enter a darkness... with **raspy whispering** swirling all around them —

Their car slowly approaches the silhouette of an **animatronic lumberjack** ready to swing an **ax** in their direction.

Buzz and Banshee's ride car bumps closer — The animatronic lumberjack is suddenly lit up, ax glinting. Buzz smirks, "C'mon. That's supposed to be scary?"

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<sup>7</sup> For R-rated version of scene, see "7" in the attached Horror Annex.

Buzz and Banshee don't see two hands in **Lumberjack gloves** discreetly push the back of the animatronic dummy down, making it wield its ax much lower —

The **AX** winds up, **SWOOSHES** *in 3D* — Buzz and Banshee realize at the last second — *Fuck! That ax is TOO LOW!!* — abruptly duck to a side —

The AX **SLICES** through Buzz's tallest buzzcut spikes *in slow motion* —

*In real time* — **BOOM!** The **AX CUTS OFF** the headrest where Buzz's head was just a split second ago!

"*Holy shit!!*" Buzz can't believe it!

The animatronic dummy winds up to swing his ax again — Buzz kicks it. The animatronic falls onto its back, sparking, arms and legs jerking, chopping at the dark scenery and sparking track *in 3D*, eyes flashing — <sup>8</sup>

Buzz and Banshee stare back at the animatronic as their car continues into the darkness of the ride. Buzz seethes, "This is one fucked up ride."

Their car THUMPS through black doors, then stops. Buzz and Banshee see nothing around except an Exit sign. They get out of the car which turns and goes back on its own.

Buzz and Banshee hear a **R-R-RUMBLE**... suddenly see a roaring flood of water rush toward them. They protectively raise their arms. The water **SMASHES** against a Plexiglas.

The relief from the scare is brief. A log torpedoing in the water suddenly **THUMPS** *in 3D* against the Plexiglas — The log swirls in the water surging behind the glass.

Buzz and Banshee react to the shock of the log flume part of the *Forest of Fear* ride. Hearing the drunk **laugh-cackle** of the **animatronic lumberjack** who's torso is being **crosscut** behind them, Buzz and Banshee back off to the black door under the Exit sign. A rat **squeaking** by makes Banshee jump.

Buzz and Banshee bump out the *Forest of Fear* ride exit, saying man, this ride's so screwy — Like, fuck, an animatronic dummy almost chopped off Buzz's head?! Buzz will get his lawyer dad to sue. Yeah, this ride's so mechanically fucked, says Banshee, it's not ready-safe for tomorrow's opening. Buzz doesn't give a shit about that, he just wants to sue — the ride almost scalped him, almost cut his life short!

Trying to calm him down, Banshee suggests they hook up with the others at the popcorn stand.

Buzz and Banshee approach from the semi-dark part of the carnival lit only by a few night lights. Music's coming from the tables under Popcorn Stand awning, but no one's around. Buzz wants to know where the hell everybody is.

From one of the tables, MUSIC's blasts out of the Krazy 8's portable stereo. Buzz turns it off.

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<sup>8</sup> For R-rated version of scene, see "8" in the attached Horror Annex.

Sudden *popping* sounds make them pivot to the stand counter —

Buzz and Banshee stare horrified —

In a glass case on the counter is Big Tim's **severed head...** rotating, **spitting popcorn** <sup>in 3D !</sup> <sup>9</sup>

Buzz gags... "What the *FUCK* —?!!" Cowering in fear, glancing at shadows, "Where are the others? Buzz's cell doesn't work... night sky lightning zapping a far tower. Buzz and Banshee back the hell away from the severed head.

Buzz and Banshee quickly back away from the Popcorn Stand — their horror intensified when they turn, suddenly face in the carnival alley —

— with a low rumble of THUNDER, the **Killer Lumberjack...** hulking before them, red helmet, **black mesh mask**, gripping his logger spear, its **razorback teeth and hook looming** <sup>in 3D</sup> like a clanking **JAW**.

The Killer swings back to thrust into Buzz' gut —

Buzz reacts cowardly — yanks Banshee before him, pushing her right into the jaws of death.

The **hook and teeth thrust** <sup>in 3D</sup>, grip Banshee's waist —

Buzz runs away —

He spots the **VW Cabriolet** in a lightning flash at the end of the parking lot. But from where he is in the carnival, he's got to make a run through the obstacles in the TimberGames field to reach the parking lot.

Banshee SCREAMS behind him! Buzz looks over his shoulder in terror —

In the carnival alley, the **Killer Lumberjack** closes in — Banshee's desperate, waist caught in the grip of the logger spear hook. She screams in pain —

For a moment, the Killer Lumberjack just breathes... Could it be the black mesh mask is tilted in compassion? It **whispers...** "*Banssshheee...*"

The Killer twists, hoists Banshee up on the spear. <sup>10</sup>

Her descending face comes close to the black mesh mask of the Killer breathing hard.

Holding the logger spear with one hand, its end on the pavement, the Killer's other lumberjack-gloved hand slowly raises the black mesh face mask hinged to its red helmet visor... Reveals to Banshee's dying eyes... a black beard, eyes covered by black mesh safety glasses.

The Killer Lumberjack lets Banshee's body slump to the pavement... her mouth oozing blood, her life ebbing away in a fine rain...

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<sup>9</sup> For R-rated version of scene, see "9" in the attached Horror Annex.

<sup>10</sup> For R-rated version of scene, see "10" in the attached Horror Annex.

The Killer yanks out the bloody spear. Turns... The shocked Buzz abruptly stumbles, scrambles away in cowardly fear — runs into the TimberGames field, scurrying over logs set for cutting.

Buzz thumps down, hides in darkness... surrounded by eerie rain mists starting to swirl down...

Buzz stares insanely... A muffled cell phone rings from an unseen darkness...

In the blackness, a cell phone rings. It wakes a **Security Guard** who glances around, wondering... *What the hell is he doing here... sitting within stuffed animals in a game stand?*

He answers his cell, “Yes... **Boss!**” Quickly elbows the **other Security Guard** awake, keeps talking, “No — Yeah, everything’s cool here. Nothing happened. Nothing’s goin’ on.”

The other Night Watchman looks around with big eyes at the stuffed animals staring at him. “*What the...?*”

He grimaces, bad taste in his mouth, raises an empty Mickey Finn flask... stares at his buddy, groggy... on the verge of passing out again, he puts a finger to his lips, as if to say, “Not a word!”

Thumping and clinking on the track between the stands and TimberGames field, the **Killer Lumberjack**’s steel spike boots inexorably approach in the dark mists... *Chink... Chink... Chink...*

Lightning flashes, moving shadows create a spooky, creepy atmosphere ... logs loom... **THUMP!** — Buzz pivots, sees a tool trailer, lock broken.

Buzz approaches, paranoid — Quietly lifts the trailer panel. Some tools are missing. He grabs a throwing ax, hears a snap, slips back away into shadow —

With each lightning flash, Buzz imagines being attacked by a TimberGames blade or saw flashing at him *in 3D* in his attempt to escape through the field, keeping low, out of sight... But there are no blades, just terror in his eyes. Shadows flit in the spooky, wispy mists... Buzz peers... afraid the relentlessly approaching Killer Lumberjack will jump out from any dark spot at any moment.

Buzz reacts to noises around him in the mist... He trips on a log carrier bar with big central hooks that catch his ankle almost like an animal trap —

He twirls... sees the TimberGames swirl around him in misty dark... **LIGHTNING FLASHES...** A **monstrous SHADOW** looms behind Buzz...

He turns terrified — faces an AX in a raised grip in the mist — !

Buzz screams, **THUDS** his own ax blade deep into the chest of the **lumberjack** — flash revealed to be the chainsaw sculpted statue of **Paul Bunyan**, his face lightning lit with a menacing grimace *in 3D* —

Buzz scrambles back, glances at sounds, left, right — can't tug out the deeply planted ax. He creeps behind logs... moving toward the parking lot, the VW Cabriolet.

A *lightning flash* reveals the silhouette of the **Killer Lumberjack** in the way, between Buzz and the car! Buzz ducks, circles round —

As ominous thunder RUMBLES... Buzz tries all kinds of weasel-like ways to save his skin, cowardly calling out justifications in the dark while trying to draw out... to club the Lumberjack with a gnarly branch Buzz snatches from a wood pile...

Buzz calls out, "You... you wanna talk? That kid who killed himself — that's what this is all about, right?" Buzz lies through his teeth, "It was the *other* bullies, after him all the time, called him queer... Not me! They made me do it! I didn't hurt anybody... I'm innocent! You can't — You can't do anything to me! You can't touch me!"

