

**THE DEVIL'S TOY**

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**FADE IN:**

**EXT. NAZI CAMP - DUSK**

VINCENT HAMMOND (19), climbs a berm followed by MAC (19), and JEFFRIES (18). Tank gears grind in the distance.

Other US SOLDIERS move in the background. Clouds obscure the sky's dying light.

VINCENT  
We sweep this place and we scam  
back to base camp.

Mac smiles.

MAC  
Then home.

Vincent signals his companions toward a squat building.

The men hold their rifles alert as they approach.

**INT. CONCRETE ROOM - NIGHT**

The three soldiers enter a dark room weaving past concrete pillars and piles of skeletal and bloated corpses.

MAC  
Where is everybody?

VINCENT  
Shh...

Jeffries steps on a pair of glasses with a CRUNCH. He looks down at the crushed glasses laying next to an ear.

JEFFRIES  
Jesus lord!

Vincent swings his flashlight around illuminating bodies and a central PENTACLE.

The three men stare confused at a jack-in-the-box sitting in the center of the star. A small hasp holds it closed.

Vincent spins around to survey the room.

A ROBED MAN leaps out from behind a concrete pillar and shoots. Vincent shoves Mac out of the way and returns fires.

The robed man falls with a spray of blood.

They approach the fallen man, Vincent examines the robe.

MAC

What in the heck kind of uniform is that?

VINCENT

Shh...

Vincent signals for the men to keep an eye out. He reaches down and rips off the Nazi armband from the robed shooter.

Curious, Vincent picks up the box. He flips it over in his hands and smiles.

Thunder rumbles outside. Jeffries approaches.

JEFFRIES

A boxed devil.

VINCENT

Huh?

JEFFRIES

A jack-in-the-box.

(beat)

Does it work?

Jeffries takes the box and turns the crank and the familiar jack-in-the-box TINKLE music echoes in the dark space.

The men smile at the little bit of cheery music in this grim place. The song plays to its conclusion.

With a POP the lights go out.

SCREAMS tear through the dark.

A flashlight rolls to a stop and shines on Vincent. He shivers covered in blood and gore with his arms protectively covering his head. The Nazi armband hangs from his hand.

Nothing recognizable remains of his fellow soldiers.

Vincent looks at the armband rank astonished.

#### **EXT. GLORIA'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

A primer-gray 70s Challenger roars down a street in this low-rent neighborhood past houses that have seen better days.

It pulls into the driveway of a small two-bedroom home.

JOHN HAMMOND (32), handsome, but burdened, steps out of the car and pulls a duffle bag with him.

GLORIA (30) cinching a bathrobe around her stands in the doorway. A natural beauty, but a hard life has aged her.

She ushers him into the house.

**INT. GLORIA'S HOUSE - FRONT ROOM - NIGHT**

Sunken into an overstuffed armchair John stares at a TV playing with the sound almost inaudible. The weight of regret hangs heavy on his face.

Gloria slips into the room and sits on the arm of the chair. She looks at him with concern and caring.

She hugs him laying her head on his.

**EXT. GLORIA'S HOUSE - DAY**

John tacks up some new siding.

Gloria steps out of the house carrying a cordless phone.

GLORIA  
You've got a call. Says she's your  
mother?

John looks up, surprised.

**EXT. HAMMOND FARMHOUSE - DAY**

TIM (10) runs through a corn field. A shadowy shape darts behind him.

He rushes around and hides against a large tree. Tim pants. His eyes dart around expecting the worse.

Gathering his courage he peeks around the tree.

BILL (13) ROARS like a lion and lunges at Tim.

Both boys run off in giggles and chase each other around the large property surrounding an old farmhouse.

LINDA HAMMOND (60), a severe woman, watches the boys from a second story window with a phone to her ear.

**INT. VINCENT'S ROOM - DAY**

Linda paces in front of the window speaking into the phone.

VINCENT HAMMOND (85) lies in an old poster bed wheezing through an oxygen mask with every breath.

LINDA

I didn't even want to call you, but  
your granddad's dying...

(beat)

...and damned if I know why, but he  
wants to see you before he goes.

**EXT. GLORIA'S HOUSE - DAY**

John steps out of the house with his duffle bag followed by Gloria in her bathrobe.

He turns and pulls Gloria closer and gives her a kiss.

JOHN

I've gotta go.

GLORIA

But you just got here.

John looks away a moment.

JOHN

I'll come back.

She smiles, because that wasn't entirely expected.

GLORIA

Maybe I'll get to meet those boys  
of yours.

John smiles up at Gloria.

JOHN

I think it's time.

He gets in the car and tears off.

**EXT. HAMMOND FARMHOUSE - DUSK**

The Hammond family finishes their meal out on a picnic table.  
Vincent coughs.

Linda drops her napkin and tends to him.

LINDA  
You boys finish and clean up. I'm  
taking Granddad inside.

The boys watch them leave, waiting to be out of earshot.

TIM  
(to Bill)  
Tonight?

Bill nods conspiratorially. Thunder rumbles and the kids look up at the darkening sky.

**INT. HAMMOND FARMHOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT**

Lightning flashes through the kitchen window. Bill and Tim clean the last of the dishes.

Headlights flash outside.

TIM  
Grandma! Someone's here.

Bill scowls at the Challenger parked outside.

The sound of the front DOOR OPENING and CLOSING echoes into the kitchen.

LINDA (O.S.)  
Boys! Come in here.

**INT. ENTRY WAY - CONTINUOUS**

Linda stands dour beside her son John who looks eager to see his boys.

Tim spots him and whispers to Bill.

TIM  
Who's he?

BILL  
He's your dad.

John opens his arms.

Bill runs up the stairs with tears of anger in his eyes. John watches him leave, confused.

Tim approaches timidly.

TIM  
Daddy?

JOHN  
Yes.

Tim turns and runs up the stairs.

John moves to follow but Linda holds him back.

LINDA  
Give them time. Maybe tomorrow  
morning we'll all-

JOHN  
No. I want to see them.

He starts up the stairs, but is stopped by Vincent as he comes down the stairs dragging his oxygen tank with him.

VINCENT  
Leave 'em be, boy. We have business  
to discuss.

Vincent takes John's arm to steady himself.

VINCENT  
(to Linda)  
Go tuck the boys in.

Linda steps up and kisses Vincent on the cheek.

LINDA  
Yes, Dad.

VINCENT  
(to John)  
Come with me.

#### **INT. BOYS ROOM - NIGHT**

Tim and Bill are tucked in for the night. Linda gives them one last look, shuts the lights off, and closes their door.

Bill tosses aside the blankets. He's still dressed. Tim stares in disbelief.

TIM  
What? Still?

BILL  
I'm not changing anything just  
because he came back.

Tim doesn't look sure.

BILL  
You found it, so get dressed. It's  
raining out.

**KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS**

John and Vincent sit at a simple dining room table. Vincent points to a lower cabinet.

VINCENT  
Get me the tin under there.

John pulls an old medicine tin out of the cupboard and hands it to Vincent.

VINCENT  
I've been saving it for this  
precise moment.

He opens the tin and pulls out a bottle of whiskey.

VINCENT  
Two glasses.

**VINCENT'S ROOM - SAME**

Bill and Tim sit in a large closet and rifle through the contents of an old army footlocker.

They pull out Nazi and Italian rank insignia and other World War II memorabilia.

TIM  
Shh.

BILL  
They won't hear anything over the  
rain.

TIM  
Are you sure? I don't... Just make  
it fast, would'ya?

BILL  
Got it!

Bill picks up a bundled package wrapped in what could be a small Nazi flag.

The boys scurry from the room on tiptoes.



**EXT. HAMMOND FARM - BACK DOOR - NIGHT**

Bill and Tim sneak out of the house.

**INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS**

Vincent savors his whisky. John hasn't touched his.

VINCENT  
This is about duty.

JOHN  
I'm ready to be their father again.

Vincent glances dubiously at John over the glass.

VINCENT  
That's yet to be seen, but I'm  
talking about something else.

John pushes his glass away.

JOHN  
The farm hasn't ran in-

VINCENT  
Hush and listen. Up in my closet  
there's a footlocker from my time  
in the war.

**INT. HAMMOND FARM - BARN - CONTINUOUS**

Lightning flashes outside the lone window illuminating the cluttered and cob web filled space. The boys sit in a cleared spot on the floor beneath the lone light bulb.

They stare at the flag wrapped package.

TIM  
This is it?

BILL  
Yep.

Thunder RUMBLES and the light blinks off and back on.

**KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS**

John watches as Vincent twirls his glass building courage.

VINCENT

I've never told anyone the entire story, not even your grandmother.

(beat)

Hell, I've been trying to forget about it for years. But lately...

(beat)

...it's been eating at me, hounding me. The nightmares.

Vincent's eyes drift to John looking to borrow some strength.

#### **BARN - CONTINUOUS**

Lightning flashes. The boys jump. The light flickers. Tim swallows, but it doesn't assuage his fear.

VINCENT (V.O.)

It's evil.

Bill unwraps the jack-in-the-box from the small Nazi flag while Tim watches expectantly.

#### **KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS**

Vincent slaps his drink on the table and laughs.

VINCENT

Maybe you'll figure out how to destroy it. Lord knows I've tried.

#### **BARN - CONTINUOUS**

The boys examine the locked hasp on the jack-in-the-box. Tim jiggles the lock.

TIM

I guess we'll never know what's in it.

Bill smiles and produces a key on a chain.

TIM

How'd you get that?

BILL

I have skills.

TIM

Wait.

BILL

Don't wuss out on me now. You want  
to know what's in it, don't you?

Tim's not so sure now. Bill unlocks the padlock.

Bill reaches for the crank. Tim puts his hand over Bill's and  
looks him in the eye, hesitant.

Tim backs off.

BILL

You'll see. It's nothing.

**KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS**

Vincent finishes his drink.

VINCENT

It's your curse now.

**BARN - CONTINUOUS**

Bill turns the crank and the TINKLE music emits from the box.

The light flickers.

**KITCHEN - SAME**

John sits stunned. Vincent slumps relieved to have gotten it  
all out.

The lights flicker and go black.

Vincent looks up in terror.

**BARN - CONTINUOUS**

Bill cranks the handle and the TINKLE music plays.

With a POP, the light goes out.

The Boys' SCREAMS echo through the dark night.

**KITCHEN - SAME**

SCREAMS echo into the room. Vincent's face curls into a knot  
of terror.

John looks at Vincent and realization crossed his face. With Vincent on his heels, he rushes to the barn.

**INT. BARN - CONTINUOUS**

The light flickers back on. The boys are gone.

John rushes in. Blood and bits of flesh coat the walls.

He looks around in horror.

Vincent scrambles in and past John to the box. He holds it to his chest. Tears pour from his eyes.

John circles overwhelmed and uncertain by what he's seen.

JOHN  
Where are they?

Vincent clutches his chest and rolls around resting against the bale of hay. He's overwhelmed and waves his arm as if he can wave it all away.

John looks at the box.

Vincent tries to slip the lock on, but his hands shake so much he drops it.

John grabs Vincent and hoists him up onto a hay bail. Vincent groans in spiritual and physical agony.

JOHN  
Where are they? Where are my boys?

Vincent spots the discarded Nazi flag, reaches out and scoops it up.

John shakes Vincent again.

JOHN  
Tell me!

Vincent stuffs the flag in John's pocket unaware to John.

John reaches his limit and drops Vincent and snatches the box from him and tosses it aside.

Vincent gasps and gestures to the gore on the wall.

VINCENT  
Gone. They're gone.

John stands with a glimmer of understanding on his face.

He grabs the light and brings it closer to the walls revealing the splattered mess.

John drops the light, stumbles back, and falls to his knees. He shakes his head.

Vincent crams the box into his hands.

VINCENT  
Don't let it kill again.

John stares at the box, oblivious to the world.

JOHN  
Get 'em back.

Vincent shakes his head, coughs and grows pale. His eyes roll and he stops breathing.

John sits stunned.

LINDA (O.S.)  
John! Dad!

John straightens up. His eyes dart around the room. He runs.

**EXT. HAMMOND FARMHOUSE - NIGHT**

John runs out into the rain.

A confused Linda rushes from the house.

LINDA  
I heard screaming.

John looks at her, haunted, and shakes his head. The rain masks his tears.

LINDA  
What's going on?

John looks back at the barn, stricken. He runs past her.

Linda runs into the barn.

**EXT. JOHN'S CAR - NIGHT**

John hops into the car and tosses the box into the seat next to him. He lays his head on the steering wheel.

Linda's SCREAMS trigger John into action. He starts the car and peels off.

**EXT. BARN - NIGHT**

Linda stumbles from the barn and drops to her knees.

She watches through tear-filled eyes as John drives away.

**EXT. JOHN'S CAR (MOVING) - NIGHT**

John steers down a barren stretch of road, drifting between the lines, blank faced and in shock.

He reaches over and grabs the box. SCREAMS echo through his head. John drops it in the passenger seat.

A shadowy shape flies in front of the car.

John jerks the wheel. The car careens off the road stopping in the brush growing at the roadside.

The box tumbles to the floor.

**EXT. JOHN'S CAR - CONTINUOUS**

John stumbles from the car. He slumps to the ground. Tears well in his eyes.

A cop car in full pursuit flies by in the opposite direction.

John wipes his eyes and checks the car's condition.

He reverses out onto the road and heads back to the farm.

**EXT. HAMMOND FARMHOUSE - NIGHT**

COPS cordon off the barn. EMTs cart out a body.

Linda sits on the porch with a blanket over her shoulders. DETECTIVE MARCH (40s) jots down notes.

LINDA

They weren't happy to see him, but?

DETECTIVE MARCH

Where's he been?

Linda wipes her tears.

LINDA

John had been drinking. I didn't think he was drunk. But the ice caught the car.

(MORE)

LINDA (cont'd)  
(beat)  
When she died he lost-  
(beat)  
He was useless without her.

Detective March checks his notes.

DETECTIVE MARCH  
His wife, Kim?

Linda looks up at Detective March pleading with her eyes.

LINDA  
Why would he do it?

Detective March puts a comforting hand on her shoulder.

DETECTIVE MARCH  
Sometimes we never know.

Linda's pain turns to anger.

LINDA  
Find the bastard.

**EXT. JOHN'S CAR (MOVING) - NIGHT**

John rolls down the rural road. The farm is lit up with spotlights and police lights.

He turns off the car's headlights and pulls to a stop watching the cops from a distance.

**EXT. HAMMOND FARMHOUSE - NIGHT**

A POLICE OFFICER briefs Detective March.

POLICE OFFICER  
John Hammond, on parole for the last two years after spending three years over at Briar for alcohol related vehicular manslaughter.

Detective March nods.

DETECTIVE MARCH  
I want leads on accomplices, familiar haunts, anyone he would go to.

A FORENSICS OFFICER walks out of the barn and strips off his rubber gloves.

Spotting this, March thanks the Police Officer and approaches the Forensics Officer.

DETECTIVE MARCH  
What are we dealing with?

FORENSICS OFFICER  
Once we find the bodies, I'll know more.

DETECTIVE MARCH  
What do you mean?

He looks wearily back at the barn.

FORENSICS OFFICER  
There's enough blood and-  
(beat)  
Well, I can say that they didn't survive whatever happened, but the rest of them...  
(beat)  
...They're not there.

Detective March grimaces and turns to a group of COPS standing behind him.

DETECTIVE MARCH  
He's trying to dispose of the bodies!

Detective March signals to the police cars.

DETECTIVE MARCH  
Let's find him. Now!

Detective March gets into his nondescript Ford.

**EXT. JOHN'S CAR (MOVING) - NIGHT**

John turns around leaving the scene. He drives in silence. There's a hole in the dash where the radio should be.

Some time later, a flickering sign for a shabby motel catches his attention.

He steers the car into the motel's parking lot.

John parks the car in an alley beside the motel making it hard to see from the street.



**EXT. MOTEL - NIGHT**

OFFICER LEO (30s) walks out of a room. He straightens his shirt and adjusts his belt. He waves back inside and smiles.

LEO  
Same time next week.

He shuts the door and smiles smugly to himself as he walks across the parking lot to his patrol car.

Several cars pour out of the bar parking lot across the street. Leo smiles at the thought of drunks.

He throws it into drive and moves forward. He stops when his headlights reflect off the rear end of the Challenger parked at the side of the Motel.

Leo takes a close look and picks up his radio.

LEO  
Base, this is two-four-seven.

His radio crackles.

MERYL (ON RADIO)  
Come in, Leo.

LEO  
What's the license plate on that  
bolo?

**INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT**

John lies shirtless on the bed. He tosses and turns.

**BEGIN JOHN'S NIGHTMARE****EXT. JOHN'S MINIVAN - NIGHT**

A younger, happier, and drunker John drives with KIM (20s) in the passenger seat dozing off.

He looks over at her lovingly.

FLASH - CRASH

**INT. FUNERAL PARLOR - DAY**

A closed coffin sits in front of a somber group of mourners.

Linda sits stunned and emotionless with Tim (5) in her lap.

John kneels in front of the coffin and presses his forehead against its cold surface. Bruises and stitches show the healing scars of his accident.

Bill (8) fusses next to Vincent.

John stands and tries to pick Bill up.

BILL

No! I want Mommy.

He squirms and strikes out at John who has to let him go.

**INT. HAMMOND FARMHOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY**

John sits in a daze and stares out the window with a cigarette hanging from his lip as Bill plays with the stove.

Linda rushes in and stops Bill before he could hurt himself.

LINDA

What were you thinking?

**EXT. HAMMOND FARMHOUSE - DAY**

John storms out of the house.

Linda chases after him.

LINDA

Where are you going?

Linda watches with disbelief as John jumps into his car.

LINDA

They can forgive you.

**END JOHN'S NIGHTMARE**

John snaps awake. He covers his eyes trying to sleep. The SCREAMS of the boys echo through the room.

The door bursts open with a CRASH.

Cops rush in, guns raised.

**EXT. MOTEL - NIGHT**

OFFICER BRYCE leads John out of the room, shirtless and handcuffed.

John looks over at a couple cops searching his car. One holds his duffle bag and another holds up the box.

At the sight of the box, John struggles against Bryce's grip.

JOHN

No! Don't.

Bryce gives John a punch to the side.

John goes down. Bryce stands him back up against a cop car. He pats down John's ankles and moves up, but is interrupted.

Leo kicks John knocking him to the ground. Bryce jumps back.

BRYCE

Fuck, Leo.

Leo stands over John, baton raised.

LEO

Where are they fucker! Where are your kids?

Leo hits John in the chest with the baton.

He rears back to do it again, but Bryce stops him.

BRYCE

(to the other cops)  
Someone get him in the car.

Another OFFICER hoists John up and tosses him into the car.

LEO

Dammit, Bryce.

Bryce looks around.

BRYCE

You don't do that shit... in the open.

**EXT. RURAL POLICE STATION - NIGHT**

Parked outside the small station are just a couple cars. A tow truck unhooks a Honda in the impound lot next door.

**INT. RURAL POLICE STATION - NIGHT**

A TRAFFIC COP drops three sets of keys off in front of MERYL (50s) blonde curly hair/wig.

TRAFFIC COP  
Can you check these in, Meryl?

MERYL  
Anything for you, sweetness.

The doors fly open with a BANG.

Leo and Bryce drag John into the station.

MERYL  
That the bastard?

Bryce nods. Meryl spits on John as they walk past.

Another cop sets the box on Meryl's counter.

**INT. LOCK UP - NIGHT**

Leo holds the door open to the small lock up. Behind Leo, Meryl and a couple other cops mill around.

Bryce opens a cell door. He undoes John's cuffs and shoves him in the cell sliding the door closed behind him.

JOHN  
It was the box.

BRYCE  
Fucking lunatic.

Bryce stares a hole in John.

BRYCE  
(to Leo)  
You better call this in before an  
accident happens.

Bryce leaves with Leo in tow.

John touches his ribcage and cringes. The baton left a welt and bruise.

He sits down and his hand falls on a soft lump in his pocket.

John reaches into his pocket and pulls out the small Nazi flag his grandfather put there earlier.

The door leading to the cells opens. John gets up and rushes to the bars of his cell.

Leo stands there with his baton out.

LEO  
I've got some questions.

**INT. RURAL POLICE STATION - NIGHT**

Bryce talks on a corded phone stretched across the counter.

BRYCE  
Yeah, no fight really.  
(beat)  
Yes, sir by the books.

Bryce shakes his head.

BRYCE  
No, sir. Not a sign. Not even  
blood.

Meryl examines the box swinging the crank forward and back.

BRYCE  
Yes, sir.

Bryce hands the phone back to Meryl.

He spots the box.

BRYCE  
Meryl, that's evidence, not a toy.

**INT. LOCK UP - NIGHT**

Leo approaches John's cell banging the baton across the bars.

John backs up still holding the Nazi flag.

BRYCE (O.S.)  
Leo! Leo!

Leo rolls his eyes and opens the door out of the lock up.

LEO  
What?

The familiar TINKLE music plays as the lights flicker.

BRYCE (O.S.)  
Detective March will be right here.

The TINKLE music plays on.

JOHN  
No! No! No!

Leo looks back at John as if he'd like to kill him.

Another TINKLE and POP, the lights go out. The darkness is filled with SCREAMS.

**BEGIN SERIES OF SHOTS**

- Blood sprays
- Drill press biting into the box
- The box consumed in fire
- A swastika back tattoo
- An old man with an eye patch leers
- A warehouse sign

**END SERIES OF SHOTS**

The lights flicker back on.

John, splattered with blood, staggers to his feet.

Leo's pants and utility belt are stuck to the bars.

JOHN  
Oh, God.

Leo's radio, now on the floor, squelches.

DETECTIVE MARCH (ON RADIO)  
I'm ten minutes out. I want him  
prepped for release by the time I  
get there.

John looks around and grimaces. He coughs into his fist fighting back vomit.

He spots a key ring on Leo's utility belt. He grabs the pants leg and pulls.

They move with the belt toward him. The pants stop. John tugs harder.

What's left of Leo's intestines slide out of the pants and plop on the floor as the utility belt falls into the cell.

John gags and bends over and takes a deep breath but can't stop retching.

