

Game Hunter

By

Kj Kaskaske

© Copyright 2017 by KJ
Kaskaske 01278 441367

All Rights Reserved.

Fade In:

EXT. FOREST - DAY

A majestic scenery brought to life by the sound of birds, wildlife and leaves rustling from a quiet breeze. Daylight rays down through the midst and overhead trees. Two birds spiraling up and down in duet.

Below a male deer eating grass. The hide shines gold by the touch of the sun. His eyes ecliptic black. Feasting on the robust grass.

HE STOPS

Then stands in attention.

A shallow sound crescendos.

Then a SMALL HOLE slaps the deer in the temple. Blood EXPLODES out the back of its head. The deer drops.

EXT. A HUNDRED YARDS AWAY - CONT'D

Hidden within the crevice of a tree branch stands a bushy figure...

Camera moves around the bush to notice at a different angle: A sniper rifle(camouflaged) wielded by a Hunter in a ghillie suit.

HUNTER

Gotcha.

SECONDS LATER

The Hunter moves in on his kill. He keeps a discrete poise as he reaches the dead deer and absorbs the moment in silence.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

A perimeter scanning device(RB), that looks like a sticky grenade, is PLANTED into the ground.

ELSEWHERE

Another one is placed a few hundred yards away. The Hunter starts up a watch-like wrist gadget(BiTurr).

ONSCREEN BiTurr HUD:

A basic display of the Hunter's sleeping grounds. The 'RB's

(CONTINUED)

themselves show up as dots -- A way of detecting any type of intrusion.

NIGHT-FALL

The Hunter roasts a deer over the campfire. A simple tent has been fixed up. He is seated on the dirt, awaiting a tasty dinner. Dim light glows from his BiTurr device onto his face.

CU ON BiTurr: He clicks an app called "Game Hunting".

GAME HUNTING(C) 2027 all rights reserved.

The Game Hunting app shows a list of selections -- "LEADERBOARDS", "PUBLIC EVENTS", "BOUNTIES", "CLAIM PRIZES", etc...

His fingers click "BOUNTIES" -- A list of faces and their *hunting* details turn up...

...An Alias...Marital Status...Annual Salary...etc...

***This forest is a unique hunting grounds specifically for**

Human v Human

According to what is seen on the Hunter's wrist, the more Bounties one has, the more valuable in pay they're worth to be HUNTED.

The Hunter exits the app and puts his BiTurr on standby.

EXIT HUD CU AND REVERT BACK TO

EXT. FOREST - CONT'D

The Hunter stuffs his fingers into his jacket for warmth. He continues waiting for the deer to cook. The deer has been skinned with its limbs and head chopped off; roasting pretty good.

beep. .beep. .

The RB's are sounding off an incoming object(s). The Hunter checks the motion-tracker on his BiTurr.

beep. .beep. .

BiTurr Motion Tracker: something has entered the perimeter downhill.

EXT. DOWNHILL - NIGHT

The Hunter slowly navigates through shrubs. Each step is discrete.

He HALTS. Goes prone. Crawling towards the rock directly in front of him.

SNIPER IN HAND. MAGAZINE LOADED. THE HAMMER IS PULLED BACK. THE SNIPER IS POINTED OVER THE ROCK.

SCOPE POV: A predator lurking behind bushes. *The scope is optimized in night-vision. A clear look reveals the animal to be a mountain lion. Probably attracted by the deer's scent. It draws closer to the campsite.

The Hunter pulls a flashbang out've his satchel. ARCS it over the rock.

BANG!

A loud blinding light scares off the mountain lion.

SCREEN BLACK

EXT. FOREST - MORNING

A field of long grass with a landscape of trees in the distance. It's a bright sunny day.

The Hunter is holding up in a tree. Surveying then field with his binoculars, then climbs down.

LATER

The Hunter on the move again. Drinking from a water canteen. Shuffling through a maze of fallen trees, weeds, and twigs that scratch and slap him along the way. The Sun is obscured by the wilderness.

He enters into a small opening in the dense forest. Tons of flies are here.

The Hunter hops over a log into a puddle and takes a few steps forward at pace. His face turns disgusted. He sniffs, then coughs at a foul odor. He looks down and sees the puddle he's been stepping in -- BLOOD.

His eyes follow a stream of blood coming from some bushes.

The Hunter pulls out a handgun and follows the blood to its origin -- the bushes...

(CONTINUED)

He stops and pulls out a metallic baseball-sized object from his satchel. A motion-scanning item.

He THROWS the motion scanner over the bushes. We hear it hit the ground.

BiTURR ONSCREEN: Nothing. Not a single blip. The Hunter is curious what's on

THE OTHER SIDE

He spreads the weeds open. Peeking in, he sees

BODIES - LOTS OF EM

Rotting. Flies swarm them. Their bodies desaturated of color. Lifeless remnants of their own existence. Maggots diggin' in. All face down in a row with bulletholes in their skulls. THEY WERE ASSASSINATED.

*Poor bastards. The Hunter coughs. Covers his nose with a dirty rag. The stench is insufferable. He steps back.

EXT. ROCKY TERRAIN - DAY

CU: The Hunter checks his ammo. Removes the scope from his rifle. Then caresses it with love.

EXT. DESERTED CAMPSITE - DAY

Tents riddled with holes. The campfire is out. Tattered clothes and blankets all over, torn. Nearby tree trunks laced with blood.

Bullet shells scattered on the ground. A battle happened -- or maybe an ambush.

The Hunter skrimmages the area. He looks in the tent. Nothing. Looks through belongings -- backpacks, notebooks, luggage bags, ammo boxes -- zip. Everything's been looted.

He takes a swig out've his canteen. Points the handgun to the sky and pulls the trigger...

LATER - NIGHT

...POW!

Lightning. A storm

The Hunter waiting up in a tree, overseeing the deserted campsite. His eyes in full starving eagle mode: utilizing nightvision to scan over the area for stragglers.

(CONTINUED)

Notta' thing but a sense of eerie.

THE HUNTER
(lowers scope)
Dammit.

CUT TO:

CU: His boots land in the mud.

MONTAGE

--The Hunter moving through the forest. Bushes, logs, and tree trunks obscure his path.

--A SHOT of fishes underwater in a river. PULL UP to show The Hunter climbing a cliff of rocks that are beside a waterfall. UPCLOSE, mud drops from his boots onto the CAMERA.

--NIGHT. Rain pours down on the Hunter. He sits against a tree overseeing the valley below. Dressed in camouflage, he's all but invisible.

END MONTAGE

EXT. CREEK - DAWN

NIGHT-VISION POV: We're zooming in on something of particular notice...

A MAN

sitting on a rock casually watching the creek.

The Hunter lowers his scope. Eyes beaming.

CONT'D...

The Hunter is crouching. Moving in on the Man.

He stops within clean distance of his prey. This is it. His first Bounty Kill.

His eyes wide open like a cheetah stalking its prey. The Hunter readies his rifle -- gives it single stroke of love. His aim is directly on the head.

HE PULLS THE HAMMER BACK AND SQUEEZES THE TRIGGER.

Beat.

POW!

(CONTINUED)

The Hunter blinks in confusion; stumped.

The Man at the creek hasn't budged, not even an inch.

The Hunter lowers his sniper. He reaches to the center of his back and feels around. Then he pulls his hand back around to his face.

BLOOD

The Hunter, woozily, looks over-his-shoulder and down. A bullet-hole erupting with maroon. "Shit". The Hunter has become the hunted. He looks at...

*HOLD THIS SHOT: We're looking at the treeline. The bushes. The long grass. A Foe is hiding here.

Beat.

A GUN FLASH accompanied by a POW from the LONG GRASS.

The Hunter is hit in the chest. He falls back.

CUT TO:

The NOZZLE OF A SMOKING RIFLE. The wielder of the rifle, a Foe, lowers her rifle. The Foe is dressed in full camo.

She is proceeding towards the incapacitated Hunter with great caution. Now upclose, she kneels down to him and examines his eyes. He's dead -- her kill.

The Foe grabs the Hunter's arm to SCAN his BiTurr with her's. The Hunter's information comes up on her BiTurr:

His real name is: Daughtry Collins

Marital Status: Single

Number of Children: 3

Number of Bounties Claimed[kills]: 4

Bounty Value: \$14,023

\$14,023 has been added to the Foe's bank.

She drops his arm and puts her BiTurr on standby.

CAMERA MOVES around the back of the Man at the creek to reveal he is just a dummy decoy made from weeds and twigs, dressed in a hunter's jacket. The Foe takes the decoy apart. She's finished with it.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

CLOSEUP on an RB plugged in the ground. Probably how the Foe was alerted to the presence of the Hunter. It is pulled from the earth and placed into the Foe's satchel.

LATER - DEEPER IN THE WILDERNESS

The Foe walks casually; aimlessly; anywhere; anywhere that might appear to be a good hideout spot.

Snap!

A stick somewhere just snapped -- the Foe instinctively crouches; alerted to someone or thing nearby.

CUT TO:

The Foe crawling silently on the ground in the direction of the sound.

She halts and throws a motion-scanner over some bushes. Then she checks her BiTurr: There is something on the other side of the bushes about 70 yards away -- and its moving.

The Foe gently repostures herself from prone-to-crouching position. She readies her rifle. She now has view over the bushes, and sees...

A deer with its cub eating grass.

She lowers her rifle in disappointment. Then gives it a second thought.

FOE

Whatever...dinner time.

She once again readies her rifle. Aiming sharply on the mother deer. She pulls back the hammer. Slowly begins to tighten her grip on the trigger. Eyes focused like a hawk when all of a sudden,

THE MOUNTAIN LION POPS OUT'VE SOME BUSHES

and chases the deer and its cub out into the wilderness.

The Foe is now without food. No kill here. She stands up, just in time to--

BANG!

--miss the shot of a sniper.

(CONTINUED)

Instantly, she 180's as she hits the dirt, FIRING OFF her sniper in the direction the shot came from. She draws her pistol and sends off more bullets as she crawls behind a tree for cover!

POW! BANG!

We have ourselves a SHOOTOUT. Her chances aren't good -- by the sound of it: she's outnumbered by a group that has machine guns.

Bullets zip by all over the place. The Foe's tree cover is getting shredded by the onslaught of fire.

SHE MAKES A BREAK FOR IT

through all the weeds and shrubs.

CUT TO:

A SQUAD OF HUNTERS chasing her down through the forest, screaming, howling, and yelling.

THE SQUAD

Woohoo!...Yeehaah!...etc.

Bang! Bang!

THE FOE - RUNNING FOR HER LIFE

She runs. Weeds and branches whipping her face...

POW! followed by MACHINE GUN FIRE!

Bullets zipping by all around her...

She GLANCES over her shoulder at her pursuers,

and SLIPS forward down a steep hill;

ROLLING and TUMBLING.

Until she hits the bottom right into a mess of fallen leaves and dirt -- THUMP!

CUT TO:

The Squad still chasing her...

THE FOE

recollecting herself from the dirt. She continues running. The enemy is closing in on her fast. She has little hope of escaping them.

(CONTINUED)

THE SQUAD

skidding down the steep hill with pace. Firearms in hand.

THE FOE

almost out've breath. She has to stop. She props up against a tree. Just about given up.

A noise captures her attention.

***Calm footsteps. Coming from some shrubs nearby.**

Out've the shrubs, wonders a third party -- another Hunter. Rifle in hand. A hunted boar over his shoulder.

The two make immediate notice of the other and

DRAW THEIR WEAPONS AT EACH OTHER

The Foe with her handgun. He with his rifle. They stand.

CUT TO:

The Squad moving like an unstoppable train.

THE FOE AND THE HUNTER

and the oncoming rush of sound that is closing in on them. They're deterred from their rivalry. And instead curved into a mutual sense of forced camaraderie. *"This is not the time for a standoff"*.

It is agreed...

THEY TAKE AIM -- The Squad now comes in view -- AND FIRE OFF THEIR WEAPONS

POW! POW! BANG! BANG!

The Squad with automatics still running wildly-oblivious into the fire. Gunshots exchanged.

POW!

The Hunter is CLIPPED IN THE LEG.

He drops down against the tree,

accidentally losing his pistol out into *no man's land*.

Grasping his wounded leg, the tough Hunter perseveres through the pain. He reloads his rifle; continues shooting back.

(CONTINUED)

It's mostly up to the Foe now. She alternates between her handgun and sniper.

The Hunter pulls out've his pocket: a FLASH-BANG.

He pops it then THROWS it at the Squad.

Bang!

Leaves are launched in the air via the blast. The Squad stumbles; eyes fried, deaf and disoriented.

The Foe and Hunter are packed with heat. They point it at the dazed Squad...and OPEN UP ON THEM.

POW-BANG-BLAST--

One by one, the Squad is put down; laid out. Bullets through the head. through the chest. bullets everywhere.

Beat.

The sound of the final shot echoes throughout the forest as white smoke billows over all.

Drop-dead silence.

The smoke begins to clear up...