Buzz meanly grimaces, hypocritically bullshitting like all bullies do when they're cornered...

... making him even more unsympathetic, an infuriating lying fucker who just has to get what he deserves.

The dark sky rumbles behind Buzz lurking, backing up behind a TimberGames climbing pole to hide... gripping his club, peering here, there, but not up... (*while he's seen from above in a slow pull-back 3D view.*) Waiting for the ever approaching Lumberjack...

Buzz glimpses the Killer on the grounds... lit by...

A **LIGHTNING BOLT C-R-R-ACKS!** — **3D SPLITS** the 60-foot pole right down the middle — Buzz jumps out of his skin, staring up!

The smoking pole **THUNDERS** down *in 3D*, split on either side of Buzz cowering — **BOOM!!** Scared shitless, he scrambles away —

The back of the **Killer Lumberjack** comes into view... ominous.

The rain stops. The Killer's black mesh mask glistens dark and wet.

Buzz tears away from the TimberGames area, stumbles out in the open, runs across the parking lot to the **VW convertible** and Crazy 8's **pickup truck** to drive the hell out — But reaching them, he sees wires sticking out of their partly closed hoods. The pickup is old and patched, so —

Buzz frantically plugs the spark plug wires back into the VW, glancing over his shoulder, expecting the Killer Lumberjack to appear at any second.

The **Killer Lumberjack** emerges from the TimberGames field... spiked lumberjack boots *clinking* on the parking pavement... approaching inexorably... like there's no way Buzz can get away.

Buzz jumps into the convertible, hotwires, cranks it, desperately tries to peel out, going nowhere fast, wheel rims shrieking on pavement, spitting slashed tire shreds —

Buzz scrambles out of the car to escape, stops terrified —

The **Killer Lumberjack** is standing right there!

The Lumberjack's **FIST** in a chainsaw-safety glove <sup>3D</sup> **BOOMS** into Buzz' jaw.

**Fireworks** burst in the dark sky, cheered on by unseen crowds celebrating the town's TimberFest.

In *slow motion*, Buzz falls onto the shoulder of the Killer Lumberjack who carries Buzz away...

Viewed from a low angle, the Killer Lumberjack with Buzz over a shoulder is hugely menacing in the mist. The Killer reaches to pull something from inside his plaid shirt...

Clouds brooding behind them flash with colorful fireworks... reflecting red on the Killer's black mesh mask...

Black out.

Buzz comes to, hearing distant fireworks, his face blood-streaked... totally terrified to see he's strapped down...

... **SHOCKED** to see he's now wearing a dress... the same dress he forced Jeremy to wear before he hanged himself.

Now, Buzz the cowardly big-shot bully finally gets his *comeuppance*.

Cranking up, a huge **CIRCULAR SAW LOOMS** closer <sup>in 3D</sup> ... slicing through log wood, edging toward the hem of the dress between Buzz's legs...

His body strapped to the log on the conveyor, he stares in horror down between his legs... at the approaching **CIRCULAR SAW BLADE WHINING** in a BLUR of sawdust... The hem's slashed. Buzz **SCREAMS**, struggles —

The **Killer Lumberjack's** gloved finger presses a red button. The **CIRCULAR SAW** whines down, **STOPS** — **SHARK-LIKE** <sup>3D</sup> **TEETH** glinting, about to bite into Buzz's crotch.

Sweating, gasping... then like an idiot bully, Buzz just has to say something that makes him look tough — repeating "*Who the fuck are you?! Show me your fucking face, you coward!!*"

The Killer Lumberjack's gloved finger remains over the red button...

Buzz **SCREAMS** out — "*Who the fuck are you?!!*"

Seen from behind, the Killer Lumberjack raises with a slow creak the black mesh mask under the visor of his Lumberjack red helmet. Only Buzz's shocked eyes see the face of the Killer. Buzz grimaces with intense hate and fear. "*You — You shit!!!*"

Buzz uncontrollably swears. The Killer Lumberjack's gloved finger moves over to a green

button... The lowered mask whispers, “*Buzz...*”

Buzz insanely SCREAMS and SHAKES! <sup>11</sup>

The spinning saw edge flings flecks of blood into the air. Blood stains stacked lumber —

The circular saw whines free of its last shreds.

The relentless **Killer Lumberjack** stares down, impassive black mesh mask flecked with wet splinters... not of wood but of blood and bone.

