

THE KILLING POND

Written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. WHITE NISSAN (PARKED) - MORNING

A beautiful young COLLEGE GIRL leans into her car, switches on the radio.

She looks around to see if anyone is peeping as she slowly takes off her clothes.

She hums along to the music as she slips into a sexy bikini top, twisting her hair up into a swimmer's bun.

EXT. THE POND SHORE - MOMENTS LATER

Slowly, the College Girl steps over to the secluded pond, dips her toes into the green water.

She goes in further, swimming out...

She dunks her head under water.

EXT. WHITE NISSAN (PARKED) - MORNING

While the College Girl is submerged, a DARK FIGURE reaches into her car, switches off the radio.

POND SURFACE - COLLEGE GIRL

The College Girl bobs up, looks around, notices the music not playing.

She wipes some water out of her eyes, looks around...

COLLEGE GIRL
Hello? Is anyone there?

UNDERWATER - COLLEGE GIRL

Her legs swish under the water, keeping her afloat.

UNDER HER - The pond floor is covered in human remains, teeth, bones and several rusty bear traps.

As she swims back to shore, she touches the pond floor, missing a sharp broken bottle but getting her foot caught right in a bear trap, springing it shut, capturing her.

She thrashes around in pain, gasping for air, swallowing in pond water.

EXT. THE POND COAST - MORNING

From behind, TWO MASKED GENTLEMEN stand by the shore, one wears a creepy rabbit mask, the other of a deer.

They silently watch as the College Girl struggles to keep afloat.

COLLEGE GIRL

Help!

After a few failed attempts, she stops coming back up, blood mixing with the green water of the pond.

CUT TO:

INT. KAREN'S BEDROOM - MORNING

KAREN SPAGES, 22, black hair, a beautiful goth, lies naked in bed, gazing up at the ceiling. She reaches over to the night stand, grabs a cigarette, has herself a smoke.

She looks over at a NUDE GIRL sleeping soundly beside her.

KAREN

Hey. Wake up.

Karen taps on the girl's shoulder. She wakes up and looks over at her with a sleepy smile.

NUDE GIRL

Hi.

KAREN

Hey.

The Nude Girl kisses on Karen's neck.

NUDE GIRL

I slept amazingly.

Karen slightly pushes her away.

KAREN

Should I call you an Uber or something?

NUDE GIRL

You're kicking me out of bed?

KAREN

I let you stay the night. And to be honest, that was way more generous than I needed to be. You know I did most of the work last night.

NUDE GIRL

It was my first time! I've never been with a girl before.

KAREN

Trust me, I know. You were like a pirate digging for buried treasure. Like you lost a coin in there and kept trying to fish it out.

The Nude Girl angrily gets out of bed, searches around the bedroom furiously for her clothes.

NUDE GIRL

I thought girls would be different, you know. But you're as bad as some asshole frat guy!

INT. APARTMENT LIVING ROOM - MORNING

The Nude Girl runs out of the bedroom, now sloppily dressed, holding on to her high heeled shoes.

She runs out into the living room where two other girls are packing their bags and eating breakfast.

They smile awkwardly at her as she runs out the front door.

Eating a granola breakfast bar is PATRICIA WELLES. She's a brunette, 21, pretty, has her hair done in a ponytail.

Packing her bags is TORY REDING, she's 19, has blonde hair, also very beautiful, but a bit mousy.

TORY

She seemed nice.

PATRICIA

Okay, Karen, almost time to get going!

KAREN (O.C.)

Fuck!

Karen runs out of her bedroom still naked.

PATRICIA

What?

KAREN

That little bitch stole my phone.

TORY

That's what you get for picking up skanky drunk bitches at bars.

KAREN

Don't be jealous, Tory.

TORY

You wish.

PATRICIA

Come on, we leave in like five minutes.

EXT. MINI COOPER (PARKED) - MORNING

Patricia and Tory cram as much luggage in the back of a blue Mini Cooper as they can possibly make fit.

A SUBTITLE APPEARS BELOW:

90 Minutes Later

Karen, finally dressed, still smoking a cigarette, walks over with a trash bag full of her clothes.

KAREN

I call shotgun.

Tory walks around from the back of the car.

TORY

No, I already called shotgun.

KAREN

Too bad.

TORY

Patricia!

Patricia slams shut the trunk door.

PATRICIA

(to Tory)

Get in the back. Can't you see she's in a shitty mood?

KAREN

Shitty mood is right. I loved that fucking phone. All my favorite shit was on that phone.

TORY

There was literally nothing on there but dick pics.

KAREN

My favorite dick pics.

TORY

You are so disgusting. You know how many *guys* have stolen my phone? Zero.

KAREN

Okay, mom. Exactly when is the last time you had a guy over, Tory?

Patricia walks over to the driver's seat.

PATRICIA

Are you two gonna bicker the whole time?

KAREN

Not me, captain.

Karen salutes her.

PATRICIA

Good. Let's go, bitches! Fun awaits!

They celebrate and get in the car.

INT. SUV (MOVING) - DAY

GLEN LANTZ, 20, attractive, kind of nerdy, sleeps in the passenger side of an SUV. His nose drips blood down his chin.

He wakes up, wipes his face, sees the blood on his fingertips.

GLEN

Fuck me.

JACK BURREL drives. He's 21, tough looking, has big muscles and likes flexing them at any chance he gets.

He looks over at Glen.

JACK
Shit, man. You're bleeding all over
the place.

GLEN
I see that.

Glen grabs some tissues, wipes the blood off his chin.

JACK
Watch the seats.

GLEN
Fuck your seats.

JACK
It's like you don't even care
that's real leather.

Glen smirks.

GLEN
Whatever.

He rolls his eyes, looks in the backseat.

Sleeping soundly, besieged by camping equipment is DWIGHT
INGALLS. He's 22, hipster type, wears glasses.

GLEN (CONT'D)
Oh my god, Dwight! Help me!

Dwight jolts awake, sees Glen's bloody face.

DWIGHT
Jesus Christ!

Glen and Jack laugh.

GLEN
Gotcha.

Dwight smiles when he realizes it's a joke.

DWIGHT
Fuck you, guys. You gave me a
goddamn heart attack. Are we almost
there or what?

JACK
Almost, I only need to figure out
where the fuck we are first.

GLEN
You're lost?

JACK
No, I'm not lost. I just don't know
where the fuck we are.

GLEN
That means we're lost.

Jack taps the GPS on the dashboard.

JACK
It's this thing's fault. It's
completely useless.

Glen grabs the GPS and looks it over.

GLEN
Says we're in the ocean.

DWIGHT
Thanks, Jack, you managed to kill
us all while we were asleep.

JACK
Sorry, now you can never tell your
parents how gay you are.

Glen tosses the GPS in the backseat with Dwight.

DWIGHT
How old is this? Don't most people
use their phones now for this kind
of thing?

JACK
Didn't bring it.

DWIGHT
You didn't bring your phone? Are
you insane?

JACK
We're camping, guys. What use is a
fucking smartphone out in the
wilderness?

DWIGHT
I don't know, if you needed to call
someone incase of an emergence or
needed a fucking map to tell us
where we are!

JACK
Relax, Dwight. That's what good old
fashioned maps made of paper are
for.

DWIGHT
Do you have one of those?

JACK
I do not.

Jack smiles.

EXT. GAS STATION - DAY

A vintage yellow Buick GS muscle car revs up to an old
rundown gas station. They pull up next to a rusty gas pump.

IN THE BACKGROUND - The girls' Mini Cooper, parked off to the
side.

INT. YELLOW BUICK GS (PARKED) - SAME

STALKER sits behind the wheel. He's attractive, in his late
20's.

Seated next to him, THE JACKAL. He's short, also nice-
looking, also in his late 20's.

STALKER
You know what I'd like? Lucky
Charms.

Stalker gets out of the car and heads around to the gas tank.

EXT. YELLOW BUICK GS (PARKED) - SAME

Stalker shoves the rusty gas nozzle into the car's gas tank.

The Jackal gets out of the car and the two continue their
conversation.

STALKER
Ninja Turtles cereal now that was
the best. Making Ghost Busters
cereal a close second. That's not
including the E.T. Cereal of
course.

THE JACKAL

Does this conversation have a point?

Karen and Patricia walk past them and enter the gas station.

STALKER

My point is, I feel like my day would get better if I had some excellent cereal. And since they don't make Bill & Ted's Excellent Cereal anymore, Lucky Charms will have to do.

THE JACKAL

So you want me, a grown ass man, to go in there and buy you, another grown ass man, some fuckin' Lucky Charms?

STALKER

Yes. That is exactly what I want you to do.

THE JACKAL

And you'll end this conversation with me about fucking cereal?

STALKER

Absolutely. Maybe.

INT. GAS STATION - DAY

The Jackal walks into the station, looks around, sees Karen and Patricia in the back, picking out some alcohol to buy.

The Jackal walks over by them, searches the shelves for cereal.

He glances at the girls once or twice.

Karen notices him and smiles.

She walks over...

KAREN

Hi.

He awkwardly smiles back.

THE JACKAL

Hey.

He grabs a box of Cap'n Crunch and walks away. The girls follow him to the checkout line.

KAREN
My name's Karen.

THE JACKAL
Hey.

KAREN
This is Patricia. She's shy too.

Patricia taps her on the shoulder.

PATRICIA
(whispers)
Cut it out.

He looks over at Patricia.

THE JACKAL
Hi.

She politely smiles.

PATRICIA
Hello.

JOSH, 40's, inebriated and sickly, tosses a bottle of starting fluid, a container of salt and a yellow bottle of HEET antifreeze down on the counter.

The CASHIER gives him a curious look and rings up his order.

It's The Jackal's turn in line. He puts the box of cereal down on the counter.

KAREN
Cap'n Crunch, huh? Yummy.

THE JACKAL
Yeah. It's for my friend. He's an idiot.

KAREN
Aren't they all?

He awkwardly smiles and pays for his stuff.

THE JACKAL
Yeah. Bye.

He leaves the store.

PATRICIA
Jesus, Karen.

KAREN
What? He was kinda cute.

Patricia scoffs, pays for their drinks.

KAREN (CONT'D)
Wait, I almost forgot. The cooler
needs ice.

INT. YELLOW BUICK GS (PARKED) - DAY

Stalker sits behind the wheel, waiting patiently. He spots
Tory in his rearview mirror.

He creepily watches her get out of the Mini Cooper parked in
the distance behind him.

He adjusts the mirror to get a better look at her.

REARVIEW MIRROR - He ogles her long bare legs.

STALKER
Hello, legs.

The Jackal gets in and tosses the box of Cap'n Crunch on his
lap.

THE JACKAL
Here.

STALKER
What the fuck is this?

THE JACKAL
They didn't have Lucky Charms.

STALKER
Bullshit, man. Everyone has Lucky
Charms.

THE JACKAL
If you want it, go in there and get
it yourself.

STALKER
Fuck it.

Stalker starts the car.

EXT. GAS STATION - SAME

The yellow muscle car speeds away as Karen and Patricia step out of the gas station.

Karen looks around.

KAREN

Damn. Where did my boyfriend go?

PATRICIA

Would you come on, we don't have time for you to eyebang every cute guy you see.

MINI COOPER

Patricia and Karen walk over to their Mini Cooper with Tory waiting restlessly outside in the heat. She fans herself off with a fashion magazine.

TORY

What took you bitches so long?

KAREN

Patricia found herself a new boyfriend.

TORY

Really? Was he black?

PATRICIA

Jeez, I date two black guys and now I'm a mudshark.

KAREN

Three.

PATRICIA

No, Marco was Dominican. He doesn't count.

Pulling up to the gas station, the SUV THE GUYS ARE IN.

SUV

Glen, Jack and Dwight get out of their SUV. Glen has tissues stuffed up his bloody nose.

GLEN

How do you not like blowjobs?

JACK

Anyone can give you a blowjob.
Hell, even dogs can give you a
blowjob if you let them.

GLEN

Is that what you guys do in your
fraternity? Let dogs blow you?

JACK

Depends on how drunk we are and how
ugly the chicks are.

DWIGHT

Sex is a lot of hard work. It's
good to lean back and enjoy
yourself.

JACK

You prefer it because it doesn't
require any skill. Sex, making a
girl show you her oh face, requires
skill.

DWIGHT

I got skills. Trust me.

JACK

Waiting until she's unconscious is
not a skill.

DWIGHT

(sarcastically)
You're hilarious.

GLEN

Can we find out where the fuck we
are?

JACK

I'll go get us a map.
(to Glen)
And maybe get you some more
tampons.

Jack smiles and pats Glen on the back.

GLEN

Thanks.

Jack walks off into the gas station.

DWIGHT

Why are we still friends with him again?

GLEN

He isn't that bad.

DWIGHT

Joining that fraternity has turned him into a complete asshole.

INT. GAS STATION BATHROOM - DAY

Dwight walks into the bathroom, searches around for the light switch.

He flips on the light, automatically sickened by how disgusting the bathroom is, holding his nose, and covering his mouth like he might vomit.

Dwight taps his shoe, notices he's standing in a puddle of piss.

DWIGHT

Jesus. People around here are fuckin' revolting.

EXT. SUV (PARKED) - DAY

Dwight walks back over, drying his hands off with a paper towel.

DWIGHT

Some asshole pissed on everything in the bathroom.

GLEN

Was it you? Are you the asshole?

DWIGHT

What? No. I swear, the fucking people around here have gone feral.

VILMER, 30's, redneck with a 6 pack of wine coolers under his arm, walks out of the gas station, growls like a dog at them as he passes.

DWIGHT (CONT'D)

See what I mean?

Vilmer walks over to a red Jeep and quickly drives off, leaving a trail of dust in his wake.

Glen smiles and points to the girls by their Mini Cooper.

GLEN
Hey, check them out.

Dwight nonchalantly looks over at the girls.

DWIGHT
They're hot. Locals?

GLEN
No, I'm pretty sure they still have
all their teeth.

EXT. MINI COOPER (PARKED) - SAME

Karen and the GIRLS look over a map that's spread out on the car hood.

KAREN
Where is it?

PATRICIA
I'm not sure, I don't see it on
here.

KAREN
Maybe we should ask someone local.

TORY
No way. The people around here
creep me out.

KAREN
Don't be such a wuss.

TORY
Wuss? Really? Are we in 8th grade?
Grow up, Karen.

KAREN
(mocking)
Grow up, Karen.

Patricia taps a spot on the map.

PATRICIA
Hey, I think I found it. Get those
bikinis ready, girls.

TORY
This place better not suck.

EXT. SUV (PARKED) - SAME

Jack walks back over empty handed.

GLEN

Well?

JACK

They don't sell maps.

GLEN

What? How can they not sell maps?

JACK

They also don't sell tampons.

Dwight points over to the girls. The horny foxes all look over at the innocent hens.

DWIGHT

They got a map. I'm sure they got tampons too.

JACK

In that case, how about we go introduce ourselves?

EXT. MINI COOPER (PARKED) - DAY

The GUYS walk over to the GIRLS. Karen spots them headed their way.

KAREN

Man meat headed our direction, ladies.

JACK

Hey. I couldn't help notice you have a map.

PATRICIA

Yeah, wanna take a look?

JACK

That would be great.

Patricia shows them their map.

JACK (CONT'D)

My name is Jack, by the way.

Patricia smiles and presents a hand to shake.

PATRICIA

Patricia. That's Tory and Karen.

They shake hands.

JACK

These are my friends Glen and Dwight.

Glen still has the bloody tissues stuffed up his nose. Karen smiles, walks over to him.

KAREN

Let me guess, you're making a social statement about a feminist's take on menstrual cycles.

GLEN

What? No, it's just a nose bleed.

They stand there awkwardly, not saying anything.

Karen breaks the silence by scoffing.

KAREN

You are adorable.

He apprehensively lets out a smile.

GLEN

Thanks?

JACK

Anyway...

Jack looks over the map.

JACK (CONT'D)

Where are you guys headed?

PATRICIA

We heard about this pond not far from here. We thought it might be fun to check it out.

JACK

A pond? That sounds like fun. Could we... tag along?

Patricia looks to her friends. Karen seems game, Tory doesn't.

PATRICIA

I don't see why not.

TORY
(concerned)
Patricia.

JACK
Great! We'll follow you then.

PATRICIA
Sounds good.

INT. SUV (MOVING) - DAY

Jack drinks down an energy drink while driving and trying to put on some deodorant.

The SUV swerves around on the road.

GLEN
Eyes on the damn road.

JACK
Here.

He hands Glen the deodorant stick.

GLEN
Gross. I'm not touching that.

JACK
We've been stuck in this fart box for hours, we all need a hit of this.

Glen takes the stick of deodorant, rubs it under his armpits and hands it off to Dwight in the back.

DWIGHT
No way, I'll get some kind of fucked up rash if I use that.

JACK
It isn't like I'm asking you to rub it into your vagina.

Dwight rolls his eyes and shoves the stick of deodorant under each armpit.

DWIGHT
Happy?

JACK
I'm looking out for you, man. When is the last time either of you got some play?

GLEN
I'm not gonna lie, it has been a while.

DWIGHT
Hey, speak for yourself.

GLEN
Handjobs over the pants don't count.

JACK
Handjobs period don't count.

DWIGHT
What do you have against handjobs?

JACK
Anyone can give you a handjob.

GLEN
Christ, not this again.

INT. MINI COOPER (MOVING) - DAY

Patricia drives while everyone checks their makeup and gets on their bikinis.

TORY
I can't believe you let them come along. You didn't even consider that maybe they might be killers or rapists.

Karen holds the wheel for Patricia as she changes her top.

KAREN
Who would want to rape you, Tory?

TORY
I can't believe you said that! You bitch!

KAREN
Don't be a cunt. I was kidding.

PATRICIA
Come on, guys. Enough.

Tory pouts, crosses her arms, choking back her anger.

PATRICIA (CONT'D)
Maybe they have pot.

Patricia takes control of the wheel again.

KAREN
Shit. I didn't even consider that.

TORY
So now we're getting high?

KAREN
No. Me and Patricia will be getting high. You'll be watching us from afar, being judgmental like you always are.

PATRICIA
Hold on. Don't get your hopes up. They might not even be carrying.

They put their regular clothes on over their bikinis.

KAREN
By the way, I got dibs on the nerdy guy.

TORY
I guess I kind of liked that one with the muscles.

PATRICIA
Nope, I call dibs on him.

TORY
Damn it, Patricia. That only leaves the guy who had tampons stuffed up his nose.

KAREN
No, I said I called dibs on him.

TORY
You said the nerdy one.

KAREN
He is the nerdy one.

TORY
Then who's the other one?

EXT. THE POND COAST - DAY

Our YOUNG GANG drives their cars up to the pond. The area is secluded, hidden by a mountain of trees.

The GANG simultaneously get out of their cars, stretch their arms and legs, taking a moment to soak in nature's beauty.

MINI COOPER

Tory spreads some sunscreen on her nose. She looks around.

TORY

This place is kind of creepy.

KAREN

Hot guys, cool water and sexy chicks. What else can you ask for?

Karen slaps Tory on the ass as she runs over to check out the water.

Patricia walks over to Tory.

TORY

I'm gonna kill her.

PATRICIA

Calm down. You know she does it to piss you off.

TORY

It's working. I don't know why we had to bring her along.

PATRICIA

She's our friend. Let your hair down and relax. Try enjoying yourself for once.

SUV

Jack takes his shirt off, gets down to his swim shorts.

DWIGHT

Jesus, Jack. You're making the rest of us look bad.

JACK

They're called muscles, fellas. You shouldn't be afraid of them.

Jack flexes for them and runs off to chat up Patricia.

DWIGHT

So who do you have eyes on?

GLEN

That goth chick seemed to kinda be into me.

Glen glances over at Karen who is seductively taking her time slipping her outer clothes off, revealing her sexy black swimsuit underneath.

DWIGHT

Guess that leaves me with the uptight one.

GLEN

Don't sound so disappointed, man. She's fuckin' hot.

IN THE BACKGROUND - They look over at Tory bent over, leaning into the Mini Cooper, rummaging around for something. All eyes are on her ass.

DWIGHT

Sure, she's cute. But I can't shake the feeling she'll bite my dick off given the chance.

GLEN

Look at it this way, at least you'd get it in her mouth first.

DWIGHT

You can always find the bright spot in any situation.

GLEN

It's a gift. Listen, you need to find a way to loosen her up a bit.

DWIGHT

And how the hell do I do that?

GLEN

Easy.

Glen reaches into the glove compartment, pulls out a flask, tosses it over to Dwight.

GLEN (CONT'D)

Here. This should help her relax.

DWIGHT

Thanks.

Dwight unscrews the top and gulps some down.

GLEN

It's for her, not you, dumbass.

DWIGHT

Hey, I need to relax some too.

Dwight wipes his mouth.

Glen looks over at Karen.

GLEN

Yeah, me too. Hand it over.

Glen takes a swig, hands it back. He lifts up his shirt, hesitates.

GLEN (CONT'D)

What do you think? Shirt on or off?

DWIGHT

You really wanna be that kid who swims with his shirt on?

GLEN

No, but ponds freak me out. What if there's snakes in there?

DWIGHT

Fuck, I didn't even consider that.

Dwight takes another sip from the flask.

GLEN

Damn it, Dwight. Save it for the girl.

Karen walks over with a smile.

KAREN

Hello, boys. Glen, right?

Glen smiles.

GLEN

Yeah.

KAREN

Wanna hang out with me?

GLEN

Sure.

They run off to explore the rest of the pond.

Dwight looks over at Tory.

DWIGHT

(to himself)

Here goes. Please don't bite my
dick off.

He takes another swig.

MINI COOPER

Tory looks for something in the backseat of the car.

Dwight walks over...

DWIGHT

Hey. My name's Dwight.

TORY (O.C.)

Tory.

DWIGHT

You guys go to school around here?

TORY (O.C.)

What?

DWIGHT

School... Do you... Do you need
some help or something?

Tory springs up.

TORY

Found it!

She has a small MP3 player in her hand.

TORY (CONT'D)

It's water proof. See? What were
you saying?

She shuffles through the playlist.

He stands there nervously, not sure what to do. He looks at
the flask in his hand and smiles.

DWIGHT
Want a drink?

He shows her the flask.

She looks up and smiles halfheartedly.

TORY
What did you say your name was
again?

EXT. THE POND SHORE - DAY

Jack and Patricia walk around the shoreline, skipping stones
into the water.

JACK
How did you guys hear about this
place?

PATRICIA
A friend of a friend. One of those
rumors that went around campus.
It's so hot during the summer here.
There's never any place to hang out
and cool off. Thought this might be
kind of a refreshing detour.

JACK
You guys headed anywhere else after
this?

PATRICIA
Well, Tory and Karen over there are
headed back home. Of course I'm the
only one with a car, so guess who's
the chauffeur? What about you guys?

JACK
We've never been camping, we said
what the hell and went for it.

PATRICIA
Good for you guys.

JACK
Not really lookin' forward to the
whole shitting in the woods though.

PATRICIA
Oh god. Too much sharing is going
on right now.

They share a laugh.

EXT. POND DOCK - DAY

Karen and Glen walk along the pond's wooden dock.

GLEN
Nothing screams refreshing like
green murky water.

KAREN
Speaking of green. You guys got any
weed?

GLEN
Pot? No? Do you?

KAREN
I wouldn't have asked if I did. How
can you guys go camping without
pot, man? What else is there to do
out here?

GLEN
I don't know. Be one with nature?

KAREN
Without weed? Fuck that.

Glen smiles, he's taken a liking to this wild untamed animal
in front of him.

She dips her toes into the water.

KAREN (CONT'D)
Shit. It's cold.

She flashes him a sexy devious smile and dives into the
water.

GLEN
Find any monsters in there?

KAREN
Only a couple of trouser snakes.

She grabs his swim shorts, pulling him into the water.

They splash around, having fun.

Tory and Dwight walk over, look down at the couple playing in
the water.

TORY
What are you two doing?

Dwight finishes off the flask.

KAREN
What does it look like?

TORY
(to Glen)
You know she's a lesbian, right?

Glen looks to Karen.

GLEN
Really?

KAREN
I'm not gay. I just do a lot of gay things.

GLEN
You know what they say, there are no lesbians, only women who haven't had sex with me yet.

KAREN
That's what they say, huh?

GLEN
It's what I heard.

Karen grabs Glen and shoves her tongue down his throat.

They break, come up for air.

KAREN
He's right. I'm cured!

Dwight looks over at Tory.

DWIGHT
Wanna make out?

She gives him her trademark eye roll and pushes him into the water.

TORY
Of course I get stuck with the idiot.

EXT. THE POND SHORE - DAY

Jack and Patricia look over at their friends having fun in the pond.

PATRICIA
Looks like they're having fun.

JACK
Should we join them?

PATRICIA
Sure.

They run off into the water.

POND SURFACE - LATER - EVERYONE

All the girls are out of their regular clothes and in their bikinis.

Everyone splashes around, having fun in the water. Jack lifts Patricia up on his shoulders and drops her back into the water.

Even Tory has loosened up some, she horse plays with a now slightly drunk Dwight.

POND SURFACE - GLEN AND KAREN

Glen and Karen continue to kiss and have fun.

They take a second to breathe.

GLEN
What's your story?

She kisses his neck, wraps her arms around him.

KAREN
My story?

GLEN
You headed home for Spring Break?

KAREN
Was thinking about going to see my big sister.

GLEN

You seem like the type that would go to Mexico and party. Like have crazy orgies or something.

She smiles.

KAREN

Do I really give off that impression?

GLEN

I don't know. I'm not the greatest judge of character.

KAREN

God, I could so take advantage of you.

They kiss.

POND SURFACE - DWIGHT AND TORY

Dwight tries to pick Tory up, brushing his hand against her chest.

She pushes him away.

TORY

Back off, creep.

She swims away from him.

DWIGHT

Sorry. Was playing around. It was an accident.

POND SURFACE - GLEN AND KAREN

KAREN

I haven't seen my sis in a few years. She's paying for me to go to school, I figure before the partying and orgies I should at least drop by. Maybe say hello.

GLEN

What does she do?

KAREN

She's a lawyer.

GLEN
Is that what you wanna be?

KAREN
God no. Who knows what I want to
be.

GLEN
Bi-curious till the end.

He gives her a sarcastic smile. She playfully dunks his head
under the water.

POND SURFACE - DWIGHT AND TORY

Dwight swims back over to Tory. She's watching Karen and Glen
mess around.

DWIGHT
Are you into her or something?

She looks over at him.

TORY
What?

DWIGHT
You seem like maybe you're a little
jealous.

TORY
Asshole.

She angrily swims away.

UNDERWATER - EVERYONE

Everyone's feet swish under the green murky water. Below
them, a graveyard of human remains.

A few bear traps lay in wait to snap shut on a couple of
unsuspecting feet.

POND SURFACE - GLEN AND KAREN

Glen brushes some wet hair out of Karen's eyes.

GLEN
So on a scale of one to ten, how
gay are you?

KAREN

You boys and your imagination. You only wanna hear some sexy stories.

GLEN

No. I wanna know how much of a chance I got with you.

KAREN

Let's put it this way, I'm an equal opportunist.

GLEN

Meaning what exactly?

KAREN

Meaning if I see a chick I'm into, I'm gonna try to fuck her. If I see a guy I like, I might try the same.

GLEN

So you're bi?

KAREN

I don't like labels.

POND SURFACE - JACK AND PATRICIA

Jack lifts Patricia up in the air and playfully tosses her into the water.

UNDERWATER - PATRICIA

Patricia sinks under the water, steps on the pond floor, misses a bear trap.

She steps on something sharp, blood gushes up under her foot.

POND SURFACE - JACK AND PATRICIA

Patricia resurfaces.

PATRICIA

Oh shit!

She holds her foot as it bleeds. Jack swims over to her, carefully helps her out.

JACK

You okay?

PATRICIA
Yeah. I stepped on something sharp.

JACK
Let me see.

She shows him her foot.

JACK (CONT'D)
You might have stepped on a broken
bottle or something.

PATRICIA
Please don't let it be a rusty
nail.

He inspects her foot.

PATRICIA (CONT'D)
See anything nail shaped?

JACK
Nope.

He pulls something out of her foot.

JACK (CONT'D)
Got it.

He takes a closer look at it.

PATRICIA
What is it?

JACK
I don't know. A pebble?

He shows it to her.

It's a human tooth.

PATRICIA
Looks like someone's tooth. Gross.

POND SURFACE - TORY

Tory puts in earbuds to her waterproof MP3 player. She leans
back and listens to music.

She shuts her eyes and floats off from the rest of the group.

POND SURFACE - DWIGHT, GLEN AND KAREN

Dwight looks over at Tory as she swims around by her lonesome.

Dwight swims up to them.

Karen and Glen try to get some distance from him, but he's clueless.

DWIGHT
What's her name again?

KAREN
Who? Tory?

DWIGHT
Tory. Yeah. What's her deal?

GLEN
You strike out, buddy?

DWIGHT
(to Karen)
I'm pretty sure she's more into you.

Karen points to herself.

KAREN
Me? What makes you think that?

DWIGHT
I don't know. Just this hunch I have.

KAREN
Don't be ridiculous.

DWIGHT
She spends half the time looking over at you. I know googly eyes when I see them. And that girl has been making some major googly eyes at you.

Karen watches Tory quietly swim around, listening to music. Tory looks over, notices everyone gawking at her.

She takes out an earbud.

TORY
What?

KAREN
Shit, that would explain a lot,
actually.

GLEN
So... we talkin' threesome?

INT. YELLOW BUICK GS (MOVING) - DAY

Stalker drives, The Jackal sits shotgun. They spot the cars parked by the pond.

THE JACKAL
What do we have here?

The car ominously slows down and parks.

The GRUESOME TWOSOME sit there, watch the girls swim around in the pond.

STALKER
A full house.

Stalker smiles.

THE JACKAL
They're perfect.

The Jackal hops out of the car.

EXT. YELLOW BUICK GS (PARKED) - SAME

The Jackal walks around to the trunk. Stalker looks at a tiny baby turtle crawling on the ground.

STALKER
Hey, look at this. It's a baby
turtle.

He stomps on it, crushing it to death.

THE JACKAL
What are you doing? Stop dickin'
around and get over here. Time to
suit up.

Stalker joyfully runs over to the car trunk.

They take their jackets off, revealing their identical plain long sleeve black t-shirts.

The Jackal slips on a long black cowl.

Stalker hands him a tiny walkie-talkie.

STALKER

Here.

The Jackal takes the walkie, notices the giant cock sticker plastered on the front of it.

Stalker can't contain his laughter any longer. He busts out laughing hysterically.

THE JACKAL

Very mature.

STALKER

(laughing)

It's a cock!

THE JACKAL

I see that.

STALKER

You like it?

THE JACKAL

You're such an asshole.

The Jackal picks at it, trying to peel it off.

THE JACKAL (CONT'D)

Did you glue this on here?

Stalker busts out laughing even harder, tears form in his eyes.

STALKER

C'mon, it's fuckin' adorable.

The Jackal gives in and cracks a smile. He puts the walkie-talkie in his back pocket.

THE JACKAL

You know I'm gonna get you back for this.

STALKER

So worth it, man.

Stalker calms down, wipes away a tear.

THE JACKAL

How did that date with waitress whatsherface go last night?

STALKER

How do you think it went?

THE JACKAL

That bad?

The Jackal pulls out a tan leather shoulder holster for a large hunting knife and buckles it on.

STALKER

Why do you automatically assume it didn't go well?

THE JACKAL

So it went well then?

STALKER

No, it went fuckin' horribly. But you assumed I'd fuck it up.

THE JACKAL

But you apparently fucked it up. So I was right to assume.

They each slip a pair of tight leather gloves on.

STALKER

It was all your fault.

THE JACKAL

How was it my fault your date turned to shit?

STALKER

You got it in my head you saw her blowing her dog on a webcam show.

THE JACKAL

I didn't put ownership on it, it could have been her neighbor's dog. But yeah, it looked like her.

STALKER

I asked her about it and she completely denied it.

THE JACKAL

Jesus, you actually asked her? No wonder your date turned to shit. No one wants to be accused of being a dog fucker.

The Jackal pulls out a dirty machete.

THE JACKAL (CONT'D)
What the fuck is this?

STALKER
What?

The Jackal scratches the red dried gunk coating the blade.

THE JACKAL
What is this? Is this fuckin' dried
blood?

STALKER
Yeah.

THE JACKAL
You didn't clean it?

STALKER
Fuck no. It looks cooler this way.

THE JACKAL
It dulls the fuckin' blade, man.
Jesus, look at it. It's all fuckin'
rusted now.

The Jackal angrily tosses the blade back inside the trunk,
pulls out the deer antler mask.

STALKER
Shit. I didn't know you felt so
fuckin' strongly about it.

THE JACKAL
Put your mask on.

Stalker places his mask on.

The Jackal takes out his creepy rabbit mask, slips it on.

THE JACKAL (CONT'D)
Okay. Let's go introduce ourselves.

POND SURFACE - EVERYONE

Karen swims over to Jack and Patricia.

KAREN
What's going on?

JACK
She stepped on something.

KAREN
Shit. Is it bad?

PATRICIA
It's fine, I'm okay.

JACK
Let's get you back to shore. I got
a first-aid kit in my car
somewhere.

PATRICIA
Yeah, okay.

Dwight and Glen swim over.

GLEN
What's going on?

JACK
Is the first-aid still under the
seat?

GLEN
Yeah, I think so. Is she hurt?

PATRICIA
It's nothing. They're being
overdramatic.

Karen and Jack help Patricia swim to shore. They stop when
they notice the shape of a man standing on the dock.

PATRICIA (CONT'D)
Who is that?

JACK
Hey! She hurt her foot! Can you
give us a hand?

They get closer...

The Jackal stands there, staring right at them.

JACK (CONT'D)
What the fuck is with this guy?
Hey!

PATRICIA
What do we do?

KAREN
Wait here.

PATRICIA

What? What are you going to do?

Karen swims off to the dock.

KAREN

I'm going to go see what his deal is.

PATRICIA

Don't be fuckin' stupid, Karen. Come back.

She ignores Patricia and keeps swimming.

PATRICIA (CONT'D)

(to Jack)

She's going to get herself killed. Do something.

Jack looks back at Tory. She's off floating peacefully by herself, listening to her music.

GLEN

What is with this freak with the mask?

DWIGHT

You mean freaks. There's two of them.

Dwight points to Stalker by the yellow muscle car.

GLEN

What the fuck?

JACK

Guys, help keep Patricia afloat. I'm gonna go find out what they want.

PATRICIA

Hurry, get to Karen before she does something stupid.

EXT. POND DOCK - DAY

Karen swims up to the dock. The Jackal looks down at her.

KAREN

My friend is hurt. Are you and your boyfriend gonna help or stand there being all creepy?

The Jackal reaches down, gives her a hand. Karen gets on the dock, waves to her friends.

KAREN (CONT'D)

It's okay! I think they're gonna help!

The Jackal unsheathes his blade, grabs her from behind, plunges the knife deep into her side.

She crumbles to her knees.

STALKER

Goddamn it! You said I'd get first kill.

THE JACKAL

That was before I saw your shitty cleaning habits.

STALKER

Jesus, I said I was fuckin' sorry. You're as bad as my mother.

KAREN

Help me.

The Jackal pulls the blade out of her. Blood rushes out of the wound. Quickly, she tries to stop the bleeding, but it's no use. Blood keeps pouring out.

POND SURFACE - EVERYONE

Jack stops swimming. Everyone looks on in horror except for Tory who is still floating leisurely away from the others, listening to her MP3 player.

JACK

Jesus.

GLEN

He stabbed her. He fuckin' stabbed her!

Tory looks over, takes out an earbud.

TORY

Hey, what is going on, you guys?

EXT. POND DOCK - SAME

The Jackal grabs Karen by the hair, presents her to the others.

THE JACKAL

Welcome to The Killing Pond! Anyone who dares to enter, now has to play by the rules of our little game. Rule number one, you try to leave the water, we kill you. Which makes her a first rule rule breaker.

The Jackal stabs Karen in the shoulder blade by her neck.

JACK

No! Fuck!

Karen spits up some blood. She holds on to the buck knife, slicing the palm of her hand.

He tugs on the blade.

STALKER

(whispers)

What's wrong?

THE JACKAL

(whispers)

She won't let go of the fucking knife.

STALKER

(whispers)

C'mon, man... you're fuckin' this up.

THE JACKAL

(whispers)

I know, would you shut the hell up?

The Jackal struggles to free the blade.

THE JACKAL (CONT'D)

Let go, bitch!

STALKER

(whispers)

Kill her already.

THE JACKAL

I'm tryin'!

He kicks Karen over, off the dock. She lands face down in the water, not moving an inch.

POND SURFACE - JACK

Jack can't process what he is seeing.

JACK
No fuckin' way.

He swims back over to the others.

EXT. YELLOW BUICK GS - TRUNK - DAY

The Jackal walks over to the car trunk, pulls out a giant tactical knife made for one purpose, to kill human beings.

He has a giant collection of blades, guns and other horrific instruments of death inside.

STALKER
And you get on me about leaving
some blood on a blade?

THE JACKAL
Christ, I'll get it back later. I
couldn't be seen struggling, now
could I? I needed to maintain our
image of intimidation.

Stalker eats out of the box of cereal.

STALKER
I think they're already pretty
fuckin' intimidated.

THE JACKAL
We'll see. Be ready in case one
decides to bolt on us early.

Stalker smiles, reaches around and pulls out his hunting rifle with a scope attached to it.

STALKER
They ain't gettin' far if they do.

POND SURFACE - EVERYONE

Everyone in the pond swims huddled together.

DWIGHT

What the hell did he call this? The Killing Pond? What the fuck is that?

Patricia can't stop crying.

PATRICIA

He fucking killed her!
(to Jack)
And you watched him do it!

JACK

I didn't have much of a choice, damn it!

GLEN

What the fuck do we do?

TORY

He said if we leave the water, they'll kill us. So if we stay put, they'll leave us alone.

JACK

That won't work. When the sun goes down this water is going to be freezing. Hypothermia is gonna kick in and we'll all fuckin' freeze to death.

TORY

Someone will come and find us by then. They have to.

GLEN

Look around. We're out in the middle of nowhere. These psycho hicks probably wait around all day for someone to show up. No one else is coming.

EXT. THE POND COAST - DAY

The Jackal sheathes a new blade and walks over to Stalker. They look out at their quarry in the pond.

STALKER

The one you killed was a real peach. What was she? A goth?

THE JACKAL

Only thing she is now is dead. You got eyes for anyone in particular?

STALKER

I got one I might be pining for.

THE JACKAL

Who do you think will break first?

STALKER

I'm kind of vibing on that big guy.

THE JACKAL

Really? I had him kind of pegged for last man standing.

STALKER

You see his face when you first ran your blade through that whore? I think he took a shit right then and there. If you look hard enough, might find it floatin' around somewhere.

THE JACKAL

Yeah, they're havin' a good goddamn time.

POND SURFACE - EVERYONE

TORY

What if we go on the other side of the pond, away from these crazy assholes?

JACK

That won't work. One of them has a rifle. He'll shoot us dead before we even step foot on land.

TORY

Jesus, I can't believe this is fucking happening to us.

Glen helps keep Patricia afloat. She tightly keeps her hold on him.

GLEN

How is your foot?

PATRICIA
I don't know. It kind of still
hurts.

GLEN
Keep holding on to me.

PATRICIA
Okay.

DWIGHT
Guys, what the fuck are we going to
do?

TORY
Have you tried talking to them?
What do they want?

JACK
I don't think they want anything.
He said this was a game.

TORY
Good. Games have rules. Games have
winners.

EXT. YELLOW BUICK GS (PARKED) - DAY

Stalker hands The Jackal the box of cereal.

STALKER
Want some?

THE JACKAL
Did you wash your hands?

STALKER
When?

THE JACKAL
When? When The Piss Bandit left his
mark at the gas station.

STALKER
When do I ever wash my hands after
taking a piss?

THE JACKAL
You're disgusting. I don't get how
you can eat at a time like this
anyway.

STALKER
For some reason this shit always
makes me super hungry.

The Jackal pushes the box away.

THE JACKAL
No thanks.

Beat.

The Jackal sighs, walks over to the group's vehicles.

STALKER
What are you looking for?

THE JACKAL
I'm getting bored. We need to move
things along.

EXT. POND SURFACE/POND DOCK - LATER

The Jackal stands on the dock, holding up everyone's ID.

JACK
What the fuck is he doing?

The Jackal holds up Karen's ID.

THE JACKAL
Karen Spages. The first to die.
Currently the record holder.

He tosses the ID in the pond, holds up Jack's ID.

THE JACKAL (CONT'D)
Who do we have here? Jack Burrel.
Just turned 21 and soon to be dead.
What a shame.

He tosses it in the pond.

THE JACKAL (CONT'D)
Glen Lantz and Dwight Ingalls. Also
soon to both die horrible deaths.

He tosses the IDs in the pond with the rest of them.

THE JACKAL (CONT'D)
Here we go. Patricia Welles and
Tory Reding. The belles of the
ball. How about we make a deal?

TORY
Is he serious?

JACK
Don't listen to him.

TORY
What kind of deal?!

THE JACKAL
Your friend...

He looks at the ID again.

THE JACKAL (CONT'D)
Patricia is hurt, correct?

TORY
Yes!

DWIGHT
What are you doing? Don't answer
him.

THE JACKAL
Here is the second rule for today's
game. To save your life, you must
first take the life of one of your
friends.

Everyone looks at each other distrustfully.

DWIGHT
What did he say?

TORY
Is he serious?

JACK
(to The Jackal)
Fuck you!

Jack angrily gives him the finger.

JACK (CONT'D)
This is bullshit. He isn't going to
let anyone live, no matter what we
fuckin' do.

THE JACKAL
(to Jack)
Hey! I am talkin' to the lady!
(MORE)

THE JACKAL (CONT'D)

Please shut the fuck up or I am going to go to your mom's house and cut her fucking head off. Do you want that? Do you? I didn't think so.

(to Tory)

Now... as I was saying, all you have to do...

He looks at her ID to remember her name.

THE JACKAL (CONT'D)

...Tory, is put your hurt friend out of her misery. Think about it. All she'll do is slow you down.

JACK

Don't listen to him.

TORY

Shut up! I'm not going to do anything, damn it. I don't believe a word he says.

Tory swims over to Patricia.

TORY (CONT'D)

I'm not listening to him.

Tory wipes some tears away from Patricia's face.

PATRICIA

I know.

TORY

(to Glen)

You mind?

Tory gives Patricia a hug.

POND SURFACE - GLEN, DWIGHT AND JACK

Glen swims away, over to Dwight and Jack.

GLEN

Okay, so is this really fucking happening?

JACK

It looked real as fuck to me.

DWIGHT

What are the chances this is some really elaborate fucked up prank?

GLEN

He's right, the girls could be in on it.

JACK

They aren't.

DWIGHT

How do you know that? We know nothing about them. Maybe this is some practical joke they're pulling.

JACK

Guys, I saw the knife go in. I watched her fuckin' die right in front of me.

DWIGHT

You don't know what they can do with special effects these days. Remember when I went to that haunted house last year? I saw a man chainsaw a lady right in half. Looked pretty dang real to me.

JACK

This isn't some asshole with a fake chainsaw, okay? This shit is really happening.

DWIGHT

I'm just saying... it seemed pretty real to me at the time too.

POND SURFACE - TORY AND PATRICIA

Tory watches the guys squabble over the authenticity of the situation they're in.

Patricia cries on Tory's shoulder.

PATRICIA

He stabbed her, Tory. It was horrible.

TORY

I know.

PATRICIA
I can't believe this is happening
to us.

TORY
I'm so sorry.

Patricia looks up at her.

PATRICIA
It's not your fault.

TORY
No, I mean for this.

She quickly dunks Patricia's head under the water.

The guys haven't noticed.

Patricia manages to resurface before getting shoved back down
in the water.

This time everyone notices and quickly swims over. They
struggle to get Tory off of her.

JACK
What the fuck are you doing?

GLEN
Get the fuck off her!

Tory elbows Glen in the face.

DWIGHT
Fuck this, man.

Dwight swims away from everyone.

UNDERWATER - TORY AND PATRICIA

Tory keeps Patricia's head submerged underwater, her feet
flailing around everywhere.

She touches the pond floor, activates one of the bear traps.
It quickly closes shut, snapping a few of Patricia's toes
off.

Blood streams out everywhere.

Patricia cries out for help underwater, silencing her
screams.

POND SURFACE - EVERYONE

Glen manages to get Tory off of Patricia, his nose bleeding down his chin, into the water.

GLEN

Get the fuck away from her!

He punches Tory in the face. She falls back floating unconscious in the water.

UNDERWATER

Tory's MP3 player floats down to the pond floor, activating another bear trap, snapping it shut, killing the music.

POND SURFACE - EVERYONE

Patricia holds on to Glen as blood fills the area around them.

Jack swims over to help.

JACK

Where is all this blood coming from?

GLEN

I don't know.

Glen touches his bleeding nose, shows Jack the blood on his fingers

JACK

No, there's way too much blood for it to be that.

Jack swims down under the water.

UNDERWATER - JACK

Jack swims down, notices all the human remains resting beneath them.

He freaks out, looks over at Patricia's foot. She's missing half her toes on one foot.

POND SURFACE - EVERYONE

Jack resurfaces.

GLEN
What did you see?

JACK
There are bodies everywhere beneath
us.

GLEN
What?

JACK
There are human fucking skulls
everywhere, dude.

GLEN
What about her? Where is all this
blood coming from?

JACK
Her toes, they're... gone.

GLEN
Gone? Toes don't fuckin' disappear,
Jack.

JACK
There are bear traps everywhere.
She must have stepped in one.

PATRICIA
I can't... I'm gonna die.

Patricia hyperventilates.

Glen tries his best to keep her calm and afloat.

GLEN
Hold on to me.

Jack looks around.

JACK
Where the hell did Dwight go?

POND SURFACE - DWIGHT

Dwight swims as fast as he can to the other side of the pond.

POND DOCK

The Jackal snaps his fingers at Stalker.

THE JACKAL
Stalker, you're up.

YELLOW BUICK GS

Stalker readies his rifle.

STALKER
On it.

POND SURFACE - DWIGHT

Dwight swims as fast as he can, not looking back.

JACK
Dwight! Come back!

DWIGHT
Fuck you, I'm not gonna die in this
fuckin' place!

ACROSS THE POND SHORE

Dwight makes it to shore. He steps on land and turns
around...

A shot fires-

Dwight's whole face explodes.

Complete and total carnage.

YELLOW BUICK GS

Stalker celebrates.

STALKER
Did you fuckin' see that! What a
fuckin' shot!

He ejects an empty shell from the rifle and takes aim again.

POND SURFACE - JACK

Jack punches the water.

JACK
No! You motherfuckers!

RIFLE SIGHT

The rifle focuses on Dwight's lifeless body, shoots him again in the head, bursting it open. He reloads, fires again, hitting his shoulder, blowing off his arm.

EXT. MINI COOPER (PARKED) - DAY

The Jackal walks over to the girls' Mini Cooper, reaches in and drags out a blue cooler.

He drags it to the coast.

THE POND COAST

Stalker smiles big, sits his hunting rifle down. The Jackal reaches in the cooler and tosses him a cold beer.

THE JACKAL

Would be terrible of us to let this go to waste.

They each crack a beer open and have themselves a drink.

THE JACKAL (CONT'D)

I have to say, today has gone pretty well.

STALKER

That one bitch turned on her friend impressively quick. That's a special kind of lady right there.

They clink their beers together.

The two sip their beers, take in the beauty of the wilderness.

THE JACKAL

It's nice out here this time of year.