*The Foe loads a single bullet into her sniper.

...the smoke has cleared up.

All that stands in the middle of the carnage is a lone man.

The Last Squad Member

He's shivering,

exhausted,

scared,

without a gun, *(pun intended)*

The Last One looks around. Sees the carnage that was his lads. Then he looks at the duo before him:

LAST ONE
Hey guys, I'm sorr-

BAM! The Foe BLASTS him.

The Last one falls back against a log. Blood leaking out've a small hole in his head.

It's over.

The Foe and Hunter have won the battle. The moment is stunning to them; shocking; rewarding, but is quickly processed then let go...

Now its just them two

Their eyes slowly find the other's. Its the kind'ov eye-contact that doesn't deserve any rejoicing. The Hunter is unarmed. The Foe still has her rifle in hand.

She points her rifle at him. *"This is nothing personal, its just business"*.

The trigger is pulled.

--CLICK--

It's empty.

Beat.

The Foe's eyes look ahead. The Hunter's eyes follow her's...

IT'S RIGHT THERE...

the pistol.

Their eyes divert back to each other. Then the pistol. Then each other. And then...

The Pistol...

Beat.

THEY BOLT FOR IT!

The Hunter grasping his leg. *"No way I'm going to die by my own gun"*.

They divulge on the pistol and COLLIDE into a hand-to-hand fight...

The Foe manages to grip the pistol. The Hunter grasps her by the wrist.

They tumble to the ground in a brutal fight to the death.

BITING...

(CONTINUED)

SCRATCHING...

CHOKING...

SMOTHERING...

Its ugly.

The Hunter gains the physical advantage over the Foe. Desperate, she sticks her finger into his open wound.

The Hunter SCREAMS,

and is YANKED onto his back with the Foe now on top -- inching the pistol closer and closer to his face.

The Hunter has slowed down. He's too weary to continue on. But he must. The barrel of the pistol is just a couple seconds away from blowing his head off when all of a sudden...

*A sound coming down from the valley. It's roaring louder and louder.

The two of them stop what they're doing and look up to the skies. There is nothing but a light breeze.

The sound grows louder...

The breeze is ramping up. Trees are beginning to rustle.

The sound crescendos until it becomes recognizable...

A helicopter.

The Foe steps off of the Hunter and walks forward into a clearing in the skyline. She's haunted by its arrival.

AN EXCRUCIATING ELECTRIC-CURRENT SHOCKS them both from their BiTurr's.

They fall squirming on the ground for a few seconds.

FROM ABOVE

A military style helicopter with the letters 'BMH TECH' flies in and hovers over them.

Their BiTurrs ceases the electrical shock. The Foe and Hunter lie, exasperated, panting; catching their breaths. Both in awe as a beam of light shines down on them like the heavens.

INT. HELICOPTER - NIGHT

We only see the pilot's arms piloting the chopper. On a monitor screen of the technologically advanced dashboard we see the Chopper's camera zooming in on the Foe and Hunter.

The monitor displays both of the adversaries' personal details:

The Foe's name is: Alicia Wilde

Age: 33

Marital Status: Single

Children: none

Bounty claims: 288 [?]

-- --

The Hunter's name is: Timothy Ratther

Age: 45

Marital Status: Married

Children: four

Bounty claims: 2

CO-PILOT

(over static)

Zord Base Commander to Bravo 3, we have identities on two subjects.

(over intercom)

Hunters. Seize your firearms or you will be charged and convicted. The timer has gone off! Killing is now illegal.

The Chopper begins to fly away.

CO-PILOT

(contd, fading away)

Killing is now illegal...killing is now illegal...

The Helicopter fades...

The Foe stands, eyes still up on the helicopter as it leaves. The Hunter is slow to get up. He brushes himself off. They're both de-escalated.

(CONTINUED)

They look at each other -- bloodied and bruised. The Hunter has no idea what to do now.

But she gives him something to think about for the rest of his life...

A stern look.

Beat.

She turns around. Grabs her things. And paces off alone.

The Hunter keeps his eye on her until she's completely gone.

He limps to the bodies of the dead Squad. UPCLOSE, one-by-one, he scans each of their BiTurrs with his.

CLOSEUP on his BiTurr touchscreen: He's accumulated a total Bounty wealth of

\$250,501.

***Most of it is likely to go to fixing up his leg.**

The Hunter picks up his pistol. His rifle. His hiker's bag. His dignity.

And then limps away.

END