

**"DEMO REEL"**

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## TITLE: "PROLOGUE"

FADE IN:

EXT: RECORDING STUDIO - MUSCLE SHOALS - MORNING

The two-story building's brick is saturated from overnight rain. Nearby, is a green dumpster with wet plaster and beams sticking out of the top.

TITLE: "MUSCLE SHOALS, ALABAMA"

AARON WEBB, (40) who often goes by Mr. Webb, steps out of a RED PORSCHE and rushes into the recording studio. His flat loafers splash the bottom of his khaki pants.

INT: FOYER

He leaves wet prints in the foyer. At the entrance of the hall is a homemade sign that reads "Fresh Paint, Don't Touch Walls."

INT: HALL

Along the hall there are doors on either side. On the left, at the end, Mr. Webb finds his. He reads his freshly painted name across the door window; he nods approval.

AARON WEBB  
Aaron Webb.

He kicks a painter's drop cloth to the side and enters. He shuts it behind him. The door's window reads "AARON WEBB." Under that in smaller letters reads "PRODUCER."

INT: NEW OFFICE

He approaches a beat-up box on the new desk. He flips up a flap to peek inside.

At the bottom is an aged reel canister. The aged label reads "Sunny Boy Fuller, 76 Greenleaf RD Clarksdale MISS, Song of Descent, Demo Reel."

He takes his phone out and dials a number, then places it on the desk as we hear it ring.

The PAINTER, A middle-aged male answers.

PAINTER (Off Screen)  
Hello.

AARON WEBB

Hey, this Aaron you're on speaker.

PAINTER (O.S.)

Yeah, your name shows up on the phone.

AARON WEBB

I still think it's the nineties sometime.

PAINTER (O.S.)

You and me both. What you need, the paint okay?

AARON WEBB

This box on my desk it wasn't here when you started. It has a reel in it, do you know anything about it?

PAINTER (O.S.)

Ya'll got you a piece of history with that place. Finding it was neat. But it's yours. That building ain't abandoned no more, right?

AARON WEBB

Yeah, we bought the building and the contents. Someone must have missed this.

Webb looks at it again in the bottom of the box.

PAINTER (O.S.)

I found it in the attic. I went looking for an old rag or something. This rainy season caught me off guard. I left my bucket of rags in the back of the truck wide open.

AARON WEBB

Thank you for putting this aside.

PAINTER (O.S.)

No problem, man.

Mr. Webb quickly ends the call. He fingers another number into his phone on the desk. After a couple of rings someone answers and Webb speaks without a greeting.

AARON WEBB

Wendy, you`re on speaker. Pull up  
that list of artists we acquired with  
the Muscle Shoals studio.

(beat)

Look up an artist`s name starting with  
a "F". The name is Fuller.

Webb takes the canister and blows dust off it.

WENDY (O.S.)

I`m pulling up the info now.

We hear FAINT TYPING coming from the phone.

WENDY (O.S.)

I have no Fuller in the data.

AARON WEBB

No Fuller? You sure?

With hands on desk, he hunkers over the phone.

WENDY (O.S.)

I`m sure Mr. Webb. There is no Fuller,  
and on top of that, no one with a name  
starting or ending with an "F".

AARON WEBB

Okay Wendy.

He holds the tin up and gazes at the label again.

AARON WEBB

It states it`s a demo so it`s probably  
recorded with a 1 to 2 track system.  
I`m guessing it may not have been mastered  
yet.

(beat)

I`ll get back to you.

Mr. Webb disconnects with the tap of his finger. He puts the tin  
canister back into the box.

INT: Hall

Mr. Webb goes to a door and opens it.

INT: UTILITY CLOSET

He walks into a utility closet with field recording equipment on rustic shelves. He ponders over the equipment.

AARON WEBB

Let`s see, I know there`s a reel to  
reel here somewhere.

He spots one he likes, a TEAC 1966 REEL TO REEL TWO-TRACK  
RECORDER PLAYER, on the bottom shelf. He bends down and drags it  
off.

He takes the HEADPHONES off the top and puts them around his  
neck. He then picks the recorder up.

AARON WEBB

They don`t make 'em like this anymore.

Weighted down, he walks out of the utility closet.

INT: HALL

Mr. Webb carries the heavy portable recorder into his office.

INT: OFFICE

CLOSE UP: The "Demo Reel" canister is opened, and the reel is  
taken out by Webb and placed on the recorder spool`s pin. He  
feeds it off and through the recorder`s gate placing it on the  
empty take-up reel.

CLOSE UP: He grabs a headset and plugs it into the AUX port. He  
puts the headset on, and PRESSES PLAY. The reels jerk and the  
analogue tape begins feeding through mechanisms. We hear NO  
MUSIC, just the mechanics as it plays into Aaron Webb`s ears by  
headphones.

Aaron Webb, with headphones on, sits at his desk. His head tilts  
back as he stares at the ceiling. He suddenly slouches and brings  
his hands up to his face as his body lurches forward. He begins  
to grieve with a reddening face that becomes marked by quickening  
tears.

He mournfully sobs.

EXT: MEMPHIS RECORDS - RECORDING STUDIO - SUNSET

Streetlights flick on along a busy street, its sidewalks speckled  
with pedestrians dressed for cool air. Vehicles pass with their  
headlights coming on.

TITLE: "MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE"

Towering above is a city building backdropped by evening's red sky.

INT: CONVENTION ROOM

A RICHARD FIELDMAN (60) stands off from the business-dressed crowd. He scans the dimly lit room as a group of fifteen people mingle near the wet bar. They serve themselves whiskey. A bucket of ice and drinking glasses are nearby.

On the conference table is the 1966 field recorder used previously in Muscle Shoals, Alabama. Mr. Aaron Webb, tense, finishes running the reel through the recorder.

AARON WEBB

I've heard a few of you say that you're glad I didn't have you drinking out of plastic cups. I personally don't like my alcohol served in plastic cups so I thought you may feel the same way.

A few clap.

AARON WEBB

I will not waste time and go over the e-mail I sent. We're going to get on with the show.

(beat)

Stan has volunteered to help with this demonstration. You know he's an honest guy, and his reaction, I believe you will trust. If any of you wish to listen to it after him I am prepared to stay a little longer today.

There is a noticeable nervousness in his pause after saying this as Webb looks around the room for any feedback. When his eyes meet Richard Fieldman's piercing gaze, Mr. Webb's eyes stutter a moment then move on.

STAN (39), another executive in a suit, sits in the chair at the large table backdropped by the evening sun's red sky. A slight grin forms as his eyes dart from the recorder to Aaron Webb who is about to start the recorder.

STAN

You know you could have just made a digital recording.

Mr. Webb addresses Stan and those in the room.

AARON WEBB

I'm sorry, I set this meeting up while  
I was still in Alabama; I just got back  
yesterday.

STAN

Lighten up Aaron.

Stan puts the headphones on and nods, as if ready. Webb presses the "play" button. The recorder jerks and the take-up spool turns slowly as it pulls the reel through the recorder's mechanisms.

Mr. Webb looks around the room at his peers and bosses. These are the ones that have a say in what music gets published or does not get published.

Stan's hands clutch the chair's arm rests and their grasp grows tighter. His eyes water and a tear falls as he looks beyond this world into a deepening bliss of sorrow through the window full of evening's darkening light.

EXT: MEMPHIS RECORDS - RECORDING STUDIO - SUNSET

The sky turns from red to blood black as the sun dips lower than city buildings.

INT: CONVENTION ROOM

In dim light, Webb is amazed as he watches Stan being transformed into an emotional mess by the music he alone listens to through headphones.

Stan cries as a few of his fellow executives surround him placing their comforting hands on his shoulders.

Richard Fieldman comes toward Mr. Webb with a look of concern.

RICAHRD F.

Do Something Mr. Webb you're the host.

Mr. Aaron Webb snaps out of his amazement and goes to switch off the reel. Stan jolts quickly with all his might grabbing Mr. Webb's arm who tries pulling back but is unable.

Others hesitate from shock but then start trying to pry Stan's grip from Webb's arm. As they viscously struggle Richard Fieldman swipes off Stan's headphones.

Stan suddenly releases Mr. Webb`s arm and directs his anger at everyone.

STAN  
(Yelling)  
Turn it back on. You fucking idiots.  
You have no idea what you are doing!  
None!

Those holding him tighten their grip as more join, including MARTY (32).

RICHARD F.  
Take him out.

MARTY  
Don`t give this cocky fuck anymore wine.

RICHARD F.  
Save the bullshit for your clients  
Marty! He only had one glass! I`ve  
been watching.

They struggle to get Stan through the doorway into the hall. His fight to resist weakens. He is no match for them and yells as he is carried out.

STAN  
Just let me hear one more time.  
Please, I miss him!

RICHARD F.  
When he settles down guys, take him  
Home! And everyone out, but Webb! Everyone!

Those left don`t hessite to leave as Richard nears Webb to discuss the event. And Mr. Webb, with a robust voice, uses the event as his strongest evidence to proceed.

AARON WEBB  
See how he wanted more! This song  
is gold. And we can use it to help draw  
attention to our blues library that`s  
just gathering dust. Look Richard I bet-

RICHARD F.  
Please be quiet. There is nothing you  
will say that will get me to okay this.



AARON WEBB

It did the same to me. Don't you see, We could make millions or even billions off this in some way or another.

Richard Fieldman realizes Webb is a lost cause.

RICAHRD F.

That song does not need to see the light of day. We can't rep that song.

AARON WEBB

It did what blues is supposed to do.  
(beat)

How many times did you listen to that one song that everyone kept requesting on the radio? Just like it, this is going to do the same. This is going to cross into different genres probably. And that's not an over statement.

Richard Fieldman paces using his hands while putting emphasis on certain points he stresses.

RICAHRD F.

No, No. Blues music is not like that Webb. It's different for everybody, but it has a fundamental job. To let you know that there is someone out there that has gone through something as dreadful or as hard as you. It lets you know you're not alone in the world. Which in turn helps you heal. That's my experience.

(beat)

That song does not do that. It takes you down lower into... into.. despair.

AARON WEBB

Stan would have done that.

RICAHRD F.

Heal? He already was healed. That song changes a person. Have you ever seen him beg for anything? Swear worse than a sailor?  
(beat)

And look at you, you're ignoring all that. What you just saw, you know that's not Stan.

AARON WEBB

Those were private moments.

(beat)

Listen to it yourself. Feel it. I`m still able to function, I`m not in despair and unable to eat. It`s been two days since I did and I`m not lying-in bed in sorrow or putting a gun to my head.

RICHARD F.

This is not the up-lifting Aaron that left here to go check on things in Alabama. I don`t know who you are!

Mr. Webb takes a bottle of wine removing the already popped cork.

AARON WEBB

I`ll do it myself.

He takes a swig from the wine bottle.

RICHARD F.

Don`t say that. Don`t quit your job over this. We just can`t be linked to this song Aaron. And it`s not about the money.

(beat)

Did you see anyone else say 'wait, I want to hear it`? No because none of this excited them.

AARON WEBB

I`ll leave then.

RICHARD F.

Aaron come on.

Webb places the bottle of wine on the conference table.

AARON WEBB

I`ll get some artists and with this song I`ll launch my own label.

Richard briefly hangs his head in disappointment.

RICHJARD F.

Okay, I`ll get with accounting. We will be generous.

Webb begins packing away the headset and removing the reel to place it in its tin canister as Richard works his way to the doorway.

AARON WEBB  
I'd appreciate that.

RICAHRD F.  
I'm going to check on Stan.

AARON WEBB  
(Sips wine)  
Tell Stan my apologies.

With sadness in his face, Richard pauses in the doorway and glances back to Aaron Webb.

RICAHRD  
(somber)  
Ok Aaron.

Richard leaves the room.

FADE OUT:

TITLE: "SONG OF DESCENT"

FADE IN:

EXT. MEMPHIS - NIGHT

The city pulses its electric noise into the lights over the oil-stained streets.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DARIN'S DOWNTOWN APARTMENT - NIGHT

DARIN MORGAN, (36), cleans a camera. The cell phone rings until the voice mail picks up. He smears a dry cloth across a lens until no spots remain.

Checking his phone, he sees who called. It reads "MR. WEBB." Darin listens to the voice mail on the speaker. Mr. Webb's blunt voice filters out.

AARON WEBB (VOICE MAIL)  
We'll meet tomorrow evening around six  
in the morning at the park. Usual place.  
I got a piece I want you to do. Bye.

Darin rises from the sofa with the camera. He steps past A child's yellow dump truck with a few dolls around it.

INT. CAMERA ROOM

Darin places the cleaned camera neatly on a shelf filled with other older model cameras. Some of them are Old 8mm and 16mm home movie cameras, 120mm twin lens cameras, 35mm film cameras, and land cameras.

EXT. PARK - DAY

Fall colors resonate around the park as people dressed for a chilly Fall day walk the paths.

EXT. PARK BENCH

While chomping an oily sub sandwich, Aaron Webb has the reel-to-reel recorder at his side with the demo reel's canister. He hands the canister to Darin who sits beside him.

Darin wrinkles his nose as he wipes grease off the canister using his shirt tail.

DARIN

Congrats on cutting your own path.

Mr. Webb nods.

DARIN

When are you going to release it?

Webb wipes his mouth with a well already used napkin.

AARON WEBB

When you find the artist and write me the best fluff piece you've ever written is when.

DARIN

(Dry)

Thanks.

AARON WEBB

All we got on his location is from the label itself. And it's from nineteen-sixty-nine. I brought the reel and recorder for you to take some pictures of.

(beat)

Oh, and you can take it with you. Possibly, if you find him, you'll need something to jar his memory.

Darin glances at the tin canister.

AARON WEBB

Document the trip, interview the guy.  
Then I'll release a story about me  
finding the old reel. A week later we'll  
release the story about your trip to  
Clarksdale and the interview with  
pictures. It'll create some buzz and  
that's when we'll release the album.

DARIN

A lot of stuff has happened since that  
was recorded. Do you even think he's  
still alive?

AARON WEBB

He could be a little older or under  
seventy-five. If he's dead, find his  
next of kin.

DARIN

The song must be pretty good for you to  
be going through all this trouble.  
(beat)  
Can I get a listen?

Webb raises his eyebrows but does not answer his question.

AARON WEBB

Your pay?

DARIN

You want my best work?

AARON WEBB

I was going to pay you the normal plus a  
bonus for our current inflation.

DARIN

Kick it up a little if you can. When  
Rose died, I didn't get much work.

AARON WEBB

I remember. I talked you into checking  
yourself in. You wouldn't eat and your  
house was a pig's pen.

DARIN

Thanks for that.  
(beat)

I`m working a full-time job with benefits but nothing like before. A little extra money will get me caught up. I have extensions on a couple of bills that are going to expire soon.

AARON WEBB

I have a little in my budget I could spare. If I want the best I need to pay the best right?

DARIN

That`s right.

AARON WEBB

How much are we looking at?

DARIN

Do the same as before but with the inflation rate you mentioned, plus include my costs.

AARON WEBB

Of course.

DARIN

Then add five grand to it.

AARON WEBB

Five grand?

DARIN

Yes sir.

AARON WEBB

For your best, right?

DARIN

I`ll fluff the dickens out of it and make it logical. I don`t want it to be laughed at. My name`s on it.

AARON WEBB

Understandable.

DARIN

Any changes must be agreed upon by me.

AARON WEBB

No problem.

(beat)  
I'll work out a contract for you but I want you to get started as soon as you can.

DARIN  
I can get a couple days off next week. Plus, I have that weekend.

AARON WEBB  
And Darin please don't take this as a challenge. I've known you for a while. I laid awake at night deciding if I should even leave this with you or not.  
(beat)  
I highly advise you not to listen to it.

Darin holds the canister in his hand and flips back and forth looking at it as if it should be special.

AARON WEBB  
Don't let it fool you, it is what I say it is. Please don't listen to it. If you don't like it, you may lose that fire in the belly for this job.

Darin shrugs.

DARIN  
The money this time puts fire in my belly.

AARON WEBB  
Promise you won't.

DARIN  
I won't listen to it. I promise.  
(beat)  
You have a copy, don't you?

AARON WEBB  
Two copies in a safe. You still need to keep that one in the hotel room and don't take it out unless you meet the artist.

DARIN  
I Got you.

Darin stands up as he gestures to the 1966 recorder.

DARIN

Now you want to help me put this in my car?

AARON WEBB

I`m paying you? No.

Darin shakes his head and slips the canister under an arm then picks up the recorder.

Mr. Webb takes the tin canister as it accidentally slips from under Darin`s arm.

AARON WEBB

I`m just kidding.

(beat)

But you do the heavy stuff. I did bring it all the way here.

DARIN

That`s right, that`s right.

Darin, slightly burdened with the recorder, walks away with Mr. Webb down a path toward a parking lot.

EXT. DARIN`S PARENT`S HOME - DAY

Wearing his Road Department uniform, Darin removes a box of toys from the trunk. He walks up the steps as his mother, NANCY, in her 70`s, opens the front door.

NANCY

Wipe your feet.

INT. KITCHEN

Nancy cleans the dishes by hand. She places each dish on a folded towel next to the sink.

NANCY

You said that you`re traveling days were over Darin.

She faces the kitchen table where Darin sits.

NANCY

Don`t start dropping your kids off every week then eventually just leave them here like before.



DARIN  
What?

Nancy becomes frustrated.

NANCY  
We love them and want to see them all the time. But you're their father and their mother is gone. You have to take responsibility.

DARIN  
Hold on a minute mom, you're getting this all wrong.

NANCY  
They almost lost two parents Darin. Rose and you. You laid up in bed for weeks and if you were not in bed you were out drunk or pacing in the bedroom on God-who-knows-what. Don't do this again. You're like this dish washing machine, always breaking down.

Darin goes to his mother. Their hug turns into an embrace.

DARIN  
Trust me mom. A couple of weeks at the most.

NANCY  
(Frustrated)  
Stop talking like you're sixteen. Just stop it.

DARIN  
I didn't mean it to sound that way. Look what I've done. When I got better I took this job with the road department, and I'm just taking a trip down to Clarksdale Mississippi for a few days. I took two days off and I already have the weekend off. It's just for pictures and interviews. That's all. I'll do the writing at home.

NANCY  
What if by some chance something bigger than that comes along?

DARIN  
It ain't.

NANCY  
(Correcting him)  
Isn't or is not.

DARIN  
This one will do it. It's just to pay off  
the braces and maybe catch the car up.  
I'll still have a little left over.  
I'll be stable enough to have regular ups  
and downs.

NANCY  
Same plans then?

DARIN  
Yes. I'm keeping the full-time job.  
Next week, after the rain that comes  
in, you'll see me out there filling  
in new potholes.

NANCY  
Your uncle wants a culvert in on that  
land he just got. They're putting a  
shed on it.

DARIN  
I don't have any say over that, but  
I'll pass the word along.

She turns and looks out the kitchen window. She smiles.

She leans forward, opens the kitchen window above the sink and  
the sound of two young children playing filters in. A boy (5) and  
girl (6).

NANCY  
I love them here Darin. But they  
need you.

Darin approaches her at the kitchen window.

DARIN  
I know. I am here mom. This is not  
like before.

He kisses her on the cheek and they both look out the window.

NANCY

Your birthday is in a couple of days.

DARIN

I know, I've already told them we would celebrate when I get back.

NANCY

I don't want them crying on your birthday. We always celebrate birthdays.

DARIN

We do. And we've postponed birthdays before mom.

NANCY

I know, just making sure.

She squeezes him with her arm around his back as they both continue to look out of the kitchen window at the children playing.

EXT. DARIN'S PARENT'S HOME - SUNSET

The sun sets and his car is still in the driveway.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

The two children sleep nestled with their father, Darin.

MONATGE: MEMPHIS TO CLARKSDALE

-Darin Driving with towering city buildings in the background.

-He drives between tall forests on rolling large hills.

-Darin drives past a "Welcome To MISSISSIPPI" sign.

-The highway bends through forests of pine.

-Darrin drives up a small hill but drives down a deeper backside that bottoms out into the very flat delta plain. Fields on the left and right are full of white bulbs of cotton.

-Darin passes a "Clarksdale" sign.

-Darin drives through downtown Clarksdale. It's flat country and the buildings are one story with years of age to them.

TITLE: "CLARKSDALE MISSISSIPPI"

His car begins slowing as he drives up onto his hotel.

END OF MONATGE

BACK TO SCENE:

EXT. HOTEL - PARKING LOT

Darin exits his car looking around, the sight of the sleepy town with flat roofs and squatty buildings does not excite him.

He stretches and gets his luggage out of the trunk.

INT. LOBBY - HOTEL - DAY

Darin sits the old reel to reel recorder on the countertop. His luggage is at his feet. A clerk with special needs named STEVEN, (16), approaches the counter.

STEVEN  
Do you have reservations?

DARIN  
My name`s Darin Morgan.

Steven checks the register.

STEVEN  
Here you are. You`re in room two-oh-eight.

Steven grabs A SET of room keys.

STEVEN  
Do you need help with your bags?

DARIN  
No thanks. I`ll come back for the luggage.

Steven passes the room keys to Darin.

DARIN  
My room is on the second floor?

STEVEN  
(Pointing)  
Yes sir, it is. That way sir.

DARIN  
Thank you?

Darin looks at Steven`s name tag.

DARIN (CONT)  
Thank you, Steven. I`m Darin; wait  
just a second Steven.

Darin reaches down into his camera bag and raises back up with  
his CANON AE-1 film camera.

DARIN  
I hope you don`t mind if I get a quick  
picture of you for the article I`m  
doing?

STEVEN  
Let me ask my boss in the back.

Steven disappears into a back office as Darin makes setting  
adjustments on his camera.

The Hotel manager returns followed by Steven.

MANAGER  
May I help you?

DARIN  
Oh, yes Mam. I`m here doing a story for  
a recording company who is interested in  
one of your local artists. Along with  
the story I`m getting some shots of the  
community. Would it be okay if I take a  
picture of Steven behind the counter.

MANAGER  
Do you have a card?

Darin hands over a business card from his wallet.

DARIN  
That`s the recording company you can  
call. The person there is Aaron Webb.

MANAGER  
To be honest we`re not some big  
corporation. I just don`t want  
there to be any negative press with  
our hotel mentioned in it.

Steven interrupts.

STEVEN  
My sister takes pictures of me all the time.

MANAGER  
But I can hand this back and if you were just a tourist, and we never met, I don't see an issue. If it's alright with Steven, you can take a picture.

Darin takes the card back.

DARIN  
Thank you.

The Manager walks away.

STEVEN  
I don't mind.

DARIN  
Great, thank you.

Darin slides the recorder away on the countertop and positions Steven where he wants him for the photo.

DARIN  
Okay, just move a little bit to your right. A tad more so we can see the key holders behind you.  
(beat)  
That's good.  
(beat)  
I'm going to count to three and  
You give me a smile. One. Two. Three  
and smile.

Darin clicks the shutter a few times as Steven gives a big smile.

DARIN  
That's got it, thank you.

He puts his camera away.

STEVEN  
You're welcome, sir.

DARIN  
Nice meeting you.

STEVEN  
You too.

Darin slings his camera over his shoulder and grabs the recorder.

DARIN  
I'll come back for the rest.

STEVEN  
I'll bring it!

Before Darin can say anything, Steven is already rushing around the counter to get the bags.

DARIN  
You're definitely getting a tip.

Steven carries his bags alongside Darin to the elevator. We see them get in and the doors close.

INT. DARIN'S HOTEL ROOM

The hotel room's coffee machine freshly drips as Darin puts the canister, with Sonny Boy Fuller's address, facing up onto the bed beside his cell phone.

He writes the address from the label into his phone's navigation app.

CLOSE: He grabs his car keys next to the REMOTE control on the television stand.

EXT. DIRT ROAD - DAY

Darin's car travels between cotton fields. The car slows as it nears a vine-covered mailbox belonging to a dilapidated home.

INT. CAR

Darin sees the crooked house number on the old mailbox. He steers into the dirt-driveway.

EXT. CAR - PARKED - DILAPIDATED HOUSE - DAY

Darin exits with his camera slung across his shoulder. He pauses, noticing a loan tree in the distance.

He takes a quick picture of it.

Then an automobile passes by the tree in the distance. The top of the car can barely be seen when passing. Darin whispers to himself.

DARIN  
(To himself)  
Maybe I can get there by car.

EXT. GARAGE

Inquisitive, he walks by around the garage. Stopping at a window he peers inside.

DARIN`S POV: We see a 1960`s FADED BLUE GMC STEP-SIDE TRUCK. In the darkly lit garage.

BACK TO SCENE:

He adjusts the settings on the camera and presses it to the window. He takes a couple of photos.

EXT. FRONT OF HOUSE

At the front of the house, he steps back to take a few pictures. He then slings the camera back on his shoulder and climbs the front paint-peeled porch. He peeks through the dingy windows.

DARIN`S POV: There is nothing seen but ragged furniture and crooked framed paintings.

BACK TO SCENE:

EXT. SIDE OF HOUSE

At the side of the house, he investigates a paint speckled window.

DARIN`S POV: Against a wall are a collection of guitars lit dimly by window light. Some have designs on them with one having a SLOPPILY CRAFTED LIGHTENING BOLT on it.

BACK TO SCENE:

He takes his camera and adjusts the settings. He presses the camera against the window and snaps a picture.

He lowers it, walks toward the back.



INT. CELLAR - DILAPIDATED HOUSE

A tall lurking figure, in the shadows, watches the double doors vibrate as if being pulled upon.

LURKING FIGURE'S POV: We move closer to the cellar's wooden double doors. Through a crack Darin's figure can be seen walking away.

BACK TO SCENE:

EXT. MAIN STREET - CLARKSDALE - DAY

Darin drives between the squatty buildings.

EXT. DINER - DAY

Darin parks in front and gets out with his camera slung.

Passing through the patio dining area, he reaches for the entrance door.

SADE (22) rushes out with a full cup holder and a couple of food bags. She smacks into Darin spilling some drink on his shirt.

SADE  
Oh, I'm sorry.

DARIN  
That's okay.

She tries to wipe his shirt, but her hands are too full.

DARIN  
Really, it's okay. I got it. You must have something with bacon in there I can smell it.

He grabs a napkin from her bag and wipes his shirt.

SADE  
Oh yes, we all got a BLT.

DARIN  
I'm so freaking hungry.

He fists the used napkin as Sade sees his camera.

SADE  
Come to get pictures of the crossroads?

DARIN

I`m here to do a piece on a local artist  
for a recording company.

He grabs the door handle again to go inside the diner.

DARIN

Wait just a second. Have you heard of a  
blues singer named Sunny Boy Fuller?  
Probably in his seventies?

SADE

Just a little too young for that. Try  
the local museum up that way.  
(Points)  
I better go. I`m having to make the  
lunch run today.

DARIN

Thanks for your help.

She rushes away as he enters the diner.

INT. CAR - PARKED - BLUES MUSEUM - DAY

Darin packs half of the BLT away in the bag; he quickly wipes his  
mouth and hands with napkins. He pulls a handheld TASCAM digital  
recorder, pen, and reporter`s notebook from the glove department.

EXT. BLUES MUSEUM

With camera and flash slung, he sits the other items on the roof  
of the car and checks his appearance in the driver`s mirror.

Satisfied there`s no food on his face, he gathers his journalism  
tools and walks to the entrance of the museum.

INT. FOYER - BLUES MUSEUM

The curator, Kalisha, (50) approaches Darin taking a photo of  
blues memorabilia.

KALISHA

Finding everything okay?

He shoulders the camera.

DARIN

Yes, thank you, but I`m here to see the

Curator.

KALISHA

(Smile)

That`s me, how may I help you?

DARIN

I`m a freelance writer doing a piece on  
a reel of blues music that was  
discovered recently in a storage closet.

KALISHA

Oh, exciting.

DARIN

(Smile)

My exact same feelings.

He brings the handheld recorder up.

KALISHA

And what do you need my help for?

DARIN

Do you mind if I record you?

KALISHA

I don`t mind, but I`m not really  
prepared.

Darin hits record.

DARIN

Oh, no. It`s nothing like that. I just  
need info on local stuff. A bit of  
education. I`m only recording this, so I  
make sure I don`t miss anything.

KALISHA

Okay. You want to sit down somewhere.

DARIN

We can.

As he follows her, he continues the interview.

DARIN

The artist is from here.

(beat)

Basically, I`ve been hired to write

about him by a recording company out of Memphis. They like a song he did they found and want to release it.

KALISHA  
The singer`s name?

DARIN  
Sunny Boy Fuller?

She pauses at a small table with a few seats.

KALISHA  
That name has been thrown around by some of the old school artists.  
(beat)  
If you end up quoting me, make it sound good.

With a grin he places the recorder on the table and brings his notebook up ready to write.

DARIN  
What did you hear about him?

KALISHA  
Not much but come with me.

Not having a chance to sit, he grabs the recorder off the table as he is led to an oval room of portraits.

INT: OVAL ROOM

She leads him into the center of the room where blues singer portraits are on the wall. They`re oil paintings and have deep earth tones.

KALISHA  
These are the greats in blues, you may recognize a few of them. From what I heard about Little Boy Fuller, is that he was in step with these men. But the stories about Fuller never venture past the 70`s.

DARIN  
You don`t know why do you?

KALISHA  
Not exactly, but they`ve joked that he

lived in some fantasy world. He believed in the sell-your-soul-to-the-devil folklore.

DARIN

Like the lore of the German doctor who sold his soul for knowledge.

KALISHA

Right, only blues men sell it for fame, for the gift of being the greatest.

(beat)

It's assumed the devil killed him to collect his soul in payment for fame.

It's a little different than the German tale, instead of conjuring him up from hell, Fuller went to meet the devil with offerings of fingernail clippings and chicken bones.

Darin grins.

DARIN

Chicken bones?

Kalisha leads him to a mock display of bare chicken bones and a pile of fingernail clippings on a patch of sod.

KALISHA

You lay the offerings at the base of the tree, then tune your guitar and kneel. You close your eyes and wait for a howl from the wind. The devil takes the offerings while the musician's eyes remain closed, and then, the devil tunes the guitar and gives it back with the gift of perfection.

Darin brings his camera up.

DARIN

Don't move. Give me a bit of a smile.

She looks down at her shirt and touches her hair to make sure she is presentable.

KALISHA

Do I look alright?

DARIN

Yes, I`m sorry. It`s just I realized with the portraits back dropping you a nice wide shot would look great.

Darin zooms out his lens as Kalisha poses.

DARIN  
You look great, just cross your arms in front of you.

She does so.

DARIN  
Perfect, and hold it. I`m going to use a little fill-light from the flash.

Darin snaps a couple of photos. Flash, flash. He brings the camera down.

DARIN  
And Little Boy fuller believed in this?

KALISHA  
That`s the rumor that has stuck around. But like I said there`s no stories of him after the seventies.

DARIN  
Stories?

KALISHA  
When I was researching, the people alive and kicking around with him then, said that they never saw him out past around nine-teen seventy when he went to the county jail.

DARIN  
Jail?

KALISHA  
You`ll have to see the Sheriff for that information.

DARIN  
I`ll stop by there, thanks.

KALISHA  
I believe that Fuller, not being financially successful, and I say that

because his music is totally unknown,  
may have gone searching for an  
alternative method to gain finances. And  
that may have led him out of town into a  
different profession.

Darin smiles and slings the camera over his shoulder.

DARIN

You ever try to look him up?

KALISHA

Somewhat. He wasn't in any local  
hospitals. No military background that I  
found. He did get that county jail time  
but was released around the time he  
disappeared.

