

DOE

Written by

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OVER BLACK

THE RHYTHMIC SOUND OF HEAVY BREATHING.

EXT. WOODS - DAY

It's a crisp, chilly morning. Grey skies suffocate any sunlight.

DOE VENTURA

25, jogs through a labyrinth of trees, off the beaten path. Legs churning. Arms pumping. Sweat already starting to cling to her face. The steady beat of music spills from her earbuds. A hypnotic refuge.

A SUDDEN, HIGH-PITCHED SOUND slices through the stream of music, muffled... Doe slows, perturbed.

ANOTHER HIGH-PITCHED SOUND. Visceral, urgent -- A SCREAM?

Doe stops, yanks out an earbud, and looks back over her shoulder. Chest heaving. Heart still racing.

Her eyes flick back and forth between the trees as she listens for the sound. But it's vanished.

A sense of dread claws into the back of her throat. She swallows, uneasy.

BZZZ. Her cellphone vibrates in her pocket. Doe checks the display. It's TIFF. She catches her breath. Collecting herself before answering.

DOE
(on the phone)
Hey...

TIFF (V.O.)
You left.

DOE
Just to clear my head. I didn't
want to wake you after last night.

TIFF (V.O.)
Did you sleep at all?

DOE
Yeah, a little.

She's lying.

DOE (CONT'D)
I should go--

TIFF (V.O.)
Wait, can we talk?

DOE
What else is there to talk about?
You took a job across the country
without telling me.

TIFF (V.O.)
That doesn't mean this has to end.

DOE
I can't just pick up and leave.

TIFF (V.O.)
I'm not asking you too. I just want
to see if we could make this work.

DOE
Don't you have to get ready for
work?

TIFF (V.O.)
No, I called in so we could finish
talking.

DOE
Now, you put us before your job.

TIFF (V.O.)
Nat, please--

DOE
I have to go.

TIFF (V.O.)
Call me later. Please?

DOE
Bye.

Doe hangs up, her face simmering with emotion. A mix of frustration and sadness. Lost in thought.

A HOODED MAN dressed in a black hoodie and sweats sprints past. Doe flinches, startled.

The Hooded Man continues to run ahead, unbothered.

MOMENTS LATER

Doe chugs along through the woods, watching her feet with every step. She glances up ahead, and through the trees, she spots the Hooded Man facing away from her. Deathly still.

She turns off her music as she draws closer. She slows to a stop about 15 yards away, panting. Ear buds out. Bewildered.

DOE (CONT'D)
Hey?

She inches toward him.

DOE (CONT'D)
Everything okay?

The Hooded Man slowly turns to face her. His face partially hidden under his hoodie.

A BLOODY KNIFE clenched in his fist. Doe's eyes go wide as a sadistic grin curls his lips.

Doe takes a step back then takes off, screaming.

DOE (CONT'D)
Help! Help!

The Hooded Man bolts after her.

Doe sprints back in the direction she came. Her shoes kicking up dirt as she weaves through the trees. The Hooded Man catches up and grabs her from behind, lifting her off her feet.

Doe struggles against his grasp, throwing her head back, BAM. She headbutts him in the face.

The Hooded Man groans and flings her to the ground in a fit of rage.

Doe scrambles to her feet, pulling out her cellphone as she tries to run away.

The Hooded Man catches up to her, grabbing a fistful of her hair. Doe yelps and spins to elbow him, missing and --

CRACK! He slams her face first into a tree. Doe crumples to the ground, dropping her phone.

Dazed. Vision blurry. Blood leaks from the bridge of her nose. She tries to crawl away.

The Hooded Man sizes her up.

He grabs her by the leg and yanks her back. Her hands wracking across the ground. The Hooded Man flips her over, and she flings a handful of dirt into his face.

The Hooded Man stumbles back, whipping at his face.

Doe tries to scramble away, but he kicks her back to the ground. The Hooded Man proceeds to hit Doe with a flurry of kicks and stomps, enraged. Unhinged.

He stops. Sizes her up.

Doe moans in pain. She spots her phone in the dirt. The display calling Tiff.

Her face unravels with fear. She reaches for it.

The Hooded Man notices and plucks the phone from the ground then straddles Doe.

He dangles the phone in her face.

Tiff finally answers. Her voice filtering through the phone.

TIFF (V.O.)

I didn't think you were going to
call back. I'm glad you did, tho.

Doe whimpers.

TIFF (V.O.)

I love you so much. I-I know I
should have told you. I don't want
to lose you. Just please come home.

The Hooded Man flashes his knife across Doe's face.

DOE

Please...

TIFF

Doe, baby?

The blade raises in the air. Swings down for her face.

THWACK! And plants itself into the palm of her hand inches from her eye as she shields herself. She cries out.

TIFF (V.O.)

Oh, my god, Nat! What's going on?
You're scaring me! Please, say
something!

Doe grits her teeth and bares it.

The Hooded Man smiles at the sound of Tiff's voice pleading.

He leans into Doe's ear and whispers.

We can only see the expression on

DOE'S FACE

As it turns from pain and fear... to rage...

Her gaze locks in on his exposed neck.

As he continues to whisper, Doe strikes, sinking her teeth into his throat. The Hooded Man howls in pain. Ripping away from her. He grabs at the gushing wound.

Doe bucks him off and onto the ground. She sits up, spits his flesh from her mouth. Determination in her eyes.

Doe yanks the knife from her hand and plunges it into the Hooded Man's face.

THWACK! And again... THWACK! THWACK! Over and over again!

She grunts like a wild animal before stopping to unleash a primal scream at her assailant.

The knife sticks out from the Hooded Man's mutilated face.

Tiff's voice comes into focus. Doe snaps out of it. Reaches for her phone.

DOE

Tiff...

TIFF (V.O.)

Oh, my god. Are you okay?

DOE

I'm sorry.

TIFF (V.O.)

It's okay. I'm going to call the police. Don't hang up, okay.

Tiff switches over to call 9-1-1.

Doe rips her shirt and wraps it around her injured hand. She eyes the Hooded Man and spots a wired earbud dangling out of his collar. She takes a closer look, slipping it into her ear.

YOUNG MAN (V.O.)
David, what the hell, bro? We have
rules for a reason. One kill per
hunt.

YOUNG MAN #2 (V.O.)
Yeah, no double dipping.

She hears chuckling in the background.

YOUNG MAN (V.O.)
Hurry the fuck up so we can get
back to campus. We're at the van...
David...? You there...?

Doe shudders in disbelief. The color drains from her face.

CUT TO BLACK: