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THE TERRIBLE OLD MAN

FADE IN:

EXT. REMOTE HIGHWAY - DAY

An old model sedan motors down a lone stretch of two lane black top.

INT. SEDAN - CONTINUOUS

MILES a rangy 28 with the air of leadership is driving, RONNIE an overconfident 26 rides shotgun, BILLY, A born nervous 22, sits in the back seat beside a couple of large duffel bags. the bags are open and billy is just figuring out something on a piece of paper.

MILES

(To Billy, gives Ronnie a shove)

Well?

RONNIE

(Rubs eyes)

Jesus what time is it?

BILLY

Twenty five seventy in cash, say three grand in jewelry.

RONNIE

(Looks at watch)

Shit. I need a coffee. Bad.

MILES

(Nods)

Not bad for one night. Miss anything?

Billy looks at the two duffel bags.

BILLY

I got everything Miles. Unless there's something in the trunk I don't know about.

RONNIE

I'm not fussy, that gas station shit'll do me.

(MORE)

MILES

There is the.

(Looks pointedly at Ronnie)

MILES(cont'd)

Murder one charge we're looking at
if we get caught.

RONNIE

Will you lay off that? I didn't
push nobody, she tripped over her
own feet and fell.

BILLY

So you keep saying.

RONNIE

It's the truth.

BILLY

You willing to tell the cops that?

MILES

How about it Ronnie. What're you
going to tell the Cops?

RONNIE

I'm not going to tell them shit
because I'm not going to get
busted.

BILLY

Not get busted like that time in
Bangor?

RONNIE

What is with you that you always
have to bring that shit up? Dammit
Miles, I can't believe your siding
with this punk.

Ronnie leans back in his seat pissed.

MILES

(Annoyed)

All right, both of you shut up.
Sixteen hours in a car with you two
losers is more than enough.

(To Ronnie)

Like it or not, you screwed up
otherwise we wouldn't be on this
little impromptu vacation.

(To Billy)

Stop busting his balls about it.
That's my job.

Billy's licks his lips and quickly nods to himself.

BILLY

Sorry Miles, I didn't mean nothin
by it. I just don't want to go
down on a murder rap.

MILES

(Placating)

We lay low with my uncle for a bit.
Keep cool, ride out the storm and
nobody goes down on anything.

(Dry humor)

Besides, you and I'd only get
tagged as accessories. Ronnie's
the one who pushed her.

Miles starts to laugh, Billy joins in.

RONNIE

That shit's not funny.

MILES

It's pretty hysterical from where
I'm sitting.

Ronnie turns his head and looks out the window sulking.

EXT. REMOTE HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

A lone TOW TRUCK approaches from the opposite direction, with
a car in tow.

INT. SEDAN - CONTINUOUS

Miles is intent on driving and doesn't bother with the truck
or its load. Ronnie is still sulking. Billy is the only one
who watches the truck go past.

EXT. REMOTE HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

The car being towed has huge rents and dents in its body.
The window is smashed in and one of its doors is missing
entirely. The wreck is draped in clumps of seaweed and water
splashes on the road behind it from its interior.

A dead white hand lies propped against the glass of the rear
passenger window and then the tow truck and its cargo are
gone.

INT. SEDAN - CONTINUOUS

Billy recoils in horror from his window.

Miles shoots him an annoyed look in the rearview.

MILES

Will you calm down. Three more hours and we'll be on my uncle's boat. You're going to get us busted if you don't cool it.

BILLY

(Freaked)

But I.

(Points to his window)

There was a.

He stops unsure how to continue.

MILES

There was a what?

BILLY

(Downcast)

Nothin.

Miles shakes his head.

MILES

Jesus Billy, I don't know about you sometimes.

EXT. REMOTE HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

The sedan rolls past a township sign declaring KINGSPORT.

EXT. RESTAURANT - LATER

The sedan pulls into the parking lot.

