

THE KILLING POND

Written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. WHITE NISSAN (PARKED) - MORNING

A beautiful young COLLEGE GIRL switches on the radio to her small white Nissan. She looks around as she slowly takes off the clothes sporting her school's emblem.

No one is in sight, just trees, birds chirping in the background and a light fog kissing the atmosphere.

She hums along to the music as she slips into a sexy bikini, twisting her hair up into a knot.

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 further into the water, swimming out...

EXT. WHITE NISSAN (PARKED) - MORNING

While the College Girl is submerged, a dark figure reaches into her car, turns 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? If this is a joke, I'm not finding it very funny, damn it.

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 rusted bear traps.

As she swims back to shore, she touches the pond floor, just missing a sharp broken bottle but getting her foot caught 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 sporting deer antlers attached to the top of his leather mask.

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, dirty blonde, beautiful, lies naked in bed, gazing up at the ceiling. She reaches over to the night stand, grabs a cigarette, lights it and 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

That's great. I'm happy.

NUDE GIRL

I've never been with a girl before.
Could you tell?

Karen impolitely smirks at her question.

 NUDE GIRL (CONT'D)
What?

 KAREN
Nothing.

 NUDE GIRL
Tell me.

The Nude Girl smiles while kissing her.

 KAREN
It was like you lost a coin in
there and kept having trouble
trying to get it out.

The Nude Girl stops kissing Karen's body and looks up at her.

Karen demonstrates to her by hooking her finger, attacking
the air.

 KAREN (CONT'D)
You were like a pirate digging for
gold.

 NUDE GIRL
Stop. Jesus. That's really
embarrassing. Why didn't you just
say something?

 KAREN
I don't know. I didn't feel like
teaching a class on how to eat my
pussy. Anyhoo, you should probably
leave now.

 NUDE GIRL
You're kicking me out of bed?
Seriously?

 KAREN
I let you stay the night, what else
do you want? I could call you a cab
or something.

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

 NUDE GIRL
I thought girls would be different,
but you're just as bad as some
fuckin' 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 just 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

The GIRLS 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 is finally dressed but still smoking a cigarette. She walks over with a trash bag full of her clothes.

KAREN
I call shotgun.

Tory walks around from the back.

TORY
I already called shotgun.

KAREN
Too bad.

TORY
Patricia!

Patricia slams shut the trunk door.

PATRICIA
(to Tory)
Just 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. By dribs and drabs, his nose bleeds 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 as much as possible.

He looks over at Glen.

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

GLEN
I see that.

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

JACK
Shit is lookin' real nasty, dude.
Please don't get any on the seat.
I'm still trying to pay this
fucking thing off.

GLEN
Thanks for your concern, man.

JACK
No problem. Here to help.

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

Glen looks back at him sleeping.

GLEN

Oh my god, Dwight! Help me!

Dwight is jolted awake, sees Glen's bloody face.

DWIGHT

Jesus Christ! No!

Glen and Jack laugh.

GLEN

Got ya.

Dwight smiles when he realizes it's just a joke.

DWIGHT

Fuck you guys. You gave me a fuckin' heart attack.

GLEN

It's this damn humidity, man. I haven't had a nose bleed in years.

DWIGHT

Are we almost there or what?

JACK

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

GLEN

You're lost?

JACK

Fuck you, 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

This thing is completely useless.

GLEN

You just need to learn how to use it right.

Glen grabs the GPS and looks it over.

GLEN (CONT'D)

See, 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 just how gay you are.

Glen tosses the GPS in the backseat with Dwight.

GLEN

No use complaining. We'll just have to stop and get us one of them good old fashioned maps made of paper.

DWIGHT

At least we'll be stopping. I really need to take a piss.

JACK

Just use that water bottle.

DWIGHT

What water bottle?

JACK

The one back there.

Dwight picks up a thermos.

DWIGHT

Water bottle? You mean my thermos? The thermos I've been drinking out of? Did you piss in this?

JACK

I cleaned it out afterwards.

DWIGHT

Are you fucking kidding me?!

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.

The girls' Mini Cooper is in the background, parked off to the side.

INT. BUICK GS (PARKED) - SAME

STALKER sits behind the wheel. He's attractive, in his late 20's. Seated next to him is THE JACKAL. He's short, also nice-looking and in his late 20's.

STALKER

You know what I'd like? Lucky Charms. It's been years since I've had any.

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

EXT. 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 was the best. Making Ghost Busters cereal a close second. That's not including the E.T. Cereal of course.

THE JACKAL

What is your 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 just had some awesome cereal. And since they don't make Bill & Ted's Excellent Cereal anymore, Lucky Charms will just have to do.

THE JACKAL

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

STALKER

Yes. Since you ain't doin' nothin' but watch me pump gas.

THE JACKAL

That's what would make you happy?

STALKER

The fuckin' happiest.

THE JACKAL
And you'll stop having
conversations with me about fucking
cereal?

STALKER
It's possible. But who knows what
the future holds?

THE JACKAL
Fine. I'll get you your fucking
cereal.

STALKER
Great!
(beat)
I gotta go take a piss.

THE JACKAL
Damn it. Don't.

STALKER
C'mon, man. It's my calling card!

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

Oh. 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.

KAREN

Haven't I seen you around campus?

THE JACKAL

Campus? No. Must be thinking of someone else.

KAREN

Maybe. You just look familiar, I guess.

The guy in front pays for his gas and leaves. It's The Jackal's turn in line.

He puts the box of cereal down on the counter.

KAREN (CONT'D)

Cap'n Crunch, huh? Yummy.

THE JACKAL

Yeah. It's for my friend.

He awkwardly smiles and pays for his stuff.

THE JACKAL (CONT'D)

Bye.

He leaves the store.

PATRICIA

Jesus, Karen.

KAREN
What? He was cute.

Patricia scoffs, pays for their drinks.

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

INT. 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.

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
It's all they had.

STALKER
Bullshit, man.

THE JACKAL
Can we just go?

STALKER
What the fuck crawled up your ass?

THE JACKAL
I just want to go hunting.

STALKER
Fine. Fuck.

Stalker starts the car.

EXT. GAS STATION - SAME

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

Karen looks around.

KAREN

Damn. Where did my boyfriend go?

PATRICIA

Would you come on?

The two run 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.

EXT. SUV (PARKED) - SAME

The THREE GUYS get out of their SUV. Glen has tissues stuffed up his nose.

GLEN

How do you not like blowjobs?

JACK

Anyone can give you a blowjob. Dogs can give you a blowjob.

GLEN

Is that what you guys do in your fraternity?

JACK

Depends on how drunk we are and how ugly the chick is.

DWIGHT

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

JACK

You prefer it because it doesn't require any skill. Sex, making a girl cum, 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

Fine. 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 pulls out his thermos from the SUV, smells inside.

DWIGHT

This doesn't smell like piss to you, does it?

He lets Glen smell, quickly knocking it away from his face.

GLEN
Throw it away.

DWIGHT
This was expensive.

GLEN
If you wanna drink out of something
he may or may not have pissed in,
go right ahead.

Beat.

DWIGHT
Fine.

Dwight tosses it away in a nearby trash can.

DWIGHT (CONT'D)
There goes thirty bucks down the
drain. I gotta go take a piss.

GLEN
Have fun.

INT. GAS STATION BATHROOM - DAY

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

He turns the light on, the bathroom is disgusting. He holds his nose, covers 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.

Dwight smells the fingers used to turn on the light.

DWIGHT (CONT'D)
They even pissed on the light
switch?! Who does that?

He runs over to the sink, it too is covered in piss.

DWIGHT (CONT'D)
Fuck!

He looks over at the stalls, kicks opens a stall door and looks inside.

It too is covered in piss.

DWIGHT (CONT'D)
What kind of sick fuck pisses on
everything?!

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.

A 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?

The Redneck 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 way. But still plenty feral.

EXT. MINI COOPER (PARKED) - SAME

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

KAREN
So where is it?

PATRICIA

I'm not sure, I'm not seeing it on here. Do you?

KAREN

Maybe we should ask someone.

TORY

No way. The people around here creep me out.

KAREN

Don't be such a wuss, Tory.

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 to the car.

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? Nut check.

GLEN

What?

Jack slaps him in the crotch, having Glen recoil in pain.

GLEN (CONT'D)

You fucking asshole!

EXT. MINI COOPER (PARKED) - DAY

The GUYS walk over to the GIRLS. Karen is first to spot them.

KAREN

Man meat coming our way.

JACK

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

KAREN

You lost, big boy?

PATRICIA

Karen, shut it.

(to Jack)

Sorry about her. Yeah, we have a
map, wanna take a look?

JACK

That would be great, actually.

