

EXT. CAMPFIRE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Twelve boys sit in a circle, flash lights under their chins.

OCTA

When the old Voodoo woman gave him
the potion, he spilt half-a-it in
the river, see?... Makin' it yella...
And the only way he could ever see
his lady again is by drinkin the
rest. Now he glides along the river
bank, breathin under water like a
gator himself...

The boys listen intently.

OCTA (CONT'D)

So he was made half gator an' half-
man forever... That's how the swamp-
gator was made, to haunt our yella
swamps forever...

The boys eyes go wide.

OUTSIDE BARN

ALLY

Tate? Tate?

BACK TO CAMPFIRE

Ally approaches, and hides to spy on the boys.

HECTOR, a chubby boy RAISES his hand.

OCTA

What is it Hector? You ain't gotta
raise your hand, ya fool. This ain't
school, ya know.

HECTOR

(excited)

My uncle told me one. I got one for
the tellin. Yes I do...

OCTA

Devil ain't gotcha tongue. Tell it.

HECTOR

It's about two brothers who was caught
out, lettin loose their Pa's
prisoners. The old man wud' keep
little boys tied-down in his shack.
Old man thought coy-otes was always
gnawin at the ties, lettin them up
loose, but it was his own boys, always
doin it.

Ally searched for Tate in each boy's face.

HECTOR (CONT'D)

But one time, they had a girl with them, jinxed'em, she did. Cause the youngest son got bogged down in a mud-hole an drown. The girl got away, on account a she was a witch an able to fly through the swamp on a sugar-cane stalk.

Ally's terrified.

HECTOR (CONT'D)

(his voice gets louder
with each word)

An ever since, the drown boy's alive, he live in the swamp hole, floatin through the marsh, hauntin and callin for help... He's lookin for the girl who wouldn't save him with her voodoo magic... And there's tell, he's hates girls, an chops'em an eats'em up...

Ally RUNS out, through the darkened field of shadows.

DANCE HALL

Ally ENTERS and spots Lyle by the punch bowl.

LYLE

Funny, a story like that hauntin the boys. You know they say, old folks-tales are true, only twisted up from the passin'.

ALLY

Where's Tate?

LYLE

Your mind knows things, Ally.

ALLY

Shelton, where is Tate?

LYLE

I'm tryin to help you, Ally.

Ally pulls a small pistol from under her dress.

ALLY

Hold it right there! Nick?!

Nick runs up, sees her gun pulled, and follows suit. Lyle is gone.

Twenty FBI pull their weapons-- TRYING to SEE the immediate threat.

NICK
Every one down!

The whole room stampedes through the exits.

NICK (CONT'D)
What is it, Ally?

ALLY
Lyle?! He was right here, Nick.

The FBI hold their weapons, no apparent threat.

NICK
Who the fuck is Lyle?

ALLY
Lyle is Shelton, from when I was a kid! He was just here!

Nick looks around, no threat...

NICK
You think Shelton's here? What's got into you?

ALLY
How do you know he's not?

NICK
Let me have the gun Ally...

Scottish Hal Johnson is seething, as he watches the chaos.