STALKER

Nowhere I'd rather be, that's for damn sure.

Stalker points off in the distance.

STALKER (CONT'D)

I found some Indian arrowheads over there once as a kid.

THE JACKAL
No shit? Real ones?

STALKER
Seemed real.

THE JACKAL
What did you do with them?

STALKER
I don't know. I think maybe I went
and buried them again.

Loud music fills the air. A red Jeep drives up to the pond.

THE JACKAL
Fuck. Company.

I/E. JEEP/THE POND COAST - DAY

Vilmer, the redneck from the gas station, shows up with his
girlfriend KIKKI, 20's, bottle blonde, sexy.

They stop and stare at the two oddballs.

Vilmer jumps out of the Jeep.

VILMER
Goddamn! We havin' a party here or
somethin'?

Vilmer leisurely walks over to Stalker and The Jackal who
stand there awkwardly, beers in hand, ridiculous masks over
faces.

THE JACKAL
You feel up for a hunt?

STALKER
Always.

Kikki stands on top of the Jeep, taking her shirt off. She
wears a skimpy swimsuit underneath.

VILMER
That's it, show'em what you got!

She hoots and hollers, dances seductively to the music
blasting on the car stereo.

Vilmer helps himself to one of the beers in the cooler.

VILMER (CONT'D)
You don't mind, do ya fellas?

He gulps the beer down and tosses the empty can on the ground.

He grabs himself another.

VILMER (CONT'D)
Name's Vilmer. That's my girl
Kikki. You lot from around here?
You two got some kind of kinky sex
party going on? Pretty freaky,
fellas, I gotta say. But count me
in. Honey, you in?

KIKKI
You know it, baby!

VILMER
See, Kikki's in. I'm always down
for a little pink eye if you know
what I mean. No gay stuff, alright?

POND SURFACE - EVERYONE

Jack checks on Tory, She's out cold. He keeps her buoyant,
delaying her drowning. More than she deserves.

Glen tries his best to keep Patricia awake. He shakes her,
gets her conscious.

GLEN
Stay with me.

PATRICIA
I'm tired.

GLEN
You're losing a lot of blood.
You're gonna wanna sleep, but you
can't. Understand?

Drowsy, she looks up at him.

PATRICIA
What? Why not?

GLEN
You sleep, you die.

Jack gently slaps Tory awake.

TORY
What is going on?

JACK
You almost killed Patricia.

TORY
Let go of me!

She pushes Jack away. He keeps his grip on her arm.

TORY (CONT'D)
Stop it! You're hurting me!

Jack gives in, lets her go.

JACK
How could you do that to your
friend?

TORY
I don't know what you're talking
about.

JACK
Don't fuckin' lie. We all saw you.

TORY
I did what I had to!

JACK
You're a fuckin' bitch.

GLEN
Look!

Glen points to the Jeep.

JACK
Who is that?

GLEN
Help!

TORY
Help us!

JACK
Hold on! They could be with them.

I/E. JEEP/THE POND COAST - DAY

Kikki tosses out an empty wine cooler bottle, climbs over the driver seat.

KIKKI

Hey, baby. Toss me one of them.

VILMER

Only if you show me some of them titties.

KIKKI

Okay!

She giggles, stands up and flashes her breasts to everyone.

VILMER

Girl, you are bad as hell.

Vilmer reaches into the cooler.

Stalker gives The Jackal a silent nod.

The Jackal walks over to the muscle car, stealthily slips his hand into the trunk, pulls out the dirty machete.

The Jackal creeps up from behind...

VILMER (CONT'D)

Catch.

He quickly cuts Vilmer's arm off. Instead of tossing the can of beer, he throws his whole severed arm.

Blood gushes out like a geyser.

Vilmer staggers around yelling.

VILMER (CONT'D)

My fuckin' arm! You cut off my fuckin' arm!

STALKER

Rusted my ass! Still slices like a motherfucker!

Kikki screams.

KIKKI

No! Baby!

She starts the Jeep, accidently backing into the girls' Mini Cooper.

Vilmer drops to his knees.

VILMER

Don't leave me, you fuckin' bitch!

The Jackal walks up behind him, bashes him over the head with the machete, splitting his head in two.

THE JACKAL

Stalker...

The Jackal points the machete dripping blood, brains and skull fragments at Kikki.

THE JACKAL (CONT'D)

Stalk.

Stalker quickly grabs his rifle-

Kikki struggles getting the Jeep to go. Frustrated, she bangs her fist on the steering wheel.

Stalker shoots the front tire out.

KIKKI

Fuck!

She looks over-

Stalker takes aim, shoots the engine block.

Kikki screams, jumps out of the Jeep, heads into the woods.

The Jackal runs over to the Jeep, inspects the damage.

THE JACKAL

Goddamn it. We can't sell these at the scrap yard if you keep fillin' them with fucking bullet holes.

Stalker ignores him and runs after his prey.

EXT. WOODS - DAY

Kikki runs as fast as a barefooted woman can through a forest littered with thorny sticks and sharp rocks scattered on the rough terrain.

STALKER

Kikki...

A shot fires behind her.

A tree in front of her explodes next to her head.

KIKKI

Shit!

Stalker creeps around the trees.

STALKER

I'm gonna get you, Kikki!

Kikki runs off, taking every few steps to hide behind a tree.

Some rustling behind a bush-

She darts her eyes towards it.

A GIANT BUCK steps out of the brush, gnawing on some grass.

The giant buck walks up to her...

She reaches out to him.

The buck is close enough to sniff her hand-

A shot fires-

A bullet pierces the buck's chest, knocking it to the ground.

Kikki tumbles back, rolling down a hill with the deer.

Stalker runs up...

STALKER (CONT'D)

Goddamn, this must be my fuckin'
lucky day!

He looks around for Kikki and the buck.

STALKER (CONT'D)

Where did you go?

There's whimpering.

He smiles and looks over the edge.

Kikki lies at the bottom of the hill with a sharp piece of the deer's antler rammed through her leg.

STALKER (CONT'D)

Looks like you got yourself all
twisted up, Kikki.

KIKKI

Leave me the fuck alone!

Stalker jumps down the hill, walks over to her.

The buck convulses, lifting her speared leg up and down.

KIKKI (CONT'D)

Fuck!

She tries her best to crawl away, but with that antler in her leg, she's not going anywhere.

Stalker shoots the buck, finally ending its spasms. He ejects an empty shell, reloads with a fresh one.

He hovers over her, rifle pointed at her head.

Tears pour down her cheeks.

KIKKI (CONT'D)

Please. Don't do this. You don't have to do this!

STALKER

Good hunt.

He shoots her through the eye, the back of her head explodes brains and gore on the grass behind her.

POND SURFACE - EVERYONE

The OTHERS look around as the echo of the gunshot reverberates in the air.

GLEN

What the hell was that?

JACK

It sounded like gunshots.

TORY

Do you think he killed her?

JACK

What do you care?

TORY

Go to hell. We have to do what we can to survive.

JACK

Because of you, Dwight is dead. They fuckin' shot him in the face.

TORY

That's not my fault! You can't put
the blame on me. He was your
friend, he's your goddamn problem.

WOODS - STALKER

Stalker takes off his deer mask, pulls off the fake antlers.

He has Kikki propped up on a rock, brains and human yolk leak
down her chin.

Stalker takes a seat on a tree stump, skins the buck he shot.
He kicks aside the deer's innards, looks over at Kikki and
smiles.

The smile drops when he notices one of her breasts has
slipped out of her bikini top.

He reaches over, helps fix her top.

POND SURFACE - GLEN AND PATRICIA

Glen caresses Patricia's face.

GLEN

Hey.

She looks up at him, smiles.

PATRICIA

Hi.

GLEN

How you holdin' up?

PATRICIA

It doesn't hurt anymore.

GLEN

I'm no expert but I don't think
that's a good thing.

PATRICIA

No pain is a good thing, right?

GLEN

Probably not.

WOODS - STALKER

Kikki, deadeye gaze fixated at Stalker as he talks to her.

STALKER

A man should have hobbies.
Something he loves.

He stops cutting the pelt, looks up at her.

STALKER (CONT'D)

Chasing pretty young things like
you down in the woods means
absolutely the world to me. But
really, it's about running wild.

POND SURFACE - EVERYONE

Patricia rests her head on Glen's chest.

PATRICIA

How do you know so much?

GLEN

I took a few medical courses a
while back. It wasn't for me. The
sight of blood kind of makes me
queasy.

She lets out a tiny exhausted laugh, seeing as they're
swimming in her blood.

She closes her eyes and passes out.

GLEN (CONT'D)

Guys, she isn't looking too good.
If we're going to try something, we
need to do it now while there is
only one of them.

Jack looks over at The Jackal. He's off dragging Vilmer's
body to the shore of the pond.

JACK

Alright. Listen, when we make it to
shore, we need to stick together.

TORY

You're going to get everyone
killed.

JACK

If we stay here, our deaths will be a certainty. At least out there we have some kind of chance of survival.

GLEN

Patricia is going to need to be carried.

JACK

I'll do it.

Patricia wakes up.

PATRICIA

No. Glen.

She squeezes her arms around him tighter.

JACK

I'm not sure that's such a great idea, Patricia.

GLEN

We can't sit around arguing about this. I'll carry her. Okay?

JACK

Okay, fine.

TORY

What about our cars? We have our phones in there. We can call for help.

JACK

It's too risky.

TORY

We go out into these woods and then what? We're out in the middle of nowhere. They'll hunt us down and kill us like they did to that woman.

JACK

I'll try to circle back around and see if I can't grab a phone or a weapon. Something we can use.

Patricia passes out again.

GLEN

If we're going to do this, we need
to do it now.

EXT. THE POND SHORE - DAY

The Jackal kicks Vilmer's body into the pond, watches as it
floats away.

He looks at the rusty bloodied machete blade.

THE JACKAL

(to the machete)

Goodbye, old friend. It's been a
wild ride. A ton of unforgettable
memories.

He throws the machete at the body, skewering it deep into the
chest.

The Jackal looks up, notices everyone swimming towards the
other end of the pond.

THE JACKAL (CONT'D)

Shit!

YELLOW BUICK GS

The Jackal runs over to their car, rummages through the
trunk, pulls out a giant magnum with a scope attached to it.

EXT. WOODS - DAY

Blood splashes Stalker in the face as he cuts into the deer,
trying to get the rest of its skin off.

STALKER

It has its rewards. The trophies,
the challenge, the pure goddamn
pleasure of skinning one of you
alive... nothing beats it. It's
less a hobby and more of a
lifestyle. Hell, it's a fuckin' art
form.

EXT. THE POND COAST - DAY

The Jackal fixes the scope on the group swimming away.

Shoots-

Misses.

THE JACKAL

Fuck!

He lowers the gun.

THE JACKAL (CONT'D)

Stalker!

EXT. WOODS - DAY

Stalker drapes the bloody deer pelt around him, the antlers glistening on top of his head, over his mask.

He stands as a proud ancient warrior, wearing his kill.

THE JACKAL (O.C.)

...Stalk!

STALKER

Showtime, motherfuckers.

He loads his rifle and runs off.

EXT. ACROSS THE POND SHORE - DAY

The GROUP makes it to shore. Tory runs off, leaving everyone behind.

JACK

Tory! Come back!

Glen lifts Patricia up into his arms, carrying her to shore.

GLEN

Forget about her.

A shot fires, the ground next to them gets hit.

They look over, see The Jackal aiming the giant magnum at them from across the pond.

JACK

Go! Run!

Another shot fires, hits Jack in the jaw, blowing it half off his face.

Glen runs away with Patricia in his arms. He doesn't bother looking back, he keeps running.

THE POND COAST

The Jackal smiles, lowers his gun.

THE JACKAL
Gotcha, big guy.

YELLOW BUICK GS

The Jackal casually walks back over to his car and tosses the gun in the trunk.

He searches around...

Smiles when he finds something that fits this special occasion, pulling out a crossbow.

EXT. ACROSS THE POND SHORE - DAY

Jack manages to still hang on to life. He squirms on the ground in agony, covered in blood, jaw hanging off his face, tongue dangling down where used to be his chin.

