

VOICES

by

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FADE IN:

EXT. RURAL MAINE, WOODS - NIGHT

Wind HOWLS through the DARK, CHILLY FALL NIGHT, causing the newly turned red, yellow, and orange leaves of the DENSE FOREST to RUSTLE.

There's an EERINESS to the surroundings--

As if something is definitely out there, waiting and watching for just the right moment to strike...

SUDDENLY--

The moon catches a GLIMPSE of a REFLECTION OFF of something METAL, LONG, and extremely SHARP being CLENCHED TIGHTLY by SOMEONE'S dirty, blood-stained HAND--

CUT TO:

EXT. FURTHER AWAY, CAPE COD STYLE HOME

Establishing shot of an SUV parked in front of a nice Cape Cod style home on a secluded road SURROUNDED by WOODS.

INT. PARKED SUV

LAURA MARSHAL, 17, athletic and pretty, sits in the driver's seat while JUSTIN WHITE, 18, athletic and attractive, sits shotgun.

It's clear Justin has something important on his mind, but Laura is only interested in getting some "good-night action."

She tries to kiss him, but he's not into it as he gathers his football equipment from practice. She stops him, concerned.

LAURA

What's up, Justin? I'm usually the one having to cool you down after practice--

Something dawns on her.

LAURA

(continuing;
flirtatiously)

Oh, I get it-- you're saving your energy for Friday night--

(hopeful)

Are we going to sneak away like we did for my birthday last year... for the *whole* night?

She tries to play with his hair, but he moves away.

JUSTIN

Jez, I probably couldn't have
picked a worst time to do this--

She's worried now, but tries not to show it.

LAURA

(jokes sarcastically)
What, are you breaking up with me?

His look alone tells her yes.

CUT TO:

EXT. WOODS

A LONG, SHARP, METAL MACHETE SLICES through the AIR as--

JACKKNIFE, a tall, burly-looking, deranged homeless drifter
in his mid-fifties who looks like he hasn't had a bath or
shave in years and is dressed in more layers of old, dirty,
tattered clothes than the cool fall night air calls for--

LUNGES towards a FAT RABBIT on the GROUND.

But just as he's about to STAB at it

The RAZOR-SHARP

OUT-STRETCHED CLAWS of a--

LARGE OWL

SWOOPS DOWN from above--

STARTLING him--

As it SNATCHES UP the rabbit and FLIES OFF!

A hungry Jackknife looks PISSED as he STORMS TOWARDS the
SOUNDS of CARS DRIVING on a ROAD in the DISTANCE.

CUT BACK TO:

EXT. ROAD IN FRONT OF CAPE COD STYLE HOME

Several CARS DRIVE BY the house.

INT. SUV

Laura is stunned.

LAURA
 (with complete disbelief)
 What? Why?

JUSTIN
 Laura, you're really great-- but
 this is our senior year and we've
 been together for most of high
 school--

LAURA
 So you're pulling a "Fast Times at
 Ridgemont High" on me?

He looks guilty.

LAURA
 Oh my God-- you are! You mean you
 honestly want to date other people
 just to see who else is out there?

JUSTIN
 No, just one.

Laura stops short.

LAURA
One?

JUSTIN
 I met her a couple weeks ago, at
 the lake...

LAURA
 Who is she?

JUSTIN
 She goes to Bridgeport, you
 probably don't--

LAURA
 (fighting back tears)
WHO?

JUSTIN
 Tori Sanchez... she's a junior.

She shoves his helmet into his chest, HARD.

LAURA
 Does she know you're eighteen?

JUSTIN

You've been jailbait the whole last six months and it didn't seem to matter.

LAURA

So what, now that I'm about to be legal the thrill is gone?

JUSTIN

Laura, don't be like that-- You still mean a lot to me--

LAURA

(pleads)

Then don't break up with me!

He doesn't know what to say that won't hurt her even more, and she knows it. It's over.

LAURA

(continuing; upset)

Just get out! GET OUT OF MY CAR!

She continues to push his football equipment towards him as he awkwardly OPENS the door--

EXT. WOODS

Jackknife SWINGS the LONG, SHARP MACHETE from SIDE to SIDE-- CUTTING at BRANCHES in his way as he STRIDES BRISKLY TOWARDS the ROAD.

QUICK SERIES OF SHOTS:

CAPE COD STYLE HOME --

Justin tries to get out without falling, but his equipment isn't so lucky, SPILLING OUT everywhere--

WOODS --

Jackknife continues on, QUICKENING his PACE angrily--

CAPE COD STYLE HOME --

Justin barely SHUTS the DOOR all the way as Laura PEELS OUT, FAST. He feels bad, but also seems relieved as he watches her SUV SPEED down his driveway and TURN ONTO the DARK ROAD.

His cell phone RINGS. His caller ID READS: **TORI**

WOODS--

Jackknife APPROACHES the ROAD with increased intensity as if he's TRACKING something--

ROAD--

Laura's SUV is the only car seen as it SPEEDS along the now even DARKER, DESERTED ROAD SURROUNDED by THICK WOODS on BOTH SIDES--

INSIDE SUV--

Tears stream down both of Laura's cheeks as she drives.

She ROUNDS a CORNER and almost LOSES CONTROL as she HEADS STRAIGHT for a TREE!

WOODS--

Jackknife sees the EDGE of the ROAD only yards away and QUICKENS his PACE--

INSIDE SUV--

Laura JERKS the WHEEL and manages to AVOID HITTING the TREE--

But only to then--

SEE the DISTORTED SHADOW of SOMETHING UNIDENTIFIABLE as it RUNS out in front of her!

She SLAMS on the brakes, but too late--

BAM!

She hits it, HARD. She backs up to see what it is.

EXT. ROAD

Her headlights illuminate BLOOD everywhere in the road, but not what she hit...

INT. SUV

Laura reluctantly gets out to see what it was.

EXT. ROAD, SUV

It's eerily quiet, with only the DARK, THICK WOODS surrounding her on both sides of the road...

Laura cautiously surveys the BLOOD all over the front of one of her tires.

She tries to stop crying as she traces where the TRAIL of BLOOD leads to UNDERNEATH her SUV.

SUDDENLY she HEARS a STRANGE NOISE coming from the WOODS directly BEHIND her. She turns around, scared--

As she SURVEYS the PITCH DARK WOODS surrounding her.

Nothing makes a sound, yet she senses she's not alone...

END OF SAMPLE PAGES