# Possessions

by
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An occult thriller

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EXT. FEDERAL SAVINGS BANK - DAY

Crisp autumn in a sleepy Tennessee town. Depression-era buildings pocked with lease signs and empty storefront windows on Main Street. The odd pedestrian saunters down the street, a rusted out pick-up drives by; Friday lunch rush.

Filthy grey sneakers shuffle down the street, topped by frayed, filthy khakis. PREACHER, a black man with scary blue eyes and hair like lightning, wanders the street. He passes a mud-caked Honda. With a sudden lurch, he turns into the bank.

INT. BANK - DAY

Huge and cavernous, with cracked marble floors, dusty black wood. Farmers and glad-handing businessmen line up for two tellers behind bullet-proof partitions. The whispers echo.

Preacher wades past CHAD, (30s) handsome features spread thin over premature rot. Chad amiably chats up the SECURITY GUARD- you are what you eat, and he eats donuts.

CHAD
So, Graceland? That’s Elvis’ place, right?

SECURITY GUARD
It’s history, son, is what it is...

Chad smiles, aiming his face away from...

The security cameras, an afterthought in this place, wedged gracelessly against ornate plaster cornices.

At a standing table with empty withdrawal slips, LENNY, (20s) scribbles on a slip, damp hands shaking. Preacher sidles next to him, rifles through the slips like old albums. Suddenly enraged, he shoves Lenny.

PREACHER
(Caribbean accent)
There no names here! Paper! What you want with this paper?!

LENNY
Jesus--

Lenny throws a helpless glance to Chad; “What do I do?” Chad blinks him to chill.

A younger SECURITY GUARD, all spit and polish, intervenes as Lenny cowers away from Preacher’s yellow-eyed fury.

SECURITY GUARD 2
Now, Preacher, you know better...

Chad turns his attention back to the Security Guard.

CHAD
What about the Opry? My Mom says she'll kill me if I don't go there--

Chad glances over at MONTE, a bank manager, way too kind to be the corporate shill he wants to be. Chad grins, taut.

Behind the Guard, RICO and LIZ (30s) enter, hand in hand through the door's metal detectors. Rico, Hispanic, his dull, wide features belie a hair-trigger temper. Liz, playfully Asian, finishes with her lip gloss, hands it off to Rico.

Chad eyes Liz as she walks past.

CHAD
(to Security Guard)
Dude, I can't thank you enough. The Welcome Center is a scam, y'know?

Chad shakes the Security Guard's hand--

Rico eases up behind, sticks the lip gloss in the Security Guard's neck. Startled, the Security Guard goes for his gun--

But Chad holds his hand tight.

CHAD
No, sir. Ya'll wanna see this.

As Security Guard 2 herds Preacher towards the door, Liz twirls, brings a heavy-soled boot to the Guard's face. He oozes blood from his flattened nose. Liz calmly takes the keys from his belt as he finally falls.

CHAD
Sucks to be him, don't it?

Security Guard 1 flinches. The fight drains out of him.

Bank customers scurry for the door. Liz tosses the keys to--

Chad, who heads for the door. Rico disarms Security Guard, aims at the stampeding customers.

RICO
This here Latino's telling you, you all shoulda built that wall.

By the teller’s station, Lenny pulls a large ceramic knife from his coat, digs it behind a cluster of wires and cuts.

EXT. FEDERAL SAVINGS BANK - DAY

Chad leans out of the door, whistles.

INT. HONDA - DAY

In the back, deep black hands finger a cross. At the sound of the whistle, the cross is kissed, tucked back into a shirt.

EXT. FEDERAL SAVINGS BANK - DAY

From the mud-caked Honda, TRILL emerges, a skinny, bad-ass black man in a long coat, wool cap and sunglasses, a big ass gun with a homemade silencer in each hand.

INT. FEDERAL SAVINGS BANK - DAY

Chad pulls the metal detector’s wire from the wall as--

Trill marches in, takes out the security cameras with muffled shots one by one, with practiced accuracy-- he’s studied where they are. Chad locks the door behind him, placing a “Closed for Lunch” sign in the window.

Lenny leaps behind the tellers station, cutting alarm wires.

Rico bullies the crying customers to the side of the lobby. Liz herds the tellers away from their stations. One presses her alarm button. Liz swats her ass.

LIZ
That ship has sailed, gorgeous!

Trill leaps up onto the tellers station, taking position, guns at the ready.

TRILL
We off line, boss.

This to Chad, who surveys the operation. Just like that, the bank is theirs.

CHAD
Lenny?

LENNY
Alarms are cut.

Chad throws him the keys. He fidgets with them, uncertain.

CHAD
The equipment.

LENNY
Yeah, yeah! Got it.

He races off toward the back. Chad tosses Liz a bag.

CHAD
Get their cell phones.

LIZ
Can I keep the good ones?

CHAD
Rico, get Ranger Rick over there with the rest of ‘em. Keep his gun.

RICO
Really? Ya think?

Chad ignores the sarcasm, addresses the hostages as Rico drags the downed Security Guard

CHAD
You all take it easy. Bank’s being robbed, don’t mean a thing to you. You’re covered.

Monte stares at Chad with dawning recognition.

MONTE
Chad? Chad Merrit, is it--?

Chad grabs Monte’s tie, pulls him choking to his knees.

CHAD
Come with me, Mister Bank Manager.

He drags Monte like a choking dog on a leash to the back.

The employees and customers sit, cowed-- except Preacher, who stands at the table, studiously rifling through the slips. Rico nudges him with the gun.

RICO
Hey. Looney Tunes. Why don’t you join the other chickens?

Preacher shrugs him off. Fed up, Rico grabs Preacher’s coat and drags him to the others.

RICO
Fuckin’ loco, get your ass over there!

Preacher suddenly whips around and glares at Rico, eyes flashing with piercing hatred like downed wires.

PREACHER
(Caribbean accent)
You think I scareda you? Death make me stronger.

He bellows in a strange tongue, his hands making weird signs, spits at Rico’s feet. Alarmed, Rico clocks him with the gun butt, shattering the ritual.

Trill watches from his perch on the tellers bar.

TRILL
He cursing you, man.

RICO
Cursing me how?

TRILL
Don’t know. But I’d use my take to buy me a whole mess of chicken blood, you don’t want your pee pee to explode.

Trill laughs. Rico, unnerved, shoves Preacher down.

INT. FEDERAL SAVINGS BANK - VAULT ENTRANCE

Chad walks Monte up to the old-school steel door. A keypad perches to the side. Chad releases Monte’s tie. He coughs.

CHAD
Open it.

MONTE
I don’t know why you fellas picked this place. It’s a depressed area--

CHAD
How about we make a bet. If there’s a shitload of FEMA money back there, I keep it. If there’s not, it’s all yours.

Monte’s eyes flicker guiltily. Chad nods.

CHAD
Yeah, I remember you, Monte. Good with numbers, shitty liar.

MONTE
Big Chad Merritt. You were going up north, to make your first million before you turned thirty.

CHAD
Now I’m back, and I’m twenty nine.

MONTE
Chad, we need that FEMA money. Stealing from your own people-

CHAD
You never had a problem foreclosing on your own people.

MONTE
That... that was business.

CHAD
So’s this. We’re all our own people. Monte, has it dawned on your dim ass that you’re the only one here who can ID me? Your situation is... precarious. So keep me happy, and open the goddam safe.

The threat hangs. Terrified, Monte works the keypad.

CHAD
How’s Rochelle?

MONTE
Oh, she’s fine...

Monte pulls the lever. A soft hiss, the door swings open.

Huge stacks of money, wrapped in plastic bundles, sit on palates. Chad whistles.

Behind him, Monte checks his watch, and smiles-- until--

CHAD
Man, that silent alarm is so... silent!

MONTE
You knew?

CHAD
I’d be a shitty thief if I didn’t.

Chad grabs Monte’s wrist, checks the time.

CHAD
You’ll have to tell me about Rochelle later.

LATER

Chad shows off the goods to Rico and Liz as Lenny dollies in boxed equipment through the back door. Liz circles the palette in awe.

RICO
Goddam. Gotta be a million bucks.

CHAD
Ten.

LIZ
All gift-wrapped water tight.
(re: the palettes)
They even gave us boats.

Rico charges Chad, chest bumps him.

RICO
Damn, bro, you did it! You got us in!

LIZ
Uh-huh. Now how you gettin’ us out?

INT. BANK OFFICE - DAY

Chad leads Rico and Liz back to a rear office, where Lenny dumps the equipment. Monte sits, gagged and strapped to a chair. Chad pushes a desk, pulls back the cheap carpeting.

Rotted black floor boards.

CHAD
The old Dieter mine shafts run right under here. We get the money down there, and we’re gone.

RICO
They can’t follow us?

CHAD
It’s like a maze. A dark flooded maze. I used to swim there a lot as a kid. Today, it finally pays off.

RICO
How much drilling I gotta do?

LIZ
Look at that rot, baby. The water’s done half the work for you.

The intercom chirps.

TRILL (O.S.)
(over phone)
Get your asses out here, ya’ll.

INT. BANK LOBBY

Trill speaks into the phone, standing on the teller station.

TRILL
We got company.

As Trill hangs up, police cars squeal up in front of the bank, red lights strobing the gloom. The Robbers run into the lobby. They take it in like admiring tourists.

LIZ
Damn. Does everyone in town work for the cops?

CHAD
It’s that or the mines. Masks.

The Robbers pull on black ski masks.

CHAD
Lenny, we’re tucked in?

LENNY
Loaded in, locked down.

CHAD
(checking his watch)
Okay. We’re on the clock. One hour.

Preacher laughs suddenly, staring ahead at nothing.

Trill glares at him. Pulls out the cross from his shirt and fingers it.

EXT. FEDERAL SAVINGS BANK - DAY

Cops armed to the teeth take position behind parked cars, on roof tops, weapons all trained on the doors.

COMMANDER BANDY (60s), patrician and erect, addresses a circle of troops, including SWAT Team Leader BULL STENNIS.

BANDY
This is a hostage situation, gentlemen. So I don’t want any itchy trigger fingers--

BULL
Sir, we don’t wanna give ‘em time to fortify. I say we storm the front, and fast--

BANDY
Bull, we ain’t storming shit ‘til we get the lay of the land. Put your team in place, and wait on my word. No Rambo shit. And don’t call me “sir”.

Bull turns away, disgusted.

INT. VAULT - DAY

Lenny and Chad wheel dollies of wrapped money into--

INT. REAR OFFICE - DAY

Lenny and Chad pile the money in a corner as Rico pries away the rotten wood, exposing cracked concrete beneath.

INT. LOBBY - DAY

As Liz patrols the hostages, her gun and ski mask on display, Preacher chants with feral intensity.

LIZ
Keep it cool, folks. Once we’re gone, *you’ll* be the most interesting people in town.

Amongst the hostages, DEREK (10) presses his head into his MOTHER’s shoulder. A Teller sighs, bored. She calls to Liz.

TELLER
Can I have my phone? I just want to play Angry Birds.

LIZ
I give you your phone, everyone else will want theirs. And unlike you, they have friends to call.

TELLER
(flips her off)
Fuck you.

LIZ
There’s an angry bird.

The phone rings. Preacher’s chants strengthen. Trill has had enough.

TRILL
Yo, shut him up!

Liz grabs Preacher’s mouth.

LIZ
Keep it down, Wild Man. You’re scaring the ladies.

The Preacher smiles at her, licks her hand. As Liz pulls away, Chad steps out from the back. He stands by the ringing phone, stares at it. Liz joins him.

LIZ
What are you waiting for?

CHAD
That’s what I want them wondering. How are the hostages doing?

LIZ
The whack job’s creeping us out. We may have to do something.

CHAD
No casualties.

LIZ
He licked my hand.

Chad stares at her, incredulous. She smiles.

LIZ
I just closed my eyes and thought of you.

They share a passionate gaze over the ringing phone.

CHAD
What are we gonna do about Rico?

LIZ
I'll handle Rico. You answer the phone.

Still locked on her eyes, Chad answers.

CHAD
Yeah?

EXT. FEDERAL SAVINGS BANK - DAY

Bandy speaks with Chad on the phone from a communications trailer outside. Intercut as needed.

BANDY
This is Commander Bandy, Nashville PD, and I'm in charge of this detail. Who am I speaking to?

CHAD
The bad guy.

Liz smiles backing towards the hostages.

BANDY
Okay. Well, how bad are we talking, son? See, we know you all are bank robbers. Are you all killers, too?

CHAD
Depends on if you let us go.

BANDY
Mister, you sound like a smart boy. I'm sure you're smart enough to know that your master plan is scotched. None of you are going anywhere. Only question is, how many have to die before you figure that out. We got a whole lotta cops out here, and they're just itching to shoot someone.

Chad smiles. Tries to keep it out of his voice.

CHAD
You don’t want to hear my demands?

BANDY
Son, we’re gonna need some sign of good faith before we get to the demands. Something I can take to my supervisor. You’re gonna have to send out some hostages.

INT. BANK LOBBY

Chad hangs up as Trill leaps towards Preacher.

TRILL
Man, you don’t shut that mouth, I’ma drill a hole in your head!

Trill presses his gun muzzle against Preacher’s skull. The Hostages scream and cry.

CHAD
Trill, what is with you?

TRILL
Motherfucker cursing me. Again.

Chad stares at Preacher--

Who stares back with yellow, blood-flecked teeth.

Chad grabs Preacher by the arm, pulls him towards the door.

CHAD
I’m all for local color, but we got us a tinderbox here, and you’re sorta match-y. You’re off the island, crazy guy.

EXT. FEDERAL SAVINGS BANK - DAY

The street is silenced with a shout from inside the bank--

CHAD (O.S.)
We’re coming out!

The front door slides open, and a ROBBER shuffles out, ski mask on, an arm around Preacher’s neck and a gun to his head.

The Cops tense up, draw a bead on the Masked Figure.

Preacher chants with escalating intensity, his eyes afire. His eerie voice echoes off the buildings.

Bandy lifts a bull horn.

BANDY
Put the weapon down and step away from the hostage.

The Robber twitches.

The snipers watch, trip wire fingers on their triggers.

INT. BANK LOBBY - DAY

All the Robbers watch from inside-- including Chad. Chad lines up hostages against the glass door, facing out. He positions the Security Guard at the door crack.

CHAD
Trill. Lose the silencer.

Trill lifts his gun up to the ceiling-- and fires!

EXT. FEDERAL SAVINGS BANK - DAY

The gunshot startles the snipers.

COPS
Gun! Gun!

Bull keys his mike.

BULL
Take him!

BANDY
No! Hold your fire!

Gun fire erupts! Both Robber and Preacher fall.

The Cops race over, pull off the ski-mask off the Robber--

Monte, blood pouring from his mouth, his arm duct-taped to Preacher, keeping the gun there.

BANDY
Monte Reese. Bank manager. Shit!

COP
Commander?

Bandy’s attention turns to--

Preacher, spitting up blood as deep red spreads across his filthy shirt.

BANDY
Two hostages down. Stennis, get your ass down here--

As Bandy storms off to the Command Van--

Preacher chants, eyes wild, a transcendent smile on his face. His chants morph into English.

PREACHER
Death make me stronger--

He dies with a violent rattle, spitting blood.

A mini-tornado whips up the leaves and papers around Preacher. The Cops stand back, alarmed.

The little vortex slides towards the bank doors. The Security Guard watches, in shock.

The vortex hits the door and dissipates.

INT. BANK LOBBY - DAY

The Security Guard, prays, eyes closed, both hands to his chest. The robbers look out through the blinds.

LIZ
They shot crazy guy, too!

The phone rings. Chad runs over, grabs it.

INT. COMMAND CENTER - DAY

Bandy speaks on the phone. Intercut as needed.

BANDY
You just got two hostages killed.

CHAD
You shot ‘em. Not me. Take that to your supervisor.

BANDY
It’s murder. Do you understand that? It’s not robbery anymore.

CHAD
I’m not sending out another hostage ‘til your goons back off.

BANDY
Why do I feel like you’re playing us? And those poor bastards were just the first line of pawns?

CHAD
You gonna pull your men back?

BANDY
Just tell me up front, son-- how many more pawns you gonna play? I don’t give a rat’s ass for that money. I just want people going home tonight. You gonna help me with that? Or do I just let ol’ Bull here have his way, and storm the place now?

CHAD
We’ll be gone in an hour. No more pawns.

BANDY
How the hell are ya’ll getting out?

Chad smiles, says nothing.

INT. BANK LOBBY - DAY

Chad hangs up the phone. Then he checks his watch.

CHAD
They’ll stay back. Let’s move.

The other robbers laugh, pat Chad on the back.

RICO
My man! Cool head.

As Rico walks off, Liz hugs Chad, whispers in his ear.

LIZ
I’m so wet right now.

Liz heads back to the hostages. Chad throws a last look outside--

Bandy and Stennis argue. At their feet, Monte and Preacher covered with a sheet.

Chad steps away, troubled. He looks up to find Trill grinning at him.

TRILL
Good riddance.

The lights go out with a shudder. The AC hum cuts off.

RICO
What the fuck--?

CHAD
It doesn’t matter. They’re just trying to shake us off our--

The Security Guard suddenly grabs his chest. He doubles over. Lenny races over to him.

LENNY
Aw, shit. Aw, shit. Mister?

HOSTAGE #1
He’s having a heart attack! Do something!

LENNY
Whaddaya want me to do?

Lenny bends over the Security Guard, lifts his head up. The Guard’s eyes are closed in pain.

LENNY
Just breathe, Mister.
(to the hostages)
Anyone in here a Doctor?

The Security Guard’s eyes pop open. Wild and yellow. He grabs Lenny by the throat.

Lenny flies back, and the obese Security Guard pins him to the floor.

TRILL
Whoa! Man down!

Rico runs over from the rear.

RICO
Shit! Get the fuck off him, yo!

As Rico approaches, the Security Guard pushes Lenny into Rico.

RICO
Ow, shit!

Furious, Rico pulls out his gun--

Liz, suddenly at his side, twists his wrist, takes the gun.

LIZ
No shooting.

Chad steps up, carrying a heavy trash can cylinder. He slams the Security Guard in the face. The Security Guard falls back. Lenny crawls away, gasping for breath.

Chad stands over the Security Guard-- who smiles crazily at Chad. Chad brings the can down. The Guard goes limp.

Chad addresses the hostages as the Teller sees to the Guard.

CHAD
Any of the rest of you try something stupid like that, you'll get worse.

Rico squats by Lenny, who recovers slowly.

RICO
You okay, baby bro?

LENNY
He was having an attack.

RICO
He was attacking you. Keep your distance, okay? You ain't the muscle here.

Chad stares quizzically at the downed Security Guard.

CHAD
I didn't think that nice old guy had it in him.

Trill yells from on high, his cross in his hand.

TRILL
Hoo-doo. That's what that was.

Chad kneels beside Lenny and Rico.

CHAD
Rico--

RICO
Hey, pachuco, I’m busy. He nearly got killed--

CHAD
Clock’s ticking. He’s okay. Right, Lenny? You okay?

LENNY
Yeah. I’m good, bro.

Doubtful, Rico heads back to the rear. Chad checks Lenny over.

CHAD
Dye cannisters. You up to it?

LENNY
Yeah. His eyes, man. There was something up with his eyes.

Trill nods from his perch, troubled.

The Teller, young and pretty, hides her piercings and tatoos with bandaids-- it doesn’t work on her attitude-- wipes blood from the Security Guard’s nose. Lenny squats beside her.

LENNY
How’s he doing?

TELLER
You mean, apart from getting hit with a garbage can? He’s peachy.

LENNY
Let’s go, I need your help with something...
(as she resists)
He’ll be all right.

Rolling her bright blue eyes, she takes his hand and rises.

INT. BANK - TELLERS GATE - DAY

Lenny escorts the Teller to the station.

LENNY
What’s your name?

TELLER
So you can pretend we’re friends?

LENNY
No, I’m just, you know. I’m Lenny.

TELLER
Whatever, Victim of Senior Abuse.

LENNY
Hey. I just didn’t want to hurt him, all right? We weren’t supposed to hurt anyone.

TELLER
Just tell me what you want. It’s not my money.

LENNY
You know how the timers on the dye cannisters work.

TELLER
Why?

LENNY
Gimme your number, and I’ll tell you tomorrow.

TELLER
Cute.

And she kinda means it. The Teller leads Lenny down the row of teller stations, pulling cannisters out of the drawers.

INT. REAR OFFICE - DAY

Rico uses an electric chisel on the concrete. He pulls away a thick slab of concrete. Chad rolls stacks of money in.

RICO
Man, this whole bank’s about to fall in. How’d you know about them mines? You from here?

CHAD
No need to know where I’m from.

RICO
Just saying. You get upset, you talk like those hicks out there. And that bank manager knew you.

CHAD
That’s not an issue anymore, is it?
(troubled)
Why do you think he went after Lenny like that?

EXT. COMMAND CENTER

Bandy and Stennis huddle over a surveyor’s map.

BULL
I wanna know why we’re letting ‘em call the game, after they got those two killed?

BANDY
You had a little something to do with that.

BULL
Blame the badge. Different day, same old shit--

BANDY
(points at the map)
Help me out, Bull-- We got ‘em surrounded, shut down the air space. So how’re they gettin’ out?

BULL
They take that money, it’ll be years before the government sends more. I stand to lose my place.

BANDY
People stand to lose their lives--
(an idea)
You don’t think those boys in there know about the mines?

INT. REAR OFFICE

Rico chisels, Chad clears away the broken concrete shards.

RICO
The weak link. You can sense it. Like that crazy black dude pushing him around.

CHAD
The sooner we get out of here--

RICO
Yeah, about that-- you got a map or something?

CHAD
I know my way down there.

RICO
Yeah, but, on paper, in case something happens to you--

CHAD
Nothing better happen to me.