DARIN

You mentioned the crossroads. Do you  
know where this crossroads, is at?

KALISHA

It's said to be near where old Highway  
forty-nine meets old Highway sixty-one,  
but I truly think it's where you make  
it.

DARIN

Do you think Fuller went there?

KALISHA

It's possible his parent's home was just  
a few hundred yards away.

DARIN

I stopped by his last address that was  
on the recording label, but the home was  
in disrepair.

KALISHA

That's his family home. The old highway  
runs by there. You probably saw the tree  
out there.

DARIN

Just off to the right if you're facing  
the house.

KALISHA

Yeah.

KALISHA

There are some old graves around that tree. Now that will make some interesting photos for your article.

DARIN

Thanks for the tip.

KALISHA

It's just a thought. Glad I could help. When is the article coming out?

They walk slowly together toward the front door.

DARIN

It all depends on if we can find him or his relatives. I'm more than positive his parents are gone by now.

KALISHA

Yeah, there was insurance money according to one rumor. His parents' death may have been the catalyst for him leaving. He may have just used that money and moved. A lot of blues singers relocate from here.

DARIN

Thank you again.

KALISHA

You're welcome.

(beat)

Is that a film camera?

DARIN

With my pictures on negatives no one can contest their existence. They could say, 'well you photoshopped it' or 'used AI'. But with film I can show the negative as proof it's real.

KALISHA

Is it black and white?

DARIN

It is.



KALISHA

We use the old dark room in the newspaper on some art projects.

INT: FOYER

Kalisha, the Curator hands him a business card.

KALISHA

Give me a call when the story comes out. We could display it in the museum.

DARIN

I'll do that.

They move closer to the front door.

DARIN

I may wait on the Sheriff`s. The trip has me tired and I want to get my story started.

KALISHA

Make me look good if you quote me.

DARIN

You'll be fine.

(beat)

Hey, is there anyone around who you spoke to about Fuller?

KALISHA

Well, it's been a while. I'm sure there are, but I can't remember who. Back then he was just someone I heard about. There's a caretaker about his age I see when I visit my husband's grave.

DARIN

Where is it?

KALISHA

Behind the courthouse a few blocks. Can't miss it.

(beat)

Your name?

DARIN

Darin Morgan.

He reaches into his wallet and finds a card to give her.

DARIN  
This is the recording studio I`m  
working with.

Grabbing a pen from his stained pocket, he writes his hotel  
number "ROOM 208" on the back of the card.

DARIN  
(Gesturing to stain)  
A young lady spilled a drink on me at  
the diner.  
(beat)  
This is my room number you can reach  
me there if you remember anything.

She takes the card.

KALISHA  
Please mention the museum and our  
location.

DARIN  
I will.

Turning his recorder off, they part giving each other a smile.

EXT. GRAVEYARD - DAY

The old blue GMC STEP-SIDE truck comes to a stop by a shed at the  
edge of the cemetery.

INT. OLD GMC TRUCK`S CAB

In the dim truck a silhouette of a man, THE CARETAKER (70`s)  
watches out his windshield.

CARETAKER`S POV: Darin moves toward the angel monument.

BACK TO SCENE:

EXT. GRAVEYARD

Darin ponders over the angel`s detail. He steps back and  
unslings his camera. He takes a couple of photos.

The Caretaker wearing an aged jacket, appears behind him.

CARETAKER

(Firmly)  
What are you doing?

Darin turns around quickly.

DARIN  
Oh, you the caretaker?

CARETAKER  
(Rough)  
Yes. Can help you?

DARIN  
Kalisha at the museum said you may know  
a guy they call Sunny Boy Fuller.

CARETAKER  
Did she?

DARIN  
You are the caretaker?

CARETAKER  
Yes, but I don't know him.

DARIN  
She only said she's seen you around, and  
figured since you were about the same  
age...

CARETAKER  
Well, I don't know him. And be careful  
with flashing expensive items. We may be  
a small town, but we have our share of  
crime.

DARIN  
You can find these cheap online. There's  
a million of them.  
(beat)  
You've been out of the know for a while.

The older man looks Darin up and down.

CARETAKER  
You're touring Clarksdale?

Darin shoulders the camera.

DARIN

Sort of. I`m looking for that blues singer for a write-up on a song.

CARETAKER

These pictures you take will they be printed?

Darin gives the older man a quizzical look.

DARIN

Sure, if there`s room in the article.

Abruptly, the Caretaker turns around and leaves. Darin stands motionless for a few seconds then tuns to the angel monument.

Darin

(To the statue)

I should have taken his picture, huh?

Darin walks back to the car.

EXT. HOTEL CLARKSDALE - SUNSET

Darin, with his interview tools, gets out of his car and heads toward the hotel entrance.

INT: HOTAL ROOM

A half drank cup of coffee sits on the floor at Darin`s feet.

He has a chair next to the bed from where he sits with a pen and notebook. He makes notes as he mines the information gathered.

The digital recorder plays.

KALISHA (VO Recorded)

Right, only blues men sell it for fame,  
for the gift of being the greatest  
bluesman.

He picks up his coffee off the floor and sips it.

KALISHA (VO Recorded)

It`s assumed the devil killed him to  
collect his soul in payment for fame.  
It`s a little different than Faust,  
instead of conjuring him up from hell,  
Fuller went to meet the devil with  
offerings of fingernail clippings and  
chicken bones.

DARIN (VO Recorded)  
Chicken bones?

He hits stop on the TASCAM digital recording of his interview.

He rubs his tired face glancing over at the 1966 TEAC reel to reel recorder with Fuller`s demo reel. It`s near the television stand.

Darin rakes his palms across his knees and looks back to his work. He hits play on his modern handheld digital recorder.

He goes back to taking notes.

KALISHA (VO Recorded)  
You lay the offerings at the base of the tree, then tune your guitar then kneel. You close your eyes and wait for a howl from the wind.

Darin`s cell phone buzzes and buzzes.

KALISHA (VO Recorded)  
The devil takes the offerings while the musician`s eyes remain closed, and then...

Darin hits stop on the recording and answers the video call from a professional peer named BILL GLOVER (40).

BILL (VIDEO CHAT)  
Happy birthday bro!

Darin`s tired face grows into a smile when he sees him on the call.

DARIN  
(Smiles)  
Thanks man, you`re a day early but all the same. How are you?

BILL (VIDEO CHAT)  
I`ve been thinking about you lately, wanted to check in on you. I know it got rough for a minute there.

DARIN  
I`m doing good Bill, honestly. Working a regular job now with the county and I`m home nights.

BILL (VIDEO CHAT)

Awesome Darin. Guess who I heard from a couple weeks back? You'll never guess.

DARIN

You got me. Who?

BILL (VIDEO CHAT)

None other than Mr. Webb himself. He was trying to get me to do a job for him. He was lathering me up in butter awful bad. Telling me I was the best, that I was the only one that could do the job bla, bla, bla.

DARIN

(Deadpan)

Really?

Again, Darin glances at the TEAC reel to reel near the T.V.

BILL (VIDEO CHAT)

Hell yeah!

(beat)

Anyway, watch out for him. He may be giving you a call too.

DARIN

Already has.

BILL (VIDEO CHAT)

I can tell by your face you took that job, didn't you?

DARIN

I admit it, I did. But it's only for a few days. Look, he's never done me wrong.

BILL (VIDEO CHAT)

That you know of. I thought the same thing for a while when I'd hear shit about him. Just keep your guard up.

(beat)

He feed you the same lines as I got?

DARIN

(Deadpan)

More or less, yeah.

BILL (VIDEO CHAT)

Well count that as red flag one bro.  
Good to see you're in the game still.

DARIN

It pays good and it's only for a few  
days.

BILL (VIDEO CHAT)

No judgment, you got to get your grind  
on you know. Anyway, happy birthday.  
keep in touch.

DARIN

Will do.

He disconnects from Bill, and he plops his phone down on the bed.

MONATGE PREPARING THE DEMO REEL

- Darin removes headphones from his luggage.
- The canister is opened to the reel.
- The Reel is fed through the 1966 reel-to-reel player.
- A headphone jack is plugged into the player.
- The "play" button is hit but we hear no music.
- The tape going through the player wheels.

END MONTAGE

BACK TO SCENE:

With headphones on, Darin sits in the chair, his face motionless  
waiting for the music that we never hear, but he does.

His face tenses and his head jerks backwards as his whole body  
vibrates.

We hear nothing but the reel as it passes through the 1966 reel  
to real machine.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

A car dodges a deer and smashes into a tree.

INT. CAR

The driver, ROSE (33), is squeezed between the deployed but DEFLATED AIRBAG and her seat.

A mammoth branch came through the windshield, puncturing the bag, and has jammed her against the damaged seat. Her body is broken, and her face badly cut.

She gurgles blood with each dying breath.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - NIGHT

Sade walks into the lobby and up to the counter where Steven, her younger brother is.

SADE  
You ready?

STEVEN  
I need to empty the trash.

SADE  
Well, I'll be over there.

She points to a lobby sofa. Steven shrugs and finishes bundling the trash. He lifts the bag.

SADE  
Wait!

STEVEN  
What?

SADE  
That writer is staying here, isn't he?

STEVEN  
Yes, where else would he stay?

SADE  
He could have a relative.

He rests the bag on the edge of the trash can.

STEVEN  
He doesn't.

SADE  
How do you know?



STEVEN  
Because he`s staying here.

SADE  
Funny.

STEVEN  
How is that funny?

SADE  
Never mind, what room is he in?

STEVEN  
Two-oh-eight.

Steven lifts the trash bag again.

STEVEN  
Let me get this trash out.

With bag, he exits from behind the counter turning to the back of the hotel while Sade walks toward the elevator.

INT. DARIN`S BEDROOM

Darin is sitting in the chair slumped forward. The room is empty at first as he begins to speak.

DARIN  
(Tearful)  
I thought I could do it. After the wreck,  
and you were gone, for the kids I put it  
behind me. But I can`t Rose.

Rose, who is solemn in emotion and opaque in color, appears by his right side. She kneels next to the chair.

ROSE  
In your heart I`m still dying. I will  
always hurt Darin.

She takes Darin`s arm and caresses it, rubbing her face along it. She mimics the actions of love, but it has yet to show in her face.

DARIN  
If I`m with them always I can fill your  
spot.

ROSE

And have you, Darin? You`re here instead of there.

Taking his hand, she stands and tugs at it.

He stands and looks back at his chair and sees he is still in it weeping with the headphones still jacked into the 1966 reel to reel on the floor beside the tv stand.

DARIN

(Shaking head)

Here I am and they are not here.

With the television in front of him, she WHISPERS IN HIS EAR. He looks at the tv and turns it on. Her wreck plays out across it.

ROSE

If you stay you will fail them. You have no idea what waits for you my love.

(beat)

You will never be with them, go home.

She punches the television with superhuman speed and strength. The glass SHATTERS. She takes a sliver of it.

DARIN

I know. I`m making a choice and the choice leads me away. But not for long Rose. We`re drowning, it will all be taken Away. I lose the car, I lose my job, then who is to take care of them, My mother?

(beat)

It`s my responsibility.

She lovingly caresses his head with her palm. Her eyes looking into his with endearment as she takes one of his wrists and begins to slice it slowly with the sliver.

ROSE

If you stay, this song will never reach the public and you`ll never get back home. You can`t see that from where you`re from Darin. But I can. You will fail yourself, me, and the children. Find something else to chase.

She completes the cut.

DARIN

(Anguish)  
Don't say that Rose. Why would you say  
these things?

He weeps in her arms as he bleeds.

ROSE  
Forget all this and come live with me  
forever. Right now, choose me.

INT. CORRIDOR HOTEL - NIGHT

Sade walks toward Darin's room rehearsing what she will ask.

SADE  
(Humble)  
Hey I'm Sade. We met at lunch. I'm a  
stringer at the newspaper. I was  
wondering if you could give me some  
photography tips.  
(beat)  
Remember me? I spilled the drink on you.

She hesitates at his door, as if gathering courage, she quickly  
knocks.

No answer after a short while, She knocks harder.

INT. DARIN'S HOTEL ROOM.

Darin's eyes are closed, and he appears pale and damp as we hear  
loud knocks at the door.

Darin is laid back in the chair with arms dangling at his side.  
The one Rose was tenderly loving drips blood into a matted pool  
on the carpet.

He shifts and the headphones fall backward off his tilting head.

His eyes open. Bewildered, he lifts his head and pulls his  
bleeding right arm in.

There are more knocks at the door.

Darin grips the open wound on his wrist struggling to suppress  
its spilling of blood.

DARIN  
(Weak)  
Hold on.

INT. CORRIDOR

Sade leans into the door and tries to speak past it.

SADE  
Sir, it`s Sade!  
(beat)  
We met at lunch today, well I ran into  
you. Literally.

There`s no reply from Darin.

INT. DARIN`S BATHROOM

Darin`s reflection in the mirror is bloody and pale as he pulls a white hand towel off a rack. The blood from his hands transfers to the towel before he even gets it on his wound.

We hear a distant Sade from off-screen.

SADE (O.S.)  
Could you show me some stuff about  
photography. Give me some pointers  
is all I was wondering.

Darin tightly wraps the hand towel around his wrist.

INT. CORRIDOR

Sade begins to ramble nervously.

SADE  
I`m sorry if I`m bothering you. I  
didn`t think it was too late. But  
you may be from a different time zone.  
I didn`t think of that.  
(beat)  
I`ll try to catch you tomorrow.

She turns away from the door when she hears it crack open. Darin  
peeks out.

DARIN  
Wait. I may need to go to the emergency  
room.  
(beat)  
Do you have a car here? Can you drive?

SADE

Um yeah, yeah, I can drive.

DARIN

Okay, let me get ready.

Darin goes back into the room, and she pushes the door open.

SADE POV: She sees footprints of blood leading toward Darin. Darin has the bloody hand towel tied around his right wrist as he slumps on the edge of the bed trying to put a shoe on.

BACK TO SCENE:

INT. HOTEL ROOM

Sade is aghast.

SADE

What happened?

DARIN

I was putting the recorder up on a shelf and it slipped.

SADE

A shelf?

SADE

You want me to call an ambulance?

DARIN

I don't need it. Please. Thank you.  
(beat)  
Hold on.

He fumbles for his wallet, the contents fall out, he gives her some cash.

SADE

It's okay I don't need it.

DARIN

You're in your twenties.

SADE

It's too bloody Sir. I think you're going into shock.

She takes her belt off and ties it just below his elbow. She takes the television REMOTE control off the stand and places it

on the belt`s tie. She ties a knot over the remote control and twists it hard.

SADE  
(Grunting)  
Shit this leather.

She puts Darins other hand on the remote control.

SADE  
Hold this here. It will keep the belt tight.

Steven enters the room.

STEVEN  
I`m ready.  
(beat)  
Oh my god, oh my god.

SADE  
Steven! Listen to me. Hold this towel onto his hand. Hold it tight, Steven.

Steven looks at her and then to the bloody towel on Darin`s wrist.

SADE  
Do it Steven. It will help. He will hold the belt, you hold the towel. It`s that simple Steven. Hold the towel tight.

Steven puts his hands tightly on the towel. Sade snatches up his wallet and stuffs it in his pocket.

Sade leads Darin and Steven through the door into the corridor.

INT. SADE`S CAR - NIGHT

Sade drives. Her brother Steven holds pressure on the towel around Darin`s wrist.

DARIN  
Where`d you learn to do a tourniquet...

He faints and slowly rests his head against the back seat`s head rest.

STEVEN

(Slowly)  
I think he died.

SADE  
He ain't dead. Watch his chest.

Steven stares at his chest. It heaves slowly up and down.

STEVEN  
It's moving or the car is making it  
move.

Sade grips the wheel tighter and speeds up.

