

Private Property

By

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A car winds down a dirt road, surrounded by trees. It pulls into a small, fenced off clearing off the side of the road, its OCCUPANTS pouring out.

The doors swing open and we slowly meet the THREE CAMPERS as they step out and move to the back of the car, pulling out all kinds of camping gear:

TREVOR: The big douche. He's an athletic guy, captain of the football team and all that, and he thinks that he's the greatest part of any room that he's in. He'll pull pranks that only he thinks are funny, says things that only he thinks are funny, thinks he's the biggest badass ever.

CHERYL: Bubbly, if a little brain dead from time to time. She's sweet and energetic, the most popular girl in school, but she never tries to exclude anyone. She tolerates a lot from Trevor, but she sees good things in him too. She'll never take his crap lying down, though, and can give as good as she gets.

HANNAH: She's a little more of an introvert, and a bit more cynical than Cheryl. She's Cheryl's unlikely best friend, a great counterpoint to Cheryl's persistent optimism. She's the kinda-nerdy girl next door, but can think aggressively when she needs too.

HANNAH

What, are we camping in a parking lot?

TREVOR

The main road washed out years ago. We have to hike a trail to the spot.

Trevor nods to a signboard by a trail entrance with a map on it. Hannah studies it and turns back, flabbergasted.

HANNAH

(sarcastic)

Hey, great! Except I don't know if I want to do just a mile hike with all this equipment. Is there a spot farther out? Five miles, maybe?

TREVOR

Fuck off, Hannah.

(CONTINUED)

HANNAH

Heeey, I know, let's camp out in the middle of the river, too! That ought to be fun!

TREVOR

Fuck. Off. Hannah. If you're just going to be a pain in the ass all night, then why don't you just stay here?

CHERYL

Guys, c'mon, knock it off.

He backs off a bit. Cheryl moves close to Hannah speaking low so Trevor can't hear.

CHERYL

(apologetically)

Look, I'm sorry that Russ flaked, and I'm sorry that Trev didn't say that we'd be hiking that long, but please cut him a little slack. He's trying.

HANNAH

If I knew he was the guy you were talking about when you mentioned camping, I would have never... He doesn't need to be such an asshole. The entire drive up--

CHERYL

I know, and I'm going to talk to him about that. But please--

HANNAH

Why do you even want to be with him, then? Why would you want to be with such a jackoff?

CHERYL

There's so much about him that no one knows, though. He can be so nice, and...

(distressed)

Look, I just see things in him that you don't, okay. I appreciate the concern, but I don't need to justify it to you.

(CONTINUED)

HANNAH

(beat)

Okay, fine, fine. I'll back off.

(beat)

A little.

Cheryl practically jumps on Hannah, hugging her.

CHERYL

Thankyouthankyouthankyouthankyou!

TREVOR

(background)

Someone gonna help me here?

POV: SOMEONE is in the trees, watching the girls as they wander back over and join Trevor, who shoves his keys into a removable pocket on his backpack.

TREVOR

You can feel free to do that without clothes all you want once we get there.

CHERYL

You ain't that lucky, kiddo.

CUT TO:

2

EXT. TRAIL

2

They walk down the trail, cutting through wooded areas and chatting along the way.

The spying shape passes just in front of us. We don't see this intruder fully, but we know that it's following the kids.

They reach a fork and stop, looking around at the options. Trevor pulls out a map and examines it for a moment, then points down one of the trails.

TREVOR

That one.

HANNAH

(whispers to Cheryl)

He can barely read his own name, I'm supposed to trust him with a map?

Cheryl shoots her a nasty look. Hannah backs off apologetically.

(CONTINUED)

HANNAH

Okay, okay, sorry.

They all trudge off down the trail. They make it farther and farther down the trail when the voyeur walks into the frame, stopping in the middle of the road, watching them walk away.

CUT TO:

3

EXT. CAMPFIRE - NIGHT

3

Two tents are set up side by side, off to the side of a raging campfire. Trevor and Cheryl are seated next to one another on one side of the fire, with Hannah taking up residence on the opposite side.

Cheryl slams a beer and jumps to her feet with a celebratory shout.

TREVOR

(stunned)

Jesus.

She starts dancing around the fire. She finally moves over to Trevor and straddles him, grinding and kissing him.

HANNAH

Whoa, okay! Tents for that! Tents!

She hops up and shields her eyes as she heads to the tents, or more specifically, the cases of beer between them.

She bends over and digs into the cardboard box, snapping her gaze upward and off into the distance toward the direction of a loud SNAP.

HANNAH

What was that?

Cheryl and Trevor stop their make-out session. Cheryl looks over to Hannah, looking slightly annoyed.

CHERYL

What was what?

HANNAH

There was a sound, like someone's out there.

TREVOR

Huh. Must be the old loggers.

(CONTINUED)

CHERYL

Oh Jesus, here he goes.

She dismounts Trevor and starts over to the beer stash next to Hannah.

HANNAH

Loggers?

TREVOR

You've never heard the story?

Hannah shakes her head "no."

CHERYL

(to Hannah)

That's because you have to be born here to be in on the bullshit.

TREVOR

It's totally true.

He settles himself in to tell the story like a little kid at summer camp. Cheryl rolls her eyes and walks back to her seat by the fire, fresh beer in hand.

TREVOR

Okay, so, back in the sixties, some logging company was running out here and they got cheap labor out of the homeless guys in town. They'd bring them out here and put them up in cabins and feed them and shit. So Peta, or fucking whatever, got all uppity about it and got them shut down, only, the bums didn't want to leave. The cops came out to get them, but they already booby trapped the woods. A shitload of cops were killed and no one ever tried kicking them out again. People don't come out here a lot, since no one really knows where their property ends.

CHERYL

(rolls eyes)

Fuck. Off.

Hannah relaxes and walks back over to her seat.

TREVOR

No, seriously. They think the road is the property line. You go over that hill on the other side and they'll nail your ass.

HANNAH

You're full of shit, dude.

CHERYL

And I agree.
(stands)
I need to pee.

She walks away from the camp. Hannah gets up and grabs a couple of beers, then heads into her tent.

Trevor checks to make sure Cheryl isn't in earshot, then he gets up and goes over to Hannah's tent, kneeling down by the door flap.

TREVOR

Hey, I need to talk to you.

Hannah pops her head out from the tent.

HANNAH

I don't need to talk to you. Cher likes you, despite how much I try to tell her what kind of a person you are. Fine. She'll have to figure it out herself. But do not confuse her with me. When she's around, I'll do whatever to make it easy on her, even if I have to be all smiles with you, but I will not have anything to do with you when she's not around.

She pops back into the tent. Trevor stays for a beat, as if he's trying to consider his next move. He changes his mind and goes back to his seat.

CUT TO:

4

EXT. CAMPFIRE - LATER

4

Trevor and Cheryl are flirting by the fire. Trevor starts trying to get Cheryl's top off, but she keeps brushing his hand away.

(CONTINUED)

CHERYL
You've still got to apologize.

TREVOR
I'm sorry. For...whatever.

CHERYL
Not to me.

She glances at Hannah's tent.

TREVOR
Oh, come on.

CHERYL
(stands up)
No. did something or said something
and now you have to apologize for
whatever you did or you get
nothing.

Trevor crosses his arms defiantly.

TREVOR
No.

CHERYL
I'm not wearing a bra.

Trevor wavers slightly.

CHERYL
Or panties--

TREVOR
--fine.

CUT TO:

5 INT. TENT

5

Hannah lays inside her tent, a small lantern glowing enough for her to read a book. Cheryl whispers from the outside.

CHERYL (O.S.)
Hey, Hannah? Can I come in?

HANNAH
(beat)
Yeah.

Cheryl unzips the tent door and pokes her head in.

(CONTINUED)

CHERYL

Hey.

HANNAH

Hey.

CHERYL

So, Trevor has something to say.

She pulls her head back out of the tent. Then, after a beat, Trevor pipes up:

TREVOR (O.S.)

(flat)

Sorry.

She pokes her head back in.

CHERYL

I think that's the best that he's, like, mentally able to do.

Hannah's cocks an eyebrow, almost accusingly.

CHERYL

(whispers)

I said I liked him. I never said it was for his brain.

Hannah smiles.

CHERYL

So, um... hey. We were looking at getting some alone time.

Hannah rolls her eyes and flops her arms.

HANNAH

(exasperated)

Oh come on, Cher.

CHERYL

What did you think was going to happen out here? Middle of nowhere, no parents or roommates or anyone else around...

HANNAH

So I'm just supposed to leave, and go where?

(CONTINUED)

CHERYL
Hannah, please--

HANNAH
(frustrated)
Rrrrah! Okay, whatever. But this is
it. This is your one pass for the
weekend.

Cheryl excitedly pushes through the door flap and hugs
Hannah so hard that they both topple over.

TREVOR (O.S.)
That's hot.

CHERYL
Shut up.

CUT TO:

6 EXT. CAMPFIRE

6

Hannah steps out of the tent and slides a sweatshirt over
her head as she heads off toward the road. The couple stands
by the fire, Trevor behind Cheryl, wrapped around her.

HANNAH
One hour. That's it.

CHERYL
One hour. Promise.

Hannah disappears down the trail they came in on. Satisfied
that Hannah's far enough out, Cheryl breaks the embrace and
starts walking toward their tent. She undoes her shorts and
pushes them down until she slides the rest of the way off
themselves. Trevor grins, playing it cool. She begins to
remove her shirt, pulling it up to her midriff.

TREVOR
Sweet...

CHERYL
You want it?

She turns to face him and the shirt comes off.

CHERYL
You have to come and get it.

She turns and slides into the tent.

(CONTINUED)

Trevor's suddenly turns into a stupid, hormonal teenager and he fumbles with his own shirt. He clumsily shakes his shoes off and practically falls into the tent.

CUT TO:

7 INT. TENT

7

Trevor steps into the tent and climbs on top of Cheryl. They start making out lightly, then they start really getting into it. The more they grind against one another, the more something starts digging into Cheryl's chest. She pushes him away.

CHERYL

Okay, okay, okay. What the hell is that?

She checks out his necklace.

CHERYL

(playfully grinning)

Ooooh, someone special?

He pulls it away, returning the grin, and starts kissing her neck. Cheryl's grin quickly disappears and she's obviously bothered, realizing the avoidance.

CHERYL

Okay, get off.

Trevor, oblivious as ever, is still kissing her neck.

TREVOR

But...we haven't even really started...

She rolls her eyes and pushes him off.

CHERYL

Dude, what the hell?

Trevor is clueless.

CHERYL

That was a serious question. Who gave you that?

TREVOR

No one. It's not important.

(CONTINUED)

CHERYL
Bullshit!

She storms out of the tent. He sighs and follows her.

CUT TO:

8 EXT. CAMPFIRE - CONTINUOUS

8

She rushes out and starts picking up her clothes.

CHERYL
(dressing)
You think I wouldn't notice? That
you could just hop on in after you
fucked some other chick? You
weren't wearing that last weekend!

He follows her, exasperated, chasing her as she hysterically circles the fire.

TREVOR
Because I bought it last night!

CHERYL
Bullshit! No guy is going to buy
something like that for himself!
Besides, it's only half! Who has
the other half? Tina? You fucking
that little slut on the side? We've
only been together for a week!

TREVOR
Okay, look, I got it from someone a
long time ago. She's been bugging
me ever since we broke up and I
thought I'd be running into her
today, so I put the necklace on to
remember it so I could give it
back.

CHERYL
(beat, then calm)
What's her name?

TREVOR
It's not important.

CHERYL
(another beat)
You're right, it's not.

(CONTINUED)

She storms off, heading toward the trail. Trevor just watches on for a moment, defiantly. He gives in and runs after her, grabbing her arm. She shakes him off and turns angrily.

CHERYL
Don't fucking touch me!

TREVOR
Look, let's just forget it--

POV - Someone watches from the wooded area beyond the tents.

CHERYL
No, you can just forget it. I've got to be crazy or stupid or something, thinking anyone was wrong about you. You're just like everyone says you are. I'm finding Hannah, and this weekend is over.

She resumes her walk to the road. Trevor just heads back to the camp with his tail between his legs.

CUT TO:

9 EXT. ROAD - LATER

9

Hannah is wandering down the road, hugging herself as protection from the cold.

HANNAH
(to herself)
It has to have been an hour by now.

She tries to check her watch, but it's not there.

HANNAH
Shit!

She debates silently with herself for a moment, then decides to turn back.

CUT TO:

10 EXT. CAMPSITE

10

Trevor sits at the fire, alone. He just stares into it, before he guzzles the rest of a can of beer.

He gets up angrily and paces by the fire for a minute.

(CONTINUED)

He stops dead and stares at the fire again, deciding on something.

He angrily stalks toward the direction that Cheryl went, but only gets a few steps before the KILLER steps out in his path. Trevor steps back a step.

TREVOR
--the fuck?!

The Killer, tall, bulky and dressed in rags, swipes a rusty old homemade knife at Trevor who jumps back, narrowly avoiding it.

Trevor turns around to grab a chair to swing in defense. The Killer moves in too fast for Trevor and wraps a large gloved left hand around Trevor's mouth. He wraps his right arm around Trevor's torso and begins dragging him off toward the trees beyond the tents.

Trevor struggles, and almost gets loose a couple of times, when the Killer grabs his knife out of its sheath with his right hand, bringing it toward Trevor's gut.

We see the knees down of the two, with Trevor struggling for a brief moment, then going still as his insides spill out all over the ground.

CUT TO:

11 EXT. CAMPSITE - LATER

11

Cheryl is trudging along the trail, the camp is just barely in sight. She calls out into the dark.

CHERYL
(to herself)
Trevor! Hannah's too far out. I'm
waiting for her here, then we're
leaving.

Cheryl gets back to the camp and looks around. The chair that Trevor grabbed before is overturned, but she doesn't see anything else askew.

She rolls her eyes, throws her hands up and shakes her head.

CHERYL
Yeah, throw shit around. Real
fucking mature.

(CONTINUED)

She turns the chair right side up again and walks over to the beer stash. Cheryl angrily tears a beer out of the box and walks back over to her chair, dropping down into it.

After a few sips, she curls up into an upright fetal position, resting her chin on her knees.

CHERYL

Shoulda listened to you, Hannah.

A rustling comes from behind the tents. Cheryl looks over toward it and stands, cautiously moving toward it.

CHERYL

Trevor, I said you can forget it.
Just forget the whole goddamn
thing.

(to herself)

Douchebag.

The sound comes again. She tries to peer deeper and still sees no one. She slowly, cautiously walks further toward the wooded area.

CHERYL

Trevor, Goddammit...

No one's there, still. She backs away, turning around just before smacking dead on into a tree. She stops, letting the shock of the startling wear off for a second. Taking a deep breath she turns to the side, where the side of her head is grabbed by the killer.

He throws her to another tree. She doesn't quite hit it, stumbling a bit before catching herself against it, trying to push herself up to her feet.

She cries and begs for a beat, but the Killer simply unsheathes a machete in response. She turns to run, but the Killer grabs her by her neck and slams her face first back into the tree. He rams the machete toward her back, then we see her feet lift off the ground.

CLOSE UP: At the moment of impact, we see her face, wide with shock, then slowly closing down as the life leaves her.

The Killer stands back, the scene silhouetted by the campfire in the background. After a beat, the Killer pulls the machete out of the tree, letting the body crumple down to the ground.

CUT TO:

12

EXT. CAMPSITE - NIGHT

12

Hannah sneaks back into the campsite. She moves toward her tent as quietly as she can, then hesitates, trying to see any kind of activity from the other one. She starts chanting to herself--

HANNAH

Please be finished, please be finished, please be finished, don't want to hear anything--

She throws the flap open and crawls on all fours into the tent. She grabs her backpack and begins rummaging through it. We see the Killer walk behind her, outside the tent door, but she's oblivious to it.

She moves out and half whispers into the dark--

HANNAH

Cheryl? Cheryl! I just forgot my watch. I'm leaving again.

She turns to go back out, watching her step carefully, then stops and turns.

HANNAH

The hour doesn't start over though.

She turns back and takes another step, realizing her shoe is in something sticky and wet. She looks down and sees that she's in a puddle of blood where Trevor's insides fell out.

Her breath becomes shallow and she tries to stave off panic. She begins to back away, toward the fire, her eyes darting from side to side, scanning the area.

HANNAH

Ohmygodohmygodohmygod...

She turns to the tents and goes to Cheryl's. She practically tears the flap open while watching behind her...

HANNAH

Cheryl--

Her head turns to meet the corpses of Cheryl and Trevor, unceremoniously piled on top of one another.

Hannah screams and backs away.

She notices a glint of something from the corner of her eye and she jumps out of the way just before the Killer snags

(CONTINUED)

her with the knife. He's thrown off balance stumbles, giving Hannah a chance to look for a weapon. She notices Trevor's backpack and snatches the removable pocket off of it, dodging another swipe. She picks up a chair and whacks the Killer hard enough with it to knock him over before running off into the woods.

CUT TO:

13

EXT. WOODS

13

Hannah runs as fast as she can through the woods, being whacked with tree branches and stumbling on rocks along the way. She's lightly sobbing and barely keeping it together, but the fear is taking over. She stops and collapses to her knees, letting the sobbing flow as she leans against a tree.

She hears a whoosh as the machete barely misses her face, burying itself into the tree instead of her. She looks back, seeing the Killer standing a slight distance behind her. She pulls herself up and forces herself to run again.

She gets farther and farther into the woods when she notices a clearing over a hill. She recognizes it. This is the trail they hiked in on. She runs toward it.

She looks behind her once she's on the trail and sees the Killer coming down after her. She turns away to run again, not noticing him go right past the trail.

She comes over a hill and sees the car, just a few hundred feet away. As she starts toward it, she opens the pocket. She pulls out a small pocket knife, but nothing else is in there. She begins to sob and hesitates just long enough. The Killer comes out of nowhere, grabbing her from behind. She tries to scream, but the large gloved hand over her mouth just muffles it. He brings the other arm around, opening his fist to let a set of keys dangle before her face.

Hannah sobs harder. She never had a chance.

The Killer swipes the hand covering her mouth to the side, and we hear a loud, sickening CRACK. Her body hits the ground, her eyes still wide with fear. Blood trickles from her mouth, pooling next to the pendant of her necklace, the other half of Trevor's. We pan away, looking over the edge of the hill to the car just a slight run below.

FADE TO:

14 EXT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

14

We're close on the side of the car, panning along the side and passed it until we come to rest on an old, weathered sign obscured by a group of thick trees and bushes:

PRIVATE PROPERTY

NO TRESSPASSING

VIOLATORS WILL BE PROCESCUATED!

FADE TO BLACK:

THE END.