

"CHASERS"

A short film by
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FADE IN:

EXT. HIGH EMBANKMENT - NIGHT

A pair of feral amber EYES as large as saucers. A large black cat blinks and slinks into the scrub.

EXT. RURAL ROAD - BLIND SIDE BEND - NIGHT

A telephone line sags between poles that trail away on both sides. In the distance the faint RUMBLE of an exhaust.

The sound gets progressively louder until a flicker of light illuminates the telephone line.

Then the vegetation in the ditch. . . until . . .

A CAR roars into view and thunders past.

EXT. HIGH EMBANKMENT - NIGHT

The CLUNK of a car door.

A pair of BOOTS walk past a car wheel, then stub a CIGARETTE out on the ground.

The still night is broken by the sound of raised VOICES.

On the road below, two CARS with their OCCUPANTS outside.

EXT. RURAL ROAD - NIGHT

Two cars parked in an erratic manner, headlights on and doors opened. A trail of heavy tyre tracks and light debris mark the road.

CLEAVER (20's) slim build, leather and jeans clad, has an OLD MAN pinned on the bonnet of a car. BILLY (20's) retro punk hair and clothes, counts a handful of money.

BILLY

Is this all you have?

OLDMAN

Yes, that's all I have, take it,
please take it.

DARLA (teens) an emo punk in heavy makeup drags on a spliff.

EXT./INT. BILLY'S CAR - NIGHT

Heavy punk MUSIC blasts from the stereo.

Billy slaps the steering wheel in time to the heavy beat.

BILLY

Woo yeah! Crank that shit up!

Cleaver drums the dash and flails around in his seat.
On the back seat lies a NEWSPAPER.
The headline reads, 'CHASERS GANG STRIKE AGAIN'.

DARLA
Watch the road you dope.

BILLY
You're the one smoking it and I
don't need lip from a backseat
driver who hasn't even got a
provisional.

Billy eyes her through the rear view mirror and smiles.

BILLY (CONT'D)
I'll give you something to drag
on.

DARLA
Piss off, not in the mood.
She extends her middle finger.

CLEAVER
So Billy, what's the plan, where
are we heading next?

BILLY
You'll see, should be a peach.

CLEAVER
Next one it's my turn.

BILLY
You'll get your chance. Maps of
Europe here we come.

CLEAVER
Yeah baby.

Darla sifts her fingers through her hair.

DARLA
Maps of Europe?

BILLY
Cleaver, would you mind
explaining to dim wit in the
back. . .

DARLA
You're the dim wit, you pain in
the ass.

BILLY
Pain in the ass? Now now, don't
be telling Cleaver our little

secrets, you'll make him blush.

CLEAVER

It's no secret Darla, Billy told me about that already.

Billy punches Cleaver into the arm.

BILLY

Dollars have dead presidents on them, hence the term, Euro notes have maps of Europe.

DARLA

You just made that shit up.

CLEAVER

No. They're on them.

DARLA

The term.

BILLY

No. It's true, that's what people call them M O E's, maps of Europe. You know, got some moe, M O E?

DARLA

Oh, now I get it. I always wondered where that came from.

Billy and Cleaver look at one another and snigger.

EXT. RURAL ROAD - NIGHT

The car disappears as it rounds a bend and the rear lights burn off into the night.

EXT. THE WANDERER PUB - NIGHT

A lone building stands shaded by a grove of trees and surrounding hills which are void of domestic lights.

A number of cars are parked outside. One car in particular stands out, a SLEEK CAR.

Billy's car pulls into the car park space.

INT. BILLY'S CAR - NIGHT

Billy palms the condensation from the window and snaps his fingers for the joint. Darla passes it to him. Billy pulls on it, and exhales slowly. He looks over to Cleaver.

BILLY

Now, you get to pick. But this

time we're gonna do it a little different.

Cleaver looks at him perplexed.

BILLY (CONT'D)

Waiting outside till they stagger into their cars isn't half as much fun as going inside and picking one out, eye to eye.

Billy forks his fingers and motions from his eyes to Cleavers, who returns a look of confusion under Billy's intense gaze.

Cleaver motions for the joint and sucks on it.

CLEAVER

Hell I'm up for it.

BILLY

That's what I'm talking about.

Billy nods his approval while Darla sits in the back playing with her hair.

DARLA

What if they ask us for ID?

Cleaver looks to Billy for an answer.

BILLY

Do you see a bouncer at the fucking door? Huh? It's a country pub for lonely old farmers. How in shit could they afford to pay a man to ask guys fifty years plus for ID?

DARLA

Well what if there's a fight or something?

BILLY

What in the fuck are they going to be fighting about? Who shagged the most sheep?

INT. THE WANDERER PUB - NIGHT

Some LOCALS propped at the bar, still in their daily work clothes, no effort to clean up.

Two Locals mill around a beer stained pool table.

A STRANGER, matted hair, soiled clothes and grotty finger nails sits slumped over the counter.

The BARMAN, methodically wipes a glass, his eyes firmly fixed on the Stranger.

BARMAN

Hey, ah, I think that maybe it's time you went home there, you've had enough.

The Stranger does not move.

EXT. THE WANDERER PUB - NIGHT

Billy swaggers towards the pub with Cleaver and Darla behind him.

EXT./INT. WANDERER PUB - NIGHT

The Locals survey the group with suspicion and interest as they enter.

The Barman continues to wipe the glass as they approach.

Billy pushes Cleaver to the counter.

BARMAN

What will it be?

CLEAVER

Uh, two pints and a coke.

BARMAN

Two pints and a coke.

The Barman slots two glasses under the taps, yanks back on the handle, then turns around to get the coke.

Billy elbows Cleaver, alerting him to the stranger slumped at the bar and his untouched GLASS of whiskey.

Cleaver places his hand on the counter and slides it along the bar, edging his hand towards the glass.

Cleaver places his hand on the glass and then looks back at Billy to acknowledge his triumph.

SMACK. The Stranger clamps his hand on Cleaver's with a vice like grip. Cleaver jumps back in shock.

Slowly he lifts his head of long matted hair, showing Cleaver a cold steely eye.

The Barman turns around with the drink in his hand.

STRANGER

I think this one's mine.

Billy rushes in to wrestle Cleaver free, but to no avail.

Billy and the Stranger lock eyes for an uncomfortable second.

Alarmed by the intense gaze, Billy retreats.

The Locals look on with unusual calm.

BARMAN

What's going on here?

BILLY

This guy just attacked Cleaver,
that's what.

STRANGER

My drink just grew a new hand
and it's not mine.

BARMAN

Now, I don't want any trouble in
here. I think you lot better
leave.

Billy stands with his arms splayed.

BILLY

Stick your fucking pints up your
hole. Come on, we're leaving.

Billy storms towards the door and drags Darla with him.

DARLA

Let go Billy.

Cleaver follows.

INT. BILLY'S CAR - NIGHT

Billy stews at the wheel, eyes fixed straight ahead. He
thumps the steering wheel with his fist.

DARLA

Billy, fuck, maybe we should
just go? They probably called
the guards or something.

BILLY

No way. Cleaver picked.

CLEAVER

I did?

BILLY

That sack at the bar. You looked
him right in the eye, he's the
one.

CLEAVER

Billy, I don't know, he gives me
the creeps.

Billy slaps Cleaver across the face.

BILLY

Stop acting like a fucking
pussy. He's the one.

Cleaver sinks into his seat holding his face.

DARLA

He's too drunk to drive Billy,
let's just go.

Billy points towards the bar.

EXT. THE WANDERER PUB - NIGHT

The Stranger staggers from the pub and fumbles with his keys.
The hazard lights of the sleek car FLASH.

INT. BILLY'S CAR - NIGHT

BILLY

That's his car? This is going to
be fun. Buckle up, it's show
time.

EXT. THE WANDERER PUB - CARPARK - NIGHT

The sleek cars engine REVS as it inches forward. It kangaroo
hops a few yards then cuts out. The engine TURNS over a few
beats and jerks the car forward.

The sleek car snakes wildly out of the car park and onto the
road in a plume of smoke and dirt.

Billy's car crawls behind then pulls onto the road.

INT. STRANGER'S CAR - NIGHT

The Stranger adjusts his rear view mirror until Billy's car
is framed in full view.

Through the windscreen, the illuminated stretch of road
shifts sharply from side to side.

EXT. RURAL ROAD - NIGHT

The sleek car passes inches from the MARGIN on the bend and
debris flies into the air.

Billy's car follows a few seconds later.

INT. BILLY'S CAR - NIGHT

BILLY

Okay, next straight stretch, I'm
going for it.

Cleaver looks to Darla and shrugs. She checks the BUCKLE on her safety belt. Cleaver braces himself in the front seat. Billy changes gear and pushes his FOOT down on the throttle.

INT. STRANGER'S CAR - NIGHT

The Stranger sticks the PEDAL to the floor.

The NEEDLE on the speedometer flicks past FORTY and continues to climb.

INT. BILLY'S CAR - NIGHT

BILLY

Crazy drunk fucker.

Cleaver squeezes the seat tightly.

CLEAVER

Billy, slow down.

The speedometer DIAL tracks past FIFTY.

EXT. RURAL ROAD - NIGHT

Billy's car closes the distance to a few yards behind the sleek car.

Billy's car slams into the rear of the sleek car.

INT. STRANGER'S CAR - NIGHT

The nose heads from the ditch. The Stranger counter steers, he pulls the under control then slams hard on the BRAKE PEDAL.

EXT. STRANGER'S CAR - NIGHT

A PLUME of black smoke billows from the rear tyres.

INT. BILLY'S CAR - NIGHT

The rear of the sleek car comes rushing towards them. Billy's EYES widen as he jams the BRAKE hard.

EXT. RURAL ROAD - NIGHT

The wheels of Billy's car lock up laying down black tyre marks as it pushes along the road.

INT. BILLY'S CAR - NIGHT

Cleaver is flung head long towards the dashboard.

EXT. RURAL ROAD - NIGHT

Both cars come to a smoking stop.

INT. BILLY'S CAR - NIGHT

Cleaver holds onto his bloody nose.

BILLY

Everyone out, okay.

DARLA

Christ Billy.

Billy opens the door.

EXT./INT. STRANGER'S CAR - NIGHT

The Stranger slouches over the steering wheel.

His EYES are open and frozen beneath his matted hair.

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

CLEAVER

Ah! My nose. Can I have a
tissue?

BILLY

Shut up!

Billy approaches the driver's door of the sleek car.

BILLY (CONT'D)

Okay Cleaver, check him.

Cleaver pinches his nose making nasal sounds.

CLEAVER

Why me?

Darla hunches down and peers in through the window.

DARLA

Shit Billy! His face!

A loud BEEP of the horn almost jolts them out of their shoes.

Billy opens the door and maneuvers the Strangers head to one side muting the sound.

He turns around to face the others.

BILLY

Here's what we're gonna . . .

BEEP. Another blast from the horn. Billy spins around.

WHAM. He is sent flying between Darla and Cleaver.

Cleaver and Darla whip round to see the Stranger stand

outside the car, towering above them.

His piercing EYES right on them.

He parts his lips to reveal unnaturally white and perfect TEETH that glint in the moonlight.

STRANGER

The Chasers isn't it? In the flesh. How many people have you rear ended this month in your little blackmail scam?

DARLA

Fuck Billy, I told you!

The Stranger produces a set of handcuffs. In one swift move he has Cleaver on his knees and cuffed.

He tosses a set towards Darla. Hurriedly she cuffs herself. He brushes her to one side.

STRANGER

Sorry, I'm out of pink.

Billy scrambles to get to his feet. The stranger kicks his legs from under him and pins down on the ground pressing his face into the tarmac.

STRANGER (CONT'D)

Sssh now precious, it's easier if you don't struggle.

BILLY

Blow me bitch.

The Stranger laughs and yanks Billy to his feet. He looks up at the overcast moon.

STRANGER

It's a lovely night for a walk.

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

The dead eerie silence of the night.

The moist bark of the mature Oak and Beech trees reflect the moonlight like towering beacons.

The Stranger with a length of rope coiled over his shoulder marches the nervous trio in front of him.

BILLY

Where are you taking us? Show us some fucking ID. You can't take us in here!

The Stranger laughs. Billy looks at the other two, notices the fear in their eyes.

BILLY (CONT'D)

He's just trying to fucking scare us.

DARLA

It's working.

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

A pile of HANDCUFFS lay on the leafy forest floor.

The group is lashed with a few loops of rope to a monstrous beech tree.

The Stranger tugs sharply on the rope.

STRANGER

Do you know the story of this tree, this forest?

Billy wriggles about trying in vain to free his hands.

The Stranger grabs him by the jaw and presses white imprints into his pinched skin.

Cleaver looks over and notices his long YELLOWED finger nail.

STRANGER (CONT'D)

A long time ago, when this forest was young, a group of thieves and rapists roamed the land. They plundered and pillaged all before them. Eventually, they were caught and brought here.

The Stranger disappears behind the large tree trunk as he speaks.

Cleaver makes an attempt to silently mouth something to Billy.

STRANGER (O.S.)

They were tied to this very tree, like you are now.

Darla starts to tremble, her eyes dart nervously from side to side.

In an instance, the Stranger is beside her. She lets out a piercing SCREAM. The Stranger laughs.

STRANGER (CONT'D)

And their blood was spilled on this very spot. But not by the hand of a man, but by something foul, or so the story goes.

Billy's bravery starts to diminish. His face becomes lined with worry.

BILLY

Alright. Alright! You made your point. You scared us, okay? Just take us in.

In a lightening movement, the Stranger is at the other side of the tree.

The blood drains from Cleaver's face.

BILLY (CONT'D)

Hey, how the fuck did you do that?

The Stranger squints his eyes, smiles and slowly slinks behind the tree.

For a few uncomfortable moments nothing but silence.

Cleaver swings his head from side to side.

Billy looks over to Darla, her eyes fixed dead ahead, her breathing forced and heavy.

Slowly beside Darla, the top of the Strangers head appears.

Then a pair of amber EYES and a MOUTH of razor sharp teeth.

He lets out an unearthly blood curling guttural ROAR.

The trio screams and shouts. They flail their legs and strain against the rope.

The Strangers NAILS elongate. His clothes rip.

A wet PATCH disperses on Cleaver's jeans.

The Stranger tears his shirt off as his body contorts and spasms. His SKIN takes on a dark shiny hue.

The Stranger lifts his clawed hand and slashes the rope.

Billy bursts free on unsteady adrenaline soaked legs and scrambles to find his footing.

Darla and Cleaver remain frozen with fear as the Stranger opens his mouth wide bearing his teeth at them.

EXT. FOREST - TRAIL - NIGHT

Billy runs at full tilt, breathing heavily.

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

A wild and monstrous sound echoes throughout the forest followed by human SCREAMS.

BLOOD splatters across the bark of a tree.

EXT. FOREST - TRAIL - NIGHT

Billy looks over his shoulder. Something moves swiftly through the tree beside him.

He stops and looks to his right.

A huge BLOODIED claw clamps around his throat. The Stranger lifts him off the ground his legs dangling helplessly.

The Stranger bears its teeth at him and snarls, blinking his animal like amber eyes.

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

The abandoned cars on the road.

Billy's ear piercing SCREAMS and the sound of ripping flesh from the forest.

FADE OUT:

END