

SCRIPT TITLE

Written by

Name of First Writer

Based on, If Any

Address  
Phone Number

FADE IN.

EXT. SMOKEY MOUNTAIN AREA - ESTABLISHING - DAY

ORANGE and AMBER colored leaves surround us in a tapestry of autumn splendor one can only call magnificent as we --

Follow a long winding road past a sign that reads: CHEROKEE INDIAN RESERVATION WELCOMES YOU.

A few miles up the road we pass a small group of dilapidated houses you wouldn't think to look at twice. It is here we see a young BLACK BOY, KEVIN (12) counting out loud with his head leaning against the door of a house.

KEVIN  
Four, Five, Six

CUT TO:

KIDS FINDING HIDING PLACES AMONG THE HOUSES.

CLOSE ON: A young BLACK girl named KATHY crawling on her hands and knees behind a shed. A few feet behind her hiding beside a broken down car is a heavyset BLACK BOY named TEE.

Looking behind her, KATHY sees TEE smiling at her with a grimace from ear to ear. He pulls out his inhaler. Taking a quick blast of relief.

KATHY shaking her head. Returning her focus to the game and KEVIN.

KEVIN  
Nine, Ten, Eleven

Across the way, high up in a tree looking down on KEVIN is an athletic looking tomboy named LUCY.

KEVIN (CONT'D)  
Thirteen, Fourteen, Fifteen. Ready  
or not here I come.

KEVIN quickly surveying the possible hiding places of his friends, heading towards the tree where LUCY is hiding when from behind him we hear a loud SNEEZE.

TEE covering his mouth. KATHY shooting him a look of disgust.

KEVIN turning quickly. Heading towards the car. KATHY looking around the corner of the SHED. Seeing KEVIN moving towards the car when from behind her --

We hear TEE yell out as we watch him running towards KEVIN.

TEE  
GET AWAY FROM ME

TEE knocking KEVIN to the ground as we hear KATHY screaming.

Crawling on the ground is an OLD MAN. His clothes stained with blood. Ripped apart as if a wild animal had attacked him.

The OLD MAN struggling to pull himself forward. A look of exhaustion. Straining to speak.

His words barely recognizable as he pulls himself closer to the group.

OLD MAN  
Help me please.  
Must return -- COINS  
(coughing) family... friends dying.

The OLD MAN seemingly falling into unconsciousness.

LUCY climbing down from the tree. Running over to her friends who are gathered around the OLD MAN. They share a "what should we do now look" when the OLD MAN begins to move -- pulling out a small LEATHER SACK with strange markings. Pushing it towards them.

OLD MAN (CONT'D)  
Must return to QUIXOTE Berry-go-  
rounds or they will all die.  
(whimpering) Please save my fam...

The OLD MAN collapsing in front of them.

After a long beat. KEVIN slowly approaching the OLD MAN, placing two fingers on his neck -- Looking back at the others. Shaking his head.

KEVIN, looking at the LEATHER BAG. Drawn to it by some strange hypnotic power.

We begin to hear the sound of INDIAN CHANTING as KEVIN starts to reach for the BAG. The CHANTING becoming louder as KEVIN is about to touch the bag --

TEE reaching out. Grabbing his hand... Pulling it away. The CHANTING stopping.

TEE  
WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

LUCY stepping in front of KEVIN.

LUCY  
YAH, WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

KATHY looking on nervously.

KATHY  
(panicky) WE GOTTA CALL SOMEBODY.

KEVIN ignoring her.

KEVIN  
The guy wanted us to take the bag.  
We should at least see what's in  
it.

KEVIN looking at each of his friends. Reaching down for the BAG. Squeezing it to make sure nothing sharp might be in it. Opening it.

Kevin slipping his hand into the BAG. Pulling out a gold colored coin.

TEE  
Wow! It's like treasure or  
something. Man we gonna be rich!

TEE starting to do a little dance.

LUCY  
They're not ours.

KATHY  
Yah, we should like call the  
Police.

LUCY  
I didn't say that. I just said  
they're not ours.

KEVIN  
Look, we'll call the Police, but  
they don't need to know everything.

KATHY  
That guy said to we need to return  
them.

KEVIN  
Return them to who?

TEE  
QUIXOTE BERRY - something?

KEVIN  
Okay, so here's the plan.

LUCY rolling her eyes and shaking her head.

LUCY  
Here we go again. Another one of  
KEVIN'S brilliant plans.

KEVIN shooting her a look.

KEVIN  
What if these coins are worth a lot  
of money. No one needs to know we  
took one or two.

KATHY  
So what are you saying?

KEVIN  
I'm saying... We each get a coin.  
If someone asks... We give um the  
ones left in the BAG.

TEE  
I'm all about the money so you can  
Gimme my coin now.

KEVIN  
KATHY?

KATHY looking at LUCY hesitating for a beat before sticking  
out her hand.

KEVIN (CONT'D)  
LUCY?

LUCY  
Here's THREE reasons why we'll  
probably get caught.

1. TEE can't keep a secret to save  
his life.

2. KATHY's gonna feel so guilty  
about it, she'll probably run home  
and tell her parents and hand the  
coin over to them.

And 3. If they're worth a lot of  
money -- how you gonna explain  
where you got it? And Oh yah, that  
we took from almost dead guy.

KEVIN

So do you don't want your coin or  
not?

LUCY sticking out her hand. KEVIN giving her the coin.

Reaching back into the bag. Pulling out a coin for himself.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

No matter what... we don't say  
anything about the coins to anyone  
and we don't spend them.

The group looking puzzled at the remark.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

At least not for a week.

The group seemingly considering their response.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

**OKAY?**

The group nodding in acknowledgement.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

We have to make it official. Hold  
up your coin and swear on your  
parents life you won't say anything  
to anybody no matter what.

The group looking at each other for a long beat.

KEVIN raising his coin in the air. They others following  
suit.

CLOSE ON: The four coins being held in the air.

CUT TO:

THE OLD MAN LYING ON THE GROUND.

At the edge of the tree line we see a CYOTOE starring at the  
group of kids.

FADE TO BLACK.

TEN YEARS LATER:

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

We see a slender BLACK MAN sitting at a small desk. A LEATHER BAG next to the keyboard. We recognize it as the BAG KEVIN took from the OLD MAN. Pulling back, we see KEVIN.

CLOSE ON: The COMPUTER SCREEN where we see symbols matching those on the bag. KEVIN clicking the mouse.

Pictures of INDIAN BRAVES fighting battles against the U.S. Army. KEVIN clicking the mouse again.

Pictures of INDIAN BRAVES atop ceremonial funeral pyres. Each with gold coins over their eyes. CLICK. CLICK. More images move across the screen. CLICK. CLICK. CLICK. Several articles appear about the myths, legends and curses of ancient coins in tribal cultures.

KEVIN pushing the chair back from the desk. Placing both hands over his face. Rubbing his eyes. Exhaling hard.

Pulling back we scan the room where we see pictures on a night table of four young kids, arms locked around each other smiling in a BFF photo. We recognize the kids as TEE, KEVIN, KATHY and LUCY.

EXT. BEDROOM WINDOW - NIGHT CON'D

Outside the window we hear the sound of cans clanging.

KEVIN, getting up slowly -- cautiously. Moving towards the window. Lifting the blind. Looking out onto the alley just in time to see a few kids walking away.

KEVIN, making his way back to the computer. Stopping for moment in front of the small table. Picking up the picture of friends.

He stares at it for a long beat. Reflecting on the good old days spent playing with friends before placing it back on the table.

Returning to the computer. Opening up a new search page.

CLOSE ON THE COMPUTER SCREEN:

An article appearing with a picture of a Young BLACK man with the headline LOCAL MAN SAVAGED BY WILD ANIMAL. The line below the picture reading:

TEDDY "TEE" JOHNSON local college art student was apparently mugged by wild animals while walking through Franklin Park.

Scrolling down, he comes to another local NEWS article.

"PROMISING YOUNG GYMNAST KILLED IN BRUTAL ANIMAL ATTACK" The second such attack in this usually peacefully community.

EXT. WOODED PARK AREA NEAR KEVIN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

We hear the low growl of an animal. We can't see it, but we hear it as it moves through the bushes.

INT. KEVIN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT CONTINUEOUS

KEVIN opening up the desk draw. Taking out an envelope that we can see has already been opened.

The return address is from one KATHY JONES, NEW YORK, NEW YORK. Taking the letter from the envelope, he begins reading the now familiar letter.

CLOSE ON THE LETTER WHICH IS READ IN KATHY'S VOICE: (V.O.)

**INDIAN CHANTS PLAY AS KATHY READS THE LETTER.**

SEE BELOW FOR SCENE THAT WILL PLAY AS KATHY READS THE LETTER.

KATHY(V.O.)

Dear Kevin:

I hope this letter finds it way to you in time, as all our friends lives may depend on you're doing what MUST be done.

I fear it may be too late for me unless you take what I'm about to tell you seriously,

I know you will remember the day we were playing hide-seek near the old cemetery and the OLD MAN whose clothes were torn and bloody came out of nowhere.

He was trying to tell us something. Something important.

But we couldn't make it out. I was scared that day, and that fear has retuned. LUCY was right, I almost gave the OLD MAN'S COIN to my parents because I wasn't comfortable taking something that didn't belong to me, but I didn't.

Now... I believe... No, I KNOW... the coins are why my life has been a roller coaster of fear over the last few months.

But I needed to confirm that I wasn't going crazy so I took my coin to a collector who said it had no monetary value.



But I'm sure you knew that.

It was then he told me that it might be a CHEROKEE TOKEN.

Desperate for answers. I took the coin to an INDIAN colleague at the newspaper. His face filled with fear the minute I showed it to him.

I told him our story.

He told me that legend has it the coins were used as payment to the spirit god OTOKEE so INDIAN BRAVES who fought in great battles could pass into ELYSIAN when they died.

He said the coins were protected by a COYOTE SPIRITS, and that if the coins weren't returned to the INDIAN BURIAL GROUNDS legend has it the spirit of the COYOTES would hunt down and kill anyone possessing the coins; including those closest to them.

That's when it all made sense to me.

That day -- The OLD MAN was trying to return the coins to the **COYOTE BURIAL GROUNDS** when he was attacked.

That's what he was trying to tell us when we heard him say "QUIXOTE BERRY GO ROUNDS".

KEVIN, I've enclosed my coin in this letter. You must return it with the other coins to the COYOTE BURIAL GROUNDS where we played as kids or I fear we will suffer the same fate.

Each night I hear what I believe to be a wild animal outside my window, and last night I thought I saw what looked to be two GLOWING EYES looking through my window, but when I went to look there was nothing there.

KEVIN, Please return the coins. I've written to TEE and LUCY and told them to contact you before it's too late. I'm so afraid.

I wish you God's speed KEVIN.

Signed,

Your best friend in the world

KATHY.

THE INDIAN CHANTING STOPPING.

KEVIN placing the letter on the desk, still holding a newspaper clipping from the same envelope.

CLOSE ON: A photo of a bloodstained sheet at the side of a car in a parking garage. KATHY'S backpack can be seen in the picture. The caption reads:

"NEW YORK CITY JOURNALIST KILLED IN VIOLENT ANIMAL ATTACK"

KEVIN placing the newspaper clipping with the letter.  
Reaching into the envelope and taking out THREE COINS.

Grabbing the LEATHER BAG. A sense of purpose on his face as he quickly exits the room.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT CONTINUOUS

KEVIN grabbing his set of car keys from the hook. Heading for the back door when --

We hear the low growl of an animal. KEVIN stopping to confirm he actually heard something. The GROWLING becoming louder.

KEVIN moving through the Kitchen towards the BUTCHER BLOCK of knives. Slowly sliding the large KNIFE out. Moving towards the window.

Looking out for a long beat. Nothing there until two GLOWING EYES appear. Startled. KEVIN dropping the knife. Falling to the floor. The coins scattering.

KEVIN breathing hard. Looking around for the knife. Gathering the coins. Placing them in the BAG. Gathering himself.

Once again starting for the back door. We see his car in the driveway. KEVIN cautiously opening the door to see -- no one there.

Holding his keys up. Pressing the lock release button. We hear the familiar chirp of the car door. KEVIN quickly opening the backdoor. Dashing for the car. Opening the door. Locking it.

I/E. INSIDE KEVIN'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

For a long beat... nothing. KEVIN placing the key in the ignition when we hear a LOUD THUMP at the back of the car.

KEVIN flooring it in reverse out of the driveway.

EXT. MOUNTAINS EASTERN NORTH CAROLINA - MORNING

KEVIN driving along a winding road still panicked from last night's ordeal.

Up ahead we see the road sign that reads: CHEROKEE INDIAN RESERVATION WELCOMES YOU.

KEVIN. Exhausted from the long drive. Rubbing his eyes as the car starts to sputter. KEVIN looking at the gas gauge. The dial on "E". KEVIN tapping the gauge.

KEVIN  
(to himself) Come on, Come on.

Looking at the BAG lying on the seat. Pulling the car to the side of the road.

Hitting the stirring wheel.

