

The Camper

By

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FADE IN

EXT. WOODED AREA - CLEARING - DAY

A hatchback car pulls up and parks. Out climbs DARRYL, 30's, slim, short hair wearing jeans and a sweatshirt. He looks fit. The kind of guy who knows how to take care of himself.

He reaches into the backseat and grabs a backpack and roll up tent, then heads towards an opening in the woods.

EXT. CAR SIDE MIRROR - CONTINUOUS

Something the size of a person moves in the reflection.

EXT. SMALL CLEARING - LATER

A medium sized standup tent is pitched with its back to the woods. A backpack sits outside the tent door.

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

INT. TENT

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

EXT. TENT

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

EXT. CLEARING IN WOODS - CONTINUOUS

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

Darryl jogs into the clearing. His phone rings. He stops, answers.

DARRYL

Hi Darling. Ahh, should be around 3ish, no on Thursday. How's Timmy doing? Really? Give it a couple of days. Yeah its cold but it's perfect. I've got a really nice view right now. I'll get a pic for you. Well just keep him in bed. Okay, I love you. Give him a big hug and kiss

from me. Okay, bye.

He hangs up then takes a picture of the view.

EXT. CAMPFIRE - NIGHT

Darryl relaxes by a small campfire and reads. A normal array of night-time sounds hum around 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 his underwear, grabs a large hunting knife from out of his bag and puts it by his phone. His phone lies next to his pillow. He climbs into his sleeping bag and curls up ready to go to sleep.

EXT. CAMPSITE - LATER

The moon is up, it's light glows on the campsite.

A FIGURE, in a long black hooded cloak creeps past the campfire, towards the tent. Its face obscured by the hood.

The figure takes the zipper in its black-gloved hand and pulls it up slowly. The zip barely makes a noise.

INT. TENT

The Figure slowly steps in, reaches into its pocket and takes out a small flashlight.

The light creeps across the floor to the phone.

The figure slowly picks it up. Then steps away from Darryl.

Darryl is sound asleep with his back to the Figure.

The Figure positions the phone ready to take a photo.

Light from the flashlight and phone illuminate 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 where he found it, face down, 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 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

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 Figure is back, flashlight in hand.

The light searches the floor for the phone.

There it is, by the knife.

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

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

EXT. TENT

The Figure takes a photo of the tent.

EXT. WOODED AREA - CLEARING - CONTINUOUS

The Figure heads towards Darryl's car.

EXT. HATCHBACK CAR

Light shines on the car. The Figure takes a photo of it then puts the phone away.

From its pocket the Figure pulls out a thin piece of metal and small piece of wire and picks the lock.

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

The Figure takes a photo of the front seats, then heads to the back of the car.

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

The Figure 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 Figure.

The Figure jumps back.

FIGURE

Oh Fuck!

The Figure pulls its 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 sees Darryl is holding a large knife.

YOUNG MAN/FIGURE

Please, I was just playing! Please
I'm sick, I know I need help! Just
please don't hurt me!

Darryl lifts the machete up and lunges for the Young Man.

EXT. CAMPSITE - CONTINUOUS

The blood curdling sound of a young man screaming, echoes through the woods.

Darryl comes out of the bushes covered in blood, knife in hand. He sits on his chair by the burnt out fire. The moon-light shines on his face highlighting the many blood splatters.

He laughs.

DARRYL
Stupid little Fuck.

He raises his knife and gazes at the blood glistening in the moonlight.

His phone rings, he answers.

DARRYL
Oh hey baby. What are you still doing up? How's Timmy? 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...

DARRYL
I got some good pics for you to paint. Yeah...

...as we move away and..

FADE OUT.