Fireworks flash beyond the saw mill looming dark and menacing in the wet night.

Seen in silhouette, the Killer Lumberjack pulls an evidence envelope from inside his plaid shirt...

A manila envelope that could have contained a light summer dress.

In the shadowy parking lot of the saw mill... A thumbnail silhouette ignites a stove match that flares under the physical evidence envelope stamped “Blackwood Falls Coroner’s Office” curling in flame, turning into black ashes that dissolve as it starts to rain again.

Sporadically lit by fireworks, what look like **drops of blood hit the pavement**, leaving a trail...

The flash of climactic fireworks reveals the drops are **black dye dripping from the wet beard** of the **Killer Lumberjack**’s backlit silhouette... walking away, blending into shadows and darkness... heading for the lights of town.

The rain starts to wash away the drops...

Three months later... A sunny window reveals autumn leaves falling off trees.

**College Dean William “Willy” Randall** is putting his desk items in a box... Plaques and trophies indicate he’s a former TimberGames competitor. There’s a picture of a younger Dean winning a TimberFest championship...

**Police Chief Reicher** comes in. Both exchange a meaningful stare. They go way back. The Police Chief is sorry... The Dean’s gotta go. Forced to resign by the college board administrators, college being sued by the parents of the murdered students...

Talk about justice. Bullying got so out of hand on campus, some vigilante kills the Krazy 8’s... They all turn into cold cases. Deadend DNA on all suspects. No prints, no witnesses, no killer.

The Chief approaches. In the Dean’s box is a carton of **black hair and beard dye**... and a **black mesh lumberjack mask**... which the blond-bearded Dean covers with a big Directory of

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<sup>11</sup> For R-rated version of scene, see “11” in the attached Horror Annex.

Colleges.

The Dean was looking into how to solve the bullying problem... diverts the Chief's attention to the computer screen with pictures of colleges, headlines of troubles with bullies.

"Well, our college is now clear of that problem," says the Chief. His son's no longer afraid to continue his studies on campus.

The Chief understands the Dean's personal experience... bullied when he was a kid, bullied by the college administrators... including Buzz's hotshot lawyer father. "While you were just trying to do your job, right?"

"Thing is, we all got a little bit of bullying in us. Why d'you think I became a Police Chief?" He puts his hand on the Dean's shoulder, almost as if to apprehend him. Shakes his hand. Turning from the computer, the Chief is sure the Dean will do well at the next college... or penitentiary.

The Police Chief quietly lifts the black lumberjack mask and the black dye out of the box. When he turns —

An **AX WHIRLS** into view — **CHOPS** into our faces *in 3D!*

**BLACK OUT.**

**End Credit Roll** — **Soundtrack** cranked up with raunchy rock band Jackyl playing their "Lumberjack" song, integrating a chainsaw solo in their music, with lyrics: **"I'm a lumberjack, baby... and I'm gonna cut ya down to size!"**

**Wait. Don't leave the theater yet.** During the end credit roll, images appear and disappear...

*That make you wonder... Was the Dean really the Killer?*

From the Community College, there's a road out of town... Maybe one **black mask** left down the road in the trunk of the Dean's car...

*But the **mystery** continues, as...*

**In and around the logging town of Blackwood Falls, different locals use black lumberjack masks. Ready to use their blades...**

*Hear the bully names being called with **raspy whispering**...*

**Sequels coming to a SCREAM near you.**

The following scenes are **R-RATED HORROR VERSIONS** of scenes in the Movie Treatment.

Each number below refers to a footnote number in the Treatment.

1

Outside the balloon stand, Bushwhacker stops his pacing when he hears a horrific *SQUEAL*, a sickening *POP* —

**Guts burst out** *in 3D* — hitting everything with wet smacking so real, audiences can taste the bloody gore slapping their faces, splattering their clothes, falling into their laps —

Bushwhacker pushes through balloons — horrified to see Slutty Sally's face petrified in shock — He gags, about to throw up, because of what he sees within blood spattered balloons...

Sally's breasts, the front of her torso, blown to **bloody shreds**... her liver slides off her hanging entrails, slaps onto the pavement.

Her head raised in silent bloody mid-shriek suddenly flops down on her limp neck. Bushwhacker jumps back... her stare terrifying, her glazed eyes bulging *in 3D* with an ever sickening *hissss*...

