

CANNIBAL PROPERTIES

Written by

Julian Martin

FADE IN:

INT. MARKDALE HOME - LANDON'S BEDROOM - DAY

LANDON MARKDALE (18-year-old scrawny-yet-cute bespectacled high school senior) lies awake in bed under the covers, staring at the ceiling.

He looks at his phone, and taps to the social media page of GERTRUDE (18, pony-tailed, hoodie and yoga pants every day all day). He scrolls through some of her photos. One in particular catches his eye, a flirty look.

BUMP

What? He looks over at his window, and it slides open. Gertrude herself pokes her head in.

GERTRUDE
You playin' hooky?

She laughs and slides all the way into his bedroom.

Landon turns off his phone.

LANDON
No, I had a bad headache. Did you play hooky?

GERTRUDE
Yeah!

She shadow boxes, throwing hook punches.

GERTRUDE
A left hook and a right hook, right in your face, mothergrabber.

LANDON
Why?

GERTRUDE
Cause I'm a boss bitch.

LANDON
If my folks know you're here, they'll think I was playing hooky too. What about your dad?

GERTRUDE
He leaves for work at 5am.

LANDON
The school will tell him!

GERTRUDE
Aw, he loves me too much to get
mad. Let's play Jenga.

LATER

Gertrude carefully slides a piece out of the jenga tower.
Landon slides a piece. Gertrude's turn, when-

MOM (O.S.)
Oh!

DAD (O.S.)
Yeah!

-Gertrude fumbles the jenga piece and the tower collapses.

GERTRUDE
What the hell?

LANDON
Shh!

The sounds of love persist.

GERTRUDE
OMG your parents are fucking.

LANDON
Yeah, I know. This is usually when
I put earbuds in.

GERTRUDE
Oh, I want to listen.

LANDON
I don't!

Landon shakes his head, grabs his earbuds and puts on very
loud music.

He looks to Gertrude, who is joyously listening.

She mouths "oh wow!" and "holy shit!"

Landon turns beet red.

LATER

Landon pulls out his earbuds. There are no more sighs.

LANDON

Sorry.

GERTRUDE

Naw, respect to your folks! I hope when I'm their age I'm like that. C'mon, you know you do too. It's not like your junk just dies.

LANDON

Well, I'll try not to do it when my kids are home.

GERTRUDE

Yeah that's kinda jacked up, but still, I just gotta admire it. It's kinda beautiful.

LANDON

Oh, do you like hearing your dad?

GERTRUDE

Oh, Tim is totally hopeless. He's had like one girlfriend one time. Says he still misses Mom. Says, "I'll worry about that when I make sure you're grown and outta here."

LANDON

I guess he loved her too much. Sorry you never knew her.

GERTRUDE

Yeah, that's why I don't get it. Get some, Tim!

LANDON

Ok. I'm starting to get a headache again. I wanna get in bed.

He stands up, climbs back into the bed. He gets under the covers, then sits upright abruptly as he sees Gertrude sitting on the edge of the bed.

LANDON

What are you doing?

Gertrude's eyes look like saucers. She bites her lip.

GERTRUDE

Let's do it.

Now Landon's eyes look like saucers.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. MARKDALE HOME. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

In the darkness, we hear a bloody THUMP, THUMP, THUMP.

A MUFFLED SCREAM.

Wind BLOWING through broken windows.

Landon and Gertrude are rolled up in a carpet, their faces bloody and shaking with fear. Gertrude's hand muffles Landon, who is struggling not to scream.

Through the hole at the end of the rolled carpet, we see the bodies of Landon's dad and mom, which TWITCH and GROAN as their lives drain from their bodies with each BASH of a shovel.

DAD

Oh, honey, no...

MOM

Stop it, stop it!

Two men LAUGH. They sound stupid. Sick. Butchers taking glee in their work. KARL and CLARENCE. The only thing they deserve in life is to be put down violently.

CLARENCE

Sure will.

A pickaxe through the skull ENDS Dad and lodges into the floor.

Landon and Gertrude stare in shock.

Clarence yanks the pickaxe out of the floor and Dad's skull.

Mom SCREAMS.

The shovel digs into Mom's neck and a heavy workboot drives it down, severing her head. The butchers GIGGLE.

Shock perseveres within Landon and Gertrude. They stare with horror they can't express.

Blood runs across the wooden floor to the edge of the carpet.

Blood permeates the threads.

Karl stomps in the blood. It flies into Landon and Gertrude's faces. They blink, mouths still frozen open.

KARL

Let's see what they got, Clarence.

FOOTSTEPS move away from Landon and Gertrude. They come to a stop.

CLARENCE (O.S.)

They got kids.

KARL (O.S.)

Now yer talkin'.

Karl and Clarence slowly THUMP their way out of the room as they explore the house, making the boards CREAK.

GERTRUDE

Landon, your sister better run-

We hear a little girl, TATUM, SCREAM from another room. The butchers CHORTLE.

GERTRUDE

Not little Tatum...

LANDON

Now.

They swing their weight into the rolled carpet, and force it to unroll.

We hear the sound as steel HACKS into flesh, and Tatum's SCREAMS abruptly end.

Landon and Gertrude sprawl onto their backs as the carpet unrolls fully, then fight off the shock as they clamber to their feet.

Landon is a bit dorkier in attire and manner, while Gertrude is wearing sweats and a tank top, non-brand name.

GERTRUDE

Oh fuck...

They look down at Landon's slaughtered parents.

LANDON

(in shock)

They're all gone.

GERTRUDE

Run!

She yanks on his hand and Landon snaps out of it. They sprint, their feet pounding the boards.

LANDON
Who are they?

GERTRUDE
They didn't say shit!

KARL (O.S.)
Hey!

INT. MARKDALE TATUM BEDROOM - NIGHT

Clarence, a large hairy man caked in blood shoves over Karl, a strong, fit, bare-chested man with half of his face burned and blood splattering his chest. Both wear muddy prisoner uniforms and heavy workboots.

Clarence bolts out the door first.

CLARENCE
Gonna shit in their eye sockets.

Karl scrambles after him.

EXT. MARKDALE BACK YARD - NIGHT

Landon and Gertrude burst out the back door, which BANGS back into the frame.

GERTRUDE
Landon, why are we going this way?

LANDON
Because they're behind us.

Karl and Clarence barrel out of the house.

They tear out of the back yard, which narrows.

In front of them looms the

ROPE BRIDGE

Behind them, Karl and Clarence are closing in, waving their shovel and pick-axe, respectively. They both YOWL like wild wolves closing in on a kill.

Landon and Gertrude run as fast as they can across the rope bridge, which gets agitated and shaky to match their energy.

The rope bridge CREAKS over the shadowy forest below.

The forest WHISPERS.

Karl and Clarence put some weight on the bridge, stabilizing it, but lose the pace as the teens speed ahead.

Landon slips, and his leg goes over the side, but Gertrude helps him back up. They keep racing.

GERTRUDE

Let's go back in my house, Landon,
there's some knives in the kitchen
so we can fight these
motherfuckers. I just didn't have a
chance before. It was all so fast.

They glance behind. The butchers are catching up because Landon slipped.

LANDON

Ok, good idea. What the fuck do
they want?

GERTRUDE

To kill the fuck out of us, I
think.

They speed up on the bridge, then race onto the land.

In front of them looms Gertrude's homestead. The door is broken off the hinges. They race in.

INT. GERTRUDE'S HOME - NIGHT

In the kitchen, they pull open drawers and search the counter to find knives.

Karl and Clarence burst in behind them.

They swing their weapons at the teens, who jerkily dodge, slip, and swing back with their knives.

Karl's shovel swats Landon in the hand, breaking his right thumb, and sends the blade flying past Gertrude's cheek leaving a bloody cut that splatters the white sink.

LANDON

Gertrude, go!

Clarence drives his pickaxe into Gertrude's chest, slamming her against the food cupboards.

GERTRUDE

Ow, fuck!

Clarence trips and stumbles into Karl as a hand grabs his ankle.

Gertrude scrambles back up with Landon's help.

They run into the living room, run for the front door, and out.

TIM, GERTRUDE'S DAD, has his hand around Clarence's ankle. He's on the ground, bloody, nearly dead.

Clarence makes sure he is with a squishy CRUNCH.

The butchers run after the kids, Karl leads.

EXT. GERTRUDE'S FRONT YARD - NIGHT

Karl and Clarence get to the end of the driveway, but the road both ways is empty.

UNDER GERTRUDE'S FRONT PORCH

Landon and Gertrude watch the butchers through the slats under the porch. Gertrude still has the knife in her shaking hand.

LANDON

What do we do?

GERTRUDE

Lie still.

LANDON

My fucking thumb...

GERTRUDE

And be quiet. You're still alive.

YARD

Karl and Clarence look around. There aren't many places to go. The yard ends to the right against the sheer face of a dropoff cliff. There's an old wooden gate to the left of the rope bridge, apparently leading into the valley below.

CLARENCE

What about that?

KARL
Nah. It's muddy, ain't no tracks.

CLARENCE
Fuckin' rats.

Karl walks to the right to look around the side of the house.

UNDER GERTRUDE'S PORCH

LANDON
We should have went to the road.

GERTRUDE
Nowhere to hide out there. Woulda
got us.

LANDON
What about the gate?

GERTRUDE
We can't ever go down there.

LANDON
Why?

GERTRUDE
Shhh!

YARD

Karl walks to side of house, sees wooden panel over gap under porch.

He smiles. He motions to Clarence. Clarence approaches.

They ready their weapons.

Karl rips away the wood panel, and drops down to one knee.

KARL
Got ya little fuckers!

Nobody there. Wait. SHUFFLING.

Karl gets flat and pokes his head underneath the porch.

There's a window into the basement.

KARL
Clarence, they're back in the
house, get'em!

Clarence runs. Karl scrambles back and up.

CLARENCE
I'm gonna fuck both of them, even
if I gotta kill'em first.

KARL
Yeah both of them got pretty sweet
cheeks. I'll go in from the front.

They split up.

INT. GERTRUDE'S HOME - NIGHT

Karl races in as the teens race out the back door. He runs through the house out the back.

EXT. GERTRUDE'S BACK YARD - NIGHT

As the teens emerge from the back door, Clarence is peeling around the corner and heading them off from going to the rope bridge. They have to run left.

LANDON
We have to!

GERTRUDE
We can't!

Landon grabs her by the shoulder and steers her towards the gate.

Karl bursts out of the house.

LANDON
Go! Go! Go!

GERTRUDE
Shit!

They run and leap over the gate one after the other, and disappear down the hill into the valley.

KARL
Let's go.

EXT. VALLEY DESCENT - NIGHT

Landon and Gertrude sprint down the dirt path.

Gertrude's arm pumps, knife in hand.

LANDON

Why can't we go down here?

GERTRUDE

My dad always said to never go down here, especially at night.

They reach the bottom. They look back. Karl and Clarence are bearing down on them.

CLARENCE

Where ya going with all that blood in ya!?

Gertrude runs to a birdbath with a weird gargoyle on it.

GERTRUDE

He also said if I do, I'd better be anointed.

She dips her hand in the birdbath and pours the water over the top of her head.

LANDON

Fine.

He does the same, slapping it on his head as they sprint further into the woods.

They CRACK sticks apart as they run. Leaves RUSTLE and fly in their path.

The butchers are running too, slower but unstoppable. Branches SNAP as they charge through them.

The birdbath ripples.

The butchers knock it over.

Gertrude and Landon run.

Karl and Clarence run.

The kids are fast, but each stumbles and trips too often.

The butchers charge and plow through and over everything.

Gertrude panics.

Karl reaches out his hand to grab her hair.

It nearly touches her hair.