

ASH. Scotty.

SCOTT. Dude, where's your hand?

ASH. Don't worry about it. Scotty! You're going to be okay. You're going to be just fine. You'll see. What happened to you?

SCOTT. Ash. It's not going to let us leave. We're all going to die here!

ASH. No, we're not going to die.

SCOTT. We're all going to die. All of us!

ASH. No, we're not going to die! We're gonna get out of here. Now, the sun will be up in a few hours or so and we can all get out of here together. You, me, Linda, Shelly. Hmm...well...not Shelly, you shot her through the door. Now listen to me Scotty. Is there a way around the bridge? Scotty! Listen to me please for God's Sake! Scott!! Is there a way around the bridge?

SCOTT. There's a way. A trail. But the trees, Ash. They know. Don't you see Ash? They're alive! It won't let us leave. Ash...death is a bitch. A stupid bitch!

(SCOTT *dies.*)

ASH. Scotty. Scott! NOOOOO!

CHERYL. (*popping up*) Ash, in all that commotion, it looks like I accidentally scratched your favorite Ray Parker Jr. album!

ASH. NOOOOOOOO!

(CHERYL *closes cellar door*)

MOOSE. (*springing to life*) And by the way Ash. I wasn't going to mention it earlier, but your pants look like they have a pretty nasty mustard stain on them. And if I know mustard stains like I think I do, that ain't coming out.

ASH. NOOOOOOOOOO! What else can go wrong today?

(*horn hits*)