2

His name is whispered... *Bushhhwhacker*... The hammer *3D* SMASHES into his face — **The hammer implodes his head.**

3

A blood-spattered cylinder rockets up past flashing post lights and signs — "Weakling" — "Girl Power" — "Big Hitter" — strikes a top bell that "*DINGS!*" — "*GRAND SLAMMER!*"

The high post *3D* view below reveals Bushwhacker's splayed body, big hammer obscuring his head crushed on the base of the *Slammer Hammer* Strongman attraction... **The big hammer head slowly lifts, darkly dripping to reveal his skull, brains, eyes and teeth in a bloody crush.**

**The crotch of his pants is stained red...**

4

In the *Haunted Funhouse*... Woody and Priscilla strip off their clothes, laughing at their distorted reflections in the mirrors they pass...

Over their nude embrace in the last mirror, a head grows, looms in a blood-red lumberjack helmet, black mesh mask for chainsawing... An ax blade glints...

Woody's name is *whispered*... The blade flashes in a tight arc, something stretches with a disgusting sound... Woody looks like he's making one of his grimaces stretched psychotically funny with blubbery lips in one of the mirror distortions.

Priscilla's laugh is cut short when she turns to see Woody's hands trembling before his bloody head. His **face** is literally **stretched after it was skinned off** his suddenly **shrieking skull** <sup>3D</sup>.

Woody's stretched face is now a blood-dripping mask gripped by gloves before the raised black visor and red helmet of the **Killer Lumberjack** — His **tongue** sticks through the mouth <sup>in 3D</sup>, mimicking Woody's lewdness.

Priscilla SCREAMS in horror — backpedal scrambles on the floor. The Killer Lumberjack **tosses Woody's face**. It **sticks to a Funhouse mirror**.

The Killer's black mesh mask leans down... *hisses "Prissscilla"...*

Priscilla snatches at her purse, her **hand** and pink cell phone are **STOMPED — nailed to the floor** by the Killer's spiked lumberjack boots.

She writhes, but then — still a Krazy 8 bully bitch — Priscilla defiantly extends her pointy-manicured middle finger under the boot. The Killer Lumberjack's black mesh mask leans down... Boot grinding down on her hand as if on a cigarette butt. She squirms, silently screaming.

A Lumberjack glove reaches down, slowly *snaps* back her middle finger —

He jabs her finger into her eye — yanks it back out, her **eyeball skewered** <sup>in 3D</sup> **on her claw-manicured finger**.

SHRIEKING, Priscilla and the faceless Woody are tossed through Funhouse mirrors, their distorted reflections cut by breaking glass, blood spattering...

A shard of mirror <sup>3D</sup> drops like a **guillotine blade on Priscilla's jugular**.

5

LumberJelly rubs up against Big Tim puffing a joint. Husky with lust, LumberJelly says, "How 'bout we find us a cozy private ride...?" Big Tim's eyes are drawn to her cleavage, hard nipples in her wet top. She discreetly reaches down to feel his crotch, says, "Looks like my idea is growin' on ya." *Cut away to* —

Stumbling out of darkness like a **zombie gashed by shattered mirrors**, her **face a mass of blood streaks**, Priscilla appears from the shadows of the **Haunted Funhouse**, reaches inside the entrance, bringing into <sup>3D</sup> focus her **bloodshot eye impaled on her broken middle finger**.

Blood drooling, her attempt to scream for the others is a gasping blurt... gripping her **slashed neck oozing blood**, her **visible vocal chords pulse, gurgling...** She slides down, streaking blood, tearing a *Haunted Funhouse* entrance poster with the mirror shards sticking out of her nude body... dropping into silent darkness.

6

LumberJelly and “Big Tim” hotly make out in the caged cab of the **Whirling Rocker** ride... It starts to swing...

Things get hotter — Their caged cab swings and spins, faster and faster — being heated up with an **acetylene torch** left by carnival workers, now handled by a lumberjack glove. The flame tortures, <sup>3D</sup> **stabs, burns them as they’re trapped** inside what’s become a **spinning rotisserie!**

The **Killer Lumberjack** is hardly recognizable yet ultra scary, flashing by in crazy upside down views, clanking the caged cab with his glove climbing claws, kicking it with boot spikes, with his creepy red helmet and black mask barely glimpsed by Krazy 8 Big Tim and LumberJelly frightened, trapped and tortured like one shrieking pulp in the flame heated caged ride — that suddenly stops spinning.

The torch flame descends like a blue blade toward the eyes of Big Tim and LumberJelly *gasping* — The flame and Killer Lumberjack suddenly vanish at the sound of approaching footsteps.

7

The Killer Lumberjack... presses down the hook end of his sharp logger spear on LumberJelly’s neck, **forcing LumberJelly to GAG-SPIT-DROWN** in the **50 gallons of blue liquid** <sup>3D</sup> **GUSHING** inside from the **Portable Toilet’s reservoir**.

Under the liquid, LumberJelly’s face turns horribly dark blue and still... silent, submerged.

Her dead eyes stare at a liquid-wavering view of a black-masked Lumberjack holding her down with a logger spear.

In the blue liquid, indeterminate dark masses float by...

8

In the **Forest of Fear** ride... the animatronic lumberjack just missed chopping off Buzz’s head.

Buzz kicks the animatronic lumberjack — Thumping its back against a black wall, it bounces right back to **attack Buzz with SPARKING FLAILING ARMS** <sup>in 3D</sup>, **AX SWISHING** —

Pulling back to avoid being whacked in the struggle — Banshee’s **scared shitless** when

from behind a tree trunk next to her — another **animatronic lumberjack JERKS OUT** *in 3D* — red helmeted **rotting skull SCREAMING in her face — maggoty tongue squirming between crooked skull teeth!**

Buzz heaves, flips the animatronic attacking him — It THUMPS, writhes like a crippled spastic, its **ax spark-clanking** the tracks on which Buzz and Banshee's car recedes. Buzz seethes, "This is one fucked up ride."

9

Buzz and Banshee stare horrified — In a glass case on the counter is Big Tim's **severed head... rotating, spitting popcorn** *in 3D !*

Popcorn pops out of his mouth in a *3D* snowflurry, into the faces of audiences and their Killer Bloody Butter™ flavored popcorn. (Get yours before seeing this movie. *Revenge never tasted so sweet!*)

Back to our movie — What is *that...?* **What kinda hot dog is turning on the hot rollers?** That's no sausage. Since when were sausages **circumcised?** *Get a bite a that when it's 3D shoved in your screaming face!* That's next to the **fingers on skewers...** next to some **smokin' meat...** and **BBQ ribs...** (*For anyone who wants to know what happened to the rest of Big Tim...*)

For jaded hardcore horror fans used to the bar of horror being raised... Buzz is a prick who also smoked some weed. Just before he turns off the music, he leans to peer closer, to see what's in that all-dressed bun, waves a black fly off it... Hearing a voice from the radio, Buzz sees a penis talkin' to him like a smartass psycho hot dog in ketchup. Calls Buzz a fuckin' prick. (*That ain't no used tampon. Get Cronenberg in here!*) Banshee suddenly digs her nails in Buzz' arm, makes him turn to see Big Tim's **severed head... rotating, spitting popcorn** *in 3D !*

*What the FAWK?!*

10

The Killer twists, hoists Banshee up on the spear...

The spear tip with razorback steel teeth goes out through her back *in 3D*. With the weight of her descending body, the spear hook tears through her guts, jams on her backbone.

11

Buzz uncontrollably swears. The Killer Lumberjack's gloved finger moves over to a green button... The lowered mask whispers, "*Buzz...*"

Buzz insanely SCREAMS and SHAKES!

The circular saw **CHEWS** into his crotch... slowly enough for Buzz's **excruciating torture...**

Buzz is literally **cut down to size** *in 3D* ... the circular **SAW TEETH** stop with a HUM just under his chin, his shocked eyes wide open.

With a sudden saw whirl, his **head** is — **c-r-r-ok** — **split right in half** *3D*.

The spinning saw edge flings **bloody flecks** into the air, in *3D* trajectories. **Blood and brains stain** stacked lumber —

With the **SPINNING SAW** *3D* **TEARING** through the middle of the view, his **body is cut in two LOOMING bloody plank strips, smacking down in stereoscopic left and right...**

**His split expression** now literally **two-faced**, one half staring at the other half on the floor, in the final saw mill confrontation.

The circular saw whines free of its **last shreds**.

The relentless **Killer Lumberjack** stares down, impassive black mesh mask flecked with wet splinters... not of wood but of blood and bone.