

HUNTERS

Written by

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**EXT. FOREST - SUNRISE**

THE FAINT SOUND OF A HEART BEAT...

A finger with pink nail polish finds it's way to the trigger.

HILARY (O.S.)  
(calmly)  
Take a deep breathe, hold it...

REBECCA holds her breath.

She's a beauty queen in her 30's, her hair and makeup done-up a bit too much. She's out of place in her *oversized college sweater*.

WE hear and irritating bird CHIRPING.

She looks up towards the bird, momentarily distracted.

She pulls the trigger, BANG.

Her target, a Budweizer box thirty yards away is unharmed. It sits on a stump in front of a tree with red tape wrapped around the trunk.

REBECCA  
Shit.

HILARY (30's), sits on a log next to her taking a picture of her with her camera phone.

She has short hair, military tomboy type, well equipped, wears a camo vest and a green football hat, a necklace with a cross around her neck. Sitting patiently next to her is BUCK, a black deerhound.

She reviews the photo on a smart phone.

REBECCA (CONT'D)  
Let me see.

She hands Rebecca the phone.

REBECCA (CONT'D)  
I look fat. Don't post that.

She hands the phone back to Hilary, she reviews the photos on her camera phone.

HILARY  
If you're fat, what does that make me?

CHIRPING continues.

Buck looks up the tree WINNING anxiously.

HILARY (CONT'D)  
Shh Buck, quiet.

A bird perched in a tree CHIRPS at her as if protecting its nest.

Rebecca selfconsciously glances at her waistline.

Hilary looks at her with a seriousness in her face.

HILARY (CONT'D)  
Rebecca, you're not fat.

Hilary is looking at photos on the phone.

HILARY (CONT'D)  
What's this?

She holds out the picture on the camera phone to Rebecca: an ultra sound of a baby in the womb.

Rebecca looks at the photo, she places the phone in her pocket.

REBECCA  
If I tell you something, you  
promise not to tell Mom?

She has Hilary's attention.

REBECCA (CONT'D)  
It's mine.

Hilary is shocked.

HILARY  
... How many weeks?

REBECCA  
You promised you wouldn't tell mom.

HILARY  
When are you going to tell her?

Rebecca looks away...

HILARY (CONT'D)  
Is it Adam's?

REBECCA

Of course.

HILARY

Were you trying to get pregnant?

REBECCA

(ashamed)

I missed a couple days taking my birth control.

HILARY

Have you told him yet?

REBECCA

I decided not to keep it.

Alarmed, Hilary looks up at her.

HILARY

It has a heart beat Rebecca.

REBECCA

I'm not going to get into a religious debate with you.

HILARY

What about what he wants?

REBECCA

It wasn't his decision. I'm too young... I already dit it... It's done.

Ashamed, Hilary stares at her.

Rebecca looks at her as if asking for approval.

It's obvious Hilary doesn't support her decision, she looks away.

CHIRPING

Rebecca forcefully loads the shotgun, takes a deep breathe, she aims.

SILENCE --

She peacefully closes her eyes, takes a deep calming breath...

LOUD CHIRPING -- She opens her eyes distracted.

Buck stands BARKING at the bird.

HILARY  
Buck, stop it.

REBECCA  
(at the bird)  
Shut up.

CHIRPING CONTINUES

Rebecca changes her focus, she swings the shotgun STRAIT UP, Hilary ducks, BANG --

CHIRPING STOPS -- A few small branches fall to the ground.

Leaves fall from the tree over their heads.

**EXT. CAMPSITE - SUNRISE**

Two tents positioned across from each other facing a campfire smoking from the night before.

Adam (30's), athletic, pretty boy type, wears a camo jacket. He stands over a propane camping grill toasting sandwich buns. He prepares a sandwich tray.

He takes a bun off the grill --

ADAM  
(quietly)  
Owe fuck.

He suddenly whips his hand away, shaking it in the air in pain from being burnt.

RON (30's), sits backwards on a picnic table bench, behind him, the table with a stack of bear traps and an open laptop with a screen saver: A woman in a bikini.

Ron holds a stick in his hand twirling a roll of bright red duct tape around it like a hoola-hoop.

He's a tough looking guy, chewing tobacco, wearing a camo vest and a football hat.

RON  
We could go ahead without them.  
They can meet us up at the fort.