RICO
Just saying. Liz and I got plans for that money.

CHAD
Plans change...

INT. BANK - TELLERS GATE - DAY

As Liz patrols the hostages, cowed and huddled on the floor--

The Teller hands a dye cannister to Lenny.

TELLER
Now, you try it. Don’t screw up, or you’re paying for the dry cleaning.

LENNY
I can afford it--

As Lenny fumbles with it--

The Teller stiffens as a breeze blows her hair. Her eyes roll back yellow--

The Teller lunges at Lenny. They fall out of sight. The dye cannister explodes, red paint splattering the wall.

LIZ
Shit! Rico! Chad!

INT. BANK - VAULT - DAY

Rico finishes chiseling another chunk--

LIZ (O.S.)
Get in here!

Chad and Rico race out.

INT. BANK - TELLERS GATE

Liz leaps up to the teller’s ledge, rolls over the partition--

The Teller and Lenny, both covered in red, grapple on the floor. The Teller throttles him with animal ferocity.

Liz lines up a kick--

The Teller grabs her foot, twists. Liz hits the floor hard.

Chad and Rico run in. The hostages scream, race for the door.

Chanting, spitting pink foam, the Teller pins Lenny, shakes her manicured hand--

And plunges it into Lenny’s neck. As Rico rounds the counter--

RICO
Hermano!

Chad spins around the gate, dives into the Teller, knocking her off Lenny.

Face to face, he looks into the Teller’s yellow eyes. She snaps her teeth at him, her tongue stretching.

Rico kneels by Lenny, who gurgles, spasms. Covered in red.

RICO
Hang on, baby bro--

With eerie strength, the Teller rolls, flinging Chad off her. She squats, arms wide, beckoning him to attack.

Chad rips a metal cash drawer from it’s slot, swings it at her, catching her in the head. She shakes it off, scarcely noticing as she charges, diamond-tipped talons outstretched.

Lenny dies in Rico’s arms, a last plume of blood spray rising from his neck. Rico glares angrily at--

The Teller, going for Chad’s throat. Chad can’t hold her off.

Rico grabs the Teller by the neck with both hands, crashes her into the wall.

She kicks, scrabbles at him, a fixed smile on her face.

Rico slams her head against the marble desk, snaps her neck. Her head askew, her body sags. Rico drops her like trash.

Chad and Rico stare at the Teller, panting.

RICO
Holy fucking shit!

Chad kneels by Lenny.

CHAD
Lenny!

RICO
She was loco! Coming at us like a freight train! Like a rabid--

The Teller suddenly erupts, her head at a horrible angle to her shoulders. Yellow eyes glimmer with evil.

TELLER
Death make me stronger!

CHAD
Trill!

Watching horrified from his perch, Trill puts three rounds in her back. BAM BAM BAM!

She staggers, then launches herself at Rico. Her head lolls as he struggles with her, seriously freaked.

Chad grabs a dowel from the back wall, throws it over her head, pulls her back. A parting shot sends Rico to the floor.

Chad spins, throws the Teller to the ground, face first. As she pushes herself up--

Chad spots the change machine. Heavy. He slides it off the desk--

It lands with a sickening CRUNCH on her head. After a few seconds, she goes still.

Rico gasps in pain from the floor. Liz joins them, terrified.

RICO
Holy fucking shit!

LIZ
What the hell is happening?!

RICO
I broke her fucking neck, yo! I felt it snap!

CHAD
Her eyes-- they were yellow...

TRILL
They’re moving.

FROM TRILL’S PERCH

We can see outside the cops are taking position, Defcon 4.

The frightened hostages scatter, some for the door, some for cover, all screaming.

Rico crawls through blood and paint to Lenny, who stares unblinking at the ceiling.

RICO
Hermano... what’d she do to you?

The phone rings. Chad moves, smearing blood from his hands. He scans the room, doing quick mental triage.

CHAD
Liz. Round up the hostages. Take ‘em to one of the conference rooms. Rico, we need you in the back.

As Chad tries to regain control, Trill leaps down from his perch, stands over Lenny behind the tellers station. He pulls the cross from his own neck, rubs it between his palm, chanting softly. He dips the cross in Lenny’s neck wound.

Liz tries to pull Rico away. He violently shrugs her off. She grabs his arm and twists, forcing him up and against the counter.

LIZ
Baby, window’s closing. We don’t move, we all wind up on this floor.

RICO
I ain’t doing shit!

Trill pockets his bloody cross, then daubs his hands with Lenny’s blood.

Liz and Rico glare at each other, an impasse, wounds on display. Chad breaks it.

CHAD
Give him a second. It’s his brother.

Trill rests a comforting hand on Rico’s and Liz’s necks--

Leaving a smear of blood.

TRILL
(softly)
Babula carimba.

Trill paternally steers Liz from Rico. Liz strokes Rico’s face, then walks off.

Chad lifts the ringing phone.

CHAD
Yeah.

EXT. FEDERAL SAVINGS BANK - DAY

From outside, amidst screams and shouted commands, Bandy talks on the phone. Intercut as needed.

BANDY
We heard shots fired.

CHAD
There was a, uh...

BANDY
Goddam it, son, I’m trying to work with you here, but if you start lying to me--

CHAD
One of the hostages went for a gun, and it went off. No one was hurt.

BANDY
I’ma need proof. I’ma need a list of hostages, names, IDs-

CHAD
You ain’t gettin’ ‘em, sir!

BANDY
Careful, son. Your accent’s showing.

Chad closes his eyes, frustrated. Keeps silent.

BANDY (CONT.)
It don’t matter. All that matters now is that you and me, we the only voices of reason in this sorry-ass burg. We don’t make progress, I’ma lose control of the situation. You don’t want that.

Chad spots Liz shoving Derek and his Mother to the back.

CHAD
(back in charge)
I’ll send out a hostage. She’ll verify no one was hurt.

BANDY
No tricks now.

INT. BANK LOBBY - DAY

Chad hangs up--

Trill puts a bloody hand on Chad’s neck.

TRILL
Babula carimba.

CHAD
What?!

TRILL
(all innocent)
... Nothing.

Chad whistles at Liz, halting her from her herding. Chad points to the Mother.

CHAD
Lady. C‘mere. Liz, watch the kid.

Weeping, the Mother obeys, as Liz leads Derek away.

MOTHER
Please don’t hurt him--

Chad puts a comforting arm around her, leads her to the door.

CHAD
He’s fine. I need you to do me a favor. I’m gonna let you go.

MOTHER
Thank you. Thank you...

CHAD
The cops are gonna ask you a bunch of questions. I need you to tell ‘em, no one was hurt. The gun just went off. Everyone’s fine.

MOTHER
Everyone’s fine. I’ll tell them. Derek, come here.

Derek tries to run over, but Liz hangs on.

CHAD
Derek stays here.

Chad turns the key, opens the door.

MOTHER
Please, no, let me take him-- Or let someone else go out there--

CHAD
Everyone’s fine. Convince ‘em. Or it’s gonna get mighty warm in here. Right, Derek?

Tears streaming down her face, Mother backs out, keeping her eyes on her son. Chad closes the door and locks it.

Derek lunges past Liz, races for the front door.

LIZ
Hey!

Chad scoops him up as he nears the door.

DEREK
Let me go! I want out!

CHAD
Yeah, take a number.

Chad drags the struggling Derek towards the teller station.

DEREK
Let me go! You can’t keep me here!

CHAD
We need you here, little man. You got a job, if you want it.

DEREK
... Does it pay?

Chad smiles, grabs a stray hundred dollar bill from the teller’s station and tucks it in Derek’s shirt pocket.

CHAD
My buddy Trill’s gonna clean up back there for you--

TRILL
(from his perch)
I am?

Chad grabs a dye cannister.

CHAD
And then I need you to find all of these. Look in every drawer, every cupboard. ‘Til you find ‘em all. Okay? You in?

DEREK
It’ll cost another hundred.

CHAD
Half now, half when you finish.

Derek looks up at Trill, who looks down at him.

TRILL
What you looking at?

DEREK
You gotta clean up. He said. C’mon, clock’s ticking.

As Trill climbs down, grumbling, Chad walks over to--

The still unconscious Security Guard.

CHAD
What’s going on here?

LATER

CHAD (O.S.)
Come on. Graceland. Wake up.

Water dribbles down the Security Guard’s face as he rouses. He opens his eyes--

To find Rico and Chad in red-splattered clothes staring back.

The Security Guard grabs his head.

SECURITY GUARD
Ow. Jesus, my head...

CHAD
Sorry about that. You didn’t give us a choice.

SECURITY GUARD
Why? What’d I do?

CHAD
You don’t remember?

RICO
He remembers. Stop lying!

SECURITY GUARD
You took my gun?

CHAD
After that?

RICO
(lunging)
You went for my brother! You fuckin’ tried to strangle him!

Chad keeps Rico off the terrified Security Guard.

SECURITY GUARD
No, no, I got the arthritis--

CHAD
I put you up against that window--

SECURITY GUARD
(remembering)
Mr. Reese. Preacher. You sent them out. They got took down.

CHAD
Uh-huh...

SECURITY GUARD
The tornado?

CHAD
Tornado?

SECURITY GUARD
And then... I musta fallen asleep. I do that sometimes, under stress.

CHAD
I’d keep that off the resume, if I were you.

RICO
And you don’t remember throwing my brother at me? Saying all that weird shit about death makin’ you stronger?

Chad pushes Rico back.

CHAD
Let’s leave him alone. Let him catch his breath.

RICO
Man, the old fool’s lying--

CHAD
I don’t think so--

SECURITY GUARD
“Death make me stronger.”

Chad and Rico turn to the Security Guard.

SECURITY GUARD
Huh. That was in my dream. While I was out. I was on a beach with Preacher. And he kept saying that.

CHAD
He say anything else?

SECURITY GUARD
Well, he had some choice words for you fellers. And he said “I won’t go into the black.” And he kept laughing.

The Security Guard smiles in fond recollection. Chad and Rico stare at him, creeped out.

INT. TELLER’S STATION

Trill pushes Lenny’s body over by the Teller’s, shoving blood and dye over with a jacket. Derek oversees from the counter.

TRILL
Couldn’t you even find me a mop?

DEREK
It’s a poor worker blames his tools.

Trill glares at Derek. The kid shrugs.

INT. CUBICLES

Liz pulls a weeping hostage from under a desk.

LIZ
Come on, lil’ gerbil-- Richard Gere’s calling.

Liz pushes the hostage towards a waiting line of hostages.

INT. LOBBY

Trill joins Rico and Chad, wiping blood off his hands.

CHAD
Where’d you put the bodies?

TRILL
In the cubicles. Ain’t been a ten year old’s bitch in a while.

CHAD
When the security guard went nuts, you said something.

TRILL
What’d I say?

CHAD
Hoo-doo? Or some shit.

Trill looks away, embarrassed. Rico pushes him.

RICO
He said the same thing that teller chick was saying--

TRILL
Death make me stronger. Like the whack job that got killed.