He struggles to get back on his feet.

An arrow bolt comes out of nowhere and pins Jack's hand to the ground. He attempts to scream out but can't without his jaw.

The Jackal slowly walks up behind him.

Jack crawls away, pulling the bolt out of the ground but not his hand.

The Jackal readies another bolt from the crossbow quiver.

Jack attempts a form of speech, mixed with gargling and a wet whistle as he breathes.

JACK
Why...
(gargle)
Do this?

THE JACKAL
No jackal feeds on grass once he's
tasted flesh.

The Jackal points the crossbow at Jack's head.

He fires.

Jack falls to the ground, still alive, but an arrow bolt sticking out of his head.

THE JACKAL (CONT'D)
That is amazing. The resilience of the human body never ceases to amaze me. Seriously, how are you still alive right now?!

The Jackal loads another bolt from the quiver.

Jack slowly crawls away.

Another bolt hits him in the back but Jack keeps crawling...

Wheezing.

Gasping.

THE JACKAL (CONT'D)
Sounds like I might have punctured your lung that time.

He loads another bolt.

THE JACKAL (CONT'D)
I really need to hurry this up. Your friends aren't gonna kill themselves.

JACK
Fuck...
(gargle)
You.

THE JACKAL
Fuck you? Is that what you said?
(laughs)
You know, I bet this isn't how you saw your day going, was it?

The Jackal puts the crossbow down, walks over to a big rock.

THE JACKAL (CONT'D)
And I guess "fuck you" wasn't what you thought your last words would be. I'm a strong believer in leaving with a good lasting impression. And this, Jack. This is your swan song.

Jack slowly crawls away, arrows sticking out of his hand, head and back. He's a human porcupine.

THE JACKAL (CONT'D)

This is your last chance to contribute something meaningful. You have nothing left to gain, no more ulterior motives. You're free, Jack. Your last and final words are the ultimate truths.

The Jackal hovers over him, rock held high above his head. Jack stops crawling, turns around to accept his fate.

THE JACKAL (CONT'D)

So tell me, Jack. What will be your final words?

JACK

I... I don't know.

THE JACKAL

Good enough.

The Jackal BASHES him over the head until his cranium goes flat, spilling out gore and brains everywhere. There's nothing left but a pulpy mess.

WOODS - TORY

Tory runs through the forest. She comes to a stop, looks around...

Nothing.

The massive trees block most of the sunlight. Tree limbs snap behind her.

She continues running.

WOODS - ELSEWHERE - GLEN AND PATRICIA

Glen carries Patricia, her foot spurting blood like a sprinkler. He stops running and carefully sits her down.

PATRICIA

What's going on?

GLEN

Your foot. I need to do something.

He looks around...

GLEN (CONT'D)

Shit. I want to make a tourniquet,
but the only clothes we have to use
are our bathing suits.

PATRICIA

Is this your way of getting me
naked?

She jokingly smiles.

He warmly looks her in the eyes.

GLEN

I'm not gonna let you die here.

PATRICIA

You might not have much of a
choice.

GLEN

Wait.

He runs his hand through her hair, pulls her ponytail out of
the scrunchy.

PATRICIA

My scrunchy?

GLEN

Better than nothing, right?

He wraps it around her nasty bleeding toeless foot.

PATRICIA

What happened to Jack?

GLEN

He didn't make it.

PATRICIA

I'm sorry. What about Tory?

GLEN

She ran off somewhere up ahead.

DEEPER WOODS - TORY

Tory hides behind a mammoth of a tree. She checks the bottom
of her foot, the soles of her feet are cut and bleeding.

She picks a long sharp thorn out from between one of her
toes.

TORY
 (painfully)
 Shit.

More rustling in the bushes behind her.

She carefully looks...

Nothing.

She's surrounded by rocks, foliage and cliffs in the far off distance.

STALKER (O.C.)
 This place is like a maze. You'll
 never find your way out.

She darts her eyes around.

Nothing.

TORY
 What the hell do you want?!

She picks up a long broken tree branch off the ground and clutches it close to her.

STALKER (O.C.)
 This. I want this. To hunt.

TORY
 Then hunt a fuckin' animal, damn
 it!

Stalker rises from the bushes, draped in the hide of the deer he killed.

He's right in front of her. Surprise-

STALKER
 I am.

She makes a run for it.

WOODS - GLEN AND PATRICIA

Glen looks over Patricia's foot. The scrunchy tourniquet fails to stop the bleeding.

GLEN
 I knew I should have worn a shirt.

A shot fires.

PATRICIA
What was that?

GLEN
We gotta go.

Glen picks Patricia up and they continue wandering deeper into the woods.

DEEPER WOODS - TORY

Tory dashes through the dense forest, looking back at Stalker who's hot on her trail.

She trips, falls on her face.

Painfully, she picks herself back up, grabs her long stick.

The ground quickly gives way as she plummets down into a dark hole.

PIT - SAME

Tory's long tree branch catches her fall. She looks down, hanging over a spiked pit.

She stares down at what could have been her fate, dodging the spikes from impaling her by inches.

Slowly, she lifts herself up, peeks out of the hole.

Stalker searches furiously for her. He stops and goes a different direction.

Tory carefully hoists herself out of the pit.

EXT. HILLSIDE - DAY

Cut and bruised, Tory runs through a small stream, there's smoke up ahead.

She runs over, past the hill sits a tiny makeshift cabin.

TORY
Hey! Help!

EXT. MAKESHIFT CABIN - DAY

Tory quickly runs over to the small cabin and bangs on the door.

TORY

Help me!

Josh, the sickly looking man from the gas station, opens the cabin door armed with a shotgun.

JOSH

Who the hell are you?!

He points the shotgun at her.

JOSH (CONT'D)

Get back! Drop the stick.

Tory backs away, drops her stick.

TORY

You gotta help me!

JOSH

I ain't gotta do shit, girl! Who are ya? Whatcha want?

Smoke rises outside the back of the cabin. Josh sniffs the air.

JOSH (CONT'D)

Jesus H. Christ!

He runs over to get a look at the smoke wafting up.

JOSH (CONT'D)

Doyle!

EXT. OUTDOORS METH LAB - DAY

Surrounded by half empty mason jars sleeps DOYLE, 40's, another sickly man dressed in dirt covered overalls.

He's fast asleep next to a sweltering substitute outdoors meth lab, tossing smoke up like a chimney.

Empty containers of antifreeze, starting fluids, drain cleaner, paint thinner and other chemicals surround a propane tank with hoses duct taped to a dirty plastic jug.

JOSH (O.C.)

Doyle, you sonofabitch! You better not be sleepin'!

Doyle wakes up, notices the smoke.

DOYLE

Shit!

Doyle jolts up, snuffs out the flame.

EXT. MAKESHIFT CABIN - MOMENTS LATER

Doyle comes running over.

DOYLE

Fire is out.

JOSH

Why the hell was there a fire in
the first damn place?!

DOYLE

Hell, I don't know.

JOSH

You fell asleep again, you damn
idiot.

DOYLE

Hey, don't go callin' me no idiot
now, Josh. I only dozed off for a
few minutes.

He walks over to Tory who still has a shotgun pointed at her.

DOYLE (CONT'D)

What the hell is going on here?

TORY

Some crazy fucks are hunting me and
my friends down in these woods.

They laugh.

DOYLE

You think we're a bunch of damn
fools, don't ya?

TORY

It's the truth, damn it!

JOSH

I bet she's ATF. They probably saw
the smoke and sent her to check it
out.

DOYLE

And the swimsuit?

JOSH
I reckon maybe it's a distraction
to keep us occupied. But I seen
through it! You hear me?! I see
your lies!

TORY
I'm asking for some help-

She lowers her arms slightly.

JOSH
Put them goddamn hands up, girl! I
ain't gonna tell you again.

Tory quickly raises her hands.

TORY
I don't care what you two inbred
fucks are doing out here. I need to
call the police.

JOSH
Ain't no one callin' no cops.

TORY
Fine, do you have a car? Get me the
fuck out of here.

DOYLE
What we gonna do with her, Josh?

JOSH
Stop sayin' my goddamn name!

DOYLE
You've been yellin' my name off the
top of your lungs. Who cares if she
hears our first names or not?

TORY
This guy, he's killed a bunch of
people already. He was right behind
me. He'll be here any minute. We
need to leave.

JOSH
How many more people are out here?

TORY
There are only two you need to
worry about.

Doyle walks over to Josh.

DOYLE
 (whispers)
 Well?

JOSH
 (whispers)
 I don't know. Let me think.

EXT. HILLSIDE - DAY

Stalker hides in the bushes, fixes the rifle scope at the three down below the pass.

They lead Tory inside the cabin at gunpoint.

STALKER
 Shit.

He reaches behind his back pocket, pulls out his walkie-talkie.

EXT. WOODS - DAY

The Jackal follows the blood trail Glen and Patricia are leaving behind them. He plucks a leaf from a bush with blood smeared on it.

STALKER (O.S.)
 I think we might have a problem.

The Jackal rests against a tree, sits his crossbow down, lets out a sigh and takes out his cock stickered walkie-talkie.

THE JACKAL
 What kind of problem?

INTERCUT CONVERSATION

Stalker watches Josh stand guard by the entrance of the cabin.

He looks around...

STALKER
 Some fuckin' local tweekers have set up shop in our backyard.

THE JACKAL
 That's not good. And the girl?

STALKER

They found her. Got her inside their cabin. They're either gonna fuck her or kill her. Or both. What should I do?

THE JACKAL

Take care of it. Finish the hunt.

STALKER

What about you? How are the others?

THE JACKAL

Only two left.

STALKER

Are they out of the water? Are they in my domain?

Stalker angrily hits the ground with his fist.

STALKER (CONT'D)

Are you hunting them?

THE JACKAL

Yes.

Stalker puts the walkie down, takes a second to calm himself.

THE JACKAL (CONT'D)

I didn't have a choice.

STALKER

Yeah ya did!

THE JACKAL

There were too many for you to handle on your own.

STALKER

I decide what I can fuckin' handle!

THE JACKAL

We'll talk about this later.

CONVERSATION ENDS ON THE JACKAL

STALKER (O.S.)

We'll talk about this now!

The Jackal switches off his walkie.

I/E. MAKESHIFT CABIN - DAY

Doyle forcibly sits Tory down in a wooden chair.

Tory looks around.

Mason jars filled with liquid meth surround the small shoddily made cabin instead of furniture.

DOYLE
Sit right there and shut up.

TORY
I have money. I'll pay you whatever the fuck you want. Get me the hell out of here.

DOYLE
You got money?

TORY
Yes! Take whatever you want.

DOYLE
You must be keepin' it up your pretty little snatch, cause I don't see any pockets in that sexy swimsuit of yours.

TORY
Christ, not on me at this moment.

DOYLE
Sit there and shut the fuck up until we figure out what the hell is going on.

Doyle walks over to Josh.

DOYLE (CONT'D)
Anything?

JOSH
I don't know. I get the feeling we're being watched.

DOYLE
Who? Cops? ATF? Drones?

JOSH
Maybe. Could be anybody out there.

DOYLE
What are we gonna do with the girl?

JOSH
I still haven't figured that out
yet.

DOYLE
You think she's tellin' the truth?

JOSH
When do women ever tell the truth?
You really think a bunch of crazy
killers are after her?

DOYLE
No. Of course not. But why not
drive her to town? She said
something about paying us.

Josh chews it over...

JOSH
How much she say?

A shot fires and Josh's head disintegrates, sending pieces of
him flying everywhere.

Doyle falls back into the cabin.

DOYLE
Shit!

Shards of Josh's skull pepper Doyle's face like buckshot,
blood covers him like sweat.

Tory lies on the floor, ducking for cover.

Doyle blindly reaches for the shotgun-

A shot fires, blasts Doyle's hand off.

DOYLE (CONT'D)
Fuck!

He holds his wrist as blood spurts out, filling some of the
mason jars with his blood.

Another shot fires through one of the walls, ricocheting
around the room.

TORY
Get down!

DOYLE
I'll fuckin' kill them!