INT. RESTAURANT - LATER

The decor hasn't changed in about thirty years. Miles, Ronnie and Billy are squeezed into a booth. Almost finished plates of food sit in front of them. Miles is looking around the place and out the windows at the town. The place is nearly empty except for a few regulars, almost all of whom are fishermen. A lone waitress moves back and forth with fresh coffee and food for the customers. THE CLATTER OF CUTLERY AND THE MUFFLED CONVERSATION OF THE OTHER PATRONS.

INT. RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS

Miles takes a sip of his coffee and grimaces. He reaches over, takes the salt shaker and pops a little into his coffee. The other two look at him like he's lost his marbles.

MILES

What? It cuts the bitterness.

RONNIE

If you like salty coffee.

MILES

You can't even taste it. IT'S A TRICK my Uncle taught me.

Miles shovels a fork full of hash browns into his mouth. He checks his watch.

BILLY

How we doin for time?

MILES

(Swallows food)

Getting there sooner rather than later'd be a plus.

RONNIE

Yeah, last thing we need is some yokel cop tagging us.

MILES

Exactly.

EXT. RESTAURANT PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

A Police cruiser pulls up beside the three crook's sedan. A DEPUTY gets out and looks in the rear passenger window.

INT. RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS

Miles checks his watch.

MILES

I'd better check in with my Uncle, let him know where we're at.

BILLY

(Looks around nervously)

Let's just finish up and get out of here.

RONNIE

The sooner we get on that boat the better I'll feel.

MILES

(Sarcastic)

No doubt.

Miles leaves the booth and walks up to the payphone on the wall at the front of the restaurant. He gets to the phone and reaches into a pocket and pulls out a tattered business card. He drops a quarter into the phone dials the number on the card.

The Waitress stands by the till doing some paperwork.

The TERRIBLE OLD MAN (TOM) stands up from his booth in the far back corner of the Restaurant. He walks up the aisle towards the till.

His stubbly face is wrapped in a perpetual scowl. He walks hunched over aided by a cane with a golden tip and a very ornate golden handle. His overcoat is so tattered, it feathers out behind him like a set of beige wings. His limping step is sure and measured in his large black shin high leather boots. Gold and gems glitter from the rings on his hands.

He walks past Ronnie and Billy.

BILLY

Get a load of that guy.

RONNIE

What a freak.

BILLY

But a rich freak.

RONNIE

All those old geezers are loaded.

Miles is talking to his Uncle on the phone.

MILES

Yeah, we just grabbed some lunch.

(Beat)

Kingsport.

(Beat)

Nah, everything's cool.

(Beat)

Yeah, see you in a few hours.

Miles hangs up then checks the coin slot for his quarter. It's empty. He starts to turn around and catches the TOM coming up to the till out of the corner of his eye. His eyes quickly flick over.

The old man's gold rings.

Miles plays it cool. He stays near the phone as if he's got another call to make.

The TOM approaches the till. The Waitress look decidedly uneasy about this.

Miles turns his head slightly so that he can see what's going on.

The TOM reaches out with one hand to touch the face of the waitress. She recoils from his touch. ALL CONVERSATION IN THE RESTAURANT STOPS. He produces a glittering gold coin in his other hand and lays it on the countertop.

Miles' eyes widen in surprise.

The Waitress stares at the coin for a long beat and then puts her hand over it to pick it up. The TOM puts his hand on top of hers. Distaste flickers over her face but she suppresses it. The TOM reaches out to touch her face again. This time she allows it.

A thick finger with a broken and yellow nail traces down her jawline to under her chin. The Waitress shivers at the touch.

A LOW BREATH OF LONGING escapes from the TOM's mouth. A look of intense need flickers across the TOM's face only to be buried under a darker more sinister look of control. A bitter understanding of how the world always has and always will work.

The finger begins to slide down her throat. He breaks off contact at her voice-box and lets go of her hand at the same time.

The TOM gives her an evil leer. A brief flash of yellow appears in the old man's eyes. He turns to go.

Miles is still staring at the two of them.

The Waitress drops her eyes in shame and quickly pockets her gold coin. The TOM looks at miles with undisguised hatred.

Miles takes an involuntary step backward.

The TOM gives Miles a satisfied smile and leaves.

Miles stares at the TOM's back for a beat before looking back at the Waitress.

MILES
What was that about?

Blood drains from the Waitress' face as she quickly glances out of the window and then down at the countertop as if afraid the TOM might have seen her.

WAITRESS

(Strained)

Don't you pay him no mind. It's just a little game he and I play sometimes.

MILES

Was that a gold coin he gave you?

She grabs her order pad from her pocket.

WAITRESS

I'll go ring up your bill. You boys paying together or separate.

MILES

(Puzzled)

Together.

Visibly shaken, the Waitress starts to quickly punch up the bill. CONVERSATION BEGINS TO SLOWLY PICK UP AGAIN.

Miles walks back to the booth and sits down.

MILES

Did you guys catch that.

BILLY

(Disgusted)

Hard to miss it.

RONNIE

Yeah, no shit.

MILES

You see what he gave her?

BILLY

Apart from the creeps?

MILES

He gave her a freakin gold coin.

RONNIE

No way. You're shitting me.

BILLY

You sure it wasn't just gold colored?

MILES

I know gold when I see it Billy
boy.

(Leans forward)

Old people don't believe in banks
too much. That filthy old
bastard's probably got a huge stash
of those coins at his house.

Miles starts to slide out of the booth. Ronnie and Billy
follow suit.

The Deputy from the parking lot walks in through the front
door of the restaurant. He's tucking a gold coin into his
pants pocket. He's holding a travel mug in his right hand.

MILES

Shit.

All three of them try to slide as inconspicuously as possible
back into their booth.

BILLY

We're going to get tagged, we're
going to get tagged.

MILES

(Annoyed under his breath)

Shut the hell up Billy.

(Calms)

Just be cool.

Ronnie looks like he's going to be sick.

MILES

That goes for you too Ronnie.

The Deputy talks to the waitress and pops the lid off his
travel mug and holds it out. She pours coffee into it. The
Deputy's eyes flick over the three men.

BILLY

He's looking at us.

RONNIE

We shouldn't have left the guns in
the car.

MILES

Both of you shut up.

The Deputy turns his attention back to the waitress. He says
something else, this gets him a weak smile.

He takes a pull of his coffee and smiles into his mug. Satisfied, the Deputy leaves.

The Waitress smooths her apron and walks over to the threesome with the bill. Miles takes it, glances at it and drops a twenty on the table.

WAITRESS

If you wait a minute, I'll get your change.

MILES

Forget it. Say, did we park in a handicaped space or something?

The waitress forces nonchalance.

WAITRESS

Oh, We don't get too many tourists down here.

MILES

(Smiles)

You must get some. It's a pretty town.

WAITRESS

We don't advertise it like some towns. It's pretty quiet here, folk want to keep it that way.

MILES

Yeah, that big city crime can be hard to take.

Billy and Ronnie now over their fear of being busted share knowing grins.

WAITRESS

Wouldn't know, I've lived here all my life.

MILES

How long's that old guy been around?

The Waitress' voice catches in her throat.

WAITRESS

Forever.

(Looks around)

Look I'd love to chat but I've got other customers.

Miles gives her his most understanding smile.

MILES
I understand.

He pulls a fifty from his wallet creases it and lays it in an inverted V on the table top.

MILES
Whereabouts would an old guy like
that live.

The waitress' eyes dart around the restaurant to the other patrons. Confident nobody is looking she reaches quickly for the Fifty.

Miles put his hand on top of hers pinning it to the tabletop. She lets out a little gasp.

MILES
I think you know how this game is
played.

He gives her hand a little squeeze for emphasis.

WAITRESS
(Swallows hard)
He lives over on Elm. I don't know
his house number. You don't need
it anyway, you'll know which house
is his.

EXT. RESTAURANT PARKING LOT - A MINUTE LATER

Miles stands beside their car looking up and down the street. Ronnie and Billy stand uncertainly beside their car doors.