CHAD
You said he was making curses.

TRILL
Maybe. We don’t believe in that shit, do we?

INT. REAR OFFICES

Liz orchestrates the Hostages, sitting on the floor against the walls on the far side of a conference table.

LIZ
Let me explain it to you. That Teller tried to be a hero, and her heads a pancake. Act up, you die. Stay quiet, you live.

A sheaf of papers suddenly flutters off a desk, moved by an unseen wind. Liz stares at the papers, alarmed.

Behind Liz, a Hostage suddenly stands. He lurches toward her, yellow eyes gleaming.

INT. LOBBY

Chad, Rico and Trill talk while Derek roots through the teller’s station

CHAD
Something’s turning the hostages into psychos. And I think you know what it is.

TRILL
Man, just ‘cause I’m black, I gotta be the voodoo expert?

CHAD
And what the fuck is “Babulah Carimba”?

RICO
Babula what?

CHAD
Ask him.

TRILL
It’s nothing. Just a little precaution--

CHAD
Against what?

INT. REAR OFFICES

The Hostage moves for Liz.

Liz catches sight of the Hostage in the shiny conference table as he grabs for her.

Liz ducks, spins, takes out the Man’s knee, slams his head onto the table-- merciless and swift.

He recovers, too quickly. His eyes glow yellow. He lashes out, chanting. Liz dodges, barely, and breaks the Hostage’s arm. She flips him onto the table. He rolls to the other side. Liz leaps after him, landing on her feet, ready to strike--

HOSTAGE #2
No. Please--

Twitching in shock, his eyes normal, the Hostage cowers from her. Liz stares, confused--

Her head slams against the table, shoved by--

Another HOSTAGE, the yellow eyes now possessing her.

INT. LOBBY

TRILL
(caves)
Okay, my Mama was superstitious. Used to shake the chicken bones all over. Wash de evil, she’d say. Get rid of evil spirits. It were embarrassin’, man. Bring a girl home, have Mama wavin’ the stink bag all over her.

CHAD
So what’s going on? What would your Mama say?

TRILL
She’d say, evil spirit. Vengeful. Don’t wanna die.

RICO
Won’t go into the black.

TRILL
Taking over living souls in the vicinity. Making ‘em do things they wouldn’t-- or couldn’t. That’s what she’d say.

INT. REAR OFFICE

Liz falls into a crowd of Hostages. As one attacks, she swiftly fights him off--

Only to be charged by a different one, as the yellow eyes pass from hostage to hostage.

Liz fights through the crowd, leaps up onto the table.

INT. LOBBY

CHAD
What vicinity we talking about?

TRILL
Man, I don’t know. Ain’t no Olympic sport. The room? The building? Depend on how strong the spirit is.

CHAD
And death makes him stronger. So what else can he do?

INT. REAR OFFICE

The Hostages attack, one at a time, from different sides. Liz parries viciously, breaking a nose here, an arm there.

The yellow eyes swirl around, from hostage to hostage, faster-

All the hostage have yellow eyes!  They grab Liz’s foot. She falls hard to the table.

Liz twists violently from the grabbing hands. She grabs a female hostage by the hair, slams her into the table, rolls behind her and kicks her into the crowd, giving Liz some breathing room.

Lunging for the locked door, she grabs the key from her pocket, puts it in the handle--

A Hostage grabs her by the hair, chanting the other-worldly chant. He lifts a large hand beneath Liz’s neck, prepares to twist--

Liz kicks back against the Hostage’s shin, breaking it. Twisting, she slides out of the Hostage’s grip and slams his head into the metal door knob--

Catching him in the eye socket, killing him instantly.

Liz scrambles to pull him off the doorknob, pulls the door open, turns back--

The Hostages rush her!

Liz backs up, slams the door--

A hand wedges itself in the door frame.

INT. LOBBY

RICO
(lost)
So Babula--

CHAD
Keeps him out of us?

TRILL
In theory, I guess. Could we get back to the real world, please?

RICO
Trill, this shit’s happening!

CHAD
(computing strange math)
The Security Guard was right at the door where Preacher was shot. The Teller was right by the Guard. So maybe he can’t jump very far.

RICO
Yet.

CHAD
But the real question is, how do we stop him?

LIZ (O.S.)
They’re coming!

Liz staggers out, battered and bleeding, clothes torn. She runs for Chad--

A Hostage races up behind her, clubs her to the ground. More hostages pour out of the back, yellow eyes gleaming.

RICO
Holy fucking shit!

TRILL
He’s in all of ‘em!

CHAD
Trill! Silencers. No kill shots.

Trill clambers up to his perch and weapons cache as--

Rico and Chad run to Liz.

Liz rolls to her back, kicks off the Hostage--

As more Hostages charge through the door. They fall onto Liz. Liz fights them off frantically.

Chad and Rico pull the Hostages off. Punching, kicking, throwing, they manage to keep the Hostages at bay-- barely.

Derek hides in terror behind the teller desk.

Rico, in his element, takes out two at a time with an elbow.

RICO
Not so tough when there’s thirty of him.

CHAD
Yeah-- but there’s thirty of him!

Rico snaps the neck of one of the Hostages. She collapses.

CHAD
No killing!

Rico ignores him.

Liz scrabbles away from three Hostages, who tear at her--

Phfft! One twirls away, caught in the shoulder. Phfft! Another one. Liz sweeps the last one, catches him with a kick to the jaw. She scrabbles to her feet.

Hostages race for the teller desk.

CHAD
Derek!

Chad throws himself over the partition.

Derek races away from the charging Hostages--

Chad lands between them. Grabbing two rolls of quarters, he swings his fists, landing devastating punches that break jaws, ribs, eye sockets. Finally, the Hostages are beaten to the ground, not out, but no longer dangerous.

Chad turns to Derek, blood dripping from his fists.

Derek weeps, almost hysterical, in the far end of the teller’s station. Chad kneels before him, winded.

CHAD
Little man, I got a job for you.

Derek calms, looks Chad in the eye.

LOBBY

Rico struggles mightily, but five Hostages swarm him, pinning him down.

Liz leaps from desk to desk in the cubicle area, barely staying one step ahead of the Hostages.

Trill drops a silenced gun, now empty, lifts a pistol, aims--

CHAD
Preacher!

All the still conscious Hostages pause, look up at--

Chad, on the teller counter.

CHAD
I’m the one that sent you out there. I’m the one got you killed.

The Hostages speak as one. It sounds like a cat purring.

HOSTAGES
Yooooooooouuuuu...

CHAD
Come and get me.

They start to turn towards him.

Chad leaps off the teller counter towards the rear offices.

The Hostages stampede after him.

INT. HALLWAY

Chad races in, throws himself into the first door.

Twenty Hostages follow him, climbing over each other to get through the door.

INT. REAR OFFICE

Chad turns the heavy conference table, shoves it towards the Hostages.

They keep coming, scrabbling over and around the table.

Chad backs up to the window at the rear of the room, looking into the adjacent office.

INT. HALLWAY

The last of the crowd of Hostages crams in. Derek races up and closes the door behind them, locking it.

INT. REAR OFFICE

Chad sees the door close. He swings an elbow back, shatters the glass, and lunges into the next office.

The Hostages follow.

INT. HALLWAY

Derek races down the hall to the next door, locks it.

INT. REAR OFFICE

Chad sprints across the office to the window on the far side, throws himself through it. Putting distance between him and--

The pursuing Hostages.

INT. LAST OFFICE

Chad tumbles into the room--

Slams his head on the conference table. He staggers to his knees, stunned.

INT. HALLWAY

Derek races to the last door, opens it.

INT. LAST OFFICE

Derek calls to Chad from the door.

DEREK
Mister! Mister!

Chad shakes his bleeding head, clears his vision, spots Derek-

A Hostage flies through the broken window, lands on Chad.

Derek flinches, but keeps the door open.

Chad flips the Hostage off his back as another one clambers through. Chad gets halfway to the door before he’s brought down.

CHAD
Lock it! Get out and lock it!

Derek pulls the door shut.

INT. HALLWAY

Derek locks the door, but keeps his ear pressed against it, hoping against hope.

INT. LAST OFFICE

Chad twists and kicks, knocking the Hostages off of him. They claw at him--

Scraping the chalky blood smear off his neck.

Chad scrabbles under the conference table to the far side as--

More Hostages climb in through the window, slicing themselves on the shards of glass. They don’t care.

Chad spots--

The speckled ceiling tiles above him.

With his last burst of strength, Chad heaves the conference table on it’s side--

Forcing the Hostages back--

Chad leaps up onto the table top rim and launches himself up--

He punches through the tiles, grabs the metal frames and pulls himself into the ceiling.

A Fat Hostage follows him up to the table top rim.

INT. CEILING

Chad pulls himself back along the tiles.

The Fat Hostage erupts from below, clutching at his feet.

FAT HOSTAGE
Yoooooouuu...

But the Fat Hostage is too wide to make it through the metal frame, only managing to wedge himself in the square.

Chad turns back, gets right in the Fat Hostage’s face.

CHAD
Preacher? Hey, Whack-a-Mole. I’d love to stay and kill you all day, but I got shit to do. You all hang out here like good boys and girls.

FAT HOSTAGE
Me save you for last. Death make me stronger--

Chad punches the Fat Hostage in the face, knocking him cold.

CHAD
And that makes you quiet.

INT. HALLWAY

Derek listens through the door. Nothing.

DEREK
Mister?

He starts to turn the lock--

A ceiling tile falls to the carpet behind him. Derek shudders.

Chad dangles down through the hole in the ceiling, falls to the floor. He staggers to his knees, spots Derek-- gives him a big thumbs up.

Derek races down the hall, tackles Chad in a hug. They fall back.

CHAD
... Okay. I'd say that was worth five hundred.

DEREK
Six.

CHAD
Let's make it an even grand.

INT. COMMAND CENTER - DAY

Derek's Mother sits at a table, an untouched pastry and cup of coffee in front of her. Bandy speaks to her, all empathy.

MOTHER
Everyone's fine.

BANDY
We heard three shots.

MOTHER
She... she went for the gun. It went off. No one was hurt.

BANDY
Where did the bullets go?...

Bull Stennis charges into the command center.

BULL
Okay, lady. Enough bullshit. How many hostages?

MOTHER
About twenty. They were putting them in the rear office when I...

BULL
Including your kid?

BANDY
Your son is in there?

MOTHER
... Everyone’s fine. No one was shot.

BULL
They saving a bullet for your son if you tell us the truth?

MOTHER
No! Everyone’s fine--

BANDY
Bull-- Take it easy.

BULL
She wouldn’t be scared if these guys weren’t killers! How many, huh? With you just watching? How many people are you gonna let die?

MOTHER
They have my son!

BULL
How many hostages--?

MOTHER
One! This teller, she went crazy, and they shot her. They had to. Derek...

BULL
I’m sure they had to.

Bandy grabs Bull’s arm, pulls him out of the trailer.

EXT. COMMAND CENTER

Bandy drags Bull aside.

