

Carnage in Tara Woods

Written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. WOODS - DAY

All seems peaceful, until--

O.S. HUFFING and WHEEZING comes closer, accompanied by RUNNING FOOTSTEPS and the sound of sticks CRUNCHING underneath shoes.

A BOY (17) stumbles into view. He makes frequent looks behind him, as if something is there and it terrifies him. Dirt covers his visible skin. He's been out here a while.

A strong BREEZE seems to follow after him. There's something eerie about this BREEZE, like it's an entity of its own.

The boy trips over a limb, scrambles to his feet. Barely able to run any further, on the verge of exhaustion, he grips a tree for support and struggles to catch his breath.

Behind him, the WIND calms instantly.

The boy freezes. Slowly, he turns to look back. His eyes move upward and shock consumes him over something he sees.

An unseen force yanks up the boy into the tree he stands by, out of our sight. He screams, just once, a quiver of terror in his voice.

O.S. A horrid RIPPING sound.

Blood rains down to the ground. Next, internal organs PLOP into the dirt, followed by arms, legs and a torso. The head SMACKS the ground last, the boy's eyes frozen open in horror.

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

SCOTT MASON (18), down-to-earth, a young man you could rely on, stands inside the open sliding door to his van, securing camping gear to the roof rack with a rope: folding chairs, tent, portable grill, cooler, and a duffel.

VISITOR'S POV: Someone moves up to Scott from behind.

Scott finishes tying the items to his roof and steps down. A pair of hands suddenly cover his eyes from behind.

REGINA (O.S.)

Guess who.

SCOTT
(playing)
Scarlett Johansson?

REGINA (O.S.)
Nope.

SCOTT
Lindsay Lohan?

REGINA (O.S.)
(insulted)
Please.

SCOTT
Demi Moore?

REGINA THOMAS (18), cute as a button, dresses conservatively, lowers her hands from his eyes.

REGINA
Planning to date her in an old folks
home?

SCOTT
Hey, she's very hot for her age.

He takes Regina into his arms.

SCOTT
But not as hot as you.

REGINA
(smiling)
Good comeback.

Their lips come together, a few gentle, loving kisses. This is a couple who cares greatly for each other. When it ends:

SCOTT
Ready for the big camping trip?

Regina sours.

REGINA
Not really, but I'll do this for
you.

Regina reaches behind her and grabs a way overstuffed duffel that she places in Scott's hands. Then she climbs into the front passenger seat of the van.

Scott stands there, dumbfounded over the bag's large size. His eyes turn to the already loaded roof rack, tied securely. Where the hell is he going to put this bag?

EXT. ROAD - DAY

Scott's van drives along.

INT. SCOTT'S VAN - MOVING - SAME

Regina fumbles with the radio dial, turning off ROCK MUSIC and stopping on a country station where a country SONG is in progress. She relaxes in her seat. AD-LIB Regina singing to the tune.

Scott passes her a disbelieving look.

SCOTT
Country? When did this happen?

REGINA
I've always liked country. I just never told you.

SCOTT
This could be a major issue in our relationship.

REGINA
You're not gonna dump me for something so silly.

SCOTT
Are you sure?

Regina moves in closer, placing an arm around his neck and smiling seductively.

REGINA
Positive.

She kisses Scott. They are so involved in the kiss that Scott momentarily forgets he is driving.

EXT. ROAD - CONTINUOUS

The van swerves, coming dangerously close to running off the road.

INT./EXT. VAN - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

Scott startles out of his trance, alarmed eyes turning to the road. He yanks the steering wheel, barely managing to get the van back on the road just in time.

Scott and Regina take a moment to catch their breath.

SCOTT

I think I should keep my eyes on the road from now on.

REGINA

Good idea.

The van heads on down the road.

EXT. SIDE OF THE ROAD - DAY

Outside a nice rural house.

JILL DEVIN (18), superficial as evident by her extravagant taste in namebrand clothing, every hair in its place and perfect makeup, sits with KEVIN HARLAND (18), jock, physically fit. A rolled up tent and two sleeping bags lie by them, along with a couple of duffels. Jill holds FIFI, a well-groomed Maltese.

Jill examines her manicured fingernails.

JILL

I don't think this camping stuff is good for me. I mean, what if I break a nail?

KEVIN

It'll grow back, Jill.

JILL

Yeah, after weeks. What do I do until then?

KEVIN

You could use a fake nail.

Jill gasps, appalled at the thought.

JILL

This isn't a laughing matter.

Kevin shakes his head.

KEVIN
It's a good thing you're pretty.

JILL
Pretty? I thought I was more than
that.

Kevin kisses her.

KEVIN
Beautiful.
(kisses Jill)
Gorgeous.
(kisses Jill)
Stunning.

Jill beams.

JILL
That's more like it.

Fifi GROWLS over Kevin's closeness to her owner. Very
intimidating for such a small dog. Kevin pulls back
nervously.

KEVIN
You'd think she'd be use to me by
now.

Jill cuddles her dog.

JILL
(baby talk)
She just loves her mommy. Yes she
does.

Kevin shakes his head, unable to believe what he hears and
sees.

KEVIN
You treat that dog better than me.

JILL
So, you're second. You beat out all
other people in my life.

KEVIN
But I lose to a four-legged mutt.

Fifi GROWLS at him. Kevin growls back. Jill pulls her dog
close.