

**CONTENT CABIN**

"Pilot"

written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. TONY JETFUEL'S POOL - DAY

TONY JETFUEL, an Australian, Crossfit, Richard Branson-type millionaire, stands at the edge of the pool.

CLOSE UP OF HIS FACE:

TONY JETFUEL  
(to Camera)  
Hello, my name is Tony Jetfuel,  
entertainment mogul. You may be  
wondering why I'm sending you this  
video. You'll understand everything  
in exactly three minutes.

PULL OUT TO SEE HIS RIPPED, TANNED BODY IN A SPEEDO.

He does a perfect backflip into his pool.

INT. COMEDY CLUB - NIGHT

Ry dressed as his Cathy character doing a bit on stage, in a spotlight, to an audience of one.

The AUDIENCE MEMBER chats on the phone, completely ignoring Ry's performance.

TONY JETFUEL (V.O.)  
I know you internet blokes are in a  
bit of a pinch right now.

INT. COMEDY CLUB BATHROOM - NIGHT

Ry sits in a stall, sees he's received an email from Tony Jetfuel on his phone. Clicks the link. Video begins to play.

TONY JETFUEL (V.O.)  
Your once high careers are a bite  
short of a bickie, which is  
Australian for sucks.

INT. COMEDY CLUB HALLWAY - NIGHT

Ry walks out of bathroom. AUDIENCE MEMBER knocks off his Cathy wig.

INT. TONY JETFUEL'S STUDY - DAY

Tony Jetfuel reclines in his chair. A MASSUES gives him a massage, FOUR SERVANTS work on separate hands and feet for manicures and pedicures.

TONY JETFUEL

(to camera)

It became apparent to me that I'm bored with all my businesses, so I'm creating my own TV Network. It's called: The Millennial Network. It's a network made for you by you.

INT. BRANDON'S STUDIO - DAY

TONY JETFUEL (V.O.)

So why am I contacting you? Because TV is *scared of you*... But, I'm not. In fact, I am giving you the opportunity that every internet star dreams of: To be on TV.

Brandon erects elaborate green screen set up. Lights, C-stands, etc. All by himself.

He stands back, proud. Then, we PULL BACK TO REVEAL...

It's a living room, not a studio.

His MOM enters. Sits down in the middle of it and begins watching TV FULL VOLUME.

Brandon sighs.

SFX: DING!

He checks his phone, email from Tony JetFuel.

INT. TONY JETFUEL'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Tony JetFuel sits at a piano that has written on it: "TO TONY, LOVE BONO"

TONY JETFUEL

(to Camera)

That's right. You're own TV Show. For you, by you.

INT. MATT AND ARIELLE'S BEDROOM - DAY

TONY JETFUEL (V.O.)  
 So, I'm sending you: Arielle, Matt,  
 Brandon, and RY to my illustrious  
 CONTENT CABIN. Deep in the woods.  
 Away from everything. To work  
 together to create and star in your  
 own TV show.

Arielle lies in bed on her LAPTOP, looking at internet  
 articles.

"ARIELLE VANDENBERG UNDER FIRE FOR SPONSORING POISONOUS DOG  
 FOOD"

She goes on Twitter. Tweets to her "DOG KILLER" "I TRUSTED  
 YOU" "MATT DESERVES A REAL WOMAN: ME @therealmichelleobama"

She looks over at MATT holding his dog SCHNUCKUMS, filming a  
 SPONSORED VIDEO on his PHONE.

Arielle quickly changes her internet window to her email. She  
 sees an email FROM TONY JETFUEL.

SFX: MATT'S PHONE DINGS!

Matt checks his phone. EMAIL FROM TONY JETFUEL.

Matt checks in with Arielle. He sees that she's watching the  
 same Tony Jetfuel video.

INT. TONY JETFUEL'S KITCHEN - DAY

Tony Jetfeul eats from a mountain of CANTALOUPE.

TONY JETFUEL  
 (to Camera)  
 But, one catch: You have to give up  
 your social media careers.

EXT. CONTENT CABIN - DAY

A WHITE VAN parks on a dirt road outside the remote CONTENT  
 CABIN. Surrounded by woods.

TONY JETFUEL (V.O.)  
 I don't want you distracted. I  
 don't want you looking in the past.  
 I want your eyes on the future:  
 Television. Think of it as the  
 rising of the Phoenix.

DRIVER, looking like Secret Service, gets out of the van, opens the door, holding a LOCK BOX.

Matt, Arielle, Ry, and Brandon exit the van. They put their phones in the LOCK BOX.

TONY JETFUEL (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 You're all old friends. All  
 collaborated with each other. I  
 have no doubt you will come up with  
 something electrifying.

They hug and shake and kid around - it's all familial. They're old friends. In the background, the eerie, but impressive CONTENT CABIN.

INT. SKYDIVING PLANE - DAY

Tony JetFuel is in skydiving attire.

TONY JETFUEL  
 (to Camera)  
 GOOD LUCK YA HARD YACKAS!

He jumps out.

CUT TO BLACK.

**TITLE CARD: CONTENT CABIN**

ESTABLISHING: CONTENT CABIN - DAY

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Matt and Arielle play with Schnuckums, Matt's dog.

Ry unpacks his wigs. Hangs a clothes line for them to air out on.

Brandon looks around the Living Room, at the various objects: Lamps, Pictures, Mounted Deer Heads, Plants.

ARIELLE  
 Brandon, what are you looking for?

BRANDON  
 I'm looking for cameras.

MATT  
 You've got a weird energy, Brandon.  
 You're making Schnuckums nervous.

BRANDON

Are you guys that dense? Rich dude sends a bunch of famous people out to the middle of nowhere to make a TV show? Sounds like I'm gonna get Eyes Wide Shutted.

MATT

What's Eye Wide Shutted?

Arielle whispers in his ear. Matt goes wide eyed and holds his crotch. Brandon gives up his search.

BRANDON

(to himself)

I don't see anything...

(to EVERYONE)

I looked this Jetfuel dude up on the internet... Nothing. Dude is a ghost.

MATT

Are you telling me you've never just gotten into a random rich dude's car?

BRANDON

Uh, no.

MATT

You should try it. That's how I found Schnuckums.

(cute baby talk to Schnuckums)

In the back of Ray J's party bus.

BRANDON

So, you stole a stripper's dog?

Brandon puts a cigarette in his mouth. Goes to light --

ARIELLE

Brandon! I thought you quit!

MATT

You can't smoke in Tony Jetfuel's cabin! Would you smoke in the Dali Llama's Content Cabin?

RY

Yeah my wigs are delicate babies. Don't smoke.

BRANDON

If I can't smoke in here, then Ry can't hang his wigs. It's like we're living in a drag-queen's dressing room.

Brandon takes a wig off the clothes line. Ry tries to snatch it off of him.

RY

I'm taking this as an opportunity to workshop some new characters.

(finally snatches wig)

This is Cody who only eats at Arby's.

(re: a red-haired wig)

This is Daniel who sneaks into weddings and does lean.

BRANDON

Okay, we got it.

RY

(re: silver wig)

And, this one is Mr. New Years.

MATT

Oh! I want to party with Mr. New Years!

RY

(very serious)

No you don't.

Hurridly puts away wig. Ry keeps a strange eye contact with Matt. Matt recoils, nervously.

MATT

Okay...

RY

Point is. I need my space.

Schnuckums pees on Arielle's leg.

ARIELLE

(angry)

Are you serious, you little piece of...

She looks at Matt, then back at Schnuckums.

ARIELLE (CONT'D)  
 (forced kindness)  
 Sweet, sweet, sweet...candy, baby,  
 puppy, ball of light.

RY  
 Huh, that's surprising. The  
 internet said you were a puppy  
 killer.

ARIELLE  
 Oh yeah, well the internet said  
 there are still tickets available  
 to your show, Ry. All of them.  
 Because no one wants to go.

ON RY: Hanging a D-CUP BRAZIER on the clothes line.

RY  
 Well played.

SFX: CELL PHONE VIBRATE

Matt freezes.

MATT  
 Uhhh. Arielle, why don't you take  
 Schnuckums outside?

ARIELLE  
 What was that sound?

MATT  
 Oh that was... just my butt.

ARIELLE  
 Is your butt okay?

MATT  
 Yeah, I need to go do butt  
 business. Please, take Schnuckums  
 out. Just don't let my baby off the  
 leash.

ARIELLE  
 Duh.

Matt And Arielle stand and do a quick REHERSED, SECRET  
 HANDSHAKE.

MATT & ARIELLE (CONT'D)  
 Squad goals, bitch.

Matt leaves for the BATHROOM, while Arielle picks up Schnuckums, takes outside.

Brandon hands Ry the pack of cigarettes.

BRANDON  
Just take these. It's not worth the  
hassle of living with three moms  
all week.

Brandon turns to a large painting of Tony Jetfuel.

BRANDON (CONT'D)  
(to painting)  
I'm watching you, Jetfuel.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Matt rushes into the Bathroom, secretly. He pulls a PHONE from his pocket. He reads the TEXT MESSAGE: FROM PEPSI, "YO WHERE'S THE VID FAM?"

Matt takes a deep breath and opens the CAMERA APP. He quietly films a sponsored video.

MATT  
(whisper)  
Yo, it's Matt. Just enjoying the  
delicious and delightful taste of  
Pepsi Cobra.  
(takes a sip)  
Mmmm. Yum town... Ignore the toilet  
behind me.

Ends video. Sighs.

EXT. CONTENT CABIN - DAY

Arielle walks SCHNUCKUMS.

ARIELLE  
Go poop! C'mon!

Schnuckums doesn't move. Scratches collar.

ARIELLE (CONT'D)  
What? You don't like your collar?

Arielle takes off Schnuckums' collar. Schnuckums bolts into the woods. Arielle is just left with a leash attached to a SPIKED COLLAR.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Matt goes to hide the phone behind the toilet, sees a letter taped to the toilet paper.

MATT

Guys!

EXT. CONTENT CABIN - DAY

Arielle HEARS MATT'S VOICE. She looks back to the woods:  
SHNUCKUMS IS GONE.

ARIELLE

Shit.

Arielle stuffs the collar in her pocket, runs inside the Cabin.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Arielle enters first, then Matt, then Ry and Brandon.

ARIELLE

What is it?

MATT

I don't know. I just found it.

BRANDON

Well, read it.

Ry, Arielle, and Brandon surround Matt, who is reading the newly found letter.

MATT

Hope you've all settled in. Ready to get some work done? You have until the end of the night to create and submit an idea for your television show in the Blue Box hidden in the fire place.

Ry looks into the fireplace, pulls out a big blue metal box.

MATT (CONT'D)

(reads)

Good luck ya hard yackas.

BRANDON

Where did you find this letter?

MATT  
Taped on the toilet paper.

BRANDON  
Well, I guess everybody does take  
shits.

MATT  
He's a genius.

Matt kisses the letter.

MATT (CONT'D)  
Let's get to work!

MONTAGE; QUICK CUTS; HIP-HOP/EDM MUSIC

- DRINKS POURED
- SNACKS PULLED FROM FRIDGE
- PAPER AND PENCILS PULLED FROM DRAWERS
- THEY WRITE DOWN IDEAS ON PIECES OF PAPER
- RY TRIES ON VARIOUS WIGS

CLIPS OF THE TEAM LAUGHING AND LOOKING LIKE WORK IS BEING  
DONE. MATT JUGGLES, RY TRIES ON WIGS, ETC.

END MONTAGE;

SMASH CUT:

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Everyone is on the couch, silent, exhausted, and hands to  
their heads, thinking. Arielle isn't focused, rather she  
stares at the window. The room is a complete mess.

MATT  
This is hurting my BRAIN. Ari, how  
about your big beautiful brain?

Arielle looks away from the window.

ARIELLE  
What? Uhhh. Horse -- uh -- Horse  
movie?

BRANDON  
It's a TV show...

RY  
Maybe it'll help if I switch wigs  
again -

EVERYONE

NO!

BRANDON

Guys, it's 11 o'clock. We have one hour to turn this in. All we need is one sentence about the show.

Everyone collectively nods.

BRANDON (CONT'D)

C'mon, throw out some words to inspire me.

MATT

Horses!

BRANDON

Great, we already had horses. Let's keep it going --

RY

Wigs!

BRANDON

Okay, this isn't working.

EXT. CONTENT CABIN - NIGHT

A car pulls up to the front of the cabin.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Ry, Matt, and Arielle pitch to Brandon.

BRANDON

Okay. So, no wigs, no horses, and, Matt, no horses wearing wigs.

MATT

Well, I'm out.

Ry and Arielle agree.

BRANDON

No! No! We can't give up.

MATT

Maybe, we're just not TV people, Brandon.

Brandon shakes his head.

BRANDON

Some of us need this, Matt.

(To Arielle)

Arielle, people hate you right now.  
Your face is on TMZ as a person who  
helped kill thousands of dogs.

