

DON'T TRUST ANYONE!

Written by

Pablo E. Vizcarrondo III

mynewpaypal923@gmail.com
570.921.8953

EXT. RURAL PENNSYLVANIA - DAY

Tall trees and a few beautiful homes scattered far apart come into view with the sun shining down on them.

The Pennsylvania mountains...

A street sign reads: "Grass Street".

An axe chops a piece of wood. Uncle Phil (AKA Mr. Rooter) (70s) wipes sweat off his forehead before chopping one more piece of wood.

JEREMY (16), who also appears a bit tired and sweaty, looks on.

JEREMY
Hey, Mr. Rooter-

Uncle Phil gives Jeremy a look.

JEREMY (CONT'D)
I mean, Uncle Phil.

UNCLE PHIL
You don't have to call me Mr.
Rooter, Jeremy. You know I love you
like my own blood. It's Uncle Phil
to you.

JEREMY
How much longer are we gonna be out
here?

UNCLE PHIL
I'm sorry Jeremy. I know I've been
working you to the bone today. I'm
just trying to keep my mind off
some things. Why don't we have some
lunch and then I'll drive you home?

JEREMY
(a bit hesitant)
That sounds good.

INT. CABIN HOME - LATER

Jeremy gobbles down the last of his cold-cut sandwich.

There are several cans of tuna piled on the kitchen counter.

Jeremy sees Uncle Phil sitting in the living room not saying much, *not acting himself*. Jeremy pauses for a moment in deep thought.

JEREMY
Uncle Phil...

Uncle Phil gives Jeremy a hard stare.

JEREMY (CONT'D)
You're acting really weird today.

Uncle Phil takes a deep breath...

Beat.

UNCLE PHIL
Jeremy, I'm dying...

JEREMY
Wait... What?

UNCLE PHIL
I'm dying, Jeremy... Any day now
can be my last.

JEREMY
How do you know that?

UNCLE PHIL
Because my doctor told me so. This
was a few weeks ago. I have a blood
disease that can't be cured. You
don't need to know all the medical
bullshit. At the end of the day, I
could rot in the hospital or at
home. I choose to take my last
breath right here in this house.

Jeremy ponders this for a moment...

JEREMY
I'm sorry to hear that, Uncle Phil.

Uncle Phil arises and sits closer to Jeremy.

UNCLE PHIL
You've helped me since you were a
little kid. I could trust you,
right?

JEREMY
I guess so.

INT. ROOTER HOME - LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Uncle Phil removes a picture off the wall. A secret combination lock is revealed. Uncle Phil enters a series of combination numbers, and a small area of the wall slides open.

UNCLE PHIL

Look inside.

Jeremy strolls over and slowly peeks in. Jeremy observes stacks and bundles of money all over the place. *It looks to total roughly \$100,000 or so.*

JEREMY

Wow, Uncle Phil! I didn't know you were rich. But, why are you showing me this?

UNCLE PHIL

Because, I trust you. You're the only one who knows where this money is hidden. If something should happen to me, just make sure you donate every single dollar to a credible charity, but please don't touch the money before I die.

JEREMY

You got it, Uncle Phil.

Uncle Phil hands Jeremy a piece of paper with a series of numbers on it.

UNCLE PHIL

Those are the combination numbers.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAYS LATER

Jeremy stands around a coffin with many others as a priest conducts the funeral services. There is a picture of Uncle Phil near the coffin.

EXT. CEMETERY - LATER

Jeremy is smoking a cigarette by himself.

A lady, GILL (40s), attractively dressed for a funeral, sneaks up behind Jeremy.

GILL

Jeremy?-

Jeremy is startled. He quickly puts out the cigarette.

JEREMY

I apologize. I'm not a smoker. I was just really close to Uncle Phil-Mr. Rooter. Sorry. I always called him uncle Phil.

GILL

I know. He always told me about you. I only spoke to him several times throughout my life. I don't really want to get into why... but he always mentioned you to me.

JEREMY

And, you are...

Gill puts out here hand:

GILL

I'm his daughter Gill.

Jeremy shakes her hand.

GILL (CONT'D)

Sorry for not introducing myself properly.

JEREMY

Likewise.

Gill looks back at her Dad's funeral procession... and then back at Jeremy.

GILL

So... I'm planning to clean out my father's cabin on Grass Street tomorrow afternoon. I'm sure you know that place better than I do. Do you wanna go over and take a minute and get whatever you want before I go in? I don't think I'll need anything out of the house at all. I'm most likely gonna sign everything over to the bank.

Jeremy also looks back at the funeral procession... and then back at Gill.

JEREMY

That sounds good. I could probably find a knickknack or two that he would want me to have. I'll try to make it over there tonight.

GILL

Great! Let me give you my number in case you ever want to get together.

Jeremy is a bit hesitant, but he gets out his phone.

JEREMY

Awesome! Yeah, give me your number, and then I'll send you a text so you have mine.

The two exchange phone numbers. Fade out.

INT. CABIN HOME - LATER

Jeremy is packing money into a black bag. He enters a series of combination numbers and this time the wall closes up.

INT. JEREMY'S HOME - DAY

Jeremy is all by himself counting thousands of dollars in his bedroom. The door is locked.

Jeremy's phone 'dings'. A text message reads:

"Hi, Jeremy. Just wanted to make sure you got everything you need from the house before I drop the keys off at the bank tomorrow. Gill".

Jeremy waits a minute... and then he replies: "Hi, Gill. Yes. I got everything I need. I'm sure the bank will find people to use whatever is left inside the home. I already miss Uncle Phil so much! :(Jeremy".

Jeremy continues counting the money:

JEREMY

42 thousand. One hundred, two hundred, three hundred-

Jeremy's phone dings again... Another text message from Gill reads: "By the way, I removed a picture off a wall in the living room and discovered a combination lock to a safe behind it. Just wanted to know if you knew the combination numbers or anything else about it? Thx!"

Jeremy again is hesitant. He looks at all the money, and then replies: "I don't remember him ever telling me about a combination lock or a safe. I cannot help you with that one. Sorry!"

Jeremy takes a deep breath... A minute later Jeremy receives an additional text message: "No problem. Thank you for all you did for my father."

Jeremy smiles big while sniffing a pile of money.

Fade out.