KEVIN (CONT'D)  
SHIT!

KEVIN, checking the surrounding. Grabbing the BAG. Dredging the thought of what he must do. Opening the car door. Starting to stagger down the road.

EXT. FOREST NEAR THE ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Nearby, we hear the sound of sticks and branches being crushed underfoot.

EXT. DILAPITAED OLD HOUSES FROM ORIGNAL SCENE - DAY

We see FOURS teenagers sitting on the steps of one of the houses. Laughing. Drinking and smoking weed.

EXT. WINDING ROAD. - DAY

KEVIN, leaving the road. Headed off towards the COYOTE BURIAL GROUNDS. For the first time we see the COYOTE SPIRIT in pursuit of KEVIN.

KEVIN, reaching the open field of the BURIAL ground. Out of breath. Looking around for a sign as to where to return the coins.

We begin to hear INDIAN CHANTING. A howl from the COYOTE.

KEVIN running into the open field. Seeing a grave. Dropping to his knees. Placing the BAG of coins down. Starting to cry.

At the edge of the forest we see a large COYOTE starring at KEVIN for a long beat. Their eyes locked together. KEVIN nodding his head in an admission of defeat... Finally falling to the ground.

The Chanting stopping. The COYOTE turning around. Leaving.

EXT. DILAPITAED OLD HOUSES - CONTINUOUS

One of the teenagers seeing KEVIN on his knees in the BURIAL GROUNDS points over to the field.

TEEN 1  
Hey, get a load of that.

TEENS LAUGHING.

TEEN 2  
That guys got issues man.

TEEN 1 getting up.

TEEN 1  
Come on man... Let's go check it out.

The group following their new leader.

EXT. BURIAL FIELD - DAY - CONTINUOUS

The TEENS standing around an exhausted KEVIN who appears to be unconscious.

TEEN 1  
Hey man you alright. You need like a DOCTOR?

KEVIN unresponsive. The TEEN pushing KEVIN onto his back with his foot revealing the BAG of coins.

TEEN  
So what do we have here?

The other TEENS laughing and egging TEEN 1 on.

TEEN 1 picking up the LEATHER BAG. Shaking it.

TEEN (CONT'D)  
Well. Well...

The TEEN emptying the coins into his hand.

TEEN (CONT'D)  
Looks like we hit the jackpot  
ladies and gentlemen.

TEEN (CONT'D)  
Hey Hey.

The TEEN moving KEVIN with his foot again. KEVIN still lying on the ground.

TEEN (CONT'D)  
Well it don't look like you're  
gonna be needing this , so we'll  
just take it off your hands.

The group laughing harder when we hear INDIAN CHANTING.

The TEENS starting to walk back towards the dilapidated houses when we hear the low growl of the COYOTE SPIRITS. The TEENS looking towards the tree line. Starting to run.

The TEEN holding on to the BAG of coins.

The INDIAN CHANTING GETTING LOUDER as we fade to Black and hear the savage attack of the COYOTE SPIRITS and the sound of the TEENS screaming.

THE END

INT. COIN ESTIMATOR STORE - DAY (MOS)

KATHY sitting in front of a Fifty something year coin dealer. Taking out the coin from her backpack. Handing it coin over the store owner.

Looking at it, he begins shaking his head, pointing to the markings around the edges before handing it back to her.

We see KATHY getting up to leave the store -- when the store owner calls to her. Explaining that it might belong to the CHEROKEE NATION.

KATHY continuing out the door.

INT. JOURNALIST HOME OFFICE - DAY

We see a Native American MAN dressed in Jeans and a tee-shirt holding the coin with a look of horror on his face. He begins pacing around the room. Explaining to KATHY about how the coins were used in INDIAN burial ceremonies as payment to the spirit god OTOKEE for passage to ELYSIAN.

He is animated as he explains the danger of possessing the coins and what could happen if they are not returned to the COYOTE BURIAL GROUNDS.

Looking at the coin in his hand before handing the it back to KATHY...

Placing a hand on her shoulder with a look of concern. KATHY, a look of anguish on her face as she turns to leave.

FLASH BACK TO OLD MAN CRAWLING TOWARDS TEE NEAR CEMETRY.

We see the OLD MAN -- pulling out a small LEATHER SACK with strange markings. Pushing it towards them.

OLD MAN

Must return to QUIXOTE Berry-go-  
rounds or they will die.  
(whimpering) Please save my fam...

The OLD MAN collapsing in front of them.

FADE OUT.