

The Camper

By

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FADE IN:

EXT. WOODED HILLS - DESERTED DIRT ROAD - DAY

The road is narrow, overgrown with weeds and littered with fall leaves. A tidy hatchback bumps along the neglected terrain. It reaches the...

END OF DESERTED DIRT ROAD - TREE LINE

...where the hustle and bustle of the human world ends and the secluded world of the woods begin.

The car parks, the engine turns off, the driver door opens. Classical music escapes into the fresh country air then stops.

DARRYL, 30's, climbs out. He's slim, short haired, wearing jeans and a sweatshirt. His posture is perfect, giving him an air of confidence as he takes in the fresh air.

He heads to the back passenger door, opens it, reaches in and pulls out a hiker's backpack and tent bag.

Throws the hikers backpack on, grabs the tent bag, then walks around the car and checks that the doors are locked.

He checks the back hatch, pauses, stares at the glass like he's lost in thought then smiles and heads off into the woods.

CAR SIDE MIRROR

A black figure darts across.

EXT. WOODS - TENT - DAY

The tent is pitched between two beach trees. It's a medium sized standup. The backpack sits outside the tent door.

Darryl crawls out of the tent and pulls the backpack in.

INT. TENT - DAY

Now in a tight fitting thermal top and jogging pants, Darryl unpacks a jersey and puts it on, grabs his smart phone, slides it into the back pocket of his jogging pants and steps out.

EXT. TENT - CONTINUOUS

He zips up the tent, stretches, runs on the spot then jogs off.

EXT. CLEARING IN WOODS - LATER

The clearing looks out over a stunning view of rolling hills and farmland.

Darryl jogs into the clearing. His phone rings. He stops, grabs it, clumsily swipes around on it. Puts it to his ear.

DARRYL

Hello...? Hello?

Frustrated he pulls it away and looks at it. Taps on it.

It rings again. He swipes, puts it to his ear.

DARRYL

Hello?

(beat)

Hi, Darling.

(beat)

Yes, I'm still trying to figure it out. I'd love my old phone back.

(beat)

Ahh, should be early, ten maybe?

(beat)

No, on Thursday. How's Timmy doing?

(beat)

Really? Give it a couple of days.

(beat)

Yeah it's cold but it's perfect. I've got a really nice view right now. I'll get a pic for you.

(beat)

Well just keep him in bed.

(beat)

Okay, I love you. Give him a big hug and kiss from me.

(beat)

Okay, bye.

He hangs up then takes a picture of the view.

EXT. WOODS - CAMPSITE - NIGHT

Darryl relaxes by a small campfire and reads a book. A normal array of night sounds hum around him.

A small pot sits on a grill over the fire. A dirty plate, can of Selsa water and a large jug of water sits on the ground beside him.

A twig snaps in the woods. He turns towards the sound and listens.

He turns back to his book, slams it shut. Grabs a jug of water from beside his chair and pours it on the fire.

He looks uneasily into the woods then heads into the tent.

INT. TENT - NIGHT

Darryl, now in tight shorts and a t-shirt, grabs a large hunting knife from out of his bag. He lays it down by his phone that's lying next to his sleeping bag. Climbs into the bag and curls up ready to go to sleep.

EXT. WOODS - CAMPSITE - LATER

The full moon sits high in the night sky, its light illuminates the campsite.

The sound of leaves slowly crunching under foot.

They get closer.

From out of the dark a MAN in a black coat, face hidden by its hood, creeps past the campfire towards the...

TENT

He quietly crouches in front of the tent door, takes the zipper in his black-gloved hand and pulls it up slowly trying not to make a noise.

INT. TENT

Darryl is snoring loudly. The Man slowly leans in. He pulls a small flashlight from his pocket and turns it on.

The light creeps along the floor, over the knife, the phone then it hits Darryl's face. The Man quickly flicks the light away. The snoring continues.

The Man shines the light back down and finds the phone. He slowly leans in more, only inches away from Darryl's face and picks up the phone then gently moves back.