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

Hi. I'm Glen.

DWIGHT

Hey. That makes me 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?

She points to the tissues stuffed up his nose. Glen quickly pulls them out.

GLEN (CONT'D)

Shit, I forgot these were still in there. This is kind of embarrassing.

KAREN

You are adorable.

He apprehensively lets out a smile.

GLEN

Thanks?

Jack looks over the map.

PATRICIA

Where are you guys headed?

JACK

We heard about this pond not far from here. We thought we might check it out.

PATRICIA

Hey, us too. We thought we'd check it out before we headed home for Spring Break.

JACK

Small world. So since we're all headed in the same direction, can we tag along?

Patricia looks over at her friends.

PATRICIA

I don't see why not.

TORY
(concerned)
Patricia.

JACK
Great! We'll just 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
Dude, watch out. Eyes on the damn road.

JACK
Here, you need this.

He hands Glen the deodorant stick.

GLEN
Gross. I'm not touching that. I don't need it.

JACK
Dude, trust me, we've been stuck in this smelly ass fart box for hours, we all need this.

GLEN
Fine.

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. You smell like a cum sock. Use it.

DWIGHT
Christ.

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

DWIGHT (CONT'D)

Happy?

JACK

Your dick sure will be. I'm just 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 just asked them to 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 just said that!
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 think of that.

TORY
So now we're getting high?

KAREN
No. Me and Patricia will be getting high. You will just 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 just leaves the guy that had tampons 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

The gang drives their cars up to the pond. The area is pretty secluded, hidden by a mountain of trees.

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

EXT. MINI COOPER (PARKED) - SAME

Tory spreads some sunscreen on her nose.

TORY
This place is kind of creepy, guys.

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.

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. Just let your
hair down and relax. Try enjoying
yourself for once.

EXT. SUV (PARKED) - SAME

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

DWIGHT

Jesus, Jack. Can't you wait to take your shirt off? 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 one who seemed to like me.

Glen glances over at Karen who is seductively taking her time slipping her 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.

They look over at Tory who is bent over, leaning into the Mini Cooper, rummages around for something.

All eyes are on her ass.

DWIGHT

Yeah, she is pretty cute. I just get 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 side of any situation.

GLEN

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

He 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.

DWIGHT
Yeah. Got it.

Dwight wipes his mouth.

Glen lifts up his shirt.

GLEN
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 are 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

Well, here goes.

EXT. MINI COOPER (PARKED) - DAY

Dwight walks over to Tory, who is still bent over, looking for something in the backseat of the car.

DWIGHT

Hey. My name's Dwight.

TORY (O.C.)

Tory.

DWIGHT

You guys go to school around here, right?

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. What were you saying?

DWIGHT

Nothing. It doesn't matter.

She rolls her eyes, shuffles through the playlist.

TORY

Okay.

He shows her the flask.

DWIGHT
Want a drink?

She looks up and smiles halfheartedly.

TORY
Sure.

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. Just one of those rumors that went around. It's so hot here, you know? There's never any place to just hang out and cool off.

JACK
Buddy of mine mentioned this spot, said it's pretty killer. Like no one comes out here. Where are you guys headed, anyway?

PATRICIA
Well, Tory over there is headed back home. Of course I'm the only one with a car and Karen is just along for the free ride. What about you guys?

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

PATRICIA
Well good for you guys.

JACK
Not really lookin' forward to 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 says 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 likes 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

Just 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 at 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, just 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. She's a big time lawyer now.

GLEN
That sounds boring. You seem like the type that would go to Mexico or something and just party. Have crazy orgies.

She smiles.

KAREN

Do I?

GLEN

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

KAREN

God, I could so take advantage of you.

GLEN

Please do.

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 just playing around. It was an accident.

POND SURFACE - GLEN AND KAREN

KAREN

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

GLEN

Is that what you wanna be, a lawyer?

KAREN

Me? 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 just seem like maybe you're a little-

TORY
Don't finish that sentence.

DWIGHT
--Jealous.

TORY
Asshole.

She angrily swims away from him again.

DWIGHT
Well fuck.

UNDERWATER - EVERYONE

Everyone's feet swish under the green murky water. Just 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, just how gay are you?

KAREN

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

GLEN

Just wanna know how much of a chance I have 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.

GLEN

If I told you I love dick in my mouth you'd classify me as gay, right? But when women switch it's just girls having fun.

KAREN

I'd love to see a dick in your mouth.

