

Buried Treasure

By

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FADE IN:

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

Midnight. The poor side of town. Dim streetlights. No one on the sidewalks.

An aged sports car sits on the curb, parked right outside a cramped one-story shack.

INT. SPORTS CAR - PARKED - NIGHT

Crushed cigarettes fill the ashtray. The radio plays hypnotic MUSIC.

RANDY KENNEDY, 22, wannabe hoodlum, sits behind the wheel, bobbing his head to the beat.

Smoking a cig, WAYNE CRAVEN, 21, self-serious loner, slouches in the passenger's seat. He stares out the window, restless.

WAYNE
How much longer?

Randy taps the steering wheel, beating it like a drum.

RANDY
Just give it time, man.

The annoyed Wayne switches the radio off.

RANDY
Hey, what the fuck?

WAYNE
We've been waiting for over an hour!

RANDY
I'm just playing it safe. You never know who could be out--

WAYNE
Look around you, motherfucker! This place's a shithole.

Randy puts his hands up, trying to diffuse Wayne's anger.

RANDY
Okay, okay.

Wayne opens the door.

WAYNE
Come on.

He flicks his cigarette out.

EXT. UGLY HOUSE - FRONT PORCH - NIGHT

Silence except for relic wind CHIMES. A cobweb-covered rocking chair MOVES back-and-forth.

Wayne leads Randy onto the wooden porch, the boards CREAKING beneath their feet.

RANDY
Hey, you sure about this?

WAYNE
Yeah, bitch. Hurry up.

Randy stumbles into a pile of debris. Roaches scurry out, startling him.

RANDY
Oh fuck!

Wayne chuckles as he pushes the unlocked door open.

WAYNE
Pussy.

RANDY
No, I'm not. Those were big roaches.

INT. UGLY HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Total darkness. Torn furniture. A busted T.V. LEAKY pipes.

Wayne and Randy enter.

WAYNE
Fuck.

RANDY
Man, this is worse than I thought.

Wayne pulls out his cell. Uses the flashlight app.

WAYNE
Where's the money?

RANDY
It's supposed to be in a box
somewhere.

Randy bumps into a counter.

RANDY
Fuck!

Thick picture frames TUMBLE to the floor.

WAYNE
Goddammit, Randy!

RANDY
My bad.

WAYNE
Can you just try to be discreet?

RANDY
Okay, I hear you.

Wayne searches the room. No boxes anywhere.

WAYNE
Where's the fucking box?

RANDY
They said it's in the fucking
house, that's all I know.

Wayne steps toward a broken bookshelf and pulls out a large book. Dust FLIES out, hitting his face. He coughs.

WAYNE
Goddammit!

RANDY
You alright?

Glancing at the book, Wayne reads its title: Interpreting The Black Arts.

WAYNE
What the fuck?

Randy notices it too.

RANDY
Interesting.

Wayne throws the book down.

WAYNE
This place couldn't get any
weirder.

Randy nods at a corner wall.

RANDY
I don't know about that.

Wayne turns and looks toward it.

A bizarre drawing covers the bland wall.

WAYNE
What the fuck?

He leans in closer.

RANDY
Crazy.

A pentagram. The symbol's rough edges mask its exquisite detail. Minimalist perfection.

Wayne reaches out and traces his finger along the drawing.

WAYNE
Randy, whose money is this?

RANDY
It's supposed to be the Diego boys.
They store their shit in dumps like
this all the time.

WAYNE
This ain't just any dump.

A door CREAKS open.

Drawing his firearm, Wayne whirls around.

WAYNE
Who's there?

Randy grabs his shoulder.

RANDY

Hey, man.

The terrified Wayne points it at Randy.

WAYNE

Don't fucking touch me!

Randy puts his hands up.

RANDY

Okay! Goddamn.

A stray cat rushes out the doorway, SCURRYING past them.

WAYNE

Fuck, really?

Wayne takes a deep breath. Randy grins.

WAYNE

A fucking cat?

RANDY

You see!

Randy pats him on the back.

RANDY

It's a fucking dump! You got alley cats running the joint.

Lowering his gun, Wayne approaches the open doorway.

He peers inside and sees a long, winding staircase.

BASEMENT

Wayne descends the CREAKING stairs. He shivers, catching a chill.

RANDY (O.S.)

Hey, wait up!

Amidst the immense darkness, Wayne stumbles over the final step. The phone slips from his hands, sliding under a decrepit dresser.

WAYNE

Fuck!

He pulls out his cigarette lighter. Flicks it.

The small flame illuminates his surroundings. Busted paintings. Antique toys. No windows.

WAYNE

Randy!

He hears Randy stagger down, taking cautious steps.

RANDY

Hold on!

Wayne journeys through the room. He SPLASHES into murky water puddles.

Something catches his eye in the very back. A big box, its top pulled up.

WAYNE

Yes.

Wayne charges forward, stopping in front of it. He looks down and lowers his revolver, stunned.

An empty coffin.

WAYNE

What the fuck?

RANDY (O.S.)

Did you find it?

Wayne turns around.

The armed Randy flashes a wicked smile.

One SHOT hits Wayne in the forehead. Blood seeps from the fatal wound as he stumbles back, collapsing inside the coffin.

Randy shoves Wayne's legs inside. SLAMS the lid. He reaches behind the casket and snatches a duffel bag.

Randy unzips it. Glances inside.

Bands of hundreds greet his cold-blooded eyes.

RANDY

There you are, baby.

He chuckles as he pulls out a brick of cash.

RANDY
Just like daddy left you.

FADE OUT.

THE END