Doyle knocks a mountain of jars over, spilling the liquid meth everywhere on the floor.

Doyle tumbles out the front door.

DOYLE (CONT'D)
I'll fuckin' kill all of you!

He runs out as fast as he can...

Another shot fires.

The top of Doyle's head cartoonishly pops off, he falls down dead in the dirt and dried leaves.

Tory lies on the floor, not making a sound, anticipating the next shot.

STALKER (O.C.)
Come on out, beautiful!

She looks up.

TORY
Fuck you!

STALKER (O.C.)
Right now is a little like shooting fish in a barrel. I'll give you a head start. Promise. Pinky swear even.

Tory gets to her feet, carefully looks out the front door.

Nothing.

She slams the front door shut, locking it.

STALKER (O.C.) (CONT'D)
Earth, water, sea, air. I declare a pinky swear.

EXT. OUTDOORS METH LAB - DAY

Stalker walks over to the slapdash meth lab behind the cabin. He grabs a mason jar and tosses it against the cabin wall.

STALKER
If you won't come out on your own...

He picks up another jar and tosses it against the cabin.

STALKER (CONT'D)
Then I guess you'll need a little
persuasion.

He grabs a dirty rag, stuffs it in a jar, sets it on fire,
tosses it at the cabin. Everything catches fire.

STALKER (CONT'D)
It's gonna be a pig roast!

Stalker steps back, shoots the propane tank, blowing it up,
sending flames and debris everywhere.

EXT. WOODS - DAY

The Jackal smiles as the explosion echoes through the trees.

THE JACKAL
And the hunt begins again.

He grabs his crossbow and heads off in the direction Glen and
Patricia went.

INT. MAKESHIFT CABIN - DAY

Smoke fills the tiny cabin. The walls are ablaze. Some of the
mason jars explode from the heat.

Tory huddles up on the floor, coughing hysterically.

EXT. MAKESHIFT CABIN - MOMENTS LATER

Tory finally crawls out of the cabin, coughing up a lung.
Thick dark smoke follows her out.

She reaches for the shotgun-

Stalker shoots the shotgun away from her, shattering it into
pieces.

STALKER
Sorry, no can do. You can make do
with your pointy stick.

Tory grabs her sharp tree branch and makes a run for the
woods. Stalker gleefully watches as she flees.

Engulfed by flames, the cabin comes tumbling down.

EXT. WOODS - DAY

UP AHEAD - GLEN AND PATRICIA.

The Jackal silently watches them from afar as they make their way through the endless forest.

WOODS - TORY

Tory runs through the dense woodland, Stalker is right behind her. She pushes through branches, vines, whatever she can to get away from him.

He fires at her, hits the ground next to her feet.

She screams and jumps down a large hill, tumbling...

Stalker watches as she painfully picks herself back up.

TORY

Stay away!

He takes aim as she runs off again.

She tears through some bushes-

EXT. ACROSS THE POND SHORE - CONTINUOUS

Tory ends up back at the pond. The sight stops her dead in her tracks.

TORY

No. This can't be right.

Stalker walks up behind her.

STALKER

I told you this place was like a maze.

He slips off the bloody deer pelt, rests his rifle down on the ground.

Tory backs away, swinging her long sharp tree branch at him.

TORY

Get the fuck away from me!

Stalker pulls out a buck knife, it still has dried blood covering the blade from when he was skinning the deer.

Tory keeps her gaze fixed on the knife, while slowly backing away from him.

TORY (CONT'D)
Don't do this.

STALKER
It will only hurt in the beginning.
After a while you'll get used to it
going in and out.

He tosses the blade from hand to hand.

STALKER (CONT'D)
In...
(tosses knife)
And out.

Tory bashes him over the head with the heavy tree branch. He drops to his knees.

STALKER (CONT'D)
Fuckin' bitch!

Stalker pulls off his mask, checks his bleeding head.

TORY
Fuck you, asshole!

Tory makes a run for the other side of the pond where the cars are parked.

Stalker trips her up, her hands fall into Dwight's gory face. She screams, sees the rest of him spread out on the ground.

STALKER
Come here, you fuckin' bitch!

Tory grabs Dwight's severed arm and beats Stalker mercilessly over the head with it.

His grip slackens around her ankle and she manages to break free.

She tosses the severed arm and runs off in a hurry.

TORY
Help!

Stalker holds his beaten head.

STALKER
God, you are so turning me on!

EXT. WOODS - DAY

Stoically still lugging Patricia around in his arms, Glen stops running and looks around.

GLEN
Was that thunder?

PATRICIA
Sounded like an explosion.

Patricia points up ahead.

PATRICIA (CONT'D)
Look. Smoke.

In the distance, a giant plume of black smoke.

TORY (O.C.)
Help!

PATRICIA
That's Tory!

GLEN
Which way did it come from?

PATRICIA
Behind us, I think.

Glen turns around.

The Jackal is behind them, the crossbow fixed right at Glen's chest.

THE JACKAL
Surprise.

The Jackal fires, pins Patricia's hand to Glen's chest. They both scream out simultaneously.

Glen falls to the ground, Patricia lying on top of him.

GLEN
You need to run.

PATRICIA
I can't.

Glen looks over at The Jackal wrestling with the crossbow.

THE JACKAL
I've had it with this fuckin'
crossbow! It don't kill for shit!

The Jackal tosses the crossbow on the ground and goes back to his tactical knife.

Glen pulls out the bolt, painfully freeing Patricia's hand from his chest.

GLEN

Go.

PATRICIA

I can't! I can't leave you!

GLEN

Fuckin' go!

Glen pushes her away.

PATRICIA

Not without you.

She forces him up.

THE JACKAL

To make this a little more fun, I think I might give you two a count of ten.

PATRICIA

Get up, Glen!

THE JACKAL

One Mississippi...

Patricia helps him get back on his feet. They help lean on each other, making their way deeper into the woods.

EXT. YELLOW BUICK GS (PARKED) - DAY

Tory searches the yellow muscle car in a panic. She looks over at the Jeep, the front wheel is flat, fluid leaks from under the engine.

STALKER (O.C.)

You are a slippery one, I have to give you that.

JEEP

Tory moves her way over to the Jeep.

She quickly ducks...

Stalker comes into view, wipes some blood from his bleeding brow.

STALKER
You can hide all you want, I'm
still gonna find you and gut ya
like a fuckin' pig.

I/E. MINI COOPER (PARKED) - SAME

ON THE MOVE.

Tory quickly ducks behind the girls' Mini Cooper.

She slips into the front seat, notices the cellphones lying on the car floor.

STALKER (O.C.)
Come out, come out, wherever you
are.

Tory nervously dials 911 into one of the phones. She glances up to see where Stalker is.

He's gone.

TORY
(whispers)
Shit.

She puts the phone to her ear...

911 OPERATOR (O.S.)
911, what's your emergency?

Tory lets out a sigh of relief. A smile a mile wide covers her face.

TORY
Thank god! You have to help me...
All my friends are dead... There
are two killers after me...

She looks up to see if she can't spot Stalker-

Stalker quickly SMASHES out the driver side window with a rock.

He reaches in and forcibly pulls her from the car.

Stalker drags Tory out by her hair. She comes out kicking and screaming.

STALKER

I told you I'd find ya. They never fuckin' believe me.

He stomps on the cellphone, ending the call.

TORY

Let me go, you cocksucker!

STALKER

Such a nasty mouth.

EXT. THE POND SHORE - SAME

Stalker hauls Tory down to the pond, she fights him the whole way.

He tosses her down into the water, kneels on top of her and wraps his hands around her skinny neck.

She gasps for air, sucking in a bunch of pond water.

He loosens his grip, lets her breathe for a few seconds.

TORY

Stop!

He punches her repeatedly in the face, breaking her nose, knocking loose a few front teeth.

STALKER

Does it look like I'm going to stop? Have you not been paying attention for the last few hours? You are going to die here, bitch. I am going to kill you, right here and right fucking now!

He punches her in the face again and continues to drown her.

Stalker stops to look at her, smiles.

She cries, begs with her eyes.

TORY

Please. No more.

Stalker yells in her face, mocking her pleas for mercy.

STALKER

No more! No more!

Tory gasps for air, vomiting up blood and pond water. Blood gushes from her broken nose.

Stalker takes a handful of mud and stuffs it in her face.

She gags.

Stalker stands up, looks at the mess he has made.

He paces around, deep in thought.

STALKER (CONT'D)

Something spectacular needs to be done to you. Drowning is too fuckin' easy. I need to do something I won't forget. Because let's face it, after awhile you all start to blur together.

Tory sluggishly swims off deeper into the pond.

STALKER (CONT'D)

What do you think you're doing?

He walks over to her.

TORY

No!

She swims over to Vilmer's dead bloated body, grabs the machete stuck in his chest.

STALKER

Come here, bitch!

She swings the machete at him, making him back off.

TORY

Fuck off!

STALKER

Easy now. Easy now.

Tory swims to the center of the pond. Stalker stands there at the edge, smiling.

STALKER (CONT'D)

You're back to where you started!

EXT. WOODS - DAY

Glen and Patricia hang off of each other as they try to keep up a good enough speed to get some distance between them and The Jackal.

THE JACKAL (O.C.)
Four Mississippi!

GLEN
This isn't going to work. We can't outrun him.

THE JACKAL (O.C.)
Five Mississippi!

PATRICIA
Keep going.

Glen holds his chest as it gushes blood through his fingertips.

GLEN
I can't.

PATRICIA
Just a little further.

WOODS - THE JACKAL

The Jackal carves a heart into a tree with his giant tactical knife.

THE JACKAL
Six Mississippi!

WOODS - GLEN AND PATRICIA

Glen kneels down in the grass. Patricia tries her best to force him back on his feet.

GLEN
I can't.

PATRICIA
He's right behind us, Glen.

THE JACKAL (O.C.)
Seven Mississippi!

GLEN
You're gonna have to leave me.

PATRICIA
You didn't leave me, damn it. Now
get back on your feet.

Glen politely smiles.

GLEN
If you insist.

They continue to run even further into the woods.

WOODS - THE JACKAL

The Jackal continues the hunt early.

THE JACKAL
Eight Mississippi!

WOODS - GLEN AND PATRICIA

Glen and Patricia take a rest against a hollow log.

GLEN
Do you see him anywhere?

PATRICIA
I think if we did, we'd be dead.

GLEN
How is your foot?

Patricia checks on her toeless foot.

PATRICIA
I don't feel it as much as my hand.
Must be all this adrenaline.

She balls her hand with the bolt sticking out of it.

GLEN
You're bleeding everywhere.

PATRICIA
I'm fine. You on the other hand...

She eyes the gaping hole in his chest gushing blood.

GLEN
It looks worse than it is. I think
maybe it missed a bunch of those
vital organs I've heard so much
about.

THE JACKAL (O.C.)
Ten Mississippi!

Glen and Patricia drop down behind the log.

GLEN
Fuck.

PATRICIA
How does this guy keep finding us?

GLEN
We're leaving a pretty big blood trail for him to follow. It's no wonder we can't shake him.

PATRICIA
C'mon.

She gets up to start running again but Glen stops her, grabbing her arm.

GLEN
I'm done.

PATRICIA
Not this again.

GLEN
Listen. Only one of us has a chance of making it out of here alive. And it ain't me.

PATRICIA
This defeatist attitude is really unattractive, Glen.

GLEN
Listen, I'll stall him, okay?

PATRICIA
No.

GLEN
Listen, damn it. I'll keep him busy, busy enough for you to get away.

PATRICIA
He'll kill you.

GLEN
That's the point. He can't kill you if he's too busy killing me.

PATRICIA

That is a terrible plan.

GLEN

It's the only one I can see working. Now go before it's too late.

PATRICIA

Your plan sucks. I got a better one.

GLEN

Patricia, this-

She grabs his face and kisses him on the lips.

He smiles.

GLEN (CONT'D)

I don't think that's much of a plan, but I like it.

PATRICIA

Don't fuckin' die on me.

GLEN

What are you going to do?

Patricia runs off.

THE JACKAL (O.C.)

I'm not really sure how you think this story is going to end, kids. Spoilers, you all die horribly at the end.

Glen slouches down, feels the ground for something he can use as a weapon.

He grabs a sharp rock and a stick.

He breaks the stick in half, making it sharp and jagged, perfect for stabbing.

The Jackal silently walks closer to where Glen is hiding. He has his knife out, ready to kill anyone that crosses his path.

THE JACKAL (CONT'D)

I couldn't help notice you were missing a couple of piggies. I'm impressed you made it this far on one foot.

(MORE)

THE JACKAL (CONT'D)

And I'm sure an arrow through the chest wasn't easy either.

Glen pops his head out, sees The Jackal with his back turned to him.

Carefully, Glen sneaks up behind The Jackal, readying his rock and sharp stick.

Glen approaches him...

At the last second he steps on a twig, snapping it, alerting The Jackal to his presence.

The Jackal quickly turns around and digs the knife into Glen's stomach.

THE JACKAL (CONT'D)

You almost got me.

Glen drops his rock and stick, falls back holding the knife in his gut.

THE JACKAL (CONT'D)

Look at you, going caveman with your cute little rock and stick.

The Jackal reaches down, pulls out the knife.

Glen yells out.

THE JACKAL (CONT'D)

Where's that little friend of yours you've been frolicking through the woods with?

GLEN

Fuck you. She's long gone.

THE JACKAL

I have to admit, this has been extremely entertaining. Amusing even. But we've finally reached our climax.

The Jackal grabs Glen by the hair, gets him on his knees.

THE JACKAL (CONT'D)

All right, little lady! Come out now, or I slit your boyfriend's throat!

The Jackal presses the knife against Glen's jugular.

GLEN

She isn't stupid. She knows you're going to fuckin' kill me either way.

Patricia hides behind a giant tree. She covers her mouth, afraid if she makes the slightest sound it will reveal her location.

THE JACKAL

You're gonna let your friend die?! Are you really that cruel?!

GLEN

I hardly know her, asshole. We only met a couple of hours ago. She isn't going to-

THE JACKAL

Shut up!

Glen laughs.

GLEN

Patricia! Don't listen to this sick short fuck! Run!

THE JACKAL

Short?! Patricia! This is all on you!

The Jackal pushes Glen down on the ground and steps on his head with his boot.

THE JACKAL (CONT'D)

I hope you're watching this!

The Jackal plunges the knife into Glen's throat, blood bubbles up. He turns the knife, slices his throat open, a floodgate of blood rushes out onto the grass.

Patricia makes a run for it.

The Jackal spots her and smiles.

THE JACKAL (CONT'D)

There you are.

WOODS - PATRICIA

Patricia races through the forest, using the trees to help keep her balance.

PATRICIA
Where is it?!

The Jackal darts through the trees, running after her with his knife ready.

She stops running and kneels down by a tree with a heart carving in it.

Patricia picks up the crossbow The Jackal tossed aside.

PATRICIA (CONT'D)
I can do this.

She grabs the end of the bolt, slowly pulls it out of her hand.

She screams out in pain, readies the bolt in the crossbow and waits...

THE JACKAL
I bet in another life you were a gazelle. Color me impressed.

Patricia pops out from behind a tree and aims the crossbow at The Jackal.

PATRICIA
Still impressed, motherfucker?!

A look of shock and pure horror fills his face, he's paralyzed with fear.

She fires-

It misses The Jackal, hits a tree beside him.

PATRICIA (CONT'D)
Shit.

The Jackal quickly throws his knife, nailing her right between the eyes, piercing the skull.

Blood trickles down her face. She tips over, dead before she hits the ground.

EXT. ACROSS THE POND SHORE - LATER

The Jackal comes out of the woods, covered in blood. He looks over at Tory in the pond, armed with a machete.

He walks over to Stalker.

THE JACKAL

What's going on here? How'd she get that?

STALKER

How do you think? Been waiting for you.

THE JACKAL

You still mad?

STALKER

I'm pissed.

THE JACKAL

Why aren't you wearing your mask?

STALKER

Bitch hit me over the head with a fuckin' tree branch.

THE JACKAL

Jesus. Sorry I missed that.

STALKER

Fuck you, man. Shit hurt.

THE JACKAL

Listen, things got out of control, I needed to step in.

STALKER

What is the point of having rules if we don't fuckin' follow them? Pond, yours. Everything outside of it, mine.

THE JACKAL

I know. Sorry.

STALKER

You should be. The others?

THE JACKAL

Dead.

STALKER

I hope you had fun at least.

THE JACKAL

Yeah, was a blast.

STALKER
Of course it was. Told ya bein'
Stalker was way more fun.

Stalker walks over to his deer pelt.

THE JACKAL
And what do you got here?

STALKER
A souvenir.

They bring their attention back to Tory.

THE JACKAL
So? Any thoughts about what we're
going to do with our little
demoiselle?

Stalker lights up like a child who has learned he's going to
Disney Land.

STALKER
Really? You'll let me choose?

THE JACKAL
Sure. Don't see why not. You've
earned it.

STALKER
I've got a few great ideas!

EXT. YELLOW BUICK GS (PARKED) - DAY

Stalker tosses the deer pelt in the backseat of their muscle
car.

THE JACKAL
Okay, I admit it, this is a pretty
good idea.

STALKER
Of course it is.

THE JACKAL
How long have you been keeping this
back here?

EXT. POND SURFACE/POND DOCK - DAY

The Jackal and Stalker stand on the dock, both holding a few
sticks of dynamite.

Tory swims around, trying to keep afloat and not touch the pond floor with all the traps.

THE JACKAL

Your friends are all dead. I guess that makes you the winner.

TORY

Let me go!

THE JACKAL

You should know by now, this game doesn't have winners.

STALKER

You ever been blast fishing? It's where you use explosives to kill fish. A lot of the locals around these parts like it. It makes for some easy fishin'.

THE JACKAL

That pond is of course devoid of any kind of fish life. So, I'm afraid that makes you the fish.

Stalker whips out a lighter and lights one of the sticks of TNT.

Stalker tosses a stick, it misses her. The TNT explodes, throwing water everywhere.

Tory cries out, swims away as another stick is tossed her way.

It misses, explodes, sends water everywhere.

THE JACKAL (CONT'D)

People fishing. We should do this more often.

UNDERWATER - TORY

Tory steps into a bear trap. The steel jaws snap shut around her ankle.

EXT. POND SURFACE/POND DECK - DAY

STALKER

I'm going for the kill.

Stalker lights his last stick of TNT, tosses it right by Tory.

She sees it, tries her best to swim away but she's caught.

The TNT explodes, turning her into chunks, hurling up hundreds of bloody meaty parts into the air, raining blood and viscera down over the rippling water.

THE JACKAL
Fuckin' nailed her!

The two celebrate with a high-five.

INT. YELLOW BUICK GS (MOVING) - DAY

Stalker drives, The Jackal sits passenger. He looks back at the bloody deer pelt in the backseat.

THE JACKAL
Why did you bring that?

STALKER
What are you talking about? That's my prize.

THE JACKAL
Deer have ticks, man. Ever hear of lyme disease?

STALKER
Don't get jealous because I bagged me a buck.

THE JACKAL
I'm not jealous. Only worried about diseases.

STALKER
Speaking of diseases, how about we hit the strip club later? I could use a cold beer and a pair of titties on my face.

THE JACKAL
Shit!

STALKER
What?

THE JACKAL
I forgot my fuckin' knife.

STALKER
Which knife?

Quickly and violently, Karen pops up from behind the backseat and stabs Stalker in the chest with the same buck knife used to stab her.

KAREN
This knife!

EXT. YELLOW BUICK GS (MOVING) - SAME

The car swerves, flips over and tumbles down the isolated road.

They barrel roll until eventually coming to a dead halt.

Beat.

A door is kicked open and a bloodied Jackal falls out.

He coughs up some blood, notices both his legs are pulverized, twisted into abstract art.

Slowly, he crawls away, clawing at the pavement to get away.

Karen steps out of the car wearing the bloody deer pelt. She watches The Jackal slither away and smiles.

THE JACKAL
You crazy fuckin' bitch!

Karen walks around to the driver side, takes back ownership of the buck knife stuck in Stalker's chest.

He grabs her wrist.

STALKER
Fuckin' bitch. I'll kill you.

She stabs him again repeatedly. His blood splashes the smashed windshield.

With deranged fury, a wave of anger washes over her, slicing him open, gutting him. His entrails spill out onto his lap.

Stalker's death rattle.

A broken taillight ignites some gas that's leaking on the pavement.

Karen walks over to now finish off The Jackal.

THE JACKAL
You should be fuckin' dead!

She slams the knife down on his back. He screams out...

KAREN
One by one...
(stabs)
I had to watch you kill off one of
my friends...
(stabs)
Knowing there was nothing I could
do to stop it.

FLASHBACK TO:

MONTAGE

EXT. UNDER POND DOCK - DAY

Karen holds on to one of the wooden pillars of the dock. She watches as Dwight gets his face shot off.

She looks away, tugs on the knife stuck in her shoulder blade.

UNDERWATER - KAREN

Karen immerses herself underwater to silence her screams as she pulls out the blade stuck in her shoulder.

EXT. SUV (PARKED) - LATER

Karen opens the door to the guys' SUV. She drinks down what is left of Jack's energy drink.

She searches under the seat, pulls out a first-aid kit and bandages her bleeding wounds with gauze.

EXT. JEEP (PARKED) - LATER

Karen, now bandaged up, looking like a mummy, searches the vehicles for keys, phones, whatever she can to help her out.

She tries to start the Jeep...

Nothing.

EXT. SUV (PARKED) - LATER

The keys to the SUV are gone. Karen bangs her fist on the side of the car. She's losing hope.

EXT. MINI COOPER (PARKED) - LATER

Karen looks around, walks over to the Mini Cooper when a shot fires.

She quickly kneels down, sees Tory stumble out of the bushes across the pond with Stalker right behind her.

KAREN

Fuck.

INT. YELLOW BUICK GS (PARKED) - LATER

Karen lies in the backseat of the killers' car. She watches as Tory is dragged out of the Mini Cooper, down to the shore of the pond.

Terrified, Karen holds her mouth in horror as she watches Stalker drown and punch Tory in the face.

Tears run down her cheeks as she cowers behind the seat.

KAREN

I'm so sorry.

END OF MONTAGE

BACK TO PRESENT

EXT. ISOLATED ROAD - DAY

Karen pulls the knife out of The Jackal's back, flips him over so he can face her.

The Jackal looks up, sees her drenched in blood, wrapped in the deer pelt, sun shining through the antlers on top of her head.

THE JACKAL

Wait! Wait, I'm not ready. I haven't said my last words.

KAREN

You just did, asshole.

She raises the knife high above her head and plunges it deep into his eye. First milky white pus, then blood bubbles out.

Karen pulls the knife out, slicing his throat open as he yells out in torment. She watches him slowly bleed out onto the pavement.

He holds his neck, the light behind his eye slowly going out...

She isn't satisfied.

KAREN (CONT'D)

It's not over yet, you sick fucking bastard!

She shoves her hand through the slit in his neck, reaches around inside his throat and pulls out his tongue, giving him a Columbian necktie.

The Jackal at long last is finally dead. His tongue poking out of his gory neck hole.

EXT. ISOLATED ROAD - LATER

Karen sluggishly walks down the road, still wearing the deer pelt, gripping the bloody hunting knife.

Behind her, the yellow muscle car has been set ablaze, giant plumes of smoke rise high into the sky.

She walks away, baptized in blood, born anew.

No longer a VICTIM.

She's a WARRIOR.

A KILLER.

A BEAST.

A SURVIVOR.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END

AFTER CREDITS:

EXT. ISOLATED ROAD - DAY

Karen shuffles along, in a daze. A DOE steps out of the forest, onto the road in front of her.

Karen stops dead in her tracks.

The doe turns her head to look at Karen. An arrow sticks through the doe's head, an old injury she's managed to live with.

The doe curiously walks over to Karen who is covered in blood, wearing the skin of one of her fallen brethren.

The TWO BEASTS stare at each other.

Karen reaches out to pet her-

CUT TO BLACK.

THE REAL END.