

“Welcome all!” the pilot’s voice echoed from the intercom, “We are excited to see our winners of our sweepstakes to an all expenses paid trip to Hawaii!”

The engines roared and the jet began to accelerate.

“Our voyage will take two hours and twenty minutes. Our expected time of arrival will be at 9:00 PM. Our attendant will be here to serve you and to entertain you.”

The three men began to talk amongst each other.

“Hey miss, what was your name again?”

“I apologize, you can call me Lucy.”

“Why I think I’ve seen—nevermind, I must be mistaken.”

“I’m afraid we haven’t met before. But I am much obliged to be at your service.”

He was trying to think where he may have seen her, so he thought back to the previous week when he had come across several new faces at Daniel’s Irish Pub.

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Eight o’clock. He wiped the sweat off his neck. *Why wasn’t she here yet?* The bartender’s shift ended in fifteen minutes.

“Hey Danny, you got a minute?”

“Yeah, is something wrong?”

“Where the hell is she?”

“We’ll wait three more minutes. Maybe she got caught up.”

“But she needs to be here *now*.” The door chimes opened thirty feet behind him.

“Don’t look. Here she is.”

“Here’s half the cash. You’ll get the other half once you’ve poisoned her. Are you all set?”

“Yeah, the venom is ready. You better know what you’re doing, Joe...”

“What can I get’cha, miss?”

“I’ll have a double stoolie on the rocks.”

“How’s your man?”

“Joey’s been gone for *days*; he better have a really good reason for this.”

"I'm sure he isn't in any sort of trouble, miss."

"I hope not. Hey, I'm in a rush, and I can't leave Emily in the car. She needs to be in her crib soon."

Feeling terribly guilty, the bartender mixed in the venom and poured her the drink. She downed the drink all at once.

Joey stood outside waiting for her as she got up to leave. She exited the bar and continued to her car. Her hand shook as she put the key in the ignition and backed out of her spot. When she pulled into her driveway, she stepped out of her car into the jet black night and opened the car's rear door to get Emily out of the back seat. No one was there. Where was Emily?

"Emily is now the least of your worries," said a voice behind her. "In about three minutes you will be passed out due to the venom in your drink. No, don't try to run; it will simply speed up the circulation of the drug through your veins. When you are unconscious, you will be driven to the bridge and dumped over the edge."

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"Sir, can I help you with anything?"

"What? Oh—no. You're just so beautiful that you made me forget my pickup line."

"Oh, I—I don't know what to say."

"You don't need to say anything. Just stand there and look pretty."

"I'm flattered, sir. Will you be requiring anything for now?"

"Just your name, miss."

"My name is Lucy."

"Enchanté. They call me Shane."

She smiled and walked back down the aisle, and he relaxed and slumped down into his seat.

*Strange, he thought. That usually works.*

He began to flip through pictures of various girls in his wallet, and paused on the recent image of a young woman.

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“What seems to be the problem, Miss?” he asked as he walked towards a vehicle on the side of the road.

A young woman looked up from the hood of her car, visibly grateful for some help.

“The engine cut out on me,” she sighed. “I’m not sure what to do.”

“I’m sure it’s nothing I can’t fix,” he replied with a wink. He began to fiddle around with various parts.

“The name’s Shane. Think you could give me a name to fit your pretty face?”

“Oh—it’s Sarah. Nice to meet you,” she blushed.

“That’s a nice name.” He continued to tinker with the parts, but then shut the hood.

“I’m afraid this is beyond my control. You’re going to have to get it repaired somewhere. Do you need a lift to wherever you’re going?” he asked.

“Oh, I don’t know...” she replied.

“Hey, it’ll be fine. I have nothing to do for the next couple hours,” he assured.

“Alright. If it won’t be any trouble, I need to get to the city,” she consented.

He led her to his truck and opened the passenger door for her. As she climbed in, he shut the door and climbed in on the driver’s side.

“Next stop, the city,” he smiled at her again before taking off.

Not 10 minutes down the road he pulled over and turned the engine off.

“What’s wrong?” Sarah asked.

Shane reached into his pocket and brought out a black object. As he pressed the release button, a gleaming silver blade flicked out. Sarah gasped.

“What’re you—” her terrified whisper was cut short as he brought the cold metal up to her neck. Her wide eyes glistened as tears began to well up inside them. A grin flashed across his face as he leaned in to her ear. His voice was barely a whisper over her labored breathing.

“Don’t scream.”

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“Shane....Shane, pay attention,” Joey announced, “Turner is trying to get your attention.”

“I apologize, what was it you were telling me?” Shane inquired.

“*Where* did you find out about the sweepstakes?” Turner asked.

“It just appeared in the mail, and I heard the women in Hawii are pretty attractive, so who

wouldn't ignore that offer?"

"I'm not sure," Turner responded, "It just feels a little eerie that as attractive as I am, Lucy still hasn't gone for any my bait."

"Yeah me neither," sighed Shane, "she just walked away when I tried my irresistible, manly voice."

*"Most girls would dream at the thought of dating me,"* Turner thought. He tried to recall what it was that made all the other girls crave him so much.

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*Delilah...check. Roxy...check. Amy...alright, she'll be the last one this week.*

He searched datefinder.com for the name Amy Singer. One result. That was her, a 18-year-old waitress. *His* profile--Austin Turner, 21-year-old male, blonde, green eyes.

"Hey, you excited?" he typed.

In an instant, "Hey Austin, I can't wait!" she messaged back.

"Just meet me over at Armani's at seven. You'll recognize me. I'll be in the black tux with the striped tie. "

"Ooo, sounds sexy; I'll meet you there!" Turner stuck his phone back into his pocket and looked over his plans one last time. He kept only what he needed in his tuxedo: scissors, gloves, keys, maybe a wallet. No, he wouldn't need a wallet this time. He climbed on his motorcycle and headed off to the nearby restaurant.

Standing by the side of the building, he searched for Amy. He stood at his usual spot, the perfect place to trap her. A young woman in a black pencil skirt appeared from around the corner, parading down the sidewalk like a model. Turner remained at his spot.

"Recognize me?" Amy asked.

"With your stunning body, I'd take anyone lookin' like you to dinner," Turner replied. He followed up by asking, "Hey, I know a way around the long line for seating. My friend can get us a waiter right away if we go in through the back."

"Are you sure you want to do that?" Amy urged, "I would rather wait fifteen minutes to get in the restaurant without causing trouble."

"It's fine, I do it all the time," Turner answered. With a persuasive grasp of her waist, he led his next victim into the dark, empty alleyway.

The jet entered a thunderstorm and the passengers became uneasy. One of the men got up to go to the bathroom. The moment he stood up from his seat, a jolt of turbulence knocked him to the ground. He got up and continued to the bathroom, using vacant seats as support so as to keep his balance. The turbulence persisted and worsened as the jet continued through the storm. At this point, Lucy instructed all men to fasten their seatbelts. Joey looked out his window and saw that it was pitch black all around the plane except for a blinking yellow light on the left of the horizon. Minutes later, the pilot came on over the intercom. In an unnerved tone of voice he informed that the jet's engine had failed due to overheating.

"Attention, our flight will be cut short due to the risk of another engine failing. We will have to make an emergency landing on the nearest island."

The jet veered to the left and approached the island in the distance. The lights cut out and the fuselage became uncomfortably dark and silent aside from the faded moonlight.

"Shane?" *What?*

"Turner?" *What, Joey?*

"Lucy?...L-Lucy?" *No answer.*

"What did you guys do to her!"

"Nothing! I swear!" Shane insisted.

A glaze of haze appeared around the dimly lit island. The jet descended into the blinding mist. Mountains of volcanic rock towered through the night on both sides of the aircraft.

"Hey, does anybody see what I'm seeing?" Joey asked. "Look out my window!" The other men came towards his voice, fumbling over chairs in the darkness. "Umm guys, Joey's onto something here," Shane stammered. "The engines still seem to be spinning... all four of them." "Wait," announced Turner, "why is there a window lit up? Didn't we just lose power?"

The jet came closer to the ground and made contact in the middle of a mile stretch of land. This was clearly not a runway; the jet shook violently across the terrain. A door opened and a ramp extended downwards.

"Guys, I think we have a problem," Joey warned.

"What is it?"

“No one is left in this plane except us,” Joey responded.

“Stupid scams. I knew this Hawaii getaway couldn’t be for real,” Shane chided.

“How do you know that?” Joey answered, “the offer I found said that the trip was sponsored by Hawaiian Airlines.”

The three men descended the ramp and disoriented from the abrupt and uncomfortable landing. They couldn’t see more than a couple feet in the fog and the darkness.

“It doesn’t look like this jet belongs to Hawaiian Airlines. It says, “R-E-N-T-A-L.” Shane stated.

“How about we call Hawaii’s police and get ourselves rescued from this place?” Joey complained. “Let’s make a call.”

“Shit, I’ve got no signal.”

“Me neither. What should we do?” Shane asked.

“We need to figure out why we’re here. We’ll go from there.” Joey asserted. “Turner, can you think of why we were put on this plane?” “Turner? Come on, you have to think.”

“Turner? Are you there? Turner!”

“Help!” a high pitched voice screamed from the plane.

“Lucy?!”

The two men raced up the ramp towards the scream. At the entrance, they all caught sight of Turner standing at the threshold of the cockpit. His hands and shirt were splattered with blood. His eyes were wide with shock as he stumbled towards the group.

“The pilot—” he stammered.

“Oh, God!” Joey cried, his hands gripping his head in disbelief.

“What the hell did you do?!” Shane hollered. “Where’s Lucy?!”

Shane hastily approached Turner and grabbed him by the collar of his shirt.

“No, wait!” he pleaded.

“Where’s Lucy?!” Shane repeated.

“I—I don’t know!” he whimpered.

Shane shoved him away. Not taking his eyes off Turner, he peered into the cockpit as the Joey approached. He was taken back by the sight of the pilot. It appeared as though a single

bullet had been fired into his skull at close range. Shane stormed out of the cockpit and grabbed Turner again.

“What the hell was that?!” Shane barely got the words out of his mouth when the men heard a loud slam behind them. Standing at the door with a menacing expression on her face was Lucy. Her uniform was stained with blood, much like Turner’s. In her hand she held a revolver.

Shane released his grip on Turner and faced Lucy.

“It was *you*...” he accused, “*you* murdered the pilot...?”

The other men looked on in disbelief.

“I couldn’t have anyone meddling with my plans, now could I?” her voice had taken on a chilling tone.

“Your... plans?” Joey echoed, struggling to put the pieces together. “Were you the one that made us land here?”

“Oh, shoot. I didn’t think it was that obvious,” she snarled sarcastically.

“But... why?” Turner piped up.

“Why? Don’t act so innocent. I know who you all are, and what you do,” Lucy hissed.

Carelessly waving the gun around, she advanced towards the now frightened group of men. They began to back up.

“You’ve all taken advantage of and murdered numerous women. Ring a bell?” she chided.

The men exchanged startled glances with one another.

“It seems like none of you have anything to say. I guess I’ll just cut to the chase. Since you guys think it’s fun to play around with women’s lives, I thought it’d be fun to switch it up a little. This time, I’m going to play a little game with yours.”

She reached into her pocket and brought out a single bullet.

“Line up,” she commanded as she loaded the revolver.

Finally realizing what was happening, their expressions changed from severe anxiety to utter terror.

“Please, don’t do this!” cried Turner as he backed up against the wall, his eyes filling up with tears.

“Tempting,” Lucy contemplated, “which one of your victims did you take that line from?”

“Lucy, don’t!” pleaded Joey.

She grinned as she spun the cylinder.

Ignoring their desperate attempts to appeal, Lucy raised the gun.

“Let’s make this interesting. Instead of killing all of you, I’ll let the last one standing go unharmed. How does that sound?”

The men watched the gun in silent dread.

“Alright, let’s get started then,” she announced.

Pointing the gun at Joey, she put her finger on the trigger and pulled. The men flinched as the clicking sound signalled an empty chamber. Cocking the gun again, she pointed the gun at Shane. Again they braced for impact as the revolver clicked past another empty chamber. As she pointed the weapon at the 3rd man, a smile danced on her lips. She pulled the trigger again and the bullet exploded out of the gun, driving into Turner’s chest like a hot knife through butter. The deafening sound ricocheted off the interior walls of the plane. The rest of the men jumped back in shock, their faces sprayed with his blood as he collapsed onto the now soiled carpet.

“Oh, God,” croaked Joey, attempting to back up farther into the wall.

“I don’t want to waste time. Let’s better the odds, shall we?” continued Lucy, as she took two more bullets and loaded the revolver. She spun the cylinder and pointed the gun at Joey again. *Click*. Switching to Shane, she cocked the gun again and pulled the trigger. *Click*. She slowly brought the gun back to Joey. He shut his eyes tight as she pulled the trigger again.

A second shot exploded into his stomach, and he fell onto his knees with a moan. He grabbed at the gaping wound with his hands.

“Holy shit,” breathed Shane, staring in horror at Joey, who had started to cough up blood. He looked up to see Lucy’s eyes penetrating his own. Her gaze flicked over to Joey, who had now slumped over face first onto the ground.

“And the last one standing is...” Lucy began.

She pulled the trigger one last time, sending the final bullet into Shane’s head. With a permanent, terrified expression on his face, he slumped down lifelessly to the floor. A satisfied smile flashed across her face.

“... me.”