The Tent

Ву

АКС

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EXT. THE MIDDLE OF A FIELD - NIGHT

A STORM from hell. Rain beats down on the field with full force. A gale force wind howling like a thousand wolves.

A dim light illuminate the pitch black field.

INT. TENT - NIGHT

The force of the rain and howling of the wind echoes the tent.

SARAH JENKINS, 20's, holds a flashlight to her face. ANGELA RICKETTS and DEBBIE JONES both 20's, listen intently as Sarah continues her story.

SARAH That's when the witch grabbed her and took her. She was never --

DEBBIE

Wait -- hold up a second. This is what I don't -- This is what pisses me off. Why do bitches always go to the door in the middle of the night when they hear a noise in a big house?

SARAH Look -- you wanted a scary story and that's what I'm giving you --OK.

DEBBIE I said SCARY. This shit is turning me on.

Angela lets out a screech of laughter.

DEBBIE

All I'm saying is, your story is too predictable baby. A chick at home alone in a huge mansion hears a noise and goes to frickin investigate? That bitch is asking for an ass whooping.

Debbie grabs the torch from Sarah.

ANGELA

Uh-Oh.

SARAH You think you can do better? My story had substance, character, structure --

DEBBIE Don't forget bullshit.

ANGELA C'mon guys, let's get along hey. Tonight is all about us. This is gonna be a night we won't forget.

They all share a stare and a smile.

SARAH You're right, Angie.

DEBBIE Your story's still shit.

They laugh.

ANGELA What time is it?

DEBBIE It's just after one. This is the fifth time you've asked for the time.You expecting someone?

ANGELA Who knows. Maybe.

SARAH I can't wait for this to be over.

DEBBIE Anyway, it's my turn to scare the shit outta ya.

Sarah and Angela make themselves comfortable.

DEBBIE

This story is about three girls on a rainy night, stuck in the middle of nowhere.

SARAH AND ANGELA (shouting) Oh come on. SARAH I'm not listening to this.

ANGELA I love stories about three girls all alone. Don't tell me. Two dies and one live?

DEBBIE (to sarah) Hold up. You mean to tell me that you're brave enough to come out here on a dare but afraid to listen to a fictional story?

ANGELA

Fictional?

SARAH This is about us.

DEBBIE

You haven't even heard my story yet? How you know it's about us?

ANGELA It erm -- has three girls alone.

DEBBIE That don't mean nuttin. I could be making --

ANGELA Ok Ok -- ok tell the damn story.

Debbie raises the flashlight to her face.

DEBBIE Once upon a time. Is that better?

They laugh.

ANGELA Pause. I need to pee.

DEBBIE Can't it wait?

ANGELA Let me consult my bladder.

DEBBIE

Hurry up.

Angela grabs the flashlight from Debbie and throws on a rain coat.

She unzips the tent to be greeted by howls and heavy rain.

She stares at the trees rustling in the wind illuminated by flashes of lightning.

DEBBIE You going or what?

ANGELA

Gimme a min.

SARAH I can't take the noise -- just go.

ANGELA OK OK. Let me think a second.

DEBBIE You ain't pissing in here.

SARAH Ok. After three, run out and do your thing then run back in.

ANGELA

Ok.

SARAH AND DEBBIE One -- two --

A loud BANG of thunder ECHOES THE FIELD.

SARAH AND DEBBIE

Three.

ANGELA

I'll hold it.

She unzips her rain coat and hands the flashlight back to Debbie.

Debbie zips up the tent.

EXT. THE MIDDLE OF A FIELD - NIGHT - LATER Pitch dark. The rain and wind batters the tent with all it's might. INT. TENT - NIGHT Debbie and Sarah are fast asleep. Debbie stirs. She rolls over to find Angela's sleeping bag empty. She sit to attention and jolts Sarah. DEBBIE Sarah -- Sarah wake up. Sarah stirs then pull the bag over her face. Debbie increases her force. DEBBIE Sarah -- don't make me slap --SARAH WHAT? What is it? DEBBIE Angie's gone. SARAH Ok. goodnight. DEBBIE Sarah -- Wake up. SARAH I'm awake. DEBBIE It's almost four. SARAH She wanted to pee right? DEBBIE Yeah but how long as she --A CRASH against the tent brings Sarah to full attention.

SARAH AND DEBBIE What the hell was that?

The girls move closer to each other.

SARAH

I knew I shouldn't have listened to your story.

DEBBIE

Well here's the part where you can act out yours. Why don't you go outside and ask "Is anyone there"?

SARAH Shit. Where the hell is she?

DEBBIE That's a rhetorical right?

SARAH

For once in your life can you take something serious please?

DEBBIE

Don't you tell me to take anything serious. It's because of you why me and Angie is out here in the first place.

SARAH What are you talking about?

DEBBIE

You wanted to play this stupid dare game. Telling us to come out to the field where they burned your ancestors -- god rest their souls -- for witchcraft.

SARAH

Are you out of your mind?

DEBBIE

To spend a night in a field with you, I <u>must</u> be.

SARAH

Angie told me that you wanted to come out here. She said after you guys made up, your friendship -- DEBBIE Made up? She told you about that?

SARAH Look don't -- forget I said anything.

DEBBIE We had a misunderstanding which was resolved -- amic -- amicabally.

SARAH She said you used to bully her when you first met her.

DEBBIE Bully. Me. Why didn't she say anything?

A crash of thunder. Sarah jolts back on angela's sleeping bag. She sits on something. She put her hand in the bag to reveal a small necklace of skulls.

DEBBIE

What the F--

SARAH This ain't what I think it is. Is it?

Sarah examines the necklace.

SARAH This necklace is similar to the one I saw in a book on witchcraft. This necklace is used in ceremonies to conjure --

DEBBIE So what you saying?

A realisation expressed on Sarah's countenance.

SARAH That's why she was asking what the time was earlier.

DEBBIE

What.

SARAH Did you tell anyone where you will be tonight? DEBBIE

No.

SARAH AND DEBBIE Angie told us not to say anything to anyone.

DEBBIE Plus we're in the middle of the field and there's no reception on our --

SARAH

Cell phones.

Sarah frantically search Angie's sleeping bag. Nothing. She lifts up the sleeping bag to reveal a scissor and a note.

Sarah reads the note.

ANGELA (O.S.)

If you girls are lucky enough to be reading this note, congratulations. I've waited exactly three years for this day to happen. Sarah, I know you will be the one reading this because you're the smartest. Unfortunately you're also the most gullible which is why I pulled this off the way I have. Stealing my boyfriend and thinking you will get away with it was a big mistake. As for the loud one next to you. Ask her this question, "Why did she choose to treat me like crap even after I begged for us to be friends?"

SARAH She said why --

DEBBIE Yes I heard.

Sarah continues to read.

ANGELA (O.S.) I hope it make sense now why I wanted you both to tell some scary stories. You're both going to live out your own horror stories tonight. Enjoy. DEBBIE So what's the scissor for?

SARAH Maybe she forgot to take it.

DEBBIE Really? and you're the smart one?

Debbie locates the scissor and examine it. She finds strands of hair.

She grabs the flash light and show the scissor to Sarah.

The tent shakes harder with the full force of the wind.

The zip slowly slides down.

A shadowy figure outside.

The girls scream.

The tent shakes violently -- matching the howls of the wind.

The zip is halfway down.

The girls fight to get it back up. They fail.

EXT. THE MIDDLE OF A FIELD - NIGHT

A flicker of light in a field.

Screams compliments the darkness.

The light is out.

THE END