MILES
Which way you figure is Elm street?

BILLY
Can we just let it go Miles? We've
got enough stuff to last us a
while.

Miles doesn't even bother to look at Billy.
(MORE)

MILES
Shut up Billy, there's no such
thing as enough. You saw how much
shit that guy was wearing.

MILES(cont'd)

If he wears that kind of gold on the street. What do you think he's got stashed back at his house?

RONNIE

Hell, he's probably sitting on the Franklin Mint.

MILES

And all of it.
(Snaps fingers)
Small, portable and very profitable.
(Looks around again)
Now which way do we go?

INT. RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS

The waitress is on the phone.

WAITRESS

They asked.

She pockets the fifty and hangs up the phone.

EXT. STREET - MINUTES LATER

Their sedan rolls slowly up the street.

INT. SEDAN - CONTINUOUS

All three of them are looking every which way trying to see the TOM.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

They roll to a stop at an intersection.

INT. SEDAN - CONTINUOUS

MILES POV - STREET

The right side of the intersection is empty.

So is the left.

BACK TO SCENE

Miles looking back towards the right side of the intersection begins to ease the car forward.

The SMASH OF METAL ON METAL as...

MILES POV - STREET

The TOM brings the end of his cane down on the sedan's hood.

EXT. INTERSECTION - CONTINUOUS

The sedan lurches to a stop, inches from hitting the TOM.

INT. SEDAN - CONTINUOUS

MILES
(Rattled)
Where the fuck did he come from?

The TOM levels his cane menacingly at the car and its occupants. THE CAR ENGINE DIES. Then the TOM turns to his left and totters on up the street.

Everybody inside the car lets out a collective breath.

RONNIE
Freaky.

Miles tries to turn the engine over. It doesn't catch.

MILES
Come on you piece of crap.

Tries again, still nothing.

BILLY
Maybe the guy's some kind of
Wizard.

MILES
(Incredulous)
A Wizard.
(Looks back at billy for a
long beat)
Right.

Tries the engine again, this time it catches and roars to life.

MILES
The freakin thing died when I
hammered on the brake. Nothin
magical there.

BILLY
It died when he clubbed the hood
with that cane of his.

MILES

You tellin me I remember wrong?

BILLY

I'm telling I think we should get back on the highway and forget about this place.

MILES

You're afraid of an old man?

BILLY

Yes.

MILES

Well I'm not. How about you Ronnie?

Ronnie gives Billy a smug smile.

RONNIE

Hell no.

EXT. INTERSECTION - CONTINUOUS

The sedan turns slowly up the street the old man walked up.

Billy sits in the back seat looking miserable.

EXT. ELM STREET - LATE AFTERNOON

The sedan drives up Elm street.

INT. SEDAN - CONTINUOUS

Miles is getting pissed. Ronnie is trying his best to find the TOM's house out his side of the car. Billy is still sulking in the back.

BILLY

We're not going to find where this guy lives Miles. That chick at the restaurant gave you a bullshit address. Let's just get back on the freeway and get to your Uncle's boat.

MILES

Quit whining Billy. This is the right street. We're going to find this old geezer's place because I'm not going to spend the rest of my life wondering what I passed up on.

BILLY

But what if he's got nothing. He looks like the kind of guy who collects old newspapers and has a million cats.

MILES

Guys like that don't wear four pounds of gold on their hands.

BILLY

They do if they're crazy.

MILES

When you're that rich, it's called being eccentric.

RONNIE

Stop the car.

Miles punches on the brakes.

EXT. ELM STREET - CONTINUOUS

The sedan screeches to a halt.

INT. SEDAN - CONTINUOUS

Ronnie points out his window.

RONNIE'S POV - EXT. TOM'S HOUSE

A large ramshackle house. It needs about eight coats of paint and goes well beyond the description of unique fixer upper. Stone cairns and pyramids of varying sizes litter the front yard in no particular order. Some of the windows have been broken out by rocks. Very old NO TRESPASSING signs are prevalent in English and some other weird unrecognizable script.

