

CAPTAIN HOOK

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FADE IN:

EXT. LOVER'S LANE - NIGHT

A lone car under a full moon. Two silhouettes in the car-kissing.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

BILLY, 18, mugs JUSTINE, 18, two young, hot people, and this is a good make-out session. Hands and tongue and MOANS.

Billy pulls back.

BILLY  
Call of nature. Don't go anywhere.

He climbs out, and she adjusts her clothes. She pulls down the visor and opens the little, lighted mirror, checking her lipstick.

SCREEEE

The sound of metal on metal makes her jump. She flips shut the mirror and visor and looks all around. Sees nothing. She locks the doors.

JUSTINE  
Billy?

SCREEEE

Behind her, and she spins. Nothing.

JUSTINE (CONT'D)  
Billy, don't do this.

SCREEEE

She spins back.

JUSTINE (CONT'D)  
If your messing with me, you're going to regret it

TAP TAP TAP

She spins again, and there's a metal hook hitting the glass.

Justine SCREAMS.

Outside, Billy steps away from the car. Laughing, he shows her the fake hook on his hand. What a joke.

JUSTINE  
You sonofabitch.

Outside, a thick arm wraps around Billy's throat. A large steel hook slams into the middle of Billy's chest, cutting short his laugh. Blood stains his shirt even as he's dragged back into the trees.

JUSTINE (CONT'D)  
BILLY? BILLY!!

She slams the glass, as afraid as she can be.

JUSTINE (CONT'D)  
Oh god, oh god.

Shaking hands rifle through her purse until she finds her phone. She hits 911 and calls. Nothing happens. No coverage.

She tosses aside the phone and slides into the driver's seat, reaching for the keys.

Oops, no keys.

She slams the wheel before she reaches across the opens the glove box. She roots around for a second before she pulls out a small revolver.

JUSTINE (CONT'D)  
Jesus.

She stares at it a moment. Emboldened, she slowly opens the door and slips out.

EXT. LOVERS LANE - NIGHT

Justine closes the door. Gripping the revolver, she slides along the car, staring into the woods where Billy disappeared.

She reaches the end of the car, turns, and 20' away stands a MASKED MAN in ski mask, bloody shirt, and bloody hook.

She raises the revolver.

JUSTINE  
What did you do with Billy?

The Masked Man slowly raises the bloody hook.

JUSTINE (CONT'D)

BASTARD!

She FIRES.

And FIRES

And FIRES

The Masked Man staggers and falls.

Justine quavers as tears run down her face.

And a hand with a hook slips over her shoulder.

She SCREAMS and scrambles away, spinning toward Billy, LAUGHING like a banshee.

BILLY

You should see your face.

Justine looks from Billy to the Masked Man to Billy again.

BILLY (CONT'D)

Kyle makes a good Captain Hook,  
don't he.

Justine holds up the revolver.

BILLY (CONT'D)

Blanks. God, this is good.

Justine throws the revolver at Billy who ducks.

BILLY (CONT'D)

Whoa, Justine, whoa. It's just a  
joke.

Behind Justine, the Masked Man rises and starts forward.

JUSTINE

It's not funny, you sick asshole.

BILLY

Oh, come on, Captain Hook is great  
urban legend. And you gotta admit  
we scared the bejesus out of you.

JUSTINE

Yeah, well, this little stunt just  
cost you a night of great sex.  
Think about that, dickhead. Take  
me home.

The Masked Man arrives.

BILLY  
Don't be that way. Tell her, Kyle,  
tell her it was just a joke.

The Masked Man lunges, grabs Justine, and sinks his hook into her chest. Blood spurts.

Justine's SCREAM fades.

Billy gapes.

The Masked Man tosses Justine away and shows Billy the bloody hook.

BILLY (CONT'D)  
Kyle? KYLE?

The Masked Man shakes his head.

Billy looks left and right and then runs. He sprints into the woods as if his life depends on getting away.

The Masked Man stares after him.

JUSTINE (O.S.)  
Is he gone?

The Masked Man LAUGHS.

Justine stands as the Masked Man takes off the mask. He's 18, KYLE, young and handsome.

JUSTINE (CONT'D)  
(laughing)  
God, that was fun.

KYLE  
Aren't you glad I told you about  
it?

JUSTINE  
I bet that lame ass runs all the  
way home.

Up the lane comes a car, twin head lamps. It stops 30' away, and the bubble lights of a police cruiser pop on.

KYLE  
Crap.

JUSTINE  
Just our luck.

A spotlight pins them. Kyle wraps an arm around Justine and raises the bloody hook.

BLAM

The bullet rips through Kyle who collapses.

Justine SCREAMS.

FADE OUT.