Dwight swims up to them.

DWIGHT

Hey. What are you guys talking about?

She snickers.

DWIGHT (CONT'D)

What?

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, just missing a bear trip.

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

POND SURFACE - JACK AND PATRICIA

Patricia pops up.

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

DWIGHT
Karen, right?

KAREN
Yeah.

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. BUICK GS (MOVING) - DAY

Stalker, behind the wheel, blasts the car radio as they drive up the road to the pond.

The Jackal flips through Stalker's CD collection.

THE JACKAL

Your CD collection sucks.

STALKER

You suck. What are you talking about? That right there is what you call perfection.

THE JACKAL

It's a travesty is what it is. P.O.D.? Seriously?

STALKER

What's wrong with Christian rock?

THE JACKAL
Oh nothing. Just that it's
Christian rock.

STALKER
You wouldn't know good music if it
pulled its cock out and slapped you
in the face with it.

They spot the cars parked by the pond.

THE JACKAL
What do we have here?

The car slows down and parks.

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

STALKER
Our lucky day. A full house.

THE JACKAL
You can get first shot.

STALKER
Really?

THE JACKAL
Think of it as an apology for the
mix-up with the cereal.

STALKER
No take backs, man. You promise.

THE JACKAL
No take backs. I promise.

STALKER
Just look at them. They're fuckin'
perfect... Like my CD collection.

THE JACKAL
Man, fuck your CD collection.
C'mon.

The Jackal gets out of the car.

EXT. 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? Get over here.
Time to suit up.

Stalker joyfully runs over to the car trunk.

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

The Jackal hands Stalker a tiny walkie-talkie.

THE JACKAL (CONT'D)

Here.

Stalker takes the radio and puts it in his back pocket.

The Jackal takes out his 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 (CONT'D)

Haha, very funny.

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.

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 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 just 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, anyway.

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 just like her.

STALKER

Well, 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 a black ski mask.

STALKER

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

THE JACKAL

Just put your mask on.

Stalker places the ski mask on.

The Jackal takes out a leather mask with a pair of fake deer antlers attached to them.

THE JACKAL (CONT'D)
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.

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? She hurt?

JACK
Is the first-aid still under the seat?

GLEN
Yeah, I think so.

Karen and Jack help Patricia swim to shore. They stop when they notice The Jackal standing on the dock.

PATRICIA
Who is that?

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

The Jackal just stands there.

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 their deal
is.

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

She ignores Patricia and keeps swimming.

PATRICIA (CONT'D)
She's going to get herself killed.
Do something, Jack.

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 is going on? Who are
these guys?

JACK
You two help keep Patricia afloat.
I'm gonna go find out what these
guys 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 just 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 just 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 just stabbed her. He just
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! Jesus Christ!

The Jackal tugs on the blade, it's stuck deep in there.

THE JACKAL
Fuck.

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

STALKER
What's wrong?

THE JACKAL
Knife is stuck. Fuck it.

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

POND SURFACE - JACK

JACK
No fuckin' way.

Jack swims back over to the others.

EXT. BUICK GS (PARKED) - 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 weapons inside.

STALKER

What the hell was that?

THE JACKAL

It got stuck.

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 sits on the car hood, eating out of the box of cereal he got at the gas station.

STALKER

I think they're already pretty fuckin' intimidated.

THE JACKAL

We'll see. Just 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 close together.

DWIGHT

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

GLEN

What about that shit after it?

JACK

He said if we leave the water, they'll kill us.

Patricia can't stop crying.

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

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

GLEN
What the fuck do we do?

TORY
Just stay in the water. You heard
him, stay in the water and they'll
leave us alone.

JACK
When the sun goes down this water
is going to be freezing.
Hypothermia will kick in and we'll
all just fuckin' freeze to death.

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

EXT. BUICK GS (PARKED) - 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.

THE JACKAL
You got eyes for anyone in
particular?

STALKER
I got one I might be after.

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

They're havin' a good goddamn time.

POND SURFACE - EVERYONE

TORY

What if we just 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 before we even step foot on land.

TORY

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

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

Just 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?

PATRICIA

Karen went to talk to them and he just stabbed her.

JACK

I don't think they want anything. He called this a game.

DWIGHT

Well, this is one fucked up game!

EXT. 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 you took a piss 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 smiles a depraved smile under his mask.

THE JACKAL
Your friend Patricia is hurt,
correct?

TORY

Yeah.