ARIELLE

I'M GOOD WITH DOGS!

BRANDON

(to Ry)

Dude, no one cares about your  
characters. You're a 45 year old  
man who downloaded vine and  
accidentally got famous, who now  
does shows for an audience of  
*nobody*.

RY

No, that's Jason Nash.

MATT

He's 45? He looks terrible.

BRANDON

I don't want to go back to social  
media! I'm sick of having to  
interact with 12-year olds for a  
paycheck! I'm tired of living with  
my mom, she doesn't respect me.  
Let's face it, we need this.

ON MATT: Looking a bit uncomfortable.

EXT. CONTENT CABIN - NIGHT

A pair of mysterious boots walk up the steps to the cabin.

SFX: CAR DRIVING AWAY IN BACKGROUND

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

BRANDON

SO TELL ME! WHAT IS OUR SHOW?!

SFX: KNOCK-KNOCK!

The group looks around, confused.

RY

Who's that?

MATT  
I bet it's Mr. Jetfuel.

Matt sprints over to the door. He opens it. Standing in the doorway is a heavy-set MAN in flannel, with a black bag that says "FRAGILE. EQUIPMENT."

MATT (CONT'D)  
Uh, hello?

MAN  
Hi, there! I'm Craig. Tony Jetfuel sent me. I'm your director of photography! For the show.

MATT  
Whoa. Director of what??

Craig frowns.

CRAIG  
The camera operator.

MATT  
Oh, the guy who holds the iPhone.  
This is awesome! Thank you, Tony!

Brandon rolls his eyes.

CRAIG  
(super positive)  
Yeah, exactly like an iPhone,  
except it's a camera!

MATT  
C'mon in here, Craig!

A ZOMBIE jumps onto Craig.

CRAIG  
Ahhh! OH MY GOD!

Everyone screams in terror.

Craig struggles to push the zombie away. Matt and Brandon grab Craig's other arm, attempting to pull him inside.

CRAIG (CONT'D)  
HELP ME! PLEASE!

The zombie bites down into Craig's arm, creating a bloody tug-o-war with Craig's arms. Ry is stone cold stunned. Arielle grabs a few pillows from the couch.

She tosses a pillow at the zombie, hitting Matt.

MATT  
Not helping, babe!

She tosses another.

BRANDON  
Go grab a knife!

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Arielle runs to the kitchen. Looks out the window, sees SCHNUCKUMS running away from the house, into the woods.

She stops dead in her tracks.

ARIELLE  
You little shit.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Brandon and Matt continue to struggle with Craig and the ZOMBIE.

BRANDON  
We got you Craig!

MATT  
We're not losing our director of geography!

Brandon and Matt give one big final tug on Craig, ripping off his ARM, sending the zombie back and out of the cabin. Matt, Craig, and Brandon fall into the house. An OBSCENE AMOUNT of blood sprays everywhere.

Matt runs to close the door. It's doesn't shut.

MATT (CONT'D)  
It's not closing!

Craig's detached arm is in the door jam.

CRAIG  
My arm!

BRANDON  
Kick out the arm!

CRAIG  
No save it!

Matt squeamishly picks up the arm --

MATT  
Eww. Eww. Eww.

He flings it across the room. Lands on a frozen Ry's lap. Ry screams.

Arielle re-enters the room. Shocked by the flying arm and Ry's scream - Terrified, Arielle flings the knife. It lands in Craig's leg.

Everyone screams except Brandon. He looks at the clock hanging on the wall.

BRANDON  
Oh my god, it's 11:20. We only have forty more minutes to turn in this show idea.

EXT. CONTENT CABIN - LATER

Establishing...

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Matt and Brandon stand over a bleeding Craig on the couch. Arielle paces behind them, thinking, in a whole other world of shit.

ARIELLE  
Hey, Matt. I'm going to go check up on Shnuckums.

MATT  
Good idea. Love you so much, you're such a beautiful kind --

Arielle, half way up the stairs...

ARIELLE  
Yeah. Love you too.

Matt turns back to Brandon.

MATT  
We need to call for help.

BRANDON  
None of us have phones, remember?

MATT

I -

Matt sputters out, frozen with fear. He thinks quickly -

BRANDON

You okay, Matt?

MATT

...Uh... Hold on!

Matt runs up to his room. Brandon raises a brow.

BRANDON

Where are you going?

(to himself)

I need a cigarette. Ry?

(beat)

Ry?

Brandon goes to his room.

INT. BRANDON AND RY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Ry lies on a pile of his wigs.

Brandon bursts in.

BRANDON

Okay, fun's over I need a cigarette

--

He sees Ry, a bit perplexed as Ry finds his comfort in the pile of WIGS. Brandon kneels down next to him, timidly but settled.

BRANDON (CONT'D)

You okay, buddy?

Ry stares off.

BRANDON (CONT'D)

You feel safe in your pile of wigs?

Ry slowly looks deep into Brandon's eyes.

RY

(smiles)

Everyone's good in here.

Ry points to his head.

BRANDON  
 Okay buddy. That's uhh -- I'll  
 check on you later.

RY  
 (as Cathy, female voice)  
 Take care, Brandy.  
 (as Jay Z)  
 Ahahahaha.

Brandon quietly leaves.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Matt pulls his phone out of the toilet.

INT. MATT AND ARIELLE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Arielle grabs dog treats.

Matt hastily enters, phone in hand.

ARIELLE  
 MATT!

Arielle hides the treats under her shirt.

Matt jumps. Hides phone under his shirt.

MATT  
 Babe! What are you -- Uhh -- Sup?

ARIELLE  
 Sup... I just took Schnuckums...  
 upstairs to the... attic.

MATT  
 Dope.

ARIELLE  
 What are you doing?

MATT  
 I'm, uhhh.... I'm getting Craig a  
 new shirt... Since his is covered  
 in blood.

Arielle notices something in Matt's hand

MATT (CONT'D)  
 Deodorant!

Matt pretends that his phone is deodorant and wipes his arm pits under his shirt.

MATT (CONT'D)  
Crazy about that freaking...  
director of pornography. Right?

ARIELLE  
Yeah...

MATT  
My pits... So sweaty... How's  
Schnuckums?

ARIELLE  
He's napping... Wellllll. I'm gonna  
go help Schnuckums... nap.

MATT  
Good idea. Leave now. Love you.

Arielle blows a kiss. Bolts out.

Matt sits on his bed and pulls out his phone.

He stares at it deeply, conflicted. He begins to dial 911,  
but stops himself short from pressing DIAL.

Matt looks at a large FRAMED PORTRAIT OF TONY JETFUEL in the  
room.

TONY JETFUEL (V.O.)  
No phones. No Distractions. You can  
do this, Matt.

A determined Matt stands to his feet.

MATT  
(determined)  
I know what to do.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Arielle runs through the dark and shapeless sea of trees. She  
doesn't have a lock on Schnuckums.

ARIELLE  
Schnuckums! Schnuckums, where are  
you?

Just then - A BARK. Arielle finds Schnuckums sitting proudly,  
twenty feet away. Arielle takes a deep breath, relieved.

ARIELLE (CONT'D)  
Shnuckums, come here sweetheart.

Arielle slowly approaches the dog, but Shnuckums stands to it's feet, prepared to run.

ARIELLE (CONT'D)  
No, no. Don't do that.

Shnuckums barks at Arielle.

ARIELLE (CONT'D)  
Shhhh. Come here.

Arielle gets ever so close to Shnuckums, and reaches out. She manages to grab the dog, picking Shnuckums up, face to face.

ARIELLE (CONT'D)  
Got you!

Shnuckums pees all over Arielle.

ARIELLE (CONT'D)  
(dark)  
You little monster!  
(light)  
No don't be scared! I'm sorry, I'm sorry!  
(dark)  
Don't pee on me!  
(light)  
I love you little cupcake!  
(dark)  
I'm covered in pee!

She drops Shucknums. Shnuckums runs off.

ARIELLE (CONT'D)  
(angry)  
Get back here --  
(cute, desperate)  
Sweetheart.

INT. LAUNDRY ROOM - NIGHT

Brandon pulls out sheets from the linen closet. Sees landline phone. Dials.

TONY JETFUEL (V.O.)  
(on other line)  
Very sorry, but the phone line is currently unavailable so you can be as creatively focused as possible.  
(MORE)

TONY JETFUEL (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Good luck!  
(not into phone)  
Cannon ball!

SFX: SPLASH THROUGH PHONE

Brandon hangs up, confused.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Craig lays on the couch.

CRAIG  
Hello?! Where did everyone go?

Craig sits up.

CRAIG (CONT'D)  
I guess, I have to walk to the  
hospital myself.

Craig stands up, grabs his detached arm, and leaves the house.

Matt runs down, wearing the shower curtain, holding a can of Febreeze and a few rolls of TOILET PAPER.

MATT  
New plan! Life-hack Hospital!

Sees empty room.

MATT (CONT'D)  
Craig?

Brandon runs in. Stops.

BRANDON  
Where is Craig?

MATT  
Our inspector of choreography is  
gone.

BRANON  
Director of photography. And, what  
do you mean he's gone? He's missing  
an arm and was bleeding profusely.

MATT  
Look, there's a trail of blood  
leading out the door. He walked  
away.

(MORE)

MATT (CONT'D)  
 (disappointed)  
 Damn, I was gonna do a whole life-hack hospital thing.

BRANDON  
 Life-hack what?

MATT  
 Life-hack hospital. I was gonna Febreeze his arm and wrap it --

BRANDON  
 Febreeze his arm?

MATT  
 (defensive)  
 It has alcohol in it... AND it's lemon scented.

Brandon sees Craig's bags. Opens it. Full of women's clothing.

BRANDON  
 This is full of lady's nighties. There wasn't even camera equipment in here!

INT. BRANDON AND RY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Ry rests on his knees, looking into the mirror. He slowly grabs one of his wigs. A 70s, big, Jet-Black, Pacino-like wig.

QUICK CUTS:

Ry grabs a leather jacket, a cross necklace, a police badge, handcuffs, a hand bar mustache, and a BATON.

He stares at himself in his new get-up. He smiles coyly. Ry seems like a new man, a new person. He has transformed.

RY  
 (SOUTHERN ACCENT)  
 No need to fear, Daddy Bullet's here.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Matt and Brandon continue their argument...

BRANDON

Matt, listen to me. Don't you think it's weird that he showed up out of nowhere, didn't bring any camera equipment, and then disappeared after LOSING AN ARM?

MATT

Maybe the bags got mixed up at the airport. Tony Jetfuel wouldn't scare us like that!

BRANDON

You don't know Tony Jetfuel! All we know about this guy is he sent us to a cabin in the middle of nowhere to make a TV show! That's WEIRD. And, can we take a moment to appreciate the ZOMBIE?!

MATT

I don't know, Brandon...

BRANDON

So, you're going to look me in the eye, right now... And, tell me you believe in zombies?

MATT

Normally, people don't rip other people's arm off and also look like they're dead. Unless, of course, they're from Florida...

Brandon huffs, giving up. He looks at the clock. TWENTY minutes to MIDNIGHT.

BRANDON

We have twenty minutes to turn in a show idea and...

Brandon looks around the room.

BRANDON (CONT'D)

(irritated)  
...Nobody is here.

Just then, Ry steps into the room. He is in complete 'Daddy Bullet' character.

RY

Holy shit...

Matt and Brandon turn around, relieved by Ry's presence.

MATT  
At least Ry is okay.

RY  
(Daddy Bullet)  
Ry? Who's Ry?

Matt and Brandon exchange glances. Ry, in complete 'Daddy Bullet' mode. Ry looks around the room. He sees the blood and the general chaos of the room. Ry pulls a baton from his side.

RY (CONT'D)  
Lucky me. Looks like I stumbled upon a crime scene. Where's the body?

MATT  
He ran away.

RY  
How convenient...

Pulls out handcuffs. Approaches Brandon.

RY (CONT'D)  
I'm gonna need you boys to raise those arms of yours, real slow now.

Brandon pushes Ry off.

BRANDON  
Ry, you're an idiot. Stop playing around, there's a real problem --

Ry whacks Brandon with the baton. Brandon falls to the ground.

BRANDON (CONT'D)  
Oh, my face!

Ry turns to Matt.

RY  
You want some too, pretty boy?

Matt cowers.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Arielle runs through the woods.

SFX: SCHNUCKUMS BARKING

Arielle sees Schnuckums barking into the dark.

ARIELLE  
Oh, thank God!

Arielle slowly walks up to Schnuckums from behind.

Snatches him up.

ARIELLE (CONT'D)  
YES! COME TO MAMMA!

Arielle pulls out a LEASH and hooks Shnuckums. She turns around... Face to face with a ZOMBIE.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Matt and Brandon are tied up to chairs in the middle of the room. Ry, as Daddy Bullet, paces around them.