BACK TO SCENE

RONNIE

If I was a crazy old guy, that's where I'd live.

MILES

If you were a crazy old guy, you'd live in as cardboard box under a bridge.

(Thumps ronnie on the arm)

But, I think you're right.

Billy looks more miserable than ever.

EXT. ELM STREET - CONTINUOUS

Miles pulls the car over to the curb.

MILES

Let's check it out.

(To billy)

Keep a look out. You see the cops,
honk the horn.

BILLY

(Not happy)

Sure Miles.

EXT. ELM STREET - CONTINUOUS

Miles and Ronnie get out of the car. Billy gets out of the back seat and moves into the driver's seat. Miles and Ronnie try to be discreet as they duck across the road to the TOM'S house.

EXT. TOM'S HOUSE / FRONT YARD - CONTINUOUS

Miles and Ronnie use the weird rock structures as places to hide as they work their way up to the side of the house. The two men work their way round the corner of the building towards the back.

EXT. TOM'S HOUSE / SIDE YARD - SECONDS LATER

Miles and Ronnie sit underneath a window, shielded from the road behind some shrubs. A LOW MURMURING can be heard from inside the house. Miles stands up slowly and looks in the window. He looks for a long beat then grinning from ear to ear, drops down beside Ronnie.

MILES

This is the place.

RONNIE

You're sure.

MILES

He's pretty distinctive.

Ronnie stands up and looks in the window.

RONNIE'S POV - INT. HOUSE

The old man stands talking, arms flailing in front of a large number of jars.

There seems to be something in the jars but Ronnie can't make it out. The TOM listens for a second and then laughs.

BACK TO SCENE

Ronnie drops back down beside Miles.

RONNIE
He's crazier than a shit house rat.

MILES
This is going to be easier than I thought.

Miles creeps toward the rear corner of the house and looks at the back fence and its gate to the lane behind the house.

A CAR HORN HONKS.

MILES
Damn it Billy.

EXT. ELM STREET - MINUTES LATER

Miles and Ronnie run across the street to the sedan. Miles gets into the Passenger seat and Ronnie gets in the back.

INT. SEDAN - CONTINUOUS

MILES
I don't see any cops Billy.

BILLY
You guys were gone an awful long time. I got worried. Is it the place.

Billy starts the car and pulls away from the curb.

MILES
Yes. You'd better hope you didn't give us away. What the hell has gotten into you?

BILLY
I got a bad feeling about this job.

MILES
There's nothing to feel bad about. It a dead simple deal. The old guy is completely of his nut. Tell him Ronnie.

RONNIE
 Yeah, we caught him talking to a
 bunch of jars like is was a bunch
 of long lost friends.

Billy looks back at Ronnie over his shoulder.

RONNIE
 Would I make something like that
 up?

MILES
 (Nods)
 It's true. The geezer's totally
 out of it. Ronnie and me'll go in
 the back way tonight and do him.

BILLY
 (Shakes head)
 No, nobody does nobody. We're in
 enough trouble as it is.

MILES
 What?
 (Realizes what billy
 means)
 No, not like that. We're not going
 to kill him. It's a strict rip
 off.

BILLY
 Just the gold.

MILES
 Just the gold.

Miles leans back in his seat.

MILES
 So all you've got to do tonight is
 wait in the car, keep a look out.
 How hard is that.

BILLY
 Not very.

(MORE)
 MILES
 Right, so chill out Bill. Tonight
 we get this done and we're out of
 here and back on the freeway before
 anyone's the wiser.

MILES(cont'd)

(Gives billy a brotherly
shake of the shoulder)
So, how about it, you still in?

BILLY

(Reserved)
Yeah. I guess.

