

SILENT HUNT: THE CASE OF JENNIFER SHUITT

Written By

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EXT. SOCCER FIELD - FALL EVENING

A cool autumn breeze flows over a large open soccer field. The sky is streaked with orange and purple hues as the sun begins to set. In the distance, four friends - ANAHI (19 yrs old, short, long black hair, focused) OSCAR (20 yrs old, buzzcut, tattoos, Anahi's boyfriend), JAMAL (18 yrs old, Short, Loud, dark skinned, Oscars brother) and ISABELLA (19 yrs old, Short, Curly short hair, Quiet, Anahi's best friend) - are playing soccer, laughing, and joking.

JAMAL

(shouting, excited)

Come on, Anahi! I thought you said
you could run fast!

ANAHI

(annoyed)

Shut up, Jamal.

Oscar is sprinting towards the goalpost. The group plays energetically, their feet kicking the ball, the sound of their laughter filling the air.

ISABELLA

(focused, running)

Pass it here, Oscar!

Isabella, though quieter than the rest, is playing with a fierce determination. She trips over something hidden in the tall grass.

ISABELLA (CONT'D)

(stumbling)

Ah!

She falls to the ground, startled. She looks around, confused, as she thinks she tripped over a log or a rock. But when she turns around, her face turns pale.

ISABELLA (CONT'D)

(whispering, terrified)

No... No, no, no...

She slowly stands up, horrified, as she realizes what she's tripped over. It's the body of a small girl, no older six or seven, lying motionless in the grass. She is covered in fire ants and her mouth is cut into a smile.

ISABELLA (CONT'D)

(shouting, panicked)

Guys! Get over here! NOW!

The three friends turn, hearing the panic in Isabella's voice. They rush over, stopping dead when they see the body.

JAMAL
(sputtering, loud)
What the fuck is that....

ANAHI
(eyes wide, voice
trembling)
Oh my gosh... but.. what happened
to her?

OSCAR
(pulling out his phone,
voice tight)
Call the police. NOW.

EXT. SOCCER FIELD - LATER

Flashing red and blue lights illuminate the field. Police cars surround the area as officers work, documenting the scene and collecting evidence. Anahi, Oscar, Jamal, and Isabella stand off to the side with their eyes widened in shock. POLICE OFFICER #1 (45 yrs, beard, deep voice) POLICE OFFICER #2 (35 yrs old, Tall mustache, Loud).

POLICE OFFICER #1
(approaching them,
skeptical)
So, you were just playing soccer
when you found this child?

OSCAR
(nods, trying to stay
calm)
Yeah, we didn't see anything weird
before that. We were just playing,
and Isabella tripped. That's when
she saw... her.

ISABELLA
(softly, struggling to
speak)
Her mouth... it was like a smile.
And there were ants all over her...

JAMAL
(angrily, loud)
We didn't do anything, man. We were
just playing!

The officer takes their statements, jotting down notes. The group's anxiety is palpable as they wait.

POLICE OFFICER #2
(skeptical)
We'll need you to stay available
for questioning. We'll contact you
if we need anything else.

The officer walks off, leaving the four friends to look at each other.

OSCAR
(shaken, whispering)
That wasn't an accident. She was
placed there. But by who...?

ANAHI
(furious, her voice low)
We can't just sit here and do
nothing. This isn't right.

JAMAL
(shaking his head)
This is some messed up shit, man.

ISABELLA
(softly, grim)
This is just like the other
disappearances. The girls who've
gone missing around here.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The room is dimly lit, filled with papers, laptops, and stacks of news clippings. The four friends are gathered in living room, intensely researching.

OSCAR
(tapping on his laptop,
frustrated)
There's nothing on this girl. No
missing report, no name, nothing.

JAMAL
(pacing, agitated)
That's not possible. She has to be
the daughter of someone. Why
wouldn't anyone be looking for her?

ISABELLA
 (quiet, looking at her
 phone)
 I found something. Look.

She shows them a list of from **missing children** from the area.
More than ten girls have gone missing over the last few
 years, and their cases were barely covered by the media.

ISABELLA (CONT'D)
 (low, serious)
 They're all the same age. Between
 five and eight years old. And no
 one knows where they went. But none
 of the cases have been solved.

ANAHI
 (gritting her teeth)
 That's not a coincidence. This all
 has to be connected.

OSCAR
 (nodding, determined)
 We need to find out who's doing
 this. If they're still out there,
 we have to stop them.

JAMAL
 (pounding his fist on the
 table)
 Hell yeah. We ain't letting this
 slide.

ISABELLA
 (calm but resolute)
 We need to find out everything.
 Every last detail.

INT. OSCAR AND JAMAL'S UNCLE'S HOUSE - 4 DAYS LATER

Anahi, Oscar, and **Jamal** are sitting in Uncle Richard's
 house—a place they haven't visited since childhood. The house
 is old but neat, with a strange, unsettling air about it.

UNCLE RICHARD (66 yrs old, Tall, brown and grey hair and
 beard, Quiet)

UNCLE RICHARD
 (surprised, with a smile)
 Look at you two! It's been a long
 time!! And who is this beautiful
 woman?

JAMAL

(laughing, hugging his
uncle)

Man, last time we were here, I
think we were playing with Hot
Wheels!

OSCAR

(grinning)

Yeah, and I think I broke your TV
remote by accident... But she's my
girlfriend. Her name's Anahi.

UNCLE RICHARD

(chuckling)

Don't remind me Jamal. Pleasure,
Anahi. Come on in, sit down.

As they enter, **Anahi** feels an unsettling chill run through
her. **Oscar** and **Jamal** sit down with their uncle, chatting
casually. **Anahi**, however, stays standing, her eyes scanning
the room.

ANAHI

(frowning, uneasy)

Sorry, but can I use the bathroom?

UNCLE RICHARD

Yes, of course. The bathroom's in
that hallway on the right.

She excuses herself and walks down a narrow hallway. But as
she passes a door, something draws her attention. It's an
open door. She pauses, curious.

INT. UNCLE'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Anahi steps into the room, and her heart races. The walls are
lined with shelves filled with books and knick-knacks, but
what catches her eye is a **pile of white t-shirts**, all **stained
with blood**. Nearby, she spots a collection of **shoes**, also
covered in red stains.

ANAHI

(whispering, horrified)

What the hell...

She steps back, but then her eyes catch the sight of a **small
sink** covered in **blood spatter**. And on the counter, a series
of **pocket knives**.

ANAHI (CONT'D)
 (terrified, whispering)
 I need to get out of here.

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Anahi rushes into the bathroom, locking the door behind her. She pulls out her phone, trembling, and quickly types a message to **Oscar**.

TEXT MESSAGE: *Oscar... I found something. Something's not right. Call me.*

INT. LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Oscar looks at his phone, he suddenly start sweating and his Oscar heart rate elevates.

OSCAR
 (sighing, worried)
 We need to go. Now.

JAMAL
 (confused, loud)
 What happened?

UNCLE RICHARD
 (smiling coldly)
 You're welcome to leave, but I
 don't think you'll ever come back.

A tense silence falls over the room. **Oscar**, **Jamal**, and **Anahi**, exchange wary looks. **Anahi** quickly stands up.

ANAHI
 (voice shaky)
 I'm having a family emergency. We
 have to go.

JAMAL (PUZZLED)
 Anahi, what's going on?

OSCAR
 (urgently)
 Let's go. Now.

They don't say another word as they grab their things and leave.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

The three of them sit in the car, the silence thick and heavy. Finally, Anahi breaks the silence, her voice low but urgent.

ANAHI

(voice trembling)

I found blood-stained t-shirts.
Shoes. And knives. It's his room,
your uncle's room.

OSCAR

(eyes wide, horrified)

What?

JAMAL

(angry, shocked)

No way. Our own uncle?

ANAHI

(nodding, voice shaking)

Yes. And there's more. I think he's
hiding something. We need to find
out everything.

INT. ISABELLA'S HOUSE - LATER THAT NIGHT

Anahi calls Isabella as soon as they get home. She tells her everything about the blood, the knives, and the strange feeling she had in Uncle Richard's house.

ISABELLA

(on the phone)

We have to go back. Break in. Find
the evidence. We have to do
something.

OSCAR

(agitated)

If we're doing this, it has to be
tonight.

JAMAL

(pounding the dashboard)

Let's get it over with.

EXT. UNCLE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The four friends stand in front of Uncle Richard's house, each wearing dark clothing. They approach carefully, making sure to avoid detection.

ISABELLA
 (whispering, determined)
 Let's find the evidence then leave.
 No one gets hurt.

OSCAR
 (nodding)
 Let's move.

They sneak inside and head directly for Uncle Richard's room. Inside, they rummage through drawers and cabinets and piles of bloody clothes, searching for anything useful.

OSCAR (CONT'D)
 (Agitated)
 All these bloody clothes are in the way. I can't find anything in this mess.

ANAHI
 (sifting through papers, finding something)
 Wait... I found something...

She holds up a notebook, the word "killings" written on the cover. They flip it open, and immediately, they see disturbing entries about the "Fall of 1993-The Field".

JAMAL
 (pale, voice shaky)
 This is it. This is connected to the girls.

ISABELLA (GRABBING THE NOTEBOOK)
 We have what we need. Let's go.

INT. CAR - DRIVING TO POLICE STATION

The friends drive in silence, with their legs bouncing with anxiety. They pull up to the police station. Police officer (Short, blonde hair, 30 yrs old).

ISABELLA
 (handing over the notebook)
 Here. This is everything.

POLICE OFFICER
 (surprised, flipping through the notebook)
 This... This is the breakthrough we needed.

OSCAR
(relieved)
Get him off the streets. Now.

JAMAL
(voice steady)
He's not getting away with it.

INT. POLICE STATION - LATER

Uncle Richard is being arrested and taken into custody. The police quickly secure him. The group stands together, still in shock but feeling a weight lift off their shoulders.

ISABELLA
(sighing, relieved)
It's over. We did it.

OSCAR
(looking at his phone,
shaking his head)
I can't believe it was him. Our own
uncle.

JAMAL
(staring at the floor,
still stunned)
I thought we knew him. But we
didn't.

ANAHI
(slowly)
We did the right thing. He couldn't
hurt anyone else.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The group is back at Anahi's house. They sit in silence, looking at the evidence they collected. A case they were desperately trying to solve finally came to a close, but the aftermath still lingers.

ISABELLA
(quiet, thoughtful)
We saved them. The girls.

JAMAL
(nods)
We didn't just find the killer. We
found our purpose.

OSCAR
(grinning)
And now we help others. We can't
let this happen again.

EXT. SOCCER FIELD - DAY

The four friends are back at the same soccer field, playing as they did years ago. The sun is shining. The air is crisp. They laugh, kick the ball around, and for a moment, everything feels right. They're not just friends. They're a family.

FADE OUT.

THE END.