

INTO

THE

EYE

FADE IN:

EXT. THE REDNECK MOTEL - NIGHT

SUPER: Swamplands - Georgia

A violent storm rages around the grainy outline of an abandoned motel, no other signs of life.

A lightning bolt reveals an old sign: THE REDNECK MOTEL.

INT. REDNECK MOTEL - MANAGERS APARTMENT - NIGHT

From the other side, a torch light shines around the frame of a shut door. The handle turns and the door opens.

A figure steps forward, checks the room with the light.

ALBERT
(shouting out)
Boyd, found the manager's place,
door works fine. Should be safe in
here.

He steps in, puts down a large bag and finds two gas lanterns - fires them up.

The extra light reveals, ALBERT, 30, tubby, greasy hair, waterproof coat. He wipes his brow, checks his watch.

The room is empty, the only items of note being a concrete floor, one window and dated wallpaper, peeling off the walls.

At the far end is another door, signed: BOILER ROOM.

A torch light appears at the door and in steps BOYD, 30, good looking, dark hair, dressed in army fatigues.

BOYD
What the hell are you doing?

ALBERT
Setting up a base station. This
place is perfect. It must be fate.

BOYD
Fate! More like a miracle. You
released a weather balloon into a
hurricane. It towed us here,
backwards. Mind you, it's not the
first premature release you've had.

ALBERT
Here we go again! The waitress in
Tuscon. Look, she was hot. The way
she bent over in front of me was--

BOYD

She was still serving drinks!

Albert shakes his head, returns his attention to the laptop.

ALBERT

Yeah, yeah. What's your problem with here? You wanted adventure.

BOYD

Not in Butt Fuck County. Every Redneck within ten miles is going to drool at the sight of us.

ALBERT

You're paid to drive into storms.

BOYD

Albert, we do twisters, not hurricanes. What we doing here?

Albert, ignores Boyd's question and retrieves another laptop.

Boyd paces back and forth, unsettled - checks out the window.

ALBERT

Good. I've got bluetooth to the van. The sensors are working. Getting some good data, like--

BOYD

--a level five hurricane is about to kill us. Weird, I can feel it too. It's like a sixth sense.

ALBERT

Boyd, the only sixth sense you have, is knowing which Girl in a bar is not wearing panties.

BOYD

And? In two years of driving, have I ever got us into trouble? No. We get close, closer than all the others, but, I know the moment to turn back. Now, is one of them.

ALBERT

No! We stay. This is it.

BOYD

Is what exactly, happy hour? We have a hurricane to survive, and our only help would be salivating inbreds, who can smell my anal virginity.

Albert looks up from his computer.

ALBERT

Oh, get a grip. I'm sure you can impress the girls with this story in the next bar we hit.

BOYD

Who said there's going to be another bar? If this is the shit you do from now on, count me out.

Albert slams down a computer, stares back at Boyd, angry.

BOYD

Fine by me. Once we're done here, you can have your money and go. This completes my research, no more need for a driver. But I have to finish this. Get the other gear.

Boyd kicks the ground, turns around and strides outside.

Albert, sighs. He returns his gaze to the computers and studies the data, focused, intense.

LATER

Albert monitors several laptops. A blur of weather maps and data fills each screen. Behind, Boyd looks out the window, agitated by the howling wind that shakes the building.

BOYD

Man, it's getting serious out there. You must have enough now?

ALBERT

The eye of the storm will pass in--

BOYD

--The eye! Why are we waiting for that? We'll be creamed first.

ALBERT

The eye is when it starts to calm. That's the moment it...happens.

BOYD

What happens? Albert, tell me, or I'm off. I mean, we've been in a mess before, but not like this.

Albert sits back, considers, whilst behind them both, the door starts to open, slowly.

ALBERT

At Harvard, I learnt to challenge the fundamental Laws that surround us. Push the base assumptions.

BOYD

What you talking about? You can't challenge fundamental Laws.

ALBERT

Look, consider water. It boils at a hundred degrees Celsius. Right? But not in weaker atmospheric pressure. It boils at a lower temperature. The rule changes.

Boyd steps closer to Albert, intense.

BOYD

What the hell has that to do with storm chasing?

ALBERT

I suddenly realized that storms can rebase the assumptions. But they're not enough. That's why we're here. The Moon is full and the ley lines are extreme. This is a once in a life time occurrence.

From his coat, Albert extracts a silver chain, with pendant.

BOYD

We're about to die because of the Moon? I'm out of here.

ALBERT

Boyd, wait. The Moon can move oceans. Atmospheric pressure in a hurricane can fall a hundred millibars. Put them all together, not just anywhere, but at a spiritual junction...and...

Albert opens the pendant, looks inside.

INSERT:

Pendant Photo - A faded picture of Albert's parents.

BACK TO SCENE

ALBERT

...It allows the spirits to rise, into our realm.

BOYD

Goodbye.

OWNER (O.S.)

Stay right there.

The boys spin round. In the doorway, stands the OWNER (65), mad grey hair, a weathered taught face, rifle in hand.

OWNER (O.S.)

It's more than once, young man.
Happened thirty years ago, right
here, in my Motel. But not since.
Didn't know we needed the Moon.

Albert steps forward.

ALBERT

Sorry we've trespassed, we--

BANG

The Owner shoots Boyd in the leg. He falls down, screaming in pain. Albert dashes over to help Boyd, checks his wound.

OWNER

That's OK. I don't want you two
leaving, just yet.

ALBERT

What the hell was that for, we've
done nothing? We've got to get him
to a hospital.

Albert helps tourniquet Boyd's leg.

OWNER

I'll let you go, if you help me.
Now, pass me the keys to your van.

Albert takes a look at the Owner, then his gun - realizes it's hopeless to fight back.

Annoyed, Albert he reaches in Boyd's coat and finds the keys - throws them across.

Boyd lies down, shaking with shock. Albert looks up.

ALBERT

Jesus! What do you want? Surely not
his arse?

OWNER

What? No! I need your help for when
the moment comes to raise the dead.

ALBERT

So, it's true.

OWNER

That it be. Never knew why until
your clever words, but I've seen it
with my own eyes. All those years
ago. It took away my Betsy.

Albert sits back, aghast.

ALBERT
The spirits...took her?

OWNER
No! The bitch tried to run off with
a Fisherman. Said I'd lost it.

ALBERT
Never.

OWNER
She did. But the years have passed.
Time we made up, started again. I'm
a changed man. I live at one with
nature now, got my own home in the
swamp.

ALBERT
Awesome... But, how?

OWNER
She's buried in the back yard.
Wasn't letting that fucker touch
her jellies, was I?

Albert stares at the Owner, shocked. Boyd groans. Albert
looks at him, helpless, unsure what to do.

ALBERT
Alright, alright. What do you want?

OWNER
Come with me.

With the gun still pointing at Albert, the Owner walks up to
the Boiler Room door. Albert follows, cautious. They enter.

BOILER ROOM

A reasonable sized room, empty, no windows. The walls have
been painted black and the ceiling turned into a picture of
the stars at night. In the middle, a stone circle.

Albert stops at the doorway, stares in amazement.

OWNER
Every religion needs a ritual, and
every ritual needs a temple. This
is my holy ring.

ALBERT
Your what? Oh, very holy.

The Owner points to the ceiling.

OWNER

Painted it for Betsy, she liked the stars. Every time I humped her in the back of my pick up, she'd gaze away at them and cry, with joy.

ALBERT

Touching.

The Owner crouches down, places a hand on a stone.

OWNER

In every hurricane, I would come here, try to connect, but nothing happened. Now I know why, the Moon. Tell me, when will it happen?

Albert stands still, overwhelmed by it all, unable to talk.

The silence begins to annoy the Owner. He reaches into his coat and extracts a large hunting knife.

OWNER

Your friend, like his testicles?

ALBERT

Very much. Me too.

The Owner moves closer, sinister. Albert fidgets - sweats.

ALBERT

The pressure is weakest in the eye of the hurricane. But it's the fall into the eye that opens the realms. It's not the pressure alone that matters, it's the movement down, that joins the two...worlds.

OWNER

That explains it. It happened just before the calm last time. That's when the ghosts appeared, told me to leave. How long we got?

ALBERT

Leave?!

Albert, looks at the Owner, then walks back into the--

FLAT

--the Owner close behind. Albert checks the screens, looks over to Boyd lying on the floor, conscious, but shaking.

ALBERT

About two hours. He can't wait.

OWNER

Ahh, flesh wound, hit no artery.
 When we're done, I'll let you go,
 but for now, you stay. Check your
 computers and don't move. I'll be
 watching. Remember, I have these.

The Owner lifts up the keys.

OWNER

I need to go...dig.

ALBERT

Dig!?

Boyd sits up.

BOYD

Dig!?

The Owner gives them both an evil grin and walks out. Albert
 moves over to Boyd, places his coat over him.

BOYD

(playful)

I take you to Titty bars, you take
 me to the Psycho Motel. Thanks.

Albert chuckles, sits back against the wall - reflects.

ALBERT

I'm sorry. I should have told you
 why we were here, given you the
 choice. But I--

BOYD

--I already knew.

Albert looks on surprised. Boyd tries to smile - coughs.

BOYD

You might as well know. Not sure if
 anybody else will. I...I hear
 voices. They warn me of danger, I
 don't know why. Told me to get out.

ALBERT

Voices! You never said.

BOYD

Wouldn't be the best chat up line.
 Driving into twisters gets me laid.
 Voices in the head would get me
 locked up. That's how we've got
 away with it, so far. Remember
 Oklahoma?

ALBERT

That twister was a monster. We should have died.

BOYD

Yeah, took weeks for that smell to go. Told you to wear extra shorts.

Albert looks back, annoyed. He relaxes, smiles. Boyd tries to move, winces in pain.

BOYD

So, tell me, why did you really want to come here?

Albert finds his pendant, shows the photo to Boyd.

ALBERT

My parents died when I was one. I just wanted to see them, once. Tell them about the things I've done. I saw a ghost at Harvard. After, I realized I could have one more chance, if I worked out how.

Boyd smiles, sympathetic, not sure what to say. Albert frowns and gets up - walks over to the computers.

ALBERT

Best check the data, I don't want to be crying at the stars later.

LATER

The DOOR slams open and in comes the Owner, carrying a long bundle of bed sheets, covered in fresh soil. Part Egyptian Mummy, part Halloween ghost.

The boys look on in horror.

OWNER

How long?

Albert frantically checks the screens.

ALBERT

We're entering the eye now. The pressure is falling, you must be quick.

The Owner charges into the Boiler room. Albert collects a laptop and races after him.

Even Boyd drags himself across to the doorway to see.

BOILER ROOM

The Owner walks into the stone circle, drops the bundle onto the floor, THUMP.

He steps back, wipes his sweating brow.

OWNER
(reflecting on the drop)
Ahh, she's not alive yet.

ALBERT
She?

BOYD
Yet?

OWNER
Next time, I won't bury so deep.

BOYD
Next time!

Albert checks the data. On screen, a graph shows the atmospheric pressure line steeply descending.

ALBERT
We've past half way. It's time.

The Owner stares at Albert, tense, acknowledging the importance of the moment. He remembers something.

The Owner reaches in his pockets, extracts a photo frame, a stained pair of ladies underwear and a rusty razor blade.

He holds them, tender, then tosses the bundle into the circle. He steps back and raises his hands.

OWNER
Spirits hear me. I wish to connect to this woman. I give her mementos as an offering.

BOYD
She shaved?

ALBERT
Keep going, the pressure's falling!

The Owner kneels down in front of the bundle.

OWNER
Hear me Betsy, rise once more.

The white sheets start to twitch and the lanterns flicker in unison, as if disturbed by the spirits.

The three men stare, bewitched by the spectacle.

Slowly, one end sits up, still covered by the sheets. Gradually, the body stands.

OWNER

Betsy, it's me, Billy Joe. Can you hear me?

He shuffles closer on his knees, takes hold of a sheet. The figure bends down to him.

BETSY

Billy Joe, is that you?

OWNER/BILLY JOE

It is, it is! Oh Betsy. Can you ever forgive me? I--

SLURP - comes from Billy Joe's throat as the razor blade efficiently slides across it. He falls down sideways, gurgling as the blood surges from his body.

BETSY

No.

Betsy stands upright, still fully wrapped, and tilts her head back. She SCREAMS...and...SCREAMS...

Boyd faints in the doorway.

BETSY

Damn, girl! That felt good.

Albert stares on, his jaw wide open. He looks down and opens his shaking palm. In his grip, the pendant.

BETSY

At last, at last, I can rest.

The sheets begin to sink to the ground, as though the inner body is dissolving away.

Albert steps forward, throws the pendant in front of her.

ALBERT

Wait! I wish to see my parents, just once. Can I?

A wrapped arm, picks up the pendant, throws it back.

BETSY

No.

Albert catches it, stunned - shakes his head in despair. He looks down, dejected - broken.

BETSY

But, know this. They are always
with you, and are proud of all that
you have done.

The sheets collapse into a pile, nothing within.

Albert staggers back. He calms down and a broad, satisfied
grin, spreads across his face. Boyd looks up from the floor.

BOYD

Can we go now?

Albert dashes over to Boyd and helps him up.

ALBERT

Yeah.

BOYD

You know what? I prefer twisters.

ALBERT

So, what do the voices say now?

Boyd grins, closes his eyes.

BOYD

Right now, I can't make out whether
they are saying I should kill you,
or, get ready for the next season.
It's going to be a wild one.

Boyd opens his eyes, smiles. Albert puts Boyd's arm around
his shoulder and helps carry him across to the door.

ALBERT

I suppose we could get back on the
road. It would be good to see your
sixth sense in action. Find out,
which girl's is going commando?

BOYD

Good idea. I know a Titty Bar in
Silver city, we should... Hold on,
they're speaking.

(closes eyes)

They say, it's not wearing any?

ALBERT

What's not?

BOYD

(pointing at the Owner)

Him!

They both shiver with revulsion, leave.

FADE OUT.