(Printed with the demonstration version of Fade In)

1 EXT. DRIVEWAY - EVENING 1

A worn cabin sits surrounded by lifeless trees. The dying sun sets behind the building, casting it in a glow.

Two fishermen, CASE (male, 26), and CHARLIE (male, 27), sit in their pickup truck, boat attached, parked out front. The two exchange a glace.

CHARLIE
So. Are you sure this is the place? I mean it looks...

CASE
Yeah man! We have to turn a profit somehow.

CHARLIE
And that means you booked us a cheap cabin?

CUT TO:

2 EXT. BOB'S CABIN - EVENING 2

Case and Charlie approach the cabin, hands full of their fishing equipment. They stare at the door. Before either of them could knock, the door swings open. We meet a rugged gentleman, BOB, (male, 65). A sharp stare pierces them.

BOB
You the boys here for the fishing tournament tomorrow?

Case fixes his posture and beams. Charlie furrows his brow.

CASE
Yes we are! How did you know?

A beat.

BOB
Lucky guess. Come on in.

3 INT. BOB'S CABIN - EVENING 3

Bob takes slow steps into the cabin. Case and Charlie follow close behind, observing the decor. The wood is old and dirty, as well as the rugs. Various fishing and hunting decor cover the walls. A bulletin board with various newspaper clippings is hung on a nearby wall. A pungent cigarette smell basks the room.

BOB
Here's where y'all will be stayin'. Don't touch my shit or I'll have your hide.

Bob lets out a wheezy chuckle and coughs. Charlie stands appalled by the comment while Case laughs along.

Bob pulls out a cigarette, and rests it on his lips. Still coughing, he lights it and takes a drag.

BOB (cont'd)
I'll catch you boys later. Good luck in that tournament tomorrow. I hear there's some fierce competition.

Bob takes another drag of his cig before making his way to the doorway. He pauses.

BOB (cont'd)
Oh, and park that damn boat behind the cabin. I don't need that thing junking up my yard.

A puff of smoke exits as Bob does. Case drops the equipment he was carrying on the table in front of him. He doesn't notice Charlie's expression.

CASE
I'll move the boat out back, then we can finish unloading the truck.

Case shuts the door leaving Charlie standing in the middle of the room, engulfed in its dirty decorations. He sighs, and walks to put his fishing rods inside of a nook located on the back wall.

His eyes are drawn to the decor on the shelf next to the nook. He scans from top to bottom crouching lower as he goes; wooden statues featuring different creatures are placed on every level. He locks eyes with the bigfoot statue, and squints.

Charlie hangs his head before standing. A bright yellow object catches his eye. Underneath the shelf lay an old fish bait on an oddly dark stained rug. Charlie squints once more and lowers himself to his belly. He reaches for the bait.

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK.

Charlie instantly retreats his arm and bumps his head when coming up to his knees. The trinkets on the shelf rattle. He quickly stands and walks to the door.

He looks out the glass pane before opening the door. There stands Bob, without a cigarette.

BOB
Howdy! I forgot to tell y'all somethin'.

CHARLIE
What can I do for you sir?

Bob peers into Charlie, sensing his uneasiness, to which he makes no comment.

BOB
Don't go fishin' in that pond back there after dark. You might see things you don't want to see.

Bob chuckles again, but Charlie does not join.

BOB (cont'd)
Make sure you tell 'yer little buddy when he gets back. And please, none of that sir bullshit, just call me Bob.

CHARLIE
Yes Bob, (whispered) sir.

Charlie swallows. Bob half waves and thumps his way down the steps. Charlie quickly shuts the door and exhales heavily. He turns his head back towards the fish bait.

SLAM. The other door to the cabin swings open. Charlie stammers backwards and catches himself with his hands. Words can't scape his mouth.

CASE
Hey man I'm back! I got the boat-

CHARLIE
What the hell!?

Charlie extends his arm towards Case in defense.

CHARLIE (cont'd)
You scared the shit out of me!

CASE
What's got you so jumpy?

Charlie makes his way to his feet. He picks up the tackle boxes from the table and takes them to the nook, dismissing Case's question.