

THE NAGUAL

R.C. Davidson
&
John Royan

Tahoe Film Group
775-530-7621
rcdavidson@tahoefilmgroup.com

FADE IN:

TITLE:

20 YEARS AGO

BELLINGHAM, WASHINGTON

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

A tall girl, pretty as a model, and an older Hispanic man run breathlessly through the trees in the POURING RAIN.

JULIA AZUETA (17) slips and falls and JUAN AZUETA (40), her father, helps her to her feet.

Hurries her forward to a break in the trees when the BLARE of a train's horn suddenly pierces the night.

A Union Pacific FREIGHT TRAIN coasting by, all black and ghostly in the diffused moonlight and relentless rain.

Juan and Julia tear after the train.

Catch it and board, climbing in through an open door on one of the stock cars.

INT. STOCK CAR - NIGHT

Both father and daughter drop to the floor, totally spent. Lie there and breathe when...

A WITCH-LIKE FIGURE SAILS

out of the trees and lands on the STOCK CAR ROOF... THUMP!

JUAN

springs to his feet and runs to the door. Tries to close it but the BROKEN ROLLERS are stuck to the track.

THE SHADOWY, WITCH-LIKE FIGURE

Climbs down from the roof onto the side of the car.

Moves like a spider along the louvers, her frightful dark shape visible through the gaps.

JUAN

Backs away from the wide-open door. Pulls out a wad of cash from his jean jacket and hands it to Julia.

JUAN

Here, take it.

JULIA

No, Dad, no--

JUAN

Take it, I said!

Juan stuffs the cash in Julia's coat. Grips her shoulders.

JUAN (CONT'D)

Listen to me, mijia. Get away from here. Go as far as you can. Run! Hide! And whatever you do, don't ever look for me. You hear me, NEVER look for me!

Juan takes off a BLACK EAGLE'S TALON strapped around his neck and moves Julia behind him.

The witch-like figure coming closer to the door, her claw-like nails CLICKING on the louvers.

JULIA

Oh, Daddy!

Juan grips the talon, steels himself.

Goes to the door.

When the woman leaps onto him in a flash and they both fall off the train.

JULIA (CONT'D)

NOOOOOO!

Julia rushes to the door and looks back at her dad.

JUAN AND THE SHADOWY WITCH-LIKE WOMAN

Rolling as one down an embankment.

Juan coming out on top, TALON RAISED... stabbing again and again. A PURPLE MIST spewing from the woman's wounds.

Forming a cloud around Juan.

JULIA

Watches the image of her father recede from sight, growing fainter and fainter until he's finally lost from view.

She turns away and slumps down to the floor, devastated.

Hot tears parting the dust on her cheeks.

A TITLE OVER BLACK:

PRESENT DAY

FADE IN:

EXT. TRAILER PARK - NIGHT

A car with LOUISIANA PLATES turns into a small trailer park, passing a sign:

RAGIN CAJUN TRAILER PARK

Following the car we pick out one of the trailers - a '95 Airstream Excella 28, a bus-like mobile home with polished aluminum coachwork.

A young man inside peels back a curtain and peeks outside.

INT. JULIA'S TRAILER - NIGHT

SAM AZUETA, alias GARCIA (17) is at the window looking outside. His mom, JULIA AZUETA, alias GARCIA (37) just steps away cooking in the tiny kitchen.

Sam is tall and dark, half-black; a shy, sheltered young man.

Julia, still with fashion model looks, seasoned now, wiser and maternal, a woman of serenity, intellect and action.

JULIA

Is that her?

SAM

No.

Sam lets go of the curtain and turns.

JULIA

Relax, Sam. I'm sure I'm going to like her.

Sam half-smiles, not so sure.

MOMENTS LATER

Sam opens the door for MAYA JACKSON (19), of mixed race, cool, confident, beautiful, and dressed to show it.

MAYA

Hi, Sam. I'm not late, am I?

SAM

No, no, come on in, perfect timing.

Maya steps inside and gives Sam a kiss. Turns to Julia.

MAYA

Hi!

Julia, a bit taken aback by her teen-aged son's extremely sexy girlfriend, forces a smile.

LATER

The three of them eat dinner, the clink of silverware on plates resounding like church bells in the awkward silence.

JULIA

So, Maya, how old are you?

Maya stops eating and looks at Sam.

