

"The Amethyst" 15

written by

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LOGLINE: *A beautiful amethyst pendant is a lovely piece of jewelry, unless of course it's been cursed over the centuries, and after an hour of wearing it, will transform you into a blood thirsty killer.*

OVER BLACK

SUPER: *"Demons are like obedient dogs; they come when they are called."* - Remy de Gourmont

EXT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL ZONE - STREET - AFTERNOON

School zone. Elementary kids walk from school in groups, LAUGHTER and banter.

SUPER: ALL HALLOWS' EVE 2004

They walk together down the sidewalk stumbling around with their back packs, laughing. Probably ages 7 to 9.

One boy lags behind. This is HARDY AMBERSON (9) He sports thrift shop clothes and a back pack. He seems preoccupied as a SCHOOLMATE calls out to him.

SCHOOLMATE
Hey Hardy -- you comin'?
(louder)
HARDY!

Hardy looks up as he walks.

SCHOOLMATE (CONT'D)
-- you comin'?

Hardy just looks back down at the sidewalk and continues walking. The schoolmate shakes his head, turns, and continues on with the others.

Hardy falls further back. He continues for several blocks as a typical October evening sets in. Wind WHIPS, shadows move.

He turns down another street. Scattered old vintage homes with cobwebs on the windows, evil looking SHUTTERS SLAP in the wind. Leaves caught up in whirlwinds.

The spooky homes are "Halloweenie" year 'round. No need for decorations.

Hardy, apprehensively, continues on. A few feet ahead he sees a heap of dirty, worn clothing under some bushes. The "heap" moves. Hardy stops. He squints to see.

The pile moves again. Hardy slowly continues toward it. A wrinkled, old, toothless face peeks out from the pile. Startled, Hardy stops abruptly.

His cell phone RINGS! He almost drops the phone. The screen reads: GRANDMA

He takes a deep breath, then answers.

HARDY
(into cell; softly)
Hello?

A sudden barrage of SHRILL-NESS blows Hardy's ear away from the phone. He cringes and looks down at the cell in his hand.

A steady stream of undecipherable SQUAWKING ensues. Grandma seems pissed. Hardy just stares at the sound. Blank expression.

The "heap" sticks his head out further from the pile. This time he takes a long gulp from his bottle as he watches the action.

Hardy looks at the man. He walks to him and stops. Grandma continues to BELLOW -- endlessly. Hardy hands the phone to the man.

HARDY (CONT'D)
It's for you.

The man takes the phone, stares at it. Hardy continues down the sidewalk. Her SHRILL VOICE echoes and fades as he walks away.

EXT. MIKAH COUNTY SHERIFF'S OFFICE - MIKAH, WA - SUNSET

Quaint Sheriff's office lies tucked between the Post Office and the public library. Sleepy small town evening in downtown Mikah, Washington.

A few patrons leave the library and head down the sidewalk. A car passes by.

INT. MIKAH COUNTY SHERIFF'S OFFICE- FRONT DESK- MOMENTS LATER

Desk Sergeant MAE STANDARD (30'S) sits behind what appears to be a massive front desk. She reads a "fish wrapper rag" of a magazine.

The front door BELL TINKLES. With her face still in the mag -
-

MAE
What can I do for you?

A boys voice.

BOY'S VOICE
(matter-of-factly)
My Grandmother is a bitch.

Mae stops. She looks over her magazine, see's nothing.

BOY'S VOICE (CONT'D)
I'm down here.

Leaning forward, she now see's the eyes and top of the head of -- Hardy, barely tall enough to see over the desk.

MAE
Yes, I see.

She sits again. Back to her magazine.

MAE (CONT'D)
In this county being a bitch is not
a crime.

HARDY
Well -- it should be.

Hardy moves back a bit from the desk. Mae can see him clearly now.

MAE
(humoring)
Okay, so -- do we arrest her?

HARDY
(earnestly)
By all means.

Mae smirks, tries not to laugh.

MAE
What's your name, son?

HARDY

Hardy. Hardy Amberson.

She writes on a pad.

MAE

How old are you, Hardy Amberson?

HARDY

Nine -- and one half.

MAE

Where's your Grandmother now?

HARDY

At home.

MAE

And why aren't YOU at home? You mad at her?

HARDY

Yes. She hurt somebody. She always hurts somebody -- and I don't want to live there anymore.

MAE

I see -- and how did she hurt her?

HARDY

She cut off her finger.

Mae has heard enough.

MAE

(heavy sigh)

Okay, kiddo. You're very cute -- very entertaining -- but --

HARDY

No -- it's true.

MAE

(turns away to the phone)

Okay, well let's see about getting you back home now --

(picks up receiver)

You've got a pretty good imagination -- and you're not afraid to use it, that's for sure.

Hardy just stares at her. She turns to dial.

MAE (CONT'D)
-- so what's your home number,
sweetheart?

Hardy reaches in his pocket. He DROPS A BLOODY HUMAN FINGER
on the desk in front of her.

Mae catches it out of the corner of her eye. She jumps --
then smiles.

MAE (CONT'D)
Oh -- okay, you GOT me. It's
Halloween, I get it. I shoulda
known. Okay, so what's your number?

Hardy just looks at her. He reaches up and gives the finger a
nudge toward her. Mae gets a better look and suddenly
realizes --

MAE (CONT'D)
JESUS CHRIST!

Her chair flies backward and SLAMS to the floor. Phone is
pulled off the desk as she just catches herself from falling.

MAE (CONT'D)
Holy crap THAT'S REAL!

HARDY
I told you.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - INTERVIEW ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

CLOSE ON finger in a baggie of ice. It sets on a table in
front of Hardy.

Mae finishes writing on a post-it note. She hands it to a
Deputy standing by.

MAE
(to the Deputy)
78 Landau Street. It's on the west
side -- near the school.

The Deputy takes the note, heads out.

MAE (CONT'D)
Her name is Willow Sanction --
she's in her late 60's but DON'T
underestimate her.

Hardy sits across the table from LIEUTENANT LESTER KLEIN, (40's) A Meerkat in a shirt and tie. Somewhat squeamish. He nervously stares at the finger.

HARDY

It's real.

Klein's eyes momentarily glance at Hardy, then back to the finger.

HARDY (CONT'D)

The missing finger girl was abducted a few weeks ago --

KLEIN

Whoa -- wait a minute -- abducted?

HARDY

Yes. It means to take someone away illegally by force or --

KLEIN

(interrupting)

I KNOW WHAT THE HELL IT MEANS, KID!

(sotto)

-- smart ass.

Mae cuts in.

MAE

Hardy, these are photos of children who have gone missing in the past year.

She places the MISSING PERSONS book in front of Hardy and opens it.

Klein still eyes the finger.

KLEIN

(nervously)

Jesus -- that **IS** a REAL finger --

Mae gives him a look.

KLEIN (CONT'D)

(nervous wit)

-- right here in River City!

Mae's face shows that she's too young to understand the reference.

Hardy scans the first page.

MAE

Do you see the girl here?

Hardy looks at the photos. He carefully looks at each picture. He turns the page, examines a few more.

Klein and Mae share a look of uneasiness.

MAE (CONT'D)

It's okay, Hardy -- take your time.
Do you see someone you recognize?

Hardy scans the last page again.

A beat.

HARDY

(nods)

Yes.

MAE

Which one, sweetheart?

Hardy carefully, slowly, closes the book. He looks up.

HARDY

(calmly)

All of them.

SMASH CUT TO:

OVER BLACK

SOUNDS of a door SMASHED into splinters! VOICES YELLING,
ORDERS BARKED OUT!

VOICES

POLICE! SEARCH WARRANT!

INT. WILLOW SANCTION'S HOUSE - NIGHT

From the inside, the front door is SHATTERED, SMASHED with wood splinters everywhere.

A dozen OFFICERS storm the dimly lit house with guns drawn. Beams from their flashlights move and sweep in all directions.

POLICE VOICES

WILLOW SANCTION! COME OUT! We have
a warrant --

From the kitchen WILLOW SANCTION (66) walks out into the living room, with a cup of tea and saucer facing OFFICER 1.

WILLOW
Oh -- shit.

OFFICER 1
Oh shit is right.

Officer 1 slaps the cup and saucer out of her hand. They SMASH on the hardwood floor.

OFFICER 1 (CONT'D)
GET YOUR ASS DOWN -- NOW!

Officer 1 grabs her hair, it comes off -- a handful of wig. Other officers grab her and SLAM her face down on the floor.

In all the commotion a purple AMETHYST PENDANT necklace falls from her neck, unnoticed, onto the floor and under an end table. It GLOWS momentarily.

BASEMENT DOOR

OFFICER 2 opens the basement door. Cautiously glances down the stairs. He tries the light switch. CLICK. Nothing.

OFFICER 2
Jesus Christ!

He holds his hand over his mouth and nose. The smell is overwhelming.

OFFICER 2 (CONT'D)
Ah Jeez -- somethin' dead here -- I just know it.

Takes a step, boards CREAK. His sweaty hand GRIPS the railing nervously.

OFFICER 2 (CONT'D)
-- I KNOW there's a dead guy down here -- I watch movies.

He CLICKS on his flashlight and shines his way down the steps.

The LIGHT'S BEAM reveals what appears to be hundreds of pine tree air fresheners hanging from the ceiling.

OFFICER 2 (CONT'D)
 Yup -- goddamn it! There's the
 frickin' "pine tree" air
 fresheners.

(really frickin' nervous)
 I've seen this goddamn movie --

OFFICER 3
 Shut up!

Officer 3 follows. Wincing and gagging at the odor. He
 brushes away the "pine trees" from his face.

OFFICER 3 (CONT'D)
 Damn. Those ARE pine tree's.

OFFICER 2
 Told you.

The steps CREAK again as the officers move further down. The
 light shines on the walls revealing a garden hose, gardening
 tools hanging, old washing machine in the corner, until --

The LIGHT pans hitting a HORRENDOUS HUMAN FACE!

IT SCREECHES -- SCREAMS!!

OFFICER 2 (CONT'D)
 HOLY SHIT!!

The Officers fall into each other on the steps. Officer 1's
 flashlight BEAM BOUNCES AND SHINES everywhere. He falls from
 the stairs onto an old "Malt Shop" Juke Box.

ZZZZZZZIIIIIPPP!! RECORD SCRATCHED into playing "A SUMMER
 PLACE" by Percy Faith.

FLASHES OF SCARRED, DIRTY FACES, TEETH, HUMAN "CLAWED" HANDS
 are seen!

SCREAMS everywhere! The basement is in a frenzy. CRIES,
 MOANS, SCREAMS.

Officer 2 straightens his beam. Quickly the light scans the
 basement again.

OFFICER 2 (CONT'D)
 Oh my God.

The light reveals the basement is lined with kennel cages,
 but not filled with animals -- but YOUNG CHILDREN!

Disgusting feces covered children, faces scarred, bloody,
 unrecognizable probably even to their Mother's now.

Their worn and bloody hands grip the cage bars as they violently SCREAM and SHAKE their cages.

One Officer turns and pukes, OFFICER 3 runs up the stairs calling to the others in the house.

OFFICER 3 (O.S.)
(yelling out)
They're over here! Jesus Christ!

Water and food bowls spill in the cages as the captives try desperately to free themselves.

Officer 2 steps back. His eyes reveal the horror his mind is trying to comprehend. He is within "reach" -- but doesn't know it.

Suddenly a HAND reaches out through the darkness. It quickly GRABS his pant leg! He SCREAMS (like a little girl)

(fumbling) Flashlight quickly shines revealing the hand, MISSING A FINGER!

The Officer jumps back **hard** into the Juke Box --

ZZZIIIIIIIPP! RECORD STOPS!

He SCREAMS again, SNATCHES his pistol and --

FLASH - BLAM!

SMASH TO BLACK:

EXT. WILLOW SANCTION'S HOUSE - FRONT YARD - MORNING

CU front porch HOUSE NUMBER: 78

Several NEWS VANS have congregated on Willow Sanction's front yard all "jockeying" for first coverage of the incredible news story unfolding.

With the hustle and bustle of INVESTIGATORS and various LAW ENFORCEMENT OFFICERS in the background, 7 ALIVE REPORTER HOLLY GUITERREZ (20'S) covers the events. Her cameraman frames the shot as she informs the public.

GUI TERREZ

(into mic)

-- authorities had been searching for these 12 children for over 8 months with no leads -- until last night -- when a brave little boy walked into the Sheriff's Office and literally "saved" the lives of these abused children.

Guterrez continues. We DRIFT past her to the front porch.

GUI TERREZ (V.O.)

Willow Sanction, 68, was taken into custody after the tip from the young boy was verified. In the basement of her house, authorities found a horrific sight. 12 children between the ages of 9 and 11 had been taken, and held in "kennel style" dog cages -- early reports show that some of the children have contracted hepatitis A along with other physical injuries.

The eyes of a BLACK CROW, on the front porch, dart left and right. He hops and dodges the feet of several Investigators and Police Officers as they move in and out of the Sanction house. Evidence bags in tow.

The entrance is marked with YELLOW POLICE LINE TAPE stretched across the doorway. The OFFICERS duck under the tape in and out as they conduct their investigations.

GUI TERREZ (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Police Officials are unable to comment further at this time -- however they say they have been - quote -- "sickened at the sight -- and heartbroken for what these poor children must have gone through".

The crow hops into the house moving quickly, pecking for crumbs on the floor as he goes. His eyes spot something shiny.

GUI TERREZ (V.O.) (CONT'D)

The investigation is ongoing and we will be sure to keep you updated as information becomes available.

The Amethyst Pendant lies under the end table, unseen by the investigators. The curious bird hops to it quickly. He pecks at it. It GLOWS briefly.

GUITERREZ (V.O.) (CONT'D)

The families are thankful today
that their children have been found
alive -- however the emotional
trauma caused to the young victims
will undoubtedly stay with them for
life. In our community we have
never seen anything as horrendous
and evil as this.

The crow snatches it up in his CLAW FEET, and swoops through
the front door.

CAW! CAW! CAW!

Officers duck as the bird nearly hits them. He flies away,
the Amethyst Pendant dangles and sways in the wind.

DISSOLVE TO:

POV looking out small window of a passenger airline in
flight, BOEING 727.

Below, through separating clouds, landmarks come into view.
Space Needle, Waterfront, The Great Wheel. It's Seattle.

SUPER: 13 YEARS LATER

INT. BOEING 727 - PASSENGER CABIN - DAY

A YOUNG MAN sits at the window seat, ear buds in, looking at
his laptop. He glances out the window. Smiles as his city
comes into view.

VOICE (O.S.)

Sir?

He continues looking at the view.

VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
(louder this time)

SIR?

The man looks up, see's a FLIGHT ATTENDANT trying to get his
attention.

He quickly takes out his ear buds.

YOUNG MAN

I'm sorry --

FLIGHT ATTENDANT

(smiles)

It's okay -- you'll need to put
your tray table back up now --
we're landing.

YOUNG MAN

Got it. Thank you.

The Flight Attendant moves on. The young man puts the tray
table up, takes his laptop and puts it in a duffel bag on the
floor. He zips up the bag.

CLOSE - the duffel bag zipper tag reads: HARDY AMBERSON

Hardy brings up service on his CELL.

He sends TEXT: "I'm here"

Return TEXT: "Go back"

Hardy laughs to himself. Puts his phone away.

INT. SEA-TAC AIRPORT - CONCOURSE - DAY

Hardy walks through the busy airport concourse. He carries
his duffel and rolls a suitcase to the BAGGAGE AREA.

BAGGAGE AREA

Hardy approaches the crowd of LIMO DRIVERS holding signs.

He scans the signs. HARRISON -- DR.HOFFMEYER -- LARSON, etc.

One sign catches his attention. It reads: DICKHEAD

He laughs.

Holding "Dickhead", is 20 something, GABRIEL ARTINO, dark
haired, "pretty boy".

Hardy makes his way to him.

GABRIEL

I told you to "go back".

They laugh, and embrace.

HARDY

Good to see you, man.