RY  
So, you two city boys are telling me that a zombie ripped your friend's arm off, then you go to make a 'white trash hospital' --

MATT  
Life-hack...

Ry waves Matt's comment away.

RY  
Whatever. Then, when you come back, he's magically disappeared?

MATT  
It's the truth, Ry.

RY  
Who the hell is Ry? I ain't no bread!

MATT  
Ry, please --

BRANDON  
(to Matt)  
Matt, stop. He's locked in. Whenever Ry is in shock he FULLY becomes his character. I've seen it before. He became OJ Simpson for 9 days straight when Vine shut down.  
(MORE)

BRANDON (CONT'D)  
Bought a white Bronco and  
everything. It got weird.

MATT  
So, we're helpless?

BRANDON  
Follow my lead.  
(to Ry)  
Mr. Bullet?

RY  
Yes?

BRANDON  
Do you know a Terry down at  
precinct 13?

Ry cocks his head and walks over to Brandon and Matt. He gets  
right in Brandon's face.

RY  
Of course I know Terry! That's my  
cousin! We got the same mama. I  
watched him cry in a hot tub  
before.

Matt chimes in.

MATT  
Yeah... We know Terry!

Ry breaks concentration on Brandon, switching to Matt.

MATT (CONT'D)  
He's... our dad.

Matt looks to Brandon for confirmation, but no dice. Brandon  
sighs. Ry raises brow, inquisitively.

RY  
Terry's sons? You're shittin' me.

BRANDON  
It's true, Daddy!

RY  
How do I know ya'll ain't pullin'  
my leg? Terry raised his boys to be  
soft spoken, stay at home dads.

Brandon changes over to a SOUTHERN ACCENT, to match RY's.

BRANDON

Well, Daddy Bullet, we done fallen on hard times, you's see. We got bad grades and a taste of the Coca Cola ka-caine.

Ry puts a leg up and looks off, contemplatively.

RY

Got damn President...

Matt follows Brandon's lead and does his best SOUTHERN ACCENT.

MATT

We done unforgivable things to get that ka-caine, Daddy. This one time I choked out this dolphin at SeaWorld -

Brandon kicks Matt's chair.

RY

SeaWorld? Terry's kids are terrified of water. I highly doubt Terry's kids would do a sixty mile round trip to SeaWorld...

BRANDON

That's one of the side effects of the ka-caine, *uncle Bullet*.

The use of *uncle* tickles Ry.

Ry thinks to himself. Snaps his fingers.

RY

I've got it! If you two truly are Terry's kids... Then, what song did ya'll sing at my daughter's quinceanera?

Brandon and Matt look at each other, at a loss of words and ideas. Ry raises a brow - *Gotcha*.

Suddenly -

MATT

(Quietly, terrified,  
sings)

All the single ladies,  
All the single ladies...

Ry, a bit stunned, stands back. Brandon is mad at first, but goes along.

MATT & BRANDON (CONT'D)

(Singing)

All the single ladies,  
Put your hands up,  
Up in the Club, Club..

Ry studies them.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Arielle swings a stick at the zombie, while Shnuckums licks her cheek.

ARIELLE

(to zombie)

Get back!

(to Shnuckums)

C'mon, Shnuckums give it a rest!

The zombie takes a step toward her, she swings once more. The zombie grabs the stick, cracking it in half. The zombie rushes toward her, causing Arielle to lose her footing.

She falls, the zombie jumps on top of her. She keeps the zombie from biting her, while Shnuckums bites at her clothing. She screams.

Craig appears over Arielle. He swings his detached arm like a bat, hitting the zombie in the head.

CRAIG

C'mon!

Craig extends his detached arm to Arielle, she grabs hold, lifting her up.

CRAIG (CONT'D)

Let's go!

ARIELLE

Wait, Shnuckums!

Arielle runs over to Schnuckum's leash, which is under the zombie's body.

CRAIG

There's no time!

Arielle struggles to lift the zombie's body. Craig sprints over, and lifts the zombie's body with his one arm. Arielle grabs the leash.

Just then, the ZOMBIE AWAKES and grabs Craig by the neck. Craig instantly goes down. Shnuckums, finally free, takes off. Arielle looks down, overwhelmed, and in shock.

The Zombie rips Craig to shreds. Guts and all.

CRAIG (CONT'D)

Save yourself! I'm a chain smoker,  
anyway. My health premiums are  
crazy. I suppose it was only a  
matter of TIIIIIIIMMMME.

Arielle, still stunned, watches everything. Time SLOWS DOWN.

CUE: OPERATIC MUSIC

Arielle watches Craig get ripped apart, then watches as Shunuckums runs further and further away, and then notices three other ZOMBIES heading toward Craig's corpse.

Arielle runs off, towards the Cabin.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Matt and Brandon continue to sing, but now Ry is full on dancing to 'Single Ladies'

MATT & BRANDON

If you liked it then You should  
have put a ring on it,  
If you liked it then you should  
have put a ring on it,  
Wha-oh-oh, Oh-oh-oh-oh

They finish off the song. Ry is jazzed. He slaps his knee.

RY

Got damn! That was a hoot and a  
holler! Ya'll still got those angel  
lungs!

Ry makes his way to them, pulling out his keys. He unlocks Brandon's cuffs. He begins to unlock Matt's cuffs.

MATT

Yeah, that's why we went to  
Juilliard.

Ry stops short.

RY  
 Terry ain't send no sons to no  
 Juilliard.

Brandon hits Ry over the head with Daddy Bullet's baton. Ry hits floor, out.

Brandon finishes off Matt's cuffs. Brandon looks at the clock: Five minutes until midnight.

MATT  
 Now what?

Just then, Arielle bursts through the front door, out of breath. She stops in her tracks after noticing Brandon and Matt. She looks at Ry, knocked out on the floor.

ARIELLE  
 What happened to Ry?

BRANDON  
 Long story.

MATT  
 Where were you? I thought you were  
 in the attic with Shunckums.

Arielle thinks for a moment.

ARIELLE  
 I had to take a shit and it had to  
 be outside.

MATT  
 If you gotta do business, do  
 business in the house.

ARIELLE  
 It's just... Uh... A girl thing.

MATT  
 Your body, your choice, totes get  
 it.

BRANDON  
 Pooping outside is a girl thing?

Matt approaches Arielle, tenderly.

MATT  
 Thank you for watching Shnuckums,  
 Babe. You're the best.

Matt hugs Arielle.

MATT (CONT'D)

Sometimes, I get so emotional when I look at Shnuckums because I think of him as our son and if our son ever disappeared... There's a dark Matt inside of here... A Matt you wouldn't recognize... I just...

Matt begins crying.

BRANDON

Wow. This is really intriguing stuff but a person died, Ry had a full mental break down, there was a (sarcastic air quotes) 'zombie attack'... annnndddd we have one minute to submit our TV idea to Tony Jetfuel.

MATT

Who cares about the show!? We almost died!

Ry wakes up, a bit foggy. Nobody is paying attention to him as he wanders upstairs.

BRANDON

It's all fake, Matt!!  
(flustered)  
Arielle, what do you think?

Arielle looks out the window, back to them.

ARIELLE

(quickly)  
It's fake and we need to stay.

She looks at Matt.

BRANDON

You're the only one who can walk out of this room, with a career. This is easy for you. You're gonna be fine.... Us?

Matt looks at Arielle, shut down.

ARIELLE

We can't leave. I need this honey.

Matt heats up.

MATT

Fine. So, if we're only concerned about being famous and don't care about helping our dead director of child psychology --

Matt grabs one of the pieces of paper with random ideas on it, from the table. He walks over to the Blue Box -

BRANDON

Wait, wait!

Matt puts the paper in the MAIL BOX.

BRANDON (CONT'D)

YOU DIDN'T SEE WHAT IT SAID!

Just then, OBNOXIOUS PRIZE MUSIC STARTS PLAYING AND STREAMERS POP IN THE ROOM.

TONY JETFUEL (V.O.)

Congratulations! You've worked as a team and made a GIANT leap towards making your show!

Ry comes down the stairs as DANIEL: A SKATER BOY

RY

(as Daniel)

Yo, looks like a celebration. Let's get out some poundage.

He fist bumps a sad Matt, Arielle and Brandon.

CUE: 'CELEBRATION' KOOL AND THE GANG plays over speakers.

Matt, Brandon, and Arielle don't move.

Ry dances to the music.

RY (CONT'D)

(As Daniel)

Dudes and dudette, want to drop some serious Monster Energy and rave?

CAMERA MOVES IN ON PORTRAIT OF TONY JETFUEL.

TONY'S EYES slide out and REAL EYES peer through, watching the group.

**TITLE CARD: CONTENT CABIN**

**END.**