

Revenge Of The Rabbit Killer

by
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OVER BLACK

NEWSCASTER (V.O.)

To viewers who have just tuned in,
three people are dead today
following the escape of a mental
patient, known as the Rabbit
Killer, from Ward Grove
sanitarium. Police advise local
residents to remain vigilant--

GUN SHOT.

FADE IN:

RIFLE MUZZLE

Blue and white gun smoke drifts from the black tunnel,
rising above to reveal --

EXT. FIELD, EDGE OF WOODS - DAY

A rifle poised above a flattened stretch of grass.

Hidden between bushes, gunman GUY lie prone in shooting
position, his camouflaged attire blending him into his
hunting location.

Guy smirks, satisfied with his successful shot.

GUY

And that, Dr. Reed, is what you
deserve for not taking my stress
seriously.

Guy's alerted by a rustle in the field, stalks swaying
from something moving at speed across the undergrowth.

Guy keeps his eyes on the trail as he crawls excitedly
back into the woods.

EXT. WOODS - DAY

Guy races along a muddy path, jumping over an exposed
tree root and dodging outstretched tree branches.

He darts to the edge of the woods and dives to the
ground, resuming his hunting position.

Guy aims his rifle into the field, his eyes wide with
anticipation. His finger lingers on the trigger.

GUY

Mrs. Clarke. Regarding those accusations you made about me, I find you guilty of slander. Therefore, I sentence you...

Guy pulls the trigger.

GUN SHOT.

Guy smiles. Successful hit.

GUY

...To death.

EXT. FIELD - DAY

Guy picks up a dead rabbit from the ground. He taunts the corpse as he dangles it in front of his smirking face.

GUY

Although, Mrs. Clarke, I'll admit I took a fancy to you. I just never intended you to find that camera in the toilet, that's all.

Guy tosses the rabbit to the ground.

GUY

You didn't need to tell the whole office. Especially Mr. Grey, that old bastard--

A CRACKLE takes Guy's attention. He looks over... spots stalks of hay twitching in the near distance.

GUY

Speaking of Mr. Grey...

Guy runs into the woods.

EXT. WOODS - DAY

Guy runs along the path, eyes locked on the field.

GUY

I'm about to sentence you too, Mr. Grey.

Guy creeps to the edge of the woods. He resumes his shooting position, aims his rifle into the field.

Tries to locate his target. Smiles. He's found it. Finger on the trigger.

GUY

This ain't just for sacking me,
Mr. Grey. This is for telling the
police.

Guy pulls the trigger.

GUN SHOT.

Guy frowns. He's not sure if he missed.

EXT. FIELD - DAY

Guy runs into the field. He searches desperately for his
dead target.

Hay stalks sway as something runs through the crops.

Guy chases the trail. A rabbit hops out of the field and
into the woods. Guy gives chase.

INT. WOODS - DAY

Guy runs along the path, desperate. He's lost pace with
his prey, rabbit's out of sight, but he ain't giving up.

He trips over an exposed tree root, gun flying free from
his hands as he instinctively stretches out to ground.

Guy catches his fall. Breathes a sigh of relief. A bear-
trap mere millimetres from his hands.

Guy scrambles to his knees, dusts himself down. He
pauses, staring inquisitively at the bare path ahead.

Twigs snap from deep woodland. Guy turns. His jaw drops.

Dressed in a blood-soaked Easter Bunny costume, RABBIT
KILLER curiously examines Guy's gun in his hands.

RABBIT KILLER

I believe you dropped this.

Guy, scared, nods, trying to keep his composure. He
points to the bear-trap.

GUY

I... I got lucky.

Rabbit Killer points the gun at Guy.

RABBIT KILLER

No. I did.

Guy, horrified, shields his face with shaking hands.

GUY
No... no, wait, please!

Rabbit Killer pulls the trigger.

GUN SHOT.

CUT TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

EXT. WOODS - DAY

Guy's headless body lie on the ground. Fragments of skull and brain splattered beside the bear-trap.

A rabbit hops along the path. Stops to curiously inspect the damage. It looks as if... he's smiling.

The rabbit hops along back into the field.

FADE TO BLACK.