

RUN

Written by

A Perpetual Loser

FADE IN:

EXT. WOODS - TRAIL - DAY

The beaten path snakes through the leafy undergrowth. Thick, dark forest surrounds the path on either side.

Harsh sunlight shines down through the tree canopies.

An athletic young woman jogs into view, dressed in shorts and a tank top. This is SKYLER, (23), blonde and beautiful.

Sweating profusely, Skyler slows to a stop, doubles over and puts her hands on her knees. She sucks in air, attempts to catch her breath.

A thin silver necklace hangs from her neck.

Skyler straightens up, closes her eyes and exhales a big breath. Centers herself. Nothing but the SOUNDS of nature around her.

A moment passes, then --

Skyler opens her eyes. She takes a few steps forward, but stops suddenly. Something has caught her eye.

Just off the trail, shrouded in shadows, a large FIGURE stands in the brush. A man?

Skyler takes a hesitant step forward, squints her eyes for a better view.

It is a man, dressed in all black. TRAVIS, (38), tall and fit, with a gnarly scar across his lips. He unsheathes a machete, holds it up in a threatening manner.

Skyler gasps. Her eyes go wide with fear.

CUT TO:

EXT. WOODS - HILLSIDE - MOMENTS LATER

Various clusters of thin trees cast sinister shadows throughout the area.

Something moves in the darkness.

Skyler stumbles out of the shadows, runs down the hill as fast as she can. As she runs, she pulls out a small can of mace, holds it tight.

Her wide, scared eyes dart back and forth.

A branch SNAPS somewhere in the woods.

Skyler peeks over her shoulder, back up the hillside.

Nothing but a bunch of trees.

She continues down the hill, picks up the pace.

A tree root catches her shoe, sends her careening into a tree stump. She drops her mace as she bounces off of the stump, spins awkwardly around, lands hard on her side.

Skyler grunts as she stands up on wobbly legs, frantically searches around for her mace, but can't find it. She looks back up the hill.

Still nothing.

She turns and presses forward, when --

Travis leaps out from behind a tree! He slashes his machete at Skyler, but she ducks out of the way.

Horrified, Skyler screams out before she scrambles away.

Travis chases after her.

FADE TO:

EXT. WOODS - LATER

The setting sun shines bright in the clear sky.

From the shadowy woods below, Skyler SCREAMS.

Shoes pound the dirt as Skyler runs through the wooded area.

Sweat drips out of every pore of the young woman's body as she forces herself to press forward.

About ten yards back, an exhausted Travis chases after her. He wheezes with every step he takes.

They run deeper and deeper into the sea of trees.

Travis slowly but surely closes the distance between him and his fleeing victim. He raises his machete, ready to strike.

Skyler stumbles, but manages to steady herself. She dares to peek back over her shoulder, doesn't like what she sees.

Travis is right on her ass!

Low hanging branches claw and scrape at Skyler as she blindly runs farther into the woods.

Behind her, a glint of sunlight gleams off Travis's machete. He flashes a maniacal grin as he closes in on his prey.

Skyler takes a sharp turn, runs straight into a thorn bush! She cries out in pain as the thorns scratch and tear at her clothes and skin.

Travis is right behind her. He raises his machete high, slams it down hard!

SMASH TO BLACK.

Skyler's SCREAM echoes and fades away, followed by an unnerving silence. Then --

A CAR ENGINE rumbles.

EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - NIGHT

A sleek muscle car pulls into the driveway of the well-maintained ranch-style home. The vehicle parks, shuts off.

Travis steps out of the driver's seat, closes the door behind him, then casually strolls up the pathway to the front door of the house.

He quietly slips inside.

INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - DINING ROOM

A decorative moon lamp glows red on a long side table, which rests against the far wall. The red glow fills the otherwise dimly lit space.

Seated at one end of a dining table is REBECCA, (35), a thin and sickly blonde. She sips a glass of wine while she reads a digital book on a tablet.

Travis emerges from the shadows, silently steps behind her.

Rebecca doesn't notice, absorbed in her story.

Travis reaches into his pocket, pulls out Skyler's blood-spattered silver necklace.

He holds it out with one hand, dangles it before Rebecca, who finally looks up from her tablet.

Excited, she sets her tablet down and grabs the necklace out of Travis' hand.

He steps back, watches in silence as she admires his trophy.

Rebecca caresses the necklace, smears blood all over her hands. A joyous smile stretches across her face.

FADE OUT.