**INT. RURAL POLICE STATION - NIGHT**

Blood and guts drip off the ceiling and walls. Meryl's bloody wig lies on her counter.

John stumbles out of the lock up carrying Leo's radio. He raises a hand over his nose, but that doesn't help.

He vomits.

John wipes his face and spots it. In the center of the floor sits the box.

John grabs his duffle bag behind the counter. He grabs a pair of keys from the tangled mess of Meryl's hair and snatches up the box.

**EXT. RURAL POLICE STATION - NIGHT**

An impounded Honda roars to life.

**EXT. JOHN'S HONDA - CONTINUOUS**

John steers the car out of the parking lot onto the street. Detective March's Ford roars past him.

John turns onto the highway. The radio next to him squelches to life.

DETECTIVE MARCH (ON RADIO)  
Backup. I need backup, now!

**EXT. FRIENDLY NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY**

WILMOT HEINRICH (87), neat-cropped hair, wears a sweat suit and an eye patch covering his right eye. A faint scar peeks out from under the patch. He walks briskly for a man his age.

He waves to the few smiling faces he passes. An ELDERLY GENTLEMAN raking up a few leaves waves back.

ELDERLY GENTLEMAN  
Hey, Wilmot, how's the business?

Wilmot slows to chat as he passes.

WILMOT  
(slight German accent)  
Fine. Fine, Thomas is running it  
now.  
(beat)  
So, how are the grandkids?

ELDERLY GENTLEMAN  
Great, Gina will be starting  
college in the fall.

WILMOT  
Wonderful. See you at bingo.

Elderly Gentleman waves as Wilmot walks off.

**EXT. WILMOT'S MCMANSION - DAY**

A PAPERBOY tosses a paper onto the stoop.

Wilmot collects it and enters the house waving at a couple  
NEIGHBORS doing the same.

**LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Wilmot tosses the paper onto the chair next to a roaring  
fireplace. He moves to the kitchen.

**KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS**

Wilmot collects a croissant and pours a glass of orange  
juice. His motions are practiced after years of routine.

**STUDY - CONTINUOUS**

Wilmot walks into this classically designed study trimmed in  
wood and leather. He sits the pastry and juice beside a  
keyboard as he turns on a monitor.

He opens a drawer and pulls out an ancient list of names.  
Most are marked out as deceased.

Wilmot opens a program that begins an internet search for the  
names on his list.

Letting the program run, he picks up his breakfast.



**EXT. WILMOT'S MCMANSION - DAY**

A limo pulls up alongside the house. THOMAS HEINRICH (30s) steps out carrying a bundle.

**LIVING ROOM**

Wilmot sits beside a crackling fire reading a newspaper.

Thomas steps into the room with the bundle under his arms.

THOMAS  
The dealer has delivered,  
Grandfather.

Wilmot stands and takes the package.

WILMOT  
Good. Good.

THOMAS  
This obsession isn't healthy.

WILMOT  
You don't understand.

THOMAS  
No, I don't.

WILMOT  
Good.

Wilmot nods.

WILMOT  
Thank you.

Wilmot walks away, signaling the conversation is over.

Thomas leaves frustrated.

**EXT. RURAL POLICE STATION - NIGHT**

Two coroner vans and a forensic truck pull up beside March's Ford followed by a host of police cars.

**INT. RURAL POLICE STATION - VIDEO ROOM - NIGHT**

Detective March and a VIDEO TECH huddle around four monitors. The Video Tech works a control panel.

DETECTIVE MARCH  
Roll it back before the power  
outage.

VIDEO TECH  
The cell is upper left and the  
lobby on the right.

On the left monitor, John paces in his cell.

On the right monitor, Leo leaves the group. Bryce talks on  
the phone. Meryl cranks the jack-in-the-box.

VIDEO TECH  
Here comes the power outage.

The screens go black and then slowly flickers back on.

VIDEO TECH  
And we're back.

The Video Tech still grimaces even after several viewings.

DETECTIVE MARCH  
He didn't leave his cell.

On the right monitor, John tugs on Leo's pants. The Video  
Tech and March cringe.

The Video Tech rolls the video forward showing John vomiting,  
while he covers his mouth and looks away.

DETECTIVE MARCH  
What the hell did this?

The Video Tech rolls the tape back and taps a time stamp.

VIDEO TECH  
Whatever did it took under three  
seconds.

#### **INT. WILMOT'S MCMANSION - STUDY - NIGHT**

Wilmot flicks on a light illuminating the study. He unwraps  
two ancient books and places them on the ornate desk.

Papers covered in occult symbols cover the desk. Wilmot picks  
up a paper with a rough sketch of a box and looks at it with  
a weary hate.

An alert on his computer BEEPS. The screen flashes in red  
letters 'HIT.' A printer fires up.

Wilmot rushes to the printer. He quickly skims the results. He reads 'Vincent Hammond' and 'Disappearance May be Murder.'

Wilmot's face lights up and he grabs the phone.

WILMOT  
Thomas. I found it!

**INT. WILMOT'S MCMANSION - BATHROOM - DAY**

Steam billows up. Wilmot wipes his freshly shaven head. His eye patch is gone revealing a nasty scar where his right eye used to be.

He stares at himself with a cold determination. He slips on his eye patch.

**STUDY - DAY**

Wilmot takes a key from his pocket and opens a secretary cabinet. Inside, his Nazi rank sits among other WWII paraphernalia.

He gently opens a small chest and removes a necklace. Hanging from it is a small figure of Kali holding a swastika.

Wilmot slips the necklace around his neck and tucks it into his shirt.

WILMOT  
We'll be together soon, my love.

**EXT. WILMOT'S MCMANSION - DAY**

Wilmot steps out of the house as a Towncar pulls up.

BISHOP (40s) steps out, a hard man in an expensive suit, greets Wilmot.

BISHOP  
Mister Wilmot Heinrich.

WILMOT  
You are late, Mister Bishop.

Wilmot hands Bishop his suitcase.

BISHOP  
I don't normally let clients follow along, but your Grandson was very insistent.

WILMOT

Those were my instructions.

Bishop places the suitcase in the trunk.

WILMOT

I hope my grandson's faith in you  
isn't misguided.

BISHOP

You'll find I'm the best man for  
the job.

Bishop opens the car and holds the door for Wilmot.

WILMOT

I would assume, for what I am  
paying, this is true.

**INT. TOWNCAR - DAY**

DRIVER (30), a mountain of muscle in a suit, sits in the  
driver's seat. Bishop and Wilmot sit in the back.

Bishop taps Driver on his shoulder.

BISHOP

(to driver)

To the stiff's place.

Wilmot regards Bishop with skepticism.

WILMOT

Thomas sent you a file?

BISHOP

You are looking for the local  
criminal du jour and time is tight.

WILMOT

Thomas said you could handle this  
efficiently.

BISHOP

I'm not going to send him to the  
other side and I doubt you care if  
he's caught or not, so what's it  
you really want me to do?

WILMOT

He's stolen something that belongs  
to me.

(MORE)

WILMOT (cont'd)

(beat)

A box.

**EXT. HAMMOND FARMHOUSE - DAY**

Several cars are parked outside the house. MOURNERS mill around the porch. Police tape is plastered on the barn door.

Bishop's blacked out Towncar rolls onto the property and parks. Bishop steps out and holds the door for Wilmot.

**INT. HAMMOND FARMHOUSE - FOYER - DAY**

A large picture of Vincent stands next to a coffin at the back of the room. A smaller photo of him in uniform from WWII with a display of his medals sits at its base.

Wilmot steps into the house joining the wake as it wraps up.

Linda spots him and extends a hand.

LINDA

Hello, come in. I'm Linda. Vincent was my father.

WILMOT

Thank you. I am Wilmot Heinrich.

Linda's smile decreases as her suspicion rises.

LINDA

Were you a friend of Vincent?

WILMOT

A very long time ago.

Linda gives him a strange look, but smiles politely.

WILMOT

We worked together during the war.  
I was a translator. Excuse me,  
but...

Wilmot looks around the room at the remaining mourners and finally at Vincent's coffin.

WILMOT

...Can I speak to you in private?

**INT. HAMMOND FARMHOUSE - SEWING ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Linda shuts the door on the cramped sewing room.

She turns about to speak, but stops taken aback by Wilmot's hard demeanor.

Wilmot notices and smiles to soften his expression.

WILMOT

I will not take up much of your time.

(beat)

Long ago during the war, your father and I had a pact.

LINDA

Pact?

WILMOT

There was a certain box.

Wilmot paces; he can feel he's close.

WILMOT

A war prize that could cause a level of embarrassment, so it remained a secret.

Linda's face shows a measure of concern.

LINDA

Embarrassment?

WILMOT

We vowed to keep it a secret, but as our group passed... the box would pass to the next member.

LINDA

I really don't-

WILMOT

I must get it. I cannot stress the importance.

Linda inches toward the door.

LINDA

I'm sorry, but I don't know what you're talking about. My father certainly never mentioned-

WILMOT  
(desperate)  
He wouldn't. He stole it from me.

Linda doesn't like the inference.

LINDA  
The will reading is in three days.  
You can come back then.

Linda turns to leave, but Wilmot grabs her arm.

WILMOT  
This would not be on any will.

LINDA  
Mister Heinrich!

WILMOT  
This is of life and death  
importance.

Linda shakes her arm free.

LINDA  
I'm sure it is.

WILMOT  
It's dangerous.

Wilmot smiles, turning on his charm and succeeding in doing the opposite.

WILMOT  
I want to keep it from harming more  
people.

LINDA  
I don't have time for this.

The weight of the day closes in on Linda and she cracks.

LINDA  
I've just lost my father. And for  
God's sake my grandchildren are  
gone, I-

WILMOT  
They are not gone!

**EXT. HAMMOND FARMHOUSE - BARN - DAY**

Bishop and a MOURNER share a cigarette, sitting at the base of the barn.

BISHOP  
How's the family holding up?

MALE MOURNER  
This is killing Linda, being her boy and all.

BISHOP  
Must be. Now this brother-in-law of yours, the cop, what did he say happened? I mean how does a man like that escape?

MALE MOURNER  
Don't rightly know. Can't get it out of him, but John was blaming some box.

A smile crosses Bishop's face for a moment, but he recovers his composure before the mourner notices.

MALE MOURNER  
A box! He must've lost his damn mind.

BISHOP  
It's some crazy shit, but-

LINDA (O.S.)  
Get out!

Both men look up to see Linda chasing Wilmot out of the house.

Wilmot puts his hands up and retreats to the car.

Bishop stands and shakes the shocked mourner's hand.

BISHOP  
Looks like the boss has overstayed his welcome.

Bishop hands him a business card.

BISHOP  
I'm serious. We want to catch him.

Bishop rushes to the Towncar and opens the door for Wilmot.



Linda stops on the porch and is instantly surrounded by mourners who stare on, shocked at the exchange.

**INT. TOWNCAR - DAY**

Bishop nods to Driver, who puts the car in reverse.

WILMOT  
(to Bishop)  
She didn't know about the box.

BISHOP  
The son has it.

WILMOT  
But where? I must have it!

**EXT. JOHN'S HONDA (MOVING) - DAY**

John slides the car into a remote parking spot at a park.

**INT. JOHN'S HONDA - DAY**

John strips his blood stained shirt off and replaces it with one from his duffle bag.

He tosses the bag into the back seat and freezes when he spots the box on the passenger seat.

John picks it up and examines it. The box appears to be made of simple wood with a faded multicolored stain.

He notices a small hole on the bottom of the box. He rubs at it and blows on it.

John brings his eye close to the hole.

Something moves inside. John jumps.

He flips the box back over and turns the crank once, and then twice.

SCREAMS startle John. A group of rambunctious kids run by outside.

He puts the box down. John rubs his heavy eyes. He blinks fighting off sleep and puts the car into drive.

**EXT. TOWNCAR (MOVING) - DAY**

The car approaches a nice hotel.

Wilmot clutches the pendant of Kali.

BISHOP  
I'm going to leave you here.

WILMOT  
I must get the box back.

The Towncar pulls in front of the entrance.

BISHOP  
I'll work faster if I don't have to  
worry about you.

WILMOT  
I need to get it immediately.

BISHOP  
Trust me. It'll get messy.  
(beat)  
I'll call when I have your property  
in sight.

Wilmot nods. Bishop exits the car.

BISHOP  
I hear they have great room  
service.

Bishop moves to his sedate sedan and takes off his tie.

**EXT. RURAL POLICE STATION - DAY**

Detective March finishes an interview with a local NEWS  
REPORTER.

MARCH  
We only ask that if you see  
anything suspicious or out of the  
ordinary to call nine-one-one.

The News Reporter signals the interview is over and Shakes  
Detective March's hand.

They load up their stuff into a van.

Seeing that Detective March is free, Bishop steps out of his  
anonymous sedan and approaches him.

BISHOP  
Bishop Cole, private investigator.

After a brief discussion, Bishop returns to his car.

**INT. BISHOP'S SEDAN - CONTINUOUS**

Bishop turns on a modified police scanner. He watches March speak into his radio.

He dials the scanner until he hears March's voice. Satisfied, he drives off.

**INT. JOHN'S HONDA - NIGHT**

John parks a distance away from Gloria's house. He watches as OFFICER REILLY hands Gloria a card at her front door.

He waits for Reilly to leave and steps out of the car carrying the box.

**EXT. GLORIA'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

John climbs over a chain link fence into the back yard. He's greeted by a docile, medium-sized dog.

JOHN  
(whispers)  
Hey, Chuckle Chops. You gotta stay  
quiet for me, boy.

The dog just wags his tail and follows John to a shed.

**EXT. GLORIA'S HOUSE - BACK YARD SHED - CONTINUOUS**

John tries the front double door, but it's padlocked shut.

He moves to the side door, jiggles the handle. Also locked.

Putting his shoulder into the door, John cracks the door jamb with a couple shoves.

**INT. BACK YARD SHED - CONTINUOUS**

John's intrusion has kicked up dust. He steps in and slowly shuts the door behind him.

He moves to a small work bench and flips on a work light.

John uncovers a drill press. He grabs the plug and searches through the dimly lit room for the wall socket.

He wads up the packing blanket that covered the drill-press and uses it to cover the motor.

John places the box directly under the drill-press.

JOHN

It's over.

John fires it up and grimaces at the noise. The blanket muffles some of it, but it's still too loud.

There's nothing he can do, so he grabs the press's crank.

Slowly, he brings the drill down onto the box's lid. Sparks fly and the drill grinds.

John spins the drill up, shuts the press off, and examines the box. The spot where the drill hit shows no damage.

JOHN

Damn it! What the hell are you made of?

John takes the bit out. He flinches at its heat and tosses it to the side and blows on his fingers.

He grabs a carbide titanium bit out of a tool chest.

John cinches it into place and starts the machine up.

Again, he brings the bit down. It grinds and sparks. He backs the bit up and looks at the box. No damage.

John snarls and cranks the bit down with his muscles bulging under the pressure.

It bites into the box. He grabs the crank with both hands and pulls down. The bit grinds, sparks, and whines.

The bit breaks.

It flies up and slices John's cheek and lands with a clang against the garage door. John slaps at the gash.

JOHN

Fuck.

**INT. GLORIA'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

Gloria fills a glass of water at the kitchen sink and spots sparks flashing through the shed's dirty windows.

**INT. BACK YARD SHED - CONTINUOUS**

John searches through power tools until he finds a Sawsall.

The overhead light bulb flashes on. Gloria stands with a handgun aimed at John.

GLORIA  
Freeze, you piece of shit!

John raises his hands.

GLORIA  
My boyfriend's going to kick your  
ass for messing with his shit.

John slowly turns with his hands still in the air.

Shock, recognition, and finally relief cross Gloria's face.

GLORIA  
John!

She rushes into his arms.

GLORIA  
They're saying you killed your  
kids. What's going on?

John grabs the box and pulls Gloria toward the house.

**INT. GLORIA'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT**

John sits at the small kitchen table straight from the 70's like the kitchen itself. A band-aid over his cut.

Gloria sits across from him, frightened, but doing her best to hide it.

GLORIA  
What happened to your boys?

He slumps against the table and stares despondent at the box sitting in the center of the table.

JOHN  
I don't know.

Gloria stands up and moves to the kitchen doorway.

JOHN  
Maybe if I had stayed-

**EXT. GLORIA'S HOUSE - SAME**

Officer Reilly pulls up in front of Gloria's house.

Through the large front window he sees her talking to someone in the kitchen.

**INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS**

John stares at the box and Gloria holds his hand.

JOHN  
I don't know why he wouldn't have  
told me before.

He looks at her with tears in his eyes. Gloria hugs him.

The dog barks. She looks at the box.

GLORIA  
I just don't understand how this  
fits into it all?

She flicks the handle on the box making it TINKLE just once.

John slaps his hand on the box.

JOHN  
(snarls)  
No! You can't.

Gloria's taken aback by his aggressive response.

He sees her fear and softens his expression.

JOHN  
I'm sorry.  
(beat)  
I don't know what to do.

GLORIA  
Let's run.

He looks at her, surprised and very much relieved.

JOHN  
What?

GLORIA  
I can clear out my bank account.  
Let's head west.

She pleads with her eyes.

GLORIA  
Let's run... together.

He hugs her and nods.

**INT. FRONT ROOM - NIGHT**

John, changed and washed, carries his duffle bag to the front door. Gloria hands him her bag.

JOHN  
I'll load these in the car.

He glances past her and his eyes hang on the box.

Gloria returns to her bedroom. John unlocks and nudges open the door. He turns around to pick up the bags.

The door flies open all the way and a flashlight blinds John.

REILLY  
Hands up, John Hammond.

John raises his hands. Reilly remains hidden behind the flashlight's glare.

Gloria rushes into the room.

GLORIA  
John!

REILLY  
Ma'am. Please step back.

GLORIA  
Don't, he's-

John looks back to her.

JOHN  
It's okay.

GLORIA  
He's not a killer.

Reilly shouts at Gloria.

REILLY

Step back!

Gloria heeds his command and steps back.

John points back to the kitchen.

JOHN

The box! Just don't touch the-

A Tazer's barbs hit John's chest.

John falls out onto the porch, twitches, and yells out.

Reilly rushes forward and slaps cuffs on him.

**EXT. GLORIA'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

John kneels as Reilly searches him. Beside John sits his keys and the Nazi flag.

REILLY

Do you understand your rights as  
they have been read to you?

John nods. Reilly helps John to his feet as another cruiser arrives.

The PATROLMAN steps out. Reilly nods to the house.

REILLY

She's inside.

JOHN

She didn't do anything.

The patrolman enters the house closing the door behind him.

REILLY

Aiding and abetting.

JOHN

I broke in. She didn't know I was  
here.

REILLY

This just keeps getting better and  
better.

The house lights flicker as the TINKLE song plays.

JOHN

No!



John panics.

REILLY  
Too late for-

John pushes back against Reilly. Reilly stumbles. Taking his shot John rushes to the door.

JOHN  
Stop it! Don't op-

Reilly grabs his shoulders and pulls him back.

REILLY  
You're trying my patience.

The house lights shut off.

REILLY  
Now what?

SCREAMS pierce the night. A wet slap hits the front room window.

JOHN  
I could've stopped it!

REILLY  
Shut up.

The house lights flash on revealing a face stuck to the window. It slowly slides down the glass free of its owner.

JOHN  
You did this! I could've saved her!

John charges Reilly who drives the butt of his gun into John's forehead knocking him down.

REILLY  
Stay the fuck down!

Reilly approaches the house, gun out.

He pushes the door open with his toe. The scene hits him.

Reilly turns, takes a knee, and leans against the doorframe.

JOHN  
You shouldn't have stopped me.

Reilly snarls and looks up.

John kicks him in the head knocking him out. He kicks him again for good measure.

He screams through tears.

JOHN  
Mother fucker!

He looks into the house and crumbles, openly weeping.

John nudges the unconscious Reilly over and scrambles for the cuff key and after a moment of struggle, he frees himself.

He rushes into the house and quickly reemerges with the box.

John leans against the doorframe for strength and vomits.

He grabs his keys off the ground and snatches up the flag.

**EXT. JOHN'S HONDA - NIGHT**

John drops the flag and box onto the passenger seat. He jams the keys into the ignition.

He stops a moment and stares at the box. He snarls and cranks the car into gear and tears off.

**EXT. NEIGHBOR HOUSE - SAME**

A concerned OLD WOMAN talks on a phone as she watches John drive away.

**EXT. GLORIA'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

Bishop slinks up to the house and checks Reilly's pulse. Satisfied he's alive, Bishop shines a light into the house and grimaces at what he sees.

He backs out into the shadows as quickly as he arrived.

**EXT. JOHN'S HONDA (MOVING)- NIGHT**

John steers the car into a shuttered industrial complex. It's dark and everyone's went home.

**EXT. GLORIA'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

Reilly sits on the back of an ambulance as a PARAMEDIC bandages his bruised head.

Detective March listens to Reilly with interest.

REILLY

No, sir. He tried to go in. There's no way.

Detective March turns to another COP.

DETECTIVE MARCH

Whatever is happening it's attached to this guy. We need him stopped now.

(beat)

Get an A.P.B. out on the stolen Honda.

The cop nods and rushes away.

DETECTIVE MARCH

What's going on?

#### **INT. BISHOP'S SEDAN - SAME**

Bishop sits in his car a short distance away listening in on his scanner.

Once the description of the Honda comes over the scanner Bishop pulls away.

His cell phone BUZZES, he answers.

BISHOP

Yes, Mister Heinrich.

(beat)

I'll let you know when I have it.

Bishop thinks about it a moment.

BISHOP

Matter of fact, I have some questions for you.

#### **EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT**

The Towncar sits in the empty lot. Bishop's Sedan pulls up beside it.

Bishop gets out and slides into the back seat of the Towncar.

**INT. TOWNCAR - CONTINUOUS**

Bishop settles in next to Wilmot.

WILMOT  
Have you got it?

Bishop ignores his question.

BISHOP  
(to Driver)  
Get some fresh air.

Driver gets out without complaint. Bishop turns his attention to Wilmot.

BISHOP  
I'll get your box. But it may help  
if I understood how a sixty odd  
year old box plays into all this  
and what I saw in that-

Wilmot cuts him off with a sneer.

WILMOT  
No one understands, Der Fuhrer  
didn't understand... I didn't  
understand. I thought it could be a  
weapon, but it's so much more.

**BEGIN WILMOT'S FLASHBACK****EXT. AUSTRIAN HILLSIDE - DAY**

SUPER: AUSTRIA, 1901

Two lumbering oxen pull a caravan covered in bright Indian colors, Hindu and Buddhist flags, and ribbons of swastikas.

MANISH (30s), Indian and tall, walks behind the caravan. A team of three other INDIANS lead the oxen down the path.

A young and innocent WILMOT (12), sits on a stump and draws the scene on a scrap of paper using a piece of charcoal.

He watches with interest the passing circus caravan. Tempted, he rolls up the drawing and scrambles down to the path.

Wilmot has never seen anything so bright and garish. The artist in him is wowed.

As the caravan slowly passes, he spots Manish. Taking his chance, he sidles up to him.

WILMOT

Where are you from? Where are you going? What is this?

MANISH

You ask a lot of questions.

WILMOT

So where are you from?

Manish stands tall and gets into his performer mode.

MANISH

We hail from the deeper jungles of India, through the snowy reaches of the Himalayas. We've crossed the Ottoman deserts and performed at the feet of the great pyramids and now we grace your small village with our presence.

Wilmot huffs, not believing a word.

Manish looks the boy over and laughs. He points to the rolled up parchment.

MANISH

What is this?

Wilmot unrolls the drawing.

WILMOT

I'm going to be an artist.

MANISH

I was to be a goat herder, but fate takes us whether we want to go or not.

(beat)

So what's your name, artist?

WILMOT

Wilmot. Are you Gypsies?

Manish smiles and laughs.

Wilmot

What is in there?

MANISH

A mystery.

WILMOT

Can I see?

MANISH

No, little one, it is for adult eyes.

WILMOT

(disappointed)

Oh, it's girls.

MANISH

That would be more fun and more trouble, but no.

(beat)

Why not join us tonight on the East side of your village and you can enjoy the show.

Wilmot stops and watches Manish walk away. A flicker of a smile flashes on Manish's lips, the boy is hooked.

#### **EXT. AUSTRIAN FIELD - NIGHT**

A circle of tents sit around the caravan. BELLY DANCERS jump and dance around fires.

The men that had guided the oxen are now in fancy dress, juggling swords.

In the dark corners of the festival odd dealings in flesh take place.

One tent boasts the display of odd flesh by way of freaks. This isn't an innocent circus.

At the back of the circle of tents under much less light is a heavy tent with Manish at its entrance.

Wilmot sneaks up to the tent keeping in the shadows.

A CUSTOMER approaches the entrance.

MANISH

Would you like to see?

CUSTOMER

(suddenly unsure)

How much?

MANISH

One Krone to get in, but if you  
feel it was worth more additional  
coin is appreciated.

The man nods and passes the money to Manish, who opens the tent flap revealing a richly decorated interior lit by numerous candles.

Wilmot rushes up to Manish, who stops him.

WILMOT

I would like to see, but I have no  
money.

MANISH

(smiling)

This is not for you. Go enjoy the  
festivities.

Manish enters the tent and shoos the boy away.

MANISH

Go on.

Wilmot pretends to walk away, but darts into the shadows and watches the tent.

Moments pass and the customer walks out followed by Manish.

The man reaches into his pocket and hands Manish a handful of coins. He accepts with a smile and bow.

A HASSIDIC JEW approaches the tent. Wilmot rushes up to the man's side.

HASSIDIC JEW

I know the legends, my grand father  
spoke of it, but I want to see for  
myself.

The Hassidic Jew spots young Wilmot.

MANISH

One krone.

The men enter, Manish holds Wilmot back and shakes his head at the boy.

Wilmot rushes to the backside of the tent.

**INT. TENT - NIGHT**

Manish gestures for the Hassidic Jew to sit on a large pillow.

In front of the pillow is MAYA, a matronly woman from a clearly mixed heritage, sitting lotus style with a small chest in her lap.

Manish places a chain with a swastika around the Hassidic Jew's neck and takes his seat at the Woman's side.

Wilmot peeks his head under the edge of the tent trying to get a look at what is in Maya's lap.

Maya closes her eyes and speaks melodic flowing words in a dead language. Manish translates for her.

MANISH

Clear your mind.

The Hassidic Jew closes his eyes and takes a deep breath.

Maya turns her head and smiles at Wilmot. He tries to squirm back out, but Manish grabs him by the collar.

Manish isn't angry, but smiles, because this is again what he expected. He places a finger over his lips shushing Wilmot.

Wilmot relaxes as Manish puts a swastika chain over the boy's head.

Maya opens the chest and speaks in her strange dead language.

MANISH

Open your eyes and see.

Maya reaches into the chest and grabs something inside.

A glowing light fills the room.

Wilmot is in awe as the golden light dances in his eyes.

**SERIES OF SHOTS**

- Troops march
- Piles of emaciated corpses
- Cities burning
- Ash falls on piles of shoes and glasses



- Robed figures chant in a circle

# **END SERIES OF SHOTS**

Wilmot runs from the tent in shock.

Maya closes the chest.

## **EXT. FOREST - DAY**

SUPER: AUSTRIA, 1945

A swastika epaulet adorns a Nazi soldier's arm, WILMOT (19), trudges through the forest with three other young SOLDIERS.

SOLDIER 1

How can we trust the word of a  
gypsy? This is folly.

WILMOT

The faster we find them the faster  
we can get back to base.

SOLDIER 2

(frightened)

The war is lost. Let's just go  
home.

WILMOT

Stop!

(beat)

If we find this, the Field Marshal  
says we can end the war.

(to soldier 2)

Then we can go home heroes, not  
cowards.

Soldier 4 points in the distance.

SOLDIER 3

Over there.

The soldiers watch the group of Gypsies from a distance.

## **EXT. CARAVAN - DAY**

Manish, who doesn't look like he's aged a day, pushes on a large pole trying to pry free the caravan from a sinkhole that has broken a wheel.

He grunts his frustration and backs up, a scimitar strapped to his back.

A new set of DANCERS watch from the side. New JUGGLERS try to get the oxen to help pull the caravan free.

Maya, unchanged, rushes from the woods past Manish.

MAYA  
They've found us.

Manish nods, as if expected.

Maya climbs into the caravan.

Wilmot and the other soldiers rush down the hill.

#### **INT. CARAVAN - SAME**

The broken wheel has caused the contents of the caravan to spill about. Maya looks frantically through the mess until she finds a child's plain jack-in-the-box.

She takes the box to a large chest that's securely bolted to the floor of the caravan. She opens the chest and inside is the smaller chest.

#### **EXT. CARAVAN - DAY**

Wilmot and the other soldiers surround the caravan.

WILMOT  
Halt. Halt.

Manish raises his hands and smiles.

MANISH  
Thank you. As you can see, we are stuck and-

SOLDIER 3  
Where is it!

MANISH  
I don't know wh-

A golden glow comes from inside the caravan.

WILMOT  
Watch them.

Wilmot climbs into the caravan.

**INT. CARAVAN - CONTINUOUS**

Maya closes the small chest when Wilmot bursts in. She turns, startled. She clutches the small chest.

WILMOT

Stop.

MAYA

You don't understand.

WILMOT

In the name of the Fuhrer, turn over the box.

MAYA

I must explain what you are doing.

**EXT. CARAVAN - SAME**

Soldier 2, nervously holds his machine gun on Manish. Soldiers 1 and 3 watch the girls and jugglers.

The ladies smile and bat their eyes at Soldier 1 distracting him a moment.

Taking advantage of his distraction a juggler produces a knife and stabs at the soldier.

Soldier 3 opens fire killing the dancers first.

Soldier 2 looks over. Manish pulls the scimitar from his back slicing the soldier's throat. Soldier 2 squeezes off a few rounds that stitch across the caravan as he falls.

Manish looks down at his bleeding chest. He smiles as he falls to his death.

**INT. CARAVAN - DAY**

GUNFIRE rings out. Wilmot ducks as a round explodes into the wall next to him.

He spins around shocked as Maya's body falls over with a piece of her head missing.

Wilmot grabs the small chest and wrestles it free.

In the process, a necklace tumbles out of her blouse. On the chain hangs a SMALL FIGURE of Kali holding a swastika.

Wilmot smiles at the pendant and takes it from her neck.

**EXT. CARAVAN - DAY**

Wilmot exits the caravan and surveys the carnage.

SOLDIER 3

They attacked.

Wilmot jerks his head, signaling to leave.

**END FLASHBACK**

**INT. TOWNCAR - NIGHT**

Bishop waits for Wilmot to speak.

WILMOT

No one understands. It isn't evil  
or good. It can be so much more.

BISHOP

What is it?

Wilmot isn't going to tell him.

WILMOT

(firmly)

All you need to know is that the  
box is deadly and unless I get it  
back it will continue to kill  
indiscriminately.

Bishop leans back, not happy, but nods that he will accept  
Wilmot's secrecy.

**EXT. JOHN'S HONDA (MOVING) - NIGHT**

John steers the car up to a large industrial building 'Murray  
Metal Works and Smelting.'

He gets out of the car with the box and the flag.

**EXT. MURRAY METAL WORKS - NIGHT**

John scales some crates up to a window. He smashes it out  
with the box and climbs into the building.

**INT. MURRAY METAL WORKS - NIGHT**

John walks by the unusual equipment until he sees the glow of  
a smelter.

**EXT. MURRAY METAL WORKS - SAME**

A pick-up with a confederate flag for a rear window pulls up followed by a Trans Am and a couple Harleys.

It's a regular meeting of skinheads.

Lead skinhead CHARLIE climbs out of the truck. He's shirtless, but wears a jacket over his suspenders and heavy leather belt.

The other five SKINHEADS holler into the night.

Charlie spots the Honda and signals to the others to be quiet.

He flicks out a jack knife and stabs the tires on the Honda.

CHARLIE  
This night is looking up.

He signals for the rest of the skinheads to split up.

**INT. MURRAY METAL WORKS - NIGHT**

John opens the furnace with a pair of welding gloves.

He holds a welding helmet out in front of him as he approaches the opening.

John cringes back from the heat.

He picks up the box. John tests its weight in his hand and tosses it into the furnace.

The box sinks into the glow.

The hoots of a couple skinheads echo back to John. He turns and slinks toward the noise.

John goes down with a CRACK. Charlie stands over him holding a wrench.

**INT. MURRAY METAL WORKS - NIGHT**

John wakes up sitting in a metal chair. He rubs his head and tries to get up, but a pair of hands hold him down.

CHARLIE  
What are you, stupid?

Charlie tosses the unharmed box to Skinheads 1 and 2.

Skinhead 3, behind John, laughs.

John turns and comes face to face with a shirtless heavily muscled torso and a large swastika pendant. John's fucked.

JOHN  
I didn't realize this was your  
place.

John watches the pair of Skinheads checking out something.

They turn and reveal it's the box.

JOHN  
(shocked)  
How?

Skinhead 2 grows uninterested and moves beside Charlie.

SKINHEAD 2  
A brother or not.

Skinhead 2 tosses John's Nazi flag onto a table.

SKINHEAD 2  
We don't want no pigs around here,  
John Hammond.

Charlie moves to a table covered with knives, brass knuckles, and guns.

CHARLIE  
We sure do appreciate you killing  
some pigs, we really do, but kids?  
(beat)  
White kids?

Charlie strips off his shirt facing John.

He grabs a leather strap wrapping it around his knuckles.

Skinhead 1 turns the crank on the box and the TINKLE music plays. Skinhead 3 tightens his grip on John's arms.

John spots the flag across the room.

Skinhead 2 advances. John's eyes dart around the room.

CHARLIE  
Now we're gonna fuck you up a bit.

The lights flicker.

Skinhead 1 stops turning the crank.

SKINHEAD 1  
What the hell?

John looks around frantic and spots the Nazi pendant hanging next to his head.

Skinhead 1 turns the crank again and the TINKLE music plays again where it left off.

Without warning John thrusts his head back and breaks Skinhead 3's nose.

John reaches back as the light flickers and snatches the Swastika hanging from Skinhead 3's neck.

With a POP the room plunges into darkness. SCREAMS echo around the space.

#### **BEGIN SERIES OF SHOTS**

- Blood
- Wilmot grabbing at something
- A golden glow
- Bill and Tim alive with Bishop standing behind them
- Blood and a warehouse sign

#### **END SERIES OF SHOTS**

The light flickers back on.

John's arms cover his head. Blood and gore drip off of him.

Charles laughs, not in victory, but in peace. He looks up in rapture covered in blood.

CHARLIE  
That was beautiful.

Charlie moves to the box revealing a large swastika tattoo on his back.

John stands up, bits of meat falls off him to the floor with a SPLAT.

Charlie bends over to pick up the box.

John kicks down on Charlie's head. Charlie falls beside the box. John kicks him again and again.

Charlie tries to get up, but he's woozy, John punches him ending Charlie's consciousness.

John snatches up the box and runs from the building.

**EXT. MURRAY METAL WORKS - CONTINUOUS**

John stands in the door. He spots the car's slashed tires.

JOHN

Fuck!

**INT. MURRAY METAL WORKS - CONTINUOUS**

John storms back to Charlie and kicks him again.

JOHN

Asshole.

He grabs the key ring off Charlie's belt.

SKINHEAD 4 (O.S.)

Hey, what the fuck's going on?

John looks up worried and runs out.

Skinhead 4 and 5 walk in. The smell catches them first and they cover their noses.

SKINHEAD 5

Fuck'n hell?

SKINHEAD 4

Charlie!

Skinhead 4 rushes to Charlie's side.

SKINHEAD 4

What the fuck happened?

Charlie slowly comes to. He smiles up at Skinhead 4 in a state of bliss.

CHARLIE

Perfection.

A car engine ROARS. They look over as headlights burst through the windows.

Skinhead 5 runs to the door.



**EXT. MURRAY METAL WORKS - CONTINUOUS**

John rams the truck into the Trans-Am knocking the motorcycles over before he tears off into the night.

The Skinheads rush out of the building shouting curses.

**EXT. CHARLIE'S TRUCK (MOVING) - NIGHT**

John's fist pounds the steering wheel.

JOHN  
Fuck, fuck, fuck.

He looks over at the box on the seat and slaps it to the floor.

John rubs his weary face.

**EXT. CHARLIE'S TRUCK (MOVING) - DAWN**

A convenience store catches his eye. A pay phone sits under a flickering light.

John turns the truck and parks in front of the phone.

**INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - DAY**

John walks in and spots the security camera, no way to avoid it. He approaches the counter.

A blond CLERK spots him and smiles. She looks past him and at the truck.

CLERK  
Nice truck.

JOHN  
Uh, thanks.

He hands her a dollar.

JOHN  
Can I get change for the pay phone?

CLERK  
Sure.  
(beat)  
No one really uses it anymore with cell phones and all, so I can't promise it works.

He takes the change.

JOHN

Thanks.

She smiles back at him.

**EXT. CONVENIENCE STORE - DAY**

John picks up the pay phone receiver and hesitates a moment before he dials.

**INT. HAMMOND FARMHOUSE - LINDA'S ROOM - DAY**

Linda sits up in her bed holding a phone to her ear.

LINDA

John! Where are you?

**EXT. CONVENIENCE STORE - DAY**

John leans back against the phone booth.

JOHN

I just wanted to-

LINDA

What? What can you possibly say?

JOHN

Mom, I didn't do anything. It was the box.

*INTERCUT PHONE CONVERSATION AS NEEDED*

Linda stands up and slips on a bathrobe.

LINDA

Turn yourself in for God's sake.  
Haven't you done enough?

JOHN

I'm sorry, so sorry. I was selfish  
and afraid. Grandpa should've  
warned you. The box... it-

Linda's loses the last bit of her patience.

LINDA

Enough about this damn box!

John's interest perks.

JOHN

What do you know about it?

Linda's not buying his sincerity.

LINDA

You can't play this. You're not crazy. Turn yourself in and let me mourn in peace.

JOHN

What did grandpa tell you about the box?

LINDA

I don't know anything about a box. First a German guy and now you?

JOHN

German?

LINDA

He came looking for some box, said your grandfather knew him during the war.

JOHN

Oh, God. It's a weapon, Mom. It's done all of this.

Linda sits on the bed, she realizes her son might be insane.

LINDA

(calmly, almost motherly)  
Then it isn't your concern anymore, son. Come home and we'll take care of this.

JOHN

Damn it. It's taken everything.

(beat)

This must end. I have to destroy it.

Linda slumps, all her strength is gone.

JOHN

Bye, Mom.

He hangs up.

**INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - DAY**

The Clerk watches John drive away as she talks on a cellphone.

CLERK

Hey Skeet, did Charlie sell his truck?

**EXT. BISHOP'S SEDAN - DAY**

Parked in front of a doughnut shop, Bishop sips a coffee as he talks on his cell phone.

BISHOP

And what's the address again? Uh-huh.

(beat)

Your usual payment I assume?

(beat)

Pleasure working with you again.

Bishop puts the car in drive and pulls out.

**EXT. CONVENIENCE STORE - DAY**

The exhausted clerk steps out of the store and heads for her crappy car.

Detective March's car SCREECHES into the parking lot followed by a squad car.

**EXT. BISHOP'S SEDAN (MOVING) - DAY**

Bishop slows down as he approaches the convenience store.

He cruises past and watches Detective March speaking with the clerk next to the phone booth.

**EXT. MURRAY METAL WORKS - DAY**

Bishop pulls up as Charlie and the other two Skinheads are fiddling with their motorcycles.

He steps out of the car.

Charlie spots him and is in no mood to be slowed down. He grabs a wrench and approaches Bishop.

BISHOP

Whoa, boys. I don't want any trouble. I just have some questions and need a bit of helpful information.

CHARLIE

I'm not in the mood. Matter of fact I'm in the mood to crack-

Bishop draws his gun before Charlie can finish his rant.

BISHOP

Look, Fuck, don't play around. Where did the guy go?

Charlie thinks about jumping him anyway, but stops.

CHARLIE

Fuck you!

Bishop looks at Charlie's bruises.

BISHOP

The guy who fucked you up, where did he go? We don't have a lot of time here.

Bishop smiles and calms down.

BISHOP

My employer just wants what he's carrying. You can have him.

CHARLIE

I don't fucking know. He took my truck.

Bishop flicks Charlie a business card.

BISHOP

If you find him, let me know. It could be worth a lot to you.

Charlie picks it up and spits toward Bishop.

Bishop backs up into his car.

BISHOP

Oh, you might want to get out of here, the cops are due in about two minutes... or less.

Charlie and the other Skinheads look concerned.

Bishop takes off.

The Skinheads scramble into the Trans-Am. Charlie and crew peel out of the metal works parking lot and turn onto the highway as a convoy of cops head toward the building.

**EXT. BISHOP'S SEDAN - DAY**

Bishop watches, hidden on the side of the road, as Charlie heads the wrong way.

He grunts.

BISHOP

Who would've guessed, the fuckwit  
didn't know.

Bishop pulls out heading the opposite direction. The direction the cops came from, toward the convenience store.

**EXT. GAS STATION - DAY**

A gas nozzle is connected to Charlie's truck.

**INT. GAS STATION - SAME**

John has on a gas station hat with the tag still attached. He's trying on sunglasses.

He's found the right pair, but he also finds the rack of brochures for local points of interest.

One of the brochures catches his attention, "Satan's Hole - the nations only bottomless pit."

John tosses a bill to the ATTENDANT and holds up the brochure.

JOHN

What do you know about this place?

ATTENDANT

Deep freaking hole. No one's ever  
made it to the bottom.

(beat)

A stupid waste of money in my book.

JOHN

Thanks.

For once in this long journey, John smiles.

**EXT. MURRAY METAL WORKS - DAY**

Detective March leans against his car as men in white protective suits step out of the building.

One of the Forensic Officers approaches.

MARCH

So?

FORENSIC OFFICER

You're right. Several people survived this attack. Their tracks are everywhere.

MARCH

We might finally get some answers.

The Forensic Officer nods at an approaching local cop SKEET MONROE (28), skinny and smarmy.

Skeet extends his hand.

SKEET

Officer Monroe ant your service.  
You must be Detective March.

MARCH

Well Officer, you know these parts.  
Who owns these?

He gestures to the Honda and the two trashed bikes.

SKEET

Not sure about the rice burner, but  
the hogs belong to some good local  
boys.

MARCH

Good local boys. Any reason why  
they wouldn't have reported this?

March doesn't wait for a response.

MARCH

We tracked a white pick-up back to  
a Charlie Graff who listed this as  
his residence.

SKEET

Folks are real private around here.

MARCH

Private! Do you know how much blood  
is in there? What else do you keep  
private around here?

Skeet puts his hands up in defense and plasters on a smile.

SKEET

Whoa, whoa. I just got here. I  
don't know what's going on.

MARCH

They are witnesses and I want them  
now.

SKEET

We'll get all our men on this. Yes,  
Sir, for sure, right away.

Skeet returns to his cruiser and flips March the bird unseen.

SKEET

Asshole.

#### **EXT. CHARLIE'S TRUCK (MOVING) - DAY**

John speeds down the rural highway. He yawns, working to keep  
the truck straight.

He checks the brochure for 'Satan's Hole.'

When John glances up, he spots a sign for a warehouse. The  
sign has been neglected for many years.

#### **BEGIN SERIES OF SHOTS**

- Blood and the warehouse sign
- Wilmot, with a sinister eye, leers
- Blood and the warehouse sign

#### **END SERIES OF SHOTS**

He slams on the brakes and puts the truck in reverse.

A HONK startles John, he narrowly misses a car following  
behind.

The long-abandoned warehouse is nestled among a remote  
stretch of woods. John turns into the parking lot.



**EXT. WAREHOUSE - DAY**

He grabs the box and stalks toward the building.

John peers through broken windows into a vast dusty place.

**INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY**

A small door jerks open with a CREAK as John puts his shoulder into it.

He steps into the warehouse and looks around confused.

**INT. GAS STATION - DAY**

Bishop walks into the station and approaches the attendant; the same one John spoke to earlier.

He flashes the attendant a photo of John and the white truck.

BISHOP

Did you see this man or this truck  
pass through?

The attendant wipes down the counter and gives the pictures only a cursory glance.

ATTENDANT

A lot of people pass through.

BISHOP

Do you mind just looking?

The attendant looks. It's clear he recognizes John.

ATTENDANT

Is there a reward?

BISHOP

Isn't helping reward enough?

The attendant laughs and returns to wiping down the counter.

BISHOP

I didn't think so.

(beat)

I'm kinda in a hurry, so sorry  
about this.

The attendant looks up in time to see Bishop shoot him with a Tazer.

The attendant hits the floor with a THUD.

Bishop steps over the man.

BISHOP  
Okay, let's do this again. Where  
was this guy going?

ATTENDANT  
Satan's Hole. I swear Satan's Hole.  
Don't taze me, bro.

Bishop nods.

BISHOP  
Thank you for your cooperation.

Bishop grabs a brochure and leaves in haste.

**EXT. BISHOP'S SEDAN (MOVING) - DAY**

Bishop talks on his cell phone as he pulls out.

BISHOP  
I think our friend is going to dump  
your goods. Here's the address.

**INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY**

John collapses to the floor and leans against a support beam.

He lifts up the box and tries to pry the lid open, but it  
doesn't budge.

JOHN  
What do you want?

He tosses the box away. He slides to the ground leaning  
against the beam. He's mentally and physically exhausted.

Finally with a moment to stop, his eyes flutter closed.

**EXT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT**

The last wisps of day hang on the horizon. Skeet's patrol car  
swings into the parking lot.

Skeet approaches the truck and shines his light into the cab.  
It's empty.

He bypasses the radio on his belt and pulls a cell phone out of his pocket.

**INT. BISHOP'S SEDAN (MOVING) - NIGHT**

Bishop drives past the abandoned warehouse. He glances over and spots Skeet and Charlie's truck.

He drives for a little ways and shakes his head.

Bishop pulls off to the side of the road.

**EXT. WAREHOUSE - SIDE - NIGHT**

Skeet's patrol car is safely hidden in the shadows of trees and discarded pallets.

He stands next to the open door talking on a cell phone.

SKEET

Well git here fast.

(beat)

No, he ain't left yet.

Skeet closes the cell phone.

He jerks forward with a CRACK and crumbles to the ground.

Bishop, holsters the gun he just pistol whipped Skeet with.

He hoists the unconscious Skeet into the driver's seat and handcuffs his hands around the steering wheel.

BISHOP

Have fun explaining this.

Bishop chuckles as he walks toward the warehouse.

Using a handkerchief, Bishop wipes off grime and cobwebs from one of the warehouse windows.

He looks in and spots John and more importantly the box.

Bishop hits speed dial on his cell phone.

BISHOP

Yes, never mind that, turn around,  
I found him.

(beat)

Yes, at least ten miles south in a  
warehouse, it's tough to see but-

A bat hits the back of Bishop's head with a THUMP. He drops.  
Charlie looks down at the unconscious Bishop and shouts.

CHARLIE  
It's not the guy.

Skinhead 4 and 5 walk up behind him.

CHARLIE  
Throw 'em in the trunk. We'll have  
target practice this weekend.

They drag Bishop away.

Charlie walks over to a fuse panel and throws a lever.

#### **INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT**

John sleeps, dead to the world.

The THUNK of a trunk lid shutting wakes him up. He looks  
around confused.

He spots the box and remembers where he is.

The door swings open with a CREAK revealing Charlie who  
reaches over and flips a light switch.

A half dozen lights out of the hundred flicker to life.

CHARLIE  
Game over, fucker.

John scrambles to his feet and runs to the back door.

Skinhead 4, slips on brass knuckles and blocks the way.

SKINHEAD 4  
Where you goin' boy?

More skinheads step out of the shadows.

John's surrounded. He backs up and snatches up the box.

He grabs the handle and contemplates his next move.

The group circles him with evil intent. John's about to get  
fucked up. He's got no choice.

JOHN  
I don't want to do this, but you  
probably deserve it.

He turns the handle and the TINKLE music plays.

Charlie laughs.

John continues to turn the crank. The lights flicker.

The TINKLE music plays to a stop.

With POP the warehouse is plunged into darkness, but no screams.

#### **BEGIN SERIES OF SHOTS**

- Wilmot leering
- Bill and Tim
- A golden glow
- Hideous form made up of several human parts
- Wilmot leering

#### **END SERIES OF SHOTS**

The lights flicker back on.

John is still surrounded, but the group is less menacing and more in awe.

SKINHEAD 5

Holy shit.

CHARLIE

Was I right or was I fucking right?  
It showed me.

John makes a break for it.

He punches one skinhead, but takes a punch from another. His escape attempt ends quickly under an onslaught of kicks and punches.

#### **INT. TOWNCAR (MOVING) - NIGHT**

The black car slips through the night. Wilmot juts his skeletal hand over the Driver's shoulder.

WILMOT

There. Pull in there.

**EXT. WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

The Towncar pulls in behind the Trans-Am. Driver steps out.

DRIVER  
Please stay here sir. I'll look  
around.

Driver passes the Trans-Am on his way towards the warehouse.

He pauses and listens. He turns back and stops at the trunk  
of the Trans-Am.

A THUMP echoes from the trunk. Driver leans over and listens.

Wilmot steps out of the Towncar.

BISHOP (O.S.)  
(muffled)  
Let me the hell out of here.

DRIVER  
Hold on a second.

Driver goes to the trunk of the Towncar and returns with a  
tire iron.

Wilmot watches with interest as Driver pries the trunk lid  
open revealing a pissed off Bishop.

WILMOT  
It appears you've found yourself in  
an unflattering position.

BISHOP  
Yeah, that'll be rectified.

Bishop climbs out of the trunk and checks for his weapon.  
It's gone.

BISHOP  
(to Driver)  
Give me your piece?

Driver opens his jacket revealing a semi-auto handgun. Bishop  
reaches forward pulls the gun out of the holster.

Bishop looks to Wilmot.

BISHOP  
Your item is in there and I intend  
to get it back with interest.

Wilmot nods.

Bishop heads to the warehouse a man possessed.

**INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT**

Skinhead 4 holds John's arms back behind a support pillar while other skinheads take turns punching and kicking him.

He's battered bloody. He isn't going to survive much more.

Charlie sets down his beer and picks up a bat.

CHARLIE

Time for a home run boys.

SKINHEAD 4

Knock it out of the park.

Skinhead 5 steps back.

SKINHEAD 5

I don't want his shit for brains on  
my boots.

**BACK DOOR - CONTINUOUS**

Skinhead 6 leans against the doorframe watching the festivities.

Bishop slinks up and blows a puff of air at the skinhead, who turns to find his nose an inch from Bishop's gun.

BISHOP

Wake up.

He pulls the trigger and with a BANG blood and hair splatters the wall.

Charlie winds up to smash John's head, but stops at the sound of the GUNSHOT.

CHARLIE

What the fuck is that?

Bishop strides in blasting.

GUNSHOTS echoes through the warehouse as Skinheads drop.

The guy holding John's arms gets one in the back.

John drops to the ground. He covers his head with each shot.

**EXT. WAREHOUSE - SIDE - SAME**

Skeet lies unconscious in the driver's seat of his cruiser handcuffed to the steering wheel.

The rapid GUNFIRE snaps Skeet awake and he jerks his arms. His wrists catch on the handcuffs.

SKEET

Sumbitch!

Skeet ducks when he hears another round of gunfire. He moves his arms, but he's stuck.

SKEET

Shit. Shit. Shit.

He reaches his foot out to hook his radio mike.

Skeet almost has it to his hand. A gunshot makes him twitch and he drops it.

SKEET

Come on, you cocksucker.

He hooks it again and he's got it.

Skeet leans forward and speaks into the mike.

SKEET

Base, this is Mike Two Four. Come in base.

**INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT**

Bishop sweeps the warehouse looking for more skinheads.

John crawls to the box and clutches it to his stomach.

**EXT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT**

A couple of skinheads burst from the warehouse in a full run.

Driver and Wilmot hustle toward the building.

**INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT**

Driver and Wilmot enter. Bishop signals for Driver to leave, he obeys.

John tries to crawl away.



Bishop puts a foot on his shoulder and pushes him back.

BISHOP  
You're not going anywhere.

Wilmot eyes light up at the sight of the box.

John looks over and spots Wilmot.

JOHN  
You? No!

He clutches the box to his chest.

Wilmot approaches and leers over the box. He reaches out and snatches it away from the weakened John.

JOHN  
Stop! You don't know what it can do.

Wilmot pulls a chair up and sits in front of John.

WILMOT  
I know precisely what it can do.

#### **BEGIN WILMOT'S FLASHBACK**

#### **EXT. FIELD MARSHAL'S OFFICE - DAY**

Young Wilmot and his two surviving companions present themselves before the FIELD MARSHAL (40s) who's unshaven and his uniform is in need of a wash.

FIELD MARSHAL  
Is this it? The great weapon to save our wonderful Reich?

The Field Marshall laughs.

WILMOT  
We captured what was requested of us.

FIELD MARSHAL  
Wonderful.

Wilmot hands him the small chest.

The office door opens and a secretary PETRA HASS (19) enters with a file of papers. She wears no military insignia, not even a swastika pin.

Wilmot's eyes light up when he sees her.

She drops the papers off and gives Wilmot a quick smile and moves to leave.

FIELD MARSHAL  
Don't leave now, Frauline Hass.  
Don't you want to see what will win  
this war?

Petra looks to Wilmot, who smiles and nods.

The Field Marshal's hands hover over the chest. He can wait no longer and throws open the box revealing the jack-in-the-box.

He looks up at Wilmot, surprised.

FIELD MARSHAL  
Is this some kind of comedy? Are  
you trying to be humorous?

WILMOT  
We got exactly what was asked of  
us.

FIELD MARSHAL  
A child's toy!

The Field Marshal turns the crank and the TINKLE music plays.

FIELD MARSHAL  
Oh, no, the toy!

He continues to turn the crank, smiling as the TINKLE music plays.

FIELD MARSHAL  
You'll be executed for this.

The TINKLE music continues.

FIELD MARSHAL  
Which is quite a relief since you  
will die just moments before the  
Allied-

With a TINKLE and POP the world dissolves into a blur.

#### **BEGIN SERIES OF SHOTS**

- A robed Young Wilmot gets shot by Young Vincent

- Middle age Wilmot studies the box images and ancient texts
- Old Wilmot sits in front of John

### END SERIES OF SHOTS

Field Marshal's eyes are wide in shock as blood runs down his face. Not his blood.

The secretary is gone.

WILMOT  
Petra. Petra!

Wilmot moves to look for her and slips in a pool of blood. He realizes that she's gone and tears well in his eyes.

Tears form in Field Marshal's eyes for a totally different reason. A grin grows on his face.

FIELD MARSHAL  
It's wonderful.

A MESSENGER (13) bursts into the room.

MESSENGER  
Der Fuhrer is asking for the box.

Field Marshal scoops it up and follows the messenger out. Wilmot's other men leave him in his sorrow.

Wilmot picks up an engagement ring out of the blood.

### EXT. SQUAT BUILDING - DUSK

The last of the day's sunlight dies on the horizon. Wilmot approaches the building. Two GUARDS stand at the front door.

Wilmot sneaks to the side and climbs in through a window.

### EXT. LOCKER ROOM - NIGHT

Wilmot peeks into the hallway. He moves flat against the wall. He looks around the room and spots a pile of strange occult robes with Nazi rank.

Wilmot grabs a robe and is about to enter the hallway when three blood covered ROBED FIGURES run by.

ROBED FIGURE  
Herr Hitler is gone! He's gone!

Wilmot slips on a robe, grabs a machine gun and rushes in the opposite direction of the fleeing Robed Figures.

**END WILMOT'S FLASHBACK**

**INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT**

Wilmot rubs his eye patch and looks down at the box.

WILMOT

It looks just like a child's toy.

(beat)

They wanted to camouflage it.

Bishop places his hand on Wilmot's shoulder.

BISHOP

I think it might be wise if we  
left.

WILMOT

No. He deserves to see this.

John tries to stand.

WILMOT

Sit, Mister Hammond.

Bishop shakes his head.

BISHOP

I would suggest we vanish soon,  
before the cops get here.

Wilmot takes the Kali-Swastika pendant from around his neck.

WILMOT

The wire transfer has already been  
made, Mister Bishop. You can leave  
at anytime.

Bishop backs up, but his curiosity stops him from leaving.

Wilmot flips the box over. He inserts a point of the Kali pendant into the hole at the bottom of the box and turns.

The box begins to breathe, the sides expanding and contracting. The façade, that is the jack-in-the-box, cracks and crumbles.

A golden glow beams through the cracks. Wilmot wipes at the box sloughing off the disguise to reveal-

A pulsing, almost breathing, flesh cube that emits a gold glow. The surface is tattooed with ancient runes, but they bleed away with the golden glow.

WILMOT

This is so ancient, so powerful. It can do so much, be so much, unlock so many doors, it can bring them back.

John's startled.

JOHN

Back?

Wilmot rubs the cube. The flesh responds and softens in his hands.

The golden reflection catches on the tears rolling down Wilmot's cheeks.

WILMOT

It's a matter of skill.

Wilmot kneads, rubs, and cajoles the mass. It responds and grows into a round glowing circular mass.

He applies pressure to the ball, it twists and elongates.

The golden pulse grows and increases in intensity. John flinches.

JOHN

Is this-

WILMOT

You will see.

Wisps of light emanate from the globe like sentient snakes of illumination probing the air.

WILMOT

It's beautiful.

As he turns and squeezes the globe, the tendrils of light grow and become more active.

Bishop ducks as a wisp whips over his head.

John isn't sure and rises unsteadily to his feet. He reaches for it.

The tendrils lash out and John pulls back.

Tendrils strike the ground and walls.

WILMOT  
Moments now...

Everywhere the tendrils touch, a flesh colored slime trail bubbles and grows.

As light tendrils leave the globe, they stretch the flesh of the globe into little spikes.

Wilmot looks confused. He spins and squeezes the globe trying to shape it back into a perfect sphere.

It refuses Wilmot's ministrations and becomes more spiked, more erratic.

JOHN  
This is crazy!

John rushes toward Wilmot, who pulls the undulating spiked mass closer to his chest.

WILMOT  
(panicked)  
I know what I'm doing.

#### **EXT. WAREHOUSE - SIDE - SAME**

Skeet stares up surprised by the flickering golden glow coming through the warehouse's filthy and broken windows.

A tendril of light swipes the glass leaving a slime trail.

#### **INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT**

All around the slime trails have bubbled into flesh and vein sacks pulsing with life.

Bishop has seen enough and backs out of the warehouse.

WILMOT  
It's not working!

Wilmot grows frustrated and the light tendrils seem to mimic his mood and grow more frantic, lashing out.

John ducks from tendrils that are becoming more solid.

Wilmot fights to get the ball of glowing flesh to return to its circular shape.

Again the tendrils whip out and grow more solid. Their glow more sickly.

John holds a palm out to Wilmot.

JOHN  
Stop, you don't-

One of these new tendrils snaps at John knocking him down.

The tendril, now more flesh than light, swings and strikes a support pole and sticks.

The other light tendrils whip around it and clump together.

The whole tendril conglomeration solidifies into a fleshy LUMP around the pole with one tentacle like bit of flesh leading back to squirming mass in Wilmot's hand.

Spikes from the mass wrap around Wilmot's hands latching on.

WILMOT  
No!

The Lump tugs at the mass, pulling Wilmot's arm.

Wilmot pulls back, but he's no match for it.

WILMOT  
I had it right! I can't be wrong!

The Lump rips the mass free, along with a large bit of flesh from Wilmot's hands. It tosses it all into a dark corner of the warehouse.

Wilmot screams. His hands are a bloody mess. He stands and stumbles back. John joins him.

WILMOT  
What have I done?

They both watch as the Lump grows and sprouts limbs of all length and size.

JOHN  
Why God?

John covers his mouth as if hit by a stench.

Wilmot crumbles to his knees.

WILMOT  
No. No. No. Petra, I'm so sorry.

Bubbles form on its surface. The mottled and misshapen limbs tear at the bubbles exposing malformed human heads, one head has a curiously thin mustache.

John pries Charlie's baseball bat from his dead hands. He'll end this thing's suffering.

The Lump lets out a chilling groan/scream. The heads speak in garbled languages delivering a fiery speech.

John charges the Lump striking the mustached head splitting it open, and spilling its slimy contents.

He winds up for another hit, but the Lump grabs John and tosses him against the wall.

John crashes next to Wilmot who is fading fast.

WILMOT  
(in German)  
I'm sorry, my love.

John picks up the bat and resigns himself to fight this thing to the death. He takes a step forward.

TIM (O.S.)  
Daddy.

John's stops. He turns and drops the bat.

Crawling from one of the fleshy sacs stands Tim. Next to him, Bill tears himself free from his sac.

BILL  
Where are we, Daddy?

Both boys are naked and covered with the remains of their new birth. Ignoring the offal, John embraces both boys.

JOHN  
It's all right, you're alive. My  
God, you're alive.

The cops and skinheads from the earlier blood baths emerge from their sacs naked, confused and scared.

MERYL  
I don't deserve this. I was a good  
person.

A sac grows on a rafter. It splits open and spills Leo, the cop from earlier, who crashes to the cement floor with a sickening CRACK.



Wilmot weeps into the dust of the warehouse floor.

BRYCE

Someone's going to pay for this.

The skinheads, now tattoo free and pink as newborn babes, stumble around.

Skinhead 2 falls at the feet of the Lump.

SKINHEAD 2

I repent. Please forgive me for my sins.

The Lump seems to have a great amount of control over its ill formed limbs and tentacles, but its body has formed as part of the pillar and can't break free.

John holds his boys at arm's length and breathes them in with his eyes. He happily hugs them close.

A tentacle with an oddly shaped human hand grabs Bill and pulls.

John grabs Bill and is pulled along.

He kicks at the tentacle. John grabs the malformed fingers and breaks one off. With a SCREAM the Lump releases them.

The repenting skinhead pulls some more lost skinheads to his side in his worship of the Lump.

SKINHEAD 2

Oh, lord, please forgive us our-

The Lump forgets about John and lashes out at the skinheads and snaps the repentant skinhead's neck.

The other skinheads stumble back. The Lump grabs them both, drawing them into the grasp of its arms tearing them to pieces.

John scoops the boys up and rushes from the building.

SCREAMS echo through the warehouse.

#### **EXT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT**

Bishop takes the boys.

BISHOP

I'll get them to safety.

They jump at the sound of SCREAMS coming from the garage.

They look back as a naked body is tossed like a rag doll through the door.

John looks back at his boys with anguish across his face.

Bishop nods.

**EXT. WAREHOUSE - SIDE - SAME**

Skeet jumps in terror at the SCREAMS and unearthly GROANS of the Lump.

Like an animal caught in a trap he fights the handcuff drawing blood on his wrists.

The FLASH of headlights catches his attention.

**INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT**

Headlights flicker through the warehouse's windows casting an odd light over the carnage.

Charlie's truck CRASHES through the warehouse door.

John steers the truck into the Lump smashing it and the support pole.

He throws the truck in reverse driving back over the Lump.

The Lump lifts itself up on its man limbs. It moves to finally free itself of the support beam.

John throws it into drive and guns it smashing the Lump again. He punches it and the tires dig into the mottled flesh eventually crushing a skull.

The truck sputters and dies.

John stumbles out of the truck and back toward the new opening he created.

Gloria walks tentatively from the shadows and into the headlights. She's naked, but younger, free of the ravages of her past.

Petra stumbles out of side room confused.

She spots Wilmot and joins him at his side. After all these years she can still recognize him and he recognizes her.

Wilmot looks to her in awe.

WILMOT  
My beautiful Petra!

**EXT. WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

John stumbles out of the warehouse. Bill and Tim who have covered themselves with a suit coat step out of the Towncar to greet him.

He scoops his boys up, but grimaces in pain. He takes a knee happy to just hug them.

Bishop guide's Gloria out of the warehouse with a blanket over her shoulders.

John's eyes light up at the sight of her. He rushes to her.

JOHN  
Gloria!

Bishop slips a card into John's pocket.

BISHOP  
If you ever need... assistance.  
Give me a call.

Bishop slips away into the dark.

Sirens wail as police cruisers peel into the parking lot.

**LATER**

Police rustle the survivors up. Petra huddles under a blanket at the back of an ambulance.

John's boys are now wrapped in blankets. John hugs them and Gloria close. He looks at them all and smiles.

A Sheriff stuffs Skeet into the back of a cruiser.

**EXT. WAREHOUSE - DAY**

Yellow police tape surrounds the warehouse. A COP stands outside the busted door.

A garishly painted motor home, something out of a traveling circus, slowly drives past.

The motor home pulls off to the side of the road unseen by the cop.

**INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY**

Two FORENSIC OFFICERS take pictures and diagram the crime scene.

A hooded female FIGURE slips into the back door.

The forensic officers look toward a RUSTLE sound, but see nothing.

The figure, face covered with a veil, picks up the misshapen mass of flesh that is the Devil's Toy.

Its inner glow and pulse are weak and slow. The figure scoops it up, and gently places it into a small chest.

The forensic officers swear they heard something this time and walk toward the noise, but find nothing.

**EXT. GARISH MOTOR HOME - DAY**

The hooded figure climbs aboard the motor home.

**INT. GARISH MOTOR HOME - DAY**

A song wraps up on the radio as the figure climbs into the passenger seat.

The figure lets down part of her veil uncovering the undamaged parts of her face. Veil or not, this is Maya.

**RADIO**

After the break, we'll have local news and you can't miss the story of local father accused of murdering his children only to be commended for saving them from a murderous cult, so stay tuned to hear the whole bizarre and harrowing story.

Maya turns to the driver Manish. He smiles and spins the motor home around pulling onto the road.

**FADE OUT**