

THE COIN

By

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FADE IN:

EXT. BUS STATION - DAY

Early evening. Bus station. Outdoor shelters.

TOMMY, 18, nervous, and CARL, 19, calm, perch on a seat, watch buses drive by.

TOMMY

Where did you meet them... exactly?

CARL

I picked them up at Dean's bar.
Then we went on to a nightclub.

TOMMY

I don't get it. Why--

CARL

Hey, chill out Tommy-boy. You'll like them. Becky is the younger one - she's mine. Sam is more your type.

TOMMY

My type? How do you know what my type is; you've only known me for two weeks.

Carl gives Tommy a side-long glance, raises an eyebrow.

CARL

Heh. Believe me, two weeks is plenty of time.

TOMMY

Yeah, well, I'm still not happy about the whole thing. Not sure I'm up for it.

CARL

Stop worrying, you'll be fine...
Not a virgin are you?

TOMMY

(angrily)
Course not!

CARL

Good. Do you always play with that when you're nervous?

Carl nods down to Tommy's lap where he rubs a coin between his thumb and forefinger.

TOMMY
Huh, hadn't realized I was.

CARL
It looks old.

TOMMY
Late seventeenth Century
apparently. My Granddad Walker left
it for me in his will. It's sort of
a lucky charm.

CARL
Nice... Anyway, it's too late to
back out now - they're here.

Carl stands up and waves to two girls over the road.

BECKY, 17, bubbly, waves back. Beside her is SAM, 19,
reserved.

TOMMY
(brightening)
Wow, they're gorgeous.

CARL
Heh. Told you.

The girls check for traffic and run across to the boys.

Becky leaps into Carl's arms, wraps her legs around his waist. They spin around once and kiss passionately as she regains her feet.

Tommy and Sam watch the amorous couple for a moment. They turn to each other. Embarrassed smiles.

TOMMY
Er, Hi. I'm Thomas- er, Tommy.

He holds out a hand. She smiles, grasps it, and they shake.

SAM
Samantha. Everyone calls me Sam.

Tommy nods, thoughtful.

The love-birds disengage. Becky links arms with Carl, looks at Tommy.

BECKY

Hi Tommy, I'm Becky. Hope for Sam's sake, you're a good at... kissing as Carl is.

CARL

Hey...

Carl tickles Becky's ribs. She giggles and squirms. Sam ignores them

SAM

(to Tommy)

Carl say's you've got a car.

TOMMY

Yeah. I can hardly afford it really, but I'd be lost without it.

SAM

What make?

TOMMY

It's a one point two Polo. Oh two reg, five door...

(proudly)

Metallic red.

BECKY

Ooh, Nice. Boy racer, eh?

SAM

(coyly)

I like red cars. Where are you parked?

Tommy gestures over his shoulder.

TOMMY

Multi-story. We should--

Tommy's attention is drawn to THE MAN, 40s, black business-suit, slick black hair, stood on the other side of the road.

The others follow the direction of Tommy's glare.

The Man grins back at them, eyes narrow, menacing.

A bus drives past and breaks the contact. When it passes, the man has gone.

SAM
What the hell? Who was that?

Tommy glances at Carl. Carl shakes his head slightly.

CARL
Dunno.

BECKY
He's nobody, forget him. Let's go
for a drive.

Becky pulls on Carl's arm and they move off down the street.

Sam shrugs her shoulders, smiles at Tommy. He smiles back.

SAM
If you can't beat 'em...

TOMMY
Join 'em?

Sam links arms with Tommy and they follow after Carl and
Becky.

INT. TOMMY'S CAR - DAY

Main Street.

Tommy drives. Sam sits in the front passenger seat. Carl and
Becky kiss and cuddle in the back.

TOMMY
So, where shall we go folks? The
night is still young.

SAM
Dunno. Becky?

BECKY
How about the cinema? There's a new
comedy about a group of college
kids who--

SAM
Nah, not for me, sis, I fancy a
quiet date - far from distractions
and prying eyes.

They lapse into silence for a moment.

TOMMY

I know a good place by the scrap yard up at--

SAM

(sarcastic)

How romantic.

BECKY

How about Redmoor hill?

CARL

Yeah, it's nice up there too. By the golf course or the reservoir?

SAM

The res.

BECKY

Yeah.

CARL

Not much light pollution either. It's a clear evening, should be an excellent starry-night.

BECKY

Ooh, listen to him... starry night.

CARL

What's up? I'm allowed to be romantic once in a while, aren't I?

BECKY

I suppose so...

They resume the smooch.

SAM

So, Redmoor it is.

TOMMY

Er, you'll have to direct me, I don't know that side of town very well.

SAM

OK. Left at the next set of lights. Can we stop by an off-license on the way?

TOMMY

Sure.

CARL

There's one on St. John's road.

Sam glances at Becky and Carl, turns back to Tommy.

SAM

Have you got a blanket?

TOMMY

Two.

Sam giggles. Tommy smiles.

INT. TOMMY'S CAR - NIGHT

Tommy pulls the car to a stop by the side of a tree-lined reservoir. A clear, starry-night. He looks out of the window.

TOMMY

You're right Carl, it is nice up here.

Sam leans over, places a hand on Tommy's thigh. Smiles up at him.

SAM

Come on then, give us a kiss - you know you want to.

They kiss, tentatively, part, then again lustily.

Something moves in the headlights. Tommy turns his head to look.

SAM

What's up?

TOMMY

Thought I saw something...

Tommy glances into his rear-view mirror. He sees Carl in the embrace of OLD HAG REBBECCA, a wrinkled crone.

Tommy spins round in his seat.

TOMMY

(yells)

CARL!

Carl and Becky stare back in surprise.

CARL
What the fuck?

Tommy points an unsteady finger at Becky.

TOMMY
(scared)
I, I saw her - something... else--

Sam screams. They all turn to her.

She shuffles away from her side window.

SAM
(terrified)
It was him! The man from the bus
stop. He was staring in at us!

CARL
Jesus Christ!

Becky presses her face to the window, places cupped hands to her temples.

BECKY
Where Sam, where is he?

Something moves back through the headlights.

SAM
(screams)
There! There!

BECKY
Oh my God! He must have followed
us!

Carl opens the door and climbs out. He snatches a torch from the netting behind Tommy's seat.

BECKY
Carl, where are you going? Don't
leave us!

CARL
I'll scare the perv bastard off
then we'll get--

TOMMY
No! Carl, it's--

CARL
 Sit tight Tommy, watch the girls. I
 won't be long.

TOMMY
 Carl!

Carl slams the door and runs down the road, torch beam
 erratic.

CARL (O.S.)
 OI!

TOMMY
 Shit!

Tommy looks at the girls. They are much calmer.

SAM
 Don't worry, Tommy, we're here, we
 will look after you.

Sam places a hand on his thigh. Tommy swats it away.

TOMMY
 No, I don't want this...

He opens the door. A knife touches his throat.

OLD REBBECCA (O.S.)
 Don't go Tommy, we want you... so
 badly...

Tommy looks in the rear-view mirror at Old Rebecca. She
 grins a toothless grin.

OLD SAMANTHA, crone, places a skeletal hand on Tommy's
 thigh.

OLD SAMANTHA
 Better close the door deary.

OLD REBBECCA
 Here comes Peter, I don't think
 your friend will be joining us.

The Man approaches the car. He swings the torch loosely as
 he walks. His face is illuminated in the headlights. He
 grins. He walks over and leans on the still open door.

THE MAN
 But we can still have our double
 date, ladies.

The old crones cackle. Tommy smiles.

TOMMY
That's where you're wrong...
ladies.

Tommy flips the coin into the air. The crones and The Man watch it, transfixed.

Tommy dives and rolls away from the car as an immense bright light bursts forth from the coin.

EXT. ROAD BY THE RESERVOIR - NIGHT

The Man is hurled aside by an unseen force.

The old crones scream as if burnt at the stake.

The light fades.

Silence.

Tommy climbs slowly to his feet.

He staggers over to the body of The Man.

TOMMY
Rot in hell, bastard!

CARL (O.S.)
(faint)
Tommy... Tommy...

TOMMY
Carl, hold on, I'm coming.

Tommy runs down the road, through the headlights.

The Man's eyes open.

EXT. PICNIC AREA - NIGHT

A cleared area with picnic tables and benches. Moonlight illuminates the area.

Carl lies on his back on a wooden picnic table. A long sword - the blade covered in rust - pins him to the table through his belly. He holds the blade in both hands.

TOMMY
Jesus. Carl. We've got to get you
to a hospital. I'll call for an
ambulance.

Tommy reaches into his jacket.

CARL
 (weakly)
 No man, I'm done for. The fucking
 warlock got me. I failed you.

TOMMY
 Don't blame yourself; we both
 missed him.

CARL
 He masked his true aura from me,
 but I should have guessed.

TOMMY
 I got him - and the bitches.

Carl emits a weak chuckle.

CARL
 Bitch witches...

Carl coughs blood and relaxes.

TOMMY
 Carl!

THE MAN (O.S.)
 Your death will not be so easy,
 Puritan.

Tommy leaps over the table and heaves the sword free as he
 passes over Carl. He lands on the other side in a fighting
 stance. He keeps the table between them.

The Man approaches slowly, warily, a wicked curved knife in
 his hand.

THE MAN
 You may have drained my magical
 energies with your holy trinket
 boy, but I still have the strength
 of three mortal men.

The Man flings the bench and table aside. Carl falls off.

The Man takes a step towards Tommy, eyes the sword warily.

TOMMY
 What's wrong bastard, scared of
 your own steel?
 (realization)

TOMMY

No, it's not steel. It's iron isn't
it? Ha!

Tommy lunges, The Man steps back.

Carl grabs the Man's ankle and The Man trips over, falls
onto his back.

Tommy follows up fast and plunges the sword into The Man's
chest. The Man slashes into Tommy's leg with the dagger.

Tommy screeches in pain, staggers and falls against the
overturned bench.

The Man writhes and screams in pain, convulses and lies
still.

Tommy recovers his composure, removes his jacket, tears the
sleeve from his shirt and uses it to bandage his wounded
leg.

He hobbles over to The Man, now a skeletal figure.

He kneels beside Carl's dead body, closes the open eyes.

TOMMY

Sorry Carl. You knew the rules.
They'll give you a half-decent
funeral.

Tommy hobbles away from the bodies.

EXT. ROAD BY THE RESERVOIR - NIGHT

Tommy peers into the car.

The inside is bleached white. Two dark stains mark where the
old crones were sat.

Hi picks up the coin from the floor, turns away and walks up
the road.

FADE OUT.

THE END