EXT. LANE BEHIND TOM'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The sedan rolls to a stop beside the rear gate into the TOM'S back yard. Billy is driving, now he's on the job, he appears calm. They all get out of the car and go round to the trunk. Billy unlocks the trunk and steps back. Miles reaches in and pulls out two Ballaclavas. He hands one to Ronnie who puts his on then rolls it up on his head like a toque. Miles then pulls out a sawn off pump action shotgun which he gives to Ronnie with a handful of shells. Ronnie feeds the shells in and jacks the shotgun dramatically. Miles just shakes his head and stuffs an automatic pistol down the back of his belt. Both of them pull on small backpacks for their loot.

Miles pulls his Ballaclava on and then adjusts it just like Ronnie did earlier.

MILES

Right, you guys know the drill.
(To ronnie)
Stick close.
(To billy)
We're going to be a while so try to
keep your hands off the horn.

Billy gets back in the driver's seat. Miles closes the trunk and he and Ronnie head towards the rear gate.

At the gate, Miles spends a few moments jimmying the lock. With a soft CLICK, the latch is sprung. Ronnie reaches into a pocket and pulls out a small can of WD-40 which he sprays on the gate's hinges. Miles gives the gate a push. It swings open without a noise.

EXT. BACK YARD - CONTINUOUS

The two men negotiate the shadows to the back of the house. They slowly creep up the rear porch to the back door.

EXT. TOM'S HOUSE / SIDE YARD - CONTINUOUS

Strange lights and shadows reflect off the ceiling of the room whose window they looked in through earlier.

EXT. BACK PORCH - CONTINUOUS

Miles pulls open the tattered screen door and holds it open with his body. Both men reach up and pull down their Ballaclavas. Ronnie readies his shotgun, pointing it at face height towards the back door. Miles pulls out his pistol and bangs on the back door with his left hand.

Nothing.

Miles bangs again. A FAINT SHUFFLING STEP.

MILES
(Under his breath)
Here he comes.

Ronnie tenses up on the shotgun.

The SHUFFLING STEP gets closer to the back door and then stops. BOLTS BEING SLID BACK AND LOCKS BEING UNDONE.

A FINAL CLICK and the door opens. The TOM peers out into the blackness.

Miles gives the door a kick as Ronnie charges forward with the shot gun.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

RONNIE
Get on the floor, get on the?

The kitchen is spotless. There's no sign of the old man. Tile countertops gleam dully in the faint light. There is not a piece of anything out of place. Pots hang on their pins, cupboards and drawers are closed. Three large jars sit on the kitchen counter with their lids off.

RONNIE
That some kind of alarm?

MILES
Shitty wiring more likely. Where
the hell did he go?

The lights begin to pulse brighter at first and wane into almost dimness.

RONNIE
(Worried)
He moves pretty fast for an old
guy.

MILES
(Urgent)
He's going for the phone.

MILES AND Ronnie run out of the kitchen into.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Pictures of sailing ships and ship's Captains line the hallway. Somewhere a CLOCK TICKS monotonously. The two men run down the hall into a large.

INT. FOYER - CONTINUOUS

The Front door is to their left, an open archway into another dark room is to their front and another darkened archway is to their right. A long set of stairs curves up and over their head behind them. Miles does a quick check of the area.

MILES
Check the upstairs, I'll search the
ground floor.

Ronnie looks up at the staircase nervously.

RONNIE
But what if he's called the cops?

MILES
A bunch of local cowboys? We take
them down, show them what a couple
of boys from the city can do.
(Shoves Ronnie towards the
stairs)
Get up there.

Ronnie moves quickly up the stairs.

Miles walks over to the front door and opens it.

BILLY'S POV - FRONT OF THE HOUSE

Miles waves to Billy and gives him the OK sign.

INT. FOYER - CONTINUOUS

LOW MURMURING. Miles looks at the archway to his right. He holds his gun at the ready and moves resolutely towards the MURMURING.

INT. JAR ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Miles stands framed in the doorway.

A series of jars sit in multi leveled rows on terraced shelves against one row. The entire assembly is surrounded by candles. Strange glyphs are splashed on the wall surrounding the jars.

Every jar is labelled, has a sealed lid and contains some kind of rock suspended in their center by a string.

The rocks all swing gently back and forth in their containers.

JARS
(reverse phased barely a
whisper)
Escape! Flee!

Miles shakes his head as if trying to clear water from his ears.

MILES
What the hell?

He walks deeper into the room.

The pendulums in the jars begin to swing back and forth more forcefully.

INT. STAIRS - CONTINUOUS

Ronnie creeps quickly up to the top landing. The landing opens up onto a balustrade with multiple doors spaced down the landing on the right side. The floor CREAKS slightly under his feet as he moves onto.

INT. LANDING - CONTINUOUS

Ronnie moves over to the first door and tries its doorknob. It's locked. He presses his ear up against it. Nothing. He moves onto the next door.

INT. SEDAN - CONTINUOUS

Billy drums nervously on the steering wheel, his eyes flick back and forth from his watch to the TOM's house.

INT. JAR ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Miles crouches down in front of the jar alter. The pendulums swing wildly.

A beige shape all tatters and rags swoops across the room's entrance.

Miles looks quickly back over his shoulder but sees nothing.

He can make out individual names on the jars.

JARS
(Same as before)
Danger. Terrible.

INT. LANDING - CONTINUOUS

Ronnie tries the second door. It's unlocked. He gives the door a push and it swings silently slowly open into a room so dark it eats light. He pauses, then gun ready he pushes into the darkness. His gun hand crosses the threshold and he cranes his neck to try and get a glimpse of the rooms interior.

INT. JAR ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Bored with the jars, Miles looks to his left.

There's another archway there and sitting in the middle of the floor of the adjacent room is a huge crate full of gold coins.

MILES
(Awed)
Son of a bitch!

INT. LANDING - CONTINUOUS

Ronnie turns his head towards Miles' shout.

A blade descends in a glittering arc from the left side of the doorway inside the room and slices Ronnie's hand completely off.

A look of puzzled concern crosses Ronnie's face.

He turns back towards the doorway and looks down at his right arm.

RONNIE'S POV - ARM

His arm ends at his wrist.

RONNIE
Nuh... Nuh...

He raises the stump higher and clamps his other hand over the end of the stump. Blood begins to seep down the arm of his jacket and stain the fingers of his clamped hand.

RONNIE

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

POV - DOORWAY

Twin pinpricks of brilliant yellow glare out of the black interior of the room.

BACK TO SCENE

SHOCKED, Ronnie takes a series of steps back.

The TOM floats out of the darkness. It seems to cling to him. A long boarding cutlass is gripped proficiently in his right hand. He gives Ronnie a smile full of slab sized teeth and draws the blade high.

Ronnie's back hits the edge of the balustrade.

RONNIE

(Screams)

No!

RONNIE'S POV - TOM

The TOM's blade whistles down in a deadly arc right for Ronnie's eyes.

INT. SEDAN - CONTINUOUS

Billy looks at the house, horror on his face. He starts to rock back and forth against the steering column.

BILLY

Goddamn you miles, you promised,
you promised.

INT. JAR ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Miles' head swivels towards the sound of the scream. He starts to go to Ronnie's aid but turns back to the chest of gold. He hesitates, should he go to help Ronnie or? He turns back and starts towards the gold.

MILES

Guess he's not on the phone to the
cops.

INT. STAIRS - CONTINUOUS

Blood slowly runs over the edge of the top step.

INT. GOLD ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The chest of gold coins sits in the middle of the room, within a series of circular lines and runes etched into the floor.

Miles crosses the threshold of the first circle.

Like leaves caught in a windstorm, the TOM appears in a swirling of tattered rags in one corner of the room. Blood runs down the blade of his cutlass onto the floor.

Miles freezes, his eyes travel down the length of the blade. There's no point in calling Ronnie.

They regard each other for a few seconds.

MILES

(Nods towards the gold)

I just want the gold old man.

TOM

(His lips don't move)

Mine.

MILES

(Uncertain)

Nobody needs to get hurt.

TOM

Too late.

