

SLEEK SLASHER FOREST

Written by

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Based on a short story

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EXT. DIRT ROAD - NIGHT

A battered 2008 Honda Civic barrels down a narrow corridor of ancient, skeletal trees. The headlights cut through a thick, oppressive fog.

The sound of HEAVY METAL MUSIC thrashes through the speakers, the bass rattling the loose frame.

INT. HONDA CIVIC - NIGHT

KK (18), wearing an oversized black gothic-style t-shirt, her eyes rimmed with smudged eyeliner, taps her fingers rhythmically against the dashboard. She looks like a girl who spends her weekends in the back rows of indie cinemas, memorizing the kill orders of slasher sequels.

JIMMY (18), clean-cut, letterman jacket over a hoodie, white-knuckles the steering wheel. He looks exhausted but smiles when he glances at KK.

JIMMY
(Shouting over music)
How's the neck?

KK
(Grinning)
Stiff. But worth it. That pit was the best one yet.

JIMMY
Yeah! I think I left a piece of my soul back there in that mosh pit.

KK
That's just the nu-metal leaving your body, Jim. It's called... a spiritual cleanse.

Behind them, BLUE AND RED LIGHTS erupt. They slice through the darkness, blindingly bright.

Jimmy's smile vanishes. He checks the speedometer.

JIMMY
Shit. I was only doing forty-five.

KK
In a forty?

JIMMY

There's no sign for miles, KK. This is a dead zone. What the hell are these guys even doing out here?

He pulls over. The gravel CRUNCHES like breaking bone. The music cuts. The silence that follows is deafening.

EXT. DIRT ROAD - NIGHT

A high-powered SPOTLIGHT hits the rear-view mirror, bathing the interior of the Honda in a sickly white glow.

Three silhouettes emerge from the police cruiser.

MARK (40s), with a jawline like a brick, eyes that have seen too much, and a facial expression that looks like he enjoyed most of it, leads the pack.

BYRON (30s), built like a linebacker. And TIM (20s), twitchy, looking like he's trying too hard to look tough. Follow closely behind Mark and approach the vehicle in formation.

Mark taps on the driver's side window with a heavy Maglite.

Jimmy rolls it down.

MARK

License and registration, kid.

JIMMY

Is there a problem, Officer? I didn't see a speed limit sign.

Mark shines the light directly into KK's eyes. She flinches, raising a hand.

MARK

Step out of the vehicle. Both of you.

JIMMY

Wait, why? We haven't done anything.

BYRON

(Leaning in)

Did he ask for your opinion, kid? Get out. Now.

Jimmy looks at KK. Her body language instincts are screaming. She sees the way Byron is looking at her. It's not a professional gaze. It's a predatory one.

Jimmy steps out, is pressed against the trunk of the car, and Byron pats him down with unnecessary force.

Tim searches the car, throwing their concert merch into the mud.

Mark has KK ten feet away, near the edge of the dark tree line.

MARK

You look like a smart girl.

Mark looks at her ID card.

MARK (CONT'D)

Kayla-Kay.

KK

It's just KK.

MARK

Is it now? Well, KK--

Mark gives her an unpleasant, disturbing, keen eye.

MARK (CONT'D)

you know what happens to girls like
you out here? The ones who wander
off the GPS?

KK

(arms crossed)

What?

MARK

Some get lost. And sometimes...
they stay lost.

Mark reaches out, tucking a strand of hair behind her ear.
His fingers are cold. KK shivers, a deep, visceral revulsion.

KK

We're just going home. Please.

MARK

(To Byron)

She's got spirit.

(To KK)

I like spirit.

(Back to Byron)

Take the boy to the cruiser. We
need to process the lady
separately.

JIMMY
(With resistant authority)
Absolutely not, sir. You're out of
line. What the hell's going on
here?

Jimmy struggles. Byron slams his head against the trunk. A
wet THUD.

KK
JIMMY!

Jimmy's head bleeds from the impact.

JIMMY
(Dazed, bleeding)
Run, KK! Get out of here! RUN!

Mark draws his sidearm. It's a slow, casual movement.

MARK
Shut him up.

Tim, the twitchy one, panics. He draws his weapon.

BANG.

The sound echoes through the valley like a cannon. Jimmy
collapses. A dark stain blossoms on his hoodie.