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

All you have to do, Tory is put your hurt friend out of her misery. She'll just slow you down anyway.

JACK

Don't listen to him, Tory.

TORY

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

DWIGHT
What are the chances this is just
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, Jack? We know
nothing about them. Maybe this is
just some practical joke they're
pulling.

JACK
That wasn't a fuckin' joke! I saw
the knife go in. I watched her
fuckin' die right in front of me.

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 just stabbed her, Tory. It was
horrible.

TORY

I know.

PATRICIA

I can't believe this is happening
to us.

TORY

I'm 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.

Everyone quickly swims over, struggles 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.

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.

GLEN

Where the fuck is all this blood coming from?

Jack swims down under the water.

UNDERWATER - JACK

Jack swims down, notices all the human remains resting under 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

Well?

JACK

There are bodies everywhere beneath us.

GLEN

What the fuck are you talking about?

JACK
There are human fucking skulls
everywhere, dude.

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

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

GLEN
Gone? How?

JACK
There's bear traps or something.
She must have stepped in one.

GLEN
Jesus.

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

Patricia is hyperventilating. Glen tries his best to keep her calm and afloat.

GLEN
Just hold on to me.
(to Jack)
We need to fuckin' do something,
man. This is a lot of blood. She
can't hold out for much longer.

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.

EXT. POND DOCK - SAME

The Jackal snaps his fingers at Stalker.

THE JACKAL
Stalker, you're up.

EXT. BUICK GS (PARKED) - SAME

Stalker gets off the car hood, readies his rifle.

STALKER

On it.

POND SURFACE - DWIGHT

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

JACK

Dwight!

DWIGHT

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

EXT. ACROSS THE POND SHORE - SAME

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

A shot is fired-

Dwight's whole face explodes.

Complete and total carnage.

EXT. BUICK GS (PARKED) - SAME

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.

EXT. THE POND COAST - SAME

THE JACKAL

I think this deserves a bit of a celebration. Would be terrible of us to let this go to waste. I hope you're thirsty.

STALKER

Holy shit. Tell me there's somethin' good in there.

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

THE JACKAL

That was one hell of a shot.

STALKER

Would you expect anything less?

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

THE JACKAL

Minus my fuck up with the knife, 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.

THE JACKAL

She the one you got eyes on?

STALKER

She sure as fuck is now.

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 to me.

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 (PARKED) - SAME

The Redneck from the gas station earlier, shows up with his GIRLFRIEND. They stop and stare at the two oddballs.

The Redneck jumps out of the Jeep.

REDNECK

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

EXT. THE POND COAST - SAME

The Redneck leisurely walks over to Stalker and The Jackal who just stand there, beers in hands, ridiculous masks over faces. An odd sight to behold.

THE JACKAL

You feel up for a hunt?

STALKER

Always.

I/E. JEEP (PARKED) - SAME

The Redneck's Girlfriend stands on top of the Jeep, taking her shirt off. She's wearing a swimsuit underneath.

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

EXT. THE POND COAST - SAME

The Redneck helps himself to one of the beers in the cooler.

REDNECK

You don't mind, do ya fellas?

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

REDNECK (CONT'D)

Jesus. You two got some kind of kinky sex party going on out here? Pretty freaky, fellas. But count me in. Honey, you in?

REDNECK'S GIRLFRIEND

You know it, baby!

REDNECK

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

POND SURFACE - EVERYONE

Jack checks on Tory, who is 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 (PARKED) - DAY

The Redneck's Girlfriend tosses out an empty wine cooler bottle, climbs over the driver seat.

REDNECK'S GIRLFRIEND
Hey, baby. Toss me one of them.

REDNECK
Only if you show me some of them titties.

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

REDNECK (CONT'D)
Girl, you are bad as hell.

EXT. THE POND COAST - SAME

The Redneck reaches into the cooler.

Stalker gives The Jackal a silent nod.

The Jackal walks over, stealthily slips his hand into the back of the muscle car's trunk, pulls out the dirty machete.

REDNECK
Catch.

The Jackal creeps up from behind and quickly cuts the Redneck's arm off. Instead of just tossing the can of beer, he throws his whole arm.

Blood gushes out like a geyser.

The Redneck staggers around yelling.

REDNECK (CONT'D)
My fuckin' arm! You cut off my fuckin' arm!

STALKER
Rusted my ass! Still slices like a motherfucker!

The Redneck's Girlfriend screams.

REDNECK'S GIRLFRIEND
No! Baby!

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

REDNECK

Don't leave me, you fuckin' bitch!

The Jackal walks up behind the Redneck and 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 the Redneck's Girlfriend.

THE JACKAL (CONT'D)

Stalk.

Stalker quickly grabs his rifle, shoots the front tire out on the Jeep.

REDNECK'S GIRLFRIEND

Fuck!

Stalker takes aim, shoots the engine.

The Redneck's Girlfriend screams, jumps out of the Jeep, heads into the woods.

Stalker smiles big, runs after her.

WOODS - REDNECK'S GIRLFRIEND

The Redneck's Girlfriend runs as fast as a barefooted woman can through a forest littered with thorny sticks and sharp rocks scattered on the rough terrain.

A shot is fired behind her.

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

REDNECK'S GIRLFRIEND

Shit!

Stalker creeps around the trees.

STALKER

I'm gonna get you, girly.

REDNECK'S GIRLFRIEND

Why are you doing this?!

STALKER

Because it's fun. And I'm very good
at it.

The Redneck's Girlfriend 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 is fired.

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

The Redneck's Girlfriend 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 the girlfriend and buck.

STALKER (CONT'D)

Where did you go?

There's some whimpering.

He smiles and looks over the edge.

The Redneck's Girlfriend 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.

REDNECK'S GIRLFRIEND

Leave me the fuck alone!

Stalker jumps down the hill, walks over to her.

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

REDNECK'S GIRLFRIEND (CONT'D)

Fuck!

STALKER

Good hunt. A bit short, but fuck
did I enjoy it. Bagged myself a
buck thanks to you.

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.

REDNECK'S GIRLFRIEND

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

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

The Redneck's Girlfriend has been propped up on a rock.
Brains and human yolk leak down her chin.

Stalker sits on a tree stump, skinning the buck he shot. He
kicks aside the deer's innards, looks over at the Redneck's
Girlfriend and smiles.

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

STALKER

You have no class at all, do you?
What would your mother think about
you runnin' around like that? She'd
be ashamed is what. No goddamn
dignity at all.

Stalker 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

In this instance? Probably not.

WOODS - STALKER

The Redneck's Girlfriend, still dead, propped up, looking at Stalker as he talks to her.

STALKER

We were kids when we came up with the idea for the game. He'd always be The Jackal, always tellin' me what to do. I don't mind it none. You see, it allows me to do what I love the most.

He stops cutting and looks up at her.

STALKER (CONT'D)

Chasing pretty young things like you down in the woods means absolutely the world to me.

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.

PATRICIA

You're cute.

She closes her eyes and passes out.

GLEN

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.

TORY

No way, you heard him. If we leave the water, we die.

JACK

No, he's right. We need to go.

TORY

You're just going to get everyone killed.

JACK

If we stay here, we will die. At least out there we have some kind of chance.

TORY

This is stupid.

GLEN

This whole thing is fuckin' stupid. But we're doing it, with or without you.

TORY

Fine.

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

JACK

Alright. Listen, we need to stick together. Patricia is going to need to be carried.

GLEN

I'll do it.

JACK

I think I should. I'm stronger.

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 just carry her. Okay?

JACK

Okay, fine.

TORY

What about our cars?

JACK

What about them?

TORY

We have our phones in there. We can call for help.

JACK

It's too risky.

TORY

We go out into the woods and then what? We're out in the middle of nowhere. They'll just 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.

TORY

That's better than nothing.

GLEN

Like I said, if we're going to do this, we need to do it now.

EXT. THE POND SHORE - DAY

The Jackal kicks the Redneck'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.

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!

EXT. BUICK GS (PARKED) - SAME

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

WOODS - STALKER

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

STALKER

The Jackal has domain over the pond. But Stalker's domain is everything outside of it. Everything you see around you is mine. That's pretty impressive, right?

(sighs)

I ain't gonna lie, I sometimes wish I could be Jackal. Not all the time, mind you. Just maybe for a day. I got a lot of great ideas too. Like piranhas in the water. Or electricity. Or... hell, I don't know.

He stops cutting and looks over at the Redneck's Girlfriend.

STALKER (CONT'D)

You sure don't fuckin' say much.

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!

WOODS - STALKER

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

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.

JACK

Fuckin' bitch, I knew she'd leave us!

A shot is fired, the ground next to them is hit. They look over and see The Jackal aiming the giant magnum at them from across the pond.

JACK (CONT'D)

Go! Run!

Another shot is fired, 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 just keeps running.

EXT. THE POND COAST - DAY

The Jackal smiles, lowers his gun.

THE JACKAL
Gotcha, big guy.

EXT. BUICK GS (PARKED) - SAME

The Jackal 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 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 looks back and crawls away, pulling the arrow out of the ground but not his hand.

The Jackal readies another arrow from the crossbow quiver.

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

JACK
Why... you... 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 sticking out of his head.

THE JACKAL (CONT'D)
Jesus fucking Christ! How are you
still kicking?!

The Jackal loads another arrow from the quiver.

Jack slowly crawls away.

Another arrow 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 arrow.

THE JACKAL (CONT'D)

I really need to hurry this up.
Your friends aren't gonna kill
themselves.

JACK

Fuck... 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 either. 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.

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 trees, not looking back for anything.

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.

PATRICIA

What?

GLEN

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.

PATRICIA
Don't be mad at her, she's just
scared.

GLEN
She tried to kill you. You'd think
you might be a little more upset
about that.

PATRICIA
Tory just did what she thought she
had to.

GLEN

We're all scared, there is no
excuse for what she did.

PATRICIA

It's just human nature. Doing
whatever it takes to survive.

GLEN

I like to think I'm a little more
human than that.

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?!

STALKER (O.C.)

You know.

TORY

Sex?

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

STALKER (O.C.)
No. Not sex.

TORY
Then what!

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.

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 is fired.

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 just 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.

CLEARING - LATER - TORY

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

She runs over, just 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, a mountain man in his 50's, grungy, armed with a shotgun, opens the door.

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)
David!

EXT. OUTDOORS METH LAB - DAY

Surrounded by half empty mason jars is DAVID, a fat man in his 40's, 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.)
David, you sonofabitch! You better
not be sleepin'!

David wakes up, notices the smoke.

DAVID
Shit!

David jolts up, snuffs out the flame.

EXT. MAKESHIFT CABIN - MOMENTS LATER

David comes running over.

DAVID
Fire is out.

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

DAVID
Hell, I don't know.

JOSH
You fell asleep again, you damn
idiot.

DAVID
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.

DAVID (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.

DAVID
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.

TORY
What?

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 the fuck you two
are doing out here. I just need to
call the police.

JOSH
Ain't no one callin' no cops.

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

DAVID
What we gonna do with her, Josh?

JOSH
Stop sayin' my goddamn name!

DAVID
You've been yellin' my name off the top of your lungs. Who cares if she hears our 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.

David walks over to Josh.

DAVID
(whispers)
Well?

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

CLEARING - STALKER

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.

WOODS - THE JACKAL

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?

CLEARING - STALKER

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 (O.S.)

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?

Beat.

THE JACKAL (O.S.)

Take care of it. Finish the hunt.

STALKER

Got it. What about you? How are the others?

THE JACKAL (O.S.)

Only two left.

STALKER

Are they out of the water?

Beat.

STALKER (CONT'D)

Are they in my domain?

THE JACKAL (O.S.)

Yeah.

Stalker angrily hits the ground with his fist.

STALKER
Are you hunting them?

THE JACKAL (O.S.)
Yeah.

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

THE JACKAL (O.S.) (CONT'D)
I didn't have a choice.

STALKER
Yeah ya did. Yeah ya did!

THE JACKAL (O.S.)
We'll talk about this later.

I/E. MAKESHIFT CABIN - DAY

David forcibly sits Tory down in a wooden chair. The place is pretty empty. Mason jars filled with liquid meth surround the small shoddily made cabin instead of furniture.

DAVID
Sit right there and shut up.

Tory looks around.

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

DAVID
You got money?

TORY
Yeah.

DAVID
You keepin' it up your snatch?
Cause I don't see any pockets in that sexy swimsuit of yours.

TORY
Christ, not on me at this moment.

DAVID
Just sit there and shut the fuck up until we figure out what the hell is going on.

David walks over to Josh.

DAVID (CONT'D)
Anything?

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

DAVID
Who? Cops? ATF? Drones?

JOSH
Maybe. Could be anybody out there.

DAVID
What are we gonna do with the girl?

JOSH
I still haven't figured that out
yet.

DAVID
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?

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

Josh chews it over...

JOSH
How much she say?

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

David falls back into the cabin.

DAVID
Shit!

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

Tory lies on the floor, ducking for cover.

TORY
Get down!

David blindly reaches for the shotgun-

A shot is fired, blasts David's hand off.

DAVID

Fuck!

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

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

TORY

Get down!

DAVID

I'll fuckin' kill them!

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

David tumbles out the front door.

DAVID (CONT'D)

I'll fuckin' kill all of you!

He runs out as fast as he can...

Another shot is fired.

The top of David'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!

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.

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.

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.

WOODS - THE JACKAL

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 on fire. 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.

The cabin is engulfed by flames, bringing everything tumbling down.

WOODS - THE JACKAL

The Jackal silently watches Glen and Patricia 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.

Without aiming too hard, he fires at her, misses and hits the ground next to her feet.

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

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

This is how you treat me after I saved your life? You unappreciative cunt.

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

Don't do this.

STALKER

Think of this like when you first had your cherry popped. It will hurt in the beginning but after a while you'll just get used to it going in and out.

He tosses the blade from hand to hand.

STALKER (CONT'D)

In and out.

TORY

I'm still a virgin.

This time Stalker is stopped dead in his tracks.

STALKER

You're a what?

TORY

I'm a virgin!

STALKER

Wow. I ain't ever met a virgin before. I kind of want to kill you even more now.

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 ski mask, checks his bleeding head.

TORY
Fuck you, asshole!

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

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 kicks him in the face. His grip slackens and she manages to free her leg.

With him left holding a bleeding nose and lip, Tory runs off in a hurry.

TORY
Help!

STALKER
God, you are so turning me on!

WOODS - GLEN AND PATRICIA

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 arrow, 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

I can't. 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. Not like it matters much anyway. Your fate was sealed once you stepped foot in that pond.

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. THE POND COAST - 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.

She quickly ducks behind the Jeep. Stalker wipes some blood from his brow.

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

When Stalker walks into view, Tory quickly ducks behind the girls' Mini Cooper.

INT. MINI COOPER (PARKED) - DAY

Tory lies in the front seat. She notices the girls' cellphones lying on the floor under the passenger seat.

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...

Nothing.

She looks at the bars, no cell service.

She tosses that one away and tries another. It's switched off, she turns it on, making a loud sound as it boots up.

TORY (CONT'D)
(whispers)
Fuck.

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 out of the car.

EXT. MINI COOPER (PARKED) - CONTINUOUS

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.

TORY
Let me go, you cocksucker!

STALKER
Such a nasty mouth for a self-
proclaimed virgin.

EXT. THE POND SHORE - SAME

Stalker hauls Tory down to the pond.

STALKER
Remember when I told you this
wasn't sexual?

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

STALKER (CONT'D)
I lied. I get off on just about
every torturous look you give me.

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 pleads 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.

Tory sluggishly swims off deeper into the pond.

STALKER (CONT'D)

What the fuck do you think you're doing?

He walks over to her.

TORY

No!

She swims over to the Redneck'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 swims to the center of the pond. Stalker stands there at the edge, smiling.

STALKER (CONT'D)

You're just back where you started!

WOODS - GLEN AND PATRICIA

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

Just 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 arrow 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, just 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
Just 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.
Spoilers, you all die horribly.

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 just
on one foot. 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 stick, 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 little rock and stick. Cute.

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, not everything has
gone exactly as planned. But things
seem to be working themselves out
now.

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 just gonna let your friend
die?! Are you really that cruel?!

GLEN

I hardly know her, asshole. We just
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
fuck! Run!

THE JACKAL

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 arrow, slowly pulls it out of her hand.

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

THE JACKAL

This has been exhilarating! But all good things must come to an end.

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

PATRICIA

You got that right, 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 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 that's just learned he's going
to Disney World.

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. 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?

The Jackal pulls out a few sticks of dynamite from the trunk.

STALKER

Too fuckin' long.

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 over the rippling water.

THE JACKAL
Fuckin' nailed her!

The two celebrate with a high-five.

INT. BUICK GS (DRIVING) - 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 just because I bagged me a buck.

THE JACKAL

I'm not jealous. Just worried about diseases.

TALKER

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. BUICK GS (DRIVING) - 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 my friends.

(stabs)

Knowing there was nothing I could do to stop it.

FLASHBACK TO:

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 is fired.

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

KAREN

Fuck.

INT. 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.

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.

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 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 is at long last dead. His tongue poking out of his gory throat 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 just 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 is stopped 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.