ADAM  
I don't think Rebecca's gonna be up  
for the eight miles.

RON  
Why not?

ADAM  
I don't know, she's been in a pissy mood.

RON  
She on the rag?

Adam looks back at him nodding YES.

RON (CONT'D)  
I have Hilary's cycles on my work calendar. That's how I plan my travel... Hilary knows how to get there. Let's head out... They can meet us there.

ADAM  
She'll be pissed if I leave her.

RON  
(sarcastically)  
It's not like she's going to be putting out anyway... Just pick her some flowers, woman love that shit.

Adam shakes his head, *"Not a good idea."*

RON (CONT'D)  
They said they would be back an hour ago.

ADAM  
How would you like it if they left without us?

RON  
Don't tell me she's got you whipped already.

**EXT. CAMPSITE - DAY**

The picnic table has only a note on it. A scratch piece of paper with scribbled words on it. Hilary picks up the note, she's holding the shotgun.

Rebecca looks over her shoulder.

HILARY  
 They left without us.  
 (reading the note)  
 "Sandwiches are in the cooler. Meet  
 you at the lake at four."

Hilary looks at her watch.

REBECCA  
 Asshole.

**EXT. FOREST - MORNING**

LONG SHOT: The sun overlooks the beautiful vast forest horizon. Three figures walk across the landscape: Rebecca, Hilary and Buck. Hilary carries a shotgun wearing a backpack.

MEDIUM SHOT: Hilary leads as they walk past a tree with red duct tape around the trunk.

Hilary avoids eye contact all together. She seems as though she has no respect for Rebecca.

**EXT. SMALL STREAM - DAY**

The woman's feet stand at the edge of the five foot wide stream. Hilary is now wearing a t-shirt.

Sweat runs down Rebecca's forehead as she pours water from her canteen over Buck's lapping tongue. She snaps a few pictures of him with her camera phone.

HILARY  
 Give me your sweater, I'll put it  
 in the backpack.

REBECCA  
 I'm fine.

Rebecca takes out a plastic bag filled with beef jerky, holds out a piece to Buck.

HILARY  
 Don't give him that, he's in  
 training. I only give him treats  
 when he earns them.

Rebecca takes a bite of the jerky -- Reviewing the pictures she just took.

INSERT PHOTOS:

A series of photos of Buck drinking the water.

Rebecca smiles as she scrolls through the pictures on her phone, coming across --

INSERT PHOTO:

An ultrasound photo of a baby, 3 months old in the fetal position.

Hilary sizes up the stream -- Rebecca bites off half of the jerky stick, tosses the rest of it to Buck.

-- Hilary takes a few steps backwards -- She runs towards the stream jumping across without getting wet.

HILARY (CONT'D)

Come on Buck!

Rebecca DELETES the ultra sound photo on the phone.

Rebecca sizes up the other edge of the stream. Hilary stands on the other side as if assisting her. Rebecca waves her off.

She runs jumping across the stream barely clearing the edge.

**EXT. FOREST - DAY**

Hilary and Rebecca walk side-by-side through the forest. Hilary avoids eye contact.

She notices Rebecca STOP suddenly in her tracks.

Rebecca sees through the trees off in the distance: A figure wrapped in a black tarp on the ground.

REBECCA

What is that?

She walks closer...

It's the shape of a human body wrapped up in a tarp.

The women look at the tarp curiously.

Rebecca pulls open the tarp revealing a DEAD LITTLE GIRL (10) in the fetal position, her long hair covers her face.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

(panicking)

Holy shit.

THE FAINT SOUND OF A HEART BEAT...

Rebecca looks back at Hilary, not believing what she has found. She looks to Hilary for guidance like a child, she returns the same look.

The situation has become real to Rebecca, a look of panic is drawn across her face.

She crouches down trying to get a better look at the Dead Little Girl's face, her hair blocks the view.

Rebecca lifts her hair up.

HILARY  
Don't touch her.

Rebecca disobeys, pulls her hair back revealing the Dead Little Girl's face, Rebecca lets go, *shocked. She doesn't believe this is happening.*

She looks down at her hand covered in blood.

HILARY (CONT'D)  
I told you not to touch her.

Reality sinks in with both of them. They share a deep sadness staring at the body. A purple tear runs down Rebecca's cheek.

Hilary looks around, grasping for air, as if to find help.

She sets her shotgun down in the weeds, pulls out her cell phone, it reads: SERVICE UNAVAILABLE.

HILARY (CONT'D)  
Let's go get help.

Buck SNIFFS around the body.

HILARY (CONT'D)  
(shouting)  
Buck stop, get back!

She pulls on Buck's collar.

They hear a WALKIE TALKIE coming from the distance, moving in their direction.

Rebecca sees bushes shaking, something big is moving towards them. She motions to Hilary --

A tall, FOREST RANGER (30'S), walks out from the bushes. He's wearing a ranger coat with a badge. We hear his walkie talkie, someone speaking over the channel. Surprised, he sees the two woman.

FOREST RANGER

Who are you?

Hilary and Rebecca freeze.

He sees blood on Rebecca's hand.

FOREST RANGER (CONT'D)

How did you get blood on your hand?

REBECCA

I pulled her hair back to see her face.

He stares at her as if to detect if she is lying.

FOREST RANGER

What are your names?

HILARY

I'm Hilary Shogun and she's Rebecca Avery.

FOREST RANGER

Do you have I.D.'s.

Hilary quickly hands him her I.D.

FOREST RANGER (CONT'D)

(to Rebecca)

Where's yours?

REBECCA

It's back at the campsite.

FOREST RANGER

(motions to the dead girl)

Do you know her?

HILARY

No, we just found her.

FOREST RANGER

What are you doing up here?

HILARY

We're hunting with our boyfriends.

FOREST RANGER

Where are they?

HILARY

A few miles away, down by the lake.

Rebecca notices the Dead Girl lying on her stomach, her hands hang out of the tarp, *her wrists are handcuffed behind her.*

FOREST RANGER  
Turn around please.

Hilary turns around.

FOREST RANGER (CONT'D)  
(to Hilary)  
Is there anything sharp in your pockets that could poke me? A needle a knife or anything like that?

HILARY  
No.

He frisks Hilary.

REBECCA  
What are you doing?

FOREST RANGER  
This is just for my protection.

He pulls out handcuff's from his belt.

REBECCA  
You're arresting us?

FOREST RANGER  
No, you're not under arrest. If you cooperate the handcuffs come off.

He places handcuffs over Hilary's wrists behind her back.

REBECCA  
We said we've never seen her before.

FOREST RANGER  
Turn around.

Rebecca stares at him, puzzled.

HILARY  
Rebecca, just do what he says.

REBECCA  
Why do we need to be handcuffed?

He takes another pair of handcuffs from his belt.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

This isn't necessary.

He grabs a hold of her wrist, she pulls away with all her might. His strong grip doesn't budge. He takes hold of her other wrist, she struggles. He stares at her as she attempts to pull away showing her how much stronger he is than her.

FOREST RANGER

If you're not going to cooperate,  
you're coming with me.

He slings the handcuff over her wrist, whips her around with no effort and handcuffs her wrists behind her.

She struggles.

REBECCA

I'm pregnant, you asshole.

FOREST RANGER

Relax.

Rebecca takes a step backward.

FOREST RANGER (CONT'D)

I'm not going to ask you again.

She takes another step backward, falls down. She rolls over and stands up.

He pulls a tazer from his belt and ZAPS her -- She drops on the ground like a dead fish.

HILARY

What the fuck, you can't do that!

Buck jumps at him BARKING to protect her. Forest Ranger points the tazer at him, ZAP, it doesn't scare Buck.

Forest Ranger picks up a shovel from the ground, SMACK, he brutally beats the dog to a pulp.

Rebecca stands, dazed, she takes off sprinting through the forest, stumbles to the ground, back on her feet, running with her hands cuffed behind her back.

Hilary stands frozen in place. He points at her--

FOREST RANGER

Sit down!

She sits on the floor uncomfortably in tears.

FOREST RANGER (CONT'D)  
You move and we're gonna have  
problem...

Hilary nods her head: Yes, agreeing to obey.

He picks up the shotgun on the ground, walks off in Rebecca's direction...

**EXT. FOREST - DAY**

Rebecca sprints through the forest handcuffed falling on her stomach. Her hands fail at catch her fall, THUMP.

Out of breath, she looks behind her: seeing no one following.

She drops against the nearest tree for refuge.

She looks around as if trying to find a better place to hide, nothing.