KK
(A silent scream)
No...

Mark looks at Tim, annoyed.

MARK
I said shut him up, not punch his
ticket, you idiot.

TIM
(Shaky)
Saves us the paperwork.

BYRON
(Carelessly)
Just grab the damn girl.

KK doesn't wait. Nor does she scream again. She turns and
bolts into the black maw of the forest.

MARK
(Sighing)
I love a head start.

Tim and Byron shift next to Mark, eagerly awaiting the command.

MARK (CONT'D)

Let's give her five minutes. She can't get that far away, not out here. Five minutes should do... then we hunt.

Tim and Byron nod along with predatory enthusiasm.

EXT. THE FOREST - NIGHT

KK sprints. Branches whip her face. She trips over a root, tumbling down a steep embankment. She slides through mud and dead leaves, landing hard at the bottom.

She lies there, gasping. The forest is alive. The wind HOWLS.

In the distance: A WHISTLE. A rhythmic, mocking sound.

KK scrambles up. She sees a structure through the gloom. It's an abandoned shed. It's leaning, half-swallowed by vines.

INT. ABANDONED SHED - NIGHT

Moonlight filters through holes in the roof. The shed isn't empty. It looks like a shrine.

KK bursts inside, slams the door, but fumbles for a lock. There is none. She backs away, her heart hammering against her ribs like a trapped bird.

In the center, hanging from a rusted hook, is a DARK MONASTIC ROBE. It's heavy, made of a rough, black wool, lined with silver silk that catches the moonlight.

Below it, resting on a stone plinth, are TWO WAR SCYTHES. They aren't farm tools. They are elegant, lethal weapons. Curved blades of black steel, handles wrapped in worn leather.

KK stares at them.

CUT TO FLASHBACK - KK'S HOME (PREVIOUSLY)

KK watches a grainy VHS movie of an 80s slasher. The Final Girl picks up a chainsaw. The spooky music swells.

BACK TO SCENE - ABANDONED SHED (CONTINUED)

KK breaths slowly. The terror starts to calcify. It turns into something cold. Something sharp. She reaches out. Her hand trembles as she touches the leather grip of a scythe. It feels... right.

Outside, the CRUNCH of BOOTS on LEAVES.

JIM (O.S.)
(Whispering)
I think she went this way.

KK looks at the robe. Then the scythes. She isn't a victim. She's the girl who knows how the movie ends.

EXT. THE FOREST - NIGHT

Tim creeps through the brush, his flashlight beam dances over the trees. He holds his pistol with a shaky grip.

TIM
KK? Come on, we know you're out there. It's ok. We'll tell them the boy attacked us.

He nears a thick cluster of hemlocks. A shadow moves.

TIM (CONT'D)
Awe! Found you.

He rounds the tree. Nothing. Just a branch swaying in the wind. He sighs, wiping sweat from his brow.

A shadow drops from the canopy above.

It's a SILENT WRAITH. KK, draped in the heavy monastic robe, the hood pulled low. She looks like a medieval executioner reborn in a nightmare.

Tim turns. He sees the flash of silver.

KK swings the first scythe. The curved blade catches him under the chin.

He doesn't even have time to scream. The blade slices through his windpipe with a sickening *SCHLICK*.

He falls back, clutching his throat.

KK stands over him, her eyes twin voids beneath the hood. She doesn't look away. She watches the light leave his eyes.

She reaches down and retrieves his flashlight. She turns it off, and the forest goes black.

EXT. THE RIDGE - NIGHT

BYRON is annoyed. He's got his tactical vest on, a shotgun slung over his shoulder.

BYRON
(Into radio)
Tim? Tim, report in. You got the girl or what?

Radio silence.

BYRON (CONT'D)
(Into radio)
Mark, I think the kid's radio is busted.

Byron huffs, pushing through a thicket.

MARK (V.O. OVER RADIO)
Find him. And her. They can't be far. Radio in once it's done, and don't keep me waiting.

Byron enters a clearing. He stops.

Twenty feet away, a figure stands by a creek. It's KK. She's not wearing the robe now—she's just in her t-shirt, her back to him. She looks small. Fragile.

BYRON
There you are. You're a fast little hunny bunny, aren't you?

He raises his shotgun.

BYRON (CONT'D)
Turn around. Hands up.

The figure turns. It's not KK. It's just her T-SHIRT, propped up on a wooden cross-piece made of branches.

Byron blinks.

BYRON (CONT'D)
What the hell?

[SOUND]: *SWISH.*

KK emerges from a pile of dead leaves at his feet. She was buried. She swings the scythes in a twin arc. The first blade bites into Byron's thigh, severing the femoral artery.

BYRON (CONT'D)
(Shouts in pain)
ARGH!

He fires the shotgun into the dirt as he collapses.

KK is a blur of motion. She doesn't give him a second to recover. She uses the length of the scythe handle to vault herself behind him and hooks the second scythe around his neck.

BYRON (CONT'D)
Wait! Please!

KK
(Her first words since
the shed; cold, hollow)
You missed the best part of the
movie, officer.

She pulls.

Byron's neck squirts blood and bleeds out as he takes his last gasp of air. His body rolls and THUMPS into the moss.

KK stands there, drenched in blood. She lifts up her robe, sliding it back over her shoulders. She feels the weight of it. It's armor. It's an identity.

EXT. THE DEEP WOODS - NIGHT

MARK walks slowly. He's a pro. He hears the SHOTGUN BLAST (MUFFLED in the distance). He pauses.

He hears the silence that follows. He draws his sidearm and advances with tactical precision.

MARK
Byron? Jim?

He reaches a small rocky outcrop and sees a figure sitting on a log, hunched over. It's wearing a police jacket.

MARK (CONT'D)
Byron? That you? Did you get her?

The figure doesn't move.

Mark approaches, gun leveled. He kicks the figure's foot.

The body slumps over.

It's Byron. His eyes are wide, glassy. His neck has been hollowed out.

Mark curses, spinning around, checking his six.

MARK (CONT'D)
(shouts to KK)
Show yourself! You think this is a
game? I'll show you a real game
now, sweet butt. I'm the law out
here!

The WHISTLE returns. But it's not Mark's whistle. It's the tune Jimmy was humming in the car.

Mark fires three rounds into the shadows. *BANG. BANG. BANG.*

MARK (CONT'D)
I'm going to find you! I'm going to
make what Tim did to your boyfriend
look like a mercy kill!

A voice echoes from the trees. It's impossible to pin down the location.

KK (O.S.)
(Whispering)
He wasn't the victim, Mark. He was
the prologue.

Mark spins.

KK is standing on a high rock ten feet away. The moon is behind her, silhouetting the massive scythes. She looks ten feet tall.

Mark aims.

KK leaps.

She's faster than his trigger finger. She hits him like a falling star.

They tumble down a slope, crashing through thorns.

They hit a flat patch of mud near the river. Mark loses his gun. He reaches for his combat knife.

KK is on him. She drives the point of a scythe through the unprotected side of his tactical vest.

MARK
(Wheezing)
You... you're just a damn girl...

KK
(Leaning in close)
I'm the Final Girl, Mark. And the
credits are about to roll. You said
it yourself... You like spirit...
Don't ya, Mark?

She twists the blade. Mark's eyes bulge. He gasps, blood
bubbling at his lips.

KK pulls the scythe out and raises both scythes for a final
blow. She swings across his throat, forming a perfect, brutal
'X'.

Mark goes still.

KK stands above him, hovering. She's covered in mud, blood,
and gore. She looks at her hands. They aren't shaking
anymore.

EXT. DIRT ROAD - NIGHT

The police cruiser sits idling, its lights still flashing.

Jimmy's body lies in the mud where he fell.

KK walks out of the tree line. She's still wearing the robe.
She looks like a ghost. She kneels beside Jimmy. She reaches
out and closes his eyes.

KK
(Softly)
We're going home, Jimmy.

She reaches into his pocket and pulls out his cell phone.
It's cracked, but the screen glows.

She opens messages and types a text message to her mother.

POV - PHONE SCREEN

RECIPIENT: MOM

*"They did it, Mom. They killed Jimmy. He was protecting me,
and they killed him. It was self-defense. I love you! I can
never go back."*

BACK TO SCENE

KK hits SEND.

She stands up, looking at the forest. It's not scary anymore.
It's home now.

She turns and walks away from the road, away from the car,
away from Jimmy, and away from her life.

She disappears into the shadows of the trees, the silver
lining of her robe catching one last glint of moonlight.

The screen fades to black.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END