JULIA (CONT'D)

It's okay, I know you're older than Sam. I just want to know if I should offer you wine.

MAYA

Oh, I just turned nineteen. I'm what...

(checks with Sam)
sixteen months older than you?

SAM

Seventeen.

Maya turns to Julia and smiles.

MAYA

Yeah. But no thank you, no wine for me, I'm driving.

Sam looks at his mom for a sign of approval as if Maya had passed a test. Julia just fills her own glass and drinks.

EXT. JULIA'S TRAILER - NIGHT

Sam sits with his arm around Maya outside the trailer.

MAYA

She hates me.

SAM

No she doesn't.

MAYA

She hardly said two words all night.

SAM

My mom's just like that. Really, you're fine. I just think she was surprised at how pretty you are.

MAYA

Did you tell her what I do?

SAM

No.

MAYA

Good. Don't.

SAM

She won't care.

MAYA

That's what they all say. Believe me, she'll care.

SAM

Hey, what do you mean "that's what they all say"? How many boyfriends have you had?

Sam tickles Maya and she LAUGHS.

MAYA

Lots and lots! Millions!

INT. JULIA'S TRAILER - NIGHT

Julia sits on her couch with her wine listening to the LAUGHTER outside. Ponders it knowingly and smiles.

INT. BEDROOM - JULIA'S TRAILER - NIGHT

A nightstand clock clicks to 3:10 A.M.

Julia sleeping, fitfully, having a nightmare. She bolts up. Puts her head in her hand, troubled.

Lights and MUSIC from a neighbor's party come through the blinds.

MOMENTS LATER

Julia opens the fridge and sheds light on the kitchen. Pours herself a glass of water. Drinks it and checks on Sam...

Sound asleep in a fold-down bed at the other end of the trailer. Half-under the covers, his long legs hanging over the undersized bed.

Julia adjusts Sam's blanket. Looks around the small space that amounts to his room.

A plaque with Army medals and a photo of his father in his Green Beret uniform on the wall above Sam's head. The same green beret worn in the photo hung from the bedpost.

Julia studies her boy's handsome face - not so much of a boy anymore.

BEEP! BEEP! The sound of a truck's horn takes us to

INT. JULIA'S BLACK 2017 F150 - DAY

Julia tapping her horn, peering out the windshield for Sam who emerges from the trailer carrying a gym bag.

SAM

(entering)

Okay-okay-Mom, easy on the horn!
What do you wanna' do, piss off the
neighbors?

Julia throws her arm across the seat and backs up the truck.

JULIA

You're going to be late. And if our
loud meth-head neighbors want to
party till four then they can get up
at seven.

Julia LAYS ON THE HORN once more then drives away, getting a CHUCKLE out of Sam.

EXT. AVENUE - LOUISIANA TOWN - DAY

Julia's truck cruises down the road.

INT. JULIA'S TRUCK - SAME

Sam rolls down the window and feels the wind on his face.

Julia looks over at him and it's in her eyes - he is the light of her life.

After a time Sam turns to Julia.

SAM

You never said what you think of Maya.

JULIA

She's very pretty.

SAM

And?

Julia weighs what to say.

JULIA

Mature. I think she's a very mature young woman.

SAM

Too mature for me?

JULIA

I didn't say that.

SAM

But it's what you think.

Julia just drives, lets it sit.

SAM (CONT'D)

She wants me to go camping with her.

JULIA

Oh. When?

SAM

Tonight. She wants to pick me up after work.

Julia notes the gym bag at Sam's feet.

JULIA

Sounds fun. Where're you going?

SAM

Tug Lake.

JULIA

She has a boat?

SAM

No. She's going with some friends. They're all gonna' rent one.

There is a moment here where Sam wrestles with a decision and Julia awaits the outcome.

SAM (CONT'D)

You think I should go?

JULIA

What do you think?

SAM

I don't know.

JULIA
Have you met her friends?

Sam shakes his head "no".

JULIA (CONT'D)
Just do what feels comfortable.
Okay, Sam? I'm sure she'll
understand.

Sam smiles at his mom then looks again out the window, his mind on something other than the passing urban sprawl.

EXT. NORTH SIDE CYCLES - DAY

DOUG KEOUGH (40) a tall muscular biker with a moustache, tattoos and a knife on his hip, works in the open garage.

Julia and Sam arrive in the truck and he waves hello.

INT. JULIA'S TRUCK - DAY

Sam picks up the gym bag between his feet.

JULIA
What have you got there?

SAM
Clothes, swim trunks.

JULIA
So you're going to go?

SAM
Yeah, I'll go. Maya said they'd pick me up after work and go straight to the lake, so I won't see you till Sunday.

JULIA
All right, go ahead, have fun. But no drinking and driving. Okay? Not even a boat.

SAM
I don't drink, Mom.

JULIA
Well you can if you want. You're a young man. Just be responsible.

SAM
I'm not legal.

JULIA
Yeah, so? Neither am I.

SAM
Thanks, Mom. See you Sunday.

Sam gets out and walks into the GARAGE passing Doug who sets down his tools and approaches the truck.

DOUG
Mornin', Sam. Hey, do me a favor
and start on that Harley over there.
The guy wants it by noon.

SAM
Okay. I'll get right on it.

Doug comes up to Julia's truck.

JULIA
Hey, handsome.

Doug leans on the open window and gives her a kiss. Julia tweaks his bushy mustache.

JULIA (CONT'D)
When are you gonna' shave this thing,
it tickles.

DOUG
I thought you liked tickling.

JULIA
Not under my nose.

Doug smiles and takes a moment to admire his girlfriend, Julia as taken with Doug as he is with her.

JULIA (CONT'D)
(glances at Sam)
How's he doing?

DOUG
He's fine, he learns fast. Already
does a great detail. He's a good kid.

JULIA
You two getting along?

DOUG
Yeah...
(looks again at Sam)
He's still in his shell but cracks
are forming.

JULIA

Oh hey, Happy Birthday.

DOUG

That's not 'til tomorrow.

JULIA

Yeah, I know, but I have a present
for you, a surprise.

DOUG

I hate surprises.

JULIA

You won't hate this. Sam's going
camping for the weekend with his new
girlfriend so I've got the place to
myself. I thought I'd have you over
for dinner. How's that for a present?

DOUG

Sounds great, but why not my place,
there's more room?

JULIA

What's the matter, you don't like my
tin can? C'mon, we're always at
your place. This time it's my dinner,
my kitchen, my treat. All right?

DOUG

Sure, okay.

(checks Sam)

So Sam's got a girlfriend.

JULIA

Yep, first one, and she's drop-dead
gorgeous.

DOUG

Good for him.

JULIA

I don't know about that, she's a
little... worldly.

DOUG

What's the matter, afraid she's gonna'
take away your little boy? They all
grow up sometime.

JULIA

Yeah, I know. I just want him to be
careful.

DOUG

What for? Where's the fun in that?...
I'll see ya' tonight.

Doug gives her another kiss then backs away from the truck and Julia waves and drives off.

EXT. AVENUE - LOUISIANA TOWN - DAY

Julia turns onto the main thoroughfare and cruises along, passing a 1995 WHITE F150 on the other side of the median.

JUAN AZUETA - THE NAGUAL

At the wheel.

Juan's older now, over sixty, with long gray hair. Gone is any semblance of Julia's loving father, replaced by a man with a dark interior - a NAGUAL (nah'wahl) or sorcerer, a black-hearted member of a venomous breed.

The Nagual checks out the small Southern town as he drives. The eagle's talon around his neck and a leather pouch on the seat beside him.

His PHONE CHIMES.

He pulls it out and checks a text:

CRAWFISH BAR 10 AM

EXT. STREET - LOUISIANA TOWN - DAY

The Nagual walks down a sidewalk in a rough part of town. Stops and looks across the street at a rundown bar.

A sign out front with a smiling crawfish clutching a beer.

INT. CRAWFISH BAR - DAY

A sweaty fat slob of a PRIVATE EYE (40s) sits at a table in the otherwise empty bar nursing a highball.

An OLD BARTENDER, the only other animate object in the place, preps his bar, scooping ice from a bucket onto some beer.

The Nagual enters and stops in the doorway, letting his eyes adjust to the dimly lit room.

Private Eye looks at the Nagual and moves out a chair.

CLOSE ON:

Photographs in a Manila folder, surreptitious shots of Julia and Sam in her truck and outside their trailer.

The Nagual perusing the photos that are part of a report.

PRIVATE EYE

I finally tracked her down about a week ago. After what happened in Maine she got real clever, that's why it took so long to find her. Now she's constantly on the move, never stays anywhere for more than a few months, and she keeps changing her name. Goes by Julia Garcia now. Changed your grandson Sam's name too. She homeschools him and teaches online, lives in a trailer so she can leave at the drop of a hat.

