

Unearthed

by
Joe Voisin

Joe Voisin
joe_lbp@yahoo.com
404-702-2035

FADE IN:

EXT. FIELD - DAY

A late summer sun beats down on a wide open field in rural Georgia.

JONAH KIRSCHMAN, a scrawny 10 yr old, trudges through the waist-high grass, his backpack sloshing behind him. He brings a WALKIE-TALKIE to his mouth.

JONAH
(into walkie)
Henry, wait up!

HENRY (V.O.)
(from walkie)
Nope.

Jonah pushes through the tall grass until, slightly out of breath, he finally catches up with

His older brother HENRY, 14. He's big for his age, a large backpack on his shoulders.

Henry waves a METAL DETECTOR back and forth before him. An occasional BEEP is heard from the detector.

JONAH
Come on Henry, let me have a turn.

HENRY
Two more minutes.

JONAH
You said that six times already.

HENRY
So it's been ten minutes. Big deal.

JONAH
Twelve minutes, Henry. Six times two is twelve. Mom said to share, so give it.

HENRY
Hold on.

Henry stops at an old barbed wire fence, a NO TRESPASSING sign nailed to the wooden post.

The RUMBLING of an oncoming tractor. Henry grabs Jonah and pulls him to the ground and out of sight.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Get down.

On the other side of the fence, the tractor putters by with flatbed trailer in tow.

The boys peer through the tall grass at an old farmer at the wheel.

As the tractor is safely away, the boys rise. Henry looks out across the field.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Jonah, it's been almost six months since we found the compass. We need to search new ground.

Jonah pulls a handful of crusty items from his backpack.

JONAH

What are you talking about? We found a few musket balls and a belt buckle.

HENRY

I'm talking real stuff. Worth a lot of money.

JONAH

Well where else can we look? We've been over every inch of this field a hundred times.

Henry looks over the field to the DARK FOREST five hundred yards beyond.

HENRY

There.

Jonah pulls out a small TELESCOPE from his pack, extends it and looks to the forest ahead.

POV FROM JONAH'S TELESCOPE

Scanning the forest, the dark trees stand like crooked sentries forbidding passage.

Jonah lowers the scope and glances at his watch.

JONAH

It's getting late Henry. We should head back.

HENRY

We got plenty of time.

Henry scans the tree line.

HENRY (CONT'D)

I know one thing - if I was a soldier, I'd dang sure rather a few trees between me and the enemy. I'm betting all the good stuff is in there. Come on, ain't nothin to be scared of.

Henry ducks and SNEAKS UNDER THE FENCE.

JONAH

But Mom said...

HENRY

I know, I know, stay off Old Man Washburn's property.

Henry gets to his feet on the other side of the fence and turns to Jonah.

HENRY (CONT'D)

So if you hurry, maybe he won't catch you.

Henry smiles then turns and races toward the forest.

Jonah startles, then ducks under the fence racing to catch up with Henry. He grabs his walkie and yells into it while in pursuit.

JONAH

(into walkie)

Henry, wait up!

Henry bounds through the tall grass, a huge grin on his face. He casts a quick glance toward the tractor in the distance then raises his walkie.

HENRY

(into walkie)

Gold waits for no man, Jojo!

Jonah struggles to keep up with his brother.

JONAH

(into walkie)

Don't call me Jojo!

Henry soon comes to the edge of the forest and slides on his knees near the trunk of a large oak.

Jonah arrives shortly after and crashes to the ground out of breath.

HENRY

Haha. You should've seen your face when I took off. You were all "W-w-wait!".

JONAH

Hilarious.

Henry hops to his feet, takes one last look toward the field then heads into the woods.

HENRY

Come on.

Jonah drags himself to his feet and follows along.

As they enter the forest, Jonah eyes an ancient "KEEP OUT" sign affixed to a tree.

EXT. THE FOREST - LATER

The two boys pick their way through the brush. The sunlight barely manages to break through the dense canopy of branches.

Henry sweeps the detector back and forth, a faint BEEP every few feet.

Jonah follows a few yards behind with AN OLD COMPASS in hand.

JONAH

Northeast...OK, now North...Northeast again...no wait, North...actually just a hair to the left of-

HENRY

Jonah, I get it!

JONAH

Well, I don't wanna get lost.

Henry points to a clearing up ahead.

HENRY

Maybe better luck over yonder.

The boys arrive to a large area of RED DIRT, devoid of trees or grass. Henry shoulders the metal detector.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Tell me this ain't weird.

JONAH

Whoa. It's the red planet!

The boys slowly wander around, taking in the odd patch of red earth. Henry kicks a swath of dirt in front of him.

JONAH (CONT'D)

Did you know Mars is red because of the oxidation of the soil?

HENRY

Nobody knows that except you and a few pinheads at NASA.

Jonah looks at the compass. THE ARROW SPINS AROUND, never settling on any one direction. He turns slowly around in a full circle.

JONAH

This thing is busted, Henry.

Henry approaches, trades the metal detector for the compass.

HENRY

Let me see that thing.

While Henry taps on the compass, Jonah begins sweeping the detector around him.

HENRY (CONT'D)

What did you do to this thing?

JONAH

I didn't do anything, it just went nuts.

BEEEP. The detector goes off. Henry looks to Jonah.

HENRY

Oh, gimme a break. You've had it for like thirty seconds.

Jonah makes another pass and BEEEP. BEEEP. BEEEP.

JONAH

Henry, we got something.

Henry walks over, produces a small shovel from his backpack and drops to his knees at the spot in question.

HENRY

Yeah, yeah, I hear it.

As Henry digs, Jonah places the detector inches away from the hole. The detector still emitting an uninterrupted BEEEEEP, irritating Henry.

Henry stops digging and looks up at Jonah, slightly annoyed.

HENRY (CONT'D)
I think I got it.

It suddenly dawns on Jonah and he shuts the detector off.

JONAH
Sorry.

Henry digs for a moment then brushes some dirt from the hole when his WALKIE TALKIE crackles to life.

JONAH (O.S.) (CONT'D)
(on Henry's walkie)
What is it?

HENRY
Would you turn that thing off?

Henry pulls out a RECTANGULAR OBJECT, a bit bigger than his hand, with an oval concave in the middle. He brushes dirt away and turns it over.

HENRY (CONT'D)
Looks like a crappy ashtray. Here.

He tosses it to Jonah who looks at it for a brief moment then shoves it in his backpack.

Henry looks down in the hole.

HENRY (CONT'D)
There's something else.

He digs a bit more then withdraws a long narrow sliver of dirt. He brushes away more dirt and holds up

A SWORD, the tip broken off, leaving a jagged edge.

HENRY (CONT'D)
Ho-lee shit.

Jonah steps in for a closer look. He raises his walkie talkie and speaks into it so his voice is heard live and over Henry's walkie talkie simultaneously.

JONAH
(into walkie)
Holy shit.

HENRY

Watch your mouth.

Henry brings the handle in for a closer look, wipes it to reveal WRITING along the grip.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Hey, it's got words.

(reading)

"The King's American Regiment".

(to Jonah)

What civil war army is that from?

Jonah grabs the sword from Henry and inspects it.

JONAH

The King's American Regiment was British army.

HENRY

How do you know that?

JONAH

Because, A, we just learned about it in American History and, B, I'm smarter than you.

HENRY

But the British didn't fight in the civil war.

JONAH

Not the civil war, lunkhead. The Revolutionary war.

Henry's jaw drops as the boys exchange astonished looks.

Henry slowly raises his walkie talkie and speaks into it so his voice is heard live and over Jonah's walkie talkie simultaneously.

HENRY

(into walkie)

Holy shit.

Henry gawks in amazement a moment longer then grabs the sword from Jonah, runs his finger along the blade.

HENRY (CONT'D)

How much you think it's worth?

JONAH

I don't know. You're the buried treasure expert.

HENRY
Yeah but just civil war stuff. I
don't know squat about the
Resolution.

JONAH
Obviously.

Henry hands the sword to Jonah.

JONAH (CONT'D)
Henry, this could be the greatest
discovery of mankind.

HENRY
What are you kidding? It's a damn
sword.

Jonah revels in the long bladed weapon.

JONAH
Well, it sure is cool.

Henry looks down at the hole.

HENRY
Gotta be more where that came
from.

Henry picks the detector back up and begins sweeping.
Another BEEP immediately emits from the device.

Henry passes the spot again. The detector BEEPs again
then the pitch ascends rapidly followed by a TZZZT!

The glass on the gauge CRACKS and a small wisp of smoke
rises from the detector.

HENRY (CONT'D)
What the hell?

JONAH (O.S.)
Henry.

Henry smacks the detector with his palm.

HENRY
What?

Jonah looks up from his wristwatch to Henry, a worried
look on his face.

JONAH
My watch. It stopped.

HENRY

When?

JONAH

How should I know?

Henry looks up at the low sun through the trees, then to Jonah.

JONAH (CONT'D)

Grandpa.

HENRY

Crap. Let's go.

Henry hoists his backpack.

HENRY (CONT'D)

(re: sword)

As soon as we get home, hide that.
If Mom sees it, she'll have a fit.

Henry begins jogging toward the trees, the detector in hand.

HENRY (CONT'D)

And don't say a word about where
we found it, ya hear?

JONAH

I'm not an idiot. If I told, I'd
be in just as much trouble.

Jonah slides the sword through a belt loop and races after Henry.

JONAH (CONT'D)

Hold on.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. FOREST - LATER

The boys race through the trees, negotiating the heavy foliage.

Henry far ahead of Jonah. He dodges a low branch, leaps a fallen tree.

Jonah struggling to keep up, swatting small limbs aside, stumbling over brush.

JONAH

Henry, wait!

INT. KIRSCHMAN HOME - LATER

The boys storm into the house, Henry dumps his backpack, Jonah slides the sword behind the sofa.

HENRY
Grandpa!

JONAH
Grandpa?

They run around to each room calling out, to no avail. They meet back in the living room.

JONAH (CONT'D)
I knew we shouldn't have gone into those woods. First the detector goes bust and now this.

HENRY
One ain't got anything to do with the other.

JONAH
Karma, Henry. That's what is has to do with. Everything's connected.

Henry walks to the phone in the kitchen, sees the RED MESSAGE LIGHT blinking. He presses play.

ANSWERING MACHINE
Hey Lara, this is Sheriff Holt. We found your dad wandering around town. He's fine, but he sorta had a run in with the memorial in the square, nothing serious but we should probably talk. I'll sit here with him for awhile, if you can come on by and pick him up. Alright, we'll see ya soon.

JONAH
Grandpa's arrested?! Mom's gonna kill us!

HENRY
He's not arrested. The sheriff just said he's gonna sit there with him til we come get him.

JONAH
Either way, she's still going to kill us.

(MORE)

She's gonna come home, find
Grandpa gone and then kill us
both, deader than dirt.

Henry grabs Jonah by the shoulders and looks him in the eyes.

HENRY

(calmly)

Jonah. It's fine. She ain't gonna
kill me because I'm her first
born.

(pause)

She'll definitely kill you though.

Jonah wrenches free of his brother's grip.

JONAH

Hilarious, Henry. How can you be
so calm?

HENRY

Cuz we're gonna go pick him up and
bring him home before Mom finds
out. No big deal.

Henry grabs a set of keys from a key rack near the phone.

JONAH

We can't take Grandpa's truck!
That's just for emergencies!

HENRY

Well, what the hell do you think
this is? You said yourself, our
lives were at stake.

Just then the ANSWERING MACHINE BEEPS AGAIN, announcing
another message.

ANSWERING MACHINE

*Hey, this is Sheriff Holt again.
Just wanted to try you again. OK,
if I don't hear from you in a bit,
I'll try your work. Bye now.*

CUT TO:

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

A late model pickup truck barrels down a two-lane country
road.

INSIDE THE TRUCK

Henry grips the wheel, hunched forward. Jonah is in the passenger seat hanging on tightly.

HENRY

She is totally gonna kill us!

JONAH

I told ya!

EXT. DOWNTOWN - LATER

A small southern downtown. Several storefronts stand vacant while a few others have "Going Out of Business" signs on display.

In the town square, a fountain sits bone-dry, cob webs stretched across its parched tiers.

MATTEAS KIRSCHMAN, 70s, is seated on a park bench near the fountain. Next to him is SHERIFF GARY HOLT, 50s, nursing a cup of coffee.

An elderly woman approaches a nearby drinking fountain with her toy poodle in tow.

ELDERLY WOMAN

Howdy, Sheriff. Matteas. I heard you were running around town this evening.

MATTEAS

I wouldn't say running, exactly.

The woman raises her dog and begins washing its feet in the drinking fountain.

SHERIFF HOLT

Now, Beverly, you know we've got a water shortage here. You can't be using the drinking fountain for non-essentials.

BEVERLY

Sheriff. Snickers is very essential, I assure you.

SHERIFF HOLT

Well I'm sure he is, but washing his feet in the drinking fountain is not. You keep doing that, we'll have to shut that down too.

Beverly removes Snickers from the fountain and stomps off in a huff.

Sheriff Holt shakes his head in disbelief.

SHERIFF HOLT (CONT'D)
 (to Matteas)
 Bad enough I got some fool running
 around town opening fire hydrants.

MATTEAS
 Now that, I can definitely say,
 was not me.

HENRY (O.S.)
 Grandpa!

Matteas looks up to see the boys racing toward him. He
 and Sheriff Holt rise.

MATTEAS
 Hey boys.

Henry stops short of Matteas and exhales dramatically.

HENRY
 Grandpa, you can't just run off
 like that.

Jonah crashes softly into his grandfather and hugs him,
 his backpack sloshing off to one side.

MATTEAS
 How'd you boys get here?

HENRY
 Walked.

JONAH
 Rode our bikes.

Matteas gives them a confused look.

SHERIFF HOLT
 Howdy, boys. Where's your Mom?

HENRY
 She's still at work. We'll take
 him from here Sheriff, thanks.

JONAH
 You don't have to tell our Mom do
 you?

Sheriff Holt looks past Jonah to the street beyond.

SHERIFF HOLT
 Well, I reckon that's out of my
 hands now.

A car door SLAMS SHUT. The boys turn to see

LARA KIRSCHMAN, their mother, late 30s, marching toward them, her blue warehouse smock flowing in the summer breeze.

LARA

What in blue blazes is going on here? I get a phone call at work telling me Grandpa is wandering town all by his lonesome?! Weren't you watching him?

Henry motions to several passers-by.

HENRY

There's other people around.

LARA

Don't get smart. I do not have the luxury of leaving work every time Grandpa feels like seeing the sights.

(to Matteas)

Dad, are you OK?

MATTEAS

I'm fine, Lara, we're all fine.
Calm down.

Lara takes a moment, sees that her family is indeed safe. She hugs each of them then looks to Sheriff Holt.

LARA

I am so sorry, Gary. I know you have better things to do than baby sit my father, so thank you for not-

SHERIFF HOLT

That's alright, no need to make a case out of it. He did do a little damage to the war memorial though.

Sheriff Holt indicates a nearby bronze bust of several soldiers.

LARA

Dad!

SHERIFF HOLT

Now it's not a huge deal and I don't think most folks will even notice but when I came up on him, he was chipping away at a section of it with this here screwdriver.

Sheriff Holt produces the screwdriver from his belt. Lara looks at Matteas, dismayed.

LARA

Dad, why did you do that?

Matteas looks to the statue, seemingly lost. He shakes his head.

MATTEAS

I...can't remember.

Lara and the boys share a look of sadness. Matteas takes a few steps toward the statue, out of earshot of the others.

SHERIFF HOLT

Lara, I know you're having a tough time and all, and he's been pretty harmless up to this point but if he runs off again, I'll need to take action. I've got peace to keep here. For everyone.

JONAH

You're gonna arrest him?

SHERIFF HOLT

No, but I will need to take him to Willowbrook over on 41 and have him evaluated. If you can't keep him under control, they will.

LARA

Sheriff, we can't afford that.

SHERIFF HOLT

Maybe you can work something out with the state, ease the burden a bit. I am truly sorry.

Lara is devastated. Tears well up in her eyes as she looks toward her father who stands staring at the statue.

Suddenly, the deafening ROAR of a DIRT BIKE cuts through the quiet moment. Everyone turns to see

The rider, BLAKE, 13, racing down the street. He looks almost comical as his obese body sits in contrast to the small dirt bike frame.

SHERIFF HOLT (CONT'D)

That little scamp!

Sheriff Holt tosses his coffee cup into a nearby trash bin and dashes across the street to his parked patrol car. He backs it out, hits the lights and gives chase.

Lara turns back to Henry and Jonah.

LARA

I won't be home til late so one of you will need to go by the pharmacy in the morning and pick up Grandpa's meds.

Lara rummages through her purse, pulls out two one-dollar bills. Her shoulders wilt in sorrow and she reluctantly shoves the bills back in her purse.

LARA (CONT'D)

Just tell Mr. Barnhill we'll pay him as soon as we can.

The boys nod in unison. Lara places a hand on each boy's shoulder and leads them the few yards to Matteas.

LARA (CONT'D)

Dad, I gotta get back to work now. Are you gonna be alright?

Matteas is lost in thought as he stares at the nearby bronze statue.

LARA (CONT'D)

Dad, are you listening to me?

MATTEAS

Such a strange erection to have in the center of town. If there was-

Henry and Jonah snicker quietly. Matteas turns to the boys.

MATTEAS (CONT'D)

What's so funny?

LARA

Oh, for Pete's sake, they're young boys. What do you think?

Matteas looks to Lara, still clueless.

LARA (CONT'D)

You said "erection", Dad.

MATTEAS

I did?

LARA
 Yes. And Lord knows why, but young
 boys think anything penis-related
 is funny.

Matteas looks back to the boys, a slight smile crosses
 his lips.

MATTEAS
 Good thing I didn't say "boner"
 then, huh?

LARA
 (rolls her eyes)
 Jesus. I'm gonna get my pay docked
 for setting here listening to
 wiener jokes.

Lara walks off.

LARA (CONT'D)
 Henry, please be careful driving
 home.

HENRY
 I will.

Henry and Jonah look at each other and crack up. Matteas
 smiles wider, happy to share a joke with the boys.

Jonah reaches into his pack.

JONAH
 Grandpa, guess what we found
 today.

MATTEAS
 Sasquatch tracks?

Jonah leans into Matteas when he notices Henry giving him
 the evil-eye.

JONAH
 Uh...just an old Civil War belt
 buckle.

Matteas gives a low whistle.

MATTEAS
 No kidding? Whereabouts?

JONAH
 In the field out back-

Henry turns to Jonah, grabs his backpack.

JONAH (CONT'D)

Hey, what are you doing?

Henry shoulders the pack and heads off in the opposite direction of the truck.

HENRY

Come on.

JONAH

Where are you going?

HENRY

Milo's.

Jonah looks up at Matteas, concerned. Matteas smiles and nods in Henry's direction.

MATTEAS

Come on, I won't run off.

Matteas and Jonah follow Henry across the street to

INT. MILO'S PAWN AND GUN - DUSK

Packed to the rafters with junk and treasures. An old jukebox plays a lonesome country song as a few patrons mill about.

The Kirschmans enter to the sound of a small bell followed by

MILO (O.S.)

(deep southern drawl)

We're about closed.

Matteas looks around while Henry and Jonah approach the counter to find

MILO, 40s, his large frame balanced on a small stool, head down, closing out the register.

MILO (CONT'D)

Whatcha say, Henry? Jonah.

HENRY

Hey Milo, what can you give us for this stuff?

Henry reaches his hand in the pack when Milo cuts him off.

MILO

If you're gonna pull out another bunch of musket balls, you just go on and put 'em right back in there.

Henry frowns then looks in his pack and pulls out the Civil War belt and metal ashtray and places them on the counter.

Milo picks up the ashtray, turns it over.

MILO (CONT'D)

What is this, an ashtray?

Henry shrugs.

MILO (CONT'D)

Can't really use this.

Milo sets it aside and picks up the belt buckle and begins to inspect it.

MILO (CONT'D)

I can do five bucks.

JONAH

Five bucks?

MILO

It's what the market will bear.

Henry nods reluctantly. Milo pops the register and slides a five dollar bill to Henry.

HENRY

Thanks, Milo.

The boys turn toward Matteas when Henry stops. He returns to the counter while Jonah continues to his grandfather.

HENRY (CONT'D)

What about a sword from the Revolutionary War?

MILO

Well then, now you're talking real money. Seen one of them go for about seven grand a while back.

Henry's eyes go wide. He turns to see

Jonah and Matteas at the storefront. Matteas is peering through a telescope through the big glass window.

MILO (CONT'D)

I'd need to do some research
before I could put a number on it,
though. And since tomorrow's the
Lord's day...it'll have to be
Monday before I'd be able to-

Suddenly, the POWER GOES OUT throughout the pawn shop.
Lights fade, music dies. Through the storefront window,
it is evident the entire downtown area has lost power.

Henry and Milo look around.

MILO (CONT'D)

Here we go again.

Jonah looks up, Matteas still head down at the telescope.

The few patrons begin to chant in unison along with CRAB,
Milo's equally obese co-worker.

CRAB/PATRONS

Five. Four. Three. Two. One.

As if cued by the countdown, the POWER RETURNS, inside
the shop and out. The music fades back in and everyone
returns to business. A seemingly common occurrence.

Matteas looks up from the telescope and out the window.

MATTEAS

(to himself)

Three four dot zero two three.
Negative eight four dot six one
five.

Jonah looks at his grandfather then notices Crab looking
at Matteas with a puzzled look on his face. Jonah smiles
weakly and shrugs. Crab smiles politely and walks off.

BACK TO:

Milo shakes his head, unperturbed.

MILO

Like I was saying, I'd need to
study on it a bit before I was to
put a number on it. Can you bring
it in Monday?

Henry nods excitedly. He bounds over to Jonah and
Matteas.

HENRY
 (shouting back to
 Milo)
 We'll be by first thing Monday!

Milo watches as the boys head toward the door when CRAB waddles up next to him.

CRAB
 (deeper southern
 drawl)
 You see that blackout, Milo?

MILO
 (sarcastically)
 Nah, guess I missed it. What was
 it like?

CRAB
 Oh, all the lights went out and
 everything.

Milo rolls his eyes, pries himself off the stool.

MILO
 Is that right?

Milo notices Henry's ashtray on the counter. He picks it up and looks to the front door.

MILO (CONT'D)
 (shouting)
 Hey Henry, you forgot your
 ashtray!

Henry is gone. Crab sidles up next to Milo as he places the ashtray back on the counter, takes the register drawer and heads to the back of the store.

CRAB
 (following)
 Jukebox went out, too.

MILO
 (annoyed)
 I know, Crab. Happens every day
 and has for years.

CRAB
 I know.

MILO
 Well why do you feel the need to
 fill me in on the particulars?

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT

Matteas's old pickup truck rolls along the dark country road. Henry is driving, Matteas on the passenger side, Jonah in the middle.

JONAH

Grandpa, why do you say those numbers every time the power goes out?

MATTEAS

Just something I picked up when I was younger. Don't even recall doing it, really. Folks just told me I did on through the years.

JONAH

The electricity's been going out that long?

MATTEAS

(nods)

Longer. My Pap said as soon as they ran power to the town, it'd go out once a day, rain or shine.

HENRY

You'd think they'd have fixed it after all these years.

MATTEAS

They tried a handful of times. Guess most folks are used to it by now.

Matteas looks out the window and sees a lake bed, all but completely drained of water, a lone rowboat sits askew in the cracked dirt.

MATTEAS (CONT'D)

A five second outage ain't too much to complain about compared to this God-awful drought we've been dealt.

The faint whine of an engine building in the distance. The glow of an oncoming headlight slowly fills the truck cab. All eyes on the road ahead when

A LOUD DIRT BIKE screams past them in the night.

MATTEAS (CONT'D)

Was that the kid from earlier?

Henry looks in the side mirror as Blake goes by.

HENRY

Yeah that's him. What a tool.

MATTEAS

I thought he was a scamp.

HENRY

Trust me. He's a tool. He took a box of Thin Mints from Jonah a few months ago. Did Jonah do anything about it? No.

JONAH

Shut up, Henry.

Henry shoots Jonah a knowing look in the rearview mirror, Matteas catches it.

MATTEAS

(to Jonah)

Son, if that boy is giving you hell, you give it right back, ya hear? A quick jab in the breadbasket and he'll steer clear of you.

JONAH

Breadbasket? What am I taking him on a picnic?

MATTEAS

No, son, right here.

(pokes Jonah's stomach)

Better yet, you pop him in the ol' snotlocker.

(taps his nose)

One good blow right there and he's done. And that's definitely no picnic, I can promise you that.

HENRY

Well, he definitely deserves it.

Henry eyes Jonah again. Jonah turns, looks to the road ahead.

MATTEAS

Or you could give him a boot to the gumdrops. That's always effective.

The boys laugh.

HENRY
 Jesus, Grandpa.

EXT. TRUCK - SAME

The truck rolls on through the night as Matteas continues his recipe for comeuppance.

MATTEAS (O.S.)
 Then there's the five alarm chili.
 Now that's a bit more involved so
 it might not be the quickest route
 but will damn sure end in tears.

INT. KIRSCHMAN HOME

The boys are each in a single bed in a shared bedroom. A small lamp illuminates the room.

Jonah in his bed, head down on the COMPASS, pointing it left and right.

JONAH
 That's weird. Looks like it's
 working fine now.

Henry is sitting in his bed wiping THE SWORD with a rag, the blade shining in the lamp light.

HENRY
 We're gonna bring it to Milo's
 first thing Monday. Said it could
 be worth thousands.

JONAH
 What? We ain't selling the sword.
 I'm the one found it, remember?

Henry lays the sword in his lap and turns to Jonah.

HENRY
 Jonah, how much is Grandpa's
 medicine?

JONAH
 (thinks)
 About a hundred fifty dollars, I
 think. Why?

HENRY
 You know how many belt buckles
 we'd have to find to pay for that?

JONAH

Yeah, thirty.

Henry scowls. Their conversation is halted with the SLAM of the front door closing.

Henry slides the sword under his bed, Jonah turns off the lamp.

HENRY

(whispering)

I *mean*, this is the only way we can pay for Grandpa's medicine.

JONAH

(whispering)

Mom said we can pay later.

HENRY

(whispering)

And how many times do you think Mr. Barnhill will let us slide?

Jonah shrugs, realizes Henry is right.

THE SOUND OF FOOTFALLS in the hall pass their closed door. After a moment, Jonah sits up.

JONAH

Mom didn't come in to say good night.

HENRY

You're a big boy now, Jojo.

Jonah gets out of bed, creeps to the door and opens it quietly.

THE HALLWAY

Jonah creeps down the hall to his mother's room, her door slightly ajar. He peeks through the crack. CLOSE ON JONAH'S EYE as he sees

Lara sitting at her vanity, her face buried in her hands, sobbing quietly.

INT. KIRSCHMAN HOME - LATE MORNING

Henry and Matteas are at the kitchen table working on the broken metal detector. Henry bobs his head to loud punk music playing on a small radio while Lara fixes breakfast.

MATTEAS

(to Henry)

Hold this.

Henry holds wires while Matteas attempts to solder with shaking hands.

MATTEAS (CONT'D)

Crap. I can't concentrate with that racket.

(re: punk music)

That just sounds...crazy!

Henry sticks his tongue out and shakes his head at Matteas, mocking a "crazy" look.

HENRY

Uaaaaaggghh!

Matteas shakes his head as Henry laughs. He turns the music down and takes over the soldering.

Jonah walks in scratching his unruly bed head as Lara approaches the table and slides bacon and eggs onto plates for Henry and Matteas.

LARA

Morning, hon. You hungry?

JONAH

Sure.

Jonah pulls up a chair, a watchful eye on his mom.

JONAH (CONT'D)

You ok, Mom?

Lara returns to the table serving Jonah a plate, then takes her seat.

LARA

Yeah, why?

JONAH

You didn't come in and say good night.

LARA

Oh, I was just beat, honey.

Matteas rises from the table and opens the fridge.

MATTEAS

Don't we have anymore apple juice?

LARA

You know you can't have apple juice, Dad.

MATTEAS

That just ain't right.

Matteas reluctantly grabs the milk and returns to his seat, pouring himself a glass.

LARA

Listen, guys. The plant manager informed us last night that at the first of the year, they're packing up and relocating to Savannah so-

MATTEAS

Savannah?

JONAH

Does that mean you'll lose your job?

LARA

Well, not if we move. Said anyone who wants to come down can keep their job. And seeing what the drought is doing to the rest of this town-

HENRY

Screw that, I ain't going to Savannah.

LARA

Watch your mouth! And you're going.

HENRY

What about all my friends? And moving in the middle of my first year of high school? I ain't going.

MATTEAS

Henry.

(to Lara)

What's in Savannah?

LARA

Water, for one. Irrigation systems are running 24/7 and it's still not enough.

HENRY

I can stay here and live with Dad.

LARA

Henry, you're *not* staying. End of story.

JONAH

I think it'll be kinda neat.
Henry, we could learn how to surf.

MATTEAS

Surfing is crap in Savannah.

LARA

Dad, you're not helping.

HENRY

What's it to you if I live with Dad?

LARA

It's everything to me! You're my son and you belong with your family.

HENRY

Dad's my family too.

LARA

Yeah, well, last time I checked he sure wasn't up for the job.

HENRY

People change, Ma.

LARA

Yeah, from Jack Daniels to Wild Turkey. Big change.

HENRY

Maybe if you wouldn't have been so-

LARA

Stop it right there, mister.
You're talking about things you got no idea about. I have legal custody of you. I say you're coming with us, you're coming with us.

Henry rises from the table, glares at Lara, his eyes slowly moistening.

HENRY

Just cuz you said, huh? Doesn't matter that I'd be miserable? Does my happiness not matter?

Lara looks at him for a moment, suddenly at a crossroads.

LARA

(calmly)

Fine. You wanna go live with your father, go right ahead. Let me know when you get it all sorted it out with him.

Henry looks at his mother, surprised at the quick change of heart.

Lara rises, grabs empty plates and places them quietly in the sink. She turns the water on and NOTHING COMES OUT.

She turns the handle off and on again. Nothing.

LARA (CONT'D)

Henry, if it isn't too much trouble for you, fetch me a jug of water from the barn.

Henry turns and walks quietly out the front door.

LARA (CONT'D)

Jonah, go get Grandpa's prescription.

JONAH

I will.

LARA

Now, please.

JONAH

(rising from the table)

I'm going, I'm going.

Jonah gets up and heads for the door.

Matteas takes a swig of milk, wipes his mouth with the back of his hand.

MATTEAS

What the hell are you doing, Lara?

LARA

So I should just take him with us, kicking and screaming the whole way?

MATTEAS

You're damn right!

LARA

And have him hate me for the
next...who knows how long?

Lara stands at the sink, peering out the window. She takes a deep breath, runs her hands through her hair, frustrated.

EXT. KIRSCHMAN HOME - DAY

Jonah is standing stock still, his back against a large oak tree in his front yard.

The faint whine of an engine building in the distance. As it gets louder, Jonah peeks around the tree, sees

BLAKE, ON HIS DIRT BIKE, racing down the country road in front of the Kirschman home.

Jonah circles the tree keeping the trunk between Blake and himself.

The dirt bike engine fades in the distance. Jonah peeks out, sees it's all clear then dashes off.

EXT. PHARMACY - DAY

Jonah enters the pharmacy parking lot, kicking a rock along, when he hears a commotion around the side of the building.

He approaches cautiously, then peeks around the corner. His face registers surprise when

VOICE (O.S.)

(re: Jonah)

What are you looking at?!

Jonah ducks back behind the wall out of sight, then quickly runs off.

INT. PHARMACY - SAME

Jonah enters the pharmacy out of breath and approaches the counter.

Perched behind the counter stands the pharmacist, MR. BARNHILL, 50s, packaging up a small prescription bag.

MR. BARNHILL

Hey there, Jonah. What can I do for you?

Jonah casts a worried glance toward the front door then back to Mr. Barnhill.

JONAH

Uh, hey Mr. Barnhill. Just here for Grandpa's medicine.

Mr. Barnhill leans over the counter to Jonah.

MR. BARNHILL

I heard he's been sneaking off again. Your Ma may want to see about taking him for a checkup, get his dosage adjusted.

JONAH

(shrugs)

I guess so.

Mr. Barnhill logs into the computer at the counter, a concerned look crosses his face.

MR. BARNHILL

I'm sorry Jonah, but it looks like your Mom is already behind a few payments.

JONAH

She said we'll pay as soon as we can. Shouldn't be too much longer.

MR. BARNHILL

I'm afraid she's gonna have to come in and settle up before we can move forward.

Jonah nods dispirited. Mr. Barnhill watches as Jonah heads for the door.

MR. BARNHILL (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Now, hold on a minute.

Jonah turns, sees Mr. Barnhill is eyeing him intently.

MR. BARNHILL (CONT'D)

It just ain't Christian of me to deny you that medication just cuz your family's having tough times.

Jonah smiles and returns to the counter.

MR. BARNHILL (CONT'D)

You set right there and I'll get you what you need, see if we can't get your grandfather sorted out.

Mr. Barnhill turns and disappears in the back of the store when

The ROAR of BLAKE'S DIRT BIKE explodes out of nowhere.

Through the glass door, Jonah sees BLAKE tear into the store parking lot, stopping a few feet from the front door.

Blake sneers at him and revs the dirt bike engine several times.

Jonah winces at the deafening noise.

Blake finally shuts the engine off and struts inside.

Jonah keeps his eyes on Mr. Barnhill, hoping Blake will ignore him.

Mr. Barnhill pops his head from the back office.

MR. BARNHILL (CONT'D)

What the hell is all that racket?

Blake quickly assumes an innocent look.

BLAKE

Ah, throttle got stuck. Does that sometimes. Sorry bout that.

MR. BARNHILL

Yeah, I'll bet.

Mr. Barnhill disappears back into the office.

Blake steps to Jonah, all attitude.

BLAKE

What'd you say to him?

JONAH

I didn't say anything.

Jonah holds his gaze for a moment then turns back to face the counter.

Blake flicks Jonah's ear.

BLAKE

You better not. That's nobody's business but mine, you hear?

JONAH
That's everybody's business-

Blake steps forward sneering down his nose at Jonah.

BLAKE
My business! You keep your crap-
hole shut or I'll put you outta
business.

Jonah glares back up at Blake, unsure of his next move.

CUT TO:

MR. BARNHILL

Exiting the back office, bag in hand.

MR. BARNHILL
Alright, Jonah, this should hold
him for awhile.

Mr. Barnhill looks up to see the front door swinging
shut. Jonah is gone, Blake looking out the door.

MR. BARNHILL (CONT'D)
What do you want, son?

BLAKE
I'll be right back.

Blake hurries to the door to find it locked. He looks
back to see Mr. Barnhill with one hand extended below the
counter.

MR. BARNHILL
Door must be stuck. Does that
sometimes. Sorry bout that.

Mr. Barnhill gives Blake a sly grin.

Blake frowns, turns, looks out the front door to see

Jonah running across the parking lot. He looks back, sees
Blake watching him.

EXT. FIELD - DAY

The boys are trudging through the field. Jonah is several
paces behind Henry, swinging the sword angrily across the
top of the tall grass.

HENRY
Be careful with that.

JONAH

I will.

HENRY

You remember to wind your watch
this time? We got two hours before
Mom has to go to work.

JONAH

Yeah, yeah, I remembered.

HENRY

What's up your butt?

JONAH

Nothin'.

Jonah swings the sword violently at the tall grass as
they march ahead toward the dark forest.

DISSOLVE TO:

THE CLEARING

The boys walk to the center of the red circle of dirt.
Jonah lowers his pack and surveys the area, still
enchanted by the strange location.

Henry adjusts the knob on the detector then lowers it
over the hole where they found the sword.

As soon as he begins sweeping, a BEEP immediately emits
from the device.

The boys look at each other. Henry makes another pass.
BEEEP. BEEEP.

Henry holds it steady over the hole and BEEEEEEEEEP. He
looks up at Jonah with a grin.

HENRY

Happy now?

Jonah gives Henry a smirk then drops to his knees and
begins digging. Henry drops the detector, pulls a small
shovel from his pack and joins in.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Civil War gold, here we come!

Jonah gives Henry an enthusiastic grin then continues
digging.

The boys are almost a foot deep when Henry thrusts his
shovel into the dirt and THUNK!

The boys look at each other in surprise.

Henry reaches in and brushes red dirt away revealing a DULL GRAY SURFACE beneath.

JONAH

That ain't gold.

HENRY

What the heck is that? A cannon?

Jonah shrugs in ignorance. They keep digging and brushing.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Dang, how big is this thing?

The swept area is now almost a foot in diameter, revealing more of the same gray surface, now with a faint METALLIC SHEEN.

HENRY (CONT'D)

I bet it's a big slab of silver.

Jonah gives Henry a pitying look.

JONAH

(sarcastically)

Right.

Henry sits back in the red dirt and wipes his sweaty brow.

HENRY

Let's try another spot.

Jonah hops to his feet and grabs the detector. He walks a few yards away and makes a sweep. BEEEP. He looks at Henry.

Henry pulls himself up and approaches the next spot. He drops and starts digging. After about a foot deep, he sees a similar gray surface below.

JONAH

Same thing?

HENRY

Uh huh.

Jonah walks to the center of the clearing and lowers the detector. BEEP.

Henry doggedly picks himself up and walks to Jonah.

Henry digs a few inches down and pulls up a small clod of dirt. He brushes it off and holds up a small coin.

HENRY (CONT'D)
Now we're talking.

JONAH
Well? Are we rich?

He wipes it clean and studies it. An Indian head copper nickel.

HENRY
Nah. Grandpa's got about fifty of these. Worth about a dollar maybe.

Henry flips it to Jonah. As he tries to catch it he lowers the detector over the hole where it BEEPS again.

Henry looks at Jonah and shrugs. He digs deeper.

HENRY (CONT'D)
Are you kidding me?

Jonah looks down in the hole to see the same gray surface as the last two holes.

He lowers the detector near the hole then walks a straight line to the second hole. The detector BEEPS uninterrupted.

He looks at Henry, the boys share a perplexed look.

Jonah walks from the second hole to the first, BEEPing the entire distance.

Jonah turns and heads toward the trees. The BEEPing continues until he is several yards from the trees. Then the BEEPing stops.

Henry rises to his feet, intrigued.

DISSOLVE TO:

LATER

Half a dozen more holes have been dug around the clearing. Henry sits near one, wiping his brow.

Jonah sits with his feet in another hole.

JONAH
I think it's all one big thing,
Henry.

Henry rises and slowly scans the clearing then marches toward the trees. He jumps up and grabs a low hanging tree branch and begins climbing.

JONAH (CONT'D)

Henry, this could be the greatest discovery of-

Henry midway up the tree.

HENRY

Don't say it!

Henry climbs several more limbs then turns and wraps his legs around a large branch to lock himself in. Jonah rises.

JONAH

If you fall I'm not carrying you home!

Jonah reaches in his pack, grabs a soda bottle, takes a drink.

Henry scans the clearing below. From his perspective the clearing looks like a large circle, approximately a fifty yard radius.

Jonah looks up in the tree toward Henry.

JONAH (CONT'D)

Well?

HENRY

(shouting)
It's a circle!

JONAH

What?

HENRY

The clearing. It's a giant circle.

He looks for a moment longer then begins his descent. Seconds later he drops to the ground and returns to Jonah.

JONAH

Do you think that whatever's buried under here is as big as this circle?

HENRY

Looks that way.

Henry grabs the soda from Jonah and takes a long drink.

HENRY (CONT'D)
It's gotta be a giant slab of
silver.

JONAH
It isn't silver.

HENRY
(sarcastic)
Oh yeah, I forgot you had all that
silver mining experience when you
were younger.
(burps loudly)
I gotta take a wizz.

Henry sets the soda bottle down and heads off into the bushes just outside the clearing.

Jonah looks around in awe. He cocks his head, a different realization coming over him.

JONAH
Listen. Hear that?

HENRY (O.S.)
What?

JONAH
I don't hear anything. Birds.
Bugs. Nothing.

Jonah stands stock still, listening to the eerie silence.

JONAH (CONT'D)
Henry?

Jonah looks to the woods. No Henry. He approaches the spot he last saw him.

JONAH (CONT'D)
Come on, quit messing around.

Jonah pulls back a thick tree branch expecting to find Henry hiding. Nothing.

Jonah's face shows signs of fear. He takes a step back into the clearing when

Henry LEAPS OUT OF THE BUSHES.

HENRY
SASQUATCH!!!

Jonah's eyes go wide, he screams as Henry lands on top of him. They both crash to the ground, Henry cracking up.

HENRY (CONT'D)
 Ha! You shoulda seen your face!
 You totally thought it was real.

JONAH
 (sarcastically)
 No I didn't.

HENRY
 And like a Sasquatch would really
 yell "Sasquatch" when it attacked.

Henry lies on his back still laughing as Jonah rises,
 dusts off his clothes.

JONAH
 Hilarious.

HENRY
 (looking up at the
 sky)
 Sure seems a lot darker now. You
 sure we're good on time?

JONAH
 Yeah, we left at four-thirty and
 it's...
 (looks at watch)
 Uh-oh.

Jonah taps his watch then puts it to his ear. His face
 goes ashen. He rushes to his pack and starts cramming
 loose items into it.

JONAH (CONT'D)
 (shouting)
 Henry, my watch stopped again!
 We're late!

HENRY
 What?! Jonah, you said you winded
 it.

JONAH
 Wound it. But whatever. We gotta
 go!

HENRY
 Aw, JONAH!

Henry grabs the detector and his gear and tears off into
 the woods, Jonah close behind.

EXT. FIELD - NIGHT

The boys burst through the tree line and into the open field. A dim light up ahead marks a beacon for the boys' return home.

Sweaty, out of breath, the boys reach the barbed wire fence and stop to crawl through.

Henry holds the wire up for Jonah. As he slides through,

A BRIGHT BEAM OF LIGHT pierces the darkness around them.

Henry looks into the light, one hand up to shield his eyes. Jonah freezes midway through the fence, staring into the light.

OLD MAN (O.S.)
(deep Southern drawl)
The Hell you doin' here?

HENRY
W-we were lookin' for our dog.

The OLD MAN is CYRUS WASHBURN, 60s, the man driving the tractor the previous day. With one hand he wields a high-beam flashlight, the other cradles a rustic SHOTGUN.

CYRUS
You ain't got no dog.

Jonah crawls out from the fence and stands next to Henry.

Cyrus eyes the brothers in silence, the light still blinding them. He notices the SWORD hanging from Jonah's belt loop.

CYRUS (CONT'D)
That come from my property?

HENRY
No.

JONAH
Yes sir.

Henry frowns at Jonah's honesty. Cyrus steps closer.

CYRUS (CONT'D)
Hand it over.

Henry is crestfallen as Jonah hands Cyrus the sword.

Cyrus takes it, looks it over.

CYRUS (CONT'D)
Mine now.

HENRY
You can't do that!

CYRUS
Do what? Take something that was
stolen from my land?

Henry takes a step forward.

HENRY
You never would have found it-

Cyrus SWINGS THE GUN up to Henry, cutting him off.

CYRUS
Why don't you quit while you're
ahead, boy.

Henry recoils at the raised shotgun. Jonah is scared.

CYRUS (CONT'D)
What else?

HENRY
(defiant)
Nothing.

Cyrus looks them over a moment longer, then

CYRUS
Go on, get. I catch you around
here again, I'll shoot ya.

Henry takes another brave step forward, brandishing the
detector.

HENRY
You ain't gonna shoot nobody. We
know Sheriff Holt.

Cyrus COCKS THE SHOTGUN and steps to Henry. He lowers the
light so the boys can see the scowl on his pock-marked
face.

CYRUS
You think I give a shit who you
know, boy? I'll bury you so deep
in them woods, ain't no kinda
gadget gonna find you.

Henry's tough-guy stance wavers at Cyrus's threat.

Jonah grabs Henry's sleeve and drags him away. Henry
takes one last look at Cyrus before the boys jog off.

EXT. KIRSCHMAN HOME - NIGHT

Henry and Jonah exit the tall grass and trudge through the yard to the back porch.

HENRY

That old goat ain't got no right taking that sword. We're the ones that found it.

JONAH

Yeah, on *his* property. I ain't gonna argue with no shotgun.

HENRY

He's just big talk.

A screen door SLAMS. The boys look up to see Lara marching down the steps, pulling on her blue smock.

LARA

Boys, you are about to get on my last nerve. You know I've got to go to work and you need to mind your grandfather.

HENRY

We're here ain't we?

LARA

Hey, who do you think you're mouthin' off to mister?

HENRY

Sorry Mom. I just got other things on my mind.

LARA

Well, set them aside because I need some help here. You heard the Sheriff. They catch him out again and they'll put him back in the psychiatric hospital and that would be just-

Henry recoils slightly.

HENRY

What do you mean "back" in? He's been there before?

Lara looks at them for a long moment before continuing.

LARA

When I was a little girl there was
an...incident.

The boys exchange concerned looks.

HENRY

And?

LARA

And, your grandfather had to be
put away for a little while.

JONAH

What happened?

LARA

We'll talk about that another
time. Let's just concentrate on
keeping him safe at home, OK? I've
gotta go.

Lara walks to her car, starts it up and backs out of the
driveway.

HENRY

(to Jonah)

Grandpa was in the loony bin?

Jonah looks at his brother, at a loss. The boys watch as
Lara drives off.

INT. KIRSCHMAN HOME - BOYS BEDROOM - LATER

Henry and Jonah lay in their beds staring at the ceiling.

HENRY

Well, there goes our big payday.

JONAH

We could sell the compass.

HENRY

I guess. Or we could head back out
for another dig. Mom's off
tomorrow night, so I say we camp
out. That way we can dig all day.

JONAH

Are you crazy? I ain't going back
out there. Mr. Washburn will kill
us.

HENRY

Jonah, you said yourself we ain't gonna see each other when ya'll move. This could be our last camp out. Besides, old man Washburn ain't gonna kill anybody. He's just crazy is all.

JONAH

Exactly! Besides, Mom said we're not allowed back there anyway, remember?

HENRY

Well, we ain't gonna tell her where we're camping out.

JONAH

No way.

HENRY

Fine, stay. I'll dig that silver up by myself.

JONAH

It ain't silver.

A KNOCK at the bedroom door, then Matteas opens the door and stands in the doorway.

MATTEAS

Thought I heard a family of raccoons chattering away in here.

JONAH

Hey, Grandpa.

MATTEAS

You boys seen my pills anywhere? Your Ma's been harping on me to take them, but I can't remember where I left them.

HENRY

I'm sure they're around here somewhere. Jonah, have you seen them?

Jonah shakes his head, trying his best to mask his guilt.

The POWER SUDDENLY GOES OUT throughout the house. The bedroom is bathed in moonlight from the window. Seconds later the lights come back on.

MATTEAS

Three four dot zero two three.
Negative eight four dot six one
five.

Matteas stares off into space for a moment then snaps back to the present.

MATTEAS (CONT'D)

Alright then, I'll keep looking.
Don't ever get old, boys. Losing
your marbles ain't no fun.

Matteas departs as the boys share a look of concern.

EXT. KIRSCHMAN HOME - LATE MORNING

Lara's car parked in the driveway, Lara in the driver's seat, Henry riding shotgun, his pack in his lap. He is purposefully avoiding eye contact with Lara.

LARA

You get everything squared away
with your father yet?

HENRY

Not yet.

LARA

Well, might wanna talk to him
sooner than later. I'm sure he's
gonna have to "*figure some things*
out" in order to accommodate you.

Henry gives a sullen nod when the rear door opens and Jonah tumbles into the back seat.

LARA (CONT'D)

Jonah, go get your grandfather.

Jonah, flustered, raises himself back out of the car and stalks off around the corner of the house.

He approaches the barn and hears the muffled sounds of conversation inside. He enters

THE BARN

to find his grandfather talking to someone out of frame.

MATTEAS

Hey, there he is now.

Jonah smiles, turns to see

CYRUS, who nods and gives a crooked smile.

MATTEAS (CONT'D)

You remember Mr. Washburn.

Jonah manages a slight nod.

MATTEAS (CONT'D)

I was just telling Mr. Washburn here about the compass you boys found a while back.

Cyrus eyes Jonah as he slowly makes his way to his grandfather's side.

CYRUS

Your grandpa says it could be worth a pretty penny.

Jonah nods. Cyrus's glare makes him uneasy.

Matteas places the compass next to an old cigar box filled with other odds and ends and turns to a nearby shelf.

MATTEAS

Now if I can find my naval jelly, we can get it lookin' real nice like.

Cyrus casually approaches the table.

CYRUS

Well, I best be getting back to the cows. This drought is about to do me in-

Cyrus "accidentally" knocks over the CIGAR BOX. It HITS THE FLOOR, the contents scatter around and under the table.

CYRUS (CONT'D)

Aw, Christ, sorry about that.

MATTEAS

Ah, that's alright.

Matteas stoops to retrieve the items. As he does,

Cyrus sweeps his hand across the table, palms the COMPASS and places it in his pocket in one swift movement.

He turns and sees JONAH staring at him. Cyrus glares back.

Matteas is out of sight on his knees picking up the items.

MATTEAS (CONT'D)
(oblivious to the theft)

I'd probably be upset if I hadn't done the same thing myself half a dozen times.

CYRUS
Here let me help you with that.

MATTEAS
No, you go on and take care of your animals. Jonah and I will get this cleaned up.

CYRUS
You sure?

Matteas rises with a smile, drops an item in the cigar box.

MATTEAS
Absolutely.

CYRUS
Alright then. Be seein' ya.

Cyrus gives Jonah a wink and exits the barn.

Matteas rises to his feet and plunks a few items back into the cigar box.

Jonah stares at the table where the compass sat.

MATTEAS (O.S.)
Jonah!

Jonah startles, turns to Matteas.

MATTEAS (CONT'D)
You see where that compass went to? Can't find that thing anywhere.

Jonah looks at his grandfather in mild shock then shakes his head slowly.

Matteas, hands on hips, scans the floor below, puzzled when another CAR HORN sounds off.

LARA (O.S.)
Come on, boys, let's get a move on!

Matteas heads toward the door, leading Jonah along with him.

MATTEAS

Alright, keep your britches on.
(to Jonah)
Come on, we'll find it later.

Matteas leads Jonah out of the barn.

As the car pulls out of the driveway, Jonah watches Cyrus's tractor rumble down the dirt path back to his house.

INT. MILO'S PAWN AND GUN - DAY

Henry's pack is laid out on the counter as Milo sifts through items from yesterday's dig.

MILO

(shaking his head)
You're looking at about eleven,
twelve dollars here.

HENRY

That's it?

MILO

How about that sword you were
tellin' me about?

Henry shakes his head with a frown, then turns to Jonah.

HENRY

Gimme the compass.

Jonah looks at Henry, at a loss.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Come on, let's have it.

Jonah pulls Henry aside.

JONAH

It's gone.

HENRY

What do you mean, gone?

Jonah looks down in shame.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Jonah...

JONAH
Cyrus stole the compass!

HENRY
(loudly)
What?!

Jonah pulls Henry a step further from the counter.

JONAH
Cyrus was talking to Grandpa in the barn this morning. When Grandpa wasn't looking, Cyrus swiped the compass bigger than snot. I saw the whole thing.

HENRY
Why didn't you tell Grandpa?

JONAH
I-I was scared.

Henry is devastated.

HENRY
Christ, Jonah-

JONAH
I'm sorry Henry.

MILO
How bout it? You got anything else?

Henry returns to the counter, shakes his head glumly. Milo counts out the single bills and slides them across the counter.

Henry stuffs them in his pocket and turns.

MILO (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Oh, hang on, you forgot this the other day.

Milo reaches under the counter, produces the ashtray.

MILO (CONT'D)
Wish I could do better for you.

Henry grabs it and stuffs it in his pack.

HENRY
That's OK. We'll find something.

Milo nods, watches the boys head off, clearly downtrodden.

EXT. DOWNTOWN - LATER

Lara stands near a shuttered FLOWER SHOP. A sign on the door reads "*Out of Water = Out of Business*".

She wipes the dust from the front window and peers inside, sees the nearly empty interior, a few wilted flowers evidence of what once was.

She steps back, writes in the dust with her finger to read "Lara's" above the printed words "Flower Shop". She smiles to herself then notices in the reflection

Henry marching down the sidewalk. She turns as he enters the car and slams the door shut.

LARA

Henry?

She approaches the car when she sees Jonah, equally unhappy.

LARA (CONT'D)

What's wrong?

JONAH

Everything.
(looks around)
Where's Grandpa?

LARA

Where do you think?

Lara nods across the street toward Matteas where he stands gazing at the bronze war memorial.

Jonah approaches Matteas.

CLOSE ON THE WAR MEMORIAL

Several revolutionary soldiers stand in a war torn pose, brothers in arms. Below them a LARGE GLASS EGG-LIKE FEATURE embedded in the base along with an engraving:

"Let justice be done, though the heavens should fall" - John Adams

Matteas runs his fingers across the clear glass egg. He begins to clutch it tightly when

JONAH

What are you doing, Grandpa?

Matteas startles a bit, pulls his hand from the statue.

MATTEAS

Huh? Uh...just...well, I don't know. Looking around I guess.

JONAH

What's the egg got to do with the war?

MATTEAS

Heard it has something to do with turning the tide of a big battle around here. Don't rightly know what the heck it is though.

LARA (O.S.)

You boys ready?

Matteas gazes at the statue a moment longer then puts his arm around Jonah and heads back to the car.

Jonah looks at Henry as he enters the backseat. Henry glares at him angrily.

EXT. FIELD - DAY

Jonah races through the grass after Henry, his heavy backpack sloshing back and forth behind him.

JONAH

Henry, wait!

Henry marches angrily ahead, a white-knuckled grip around the pack's shoulder straps.

JONAH (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, alright? Would you wait a second?

Henry ignores Jonah. He reaches the barbed wire fence and drops his pack, pulls out a small two man tent and begins assembling it.

Jonah approaches from the tall grass and watches Henry set up the tent.

JONAH (CONT'D)

Look I was scared, OK?

Henry turns to Jonah.

HENRY

Grandpa was right there when it happened. You coulda said something.

Henry grabs his pack and disappears inside the tent.

JONAH

Did you forget that little
incident last night where Cyrus
said he'd

(imitating Cyrus)

"Bury us so deep *in them woods*
nobody would find us"?

Henry rummages around the tent, a faint light clicks on
inside the tent. Henry exits and begins cramming loose
items back in his pack.

HENRY

You really think that old fool is
gonna shoot a couple of kids?

Henry looks up at Jonah.

HENRY (CONT'D)

You can't just let people walk all
over you, Jonah. And I'm not just
talking about old man Washburn
either.

Jonah hangs his head in shame.

JONAH

I-I'm sorry, Henry.

Henry rises to his feet and looks out over the field,
sees

ACROSS THE FIELD

Cyrus pulling up to an old farmhouse on his tractor.

Henry tears off in a crouched run. Jonah races after him.

JONAH (CONT'D)

Where are you going?

Henry scurries through the tall grass.

HENRY

He ain't getting away with this!

The boys weave through the field and eventually come to

EXT. OLD FARMHOUSE - SAME

A large Victorian-style farmhouse, overgrown by weeds and
littered with old farm equipment. A few cows are in a
fenced in area behind the house.

THE FIELD

Henry is crouched in the tall grass surveying the house a short distance away. Jonah stumbles onto Henry soon after. He looks at the house.

JONAH

No way, Henry.

HENRY

He ain't getting that sword and our compass. We found that stuff fair and square.

JONAH

Look at that place, Henry. That's exactly the kind of house you go in and you don't come out. I bet he has some kind of booby trap where as soon as you walk in, it lops your head clean off.

Henry drags Jonah a few feet back into the tall grass and rifles through his pack.

HENRY

Look, you ain't gotta do nothing but keep a lookout.

Henry pulls the walkie talkies out of his pack, shoves one in Jonah's hand.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Time to grow a pair, Jonah. You see him coming, you give me a holler.

Henry peeks out of the grass, sees

FARMHOUSE

CYRUS exiting the front door, bucket in hand. He shuffles through the cluttered yard and around back toward the cow pen.

FIELD

JONAH

Seriously, Henry-

Henry doesn't wait for him to finish. He looks both ways then dashes toward the house.

Jonah watches in horror.

JONAH (CONT'D)
 (to himself)
 You lunkhead.

Jonah quickly pulls his telescope from his pack and peers through.

JONAH'S POV THROUGH TELESCOPE

Henry bounds up the front steps, stops at the front door, his back to the wall. He looks back at Jonah, shrugs his shoulders.

Jonah pans the scope across to find Cyrus in the back by the cow pen feeding the cows.

Jonah gives Henry a reluctant nod and thumbs up.

Henry is glued to the outside wall, second guessing himself.

JONAH
 (to himself)
 He's not gonna do it. Thank God,
 he's not gonna do it.

Henry slips inside. Jonah slumps.

JONAH (CONT'D)
 (to himself)
 He did it.

Then Henry's voice crackles through.

HENRY (V.O.)
 (through walkie)
 Head still intact.

JONAH
 (to himself)
 For now.

INT. FARMHOUSE - SAME

Henry pauses to let his eyes adjust to the dimly lit interior.

The front room is a ramshackle of old furniture covered in stacks of newspapers, old tools, and other odds and ends.

He slinks over to a mountain of debris on the coffee table. Magazines, a handful of arrowheads, dirty clothes.

Henry begins combing through the junk when he's startled by his WALKIE TALKIE.

JONAH (V.O.)
 (through walkie)
 Did you find it?

HENRY
 (into walkie)
 Not yet. It ain't like it's
 sitting here gift-wrapped for us.

Henry proceeds to

THE KITCHEN

A mess like the rest of the house, the table cluttered with dishes and old food containers.

A scruffy old TABBY CAT slinks along the counter top and eyes Henry.

HENRY
 (to cat)
 Looks like you still have your
 head attached, old boy.

JONAH'S POV THROUGH TELESCOPE

Cyrus tosses feed to the cows. The scope pans over to the house to find Henry passing by a window.

The scope pans back to the cow pen and finds CYRUS STARING BACK AT THE SCOPE.

Jonah drops the telescope, stumbles back into the grass. He holds his breath, frozen in terror.

THE PARLOR

Similar to the front room in decor and filth, but the lack of natural light makes the room that much darker.

Henry approaches the cluttered fireplace mantel, finds several old sepia toned photos leaning against the wall.

A jar of civil war-era musket balls.

A small, metal object with a concave center. Floating an inch above the surface is a set of keys. It looks like a novelty item you'd find in a magic shop.

Next to the magic key holder is a DEAD MOUSE.

BACK TO:

THE FIELD

Jonah slowly crawls forward and grabs the scope, raises it to his eye.

JONAH'S POV THROUGH TELESCOPE

The cow pen. No Cyrus. Pan quickly left and right. No Cyrus.

JONAH

(into walkie)

Henry, I lost him. He's not at the pen and not out front. Get outta there.

FARMHOUSE

Henry nudges the DEAD MOUSE CARCASS.

HENRY

(into walkie)

Keep looking. When he heads back to the front let me know, and I'll ditch out the back.

JONAH (V.O.)

(through walkie)

Don't you think he might be coming in the back right now?

Henry's eyes grow as he lowers his walkie talkie and listens. Silence.

The SMACK of a closing screen door from the rear of the house.

Henry sneaks toward the front door. HEAVY FOOTFALLS grow louder as Cyrus traverses the house.

Cyrus enters the kitchen doorway and stops, looks around suspiciously. The cat slinks by and gives a gurgled MEOW.

Cyrus walks into the front room. He looks to the screen door and sees it slightly ajar.

Cyrus steps onto the front porch and looks out toward the field, scanning the horizon.

CUT TO:

EXT. FIELD

Henry and Jonah in a crouched sprint, crashing through the grass until they eventually reach their campsite.

The boys tumble to the ground onto their backs, gasping for breath.

JONAH

Well?

Henry breathing heavily.

HENRY

Nothing.

JONAH

Did you find his...
(takes a breath)
collection of human heads?

HENRY

No.
(takes a breath)
But I did find this.

A quiet THUMP as the DEAD MOUSE CARCASS lands on Jonah's chest. He bolts upright, flinging the mouse into the grass.

Henry laughs as Jonah brushes his shirt off.

JONAH

Hilarious.

DISSOLVE TO:

THE CLEARING - DAY

The "real" tent is set up in the center of the clearing. About a dozen holes are visible around them.

Henry drops an arm load of sticks near a fire pit and begins setting them in a teepee-shaped cone.

Jonah sits several yards away organizing a handful of newly discovered items.

JONAH
OK, we got one rusty belt
buckle... four musket balls...

HENRY
Toss me the matches.

JONAH
They're in the backpack.

HENRY
You mean the backpack that's right
next to you?

JONAH
Can't you see I'm busy sorting
these out.

HENRY
If we don't get a fire going soon,
the Sasquatches will be all over
us-

Jonah leaps to his feet and grabs the pack. He dumps the contents of the pack onto the ground. The ASHTRAY from the pawnshop tumbles out last.

Henry smiles to himself, carefully adding more sticks to the teepee.

HENRY (CONT'D)
The bigger the fire, the better,
is what I heard...

JONAH (O.S.)
Henry.

HENRY
And one of us should stay up and
keep it going, so you're gonna
have to-

JONAH (O.S.)
Henry!

HENRY
What?

Henry looks up to see

Jonah holding the "ASHTRAY" face up in the palm of his hand, a box of matches HOVERING ABOVE IT.

Henry rises, approaches Jonah. He looks closely at the LEVITATING MATCHES.

HENRY (CONT'D)

It's just some dumb magnet thing.
Cyrus had one at his house too.

JONAH

Henry, magnets work on metal. This
is wood and paper.

HENRY

(shaking his head)
Gotta be some metal in there.

Henry grabs the match box and opens it. Wood matches,
cardboard box. He places it gingerly back into the
"magnetic" field, where it rotates ever so slowly.

Henry looks at Jonah, realization dawning on him.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Holy crap.

Jonah slowly sweeps the "magnet" from side to side in
front of them. The matches follow with a slight delay but
always come to rest in the center of the "magnet" when
idle.

JONAH

Henry. This could be the greatest
discovery of-

HENRY

(cutting him off)
Jonah.

Henry pulls the matches, drops them to the ground and
grabs the magnet from Jonah.

JONAH

Hey.

Henry holds the magnet over the matches. Nothing. He
lowers it to about waist high. Nothing.

JONAH (CONT'D)

Turn it over.

Henry turns the magnet over so the concave surface is
facing downward.

THE MATCHES RISE OFF THE GROUND and come to hover a few
inches below the magnet.

The boys look at each other, all smiles and wide eyes.

Henry walks toward the center of the clearing, magnet facing downward, matches following below. He stops at the upright soda bottle left behind from yesterday.

HENRY

Hold that bottle.

JONAH

What for?

HENRY

Just do it.

Jonah crouches and holds the bottle.

Henry kicks the stick away and passes the magnet over the bottle. The bottle vibrates slightly. Jonah turns his head and closes his eyes.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Hold it steady.

Henry lowers the magnet a bit and then the remaining soda begins to "POUR" UPWARD OUT OF THE BOTTLE, the top end of the stream coming to rest inches below the magnet.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Are you frigging serious?!

Jonah turns back, opens his eyes to see

The soda stream, two feet long, DANCING IN MID AIR like a charmed cobra, the tail end still resting in the bottle below.

HENRY (CONT'D)

In-Fricking-Sane!

Henry and Jonah look to each other in amazement.

CUT TO:

INT. KIRSCHMAN HOME - LATER

The phone RINGS.

Matteas is laid back in his recliner, snoring loudly.

Lara enters from the hall in a robe, drying her hair. She walks to the phone in the kitchen and picks up.

LARA
 (into phone)
 Hello...No, it's my night
 off...and no one else there can
 cover for her? What
 about...No...Yes, of course I need
 it...Fine. Give me twenty minutes.

Lara hangs up the phone, agitated.

LARA (CONT'D)
 Asshole.

Lara opens a kitchen drawer, pulls out a walkie talkie,
 turns it on. She glances out of the kitchen window to see

The "decoy" tent at the edge of the field and the faint
 glow of the lantern inside.

She presses the button and speaks into the walkie.

LARA (CONT'D)
 Henry? Jonah? You boys hear me?
 Hello?

Static. No response.

LARA (CONT'D)
 Boys, you there?

No response.

LARA (CONT'D)
 Crap.

Lara puts the walkie down and disappears down the hall

LARA (O.S.)(CONT'D)
 Dad?... Dad!

Matteas snorts and raises his head groggily.

MATTEAS
 What happened? What'd I miss?

LARA (O.S.)
 Dad, I gotta go in and cover for
 Diane for a little while. I
 shouldn't be long. If you have any
 problems, the boys are camping out
 right over yonder, ya hear? And
 you took your pill, right?

Matteas nestles back into his recliner, closes his eyes.

MATTEAS

Yeah, yeah, I'll be fine. You go ahead.

Lara returns to the living room buttoning her shirt.

LARA

I'll be home as soon as I can. Be good.

Matteas mumbles an affirmative as Lara grabs her smock from the coat rack and walks out the door.

BACK TO:

THE CLEARING - DUSK

The boys are standing a few feet apart. Jonah has the magnet in hand facing up, the empty soda bottle floating above it.

HENRY

OK, you ready? Underhand now, not too hard.

Jonah nods, smiles and lobs the magnet toward Henry. The magnet arcs through the air, face up, bottle following.

Henry catches the magnet with gentle hands, the bottle sways but stays hovering.

JONAH

Whoa!

HENRY

Ha!

Henry lowers it then moves to lob it back to Jonah.

JONAH

Wait, wait!

Henry tosses it. Jonah puts out his hands then pulls back at the last second.

The magnet hits the ground on edge. The bottle falls and SMASHES INTO THE MAGNET sending broken glass to the red dirt.

HENRY

Aw, Jonah, what the hell...

Henry and Jonah both look down to see

The magnet upside down, HOVERING A FEW INCHES ABOVE THE GROUND.

Henry races over and lowers himself to the ground so he is eye-level with the magnet.

Jonah crouches across from Henry, they lock eyes. Henry nudges the magnet downward. It nears the dirt then returns to position, hovering.

HENRY (CONT'D)

This is hand's down, the craziest thing I've ever seen, Jonah. And that includes the county fair last summer when we saw the tallest midget in Georgia.

JONAH

Little people.

HENRY

Huh?

JONAH

They prefer to be called "little people".

HENRY

He wasn't *that* little.

Henry rises.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Come here for a sec.

Jonah obliges. Henry grabs Jonah's arm and leads him to the magnet.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Get on.

JONAH

What? That's not gonna hold me-

Henry maneuvers Jonah atop the magnet, holding his arm for balance. The magnet lowers a bit but remains hovering.

Jonah's mouth is agape. Henry has a huge open mouth grin.

He slowly lifts his hand from Jonah's arm, leaving him STANDING ATOP THE FLOATING MAGNET, arms outstretched for balance.

JONAH (CONT'D)

Henry...

Henry grabs Jonah's arm and steadies him

HENRY
I gotcha, I gotcha.

Jonah gives a nervous laugh.

JONAH
OK, let go.

Henry complies, leaving Jonah floating with the magnet, a mixture of joy and nervousness on his face. His arms flutter to keep balance.

HENRY
You got it?

JONAH
Uh-huh.

HENRY
OK, hang on.

JONAH
Wait, what are you doing?

Henry places his hands on Jonah's waist and gives him the slowest of pushes. Jonah glides smoothly across the clearing.

JONAH (CONT'D)
Hen-reeee...

Henry jumps with excitement.

HENRY
Whoo! Tell me that ain't cool.

Jonah comes to a slow stop several yards away. Henry rushes to catch up.

JONAH
It's cool alright. Now get me off of this thing.

Henry grabs Jonah's arm and helps him to the ground.

HENRY
That thing rides slicker than snot!

Henry reaches down and steadies the magnet, then takes a few steps back.

HENRY (CONT'D)
Watch this.

Henry takes a running start toward the magnet then LEAPS onto it.

He lands awkwardly but the magnet zips across the red earth for several yards until he

loses his balance and TOPPLES OVER.

The magnet flies out from beneath Henry, sending him CRASHING TO THE GROUND.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Ow!!

Henry sits up and inspects his arm. A SHARD OF BROKEN SODA BOTTLE GLASS is embedded in his forearm. A small rivulet of blood streams down his arm.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Sonofa-

JONAH

Henry!

Jonah rushes to his brother's side. Henry gently grabs the glass shard and removes it from his arm. More blood drips out.

Jonah pulls a small towel from one of the backpacks and hands it to Henry, who quickly presses it down. He looks up at Jonah and smiles.

HENRY

You see that thing take off?

JONAH

Henry, are you OK? We should probably get home and-

HENRY

Hell no, we ain't goin' home. This ain't nothin'.

JONAH

Well, let's at least take a break for a bit. It's getting dark and we still need to build the fire.

Henry nods, lifts the towel to check his cut. The bleeding has lessened. The boys look over at the magnet hovering in place a few yards away.

HENRY

Where in the world did that thing come from?

INT. KIRSCHMAN HOME - NIGHT

Matteas is snoring in his recliner. An old war movie is playing on the television when THE POWER GOES OUT in the house.

Matteas's quiet snoring is the only sound until, five seconds later, the POWER IS RESTORED.

The television blooms back to life, EXPLOSIONS from the war movie break the silence.

Matteas startles awake.

MATTEAS

Three four dot zero two three.
Negative eight four dot six one
five.

Matteas looks around the room, a puzzled look on his face. He rises from the recliner and walks to a window.

He pulls the curtains back and looks up, slowly scans the night sky.

Matteas releases the curtain and walks to the key rack in the kitchen. He grabs a set of keys and heads out the front door.

THE CLEARING - NIGHT - LATER

Jonah sits near the fire pushing the floating magnet back and forth a few inches across the dirt.

Henry sits nearby, inspecting his arm. The bleeding has stopped, the cut closed.

JONAH

Henry, if we could figure out how
this thing works, it would be
worth a lot more than gold I bet.

Henry reaches into his pack and pulls out a single FIRECRACKER and tosses it into the fire.

JONAH (CONT'D)

I hate to say it, but this could
be the greatest discovery-

BANG! The firecracker explodes, Jonah jumps.

JONAH (CONT'D)

Goddangit, Henry!

HENRY

Then don't say it.

Henry crawls into the tent laughing.

Jonah looks around the dark woods, a bit apprehensive.

JONAH

You sure this fire is big enough?

HENRY (O.S.)

If you get attacked out there,
you'll know it wasn't.

Jonah grabs the magnet and scurries into the tent.

INT. TENT - SAME

He sets the magnet down and crawls into his sleeping bag next to Henry. He settles down and lay staring at the tent ceiling.

JONAH

I think you'll like it in Savannah. I hear you can take a ghost tour at night in a horse drawn carriage and-

HENRY

I ain't going to Savannah.

JONAH

You're really gonna stay here?

HENRY

Watch me.

JONAH

But, we're never gonna see each other.

Henry rolls over to face Jonah.

HENRY

Jonah, I can't baby sit you my whole life.

JONAH

I don't need a baby sitter. I'm just talking about hanging out. Like we are now.

HENRY

Look, Jonah, come September, I'm gonna be a freshman.

(MORE)

How many guys in high school hang
out with their little brothers?

JONAH

So just cuz you're in high school
now, we can't hang out?

Henry pauses a moment then rolls back over, his back to
Jonah.

HENRY

Time to grow up, Jojo.

INT. PRODUCE PACKING PLANT - NIGHT

Conveyors and staff humming full tilt, sorting fruits and
vegetables.

LARA in blue smock and hair net, passes a line of workers
as she exits the plant floor and enters a quiet

BREAK ROOM

Lara pulls off her hair net as she reaches a phone on the
wall. She picks up and dials.

LARA

Dad, pickup...Dad...I guess you're
still sleeping. Look, Diane is
still a no-show, so it looks like
I'm gonna be stuck here a bit
longer than I thought.

INT. KIRSCHMAN HOME - SAME

CLOSE ON ANSWERING MACHINE

LARA

(on machine)
I'll be home just as soon as I'm
able. Bye.

The answering machines beeps. In the background sits an
empty recliner.

EXT. DOWNTOWN - NIGHT

CLOSE ON HANDS, working a wrench on a fire hydrant.

WIDER reveals Sheriff Holt shutting off the flow of
water. He stands straight, stretches his back, eyeing the
spent water in the street.

SHERIFF HOLT
 Reckon some folks won't be happy
 til the whole town dries up and
 blows away.

Sheriff Holt turns toward his cruiser nearby when his eye catches movement in the town square. Recognition slowly registers on his face.

SHERIFF HOLT (CONT'D)
 Aw, what are you up to old boy.

CLOSE ON MATTEAS

A light sweat across his brow as he works feverishly on "something".

Pull back to reveal that "something" is the BRONZE WAR MEMORIAL in the town square.

Matteas has a long screwdriver and alternates between prying and chipping, trying to break the EGG SHAPED SECTION free.

Matteas slowly steps away from the statue, turns to leave when

SHERIFF HOLT (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 Matteas! What the hell's gotten
 into you?

Matteas jumps, drops the screwdriver as he comes face to face with Sheriff Holt.

MATTEAS
 Huh?

SHERIFF HOLT
 (noticing the statue)
 That your doing?

Matteas shakes his head as if emerging from a haze.

SHERIFF HOLT (CONT'D)
 Dang, Matteas, you're putting me
 in a real bind here. Destruction
 of city property ain't exactly a
 midnight stroll.

Sheriff Holt runs his hand through his hair, in thought. Resigned, he shakes his head.

MATTEAS
 What's going on?

SHERIFF HOLT
I'm sorry, buddy, but... I'm gonna
have to take you in.

Sheriff Holt takes Matteas gently by the upper arm and leads him toward the patrol car.

As the two men shuffle across the street

CLOSE ON THE STATUE

The egg shaped item is GONE.

EXT. FOREST - THE CLEARING - NIGHT

Smoldering embers crackle as the last of the fire dies out.

INT. TENT - SAME

The boys are fast asleep, their backs to each other. A muffled Henry MUMBLES in his sleep.

Jonah stirs. Henry MUMBLES again. Jonah nudges him.

JONAH
Shut up.

HENRY
(half asleep)
Huh?

JONAH
You were talking in your sleep.

HENRY
No I wasn't.

JONAH
How would you know?

The boys rustle around in their sleeping bags then settle in again. Another MUMBLE from Henry.

JONAH (CONT'D)
Come on Henry, cut it out.

Henry sits up, fully awake now.

HENRY
That wasn't me.

Another MUMBLE, obviously not Henry. He reaches into his sleeping bag and pulls out his walkie talkie.

HENRY (CONT'D)

This stupid thing.

A burst of LOUD static and then a voice on the walkie talkie crackles through.

WALKIE (V.O.)

The King's American Regiment. What civil war army is that from?

Jonah sits up, looks at Henry's walkie talkie, then at Henry, perplexed. This sounds oddly familiar.

CLOSE ON WALKIE TALKIE

WALKIE (V.O.)

The King's American Regiment was British army.

JONAH

Henry...that's us.

HENRY

What?

WALKIE (V.O.)

How do you know that?

Jonah grabs the walkie talkie and turns the volume up.

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

Because A, we just learned about it in American History and B, I'm smarter than you.

JONAH

That's me and you. From yesterday. This is our exact conversation when we found the sword.

This is indeed the same conversation in *their* voices, as if they were recorded and are now hearing playback.

WALKIE (V.O.)

But the British didn't fight in the civil war.

(pause)

Not the civil war, lunkhead. The Revolutionary war.

The walkie talkie emits another BURST OF STATIC then goes silent.

JONAH

(whispering)

You think someone recorded us and
is playing it back?

HENRY

No way.

As Jonah works the knobs on the walkie, Henry looks to the tent doorway.

A slight breeze blows through the trees. Henry's eyes are glued to the door panels as they flutter in the wind.

A BLUE LIGHT slowly grows outside, filling the tent with an eerie glow.

Jonah looks up at the blue walls around him, then at Henry.

Henry crawls quietly to the doorway, and eases one of the flaps aside. The blue glow bathes his face, his eyes go wide as he sees

EXT. FOREST - THE CLEARING - SAME

A BLUE GLOW emanates from one of the holes in the clearing. The light gets steadily brighter.

A SMALL, GRAY FOOTBALL-SHAPED OBJECT slowly RISES from the hole and HOVERS several feet above the ground.

The OBJECT (now known as THE PROBE) floats for a moment then turns to face the tent, its BLUE EYE "staring" at Henry.

PROBE POV, framed by unknown graphics sees

Henry duck back into the tent.

INT. TENT - SAME

Henry ZIPS THE FLAP CLOSED, then scrambles back toward the rear of the tent next to Jonah.

JONAH

Is it a Sasquatch?

Henry's eyes are saucers. He shakes his head, at a loss for words.

The BLUE LIGHT gets brighter as THE PROBE approaches the tent.

The boys' eyes are locked on the zipped doorway when THE ZIPPER BEGINS TO SLOWLY UNZIP.

Henry fumbles in his backpack, pulls out a knife and extends the trembling blade toward the doorway.

HENRY

Get outta here! Go on!

The zipper stops at the top and THE PROBE snakes its way between the flaps and INTO THE TENT.

The interior is awash in blue light, the stricken faces of the boys bathed in its glow.

THE PROBE is only a few feet from the boys faces. It "looks" at Jonah for a tense moment then

A thin horizontal shaft of blue light emits from the PROBE and projects onto Jonah's face.

JONAH

(wimpering)

Hen-reee.

He sits eyes shut tight as the horizontal light scans his face from head to chin then dissipates.

THE PROBE turns to Henry.

The walkie talkie crackles, then Henry's voice on the walkie

WALKIE (V.O.)

Get outta here! Go on!

The boys exchange looks of wide eyed terror. Then the blue light beams out and scans Henry's face.

Henry raises the knife toward the PROBE but quickly draws back his glass-cut arm.

HENRY

Ow!

The PROBE tilts, looks at the cut on Henry's arm, a fresh trickle of blood streaming down.

The PROBE emits a thin red light which passes over the cut on Henry's arm. Slowly the red light seemingly "erases" the incision, smooth skin where the cut was.

The red light dissipates. Henry flexes his arm, runs his hand across the healed area. He looks to Jonah in awe.

HENRY (CONT'D)
Doesn't hurt.

JONAH
(to the PROBE)
What are you?

The walkie talkie repeats

WALKIE (V.O.)
(in Jonah's voice)
What are you?

A rapid series of clicks from the PROBE as the eye changes to a small monitor and odd characters flicker across the screen, all unreadable.

Then a MECHANICAL VOICE speaks through Henry's walkie talkie in DEEP, DISTORTED ENGLISH.

WALKIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Incalculable.

Jonah looks at Henry.

JONAH
It answered. It doesn't know, but it actually responded to us instead of just repeating what we said.

The PROBE hovers silently.

JONAH (CONT'D)
Ask it something.

HENRY
(to PROBE)
What's a million times a million?

WALKIE (V.O.)
One Trillion.

HENRY
Whoa.

JONAH
Ask it something hard.

HENRY
I did.

JONAH
Harder.

Henry thinks for a moment, then

HENRY

How much wood could a woodchuck
chuck-

JONAH

Just stop before you scare it
away.

(to PROBE)

Where are you from? How did you
get here?

The PROBE'S BLUE IRIS rotates ninety degrees, tilts
downward and a second small beam of blue light bursts
forth ending in a small video hologram on the tent floor.

HOLOGRAM VIDEO

*Traveling through deep space, passing unknown planets,
asteroid fields, gas giants.*

A small white light appears in the distance.

The hologram distorts again, then

*The space travel accelerates at a jarring speed, zooming
in on the small white light, which becomes larger until*

The HOLOGRAM GOES WHITE.

Henry and Jonah look at each other.

JONAH (CONT'D)

(whispering)

What in the world is going on?

HENRY

(whispering)

You're the nerd. You tell me.

The hologram DISTORTS and resumes with

POV, framed with the same HUD graphics as when the PROBE
first "saw" Henry.

*Looking down through trees to A FIRE on the forest floor
below.*

The hologram distorts, then

*POV, several feet off the ground as the PROBE snakes its
way around the crash site.*

The hologram distorts, then

*POV, the PROBE as it comes face to face with a BRITISH
RED COAT INFANTRYMAN from the Revolutionary War.*

The infantryman stumbles back a few steps, raises his PISTOL. He FIRES, misses.

The hologram distorts, then

POV, the PROBE hovers toward the infantryman. He drops his pistol and DRAWS HIS SWORD. He's scared but defiant.

The PROBE presses forward. The soldier takes a MIGHTY SWING with the sword and connects with a loud metallic THWANK.

The hologram distorts, then

POV, the PROBE, the infantryman looks to his sword in shock. The tip is broken off leaving a JAGGED EDGE. He looks back to the PROBE.

The PROBE emits a PULSE OF ENERGY, knocking the infantryman to the ground, his broken sword sent flying toward the CRAFT.

The PROBE continues toward the infantryman.

The infantryman gathers himself quickly and retreats in a crab-like position. The PROBE closes the distance, when

SHOUTS from the forest. The infantryman turns in the direction of the shouts.

The hologram distorts one last time then disappears.

The boys stare at each other in awe.

JONAH

Are you thinking what I'm thinking?

HENRY

Probably not. I was thinking it's a UFO that crashed here.

JONAH

That *is* what I was thinking.

The PROBE retreats from the tent.

Suddenly the tent begins to jostle and sway. The boys grasp at the tent floor to steady themselves.

Henry's eyes dart left and right.

HENRY

Are we being inducted?

Jonah's eyes are shut tight, a grimace on his face as he braces himself.

JONAH

Ab-ducted.

The tent CEASES ALL MOVEMENT. Jonah opens one eye, then the other.

Henry motions for Jonah to look outside. Jonah shakes his head vehemently. Henry "insists" with a stern look.

Jonah reluctantly creeps along the fluid-like tent floor to the tent flaps. He peels one back and peeks out of the small opening.

HENRY

(whispering)

Are we aboard the mother ship?

CLOSE ON Jonah's eye peeking out the flap, he looks down.

JONAH

(whispering)

Not yet.

EXT. FOREST

The tent is HOVERING TEN FEET ABOVE THE GROUND.

INT. TENT

HENRY

Well?

Henry trades places with Jonah and peeks out the flap. THE PROBE pops up near the tent opening, startling him.

Henry jerks back from the opening, the WALKIE TALKIE FALLS TO THE GROUND, breaking upon impact.

HENRY (CONT'D)

We need to get out of here fast.

OUTSIDE

As if on command, the PROBE immediately spins around 180 degrees.

A gust of WIND whips the tent flaps open so the boys have an uninhibited view forward. They both sit, hands and feet planted firmly on the tent floor.

JONAH

This is gonna end in tears.

Jonah shuts his eyes again and

The PROBE STREAKS THROUGH THE TREES, its blue "eye" splitting the darkness. The tent trails behind at the same velocity.

They dodge trees by inches, small branches slapping the thin fabric as they rocket along.

INT. TENT

The boys hang on for dear life, the wind whipping through their hair. Jonah's eyes shut tight.

A faint smile forms on Henry's lips as he gets swept up in the excitement of the "magic tent ride".

HENRY

Ho-lee shit!

JONAH

What?

HENRY

Just open your eyes.

Jonah opens one eye just as

BOYS POV

The PROBE'S blue light illuminates a large hillside littered with rocks.

Henry's smile melts. The boys bury their faces in the tent floor.

The PROBE and TENT pull up at the last second and speed up the hillside a few feet off the ground.

The PROBE/TENT crest the hill and drop back down, rapidly approaching a half-dried lake bed, shimmering in the moonlight.

INT. TENT

Henry and Jonah lift their heads to see the oncoming water. If their eyes could get any wider, they would. Jonah grits his teeth as the tent

EXT. FOREST

RIPS ACROSS THE LAKE, kicking up a large rooster tail of water. They reach the bank on the opposite shore and follow a narrow dirt road.

The PROBE/TENT come to a slow stop, the door flaps coming to rest in a closed position.

INT. TENT

Henry and Jonah exchange looks.

HENRY
What happened? Why'd we stop?

EXT. FOREST

The PROBE suddenly flies off into woods alone, its blue light flickering through the trees then disappearing altogether.

Without warning, the tent PLUMMETS TO THE GROUND several yards from the dirt road.

INT. TENT

Henry and Jonah land with a dull THUD, the tent collapsed around them.

EXT. FOREST - EARLY DAWN

Henry extricates himself from the collapsed tent and looks over a large log. Just as Jonah peeks his head out of the tent, Henry ducks back down quickly.

HENRY
(whispering to Jonah)
Don't move.

SEVERAL YARDS AWAY

CYRUS stands on the dirt road, shotgun cradled, flashlight in hand. He pans the light across the trees just above Henry's head.

CYRUS
Who's out there!?

BEHIND THE LOG

Henry and Jonah lay quietly, daring not to breathe.

Cyrus takes a step closer, looks up into the trees above them. His brow furrows. He spits on the ground, turns and walks off.

Henry and Jonah wait a moment longer then exhale quietly.

EXT. FIELD - MORNING

The boys race home through the tall grass, Jonah trying to keep up with Henry.

EXT. KIRSCHMAN HOME - LATER

The boys emerge from the tall grass into their backyard when they see their mother sitting on the porch steps.

JONAH

Mom! You're never gonna believe-

As the boys get closer, they notices something isn't right. Lara is red faced from crying, tissue in hand.

Henry stops at the porch steps, a worried look on his face. Jonah stumbles to a stop seconds later.

HENRY

Mom, what-

LARA

They took your grandfather to Willowbrook last night.

JONAH

Why? What happened?

LARA

I had to cover a shift last night and when I got back, they called.

Henry and Jonah exchange worried looks.

LARA (CONT'D)

He ran off in the middle of the night and Sheriff Holt found him mangling that *damn* statue in town.

Henry stoops down and wraps his arms around Lara as she chokes back another sob.

LARA (CONT'D)

I thought he would be OK since he's back on his meds.

Jonah stands there numb, the wind taken out of him, fighting back his own tears.

LARA (CONT'D)

They said we could see him later today. If the evaluation goes well, God willing, we should be able to take him home in a few days.

JONAH

What if it doesn't go well?

Lara shakes her head at the thought.

LARA

Well, we certainly can't afford a place like Willowbrook. I suspect they'd send him down to the State Hospital in Macon.

HENRY

He'll be OK, Ma. You'll see.

LARA

I feel like I'm losing two of my boys in the last two days.

Lara looks to Henry. Racked with guilt, he gives her a half smile.

INT. WILLOWBROOK PSYCHIATRIC FACILITY - LATER

DAY ROOM

Several residents shuffle around the room. Two middle aged women play checkers while a nurse parks an elderly man in a wheelchair near a television.

Matteas stands near a large bay window gazing up at the sky. A care worker approaches with a tray of juice boxes.

CARE WORKER

Mr. Kirschman, would you like an apple juice?

MATTEAS

Hell, yes, I'd like an apple juice. We don't get these at the house. My daughter says it gives me the trots. Backed up as I get, I'd say that's a win-win, right there.

Matteas happily plucks one from the tray and pops the straw in as the care worker smiles uncomfortably and walks off.

He eases himself down in a sitting area when a nurse approaches.

NURSE

Mr. Kirschman, your family is here to see you.

Matteas turns to see

Lara and the boys walking toward him, weak smiles cover their sadness. They all hug then take seats around him.

LARA

Oh, Dad. Are you OK?

MATTEAS

I reckon.
(holds up juice box)
Got me some apple juice.

Lara barely stifles a frown. She hands him a small bag.

LARA

They said I could bring you some clothes. Got your slippers in there.

JONAH

I put some gum in there, too. Can you have that in here?

MATTEAS

I reckon a stick a gum ain't hurting nobody.

LARA

Dad, what is so important that you have to keep running off to that statue?

MATTEAS

Heck, I don't know. One minute I'm sawing logs at the house, the next minute, I'm sitting in back the Sheriff's car like a damn hoodlum.
(shakes his head)
Maybe I *am* crazy.

Matteas sticks out his tongue and shakes his head, imitating Henry's "crazy" look from yesterday.

MATTEAS (CONT'D)

Uuaaaaagggghh!

Matteas and the boys laugh quietly. Lara frowns, looks around, embarrassed.

LARA

That's not funny.

HENRY

You don't seem too crazy to me,
Grandpa.

Lara smacks Henry's leg.

MATTEAS

Well, I reckon this here place
might say otherwise in a couple
days.

A nurse approaches.

NURSE

Ms. Kirschman, can I get you to
sign a few things for me, please?

LARA

Of course.

Lara departs to the front desk with the nurse.

Henry and Jonah share a look.

JONAH

Grandpa, what happened in the
woods when you were young?

MATTEAS

You heard about that, huh?

Matteas rubs his stubbled chin, deep in thought.

MATTEAS (CONT'D)

Don't recall much of it. I'd gone
to fetch a lost calf up in them
woods. Didn't take long, or so I
thought. When I got back, they
said I'd been gone nearly a day.
Didn't have any recollection of
them lost hours. Said I wasn't
right in the head after that,
so...in I went.

Matteas looks out across the room, watches a man shuffle by.

MATTEAS (CONT'D)

Them numbers I rattle off? I believe that started right about then. Don't know if one has to do with the other, but...

Lara returns.

LARA

You boys ready? Dad, we're gonna head into town and get your truck before it gets a ticket, but we'll come by and see you tomorrow when I get off, OK?

Lara kneels next to her father and puts her hand on his cheek.

LARA (CONT'D)

Oh, Dad, I'm so sorry.

Matteas holds her hand on his cheek.

MATTEAS

Don't you worry yourself. I'll be alright.

Lara smiles then rises. The boys give Matteas a hug, then they turn and walk away.

Matteas watches them leave, sees Jonah turn and give him one last look.

EXT. TOWN SQUARE - DUSK

Lara's car pulls into a parking spot near the square.

LARA

Straight home Henry, you hear me? That's all I need is another one locked up.

HENRY

Alright, Ma.

Lara shares a solemn look with her sons.

LARA

We'll get through this. I'll see you soon.

HENRY

Night.

JONAH

Goodnight, Mom.

Henry and Jonah exit the car and watch as Lara putters away. They cross the street to the parked pickup truck.

MILO (O.S.)
Whatcha say, boys? Got anything
for me today?

They look up to see Milo and Crab, walking on the sidewalk, toothpicks in mouths.

Henry and Jonah approach.

HENRY
(to Milo)
Nah, not really.

They notice Crab tinkering with a small device.

MILO
(re: Crab's device)
You boys need a GPS? Like new.

Henry shakes his head.

CRAB
You type in your coordinates right
here and your location pops up on
the map like so.

Crab turns the device to show the boys.

CRAB (CONT'D)
Them's the woods behind your place
ain't it?

Jonah looks at the GPS screen.

JONAH
How'd you get that?

CRAB
Typed in them numbers your
grandpappy rattled off the other
night ya'll was in the shop.

MILO
(re: Crab)
He's good with numbers. Remembers
every one of 'em he hears.

CRAB
(proudly)
That, my friends, is my area of
"ex-per-teese", as the French
would say.

MILO

That ain't French, Crab.

CRAB

Sure it is.

Jonah grabs the GPS. Henry peers over his shoulder as they both look

CLOSE ON THE SCREEN

A small CIRCLE OF RED DIRT in the middle of a large swath of forest.

INT. WILLOWBROOK PSYCHIATRIC FACILITY - NIGHT

A bespectacled NURSE sits at the front reception desk handling paperwork. A RATTLING at the front doors. The nurse looks up to see

Henry and Jonah at the front doors, Henry motioning to let them in.

The nurse waves them off. Henry jostles the door again. The nurse gives them a sour look then buzzes the door open.

The boys enter in a rush, the backpack over Henry's shoulder. They approach the reception desk.

HENRY

Hi, we're here to see our grandfather.

The nurse looks to the boys over the tops of her horn-rimmed glasses.

NURSE

Visiting hours are long over boys.

JONAH

Please, it'll only take a minute. Can you just let us squeak by?

Jonah gives his best hangdog expression.

NURSE

You know who squeaks by? Mice. I don't like mice. Nine o'clock in the a.m. Not a minute sooner.

Jonah's expression turns to disappointment. Henry nudges Jonah who looks down to see

Henry palming a string of FIRECRACKERS, match in hand.

Jonah looks back up at the nurse, petrified.

Henry lights the fuse, drops them to the floor and discreetly kicks them down the hall behind the nurse.

BANGBANGBANGBANG!

NURSE (CONT'D)

Jiminy Crickets!

The nurse leaps out of her seat. She turns and scurries in the direction of the commotion.

HENRY

(to nurse)

We'll come back tomorrow.

Henry grabs Jonah and slinks out of sight.

MATTEAS'S ROOM

Matteas is snoring away in his bed. A quiet knock on his door followed by the boys sneaking in and closing the door behind them.

HENRY

(whispering)

Grandpa. You awake?

Matteas snorts loudly and turns in his bed.

MATTEAS

What the...who's there?

JONAH

(whispering)

Shhh. It's us.

MATTEAS

The nuns from St. Bernadette?

JONAH

No, it's Jonah and Henry.

Matteas sits up, turns on a bedside lamp and sees the boys.

MATTEAS

What in damnation are you two doing here?

HENRY

Getting you outta here.

Henry grabs a pair of pants draped over a chair and tosses them to Matteas.

MATTEAS

What are you talking about?

A door SLAMS SHUT down the hall. Henry turns to the door and opens it just enough to peek out. He sees

A MALE NURSE rushing down the hall.

JONAH

Grandpa, you know those numbers you say when the power goes out?

MATTEAS

Can't recall them exactly, but yeah.

JONAH

They're G.P.S. coordinates.

MATTEAS

G.P. what now?

Henry still standing watch at the door turns to them.

HENRY

It's like an electronic map. You plug numbers into it and it shows you that location.

JONAH

We plugged those numbers in and the location that came up was the same place we found this.

Jonah pulls the magnet from the pack and holds it in his hand. He places the box of matches above and releases it to hover on its own.

Matteas is mesmerized. He stares at the magnet for a moment. He slowly places his hand below the matches and slides his fingers across the smooth concave surface.

Henry opens a small closet and grabs Matteas's windbreaker and hands it to him.

HENRY

There's more. Come on.

Matteas stands and puts on his windbreaker, shoves a hand in the front pocket and freezes. He withdraws a small cloth covered item from the pocket.

HENRY (CONT'D)

What's that?

MATTEAS

I don't know.

He returns to the bed and unwraps the cloth in his lap revealing THE GLASS EGG, sparkling in the lamp light.

JONAH

That's the piece from the statue.

Jonah places the magnet on the bed as Matteas lifts the egg so they can inspect it closer. Jonah then looks from the egg to the magnet.

JONAH (CONT'D)

Guys?

The magnet twitches on the bed, then makes a small slide toward the egg.

Matteas removes the egg from the cloth and places it into the concave surface of the magnet.

The EGG AND MAGNET LOCK TOGETHER. Then the egg begins to emit a faint BLUE GLOW.

Henry closes the door and joins them at the bed. They all exchange a wondrous look, all equally spellbound.

FOOTFALLS outside in the hall divert their attention from the glowing egg.

Henry rushes back to the door, peeks out and sees

HALLWAY

The RECEPTION DESK NURSE approaching quickly.

She reaches the door, quietly opens it and steps into

MATTEAS'S ROOM

Darkness except for a faint BLUE LIGHT reflecting off of her face and glasses.

She approaches Matteas's bedside to find him snoring away, the BLUE LIGHT from the DIGITAL CLOCK RADIO on his night stand.

UNDER THE BED

Henry and Jonah lay prone on the floor, their faces inches away from her white shoes.

She exits the room, closing the door behind her.

Henry slides out and rushes to the door. He cracks it open and peeks outside then turns back.

HENRY

Come on.

Henry straps on his pack.

MATTEAS

Let me get my damn britches on.

HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Henry leads them out the door into the hallway. No one around. They scurry off toward the exit door when

NURSE (O.S.)

Hey! Who's down there?

Henry and Jonah race toward the front doors, Matteas doing his best to keep up when THE POWER GOES OUT.

MATTEAS

(shuffling along)

Three four dot zero two three.
Negative eight four dot six one
five.

OUTSIDE

The boys burst through the doors. Jonah turns, can't catch the door in time. The door clicks shut.

The POWER RETURNS, locking Matteas inside.

Jonah and Henry palm the glass doors as

INSIDE

Matteas struggles with the locked doors.

NURSE (O.S.)

Get back to your room.

The nurse, far down the hallway, hobbles toward Matteas.

OUTSIDE

Henry rummages through the pack, pulls out the egg-magnet, hands it to Jonah.

HENRY

Hold this.

The egg-magnet passes near the door. CLICK. The door locks release.

The boys look at the door, then to Matteas.

Matteas pushes the door open and scurries through to the boys.

Henry and Jonah take Matteas by the hands and whisk him away into the dark parking lot.

INSIDE

The nurse finally makes her way through the front door, a male nurse close behind.

They scan the dark parking lot. No sign of the escapees.

CUT TO:

INT. MATTEAS'S PICK UP TRUCK

Henry at the wheel, Matteas the passenger. Jonah in the middle with the backpack on his lap.

Matteas lifts the pack flap, a SOFT BLUE GLOW shines out onto his face.

MATTEAS

Now where did you say you found this...thing?

JONAH

The old woods on Cyrus's property.

MATTEAS

(closing the flap)
Them woods ain't Washburn land.
That's our land.

HENRY

What!?

MATTEAS

Been in the family since before my Grandad.

HENRY
So that sword is rightfully ours!

MATTEAS
Sword? What sword?

JONAH
If that's our property, why would
Mom want us to stay outta there?

MATTEAS
I guess she was scared you'd end
up with a screw loose like me and
wind up in the cracker box.

Jonah looks at Matteas, saddened.

JONAH
You don't have a screw loose,
Grandpa. I was supposed to get
your medicine at the pharmacy and
I didn't. It's my fault you ran
off and got put in that place.

HENRY
What?! Jonah you never got his-

MATTEAS
(calmly halting
Henry)
Henry.

Henry relents, eyes back on the road. Matteas looks to
Jonah, pats his thigh reassuringly.

MATTEAS (CONT'D)
It takes a good bit more than a
few pills to set a man's head
straight, Jonah. Ain't no fault of
yours I go runnin' off at night.
That seed was planted long ago.

Matteas gazes out the window in thought. Jonah eyes him
intently when something outside catches draws his
attention.

JONAH
Stop the truck.

HENRY
What? Why, we're almost home.

JONAH
Just pull over.

Henry pulls over, follows Jonah's line of sight to the pharmacy across the street.

JONAH (CONT'D)

I gotta get Grandpa's meds.

Jonah grabs his pack and climbs out over Matteas.

MATTEAS

Aw, Jonah, I can go in and-

JONAH

I got it Grandpa. You all go on home.

Henry notices BLAKE'S DIRT BIKE parked out front, exchanges a knowing look with Jonah.

HENRY

I can go in with you, ya know.

JONAH

No, I can handle it. I'll meet you at the house in a minute.

Jonah slams the door shut. Henry watches as Jonah marches across the parking lot and into the pharmacy.

INT. PHARMACY - NIGHT

Jonah approaches the counter, pack over his shoulder.

MR. BARNHILL

Hey, where'd you run off to the other day?

JONAH

Sorry about that. Is it OK if I get that prescription now?

MR. BARNHILL

Sure thing, one second.

Mr. Barnhill disappears in the back. Jonah looks around, getting antsy, when

BLAKE (O.S.)

Yeah, Jonah...

Jonah turns to see

Blake at the end of an aisle, chomping on a candy bar. He approaches Jonah, a devilish grin on his face.

BLAKE (CONT'D)
Where *did* you run off to the other day?

Jonah stands a little taller.

JONAH
What were you doing behind the pharmacy the other day?

Blake casts a quick glance to Barnhill's office door then gets in Jonah's face.

BLAKE
Boy, what did I tell you about keeping your hole shut?
(notice's Jonah's pack)
What's in the bag?

Jonah takes a step back when Blake grabs the pack, turns him and reaches in. Jonah struggles to get loose but not before Blake pulls out a STRING OF FIRECRACKERS.

BLAKE (CONT'D)
Looks like I found me some Black Cats.

Blake shoves them in his back pocket as Jonah backs away.

BLAKE (CONT'D)
What else ya got in there?

JONAH
Nothing.

BLAKE
Well what kind of nutjob would carry around an empty backpack? Oh wait...maybe your crazy grandpa, huh?

Jonah seethes.

BLAKE (CONT'D)
Come on, Joney-Baloney, what else you got? Give it up.

Jonah pulls the pack off. Blake watches smugly, chewing his candy bar. Jonah reaches his hand inside the pack.

JONAH
Here ya go.

In one swift move, Jonah SWINGS HIS CLENCHED FIST from inside the bag and SMACK! into BLAKE'S NOSE.

Blake falls to the floor, a metallic CLANK rings out as an oddly shaped wrench clatters to the floor.

Blake looks up at Jonah in shock, his hand quickly covers his nose as BLOOD streams down his face.

JONAH (CONT'D)

You owe me a box of Thin Mints!

Blake looks from Jonah to see

Mr. Barnhill standing at the counter. He eyes the wrench on the floor.

Jonah turns to the counter and grabs the small prescription bag.

JONAH (CONT'D)

Thanks, Mr. Barnhill.

Jonah dashes out of the pharmacy. Mr. Barnhill picks up the phone and begins dialing, eyes on Blake.

MR. BARNHILL

I know somebody that's been lookin' for you.

EXT. KIRSCHMAN HOME - NIGHT

Jonah races around to the back of his house to find Matteas sitting on the porch steps alone.

JONAH

(handing Matteas his
meds)

Here ya go, Grandpa.

Matteas pops the top and takes a pill.

JONAH (CONT'D)

Where's Henry?

MATTEAS

(pointing to Cyrus's
house)

He lit out that way a minute ago,
said he had to get something.

JONAH

He went to Cyrus's house by
himself? We need to get him before
he gets hurt.

MATTEAS

By who, Cyrus? He ain't gonna hurt nobody.

JONAH

Grandpa, Cyrus pulled a shotgun on us the other night coming back from digging. Said he'd bury us if he caught us around there again.

An ominous scowl crosses Matteas's face.

MATTEAS

He said that?

Jonah nods. Matteas looks out over the dark field toward Cyrus's house, a lone light glowing in a window.

CUT TO:

INT. CYRUS'S FARMHOUSE - LATER

A single lamp casts an eerie shadow over Cyrus sitting in a wooden rocker in the parlor, his SHOTGUN ON HIS LAP.

THE SWORD sits on the coffee table in front of him. He glares at

Henry, sitting on the filthy sofa opposite him, his pack next to him. He's scared but trying to put on a brave face.

CYRUS

The Hell you doin' sneakin' around my house?

HENRY

You stole our sword! My grandpa said those woods are our property!

CYRUS

Your grandpa, huh? That old nutter don't know his ass from his elbow.

OUTSIDE

Matteas and Jonah reach the porch of the farmhouse.

MATTEAS

I'll go in and fetch him, you stay put.

Jonah nods as Matteas walks up the rickety steps and knocks on the front door.

MATTEAS (CONT'D)

(forceful)

Cyrus? It's Matteas. My grandson
in there with you?

He doesn't wait for an answer, opens the front door and
steps into

THE FRONT ROOM

No lights on in the room. He steps into the dimly lit
parlor to find

Cyrus in his chair, Henry on the sofa. Cyrus is not
surprised when Matteas walks in.

CYRUS

Your boy here was trespassing.

MATTEAS

Come on Henry, let's go-

CYRUS COCKS THE SHOTGUN in his lap.

CYRUS

He ain't goin' nowhere. If he
can't learn right from wrong at
home, then he'll just have to
learn it elsewhere.

MATTEAS

And you're the man for the job?
After you stole things from them?
At gunpoint?

CYRUS

Them's was my things from the git-
go!

Henry stands defiantly.

HENRY

You're a dirty liar! Those woods
are our property-

Cyrus swings the gun up to Henry.

CYRUS

Boy, I had about enough of your
smart mouth.

Matteas takes a step closer to Cyrus.

MATTEAS

(angry)

Cyrus you point that gun away from
that boy, right now.

Cyrus looks at Henry for a moment, then slowly aims the
gun at Matteas. Henry's eyes go wide, Matteas stands
firm.

OUTSIDE

Jonah hears the sounds of muffled voices in heated
conversation. He slowly climbs the porch steps. The front
door is open as he quietly steps into the dark entrance.

THE PARLOR

CYRUS

It's bad enough this town ain't
got a lick of water to last the
year, killin' my cows off by the
week. Now I gotta worry about yer
good-fer-nuthin' boys sneakin'
into my house-

MATTEAS

Cyrus, put the gun down.

CYRUS

And you just waltz right in here
and tell me how to run the show?
You need to-

The SCRUFFY TABBY CAT leaps onto the fireplace mantel
knocking over one of the old photos where it SMASHES to
the floor.

Cyrus flinches, THE SHOTGUN FIRES. Cyrus's eyes go wide
at the misfire.

HENRY (O.S.)

Grandpa!

Matteas stands frozen, he looks down at himself. He's
unharmmed.

Matteas looks up at

Cyrus looking toward the parlor. A small gasp behind
Matteas.

Matteas turns to see

Jonah in the parlor doorway. His face ashen, his hand on
his stomach, BLOOD SPREADING OUT ONTO HIS SHIRT.

MATTEAS

Jonah!

Matteas rushes to Jonah, grabs him and gently lowers him to the floor. Henry races to Jonah's side, drops to his knees.

HENRY

Jonah!

Jonah looks up at Matteas and Henry.

JONAH

(strained)

It...hurts, Grandpa.

MATTEAS

You try to stay calm now, son.
We're gonna get you some help.

Cyrus places the shotgun on the floor, still in shock.

CYRUS

I..I didn't mean to shoot. I
didn't even think it was loaded.

MATTEAS

Cyrus, call 911!

CYRUS

Ain't got no phone.

HENRY

You old fool-

MATTEAS

Henry!

Cyrus approaches Jonah, his hand out.

CYRUS

Please. I...I'm sorry-

Matteas turns to Cyrus, rage in his eyes.

MATTEAS

Cyrus, you touch this boy and I
swear to Christ I will take that
sword and run you through right
here.

Cyrus recoils as Matteas rises with Jonah hanging limply in his arms. Henry rises with them holding Jonah's hand.

MATTEAS (CONT'D)

Let's get him to the hospital.

JONAH
(whispers to Henry)
The probe...it's not far.

HENRY
What?

JONAH
It can fix me. Like it fixed you.

Henry looks up at Matteas.

HENRY
He's right. We can get him to the probe.

MATTEAS
Probe? What are you talking-

HENRY
The thing we were telling you about. It has powers. More than what we showed you earlier. It can save him. It's at the clearing not far from here.

Matteas looks down at Jonah, his breathing becoming labored.

Cyrus steps forward.

CYRUS
We can take my tractor. Please.
Let me help.

Matteas looks Cyrus in the eyes, sees a change in him. He nods and Cyrus rushes past them and out the front door.

JONAH
(whispering to Henry)
Get the... other piece.

Matteas follows Cyrus outside. Henry races to the mantel, brushes the floating keys aside and swipes the MAGNET. He shoves it into his pack and heads out the front door.

CUT TO:

EXT. FOREST - LATER

The tractor is raging down the dirt trail in the woods, its single head lamp bouncing off of the trees ahead.

THE TRAILER

Jonah lies on Matteas's lap, Henry huddled next to them. Matteas's windbreaker is wrapped around Jonah's midsection, bloodstained.

JONAH
(whispering)
Henry...

Henry leans in to Jonah.

JONAH (CONT'D)
I gave Blake one in the
snotlocker...

Henry smiles, tearing up.

HENRY
That's great, Jojo.

JONAH
Don't call me Jojo...
(coughs)

MATTEAS
Easy now, Jonah.
(to Henry)
God I hope you're right about
this.

Henry looks from Matteas to Jonah, worry and doubt on his face.

The tractor comes to a dead-end in the trail.

CYRUS (O.S.)
This is as far as it goes.

Matteas and Henry ease Jonah out the back. Matteas firms up his grip and races off with Jonah as Henry leads the way.

Cyrus sits gripping the wheel as they disappear into the forest by the glow of the headlight.

EXT. FOREST

They race through the trees. A BLUE GLOW appears ahead. The rush forward into

THE CLEARING

Matteas stops and slowly lowers Jonah to the ground, in awe of the strange sight before them.

MATTEAS

I...remember this place.

BLUE LIGHT shines from a dozen holes around the clearing. Henry walks to the middle of the clearing and drops his pack.

HENRY

Hello! Where are you?

The BROKEN WALKIE TALKIE at Henry's feet, crackles with static.

WALKIE TALKIE

(in Henry's voice)

Hello! Where are you?

The PROBE appears out of nowhere and zips over to Henry as if awaiting orders.

HENRY

Please, we need your help.
Remember what you did to my arm?
My brother. He's hurt.

Henry rushes back to Matteas who is unwrapping the blood-soaked windbreaker from Jonah. He lifts his soaked shirt to reveal the bloody wound.

MATTEAS

(to Jonah)

Stay with me, big guy.

Jonah takes quick, shallow breaths, his eyes glassy, fixed to the sky above.

The PROBE appears in his line of sight "looking" down on him. It tilts lower, the blue EYE stopping on the wound.

Matteas looks to Henry, confused, a little scared.

HENRY

It's OK.

Two small CABLES suddenly dart out from openings in the PROBE and hover over the wound, like attentive snakes.

The PROBE emits a thin red light which passes over Jonah's stomach while the two CABLES emit simultaneous RED LIGHTS, bobbing and weaving around the wound.

One after another, several small SHOTGUN PELLETS begin to emerge from the closing wounds and fall to the ground.

The three red lights work in unison for a long moment, then Jonah's eyes begin to focus. Matteas looks at Jonah.

MATTEAS

Jonah? Are you...OK?

Jonah smiles and nods. He looks to Henry and they exchange smiles.

HENRY

It's doing it, Jonah. It's fixing you up.

The cables retract back into the PROBE and all three lights dissolve.

Matteas wipes Jonah's stomach with the windbreaker. SMOOTH SKIN where the wound once was.

Jonah sits up slowly.

MATTEAS

Easy now, son. You lost a good bit of blood.

Jonah looks around the clearing, the blue lights all around. He sees the PROBE hovering over the pack in the center of the clearing.

Jonah rises to his feet, steps gingerly.

MATTEAS (CONT'D)

Jonah-

JONAH

It's OK, Grandpa. I feel...fine.

Jonah walks to the pack and looks up at the PROBE.

JONAH (CONT'D)

I think we have something that belongs to you.

Henry and Matteas join him as he pulls the egg from the pack. It already has a faint glow as if in anticipation of things to come.

Jonah hands the glowing egg to Matteas and he and Henry each grab a magnet. Matteas looks to the boys, not sure what to do next.

Henry holds the magnet out, concave surface up. He nods to

Matteas who then lays the egg into the concave surface as they did earlier and it locks in place. The EGG GLOWS BRIGHTER.

Finally, Jonah places his magnet, concave down, over the top half of the egg.

The magnet locks in place and the completed puzzle GLOWS LIKE A SMALL SUN. The glowing object begins to RISE from Matteas's hands.

The PROBE draws it across the clearing to one of the holes from which blue light shines.

The egg-magnet lowers into the hole then the PROBE follows. Silence. Then

A LOUD HUMMING SOUND begins to drone all around them.

From each hole, the BLUE LIGHTS GET BRIGHTER. The HUMMING gets louder and begins to cycle in waves.

The clearing begins to VIBRATE, DIRT RISING AND FALLING IN SMALL TUFTS. Matteas and the boys retreat to the edge of the clearing.

A LARGE ROUND CHUNK OF EARTH, nearly the size of the clearing begins to RISE. Below that,

A LARGE ROUND METAL CRAFT rises along with it. A single ring of blue light wraps around the circumference of the CRAFT.

Matteas and the boys watch in slack-jawed wonder as the CRAFT ascends slowly, dirt crumbling, falling away.

The rising CRAFT has left an immense hole. A shaft of BLUE LIGHT from the craft illuminates a maelstrom of water and dirt whipping around in a frenzied vortex.

Henry steps forward, eyes on the craft above, wind and water stinging his face. Doesn't realize how close he is to the edge. The dirt crumbles, Henry pitches forward off balance.

MATTEAS

Henry!

Matteas lunges for Henry, grabs his hand. Too late. They both PLUNGE into the hole.

Jonah drops to his knees near the edge, peers over.

JONAH

(shouting)

Henry! Grandpa!

THE HOLE - THIRTY FEET DOWN

Black water whitecapping in the HURRICANE-like conditions below. Suddenly, Henry BREAKS THE SURFACE, gasping for air. He treads water, looks around.

HENRY
(shouting)
Grandpa!

Henry dives back under, searches, comes back up empty handed. Then MATTEAS SURFACES in a fit of coughing, spitting up water.

Henry swims over to him, eyes squinting from the small storm that still envelops them.

MATTEAS
(shouting)
You OK?

Henry nods. They look at the solid mud wall around them. A LARGE CHUNK OF EARTH breaks free and falls close to Matteas.

ABOVE

Jonah looks down helplessly as Henry and Matteas endure the driving wind and rain below.

BELOW

Henry and Matteas make their way to the edge. Henry tries to climb the mud wall. He barely makes headway before falling back in. They look up at Jonah.

ABOVE

JONAH
Hang on!

Then Jonah disappears from the edge.

BELOW

Henry and Matteas huddle near the mud wall, when the end of A ROPE lands with a SPLASH a few feet away. They look up to see

Nothing. Then CYRUS, peering down at them followed by Jonah.

JONAH (CONT'D)
Hold on tight!

Henry and Matteas grab the rope and quickly lash themselves in.

MATTEAS

OK!

Cyrus gives the rope a quick tug, looks up at the CRAFT still hovering high above them then steps out of sight.

Seconds later the rope goes TAUT, then begins slowly inching upward. Matteas and Henry pull and claw at the mud wall as they rise to the opening.

Jonah grabs Henry's hand as he nears the edge. Henry crests the edge, looks up to see

Cyrus, several feet away, pulling with all his might. The rope wrapped around his waist and looped around a tree trunk.

The boys turn to help Matteas the last few feet. Cyrus gives one last heave and Matteas crawls over the edge and collapses near the boys.

Cyrus falls to the ground exhausted. He looks to Matteas, also lying near the edge, they lock eyes. Matteas gives him a nod of silent thanks and Cyrus nods in return.

The wind and water begin to dissipate. They all look up to see the CRAFT ascend past the treetops. The magnetic force no longer a cause for the storm-like conditions.

EXT. PHARMACY - NIGHT

BLUE POLICE LIGHTS reflect off of the windows of the pharmacy. The front door opens and Sheriff Holt leads Blake out in cuffs, his nose smeared with dried blood.

As they approach the patrol car, Sheriff Holt holds up Blake's FIRE HYDRANT WRENCH.

SHERIFF HOLT

Been getting calls about someone opening fire hydrants all over town. You wouldn't know anything about that would you?

BLAKE

No.

Blake looks up and sees

A BLUE LIGHT glowing above the tree line in the distance.

BLAKE (CONT'D)
Whoa, you see those blue lights?

Sheriff Holt opens the back door of the patrol car for Blake.

SHERIFF HOLT
(re: police lights)
Only blue lights you need to concern yourself with are these right here, son.

EXT. FOREST - THE CLEARING

The blue light fades from the clearing as the CRAFT rises into the night sky. Higher still, until it becomes a faint blue dot among an ocean of white stars.

HENRY
(still looking up)
OK, now you can say it.

JONAH
(smiles)
Henry, I think this could be the greatest discovery of mankind.

Matteas puts his arms around his grandsons and smiles.

Cyrus on his knees shining his spotlight into the GIANT HOLE IN THE GROUND.

CYRUS
It looks like that thing pulled open a hidden aquifer beneath the ground.

Cyrus looks at Matteas and the boys and smiles for the first time.

JONAH
What's that mean, Grandpa?

MATTEAS
That could mean a replenished water supply for the town. And an end to this god-awful drought.

CYRUS
Ya know, the government would likely pay a pretty penny for water rights to access this here aquifer.

Cyrus gives Matteas a knowing look and a half smile.

CYRUS (CONT'D)
 Seeing how it's on your land and
 all.

Henry and Jonah look from Cyrus to their grandfather.

HENRY
 Is that true, Grandpa?

MATTEAS
 We'll have to see how it plays out
 but I have heard of such things.

Matteas and the boys look down into the hole.

CLOSE ON moonlight reflecting on the water below.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. KIRSCHMAN HOME - DAY

A WHITE PICKUP TRUCK crunches along the worn gravel
 driveway, Army Corps of Engineers logo on the door.

The truck continues past the end of the driveway onto a
 well-worn but new-to-us dirt path leading through the
 field to the forest beyond.

Lara walks hurriedly to to her car tying a new white
 apron around her waist, the logo "Flowers by Lara"
 printed on front. She's got a glow about her, happy.

She finishes tying the apron and pulls out a walkie
 talkie from the front pocket, looks out to the field and
 presses the talk button.

LARA
 (into walkie)
 Hey guys, I'm headed to the shop.
 You OK out there?

THE FIELD

Matteas hammering the last nail as he and the boys erect
 a new gate at the barbed wire fence. (The same location
 Cyrus caught them weeks earlier).

Henry picks up the walkie talkie.

HENRY
 (into walkie)
 Hey Ma, we're just about finished
 here.

LARA (O.S.)
Alright then. I'll see ya'll at
dinner.

The WHITE PICKUP bounces slowly along the worn path near Matteas and the boys. The passenger gives a tip of his hat, Jonah waves back.

LARA (O.S.)(CONT'D)
And tell those engineer fellas to
start another path. They're
tearing our yard to pieces.

Henry looks to Matteas and Jonah and shakes his head with a smile.

HENRY
(into walkie)
10-4, Ma.

Henry packs up the walkie and inspects the finished gate.

MATTEAS
Well, how 'bout it?

Jonah unlatches the gate and swings it back and forth effortlessly.

JONAH
Perfect.

MATTEAS
Think it'll keep a Sasquatch out
of our yard?

Jonah gives a half-frown, knows he's being made fun of. Matteas pulls him close, they all share a laugh.

A RUMBLING ENGINE draws their attention. They look across the field to

CYRUS, cruising on his tractor nearby. He slows as he nears them and gives a nod and slight smile.

Jonah waves as Matteas and Henry nod in return. They watch as Cyrus drives away, leaving a wide open blue sky.

Far off in the distance, a WHITE CONTRAIL as a rocket streaks through the sky miles away.

FADE TO BLACK