Miles points the shotgun at the TOM's chest

The TOM's face breaks into an evil smile that just keeps on growing. His jaw starts to drop open and just keeps going right down to mid belly. A SCREAM THAT STARTS AS AN UNGODLY MOAN AND ENDS IN A SHRIEK FROM HELL, comes out of his maw. The TOM eyes flash and then begin to glow with a sulphurous yellow light. He starts to slowly at first but gaining speed, glide across the floor towards Miles.

Miles eyebrows shoot up to his hairline in fright. His shotgun is held limp and forgotten in his right hand. He turns and runs back through the jar room.

INT. JAR ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The pendulums swing wildly back and forth in their jars. The room is filled with the TINKS of stone on glass.

JARS

Flee, flee.

The TOM hot on his heels.

Miles rockets past them out into the.

INT. FOYER - CONTINUOUS

Miles heads for the open door. It slams shut in front of him. Miles slams into the wood.

MILES

(Moans)

Please.

HEAVY SLOW EXAGGERATED BREATHING. The flat side of the cutlass' heavy blade is laid against the side of his face. The blade is pulled back smearing Ronnie's blood across Miles' face. Miles starts to cry.

MILES

Please.

EXT. TOM'S HOUSE / FRONT DOOR - CONTINUOUS

Miles begins to SCREAM FROM INSIDE THE HOUSE. The door rattles and shakes on its hinges as a heavy weight is thrown repeatedly against it. A METAL BLADE STRIKING WOOD. The SCREAMS sound like somebody having their soul ripped out.

INT. SEDAN - CONTINUOUS

Billy is losing it. He's punching the dash and hammering on the steering wheel in frustration.

BILLY

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

You promised, you fucking promised.

(reaches for the ignition)

I will not be a part of this. You bastards are on your own.

EXT. TOM'S HOUSE / FRONT DOOR - CONTINUOUS

The door swings open. The interior of the house is now dark. FAINT TINKLING OF ROCKS ON GLASS.

INT. SEDAN - CONTINUOUS

Billy pauses with his hand on the ignition. He turns his head towards the now open door.

BILLY'S POV - FRONT OF HOUSE

The TOM glides out of the open door, soaked in gore and blood spatter. His cutlass is coated in blood and his feet don't appear to be touching the ground. He stops on the front porch. His eyes lock on Billy and they start to glow. He opens his arms wide and starts to rocket towards the car.

BACK TO SCENE

BILLY
(panicked)
Shiiiiit!

He turns the ignition and stomps on the gas. The car engine TURNS OVER AND THEN MAKES A CHOKING SOUND.

SIDE WINDOW POV - TOM

The TOM is halfway to the car, he BEGINS HIS UNHOLY SCREAM.

BACK TO SCENE

Billy hammers the dash in fear and frustration.

BILLY
Not now you piece of shit!

Tries the ignition again. Still nothing.

BILLY
C'mon, c'mon, c'mon!

Tries again. The engine STUTTERS AND THEN CATCHES.

BILLY
Yes!

He moves to drop the car in gear. The driver's side window explodes inwards and a gnarled hand grabs Billy by the throat.

TOM
Mine.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

The Passenger side of the car. Billy SCREAMING. The car rocks and rolls back and forth. Weird yellow light pulses through the steamed up windows. Shapes move and thrash around in the interior of the car. Billy's SCREAMS, the yellow light and all the movement of the car stop. There is nothing except the slight creaking of the springs and then a LOW MOAN OF INTENSE LONGING.

INT. JAR ROOM - LATER

Three new jars are slid into place beside the others by a gnarled old hand. The jars are labelled MILES, RONNIE and BILLY. The pendulums inside swing erratically.

NEW JARS

No, no, no, no.

TOM (O.S.)

Mine.

FADE TO:

EXT. REMOTE HIGHWAY - DAWN

The same Tow truck seen earlier tows the trio's sedan out of town past the Kingsport sign.

Billy's dead hand is pressed against the glass of the rear passenger side window.

FADE OUT: