

THE DEVIL IN D MINOR

by

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FADE IN:

EXT. PARK ENTRANCE - DAY

Birds CHIRP and grass sparkles in the early morning dew. A truck WINDS DOWN to a halt at the gate.

The door CREAKS open. An elderly MAINTENANCE MAN slowly climbs out of the vehicle and swaggers to the gate. Keys JANGLE from his pocket. He stops at the gate, unlocks it.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

The maintenance man's truck moves along the pavement with beautiful fields and forests on either side.

INT. TRUCK - DAY

The old man looks curiously ahead as the vehicle slows.

MAINTENANCE MAN
What the hell?

EXT. ROAD - DAY

There is an ambiguous bloody carcass lying in the middle. From this distance, it appears it could be an animal.

The truck stops some several meters away. The old man climbs out with an annoyed sigh. He ambles curiously toward the dark mangled heap.

MAINTENANCE MAN
I ought to call Trevor out here and he can move this himself.

As he draws near to the bloody mass, he notices something in the grass. Another ambiguous bloody body. Then he sees...a WHITE article of clothing. A coat maybe. His eyes bulge with the realization.

MAINTENANCE MAN
Oh my God.

As the horrified old man runs to his truck, everything slows down; his voice lowers; as if time itself were halting.

MAINTENANCE MAN
Oh my God!

He keeps repeating; everything getting slower; his voice getting deeper; until it drags like a run down tape recorder.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

In the doorway, a DETECTIVE stands face to face with a DOCTOR, so close they could lean in and kiss each other.

DETECTIVE
So how long do you think
it will take before he
comes out of it?

The doctor sighs out the side of his mouth, being uncomfortably close.

DOCTOR
He may never come out of
it.

The detective's brow lowers.

DETECTIVE
We may never know what
happened?

DOCTOR
No. He could live like this
indefinitely.

DETECTIVE
Can he...can he hear us?

DOCTOR
It's possible. Bits and
pieces.

The detective leans over the bed of the UNSEEN PATIENT, stares curiously down at him. His PARTNER stands behind him. A bright light glares down from overhead.

DETECTIVE
(to patient)
Hey you. I know you're in
there.

He glances at his partner and then back to the patient, fights off a grin.

DETECTIVE

Come on out. We got you
surrounded.

He releases a small laugh. His partner follows with a
chuckle.

PARTNER

I'm goin' for a smoke.

The detective nods, keeps his gaze on the patient.

DETECTIVE

What's goin' on in there?

His face turns bitter. Then angry.

DETECTIVE

Know what I'd like to do to
you? I'd like to take this
gun and shove it right in
your ass.

INT. YELLOW EYES' LIVING ROOM - DAY

The cramped dwelling is opened up with the dining room in
clear view. It's a mess badly in need of cleaning. Clothes
are strewn over furniture. