

TRIUMVIRATE 3

Written by

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EXT. MINING TOWN/HARRISBURG/CALIFORNIA - DAY

The desolate ex-mining town bakes in the oppressive heat, where the dusty street leads out to a mineshaft entrance in a distant hill.

Nothing stirs except for some rolling tumbleweed.

EXT. MINESHAFT/HARRISBURG/CALIFORNIA - CONTINUOUS

A faded wooden sign with the name *EUREKA MINE* hangs above the entrance of the abandoned mineshaft that leads towards infinite darkness.

A low growl rumbles from within.

Heavy footsteps approach, crunching debris beneath them.

A blue glow seeps through the darkness.

CERBERUS appears.

A tall shimmering figure, immersed in swirling blue streaks of light, making his features difficult to discern.

Clawed feet land with a shudder.

Taloned hands swing at his sides.

Tortured faces swell from his torso - screaming silently - then disappear beneath the surface.

The light momentarily parts across his face.

A glimpse of something monstrous.

Something from Hell.

He steps into the sunlight.

From the body of light, a figure steps out.

BECKY [25] now stands there in hotpants, T-shirt and sandals, her long hair stirring in the desert breeze.

She turns to face the beast in the whirlpool of light.

CERBERUS
Lay waste till they are mine.

EXT. MINING TOWN/HARRISBURG/CALIFORNIA - MOMENTS LATER

Becky walks past the old *HARRISBURG SALOON*.

She walks beyond the ghost town and out into the desert.

Her figure grows smaller with every step until she is little more than a speck against the horizon.

Then she disappears.

EXT. FURNACE CREEK INN CAR PARK/CALIFORNIA - LATER

DANIEL REDBIRD [37], of the Timbisha tribe, steps out of Furnace Creek Inn and crosses the dusty car park, where RANGER JOEL MAYBURY [54] stands by his patrol vehicle talking to KELVIN BELFORD [28], who is drinking bottled water.

DANIEL REDBIRD
Morning, Joel.

RANGER JOEL MAYBURY
Daniel.

The ranger tips his campaign hat.

RANGER JOEL MAYBURY (CONT'D)
The centre doing good trade?

DANIEL REDBIRD
Picking up nicely.

RANGER JOEL MAYBURY
Expecting more visitors today?

Daniel checks the location of the sun.

DANIEL REDBIRD
Reckon they'll start arriving in
the next hour.

Daniel climbs into his pickup.

RANGER JOEL MAYBURY
Well, it's about time that souvenir
store had a fresh lick of paint.
Darn thing's falling apart.

DANIEL REDBIRD
I'm not so sure. Tourists like
authenticity.

Daniel starts the engine.

DANIEL REDBIRD (CONT'D)
Brings them closer to the truth.

His car crawls past the two men.

DANIEL REDBIRD (CONT'D)
You have a nice day.

RANGER JOEL MAYBURY
And you, son.

KELVIN BELFORD
Bye, Dan.

The car pulls up to the junction and takes a right, out of town.

He passes Becky walking towards Joel and Kelvin.

His eyes fix on her.

She is oblivious to his presence.

Daniel continues on his way, watching her in his wing mirror till she is out of sight.

KELVIN BELFORD (CONT'D)
He's sure got that centre working
like a well-oiled machine.

Joel begins to clean his sunglasses.

RANGER JOEL MAYBURY
Maybe, but I ain't got no time for
all that raundance mumbo jumbo they
got going on over there.

KELVIN BELFORD
Folks seem to like it. Guess that's
all that matters.

RANGER JOEL MAYBURY
Yeah.

Kelvin spots Becky walking along the road towards them.

KELVIN BELFORD
Check this.

RANGER JOEL MAYBURY
Huh?

He puts his sunglasses back on and studies the girl.

RANGER JOEL MAYBURY (CONT'D)
I'll be.

Becky approaches.

RANGER JOEL MAYBURY (CONT'D)
Hi, there.

BECKY
Morning to you.

RANGER JOEL MAYBURY
You, eh, walked far?

BECKY
From Harrisburg.

RANGER JOEL MAYBURY
Harrisburg.

He glances at Kelvin who shrugs.

RANGER JOEL MAYBURY (CONT'D)
In this heat? That's mighty brave.

BECKY
Thirsty work.

KELVIN BELFORD
Here.

Kelvin hands her the bottle of water.

RANGER JOEL MAYBURY
Ain't a lot out there.

KELVIN BELFORD
Some folks like to visit the old
town.

RANGER JOEL MAYBURY
Suppose they do.

Joel turns to Becky.

RANGER JOEL MAYBURY (CONT'D)
You got a vehicle?

She shakes her head as she drinks.

RANGER JOEL MAYBURY (CONT'D)
Where you from?

Becky wipes her mouth.

BECKY
The city of Dis.

The ranger turns to Kelvin.

KELVIN BELFORD
Don't ring any bells.

She hands the empty bottle back to Kelvin.

BECKY
Does your car have GPS?

RANGER JOEL MAYBURY
Excuse me?

BECKY
GPS. Satellite navigation.

RANGER JOEL MAYBURY
I know what it is.

Joel steps closer.

RANGER JOEL MAYBURY (CONT'D)
You mind me asking where you might
be planning to go?

BECKY
Vegas.

KELVIN BELFORD
Tour coaches often pass through.
Most head there. You might catch a
lift.

BECKY
I prefer to drive. Feel the wind in
my face.

RANGER JOEL MAYBURY
You can't drive that, miss. Only
authorised personnel.

She studies Maybury. He shifts uncomfortably.

RANGER JOEL MAYBURY (CONT'D)
What's your name? If you don't mind
me asking.

BECKY
Becky Ruser. B-e-c. R-u-s-e-r.

She approaches the car and looks in.

RANGER JOEL MAYBURY
You got any ID?

BECKY

No.

She grips the door handle.

RANGER JOEL MAYBURY

Ma'am. I wouldn't do that.

The door clicks open.

She turns to him and smiles.

RANGER JOEL MAYBURY (CONT'D)

You really shouldn't have done
that.

The ranger places a hand on his holster. Kelvin tenses.

RANGER JOEL MAYBURY (CONT'D)

Step back from the car, miss.

BECKY

I don't think so.

Joel pulls out his pistol as he steps forward.

BECKY (CONT'D)

You going to shoot me?

KELVIN BELFORD

Joel?

RANGER JOEL MAYBURY

It's ok, son.

The ranger hands his cuffs to Kelvin.

RANGER JOEL MAYBURY (CONT'D)

Put these on the young lady.

Kelvin is unsure.

RANGER JOEL MAYBURY (CONT'D)

Go on, boy.

Kelvin freezes. Becky reaches for the gun.

Joel fires his weapon.

The bullet passes through Becky's hand. No wound.

Joel's jaw drops. Becky's hand transforms into a claw.

It slices across the ranger's throat.

He drops to the ground.

A blur of movement. Kelvin gasps.

He touches his throat.

Blood. He crumples to the ground.

Becky's hand returns to normal and she climbs into the car.

Switching on the engine, she pulls the car out of the car park and drives away.

The two men lie still on the ground.

Silence.

In the distance, a customer, LARRY PRENTICE [64], steps out of the Inn.

He stops. Looks over at the two bodies.

He returns to the entrance door and opens it.

LARRY PRENTICE
Someone call the police.

EXT. HAJA'Y/JERUSALEM - DAY

HAMIDI ABDULLAHI [36] walks beside LIYA GEBRE [35] while CATHLEEN HENSHAW [39] and METI GEBRE [12] follow behind through the crowded market alley.

HAMIDI ABDULLAHI
She's becoming a young woman.
You've raised her well.

Liya glances back at their daughter.

LIYA GEBRE
She remembers her past lives so clearly. Just as you said she would.

HAMIDI ABDULLAHI
Her powers are already revealing themselves.

LIYA GEBRE
You foresee trouble ahead?

HAMIDI ABDULLAHI
A year has passed without incident.

LIYA GEBRE
That is good. No?

HAMIDI ABDULLAHI
I would never complain of peace.

Cathleen stops to check out some fabrics.

CATHLEEN HENSHAW
What do you think?

METI GEBRE
The colour suits you.

CATHLEEN HENSHAW
I was thinking for you.

Meti chuckles.

METI GEBRE
I'm too young for that! I get my
clothes online.

CATHLEEN HENSHAW
Of course. Silly me.

They continue through the alley.

CATHLEEN HENSHAW (CONT'D)
It must mean a lot having your
father back with you and your mum.

METI GEBRE
It doesn't happen often enough.

CATHLEEN HENSHAW
I get it. My dad worked with the
Feds. He was away for long periods.

METI GEBRE
Your parents still alive?

CATHLEEN HENSHAW
Yes.

METI GEBRE
When did you last see them?

CATHLEEN HENSHAW
About a year ago.

Meti thinks.

METI GEBRE
I guess we're very similar.

CATHLEEN HENSHAW
Yeah, we probably are.

INT. CASINO/LAS VEGAS - DAY

Becky, holding a plastic carrier bag, takes the escalator up to the first floor.

She studies her surroundings in the busy casino till she reaches the top.

Ahead are multiple rows of people playing slot machines.

Finding the first vacant machine, she places one hand on the face of the machine, closes her eyes, then pulls the arm.

She waits.

Apple.

Apple.

Apple.

Apple.

Music bursts out in celebration.

Coins flood out.

Becky grabs handfuls of coins and drops them in her bag.

MRS PEARSON
That was quick.

Becky grins at the old lady.

BECKY
Must be my lucky day.

The old woman's eyes follow Becky as she moves to the next machine and begins again.

A CCTV camera follows her.

Security member HANK DELANEY [42], wearing an earpiece, stands out of Becky's eyeline, monitoring her.

She wins another jackpot.

Hank whispers.

HANK DELANEY
Hank, here. We got ourselves
another.

Becky fills her bag and moves to the next.

HANK DELANEY (CONT'D)
Make it quick.

More coins fall into the bag.

HANK DELANEY (O.C.) (CONT'D)
Having fun?

Becky turns. Her face straightens when she sees who's
asking, as two other security men approach behind Hank.

BECKY
I was.

HANK DELANEY
I think you should go.

BECKY
Sure.

HANK DELANEY
And leave the bag.

BECKY
My winnings?

Hank nods.

Customers begin to notice.

BECKY (CONT'D)
I don't think so.

HANK DELANEY
Ma'am, you didn't put any money in
those machines. I've been watching
you.

BECKY
You're mistaken.

HANK DELANEY
No, I'm not.

Beat. He reaches out.

HANK DELANEY (CONT'D)
The bag.