

Fox Hunt (Sample)

By

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INT. LISA'S MINIVAN - PARKING LOT OF ABANDONED WAREHOUSE

LISA

Sarah - ? What's wrong?

SARAH grabs the handset of the CB.

SARAH (INTO RADIO)

Guys! Michael get over here right now! Something's wrong!

INT. MICHAEL'S CAR - SIDE STREET OFF THE MAIN STRIP - SAME TIME

MICHAEL (INTO RADIO)

Where are you? What's wrong?

SARAH (RADIO)

Michael! There's blood on the door!

MICHAEL

What!? What's happened?

A gruff voice comes over the CB radio that no one recognizes. It is the voice of THE TRUCKER.

THE TRUCKER (RADIO)

Nothin's happened yet. Nothin' too bad, at least. But if you would like your friends in one piece, then you'll be real good and listen.

MICHAEL and JASON look at each other in confusion.

MICHAEL (INTO RADIO)

What the fuck? Who the hell is this?

THE TRUCKER (RADIO)

I think what's more important is, who the hell are you. Let's see ... David Sanders, 1516 North Street. Nice hair, pretty boy. Oh, and down the block you have Sarah McBride at 2264 North Street.

INT. LISA'S MINIVAN - PARKING LOT OF ABANDONED WAREHOUSE -
SAME TIME

SARAH'S eyes grow wide. LISA grabs her hand. They stare at
the CB.

THE TRUCKER (RADIO)
Michael Taylor, 1880 600 East. Lisa
Rowlings, 650 Sheridan Road. Ooo,
cute thing.

SARAH turns up the volume on the CB. LISA leans over as
SARAH puts her arm around her.

INT. DAVID'S CAR - SIDE STREET OFF THE MAIN STRIP THROUGH
TOWN

DAVID pulls his car over to the side of the road. RICK turns
up the volume on the CB. DAVID looks at RICK who is mouthing
"What the fuck?"

THE TRUCKER (RADIO)
Richard Keeler, 224 Allen Road.
Jason Nesbin, 637 High Street. Jeff
Rahmer 68 Conner Street. Drew
Johnson, 3423 Strickland Court ...

INT JEFF'S CAR - MAIN STRIP IN TOWN - SAME TIME

JEFF picks up the CB handset.

JEFF (INTO RADIO)
Sarah! You girls stay right there
and lock your doors. We're coming!

DREW buckles his seat belt. JEFF floors it.

DREW
You know where you're goin'?

JEFF
Yeah. Anvils. Fuckin' anvils!

INT. DAVID'S CAR - SIDE STREET OFF THE MAIN STRIP THROUGH
TOWN

DAVID picks up the CB handset.

(CONTINUED)

DAVID (INTO RADIO)
Come on! Cut the shit! Who is this?
This is not funny!

THE TRUCKER (RADIO)
You think this is a joke? You're a
joke. Your friends're a joke. Your
game is a joke. So now you're gonna
play a real game. My game.

INT. MICHAEL'S CAR - SIDE STREET OFF THE MAIN STRIP - SAME
TIME

MICHAEL (INTO RADIO)
Listen - whoever you are - we're
not doin' shit! I'm fuckin' callin'
the cops ...

A scream comes over the CB. MICHAEL drops the handset as he
listens.

THE TRUCKER (RADIO)
I told you to listen, boy! Now who
did I forget? Hunh? Who've I got
here? Looks like... Allison
Brasher, 289 Birchtree Apartment B
and this one ... This one must be
Lauren McFadden, 907 Waltham.

Another muffled cry comes over the radio.

THE TRUCKER (CONT'D)
(angry)
Mouth off again, son, and I'll give
missy here something to really
scream about. Now, ya get me?

JASON
(hissing to MICHAEL)
He's got them! Holy shit!

JASON grabs the CB handset.

JASON (INTO RADIO)
Look man, just tell us what you
want. We don't want any trouble.

THE TRUCKER (RADIO)
That's more like it. Now ...

INT. LISA'S MINIVAN - PARKING LOT OF ABANDONED WAREHOUSE

SARAH and LISA have tears running down their faces as they look around to make sure the voice on the other end of the CB is not within sight.

THE TRUCKER (RADIO)

First of all, I know where you all live. And, I got a police scanner right here in front of me. If any of you little shits try to be a hero and call the cops, I'll be the first to know. And before anyone can find me, these two girls here, along with all of your families, are gonna be dead! Get me? Come on back, now.

LISA breaks down sobbing. SARAH holds her tight, trying to keep her own fear in check.

INT. MICHAEL'S CAR - SIDE STREET OFF THE MAIN STRIP - SAME TIME

MICHAEL pulls into traffic and does a U-turn, backtracking in the direction he last saw LISA'S minivan. Anger fills him as he thinks of his friends.

JASON (INTO RADIO)

We get you.

MICHAEL

They went down Millersville?

JASON

Yeah. Go, go! You're clear!

THE TRUCKER (RADIO)

Good. I think you know this game, so it should be easy enough for ya. This time, I'm gonna be "The Fox." You're gonna be "The Hounds." I'm gonna go hide somewhere in this shit-hole town and you come lookin'. Oh don't worry. I'll give you some clues. If you find me, you find your friends. But if you can't find me in 10 minutes, these two, well ... they're not gonna be so pretty when I'm done ...

(CONTINUED)

MICHAEL (INTO RADIO)
You motherfucker, if you touch them
...!

THE TRUCKER (RADIO)
(aside)
Looks like Romeo don't learn ...

LAUREN (RADIO)
Michael! No ... don't!

Another scream is heard over the CB. MICHAEL throws the CB handset down and beats the steering wheel with his fist.

MICHAEL
Son of a bitch!

INT. LISA'S MINIVAN - PARKING LOT OF ABANDONED WAREHOUSE
DREW and JEFF arrive and rush to the van. LISA lets them in.

SARAH
Michael! Please! Just shut up!

THE TRUCKER (RADIO)
Speak up kids, it's time to play.
Y'all ready?

LISA and SARAH look at each other, terrified. LISA nods.

INT. DAVID'S CAR - SIDE STREET OFF THE MAIN STRIP THROUGH TOWN

RICK takes the CB from DAVID, who is in mute shock.

RICK (INTO RADIO)
Hey guys, we're in if you are.

He puts the CB down.