The Nagual holds up a photo of Julia and Doug at a cafe.

NAGUAL

Who's this?

PRIVATE EYE

The boyfriend, name's Doug Keough. He's got a motorcycle shop out on Lebleu Road. He's legit now, but he's done time, used to belong to one of the local biker gangs, the Renegades, along with his twin brother. I'd give him a wide berth if I were you.

The Nagual gives the photo of Doug a second look, nods stoically, then takes an envelope from his jean jacket and lays it on the table.

Private Eye picks it up and flips through the cash inside.

PRIVATE EYE (CONT'D)

Do I need to count it?

The Nagual just stares at the fat sweaty man.

Private Eye wipes his brow with a handkerchief then opens a briefcase and puts the money inside.

When he does the Nagual deftly slips a pinch of green powder into Private Eye's drink.

PRIVATE EYE (CONT'D)

Well, I guess that settles it then.

Private Eye polishes off his drink, picks up his briefcase and stands. Looks at the Nagual, curious about something.

PRIVATE EYE (CONT'D)

You know there's just one thing here
 I don't quite understand. Don't
 mind my asking but why are you so
 hellbent on finding your grandson?
 It's her kid. If she wants to raise
 him on her own, what's it to you?

NAGUAL

The boy has my blood.

The Nagual's response is more of an accusation than a statement of fact and it gives Private Eye the creeps. He smiles awkwardly then makes a beeline for the door.

After he's gone, the Nagual's gaze turns to the empty glass.

EXT. CRAWFISH BAR - DAY

Private Eye steps outside and looks up at a sky of Stygian darkness. Rushes over to his car through a sudden DOWNPOUR.

INT. PRIVATE EYE'S CAR - DAY

He ducks into an older Cadillac DeVille. Lays the briefcase on the seat and opens it, checking the money again.

EXT. BACKWOODS ROAD - SWAMP - DAY

Private Eye drives out of town through the pouring rain, peering through the overloaded wipers.

He travels deeper into the swamp.

Takes a turn down a tree-lined road then becomes disoriented.

He pulls over and opens his glove box. Takes out a map from under a gun.

Gets his bearings. Then pulls a U-ey and quickly brakes.

The rain-blurred shape of a man suddenly there in the road.

PRIVATE EYE

(muttering)

What-the-hell?

Private Eye waits a moment then BEEPS the horn.

PRIVATE EYE (CONT'D)

C'mon, get out of the way!

He BEEPS again but the man won't move so he rolls down his window and sees it's the Nagual.

PRIVATE EYE (CONT'D)
Hey, what are you doing out--

He stops mid-sentence and stares in disbelief as the Nagual walks toward the car, GROWING TALLER as he comes, elongating like a stretchy-man with incredibly long arms that nearly touch the ground.

The freaked-out Private Eye throws the car in reverse.

Whips it around and floors it.

THE 8 CYLINDER SEDAN

Flies down the rain-soaked road, splashing through puddles.

PRIVATE EYE

Driving like a man possessed.

Eyes darting. Hands tight to the wheel.

He opens the glove box.

Fumbles for his gun and drops it on the floor.

Looks up at a sudden bend in the road.

Spins the wheel.

Whips around the turn.

And runs into the Nagual again, now nearly TEN-FEET-TALL.

The terrified Private Eye slams the brakes.

Turns the car.

The back tires sliding off the road. Spinning in mud.

The huge blurry figure comes toward him through the rain.

Private Eye reaches for the gun, but only manages to push it away with his fingertips. He bolts up.

Throws the car in reverse.

Wheels it around and speeds off the other way.

The Cadillac fishtailing down the road through the downpour.

Around another bend.

And straight into the HUGE MAN again. His impossibly long arms reaching out for the car.

Private Eye clenches his jaw. Floors it. And drives straight into the man, BAM!

The big car CRUNCHES to a halt. Glass shattering. Airbags deployed.

Private Eye pinned between the crumpled dash and the seat.

THE NAGUAL

Standing at the side of the road in the pouring rain. The wrecked Cadillac bent around a tree at the edge of a STREAM.

The Nagual walks up to the car. Reaches in through a blown-out window and takes the cash from the briefcase.

The bleeding, dazed Private Eye slumped over the wheel gazing at the Nagual through a mist of white smoke.

The Nagual moves away from the car that teeters on the edge of the murky stream. The RAIN POURING DOWN.

Loosening the earth under the wheels.

Sending the old Cadillac sliding down the embankment into the stream where it vanishes under the caramel-colored water.

The Nagual calmly observes its passing then turns and walks off through the rain.

INT. MAYA'S BEDROOM - DAY

Maya lingers in bed half under the sheets gazing dreamily at a photo of Sam on the nightstand.

Someone KNOCKS softly on the door.

MAYA

It's open.

ASHLEY LUM (18) a petite, bright-eyed brunette opens the door and pops her head in.

ASHLEY

Hey, Maya. Better get up if you want to go camping, it's almost two.

MAYA

Okay, thanks.

ASHLEY

So is your new boyfriend coming?

MAYA

Yeah, I think so.

ASHLEY

Oh cool, I can't wait to meet him.
Hey, I picked up some Kona coffee.
Do you want some?

MAYA

No, but save me some orange juice.

ASHLEY

I already did. I hid it where no one will ever look - behind the dish soap.

MAYA

Is anyone else up?

ASHLEY

Rob, of course, he's already loading the van. And I heard Mister America doing his push-ups. So if you don't want to wait for the bathroom you better hurry.

Ashley shuts the door and Maya lies there a moment thinking. A black and white cat jumps up on her bed and she pets him.

MAYA

Good morning, Zeb.

INT. HALLWAY - MAYA'S HOUSE - DAY

Maya pads down the hall in shorts and a tank-top when GENO MIGNOLE (20) a muscular, Alpha male comes out of a door at the end of the hall and suddenly races her to the bathroom.

Maya winning, shutting the bathroom door in his face.

GENO

(bangs the door)

Shit! That's twice this week!

KITCHEN - LATER

Maya sits at a table eating a breakfast of orange juice and yogurt. Ashley nearby doing dishes, gazing out a window at the driveway where her boyfriend...

ROB LEARY (18) a lanky, unkempt guy wearing glasses, loads camping supplies into the back of an old VW van.

ASHLEY

Look at him, he's like an ant, he never stops moving. God, it gets on my nerves...

(looks back at Maya)

Especially in bed.

Maya looks out at Rob placing cases of beer in the van.

MAYA
Rob's nice, Ash, and he's really into you.

ASHLEY
(lamentably)
Yeah, I know.

MAYA
Hey, c'mon, remember, it's what's inside
that counts.

ASHLEY
No, it's what's inside me that counts.

The two friends LAUGH.

BROOKE SCHRAG (21) a stacked, blonde, quintessential stripper
with a cosmetic addiction walks in and goes to the fridge.

ASHLEY (CONT'D)
Good morning, Brooke.

BROOKE
What's so good about it?
(opens the fridge and turns)
All right, who drank the last of the
orange juice!

Maya, with her back to Brooke, drains her glass. Brooke
looks at Maya as the guilty party then storms out of the
kitchen.

BROOKE (CONT'D)
Fuckin' roommates!

Maya and Ashley look at each other and SNICKER.

EXT. OFFICE - DOUG'S GARAGE - DAY

Doug waits on the phone at his desk, frustrated, a "Blue
Screen of Death" on the crashed computer in front of him.

Sam walks in from the garage carrying his gym bag.

SAM
Hey, Doug. I got everything put
away so is it okay if I take off?

DOUG
What time is it?

SAM
Almost five.

DOUG

Yeah, all right. I'll see you Monday.
Hey, good job today.

SAM

Thanks.

(re: computer)

Are you having any luck with that?

DOUG

No, it's a nightmare.

SAM

Who's that, tech support?

DOUG

Yeah, supposedly. I found the
company's number online, but for all
I know it's from a fake web site.
Now they've got me on hold.

SAM

Just remember if they ask for money
it's a scam.

ONLINE SCAMMER ON PHONE (V.O.)

Sir, are you there?

DOUG

Yeah, I'm here.

Doug gives a thumbs up to Sam who waves goodbye and leaves.

ONLINE SCAMMER ON PHONE (V.O.)

Thank you for your patience, sir,
but I am sorry, in order to help you
with this it will require advanced
troubleshooting and for that there
is a charge of ninety-five dollars.
Would you like to proceed?

DOUG

Yeah, sure. Why not? Just hold on
a sec', let me grab my gold bars.

Okay, now open your mouth...

(looks at the phone)

HERE THEY COME!

WHAM! Doug slams down the phone.

EXT. DOUG'S GARAGE - DAY

Sam sits outside gazing up at a gray overcast sky, picks up
his bag and stands when the old VW van pulls in off the street.

INT. VAN - DAY

Maya looks out at Sam from the third row seat.

MAYA

There he is.

Ashley, sitting beside Rob in the second row seat, views Sam then turns to Maya.

ASHLEY

Oh my God, Maya, he's gorgeous.
Where'd you find him?

Brooke, in the front passenger seat, looks up from filing her nails to check out Sam.

BROOKE

Where else? At the club.

MAYA

We met at the mall. I don't date guys from the club.

Geno, at the wheel, chimes in.

GENO

You hooked up with me.

MAYA

That's different, you work there.
And I wouldn't call our one date "hooking up". All we did is go to a movie.

BROOKE

Yeah, stupid. And don't talk about dating other women in front of me, I hate that.

Brooke goes back to filing her nails and Geno mocks her, pantomiming her words: "*I hate that*".

Maya taps Rob on the shoulder.

MAYA

Hey, let me out.

ROB

(rolling a joint)

Hang on, I'm almost finished.

Rob licks the papers then slides open the door. Takes in a great view of Maya's shapely ass as she exits the van.

Ashley elbows him.

ASHLEY
Don't look!

ROB
What? It's right there. What do
you expect me to do?

Maya walks up to Sam and greets him with a kiss. Leads him back to the van.

MAYA
(entering)
Hey, everyone, this is Sam.

A chorus of AD LIBBED GREETINGS assail Sam: "Hi!, Hey, Sam, Howzit, brah," etc.

SAM
Hi.

Sam tries to enter the van but Rob puts out his arm.

ROB
Hey, wait a minute. You got your cell?

MAYA
No, he doesn't, Rob. I told him
it's a no cell phone weekend. And
what does it matter, there's no
service out there anyway.

SAM
Yeah, I left it at home.
(raises his hand)
I swear.

Rob drops his arm and Sam gets in the 3rd row seat with Maya. Rob fires up the joint and offers it to Sam.

ROB
Well, bro, welcome to the Magical
Mystery Tour. Wanna' hit?

SAM
No, that's all right, I don't smoke,
but thanks.

ROB
Sure, man, no problem, just more for me.

Rob takes a hit and turns back in his seat. Sam looks over at Maya who smiles and takes his hand.

EXT. DOUG'S GARAGE - DAY

The van pulls out on to the street and speeds away.

Doug, closing up the garage, watches it go. He pulls down the garage door. Locks it then goes back to his office.

INT. OFFICE - DOUG'S GARAGE - DAY

Doug takes some cash from a register then lowers the blinds when the phone RINGS.

DOUG

Hello, North Side Cycles.

CUT BETWEEN: Julia in her TRAILER and Doug in the garage.

JULIA

Hey, it's me.

DOUG

I'm just closing up. I'll be there
in ten minutes.

JULIA

Sam get off okay?

DOUG

Yeah, he just left.

JULIA

Were they drinking?

DOUG

Not that I could see. But come on,
stop worrying, he's a good kid. Let
him have some fun.

JULIA

I know, I'm just being a mom.

DOUG

You can take "being a mom" a little
too far, you know. He's gotta' get
out of the nest someday.

JULIA

You think I'm too protective?

DOUG

It's not what I think that matters.

Julia takes a moment to consider Doug's advice. Changes tone.

JULIA

Hey, what do you want for dessert,
peach pie or chocolate mousse?

DOUG

How 'bout just you.

JULIA

Yeah, and how would you like that, a la
mode on the couch or back in the bed?

DOUG

How 'bout we start in the bed and
see where we end up.

JULIA

Why don't we. C'mon, handsome, get
over here. Hurry up.

DOUG

I'm on my way.

Doug sets down the phone and takes keys off the desk when
the office door opens and an old man walks in - the Nagual.

He halts in the doorway and stares at Doug.

DOUG (CONT'D)

Can I help you?

**Here ends the website excerpt of The Nagual. Reach out to
R.C. Davidson of Tahoe Film Group if you'd like to read the
full script. rcdavidson@tahoefilmgroup.com**