BANDY
Ay God, Bull, she’s trying to protect her son.

BULL
Little punk’s been playing you like a fiddle. They’re killing hostages.

BANDY
One hostage. Still less than we done killed. And how many hostages gonna get shot when you rush in, guns blazing?

BULL
Every second we dick around out here sends a message, not just to them, but every thug watching the goddam TV, that we easy pickings! They ain’t gettin’ that money!

BANDY
Bull. I’m begging you, as a friend. This here ain’t about you.

BULL
There’s a dead hostage in there. We go tactical, that’s the policy. I’m relieving you of command, Bandy.

Bull holds out his hand for the command phone. Bandy reluctantly passes it to him.

INT. LOBBY

A Hostage writhes on the floor, crawling towards--

Rico. Liz stands behind Rico, scared.

LIZ
They’re kinda cute when they’re all broken down and stumbly--

Rico calmly wedges a knee in the Hostage’s back, pulls up on his chin, snapping the spine. The Hostage goes limp.

Liz sobs in horror.

LIZ
Oh, holy Christ--

Rico placidly makes his way over--

To the next helpless Hostage, both legs shot out, but still smiling in yellow-eyed lunacy. Rico lifts the Hostage by the shirt--

LIZ
Baby? Baby, please, don’t...

Trill pulls Rico off.

TRILL
Man, I busted my ass trying not to kill that guy, ain’t no one killin--

Rico punches Trill hard, sends him back against the teller’s station. Trill pulls out a gun, points it at Rico.

TRILL
You wetback motherfucker!

LIZ
Stop it! Stop it!

Rico grabs the hostage by the throat. Liz tries to pull him away, but he shoves her off.

TRILL
I swear to God, man--

Chad steps in, holding Derek.

CHAD
What’s going on?

As Rico twists, snapping the Hostages neck. Liz cries

CHAD
Jesus!

RICO
It’s okay, bro. Ain’t using a gun.

Rico walks calmly to another helpless Hostage with a wounded shoulder (HOSTAGE #2), grabbing a marble paperweight from the teller’s counter.

CHAD
How many has he killed?

LIZ
Five.

Chad puts Derek down, steps in between Rico and the Hostage.

CHAD
Rico, killing them just makes him more powerful. Right, Trill?

TRILL
Man, how the fuck should I know?

RICO
He can be as powerful as he wants, but if he got no more hostages, who’s he gonna take over?

CHAD
How about one of us? All of us?

RICO
No, Trill did that “Babula” shit.

TRILL
Yeah, and I’m sorry I did. Now I got you all talkin’ like my mama.

RICO
So hostages are all he can take over, we kill ‘em all--
(eyes Derek)
And I mean all-- our problems are over.

LIZ
The cops’ll storm the place--

RICO
Not if they don’t know.

CHAD
It’s murder--

RICO
Wake up, man! It was murder the second that whack job went down.

HOSTAGE #2
Your brother. So sweet, his blood.

Rico charges the Hostage. Chad fends him off.

CHAD
Bro, they’re innocent. They didn’t do anything--

RICO
They killed my brother!

CHAD
Not them. Him. He did it.

RICO
He’s in them. I don’t care where the fuck he pops up, I’m killing him.

Rico lunges for the Hostage. Chad takes the paperweight from his hand, twists him back against the teller station.

CHAD
You can’t kill him. He’s already dead.

RICO
Get outta my fuckin’ way--

Hostage #2’s eyes roll back, and he wilts against the floor.

HOSTAGE #2
Owww... my shoulder... my God...

Chad, Rico and Trill stand over the Hostage, baffled.

TRILL
He’s gone.

INT. LAST OFFICE

Chad and Rico open the door.

The Hostages weep and tend to their wounds. Fat Hostage’s legs kick from the ceiling. No sign of possession.

One Hostage glares at Chad.

HOSTAGE #3
What did you do to us? Monsters!

INT. LOBBY

Chad and Rico run back out to Trill and Liz.

RICO
Where’d he go to? Trill?

TRILL
Man, why ask me? I didn’t go to no possession school.

CHAD
What would your Mom say?

TRILL
She’d say, I don’t know... Maybe he “went into the light” or whatever.

RICO
He coulda blown hisself out.

CHAD
We had all the hostages on ice. Maybe he just gave up.

TRILL
But he ain’t here anymore. You can feel it.

Chad smiles hopefully. Rico does not return it.

LIZ
Uh, guys--

They turn to Liz, who stands near the front glass doors.

LIZ
They’re all kindsa busy out there. Pushing the press back-- Something’s going on.

Chad joins her at the window, watches the activity outside.

CHAD
That’s right-- we’re robbing a bank.

The phone rings, echoing in the stillness of the lobby.

CHAD
(to Liz)
Get the hostages out of here. Dead ones in the cubicles, live ones in the safe.

Liz drags the bodies towards the cubicles. Chad picks up the phone.

CHAD
Bandy? We had a deal--

BULL (O.S.)
This is not Bandy.

EXT. FEDERAL SAVINGS BANK - DAY

Bull stands right in front of the glass bank doors, looking in at Chad as he speaks to him.

BULL
Your little league days are behind you, son. Welcome to the show.

Intercut as needed.

CHAD
Where’s Bandy?

BULL
I want a head count of all hostages, immediately, and I want their release in ten minutes.

CHAD
How about my left nut? You want that too?

BULL
Unless I’m very much mistaken, I’ll have both of ‘em on my mantel by nightfall.

CHAD
I’m hanging up. If you want anything else, send a fax.

BULL
You can keep the dead teller.

Chad turns from the window and closes his eyes.

BULL
Yeah, she told us.

CHAD
She lied. I’ll put the teller on the phone if you want--

BULL
Don’t let’s play games, son. I think you’re beginning to realize how deep is the shit you’re in.

INT. BANK LOBBY - DAY

Chad hangs up the phone. He watches Bull slide his radio into his belt, check his watch, and saunter away.

CHAD
He’s fixin’ to storm the place.

RICO
Fine with me. Let him come.

CHAD
We still got a chance, Rico.

RICO
A chance to go out fighting.

CHAD
You want Liz to end up like your brother?

The chink in Rico’s armor. He steals a quick glance at her, as she drags a body to the cubicles.

CHAD
Crazy dude’s gone, for now. We’re back on track. We get outta here, with the money, we leave this crazy shit behind. But you gotta chill and do your job. You gotta get us to the mines. Because *this* shit, I can handle.

Moist sanity returns to Rico’s eyes.

RICO
We taking Lenny with us.

CHAD
Fine. Of course.

Rico heads towards the rear offices. Chad watches him go.

CHAD
Trill. The TV cameras still there?

TRILL
Yep. Not for long, though.

Chad spots Liz herding Derek to the safe with the others.

CHAD
Not him!

Chad grabs Derek and hoists him up on the teller station.

CHAD
I’m going out, little man. Keep everyone in line while I’m gone.

DEREK
Do I get another grand?

CHAD
(laughing)
What are you going to do with all this dough?

DEREK
Got my eyes on a sweet 4 wheeler.

Chad ties Derek’s shoes.

CHAD
Well, you want my advice? Hide it. Don’t tell Mom or Dad, or they’ll take it. They’ll say they’re borrowing it, but you’ll never see it again. Then when you’re 18, take the cash and blow town.

DEREK
Why?

CHAD
This ain’t no place for a smart kid like you. All anyone does here is work and die. Last thing in the world you want is to die here. Anywhere but here.

Chad looks up from Derek’s shoes to his eyes. For a moment, open and vulnerable, all defenses down. The moment passes.

CHAD
Anyway. That’s my advice. And there’s an extra grand in it for you if you take it.

Chad tucks another errant hundred into Derek’s shirt pocket. He heads over to the Security Guard, helps him to his feet.

CHAD
How’s your head, Graceland?

SECURITY GUARD
Ain’t never seen nothing like this.

CHAD
Let’s take a walk. I bet you got family waiting to see you.

SECURITY GUARD
You sure? Cops’re gonna ask me what’s going on in here.

CHAD
Well if you figure it out, let me know. Liz! Let us out.

Chad tosses Liz the keys. Liz shakes her head.

LIZ
Don’t do it. Don’t go out there.

CHAD
Just gonna buy us some more time--

Liz hugs Chad hard. Chad strokes her hair.

From the back, Rico watches. Eyes filled with quiet rage.

Chad gently holds Liz back.

CHAD
We got it. We get the cops to stand down, and we’re free and clear.
(whispers)
Rico was talking about your plans.

LIZ
It’s easier to dump someone when they’re rich.

Chad and Liz share a smile. They pull their masks down, she unlocks the door, fingers trembling.

EXT. FEDERAL SAVINGS BANK - REAR LOT - DAY

Cops take position in the rear lot. Others perch on rooftops looking down on the rear lot.

EXT. FEDERAL SAVINGS BANK - DAY

A camera crew films a NEWSWOMAN near the bank.

NEWSWOMAN
... an estimated thirty hostages in a stand off with local police...

INT. BANK LOBBY

Chad leads the Security Guard to the door, both scared.

SECURITY GUARD
Don’t do it, son, it’s humiliating--

CHAD
They’ll take care of your head, Grandpa. Besides, you hostages ain’t doing me a world of good right now. Smile for the camera.

Chad and the Security Guard leap out. Liz locks the door. Keeps her face pressed up against the glass.

Derek stands on the teller’s station.

DEREK
C’mon, lady. Back to work. You’re not getting paid by the hour.

TRILL
(from his perch)
Man, I hate that little bastard.

EXT. FEDERAL SAVINGS BANK - DAY

Chad and Security Guard pace in front of the bank. Chad is wild-eyed as he presses a gun to Security Guard’s head.

CHAD
Where’s Bull! Which one-a you’s Bull?!

Bull speaks into his mike. Bandy stands beside him.

The cops are all positioned. They sight their rifles on Chad’s head as he flails about.

The TV Cameras pick him up. Newswoman gets out of the way.

CHAD
I came out in good faith with a hostage, now put the guns down!

Bull stands there, impassively.

CHAD
Threaten to storm the bank?! You can’t wait for the FBI?! This is a Federal Bank!

NEWSWOMAN
Breaking news from Channel 2, the bank robbers are asking to negotiate--

Bull keeps his mike low, stubborn, adamant.

BULL
Release the hostages!

CHAD
I release the hostages, you’re gonna kill us all!
(to the camera)
He told me. He told me on the radio, he said I’m gonna kill you all! He’s crazy!

BULL
You let the hostages go, and--

CHAD
He’s telling everyone we already killed one. We ain’t killed anyone! He’s setting us up!

BULL
You know as well as I do--

BANDY
Gimme the gun, son, no one’s killin’ anyone. Let’s end this now.

CHAD
He told me! I’m here, I got my hostage, good faith! Now put the guns down!

Bandy looks at Bull, who refuses to budge.

CHAD
See! He won’t do it! He’s gonna kill us all!

Onlookers start to boo. A PD PR disaster.

BANDY
Bull. Do it. We’re not takin’ him out while they got hostages inside--

BULL
I’m in command, Bandy--

Bull glares at the cameras, at the crowd, at Chad.

Chad winks.

Bull’s eyes fill with hatred--

But he looks down at the mike and starts to lift it. Heaviest radio ever, it comes up sooo slowly.

The crowd cheers.

Bull whispers into the mike.

On their rooftop perches, the snipers touch their ears, confused.

Bull chants gibberish into the mike. His eyes gleam yellow.

He drops the radio, raises his gun.

Chad ducks behind the Security Guard.

BANG! A bullet rips the Security Guard’s shoulder. The Onlookers gasp.

Bandy grabs Bull’s gun, but Bull throws him aside. Takes aim.

BANG! In the stomach. The Security Guard sags. Chad struggles to keep him up as he sinks. BANG! A shot to the head.

Defenseless, Chad holds out his gun in surrender. Bull draws a bead on him.

BANG! Bull lurches, falls over dead.

Bandy, smoking gun in his hand, crawls to the dropped radio.

BANDY
(dazed)
Lower your weapons.

Terrified, Chad scurries back inside the bank, Liz locks the door, as the cops and medics swarm over the dead bodies of Bull and the Security Guard.

INT. LOBBY

Chad and Liz back away from the door.

LIZ
What the fuck was that?!

CHAD
Crazy Dude. Preacher. It was him.

LIZ
No, he just went nuts, the fascist--

CHAD
It’s him! Preacher.

TRILL
Holy shit... he jumped.

Chad races for the phone. Derek beats him there, hands it to him. Chad waits as it rings.

EXT. FEDERAL SAVINGS BANK

Bandy stands over Bull’s corpse, gun still smoking. He hears the phone ring through his daze. He turns to a cop.

BANDY
Son, radio HQ. Tell ‘em I need somebody out here, to relieve me of command.

Bandy notices-- that the Cop is terrified of him, his hands raised and shaking.

BANDY
Go. Do it.

The Cop races away. The Newspeople shout questions at Bandy. He can’t make them out. To himself;

BANDY
We’ll need a copy of the videotape for IA. For the inquest. Jesus.

Bandy squeezes his eyes shut. Then the ringing phone punches through his trauma. He staggers towards the command center.

INT. LOBBY

Chad waits on the phone, yells up at Trill.

CHAD
Can they jump?! Evil spirits?

TRILL
Leave me alone!

CHAD
‘Cause before, you said vicinity.
You mighta mentioned he could jump--

TRILL
Fuck you.

CHAD
(into phone)
Bandy!

INT. COMMAND CENTER

Bandy talks on the phone, still in a daze. Intercut as needed.

BANDY
Son, I’m begging you not to hurt any hostages. I don’t know what happened. That man served two tours in ‘Nam, he had forty years on the force, and he was a p-- a personal friend.

CHAD
Listen to me. It wasn’t him.

BANDY
Musta just snapped, I don’t know.

CHAD
I know. He didn’t snap.

BANDY
But the hostages--

CHAD
Bandy. The hostages are the least of your trouble. You’re in some serious shit. Now, listen...

INT. REAR OFFICES

With a roar of triumph, Rico drills a chunk of packed dirt--

Into a the black tunnel below. It splashes into the stagnant water flooding the tunnel.

Liz rushes in.

LIZ
You all right?

RICO
We’re through.

LIZ
Way to go, baby. Let’s get the money down.

Liz reaches for the stack, but Rico grabs her wrist.

RICO
First, I get Lenny. Then you take care of El Jefe.

Liz glares back, troubled.

INT. LOBBY

Derek places the dye cannisters by the doors as Chad talks on the phone.

CHAD
I know, Bandy, it sounds crazy--

INT. COMMAND CENTER

Bandy, furious, talks on the phone. Intercut as needed.

BANDY
It ain’t crazy. You’re out of your goddam mind, that’s what it is! You trying to cop an insanity plea?

CHAD
You need to disarm your detail, all of ‘em. Now. Lock up the weapons, throw away the key. You, too.

BANDY
Right, so ya'll can just waltz on out of here--

INT. LOBBY

Gunshot! The glass shatters up in Trill's perch. Trill grunts in surprise, falls back onto the teller's station.

TRILL
Shit! How'd he see me up there?!

CHAD
Trill, you okay?

TRILL
Just busted my ass on this marble.

CHAD
(into phone)
Did you order that shot, Bandy?

INT. COMMAND CENTER

BANDY
No, sir, I did not.

Alarmed, Bandy grabs his mike, keys it.

BANDY
Who fired?... I want the officer responsible to sound off immediately!...

Faintly through the crackles in his mike, Bandy hears the sound of chanting.

INT. LOBBY

Chad hears the chanting over the phone.

CHAD
Shit. It's starting.

Chad points to an Officer sleepwalking towards the bank. Rolled back yellow eyes shaded by his cap brim.

CHAD
There! There! There's one coming at the front door!

INT. REAR OFFICE

Liz twists herself out of Rico’s grip.

LIZ
We need Chad to get through the tunnels.

RICO
Enough with you sitting on the fence. You supposed to be playing him, that’s all.

LIZ
That’s what I’m doing.

RICO
It don’t look that way.

LIZ
It ain’t supposed to, pendejo. We’ll ditch him, like we planned, but after he gets us out of the tunnel. We ain’t doing jack shit with the money down there.

RICO
Down there, in all that dark, with him knowing the turf? He won’t need us no more, baby. We’ll never see the light of day again.

LIZ
But we need him.

RICO
I’ll get us out of there. Or don’t you believe in me no more?

Liz smiles, reluctantly. Throws an arm around his neck.

LIZ
You never failed me yet.

She kisses him deeply.

Derek watches from the door, unnoticed. He races off.

Liz pulls back from the kiss.

LIZ
But you fail bank robbing.

Off his confused expression--

Liz sweep kicks him, slams his head against a concrete slab.

LIZ
Sorry, baby, you don’t throw away the escape route. ‘Til you have to.

She slams his head again, knocking him out cold. She kisses her fingers, places them gently on his temple.

LIZ
Why do I fall for the dumb ones?

EXT. FEDERAL SAVINGS BANK

Bandy steps out of the Command Center Trailer, phone pressed to his ear, moves towards--

The slow moving Officer, who pads for the front door.

CHAD (O.S.)
(over the phone)
Careful, Bandy-- he’s not your man anymore.

BANDY
(into phone)
This was happening to the hostages?

INT. LOBBY

CHAD
(into phone)
Yeah. Don’t kill ‘em, though. It makes him stronger.

EXT. FEDERAL SAVINGS BANK

BANDY
And you know this how? How many of ‘em did you kill?

Bandy glares at Chad through the glass. Chad doesn’t answer.

The Officer pushes forward, reaches for his gun. Bandy calls to him--

BANDY
Tyrell? How you doing, son?
(no answer)
Officer Lewellyn! Stand down!

Bandy hurries in, grabs the gun from the Officer’s grasp. The Officer faces him--

Yellow eyes, a wicked leer. The Officer shoves Bandy--

Sends him skidding down the curb.

Gunshot! The Officer’s shoulder spurts blood. But the Officer keeps shambling towards the bank.

Bandy grabs his radio from the gutter, keys it.

BANDY
Hold your fire! I got it.

Bandy gets to his feet, circles around the Officer, slipping his cuffs out.

BANDY
(into phone)
You didn’t say they’d be so strong.

Bandy shoves the Officer--

The Officer swings back.

Bandy ducks the punch, cuffs the wrist--

Slaps it onto a nearby bike rack.

The Officer struggles against the cuff, but he’s stuck. Bandy heads to the bank door.

INT. LOBBY

Derek runs in.

DEREK
Mister! Mister! The lady!--

Bang! A bullet pocks the glass, brings Chad back to Bandy.

CHAD
Bandy--

BANDY
(into radio)
All units! Hold your fire! I want everyone to lower and unload your weapons. Then dismantle ‘em--

The radio squawks with alarm. Bandy keys over it.

BANDY
You heard me, goddammit. All of you. That means personal arms, too--

Bang! Another shot takes out a window.

BANDY
Who fired?! I want all weapons lowered immediately--

Bang! Bang! Two shots scar the glass two feet from Bandy’s head. Alarmed, Bandy looks at the Cops surrounding the bank.

They stare back, impassive. None of them drop their weapons.

BANDY
Well, hell...

Bandy tosses his radio. They lurch towards him as one.

CHAD
Bandy, get out of here. Get to the trailer.

BANDY
You got any hostages left alive in there?

CHAD
They’re holed up in the vault.

Liz walks in from the rear offices, glaring suspiciously at Derek--

LIZ
We’re through.

She stops short.

LIZ
Oh, Jesus--

CHAD
Bandy! Run! You can make it! They’re slow--

BANDY
Ya’ll got a way out of there?

CHAD
Bandy, they’ll kill you--

BANDY
And they’ll kill the hostages if they get inside.

Derek screeches in terror.

DEREK
Mom!

Amongst the possessed cops, Derek’s Mother shambles forward, yellow-eyed menace on her face.

Bandy pulls out his gun, as another bullet slams into the thick bank glass.

CHAD
You can’t stop them, Bandy--

BANDY
No, but maybe I can slow ‘em down long enough for you to get those hostages out of there.

Bandy fires at the front line of advancing officers, kneecapping them. They fall, and others trip and tumble over them. Bandy turns, presses a hand against the glass.

BANDY
You set this whole freak show in motion, son. I’m counting on you to get as many out as--

Blam! Bandy’s left hand explodes in a cloud of blood. The phone bits shower to the ground. Bandy clutches his hand.

Chad, Trill, Derek and Liz watch helplessly.

Bandy lifts his weapon, fires, sending more Officers to the ground. A bullet catches him in the hip. He falls, groaning.

CHAD
Bandy!

BANDY
... Woulda liked to see how you do it. How you get out.

CHAD
The old Dieter mine.

BANDY
The mines! I knew it. I knew you was a local boy!

Bandy stares at Chad through the glass, as bullets land around him.

BANDY
... Yeah. Yeah, I knew your Daddy--

A final bullet slams home. Bandy twitches and dies.

Chad pounds the glass in sad frustration as bullets pound into Bandy.

CHAD
He’s gone! Leave him alone!

The Cops approach the glass, grinning maniacally, all of their eyes yellow. They pull out their guns, inch closer, kicking Bandy. Bandy’s body presses up against the glass, forced by their shoes.

Liz pulls Chad away from the window, back towards the rear office. Trill and Derek follow.

LIZ
Let’s go, Boss. We gotta evacuate this freak show.

CHAD
We’re taking the hostages.

LIZ
They’ll be safe in the vault--

CHAD
They’re coming with us!

Chad reaches the vault, pulls it open--

INT. VAULT

The hostages sit on the floor. They all look up-- yellow glowing eyes. They charge the door--

Chad shoves the door back, too large to move quickly. Hostage arms and hands reach out--

Chad slams the vault door on them, bones snapping. He leaves the twitching, bleeding hands behind.

CHAD
Bad idea.