He swipes the phone. It's not locked. He taps around on it then points it towards Darryl and takes a photo.

Light from the flashlight illuminates the tent just enough that Darryl shows up on the camera.

ON PHONE

A full body shot of Darryl sleeping.

A close up of Darryl's face.

BACK TO SCENE

The hooded figure puts the phone back face down where he found it, and exits the tent.

EXT. TENT - DAY

The morning sun shines through the trees. The tent zip opens. Messy haired Darryl steps out dressed in his running clothes. He takes the last bite of a granola bar, zips up the tent and takes off.

EXT. CLEARING IN WOODS

Darryl comes to a stop in the same clearing as yesterday. The morning sun gives the view a different look. He pulls out his phone and takes another photo.

He looks at the picture and seems happy with it. He doesn't notice the newly acquired photos from last night.

INT. TENT - NIGHT

Classical music plays. Darryl lies in his sleeping bag reading his book and eating a protein bar. A small reading light is clasped to the side of the book. His phone is resting on his stomach.

He takes a drink from his flask, closes the book, puts the phone on the floor by the knife, turns off the reading light and settles into his sleeping bag.

INT. TENT - LATER

The zipper slowly opens. The Man is back, flashlight in hand, face hidden, donning the same attire as the night before.

The light searches the floor for the phone.

There it is, by the knife.

The Man gently takes it, and again snaps a photo of Darryl fast asleep.

This time the Man leaves the tent with the phone in his hand.

EXT. TENT

The Man takes a photo of the tent.

EXT. HATCHBACK - CONTINUOUS

The flashlight shines on the car. The Man takes a photo of it then puts the phone away.

He pulls out a thin piece of metal and small piece of wire and picks the lock.

The door clicks open. His gloved finger pushes a button. A click as all the doors unlock.

He takes a photo of the front seats, then heads to the rear of the car.

He opens the hatchback and shines the light in. Something bulky is in there. It's wrapped in clear plastic.

The Man looks in a bit closer, shines the light directly at the plastic and scans it slowly.

The light slowly moves along to what looks like a blouse, then a face. A woman's face.

Wide bloodstained eyes stare up at the Man.

He jumps back.

MAN

Oh, fuck!

The Man pulls his hood off. His young, terrified 20-year-old face appears. He throws the phone down, turns and slams directly into Darryl.

He steps back and notices the large knife in Darryl's hand.

YOUNG MAN

Please, I was just playing! Please  
I'm sick. I know I need help! I  
wanted to freak you out, with, with  
the photos, just for fun.

Darryl's cold eyes stare into the Young Man's. The young man looks away, gasps for the right words to say.

YOUNG MAN

Please. It was just for fun. I'm  
just a dumb freak, I know, I'll  
get...

He makes eye contact with Darryl.

YOUNG MAN

I live, in a, in a old caravan,  
over that way.

He points towards the woods.

YOUNG MAN

I, I can show you. I'm just lonely.  
That's all. And I, I won't tell.

CUT TOO

EXT. WOODS - CAMPSITE - CONTINUOUS

The moonlight casts an eerie glow on the campsite. All is still and peaceful. Insects and frogs chirp.

The Young Man's screams echo through the woods.

Then silence.

The insects and frogs chirp.

The distant sound of crunching leaves and twigs under foot.

The sound gets louder, closer.

Darryl enters the campsite. Knife in one hand, phone in the other.

He sits on his chair by the burnt out fire. The moonlight glows on his face, highlighting the many blood splatters.

He laughs.

DARRYL  
Stupid little Fuck.

He raises his knife and gazes at it. The blood glistens in the moonlight.

His phone rings, he answers.

DARRYL  
Oh. Hey Darling. What are you still doing up?  
(beat)  
Okay, how's Timmy?  
(beat)  
Good. I'll be home a little later in the morning. I've made a bit of a mess here and I need to clean it up.

Darryl continues to talk on the phone. His voice becomes distant... as we move away...

DARRYL  
I got some good pictures for you to paint.  
(beat)  
Yeah...

and...

FADE OUT