REBECCA  
Fuck.

She lowers her arms below her butt pulling her cuffed hands underneath her to her front side.

SNAP, she hears a stick break in the distance behind her.

She focuses, calming her BREATHING.

SILENCE

The Forest Ranger searches the surrounding forest, no movement.

Rebecca is scared to death, sweat runs down her dirty face.

Forest Ranger stands in the middle of the forest, behind her, unaware -- watching for movement...

A single SHOTGUN FIRE is heard miles away ECHOING...

She hops up sprinting through the brush, *presumably towards the gunfire.*

He sees her running -- He sprints after her.

**EXT. FOREST - DAY**

Rebecca runs through the woods with her hands cuffed in front of her.

Forest Ranger breaks through the bushes full sprint gaining on her (fifty yards away).

She sees red tape wrapped around the trunk of a tree ahead of her. She runs past the tree.

She looks behind her, Forest Ranger is sprinting straight at her.

She drops down on her knees in the middle of the forest, defeated.

He stands in front of her, he takes a moment to catch his breathe.

She looks up at him, a dried purple line of mascara runs down her cheek.

FOREST RANGER  
You shouldn't of ran...

We see a bear trap on the ground right in front of her covered in leaves. He walks past the bear trap, unaware.

He points the shotgun at her face.

FOREST RANGER (CONT'D)  
Stand up.

She stands.

He turns around seeing Hilary approaching twenty feet away. Her hands are cuffed in front of her.

FOREST RANGER (CONT'D)  
I told you to stay put.

He points the shotgun at Hilary. She stares at him with no fear. She walks towards him slowly in defiance.

FOREST RANGER (CONT'D)  
Sit down.

She continues walking toward him.

Rebecca pushes Forest Ranger from behind, SNAP, he falls to the ground, caught in the bear trap.

He SCREAMS in pain.

FOREST RANGER (CONT'D)  
You fucking bitch!

Catching her breathe, Rebecca stands over him looking down.

Forest Ranger lies on his side paralyzed in pain. He holds his knee cap, unable to reach his ankle.

Hilary places her foot ON the bear trap -- The teeth cut deeper into his leg -- He grits his teeth.

FOREST RANGER (CONT'D)  
(trembling)  
I can't feel my leg.

REBECCA  
No, stop, stop! He'll bleed to death.

HILARY  
You saw what he did to that little girl.

REBECCA  
Let's go.

HILARY  
He deserves it.

REBECCA  
Hilary! Listen to me please!

HILARY  
--And let him live! He doesn't deserve to live.

FOREST RANGER  
Help me.

HILARY  
Shut up!

Furious, Hilary raises her foot up over the trap preparing to stomp.

HILARY (CONT'D)  
Look away Rebecca.

Hilary looks at him, they see eye-to-eye.

REBECCA  
Stop and think... You're gonna regret this...

FOREST RANGER  
Please, no.

HILARY  
(to Rebecca)

Go!

Hilary motions for her to walk away.

HILARY (CONT'D)

Go!

REBECCA

No.

Hilary marches up to Rebecca. She takes her by the arm, trying to drag her away. Rebecca resists, pulling away.

HILARY  
Go get the guys!

REBECCA  
No, I'm not leaving.

Rebecca picks up the shotgun.

REBECCA (CONT'D)  
Is this what you want?

Rebecca stands over him aiming the gun at his face.

REBECCA (CONT'D)  
You wanna watch me kill him? Is  
that what you want?

Rebecca looks down the barrel of the gun into his eyes.

He's in shock, shaking, scared. Sweat runs down his face.

She sees the defeated look on Hilary's face.

Rebecca lowers the weapon.

Hilary retrieves a set of keys from his pocket. She unlocks Rebecca's handcuffs.

Hilary has a look of remorse on her face, (as if it were the first time she had ever admitted that she was wrong to her little sister).

**EXT. FOREST - DAY**

The woman walk towards us through the forest side-by-side down the hill. Rebecca carries the shotgun. Hilary seems to have a new found respect for her little sister.

Rebecca's face has dried purple mascara running down her cheeks. *She looks like a warrior.*

Rebecca's college sweater is tied around her waist. Her pregnant little belly is poking out of her shirt.

THE FAINT SOUND OF A TWO HEART BEATS...

FADE OUT