INT. REAR OFFICES

Chad, Liz, Trill and Derek walk past--

The rear metal door, denting inward with bullet rounds.

TRILL
We’re running out of time--

INT. REAR OFFICE

The company steps in to find--

Rico, still unconscious, strapped to a wooden palette beside the money. Chad looks at Liz.

LIZ
He made his move. Sent me out to kill you.

CHAD
But he’s still alive.

LIZ
We need him. We need him to... to--

Liz gives up, stares at Chad, tears in her eyes. Chad nods.

CHAD
I was wondering which way you’d go.

LIZ
Rico needs me. You don’t.

CHAD
So why am I still alive?

LIZ
Right. Because thieves always turn on each other. It’s in the thief handbook. So we all walk away, rich and happy, is that unthinkable--?

The sound of a wave crashing down on the beach, deafening. It drowns out Liz.

CHAD
What’s that?

Liz stares at him, alarmed, mouthing silently. Chad looks back at the metal door.

Pocks dent in, but no noise. Just the beach sounds.

Chad turns back--

EXT. BEACH

Liz is gone. So is the bank. Chad stands alone on white sand. Gulls careen overhead, breakers slam onto the shore. Further inland, trees and a cave.

Way off in one direction, Cops and Hostages wander aimlessly. Some weep, some pray, some take off their shoes and furrow the sand.

In the other direction, closer, a figure gestures violently, maniacally. Chad races towards the figure.

CHAD
Hey! What the hell is this?!

The figure becomes familiar as Chad gets closer.

CHAD
Oh, shit...

Preacher stands before him, a baleful smile cracking his face. In a thick Caribbean accent;

PREACHER
Look like me back on the island.

CHAD
You jumped again.

PREACHER
It easier now. Death make me stronger.

CHAD
I heard.

The Preacher’s smile dims.

PREACHER
You a smart boy. Got it all figured out.

CHAD
So this is revenge? I didn’t kill you. The cops did.

PREACHER
That make the bullet feel all kinds of better. You think your cop friend felt better, knowing he was just in the way?

CHAD
(seething)
He wasn’t my friend. He was nothing to me.

PREACHER
Don’t lie to me, boy. I’m in you now. The prodigal son, coming home to claim his inheritance. Afeared you gonna die like your Daddy.

CHAD
So this is all for my benefit.

PREACHER
Brother, you get me wrong. I don’t hate you. You set me free, man. Hated, all my life, ‘cause me see beyond life. And now, here we are, and ain’t it a sight?

CHAD
I prefer the city, myself.

PREACHER
City, mountain, they all be here soon enough. Me grow. Take more souls of them come close enough, take all the souls, as me get stronger.

Preacher throws an evil grimace back at Chad.

PREACHER
Me getting stronger right now.

Preacher indicates another figure further on, identical to the first, on hands and knees,

CHAD
What are you making me do?

PREACHER
Not so smart no more.

Preacher laughs maliciously. Chad takes off for the cave.

As he nears the cave, Preacher steps out from behind a tree.

PREACHER
Where you running off to, Boy? You in my world now. You leave when me let you go.

Chad darts past Preacher into the cave. The Preacher draws back frightened. Chad smiles.

CHAD
You won’t go into the dark.

PREACHER
Go on. Y’won’t be smiling no more.

Chad rushes into the cave. Preacher calls after Chad.

PREACHER
You gonna die *worse* than your Daddy. Me save you for last, and then-- Me set you free.

INT. CAVE

Chad plunges into the dark, the Preacher’s laugh echoing around him. He stumbles, falls--

INT. REAR OFFICE

Lands on Liz, her face bloody, clothes torn, weeping hysterically. She skitters away from Chad.

Chad looks around, getting his bearings.

Trill holds Derek in the corner, keeping his face turned away. Trill stares in dumb amazement at--

Rico, his head caved in with a concrete slab, dead.

Chad turns to Liz--

CHAD
What happened? I didn’t--

TRILL
You bashed his fuckin’ head in, man.

CHAD
No, I...

With shaking hands, Liz grabs for a gun lying on the floor. She fumbles with it, getting a bullet in the chamber.

LIZ
You miserable prick--

Chad scampers across the floor, pushes aside the gun as she pulls the trigger. The bullet goes wide.

CHAD
Liz! It wasn’t me!

LIZ
Wasn’t it?!

CHAD
You saw my eyes, Liz! Were they mine?

TRILL
Yellow like all the others--

Liz head butts Chad, and mounts him with her cocked gun pointed at his temple.

LIZ
I told you, I caved, I fucking, and you! You bashed Rico, my Rico, his head--

CHAD
Liz! Yes! You told me. You loved him. What kind of an idiot would I be to kill him, in front of you? Would that be the smart play?

LIZ
Maybe you’re too smart.

CHAD
It wasn’t me, Liz. It was him. You know it.

Liz hesitates, her hand shaking the gun. Tears squeeze from her eyes. Chad closes the deal.

CHAD
I know how to kill him.

LIZ
...You do?

Steely resolve in Chad’s eyes. He nods.

From the lobby, the explosive sound of glass shattering.

INT. LOBBY

The huge wall of glass bursts in as the Cops press against it. Small cubes of glass rain on the Cops as they trample over Bandy’s body and head for the back.

INT. REAR OFFICE

Liz glares at Chad. Then rolls off him.

LIZ
What do we do?

Chad painfully rises to his feet.

CHAD
Trill- the dye cannisters.

TRILL
Aw, shit, man, of course!

Trill disengages from Derek, readying his gun. Chad points to Rico.

CHAD
Get him off the pallet.

Liz obeys as Chad kneels by the money, grabbing stacks. He looks over at Derek.

CHAD
Wanna help me, little man?

Derek stares back, still frightened. Chad smiles reassurance.

INT. LOBBY

As the crowd shambles forward--

Trill whips out around the corner. Takes aim at--

The pile of dye cannisters. BANG! They explode in a huge cloud of red--

Coating the Cops, causing some to slip, change direction, stumble, run into one another.

Trill allows himself a smile of satisfaction before returning to--

INT. REAR OFFICE

Trill races in. Chad and Liz slam the bloody pallet against the shut door. Pulling a nail gun from the pack, Liz nails the pallet to the door.

Chad, Trill and Derek pile the money off the remaining pallet. They're about halfway home.

LIZ
How's that supposed to kill this fucker? 'Cause it looks like you're just running off with the money.

CHAD
Hopefully, we're doing both.

LIZ
The money can burn. You tell me what you're up to--

CHAD
Liz! There's no time! Help clear the pallet.

INT. LOBBY

The Cops have made their way through the cloud, and those with unpainted eyes gather near the vault.

INT. VAULT

The broken, bloody arms and hands push out, finally managing to swing the vault door back. They surge toward--

The rear office door.

INT. REAR OFFICE

Liz clears the last of the money off the pallet.

Trill and Chad pitch the pallet down into the breached mine. A splash signals its landing.

INT. VAULT

The Hostages and Cops join together, all banging, clawing, shouldering the door.

INT. REAR OFFICE

The pallet shudders against the impact from outside.

Liz, Trill and Chad work efficiently, tossing light sticks down onto--

The other pallet, floating in black water below.

INT. VAULT

The possessed mass presses up against the door, crushing the unlucky ones who got there first, smearing blood into the buckling door.

INT. REAR OFFICE

The wood pallet begins to buckle.

Chad, Trill and Liz halt in their work, money bundled in their arms.

LIZ
We’re not gonna make it.

TRILL
Sure we are.

Trill hurriedly tosses money down into the mine.

CHAD
We need more time. Trill!

Trill stops, shaking his head. Chad speaks softly, a plea.

CHAD
We need more time.

Trill stews for a moment-- and then;

TRILL
Mother fucker!

He throws the money down into the mine, angrily rips off his shirt.

TRILL
I was in the goddam Marines!
Studied mother fucking ballistics!
Physics! Science!

He plunges his hand into Rico’s corpse, comes out with a fist full of blood and viscera. Smears it on his chest and face.

TRILL
Sines, cosines, gradients, wind resistance, the slide rule was my mother fucking bitch!

He grabs another fistful of blood, marks the floor with an arcane pattern.

TRILL
Sarge said I coulda been a goddam rocket scientist, white lab coat, bifocals, everything. And here I am, doing the fuckin’ juju.

CHAD
There’s a cave. He won’t go there.
It’s how you get out.

He glares at them, face red and dripping with Rico’s blood.

TRILL
I’ll buy you time.

He turns from them, raises his hands to the ceiling, chanting in a strange tongue. He shakes his fist, splattering blood on the walls in deliberate patterns.

LIZ
What the fuck--?

CHAD
Let’s go.

Chad leaps down into--

INT. MINE TUNNEL

Chad splashes down next to the pallet and small, floating bundles of money. Chad gathers the money, piles it on the pallet. He catches more money as Liz throws it down. He pulls a gun from his waistband, lays it on the pallet.

INT. REAR OFFICE

Trill’s chants grow more fevered, as--

Liz shovels the money down into the shaft. She grabs Derek. As she’s about to lower him into the mine--

Trill’s chants abruptly stop. Frozen in position, his eyes roll back into his head.

LIZ
(alarmed)
Trill!?

EXT. BEACH - DAY

Trill’s eyes pop open.

LIZ (V.O.)
Trill!?

Trill stands in the midst of Cops and Hostages wandering aimlessly through the sand. None of them seem to notice Trill, or each other.

Trill eases through the bystanders, making his way towards--

Preacher, who moves frantically, pushing and kicking-- a puppeteer with too many strings.

Trill hustles over, treading lightly on the white powder. As he nears Preacher, Preacher turns to him, surprised.

PREACHER
Who da fuck is you--

Without ceremony, Trill grabs his head and snaps his neck. Preacher collapses to the sand, eyes bulging from his sockets.

Trill looks over at the Cops and Hostages.

As one, they blink out of existence.

INT. VAULT

The Cops and Hostages pressing against the cracking door suddenly break from their trance. They grab their wounds, see to crushed or shot loved ones, or just stare about, trying to make sense of it all.

INT. REAR OFFICE

Throwing in the last of the money, Liz stares at the suddenly silent door.

LIZ
... They stopped.

INT. TUNNEL

Chad stares up at Liz.

CHAD
Holy shit. He did it.

LIZ
Did what?

CHAD
I’m not sure. Is he back?

INT. REAR OFFICE

LIZ
Not yet.

Liz looks over at Trill, his eyes still pools of white in a red landscape.

EXT. BEACH

Trill grunts with satisfaction at Preacher’s corpse.

TRILL
Now, if ya’ll don’t mind, I got some money waitin’ on me in the real world.

Trill spots the cave inland, shaded by palm trees. He swaggers triumphantly towards the cave.

EXT. BEACH - TREES

Trill reaches the palms, more dense up close. He rounds a cluster, expecting to find the cave mouth.

More trees. He pushes further.

Sweat rivulets through the blood on his face as Trill searches the trees with growing desperation.

From behind him, sudden THUNKs! Footfalls, or falling fruit. Above him in the foliage, sudden unearthly screeches and howls as beasts slither over. A cold breeze ripples through the trees.

Trill shakes his head, resigned.

TRILL
Well, come on! You gonna do it, you better get to it.

Hands erupt from the sand, grab Trill’s legs. He falls back.

Preacher pops out from behind a tree.

PREACHER
Takin’ you over not near enough.

Trill grabs a fallen palm frond, holds the stem up as a weapon.

Another Preacher pops out from another tree.

PREACHER 2
Your soul mine, boy.

Trill freezes, the fight scared out of him.

Another Preacher, and another...

PREACHER
You never gonna see that “real world” again.

They advance on him as one, spreading his limbs wide--

Trill screams--

The Preachers tear into his belly. Blood spurts, spraying them all.

INT. REAR OFFICE

Trill shudders.

LIZ
Hey! He’s moving.

CHAD (O.S.)
(from the mine tunnel)
Get him down here!

Liz shakes his shoulder.

LIZ
Trill. You did it. Now let’s--

Trill spins, his eyes yellow, his teeth bared. He backhands Liz, sends her flying across the room.

CHAD
Liz!

Trill lumbers across the room for Liz.

TRILL
I eat his soul.

From the tunnel, Chad grabs the gun, fires at Trill as he walks past, catches him in the temple.

The wall sprays with brain and blood. Trill doesn’t miss a step. He grabs the dazed Liz by the neck and squeezes.

Liz’s face goes red, then purple. Her tongue snakes for air. Eyes darting for some leverage, she finds it. She kicks at Trill’s knee--

It buckles backward. Trill’s weight shifts.

Liz rolls with the shift, tossing Trill off her--

And into the tunnel.

INT. TUNNEL

Trill lands on the money. His spine cracks as he hits.

He grabs for Derek, catching him by the hair.

Chad grabs for Derek, bringing him within reach of Trill--

Who grabs Chad by the neck.

INT. REAR OFFICE

Liz, coughing and spitting out blood, scrabbles to--

The nail gun.

She grabs the gun and crawls to the tunnel mouth.

INT. TUNNEL

Chad flips Trill off the money raft, loosing Trill’s hold on Derek.

He holds Trill under water. Trill’s hands snake out of the water and wrap around Chad’s neck.

Chad stares at Trill, yellow eyes glowing through the murky water.

Trill’s grip doesn’t weaken. Chad begins to choke.

The unblinking yellow eyes.

Liz tumbles down from the mouth, splashes into the water. She comes up with the nail gun. In a raw, strangled voice--

LIZ
You think he’ll drown? You already blew his brains out!

Liz and Chad struggle together to lift Trill out of the water. His hands stay on Chad’s neck. Liz hoists the nail gun to his neck. CHUNK! She drills a nail through his neck into the slate behind him. Chad breaks Trill’s grip on his neck and they step away.

Still smiling, eyes still yellow, Trill lunges for them, tearing the flesh around the nail.

LIZ
That won’t hold him.

CHAD
It’ll hold him long enough. Let’s get some distance.

Chad checks in on Derek, who stares at Trill, horrified.

CHAD
We’re gonna get out of here. Hang on, little man...

Derek nods, clutches the raft fiercely.

Chad pushes, as Liz shakes another light stick to life. Trill clutches after them, grunting and tearing.

EXT. BEACH

Preacher, only one of him now, squats over the shredded form of Trill, his insides splayed.

PREACHER
Okay, Mister Real World. We done.

Trill’s eyes snap open. He grabs Preacher’s shirt.

TRILL
Fuck you!

Preacher struggles with the grip, but can’t break it.

INT. TUNNEL

The possessed Trill struggles against the nail, stuck.

FURTHER DOWN

As Chad and Liz push on, the water rises from their waist to their chest. The sound of running water ahead.

LIZ
You sure this is the way out?

CHAD
Step up.

Chad guides them to an elevated tunnel. They lead the raft into the tunnel. The water is much lower, shin high.

CHAD
Okay, hang on--

The new tunnel suddenly falls away, creating a steep slope. The raft slides down, picking up speed.

LIZ
Oh, shit.

They plunge into a hollowed out quarry, waist high in water. Chad recovers quickly, checks on Derek. Derek clutches a light stick and the gun.

DEREK
I lost the other light sticks.

CHAD
We won’t need ‘em, little man. We’re almost there.

Liz emerges, vomiting water. Chad helps her stand.

LIZ
You mighta warned me.

CHAD
We got two more just like it coming up.

LIZ
Why are we going down?

CHAD
Trust me.

They push off.

EXT. BEACH

Trill’s eyes start to glaze over. His grip weakens, and slides down Preacher’s shirt. With a frustrated grunt, Preacher places a foot on Trill’s face and wrests himself free.

INT. TUNNEL

The possessed Trill abruptly stops struggling, goes limp.

INT. TUNNEL - SLOPE

The raft careens down another slope, splashing into a quarry. Liz and Derek tumble from the raft into the water. Chad lunges after Derek, pulls him out. He coughs black murk.

DEREK
... This is gonna cost you extra.

CHAD
Trill told me if anything happened to him, that you could have his share. Two and half million.

DEREK
What about Rico’s share?

Chad hugs Derek tenderly, and they both start to cry.

Unnoticed by either, Liz slowly rises out of the water.

CHAD
We’re not done yet, okay? You can swim, right?

DEREK
Yeah.

CHAD
All these tunnels have markers, numbers. You count down. The tunnel under the bank is 24. Say it. 24.

Derek’s eyes go wide as he realizes--

DEREK
What, me? By myself? What about you?

CHAD
I’ll be there. But just in case I’m not there. Someone has to spend this money, little man. Something good has to come out of this--

But Derek is no longer listening. He stares over Chad’s shoulder. Chad turns--

Liz, gliding towards them. Yellow eyes, ghastly smile. The blood smear on the back of her neck running down her spine. Not Liz anymore. Preacher.

CHAD
No. No, no, no, baby--

LIZ
(Caribbean accent)
This one, she taste better from the inside.

She jerks her arms, testing them out. The look is grotesque.

CHAD
Liz! Baby, fight him! We're almost there.

LIZ
Awww, you want to kiss her? Make Preacher man go away?

CHAD
Liz, baby, I love you. Please try.

LIZ
Me in her now. She easy to move-- she already wanna kill you.

Liz strikes, nearly takes Chad's head off. Chad staggers back. As Liz dives, Chad spins, puts her down face first into the water.

CHAD
What's the good of having a body like this, you don't know how to use it?

Liz's boot sweeps up, catches Chad in the neck. As Chad recovers, Liz reaches into the boot, pulls out a knife.

LIZ
Lookie here. This meant for you.

Liz thrusts with the knife. Chad barely dodges it, twists her wrist behind her, grabs her in a choke hold, She struggles furiously, but Chad has her tight, her blade pressed against her back.

LIZ
How long you think you can hold her?

Chad whispers in her ear.

CHAD
Liz, can you hear me? Fight it! We can still walk away from this. We'll forget the blood and death, we'll wash it away. You can do it, Liz, you're stronger than all of us-

As he pleads to her, her eyes shudder, then roll back to normal.

LIZ
Chad?

CHAD
Baby, is it you?

LIZ
I ran for the cave. Like you told Trill. I ran for the--

BANG! Liz spasms, a red blossom flourishing on her chest. She slides down Chad and sinks into the water.

Chad stares at his bloody hands, disbelieving. He looks to--

Derek, yellow eyes, head cocked, gun smoking and pointed at Chad. A tear falls down his cheek.

Defeat washes over Chad. He turns from Derek and the money, heads toward a tunnel mouth across the quarry.

BANG! A bullet shatters his shoulder blade. He collapses into the water. He pulls himself up. Reaches the tunnel mouth.

BANG! His side erupts in a sudden spray. The bullet’s momentum sends him staggering into the tunnel.

Chad tumbles down another slope, landing hard in another quarry. He sloshes through the water. From the distance, a gunshot. Chad turns to the sound--

Can only see the dim glow of the light stick from the top of the slope.

Chad reaches another tunnel mouth, climbs through, into--

INT. CUL-DE-SAC

Blackness, then, as his eyes adjust, the end of a collapsed tunnel. Chad feels his way to the very end. He puts both hands against the rubble-packed obstruction.

The sound of crashing waves.

EXT. BEACH

Chad stands on the beach, in the exact same position he struck in the tunnel.

Preacher stands behind him, smiling.

PREACHER
Did I say you would be last?

CHAD
I’m in the mine. I’m in the mine.

Chad closes his eyes. His hands grope--

INT. CUL-DE-SAC

Chad’s hands grope the black, crumbling wall.

CHAD
What did you do with the kid?

PREACHER (V.O.)
The last bullet were for him.

Chad’s head drops. Exhaustion and defeat etch his features.

EXT. BEACH

In the same position, Chad stays connected to the unseen wall. Preacher circles him.

CHAD
He was just a kid.

PREACHER
Don’t pretend you cared anything about him. You start the job, me finish it.

CHAD
I’m in the mine. I’m in the mine...

INT. CUL-DE-SAC

Chad still presses his hands against the wall, his eyes closed. Preacher stands with him now, in the water.

PREACHER
And when me done with you, brother, me finish them all.

A painful shudder rips through Chad, and he clutches his bleeding side. Preacher laughs.

PREACHER
Look at you. You was so smart, and here you are, lost in alla this dark.

Chad laughs, a demented sound.

CHAD
I’m not lost. I know exactly where I am. Dieter Mine Sub-tunnel 42. My Daddy died here, twenty years back.

Uneasiness crosses Preacher’s face.

CHAD
I swore this mine would never take me. And here I am.

PREACHER
How was you gettin’ out?

CHAD
I’m not. And neither are you.

Chad collapses, sits on a boulder chiseled out of the wall. Preacher stares around with frightened eyes.

CHAD
You could try jumping-- but we’re 1500 feet down, bitch. Nothing but corpses between us and the surface. Where you gonna jump to, froggy?

PREACHER
There must be a way out. You brought the money.

CHAD
--To make you think I was running, instead of leading you here, to my own personal pit. Ain’t it a sight? Or can’t you see in the dark?

Preacher grabs Chad by the shirt, pulls him off the rock.

PREACHER
You’ll take me out!

Chad squeezes his side wound. Blood gushes out.

CHAD
Even if you could make me, I won’t get far.

Preacher drops Chad. Chad slides off his rock into the water. Preacher looks around for a way out. Nothing but black. Panic boils inside him.

PREACHER
No! I will not be in the black! I have conquer the black! I will be free!

CHAD
The black is all bastards like us deserve. We’re done.

Chad lies back--

EXT. BEACH

Chad lies back on the beach, alone. He squints up into the sun.

INT. CUL-DE-SAC

Preacher races around in a panic, wailing at the walls, alone in the darkness.

PREACHER
I won’t go in the black! Not here! Anywhere but here!

The darkness closes in on him. He screams in terror.

EXT. BEACH

A faint howl emerges from the cave.

Chad lays on the beach, serene. A few last blinks, and Chad closes his eyes.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END