INT. EMERGENCY ROOM - HOSPITAL - NIGHT

The curtain to Darin's room is already open. Darin, in a hospital gown, awakens groggy and is slow to sit up. Checking himself over he notices stitches in his right wrist and that he still has IV's running into his arm.

A nurse peeks into his room.

NURSE  
He's up!

The nurse enters and starts removing IV's as the Doctor enters.

DOCTOR CARRY  
Hello, I'm doctor Carry.

DARIN  
I'm Darin.

DOCTOR CARRY  
Yes, I already know, my daughter  
and son brought you in.

DARIN  
They're your kids?

DOCTOR CARRY  
They are. And we will save THAT  
discussion after your diagnosis.

The nurse leaves.

DARIN  
Okay.

DOCTOR CARRY

You lost a lot of blood so we had to do a blood transfusion, but don't panic. It was very routine.

Darin

I'm okay?

DOCTOR CARRY

So far, yes. I haven't seen any visual reactions and you're sitting up. There will be some bruising. You can expect that. And you obviously have stitches.  
(beat)

Also, we had to give you a blood transfusion. And like I said there have been no visual reactions in the last hour.

DARIN

How long have I been here?

DOCTOR CARRY

About four hours.

DARIN

Oh wow.

DOCTOR CARRY

You'll need to see about getting the stitches out in 10 days and do some follow up blood work. But you're good to go.

DARIN

Where are my keys, my wallet?

DOCTOR CARRY

They're with your clothes over there folded neatly in the chair there.

He tries to stand.

DARIN

Thank you.

Unable to balance well, he sits on the bed's edge.

She flips up a sheet on her clipboard.

DOCTOR CARRY

Now, some major things you need to



watch out for over the next few days are hives, fever, chills, pain around the loin, chest, or any back pain, pain around the transfusion site, distress, changes in heart rhythm, jaundice, dark or red urine, nausea, vomiting, or both, difficulty breathing, faintness or weakness.

DARIN  
That`s a lot.

DOCTOR CARRY  
Don`t worry we will give you a list along with some prescriptions. Speaking of which, I looked at your history and I noticed you were clinically held for depression.

DARIN  
Yes Mam.

DOCTOR CARRY  
Your wrist is cut. Tell me what happened.

DARIN  
I was putting this large old recording machine up when it fell and cut me.

DOCTOR CARRY  
Well, what I`m going to do is prescribe the same thing they did. It will be a less dosage, but you`ve been released and given a bill of good health from them. I advise you to talk to someone soon, or get your doctor to prescribe it again should you feel the need for more medication.

(beat)  
There`s a Twenty-four-hour pharmacy at the end of the parking lot to get this prescription filed.

DARIN  
Thanks.

DOCTOR CARRY  
Now let me cut to the chase. I`m taking off my doctor hat and putting on my momma hat. You understand?

DARIN  
Yeah, I got two kids of my own.

DOCTOR CARRY  
My kids are not driving you back. That`s  
a big no. Chief Deputy Gunn is.

Darin nods.

DOCTOR CARRY  
My daughter did not explain a lot so I  
found your card. They want you to call  
right away.

DARIN  
Did you tell them what happened?

DOCTOR CARRY  
No, I did not. I did tell them where you  
were. Because I explained who I was. But  
that`s it.

Darin rubs his stitches.

DOCTOR CARRY  
When you get home, please see someone.  
(beat)  
My son works in the hotel so all you get  
from him is professional contact that`s it.

DARIN  
I understand.

DOCTOR CARRY  
They have your bill at the desk.

DARIN  
Okay, give me a second. I have to make  
that call.

DOCTOR CARRY  
The front desk will work with you on  
the bill.

DARIN  
Thanks again.

DOCTOR CARRY  
The Chief is waiting at the desk, I`ll  
let him know you have to make a phone  
call and you`ll be out in a minute.

DARIN  
Appreciate it.

Doctor Carry steps out into the central area of the emergency room and leaves Darin alone in his bed. She pulls the curtains to his room.

INT. CENTRAL EMERGENCY AREA

After Doctor Carry pulls the curtain shut, She turns around and sees a pill cart nearby. She pulls it close and begins arranging pill bottles in what seems like some order, as she listens.

From OFF SCREEN we can hear Darin, through the curtain, on the phone.

DARIN (O.S.)  
You answered quickly, thanks.

INT. DARIN'S EMERGENCY ROOM

With the phone on the bed, Darin walks over to his clothes in the chair as he talks with his phone on speaker.

He sits his keys and remote control aside. He unfolds his pants and pats his pocket making sure his wallet is still in the back pocket.

AARON WEBB (O.S.)  
What happened?

DARIN  
A question first.

AARON WEBB (O.S.)  
Go ahead.

DARIN  
My insurance should cover this but I'll need you to make up the difference.

Darin slips his pants on, then takes the gown off.

AARON WEBB (O.S.)  
Text the amount you need, and I'll pay.

DARIN  
I'll text when I get the information.

Darin puts his shirt on.

MR WEBB (O.S.)

Be honest with me, are you okay?

He puts his socks and shoes on.

DARIN

I needed a blood transfusion.

AARON WEBB (O.S.)

A what!

DARIN

Not right now, I don't want to get into it. I'm getting dressed and there's an officer waiting to take me back to the hotel.

AARON WEBB (O.S.)

Don't listen to that sad music. You can't handle it.

DARIN

I promise I'm okay.

AARON WEBB (O.S.)

You have to stay away from things that can take you back to those old feelings like that.

DARIN

I was blind-sided. I didn't realize I was still so vulnerable.

AARON WEBB (O.S.)

We all are, I think.

INT. CENTRAL EMERGENCY AREA

Doctor Carry slowly lifts her arms from resting on the cart. She leaves the cart where it is and walks off.

AARON WEBB (O.S.)

What room you in?

INT. DARIN'S EMERGENCY ROOM

Darin listens.

DARIN

Umm, Room 208, why?

AARON WEBB (O.S.)  
I`m going to swing down and check on you.

DARIN  
I`ll leave an extra key at the desk in case I`m not there.

AARON WEBB (O.S.)  
That`ll work. Stay safe.

DARIN  
You too.

Darin ends his call, checking himself in the mirror.

INT. BILLING AREA

Doctor Carry comes in with the clipboard of paperwork. Seeing her, CHIEF DEPUTY GUNN, (50`s) with a cup of coffee, stands up.

DOCTOR CARRY  
Just a few more minutes. He had to contact someone about his bill. I`m going to get him ready to leave.  
(beat)  
How`s my nephew doing?

CHIEF DEPUTY GUNN  
Andrew? He`s on day shift, but he`s doing great. No worries with him.

DOCTOR CARRY  
Good. Tell him I`ll wash his mouth out with soap if he messes up any.

Gunn laughs as he sits back down.

CHIEF DEPUTY GUNN  
I`ll tell him doctor.

He sits back down as she steps up to the billing counter and speaks to the lady behind the protective glass.

DOCTOR CARRY  
Go ahead and get Morgan, Darin`s paperwork together if you haven`t. He will be out in a few minutes.

Gunn interrupts her.

CHIEF DEPUTY GUNN  
Hey! See if he likes coffee.

DOCTOR CARRY  
You getting soft?

CHIEF DEPUTY GUNN  
Nah, kindness gets more information.

DOCTOR CARRY  
Got you.

She walks away with her clipboard.

INT: PATROL CAR - IN MOTION - NIGHT

Chief Deputy Gunn looks to Darin in the passenger's seat sipping his coffee.

CHIEF DEPUTY GUNN  
I guess it's not too bad huh?

Darin looks at him.

DARIN  
What?

CHIEF DEPUTY GUNN  
Doctor Carry said you liked just cream no sugar.

DARIN  
It's the right amount of cream. Thanks.

There's just the hum of the motor.

CHIEF DEPUTY GUNN  
I know I'm a stranger and I try not to butt in on someone's business, but you don't have any family down here. If you need someone to talk to about what happened, I'll listen.

Darin looks down at his coffee.

CHIEF DEPUTY GUNN  
I've listened to a lot of stuff from

a lot of people in this line of business.  
You'll get no judgement from me.

Darin sips his coffee.

DARIN

I was institutionalized for depression. Last night I think I relapsed. But I did not cut myself. I never would think of that.

(beat)

The recorder was on the floor when I came too. And I had the cut. I must have tried to put it on the tv stand, and it cut me when it fell. I admit it was on the floor before, but how I got the cut I don't know.

(beat)

It's the only thing I can think of.

CHIEF DEPUTY GUNN

Were you drunk?

DARIN

I gave up drinking.

CHIEF DEPUTY GUNN

If you need someone to talk to, you know where I am. And the Sheriff is coming on next shift. He's available as well.

DARIN

Actually, I do need to see him tomorrow.

CHIEF DEPUTY GUNN

I'll let him know when he gets in.

DARIN

Thanks.

Darin sips coffee.

DARIN

Oh, it's not about what happened. It's the story I'm working on. This blues singer I'm researching.

CHIEF DEPUTY GUNN

Which one?

DARIN

Sonny Boy Fuller, you heard of him?

CHIEF DEPUTY GUNN  
Sounds familiar. I'll pass it along. If  
there are any files he can have them  
ready.

EXT: HOTEL - NIGHT

A bandaged Darin, with his white bag of prescription and remote  
in hand, exits the county patrol car. He walks slower than he had  
before as he enters the Hotel.

INT: DARIN'S ROOM - HOTEL - NIGHT

In his underwear, Darin removes the reel from the 1966 recorder  
and places it into its canister. Even though his right wrist is  
stitched and bandaged he uses it well.

The closed canister is placed on top of the UNSHATTERED  
television.

The lights in the room are turned off.

FADE OUT:

TITLE: "THE CROSSROADS"

FADE IN:

INT. LOBBY - SHERIFF'S DEPARTMENT - DAY

Darin, holding his modern handheld TASCAM digital recorder,  
passes the receptionist's desk and turns into an office. His  
right wrist is still bandaged.

INT. OFFICE - SHERIFF'S DEPARTMENT - DAY

SHERIFF JONES (40) thumbs through a file as he sits at his desk  
with a cup of coffee making notes. He looks at Darin moving  
closer and sees the bandage on the wrist holding the recorder.

SHERIFF JONES  
You kept the Chief busy last night.

DARIN  
Let him know I appreciate the ride back.

SHERIFF JONES  
I'm Sheriff Jones. I take it you're the  
reporter?



DARIN  
Yes sir.

Darin turns the tape recorder on and places it on the desk.

SHERIFF JONES  
When Gunn told me who you were looking for, I thought Fuller`s name sounded familiar. I looked over the file and I can give you a quick rundown.

Jones looks at his notes beside the open file.

SHERIFF JONES  
Anthony Fuller. Otherwise known as Little Boy Fuller. He was arrested on March fifth in seventy for assault.

DARIN  
Assault?

The Sheriff looks closer at his notes.

SHERIFF JONES  
He was having sex with her, a tourist from Arkansas. He forced a pillow over her face. She kneed him in the nuts and got away. In late July there was a trial. He said that the devil wanted him to do it when arrested. He lost the case.  
(beat)  
There`s some more on down.  
(beat)  
After three years they put him in a hospital and treated him for schizophrenia.  
(beat)  
You still want to do an article on him?

DARIN  
(Shrugs)  
He served his time for what he did. If he got better, why not.  
(beat)  
It`s up to the recording company if they want to promote that part of him.

SHERIFF JONES

You media people have different morals  
than we do.

DARIN  
If I was younger that might hurt my  
feelings.

The sheriff looks coldly at him.

DARIN  
(Gestures to the file)  
You got a picture?

SHERIFF JONES  
It might have fallen out of the file  
somewhere through the years.

The Sheriff goes to a file cabinet, three are side by side.

SHERIFF JONES  
Sit tight. I got three cabinets to go  
through.  
(beat)  
It may be in the bottom of one of these  
drawers.

The Sheriff searches through the first cabinet.

Darins attention drifts toward a wall of portraits and a bulletin  
board.

He looks over the chain of command pictures, and steps to the  
bulletin board close by them.

DARIN  
In all seriousness, I get what you're  
saying about glossing things over. As  
I journalist I'll write everything up  
respectfully.  
(beat)  
But they're paying me to sell a product,  
it's not like news. It's like the  
press releases you guys put out. All  
glossed over.

SHERIFF  
(Irritated)  
I have to help you cause it's the law.

DARIN

I didn't mean any offense.

Darin's eyes stop on an area of the bulletin board with a dozen or so pictures.

DARIN

What are these?

The Sheriff looks up from searching the second file cabinet.

SHERIFF JONES

They're musicians that came up missing.

DARIN

Pretty young.

SHERIFF JONES

They came to Clarksdale just like the rest do: they wanted the quick fix.

DARIN

You referring to the lore?

Darin looks at each of their young faces.

SHERIFF JONES

More of a myth. Most of those are the last photos their parents had. Their senior portrait, going off to college, their last birthday. And that band picture; parents barely making it at the time and all they had was that band picture as a most recent one.

His eyes go to the band picture the Sheriff mentioned. The guitarist is in focus up front and has a guitar with a SLOPPILY PAINTED LIGHTENING BOLT.

DARIN

You wouldn't think so many people would come up missing in this small town.

Kneeling at the bottom of the second file cabinet the Sheriff pauses his search.

SHERIFF JONES

This was just the first place they told their parents they were headed. To check out the myth and see the devil at the crossroads.

DARIN

I see.

SHERIFF JONES

Their parents came here when they never heard from them. They thought we might have had them in our hospital or jail. We keep their pictures up out of respect.

DARIN

Ever check them out. Their cases?

The Sheriff shuts the bottom drawer of the second file cabinet and begins his search of the third.

SHERIFF JONES

Sure, we looked, and put out info. But they're all adults, who straight out of high school, left home. I remember I joined the army and didn't call home for 6 months.

DARIN

There's a story here you know; a sad one at that.

SHERIFF JONES

The kid in the band I mentioned, we checked him out hard. He's local. He was going to California. Los Angeles. We worked with them, and we did an investigation here, but nothing turned up. Every town has this. We just get more because of the crossroads.

The Sheriff stops searching the third cabinet and goes to his desk. He takes a sip of his coffee.

SHERIFF JONES

No photo to be found. Check the newspaper. There may be an article.

Darin walks over to the Sheriff's desk.

DARIN

May I borrow that file a second?

The Sheriff hands him the file.

DARIN  
Printer?

SHERIFF JONES  
Over there.

He points to a cubby with a printer.

Darin shuts off the handheld recorder as he takes it off the Sheriff's desk. With the file he walks toward the printer's cubby.

DARIN  
Where's your newspaper?

SHERIFF JONES  
On Main Street about two blocks East  
from the diner.

INT. PRINTER'S CUBBY

Darin places the file's sheets to be scanned in the printer. He hovers a finger over the printer's digital control panel. He hits print. It delivers copies and Darin bandaged hand takes them.

EXT: NEWSPAPER - CALRKSDALE - DAY

Darin's car is parked in front.

INT. NEWSROOM - NEWSPAPER - DAY

Upon entering, Darin meets a male SECRETARY (30).

DARIN  
I was wondering if I could look through  
your morgue?

SECRETARY  
Sure thing, let me get the key.

The secretary goes to the upper drawer of his desk, opens it, and grabs the door key.

SECRETARY  
Just down this hall.

The Secretary stands, turns and walks to a hall. Darin follows.

INT. HALL

The Secretary leads as Darin shifts his film camera slung across his back, to his side. It has a flash attached to it.

SECRETARY

I see you've been around a newspaper before. Most people wouldn't call our archives a morgue.

DARIN

I've been in a few over the years.

INT. MORGUE

The secretary opens the door for Darin. It's a large room with shelves of large hardbound books. Each one is labeled with the year and month on their spine and black cover.

SECRETARY

What year you looking for?

DARIN

nineteen-seventy.

He gestures to the bound books of newspapers to the right. Each daily newspaper and Sunday's print are bound into a large hardback for that month.

SECRETARY

Have at it.

DARIN

Thanks.

INT. NEWSROOM - DAY

Sade, in coat, walks up to the secretary who's playing solitaire on the computer. He doesn't look away from the computer.

SADE

I'm finished with obituaries, and I took your trash out.

SECRETARY

Okay, you can help the freelance writer guy search old papers in the morgue.

SADE

On my way.

She goes down the hall.

INT. MORGUE

There are two of the monthly bound editions for the year 1970 on the table. March and July. Darin thumbs through March`s book.

Sade enters.

DARIN  
(Shocked a bit)  
You.

SADE  
(Grins)  
I work here. You need some help?

Darin focuses back on the March edition. He scans the pages with his eyes, and lifts the page to turn it but pauses.

DARIN  
I`m looking for a story on that Anthony Fuller I spoke to you about when you spilled that drink on me.

SADE  
Oh, sorry again.

DARIN  
He went by the name Sunny Boy Fuller.  
There should be an article on his court case. It`s an assault case.  
(beat)  
Search the last two weeks of July.  
That`s during the trial.

He finishes turning the page in March`s book.

DARIN  
Mainly, we want a picture of what he looks like.

She removes her coat, slings it over the back of a chair at the table.

She comes over to his side and grabs July`s book and opens it. She thumbs to the middle of it.

They flip pages relatively quickly, as they scan the headlines.

SADE  
How`s your arm?

DARIN  
It`s not bad with the medication.  
(beat)  
When it wears off it`s really sore,  
but I can still use it fine.

Sade flips a page and stops.

CLOSE UP: Newsprint with a HEADLINE that READS: "Blues Man Found Guilty!" Underneath is the article with a photo of ANTHONY FULLER (20) facing towards us. His hands are behind his back as courtroom officers obviously handcuff him.

SADE  
Found it!

Darin looks to her book.

CLOSE UP: The anguished face of Anthony fuller in the newsprint being handcuffed.

Darin looks to Sade.

DARIN  
I can`t place him.

SADE  
You think you know him?

DARIN  
No. I`ve seen him before though.

Darin turns on his flash rather easily, even with the bandage on, as he raises his camera.

He leans over July`s page, adjusts the lens, focuses, and takes a couple of pictures. The flash goes off twice.

He closes his book, and she does the same.

DARIN  
(Complaining)  
These dusty books are killing me.

SADE  
Lunch time? Maybe It`ll help jar your memory.



They pick the books up and carry them to the 1970 location on the shelf they go into.

DARIN  
Yeah, maybe.

SADE  
I'll get a chance to ask you a favor.

They slide their large bound books back into location.

DARIN  
I do owe you for driving me to the hospital.

Darin stops in his tracks.

DARIN  
Your mother.

SADE  
It's cool. I talked to her when she got home.

DARIN  
What do you mean?

SADE  
For one, I reminded her that I'm twenty-two. I'll tell you about it over lunch when I ask that favor.

DARIN  
She was pretty serious when she spoke to me.

She retrieves a photo out of her purse and holds it so Darin can see it.

SADE  
This is my older brother.

DARIN  
(Squinting)  
I've seen that picture before.

SADE  
Really?

DARIN  
It`s at the Sheriff`s.

SADE  
Yeah, they made copies for us.  
(beat)  
We thought, if people were going to  
recognize him, it would be with a band  
playing his guitar.

DARIN  
How long has he been missing?

SADE  
A little over two years now. That guitar  
in the picture is Miss Lightening. He  
said 'Lightening` was a cool name but  
with 'Miss` everyone would know it was a  
lady.

Darin Smiles then his face settles into thought.

SADE  
So yes, my mother is overprotective.

DARIN  
It never crossed my mind she lost a child.

SADE  
You think he is dead?

DARIN  
No, I`m sorry that`s not what I meant.

SADE  
We just have a lot of hope, but after  
two years he would have contacted us by now.  
He went off to Los Angeles, but there is no  
record of him getting there. We made copies  
of pictures and posted them in every pub.  
No one saw or heard him play. He would have  
played. He was good too.

DARIN  
And the police here?

SADE  
Nothing. We tried to tell them he never made  
it. They did some looking into it, but I don`t  
know how much. They clumped him up in all the

other musicians that have come up missing.

DARIN

Those that said they were coming to the crossroads.

SADE

Yes. It`s a musician`s pit stop.

Darin gives a small smile of understanding as she puts the picture back into the purse.

DARIN

So, your mother said for me to call her?

SADE

Yes.

(beat)

I`m hungry and I don`t want to have to get these guys orders. So, let`s go while they still think I`m up here helping.

EXT. DINER - MAIN STREET - DAY

Darin`s car and Sade`s car park near the Sheriff`s.

INT: DARIN`s CAR

Darin shuts the car off. He reaches for his camera bag and stops; suddenly taken back by a thought. He closes his eyes and lowers his head, pinching the upper bridge of his nose with intensity.

FLASHBACK: We`re looking into the garage window at the dilapidated house. We see a 1960`s GMC Blue STEP-SIDE truck.

FLASHBACK: We see the 1960`s STEP-SIDE GMC TRUCK at the cemetery.

Darin opens his eyes.

DARIN

(To himself)

He`s the one in the article.

(beat)

I`m stupid.

Grabbing his camera bag, he gets out of the car.

EXT. DINER - MAIN STREET - DAY

Darin, with bandage still on, meets Sade. She is already out of her car and waiting. He is walking quickly to her, looking into the restaurant patio area at people as if he is searching for someone.

SADE  
What is it?

DARIN  
I`m looking for the Sheriff. I think  
our guy is the caretaker.

SADE  
Caretaker?

DARIN  
Yeah, at the cemetery.

Darin hands her the camera bag.

DARIN  
Grab us a table out here. I`m going to  
see the Sheriff for a second. I`ll be right  
back.  
(beat)  
Oh, I`ll take a sweet tea and a BLT with  
everything if they show up to take our order.

SADE  
Got it.

Darin goes ahead of Sade.

INT: DINER

Enjoying their meal at a table are Sheriff Jones and DEPUTY  
JOHNSON (30), DEPUTY ANDREWS (22), and DEPUTY MORGAN (27).

DEPUTY JOHNSON  
As soon as they`d come down to the alter,  
we`d line up behind the women.

DEPUTY ANDREWS  
When I saw a pretty one, I`d try to get  
up first.

DEPUTY JOHNSON  
Yeah, he would. He beat us down there about  
every time. We`d end up fighting over who  
got stuck with the fat ones.

DEPUTY MORGAN  
In church? Really?

DEPUTY ANDREWS  
I didn't have a girlfriend.

DEPUTY JOHNSON  
We were young.  
(beat)  
Anyway, I was trying not to get behind the  
fat ones. If I did, I'd grab a chair and  
push it behind them. They'd just plop down  
like this...

Deputy Johnson illustrates how they would fall into the chair  
with their arms spread out. He makes a crying face.

They chuckle and Sheriff Jones shakes his head.

Darin walks up to the table.

DARIN  
Sheriff.

SHERIFF JONES  
How's the hunting going?

DARIN  
I think he's still living in the house.

SHERIFF JONES  
That dilapidated one out by the old  
crossroads?

DARIN  
That's the one.

Jones asks a hypothetical question.

SHERIFF JONES  
Someone live there?

DARIN  
Could you find out what vehicle Anthony  
Fuller has registered?

SHERIFF JONES  
I'm eating right now, but when I get  
back I'll look into it.

DARIN  
That`s fine, no rush. Thanks.

SHRIFF JONES  
Don`t mention it.

INT. DINER - DAY

A man in BALCK HOODIE reading his cell phone passes Sade as Darin joins her at the table.

SADE  
You are already ordered for.

DARIN  
Thanks, the guy I`m looking for...

SADE  
Fuller.

DARIN  
Yeah, the lady at the museum said he was into the legend of the crossroads.

SADE  
Maybe we should go there for your story.  
You can bring a guitar and some offerings.

DARIN  
Yeah, we`re gonna need to fill some time until he gets me the vehicle registration.  
(beat)  
First, what did your mom say?

SADE  
I told her more about last night. That I was going to ask you to let me shadow you when I could. She said that when I see you to tell you to call her.

DARIN  
Shadow?

SADE  
Tag along. In school, it`s like interning but only for a short while.

DARIN

Can you develop black and white film?

SADE

Yeah, I do it for the museum sometimes  
in our old dark room.

DARIN

Okay, you'll be my developer and I'll  
give you some pointers.

SADE

Thank You!

DARIN

Don't mention it.

SADE

We can start this evening, I'll take you  
to the spot, the real spot.

DARIN

I do need art for the story.

The waitress puts their food down.

DARIN

I don't have a musical instrument.

SADE

Use your camera.

DARIN

That's an idea.

They both take their first bites.

DARIN

Best BLT ever here.

(beat)

The curator said that we would need  
fingernails and some chicken bones.

SADE

Put that BLT in your story.

(beat)

You can borrow my fingernails.

Sade nibbles her food.

DARIN

They're painted. He'd know they're not mine and think we were swindling him.

SADE  
You really believe there's a devil?

DARIN  
If we use yours when he comes back to collect, he just might take your soul instead of mine.

Darin takes a big bite.

SADE  
(Smirk)  
Funny, it doesn't state whose fingernails it has to be. We just want art anyway, right?

DARIN  
(Clears throat)  
That's right.  
(beat)  
Now let's dig in.

POV: FROM BLACK HOODIE STALKING FIGURE: We sit before a half-eaten plate of food reading our cell phone that has a black screen. We glance up from the phone and look at Darin, eating, then to his camera bag he has on the table.

BACK TO SCENE

Sade smiles glancing at Darin's bare plate.

SADE  
I'm surprised you didn't choke.

DARIN  
I won though.

SADE  
I'll go to the restroom and clip my nails. Oh, and I'll get the waitress to bring us some chicken bones.

DARIN  
Add it to my ticket.

POV FROM BLACK HOODIE STALKING FIGURE: We look up again from our inoperable cell phone; a prop for us to blend into the crowd. We



see the waitress coming out who looks to Darin as she hands him a little take home box.

BACK TO SCENE:

At Darin`s table the waitress finishes handing him the take home box.

WAITRESS  
Here`s your ticket. You were paying for both right?

DARIN  
Yes mam.  
(beat)  
I`ll put your tip on the card.

WAITRESS  
Thank you, sir.

The waitress leaves as Sade returns.

Sade plops down and opens the take home box. She empties her cupped hand of painted fingernails into it.

INT. MUSEUM - DAY

The last patron, with a shopping bag, stops at the door before exiting.

Patron  
They`re going to love these postcards.

KALISHA  
(Smiles)  
Have a nice evening.

PATRON  
You too.

The patron exits and the bell rings above the door as it opens and closes.

Kalisha LOCKS THE DOOR.

Kalisha goes to the cash register to close out. She empties the cash and takes it to the back in a bank bag.

INT. OFFICE

Kalisha lays the cash on a desk. She bends down, unlocks the safe, and opens it.

She begins counting out a stack of money. She stops when she hears GLASS BREAK from a distant room.

She grabs the money and puts it into the safe and shuts it.

KALISHA  
(Looking up)  
Hello!

She goes to the office door.

KALISHA  
Hello? Anyone there?

Kalisha looks out of the office door into the museum area.

POV: There`s no one there.

BACK TO SCENE:

She turns back around and looks on her desk.

POV: There is no cell phone on the desk.

BACK TO SCENE:

KALISHA  
(whispers)  
My phone.

She goes quickly to the door, then eases out into the hall.

INT. MUSEUM

Kalisha moves slowly out of the hall into the museum.

She looks around.

POV: She sees her phone on a countertop near the register.

BACK TO SCENE:

Kalisha rushes for the phone. A DARK FIGURE, the size of the Caretaker, grabs her from the back. He whispers to her.

DARK FIGURE  
The man who came in here yesterday, what

did he want?

KALISHA  
(Scared)  
Which man?

DARK FIGURE  
The man not from these parts.

KALISHA  
He was looking for a musician.

DARK FIGURE  
What for?

KALISHA  
He found a lost recording and wanted to  
interview him.  
(Pleading)  
Please, I have his room number! Please,  
I'll give it to you, just let me go.

DARK FIGURE  
Where is it?

KALISHA  
(Hurried)  
In my pocket.

DARK FIGURE  
Let me have it.

Frantically, she digs it out of her pocket, and he takes it. He  
glances at the card.

KALISHA  
Flip it over.

He does and finds the hotel info on it.

INSERT: Close up to the back of the card with "Room 208".

The dark figure snaps her neck quickly and with great speed.

INT: DINER - DAY

Darin flips the bill over, next to the small white take home box,  
while speaking with Sade.

DARIN

Not a bad price.

(beat)

Okay no sense in making this complicated,  
You can take a picture, right?

SADE

Yes.

DARIN

When we get there, I'll do the selling of  
my soul thing and you stand back and snap  
the pictures. That means wide shots. Also,  
we will get some close ups of the bones and  
fingernails.

(beat)

And yes, even if the devil doesn't show.

He put the card on the bill and pushed it to the side of the  
table.

SADE

(Smiles)

Okay.

DARIN

Take a series you know.

The waitress picks up the bill.

SADE

Okay, got it.

DARIN

Exactly, it's film remember so three  
of each on a thirty-six exposure. Make sure  
after you roll the film on, you snap a  
couple first to make sure any light leaks are  
already past the gate. Unless you want them,  
but we don't in this case.

SADE

Okay, so that leaves about thirty-four  
frames?

The bill is brought back and Darin signs the receipt and takes  
the copy and folds it into his wallet.

Sade pulls out a five-dollar bill.

SADE

I'll leave the tip.

DARIN  
I put it on my card already.

SADE  
I'll leave it anyway.

DARIN  
That`s a good tip.

She puts the additional tip on the table.

Darin reaches for his Camera bag just as it is snatched at by the thief in DARK HOODIE that was stalking them earlier.

Darin quickens his grasp, clutches it in time. The thief is pulled off balance, regains it, and tries pulling harder.

Sade stands up and grabs the camera strap as well, helping Darin pull.

The Sheriff and deputies exit from the front door in a rush.

The thief in dark hoodie, releases the strap, and is dashing away. Sade sees Sheriff Jones and Deputy Johnson, who have stopped nearby.

SADE  
Go after them!

The sheriff holds a hand up.

SADE  
(Upset)  
What, What? Like what`s your excuse  
these days, the thief was right in  
front of you!

Darin, looking at the Sheriff`s concerned expression, puts a hand briefly on Sade`s shoulder.

DARIN  
Hold on.

SADE  
(To Darin)  
You ain`t from here, I`ve been dealing  
with their bull-crap since I`ve been  
alive.

DARIN

Something worse has happened.

SHERIFF JONES

You're right. We just got the call, something at the blues Museum. You're at the paper Sade, you might as well know. They found Kalisha's body. That's all we know.

(beat)

And that guy that tried to steal your camera is on our radar now, but we've got to handle this.

The Sheriff and Deputy rush to their patrol car. Leaving Sade and Darin perplexed.

DARIN

Look, you may need to take-.

Sade Interrupts.

SADE

I'm going to need to go to this.

DARIN

No problem.

The siren can be heard trailing off in the background.

SADE

I've never covered something like this.

DARIN

No worries. Just get you a picture right away. An overall picture setting the scene. Get crime tape that is up, if there is any, and the police. Then get one of the coroner's vehicle in the foreground or near the building. After an hour to four hours, they should remove the body.

SADE

Okay.

DARIN

Stay and get the body coming out. They'll have it covered. You can get them coming out of the door with it, walking along the

way or as they load it. Stay on it though,  
get all three of those so you have something.

Sade rushes away but is stopped.

DARIN

Wait, get those main shots but also look  
for family or friends arriving. Watch  
them. Once they hear the news they will  
show some emotion usually. Be ready for  
it when you see them.

(beat)

Sometimes if there is a weapon they may  
just throw it down right in front of a  
place.

(beat)

Ok, now you can go.

Sade

Thanks.

He grabs a roll of used film from a pocket on the bag.

DARIN

Wait!

SADE

I have to go!

DARIN

Real quick, take this film and develop  
it for me will you. No push or pull.

SADE

What`s that?

DARIN

I`ll give you my email, you can ask later.

Darin gets his film camera out of the bag and winds up the film.

SADE

Sure.

Darin opens the back camera door, whips the camera, the film roll  
jumps out and lands in his other hand next to the other roll.

He hands both rolls to her.

DARIN

You got my number right. Call me if you need anything.

SADE  
Yeah, I got it.

As she leaves for her car he shouts at her.

DARIN  
Just the negatives you don't have to print any!

Sade throws a hand up.

Darin walks back to his table the waitress is cleaning. With his camera bag already in tow he grabs the take home box and walks to his car.

EXT: TREE - CROSSROADS - AFTERNOON

Dead Leaves circle a large area at the base of the tree where Darin puts the chicken bones in a pile, then pours out the painted fingernails next to it.

With the empty take-home box, he walks back to the car. In the background is the old, abandoned house belonging to Fuller.

INT. DARIN'S CAR

He chunks the empty box into the back seat away from his camera bag where he digs his camera out.

CLOSE UP: His phone in the passenger's seat as we hear the CAR DOOR SHUT. We move closer to the phone within 5 to 10 seconds as a text appears.

INSERT TEXT: A text by Mr. Webb. It reads, "Surprise! Hey Darin, I'm in town. At the hotel. Text me when you get this."

EXT: TREE - CROSSROADS

It's a peaceful day and the wind is not stirring. Darin looks in the distance seeing the dilapidated house.

Behind the tree there are crudely crafted stick crosses on old graves.

Darin takes pictures of the graves and gets close ups of the cross's crude craftsmanship.



He walks back toward the pile of chicken bones and fingernails.  
He kneels in front of them and takes pictures.

He takes the camera from his neck.

DARIN`S POV: EYES OPEN we see the camera as he raises it out, as if offering it to someone. His EYES CLOSE and we see darkness.  
The wind howls.

DARIN  
(Mental voice)  
What? The wind probably howls all  
the time out here in the flat lands.

The wind stops and there`s a sound of dirt hitting the ground in the darkness of our closed eyes.

DARIN  
(Mental voice)  
Open your eyes. There was no sound  
before the howling now there is.

There are leaves crackling in tandem with footsteps we cannot see.

DARIN  
(Mental voice)  
That is definitely somebody. Open your  
eyes Darin. Open them. No. It`s lore,  
just lore. This is real. Those are real  
steps.

We are still in the blackness of our closed eyes as leaves crunching get nearer, then stop.

DARIN  
(Mental voice)  
Wait to see if they take your camera.

In our darkness comes the sound of things dribbling to the ground.

DARIN  
(Mental voice)  
They`re eating the offerings. You can  
take a punch if that`s what they are  
here for. What if they stab you? Shoot  
you?  
(beat)  
They just took the camera. It`s

the devil.  
 (beat)  
 The devil isn't real.

From the darkness comes an angry and raspy voice.

RASPY VOICE  
 No pictures!

DARIN  
 (Mental voice)  
 Now, open them now!

DARIN'S CONTINUED POV: HIS EYES OPEN to see his camera violently swinging down from the arm of a decayed human form. There's no time to make it out, the camera is coming way too fast to block. The camera hits his face and his EYES CLOSE immediately.

DARIN'S CONTINUED POV: ONE EYE OPENS to see dirt and the tree looking sideways. He is hit again, and it all goes black again. There is no sound.

BACK TO SCENE:

EXT: HOTEL - AFTERNOON

The Caretaker's STEP-SIDE BLUE TRUCK parks near Mr. Webb's RED PORSCHE. The Caretaker exits his truck without any expression.

INT: DARIN'S HOTEL ROOM

Webb comes out of the bathroom in a robe and takes the cell phone from the end table. He types into it...

INSERT TYPING TEXT MESSAGE: Surprise! Hey Darin, I'm in town. At the hotel. Text me when you get this.

He tosses the phone on the bed next to his pressed clean clothes laid out for the evening. He grabs a t-shirt out of his luggage and there is a knock at the door.

AARON WEBB  
 My room ready?

CARETAKER (O.S.)  
 Mr. Webb?

AARON WEBB  
 Who's asking?

CARETAKER (O.S.)  
It`s me, the caretaker.

Mr. Webb eases toward the door, puts his hand on the knob and leans an ear close to the crack.

AARON WEBB  
The caretaker?

CARETAKER (O.S.)  
That`s right, that`s what they call me  
these days. Are you alone?

AARON WEBB  
Why does it matter?

CARETAKER (O.S.)  
I thought me and you could talk about  
that old demo reel.

Webb opens the door, motioning the aged Caretaker to come in.

The Caretaker enters and glances at the CANISTER ON THE  
TELEVISION.

AARON WEBB  
Who are you and how do you know about  
the demo?

Webb has walked to the end of the bed, turns now to find the  
Caretaker having a seat.

AARON WEBB  
Maybe the guys at the meeting?  
(To himself aloud)  
Why would they be creating a buzz if they  
were not interested in it in the first  
place?

CARETAKER  
No one told me anything rest assured.

Webb pauses his flustered pondering, the gears in his head come  
to a halt.

AARON WEBB  
(Growing mad)  
What? How then did you find out? Quit  
playing, who are you?

CARETAKER

Give those gears in your head a crank.  
Why would an old black man in Clarksdale,  
Mississippi be knocking at your door.

Webb shrugs his shoulders, but he keeps staring intently at the aged Caretaker.

CARETAKER

I`m the musician, well I`m in possession  
of his body. His soul is in a cage where  
I use him for a mutt to kick.

AARON WEBB

Old man you`re nuts. You need to leave.

Webb goes for the hotel phone, but the Caretaker snatches it quickly from the wall. Plaster mists from the wall as the cord ripped upward before separating. He tosses the severed hotel phone on the bed.

Webb pauses, the quick phone snatch was out of character for an older man such as the Caretaker.

CARETAKER

Sit down now that I have your attention.

Webb pokes his chest out taking one step forward.

AARON WEBB

I`ll walk out that door if I want.

CARETAKER

I can snatch your spine out of that body  
just as quick.

Webb sits on the bed, keeping his eyes on the Caretaker.

CARETAKER

Your writer friend has taken a young  
prodigy under his little angel wing.

Webb`s face maddens and his fists ball up.

CARETAKER

He has brought into the mix a young lady  
named Sade. Who long ago was born, then who  
did a loving act for her brother that has  
now sent the predestination blocks into  
building the foundation for what is to come.

Because see, with her comes more like her.  
People that are not like you or me. Not with  
souls like ours. These people will be acting  
out their predestined roles. Their roles on  
this earth are confined to their missions. Their  
paychecks don't allow free will. They must act  
for the good of the people, they do not have the  
choice you had in that room. The free will to  
play the music for Stan or not.

AARON WEBB  
I'm going to leave.

The Caretaker stands up.

CARETAKER  
It's going to unravel, all the work I've done,  
All the work you've done. The only thing I  
need to do now is minimize the unraveling.

Webb looks at him quizzically.

CARETAKER  
Like the apocalypse is predestined so is the  
confrontation that is to take place. And you  
would have to choose a side. But you won't  
have that free will, I am going to choose  
for you.

The Caretaker snaps his neck quicker than he jerked the phone and  
damaged the lower wall.

Webb's body plops to the floor.

CARETAKER  
And I must come out from hiding and walk  
along this killing floor.

The Caretaker looks upon the body of Aaron Webb. He backs up and  
sits in the chair.

CARETAKER  
(Whispers)  
Someone summonses me.

He relaxes and his body goes limp and lifeless. It is like a  
switch was cut off.

THE CARETAKERS POV: We see the contents of the room FADE OUT:

## TITLE: "KILLING FLOOR"

FADE IN:

INT. DARK COFFIN - CROSSROADS - AFTERNOON

Complete darkness is soon exposed to light trickling into the coffin as dirt falls into it, revealing a rotting face between its digging arms.

There is a faint howling growing as the hole gets bigger. The figure climbs out of the coffin into the light above.

Debris falls into the coffin.

EXT. CROSSROADS

The DECAYED CREATURE, a possessed decayed man, with superhuman strength, steps out of the grave and dirt falls from his body.

He continues assuredly toward a kneeling Darin extending his camera with eyes shut. The Decayed Creature reaches down grabbing a handful of the chicken bones and fingernail clippings.

He stuffs them down its throat and pieces dribble out the rotted holes of his neck.

Then the Decayed Creature grabs Darin's camera and immediately opens it up, tossing the film from inside the camera away.

DECAYED CREATURE  
(Raspy)  
No Pictures!

The Creature grows mad wrapping the strap in his hand and swings the camera to hit Darin in the head.

Darin opens his eyes and tries to block the camera. It hits him in the forehead, and he goes down onto his side.

He tries to get back up, but the Creature swings it again. It hits Darin in the temple.

Darin's body relaxes.

The Decayed Creature grabs Darin by the leg and drags him toward the house across dead leaves.

INT. NEWSROOM - NEWSPAPER - FULL MOON NIGHT

There`s one person pushing away at a keyboard, the EDITOR (41).

It`s a small room in an old building. About 5 desks with small petitions between the desks.

Sade comes hurriedly through the entrance doors. She sits by a computer and hooks her phone into it.

SADE

You already got the programs opened?

The Editor, typing, answers without a missed beat.

EDITOR

Sure do. As soon as you get them ready  
let me know, we`re going to print at two.

Sade is already dragging four pictures into the "NEWS" folder.

SADE

It won`t take long.

EDITOR

What did you get?

SADE

It basically writes itself. If it`s a  
murder you need the body picture and  
hopefully get some emotion.

EDITOR

Did you get that?

SADE

I sure did.

EDITOR

I`ll use the body pic and that emotion  
one.

The editor slides her chair a little toward Sade.

EDITOR

You can go home. You need to pick your  
brother up.

SADE

I still got time to edit some negatives.

Sade grabs her phone from the download cord and heads to the back

dark doom. The editor slides her chair back to her computer.

SADE  
Chemicals still mixed from last week?

EDITOR  
(Glances to Sade)  
Yes, dump them out when done. They have  
maybe two days left before it spoils. You  
can make some more tomorrow.

SADE  
Okay.

EDITOR  
Never mind dumping it, we hardly use the  
dark room anyway. Just go get your brother  
when you're done.

SADE  
Thanks

Sade steps through a black cylinder's opening at the back of the room.

INT: CYLINDER DARK ROOM DOOR

Inside it, she spins the opening around, there is briefly total darkness until it opens into another room.

There is no normal door entering dark rooms so no one can accidentally open it, letting light in to destroy negatives.

EXT: CROSSROADS - FULL MOON NIGHT

More human-like silhouettes of wabbling dead move forward away from us toward the dilapidated house with very few lights on.

Panning down we see the last dead man that came alive crawl out of his shallow grave.

INT. DARK ROOM

In the darkness a light switch is flipped on. Sade hits the timer set for 7 minutes.

She takes the cylinder canister of negatives soaking in D-76 solution and agitates it by turning it upside down and then right side up a few times.



She waits as the negatives sit in the solution. She looks at the timer that shows plenty of time left.

She takes her phone out and calls Darin, his voice mail picks up.

SADE  
(Into phone)  
Darin this is Sade. I got what I needed  
at the museum. Everything you mentioned.  
I`m about to load the negatives into the  
developing canisters. Call me.

Sade abruptly hangs up and calls her mother.

SADE  
Hey mom, Darin, call you?

DOCTOR CARRY (O.S.)  
Not yet.

SADE  
He said he was, I don`t think he would  
lie.  
(beat)  
Did you hear?

INT. LAUNDRY ROOM - DOCTOR CARRY`S HOME

Carry adds the last folded garment to a clothes basket.

DOCTOR CARRY  
About Kalisha? Please tell me it`s not  
true.

SADE (O.S.)  
Yes, it`s true. I got pictures of it.

DOCTOR CARRY  
Of her body? Oh you didn`t, did you?

SADE (O.S.)  
No, it was covered up. They were taking  
her out.

DOCTOR CARRY  
You have to pick your brother up soon.  
Do not be late.

INT. DARK ROOM

Sade looks at the timer.

SADE  
Steven said his relief called in and  
will be late, so he has to stay another  
hour.

DOCTOR CARRY (O.S.)  
Is that still enough time?

SADE  
I'll be done by then. Oh, wait...

INT. BOY'S BEDROOM - DOCTOR CARRY'S HOME

Carry puts folded clothes on Steven's bed.

DOCTOR CARRY  
(Firmly)  
What do you mean, 'Oh wait?'

INT. DARK ROOM

With her phone held to her ear by her shoulder Sade grabs some  
raw newsprint from a stack and opens it up on the counter.

SADE  
I'm developing this film for Darin.  
I still have to dry the negatives  
and look through them to make sure  
they're good. It's no biggy, but could  
you pick steven up since you're off?  
I mean if that's okay, but I have  
every intention to get him myself.

DOCTOR CARRY (O.S.)  
I guess so, if that's what you need me  
to do. I can take him and get some ice  
cream afterwards.

SADE  
Thank you, with you doing this I can  
go straight to Darin and show the  
negatives to him.

Sade faces the timer.

INT. SADE'S BEDROOM

Carry folds Sade's laundry.

DOCTOR CARRY  
Stephen and I can talk over ice  
cream. I've been needing time with him.

SADE (O.S.)  
Darin's only here for a few days.

INT. DEVELOPING ROOM

The timer goes off. Sade grabs it and puts it back on the shelf  
above the sink.

DOCTOR CARRY (O.S.)  
It's fine Sade, really. Have Darin  
call me.

SADE  
Thank you. And yes, I'll have him call  
you and I'll do the dishes tomorrow.

DOCTOR CARRY (O.S.)  
Oh, you will wash those dishes, and love  
you.

SADE  
Love you too.

She finishes the call and unscrews the canister's top, dumping  
the D-76 solution down the drain.

SADE  
(To herself aloud)  
Too old to recycle.

EXT. CROSSROADS - FULL MOON - FULL MOON - NIGHT

In the deep blue hue of night, we see the lone leafless tree and  
Darin's truck silhouetted against the full moon's sky.

EXT. CELLAR DOORS - DILAPIDATED HOUSE - FULL MOON - NIGHT

High grass surrounds the closed cellar doors.

INT. DARK ROOM - FULL MOON - NIGHT

MUSIC plays low as Sade, in a hue of red light, grabs a loop.  
It's a small magnifying circle, used to place over negatives to  
see the image close.

She turns on the regular light.

In the brighter white light, she goes to the pair of negatives that are hanging from a wire.

Sade positions the loop against one of the negatives so the light shines through toward her.

SADE  
(To herself)  
Let`s just see if an image came out.

She travels down the frames within the negatives with her loop.

SADE  
(To herself)  
Okay, okay. Looking good Mr. Darin,  
looking good.

She scans over another then stops. She goes back to the one she previously scanned.

SADE  
(To herself)  
What is that?

She turns her music off and grabs a pair of scissors from a drawer. She cuts a section of the negatives off that includes the frame she just looked at.

She puts the scissors back and without leaving fingerprints takes the section to a light-table.

She turns on a nearby light table and puts the section of negatives across it. The light passes up from the table and through the negatives.

She leans over putting the loop directly over the frame.

INSERT CLOSE UP IMAGE ON NEGATIVE It`s the picture Darin took at the delapidated home through a window. Under the loop`s magnifying glass one guitar has more sunlight from the window revealing the bottom section where a CHILD-LIKE LIGHTENING BOLT was painted.

She leaves the loop on the light table with the negatives and retrieves her purse. She hurriedly digs out the photograph of her brother and his guitar. She fixates on it.

INSERT PHOTOGRAPH OF HER BROTHER. In the photograph he holds the

guitar that she painted a CHILD-LIKE LIGHTENING BOLT on.

With photo in hand, she quickly returns her attention to the negatives. She grabs the loop and presses it over the frame of negative that gripped her attention earlier.

INSERT IMAGE ON NEGATIVE It`s the picture Darin took at the delapidated home through a window. Inside the home, through the window, we see guitars. Under the loop we see one guitar that has sunlight from the window revealing the bottom section where a CHILD-LIKE LIGHTENING BOLT was painted.

Immediately she puts the photo in her purse and grabs the negative quickly. She darts away but turns around and grabs the loop then leaves quickly with her purse as well.

INT. OFFICE - SHERIFF`s DEPARTMENT - NIGHT

It`s the 12-hour shift change. Chief Deputy Gunn is coming on shift along with 9 deputies, replacing Sheriff Jones and his crew of 11 deputies. A few have already made it out to go home and those coming in are missing 1 that is too sick to come in.

SHERIFF JONES

So we had Rodgers out sick, must be going around, Blaylock isn`t going to make it tonight.

Gunn has his phone from his pocket, he begins swiping pictures on it as he searches for one.

CHIEF DEPUTY GUNN

I`ll put Blaylock`s partner with me.

Sheriff Jones leans into Chief Deputy Gunn and gazes as Gunn swipes pictures.

CHIEF DEPUTY GUNN

Here it is laying down.

SHERIFF JONES

That`s a big`n.

CHIEF DEPUTY GUNN

Look here, look at those points. Eight points, and it`s as big as a ten-point or better.

SHERIFF JONES

Your boy did good, you make him drink

the blood?

CHIEF DEPUTY GUNN  
Did it on his own.

SHERIFF JONES  
Good kid.

Bypassing the last bit of office administration leaving, Sade rushes through the front door holding the negatives above her head.

SADE  
Sheriff!

Sheriff Jones immediately looks her way as some deputies glance toward her to see what the rush is. Others continue their shift change duties.

SADE  
Sheriff Jones, I got it.

Sheriff Jones pats Chief deputy Gunn's shoulder and goes to Sade.

In her excitement Sade rushes past the countertop, but Sheriff Jones stops her.

She goes back to the front and puts the negatives on the clean counter with the loop beside them.

She digs the photo of her brother from her purse. She slaps it onto the counter.

INSERT: She puts a finger on the guitar with CHILD-LIKE  
LIGHTENING BOLT.

SADE  
Look at it.

He starts to pick it up, but she stops him.

SADE  
No, with the loop. Look at the guitar.  
Look close at the lightning bolt.

He does so and shrugs.

SHERIFF JONES  
See what Sade? Your brother? Yes, I  
see him. I had seen him for years on

that board.

He points to the bulletin board with pictures of those missing.

SADE

The guitar Sheriff. Look here.

She slides the negatives in front of him.

SADE

Hold them toward the light and look  
at the third from bottom frame.

Her confident voice has drawn closer attention by those in the room. A few of the deputies have neared and the room's background chatter has quieted.

Chief Deputy Gunn walks props up at the counter as well.

Sheriff Jones fumbles with the negatives and loop. He looks to the surrounding deputies.

SHERIFF JONES

Deputy Morgan, hold this out.

Morgan takes the negatives from him and holds them up.

Sheriff Jones positions so the ceiling's light passes through the negatives toward him. He holds the loop up to the third frame. He is perplexed at what he sees.

SHERIFF JONES

Where's this at?

SADE

The crossroads. The old house next  
to it.

SHERIFF JONES

You take these Sade?

SADE

No, the writer did.

Sheriff Jones hands the loop to the Deputy Chief Gunn, and he takes his turn looking at the negatives.

Jones looks to Sade.

SHERIFF JONES

Let me get ahold of him to verify  
the location and get his account.

SADE  
That`s his guitar Sheriff!

Sheriff Jones looks to Chief Deputy Gunn.

CHIEF DEPUTY GUNN  
That`s it Sheriff.

SADE  
I know it is! I drew and painted that  
lightning bolt.

CHIEF DEPUTY GUNN  
(To the Sheriff)  
We have probable cause.

SHERIFF JONES  
Sade it is his guitar but I need a  
witness to get a warrant.

SADE  
I can`t get Darin on his phone. I  
was supposed to help him get pictures  
at the crossroads.

SHERIFF JONES  
You couldn`t get him?

SADE  
No sir.

Deputy Johnson, rolling up a paper towel in his hand, enters  
through the back door and sees everyone huddled at the counter  
with Sade.

DEPUTY JOHNSON  
(Calmly)  
I got them in their kennels. The  
bitches are fed, and they`ve pooped.

Deputy Morgan glances to Johnson.

DEPUTY MORGAN  
Be respectful.

Deputy Johnson ignores him and tosses the paper towel in his  
desk`s waste basket. After a few seconds, he notices their



serious faces.

DEPUTY JOHNSON  
What`s going on?

SHERIFF JONES  
I`ll catch everyone up to speed in a second Johnson. Jot down you fed them and that they got their break before you forget.

Sheriff Jones looks to Sade.

SHERIFF JONES  
You were saying?

SADE  
Yes sir, I can`t get him on the phone. I`ve tried twice. And he was supposed to call my mother and hasn`t yet. He went up there when we heard about Kalisha.

SHERIFF JONES  
Maybe his phone is out.

DEPUTY JOHNSON  
Sir, someone tried to steal his camera bag earlier?

What Johnson says registers with Jones.

SHERIFF JONES  
All right guys, here`s what`s going to happen. I`ll get a picture off the internet of the writer for you in just a sec. Once we all have a photo we go out to his last known location. We all know what Sade`s brother Nathan looks like.  
(beat)  
You`ve all seen the picture on the board.

Jones glances at Sade then the rest of the guys.

SHERIFF JONES  
Chief Deputy Gunn will get a warrant and have a deputy drive it to the crossroads. Once we have it, we will work our way to the house.  
(beat)

I and Johnson will arrive with Seamore and Pepper. The rest of first shift will rope off the area we determine.

(beat)

Second Shift under Gunn. You will go about your shift. The town needs its force. This thing probably has tentacles, and we will need you to see where they lead.

(beat)

All radios on, cell phones on complete silence. Follow the chain of command.

Sheriff Jones goes to his desk. At a computer, he types in Darin`s name.

SHERIFF JONES

Sade, you`ll need to identify the guitar when we bring it out. You will stay with Deputy Andrews and ride with him.

Multiple images pop up and Jones clicks on one of Darin.

SHERIFF JONES

You got that Andrews? The girl is with you.

Andrews is putting his bullet proof vest back on.

DEPUTY ANDREWS

Ten- Four boss.

CHIEF DEPUTY GUNN

(To Andrews)

Put a vest on her; there`s extra. We got a couple guys out.

DEPUTY ANDREWS

That`s right.

CHIEF DEPUTY GUNN

Morgan, you ride up front with Andrews, put the girl in back. She`ll be safer.

Deputy Morgan Starts to hand the negatives to Sade but pulls back keeping them in hand.

DEPUTY MORGAN

(To Sade)

I`ll put these in the Chief`s desk until we get back.

(To Chief Deputy Gunn)

Copy Chief, I`m with Andrews.

Deputy Morgan places the negatives in Chief Gunn`s desk as Darin`s picture prints.

INT. CELLAR - DELAPIDATED HOME - NIGHT

Darin`s awful face, a contrast to the one that printed out at the Sheriff`s office, looks drained and blood is matted in his hair and dried on his face.

His eyes are closed as we hear a distant cry of his name.

SADE (O.S.)  
Darin!

EXT: CROSSROADS - YELLOW TAPE - FULL MOON - NIGHT

Sade, yells for Darin again as she stands on the other side of the yellow tape with Deputy Andrews at her side.

SADE  
(Calling out)  
Darin!

DEPUTY ANDREWS  
Give your voice a break. Sit in the  
passenger`s seat and lock the doors.  
Here`s the keys.

Sade takes the keys.

DEPUTY ANDREWS  
It`s not protocol, but you have to be here  
and you have to be safe.

Sade walks away with the keys towards Andrew`s patrol car.

Deputy Andrews, passing a mobile flood light, goes under the tape into the investigation`s parameter.

He walks to Darin`s abandoned truck that`s in an orb of a flood light. Two other deputies are nearing it as well, DEPUTY TIPPETT, (40`s), and DEPUTY SWAIN (29).

EXT: CROSSROADS - TREE - FULL MOON - NIGHT

Standing in the same spot where Darin was beat, Sheriff Jones and Deputy Johnson look over the disturbed ground. Johnson points downward.

DEPUTY JOHNSON

Look how far these two pressed down spots are apart. And they're just the right size for hands.

(beat)

Where he must have been pushing up.

SHERIFF JONES

It's subtle.

DEPUTY JOHNSON

To you, but they're fresh and strong to me. The older it gets, the unpressed leaves will have mixed in with the broken ones.

SHERIFF JONES

Good eye Johnson.

Pointing to the ground, deputy Johnson moves a few feet from the handprints toward the direction of the dilapidated house.

DEPUTY JOHNSON

This is a drag mark. They never made it to their feet.

SHERIFF JONES

What do you mean?

DEPUTY JOHNSON

The handprints, plus disturbance where the ground was heavily pressed, means they had a lot of dead weight they were trying push up. But the drag marks say this person never was able to fully get up.

SHERIFF JONES

Let's see where they go.

The two walk a little space away and come to the open graves in the full moon light.

SHERIFF JONES

We have a missing person that looks to be dragged that way.

(beat)

Toward that house.

DEPUTY JOHNSON

Between freshly dug up graves.

SHERIFF JONES  
Stay focused on task at hand.

DEPUTY JOHNSON  
Roger-that boss.

SHERIFF JONES  
Get the canines.

Sheriff Jones gestures toward the deputies at Darin`s truck.

SHERIFF JONES  
Johnson, help them out at the truck too,  
see if there is anything in there that has  
Darin`s scent.

EXT. DARIN`S TRUCK

Deputy Andrews opens the driver`s door as Deputy Tippettt opens  
the passenger`s door.

DEPUTY TIPPETT  
Put a light in here on my side.

His partner, Deputy Swain, holds a flashlight over the opened  
passenger`s door.

DEPUTY TIPPETT  
There`s something on the passenger`s  
seat!

Swain aims his light directly on the passenger`s seat,  
illuminating DARIN`S PHONE he left behind.

Deputy Swain calls out.

DEPUTY SWAIN  
We got a phone!

DEPUTY JOHNSON (O.S.)  
You got a shirt in there too!

Deputy Andrews shines his light on the camera bag in the back  
seat.

DEPUTY ANDREWS  
Got a camera bag!

INT: ELEVATOR AND STAIRWELL - LOBBY - HOTEL - FULL MOON - NIGHT

Chief Deputy Gunn and six other deputies who are wearing tactical backpacks enter the lobby.

The team includes DEPUTY TACKET (22). All show purpose immediately upon entering with hands firmly on their UNSNAPPED holstered standard issued pistols.

CHIEF DEPUTY GUNN  
Deputy Tackett keep watch on who enters  
and leaves, but stay near the stairs and  
the elevator.

INT: DESK - LOBBY

Doctor Carry with her special needs son, Steven, turns toward the Chief and his deputies. She tugs on Steven`s arm and begins to walk over.

DOCTOR CARRY  
Stay with me Steven.

INT: ELEVATOR AND STAIRWELL - LOBBY

The Chief stops at the elevator door. The others gather around him, with DEPUTY KITCHENS (31) and DEPUTY BURNS (27), on the far side.

CHIEF DEPUTY GUNN  
We`re here on the fly, so again, standard  
operation procedures. Once we get in the  
room, we will need someone to post at the  
door on the inside. The rest of us will do  
our thing. And remember communicate,  
communicate, communicate.  
(beat)  
Deputy Kitchens!

DEPUTY KITCHENS  
Yes sir?

CHIEF DEPUTY GUNN  
You and I will clear the stairs. When  
the rest of you hear 'clear` take the  
elevator up. Deputy Burns, post between the  
second floor stairwell and elevator.

Doctor Carry, with son in hand, steps faster across the lobby floor. Deputies see her approach.

DOCTOR CARRY

Chief, I heard you say that writer`s name. And my son just told me that the cleaning service found two bodies up there?  
(beat)  
Is it that writer? My daughter was supposed to meet him but he hasn`t answered his phone.

CHIEF DEPUTY GUNN

Your daughter is safe, she is with the Sheriff and there are many deputies with them so don`t worry.  
(beat)  
If I may speak to you in private. I don`t have much time.

Chief Gunn steps about 10 feet away and blocks the deputies from seeing her face.

DOCTOR CARRY

There`s something you`re not telling me.

CHIEF DEPUTY GUNN

Yes mam, but Sade is fine. It`s just the writer got a photo of the interior of that dilapidated house out by the crossroads. Inside there appeared to be a guitar just like your son`s.

Doctor Carry covers her mouth in shock.

CHIEF DEPUTY GUNN

Sade has gone with them to identify it. I cannot tell you more, I don`t have time. Wish I did. But get your son out of here and you two stay safe.

Chief Gunn puts a hand on her shoulder tenderly, then drops his arm.

CHIEF DEPUTY GUNN

We`ve been with you this far; we will keep you posted as soon as we find anything out.

DOCTOR CARRY

Thank you Chief.

He turns back to his deputies.

CHIEF DEPUTY GUNN

Come on Kitchens.

EXT. CROSSROADS - TREE - FULL MOON - NIGHT

Sheriff Jones with Deputy Johnson take the canines towards the dilapidated house with DEPUTY EVANS (38) DEPUTY FARRAR (36), both having their standard pistols drawn.

Farrar clears his throat.

DEPUTY FARRAR  
Boss I have to say none of us has a  
warrant in hand.

DEPUTY JOHNSON  
Chief got the warrant, but they had  
to go to the hotel.

DEPUTY EVANS  
What now?

SHERIFF JONES  
Two more bodies. That`s why I instructed  
you to unholster those standards.  
(beat)  
Now pay attention. When we get up here to  
the side of the house I`m going to need you  
two to get your big guns. Then we go through  
the cellar.

DEPUTY FARRAR  
This is getting crazy.

DEPUTY EVANS  
Full moon too.

DEUPTY JOHNSON  
(Looking up)  
Oh man, that`s right.

The dogs begin to sniff louder as they move closer to the dilapidated house.

SHERIFF JONES  
(Whispers in a firm tone)  
Radio Morgan to get Pepper from us at  
the side of the house. We got a scent.

INT: DARIN`S HOTEL ROOM - HOTEL - FULL MOON - NIGHT



Deputy Kitchens stands post at Darin`s hotel room door.

CHIEF DEPUTY GUNN  
Give us some room Kitchens.

Kitchens steps out and shuts the door.

Gunn turns to those in the room, DEPUTY MCCAUSTLIN (33), DEPUTY DRIESEEE (45), DEPUTY KLUTZ (50) and DEPUTY ROE (35).

CHIEF DEPUTY GUNN  
McCastlin you and Roe get me some prints.  
Every inch of this room and the bodies.

DEPUTY MCCAUSTLIN  
I`ll start in the bathroom.

Roe and McCastlin take out each other`s fingerprint kits from their backpacks an exchange them.

DEPUTY ROE  
I`ll join you. I`ll get the tub if you  
get the sink and mirror.

DEPUTY MCCAUSTLIN  
Deal.

The two disappear into the bathroom.

CHIEF DEPUTY GUNN  
Klutz get your camera out and do the same.  
Every inch, and make sure you get a couple  
of them finger printing. Gloves on everyone  
now before we start.

Deputy Klutz turns his back to Deputy Drieseee who takes the camera out of the backpack and hands it to Deputy Klutz.

CHIEF DEPUTY GUNN  
Drieseee, you`re with me. Let`s get a look  
at these bodies so the Cornoer can get to  
work.

DEPUTY KLUTZ  
Where is she by the way?

CHIEF DEPUTY GUNN  
She`s wrapping up Kalisha`s and getting  
a quick bite. I told her we had to do our  
thing first. but we still need to get it

done as soon as we  
can.

(beat)

Anyway, she`s got a long night ahead. I  
got a bad feeling this thing is far from  
over. Now, let`s ID these guys if we can.

Deputy Driesee and Chief Gunn stoop down next to the dead bodies  
and search their pockets.

CHIEF DEPUTY GUNN

I`ll check their pulse in a bit to make it  
official.

DEPUTY DRIESEE

Go ahead and I`ll check for contents.

Gunn removes one of his gloves and begins checking both bodies  
for a pulse.

CHIEF DEPUTY GUNN

It`s semiofficial until the coroner gets  
here, but no pulse on either.

Deputy Klutz, with camera slung, dips his head into the doorway  
of the bathroom.

INT: BATHROOM

Deputies Roe and McCastlin dust for prints.

DEPUTY KLUTZ

Your gloves guys.

DEPUTY ROE

(At the tub)

We heard!

DEPUTY KLUTZ

Mybad.

Deputy Klutz takes an overall picture of the two: Deputy Roe at  
the tub and Deputy McCastlin at the sink working with their  
gloves on.

EXT: CELLAR DOOR - DILAPIDATED HOUSE - FULL MOON - NIGHT

Sheriff Jones and Deputy Johnson approach the cellar door. They  
squat on each side of it with Evans and Farrar guarding their  
backs with weapons drawn; Farrar with an AR-15 and Evans with a

MOSBERG 500 shotgun.

Studying the cellar door Jones finds a crack in the boards of it and peeks through it.

SHERIFF JONES POV: We can't make much out. We see only a dim light and shadows move through it.

INT: CAR - DOCTOR CARRY - HIGHWAY - FULL MOON - NIGHT

Driving along, Doctor Carry speaks aloud so that her automobile will make a call for her.

DOCTOR CARRY  
(Aloud for car tech)  
Call Sade!

Steven looks to his mother with worry.

INT: DEPUTY PATROL CAR - DILAPIDATED HOUSE - FULL MOON - NIGHT

Sade, in the county patrol car's back seat, gets a cell phone call from her mother Doctor Carry.

SADE  
Mom!

DOCTOR CARRY (O.S.)  
What's happening.

SADE  
We found Miss Lightening momma.

DOCTOR CARRY (O.S.)  
(A whimper)

INT: CAR - DOCTOR CARRY

Doctor Carry drives with tears running down her face as she covers her mouth again in shock.

STEVEN  
(worried)  
What is it momma?

INT: DEPUTY PATROL CAR

Sade, hurriedly, speaks into her cell phone.

SADE

Momma, they`re about to raid the house. I  
must go.  
(beat)  
I`ll call you back when we have it.

She ends the call and leans forward intently staring through the windshield.

EXT: FRONT PORCH - DILAPIDATED HOUSE - FULL MOON - NIGHT

Getting into position Deputy Andrews with a REMINGTON 870 shotgun, and Deputy Morgan flank the left side of the front door. The K9, Pepper, is leashed to Morgan and at his side.

Weapons drawn, Deputies Tippet and Swain flank the right with MOSBERG 500 tactical shotguns.

EXT: CELLAR - DILAPIDATED HOUSE - FULL MOON - NIGHT

Sheriff Jones, with a SMITH AND WESSON POCKET KNIFE, scrapes away the interior edges of the crack to make it bigger. He takes another peak.

SHERIFF JONES POV: Darin tied to a post near a staircase. Across from Darin is the man that tried to steal Darin`s camera. Still wearing a hoodie, he is also tied to a post and just as weary as Darin. Decaying figures gather around them. One is brandishing a machete and screwing the tip into the chest of Darin. When he finishes, one of the decaying creatures suckles from the hole. The machete wielding human-like creature rips Darin`s sleeve, and digs the machete point into his forearm. A creature begins to suckle Darin`s forearm.

BACK TO SCENE:

Sheriff Jones places a prybar between the cellar doors.

SHERIFF JONES  
(Hushed)  
There`s at least five or six creatures.  
That`s the only way I can describe them.  
Kill them all.

DEPUTY JOHNSON  
(Puzzled)  
All?

SHERIFF JONES  
Darin is tied up and another guy.  
Kill all the others.

Quickly Deputy Johnson radios to the other team.

DEPUTY JOHNSON  
(Into radio)  
Two friendlies, Two friendlies, multiple  
hostile creatures. Going in hot.

EXT: FRONT PORCH

Morgan draws his 1911 pistol as he loosens Pepper`s leash.

DEPUTY ANDREWS  
(Into radio)  
Ten-four but what are hostile creatures?

DEPUTY JOHNSON (V.O.)  
(Into radio)  
No time to explain. I have no idea  
either, but we`re about to find out.

Deputy Andrews speaks to his team.

DEPUTY ANDREWS  
Multiple hostiles and two friendlies,  
we`re going in hot.  
(beat)  
Morgan, once the door`s gone send  
Pepper. Then follow us clearing. I`ll  
take the left, Tippet the right and  
Swain center.

DEPUTY MORGAN  
Semper Fi.

EXT: CELLAR

Sheriff Jones pries at the cellar door to free it apart.

SHRIF JONES  
(Gritting teeth)  
Now, Now, Now.

Deputy Johnson springs in to help with all his might. The door  
breaks apart and they swing the double doors open. Sheriff Jones  
steps back and releases the K9, Seamore. It leaps into the cellar  
door first.

Deputy Johnson draws his pistol and Deputy Evans, with shotgun,  
both follow Seamore.

Deputy Farrar posts at the edge of the cellar and aims his rifle low into the door's opening supplying cover.

Sheriff Jones enters quickly with his standard pistol drawn.

INT: CELLAR

Deputy Farrar perches outside the cellar taking the high ground. His squinting eye looks down along the barrel. RIFLE A SHOT.

BULLET POV

We are the bullet coming out of Deputy Farrar's rifle barrel into the cellar's dim light. We pass Sheriff Jones. A BURST OF FIRE coming from his standard issue pistol. We travel alongside that bullet as we go over the shoulder of Deputy Evans with his tactical shotgun pointed at an attacking creature. That SHOTGUN BLASTS and we are now traveling alongside those concentrated pellets, and Sheriff Jones's pistol bullet. Underneath us, Seamore, the K9, opens its jaws for the leg of our target which is the head of the decayed creature suckling on Darin's forearm. Evans' shotgun blast peels back the face of an attacking creature and Sheriff Jones bullet goes through the eye of one and explodes out the back of its head. We, Farrar's bullet, goes through the side of the creature's skull attached to Darin's arm.

BACK TO SCENE:

Deputy Johnson slides onto his knees and glides toward the thief tied to a post.

A fourth decayed creature turns just in time to see Johnson's gun pointed at him. It moves quicker than humanly possible, almost dodging Deputy Johnson's bullet, but it knocks the MACHETE out of the creature's hand.

Johnson turns right aiming at the creature again, but it immediately reverses back, and dives into Johnson, taking a chunk of his throat with its teeth.

Johnson falls quickly bleeding out as the creature leaps over Sheriff Jones and out the cellar door tackling Deputy Farrar who could not get another shot aimed correctly in time.

EXT: CELLAR

Deputy Farrar falls backward into the tall grass, and the creature viciously bites a chunk of his throat as well. Farrar begins grasping frantically at his throat to stop the bleeding.

INT: CELLAR

Seamore, the male K9, with all his speed runs for the opening of the cellar passing the body of Johnson and passing Jones, who has turned toward the cellar door.

EXT: CELLAR

The creature, its mouth covered in blood, stands quickly. There`s a GROWL off screen. The decayed thing whips to see where the growl came from.

CREATURE POV: Seamore is midway toward him in the air with his jaws open.

BACK TO SCENE:

The creature punches Seamore`s side knocking the K9 sideways.

Sheriff Jones, coming out of the cellar, unloads his weapon into the Creature`s head until it falls to the ground. He quickly looks down into the Cellar.

SHERIFF JONES  
Is there anymore?

DEPUTY EVANS (V.O)  
Just this guy tied to the post.  
(Fighting back grief)  
Oh man, Johnson. Deputy Johnson is dead.  
(Angry)  
What the hell were they?

SHERIFF JONES  
Get Darin off that rack!

Sheriff Jones checks Deputy Farrar for a pulse. There is none.

SHERIFF JONES  
He`s gone!

INT: CELLAR

Sheriff Jones climbs down into the cellar. He checks the pulse of Deputy Johnson as Evans unties Darin.

SHERIFF JONES  
Johnson is dead.  
(Sighs)  
Let`s get Darin out.

Sheriff Jones and Deputy Evans take Darin off the post.

Darin makes weak steps as the two support him past the bodies of creatures, the fallen MACHETE, and over Deputy Johnson's body.

EXT: CELLAR

They get Darin's upper body out of the cellar and onto the ground. Darin is exhausted and breathes deeply.

Deputy Evans and the Sheriff come out of the cellar and drag Darin the rest of the way.

INT: PATROL CAR

Sade stares out of the windshield, being overly watchful.

SADE'S POV: Through the windshield we see the front of the house and the busted open door. There is no movement.

BACK TO SCENE:

Sade exits the vehicle.

EXT: FRONT PORCH

Sade walks toward the front porch.

She eases up the steps, her senses heightened.

She gets closer and closer to the wide-open door where suddenly she hesitates in shock.

Determined, Sade steps forward passing slowly into the dilapidated house.

EXT: CELLAR

Darin is on his feet, supported by Deputy Evens. Who looks back at the Sheriff going to get Seamore.

DEPUTY EVANS

What about that other guy?

SHERIFF JONES

Right now, we need to get him and Seamore to the car. You'll take them and Sade outside the driveway a few hundred feet and make that radio call.



(beat)  
Keep ambulances and everyone back until  
It is clear.

DEPUTY EVANS  
Let me call the Chief.

Jones bends down to get Seamore who is breathing erratically.

SHERIFF JONES  
(Looks to Evans)  
Chief already has bodies to worry about.

INT: CELLAR

Feet of a decayed creature step down the stairs of the cellar from the house. As it reaches the bottom it is revealed to be MISSING AN ARM and is the same one that first attacked Darin. It turns to the thief still tied at the post.

DECAYED CREATURE  
You want to make amends. Be my pet again?

The hooded thief nods slowly.

The decayed creature unties the thief who wobbles and tries to step forward. The creature puts his only hand on the thief's head.

DECAYED CREATURE  
I will give you strength.

The thief straightens his posture as he walks with a quickness to the MACHETE on the floor. He picks it up and goes toward the stairs that lead up and into the dilapidated house.

The creature watches the thief disappear up those stairs.

INT: PATROL CAR

Sheriff Jones puts Seamore in the back seat, he's still breathing irregularly for a k9.

SHERIFF JONES  
Do you see Sade?

EXT: PATROL CAR

Deputy Evans, looking around, props Darin against the passenger's door.

DEPUTY EVANS  
I don't see her.

Sheriff Jones shuts the back door and helps Deputy Evens put Darin in the front seat.

Evans rounds the car to the driver's side.

SHERIFF JONES  
Keys in the visor?

DEPUTY EVANS  
What about Sade?

SHERIFF JONES  
I'll have to bring her with me. Get them out of here.

Deputy Evans opens the driver's side door.

INT. PATROL CAR

Upon grabbing the keys from the visor Deputy Evans shouts.

DEPUTY EVANS  
Keys are here.

He shuts the door and turns to Darin bloody and slumped.

DEPUTY EVANS  
Hang in there.

Evans cranks the vehicle.

INT: DELIPADATED HOME

Sheriff Jones enters, his standard issue pistol drawn. He stops in his tracks.

Laid out across the floor are his lifeless comrades. Deputies Andrews, Morgan, Tippet, and Swain appear to be dead. Their bodies in pools of blood. Amongst them are 3 dead creatures too.

A SEVERED CREATURE'S ARM is amidst them.

Jones begins cautiously checking their pulses. When he gets to Andrews he feels a pulse. He takes his shirt off and wraps it around his bleeding neck.

A dog GROWLS OFF SCREEN and Sherrif Jones stands up and points his weapon in that direction, to the right.

Pepper now BARKS from OFF SCREEN and Sheriff Jones fixates more on an open entrance at the far right.

When he gets to the entrance, he sees a hall lit by the full moon coming through the windows on his right. Opposite the windows on the left is a WALL OF GUITARS. The MISS LIGHTENING guitar is in the middle. near the bottom.

HALL

Sade stands in the middle facing Pepper at the other end. Pepper BARKS at the darkness.

Pepper darts into the darkness and cannot be seen. Suddenly there is no more barking.

Sade fearfully takes a step back.

SHERIFF JONES  
Sade, come back to me. Keep on. We got  
to get you out of here.

Sade takes another step back.

SHERIFF JONES  
Come on baby.

Pepper, the k9, flies past Sade and hits the hall floor sliding toward Sheriff Jones.

Out from the darkness, at the end of the hall, steps the thief in his black hoodie. Shadows drape his face as moonlight from the window consumes him.

SHERIFF JONES  
(Commanding)  
Come on back Sade.

Behind the thief comes the creature and he halts at the edge of the moonlight. The thief raises the machete as he steps toward Sade.

SHERIFF JONES  
Move Sade, move.

She looks back to the Sheriff and sees his gun raised.

She looks to the thief and sees his MACHETE raised.

Sade runs to the wall of guitars and swipes MISS LIGHTENING off. She slings it across the floor where it slides in front of the thief.

The thief stops and gazes at the guitar; its child-like lightning bolt. He drops the MACHETE and leans down to get Miss Lightning.

SADE  
He`s my brother!

Sheriff Jones fires multiple shots at the creature who is now in the line of direct fire.

The back of the creature`s head explodes outward.

INT: DARIN`S HOTEL ROOM

Chief Gunn, holster still UNSNAPPED, faces Deputy Driesse as he hands him the hotel room`s telephone receiver.

Driesse puts it into a large evidence bag.

CHIEF DEPUTY GUNN  
We will get prints off this later.  
(Glances at the bodies)  
Neither of them has gloves on. If it was  
one of them we will be able to tell.

DEPUTY DRIESEE  
Give my plyers back. You probably got all  
three of the ones I`ve lost.

The dead body of the Caretaker springs to life behind Chief Deputy Gunn who is facing away towards Driessee. The Caretaker jolts to his feet in the blink of an eye.

The Caretaker pulls Chief Gunn`s standard issued pistol quicker than the old west`s fastest gun slinger. He shoots Gunn in the back twice and blows a hole in Deputy Driessee`s head.

The plyers fall from Deputy Driessee`s hand.

The two dusting for fingerprints in the bathroom coming rushing out with weapons drawn. Deputy Klutz gets a round off. It chips blood and garment from the Caretaker`s shoulder.

The Caretaker, unphased, puts a round in Deputy Klutz`s forehead and another round in McCastlin`s.

The Caretaker snatches the reel`s TIN CANISTER off the top of the television.

Deputy Kitchens charges into the room from the corridor; his standard issue weapon drawn. He is shocked to see the Caretaker leap out through the second story window; shattering glass.

Deputy Kitchen`s eyes widen more as he looks around the room

INT: DELAPIDATED HOUSE

Sheriff Jones kneels holding pressure to an open wound on Andrew`s neck. Sade helps her brother walk to the front door.

EXT: FRONT OF DELAPIDATED HOUSE - FULL MOON NIGHT

Sade walks down the steps slowly while helping her brother, who is struggling with his balance.

A set of headlights pulls up and out from the car comes Dr. Carry. She does not even close her door.

SADE  
Where`s Steven?

DR. CARRY  
I left him with the deputy!  
Dr. Carry is rushing to them with open arms. She embraces them engulfed in a swirl of blue lights from the patrol cars and her headlights.

THE END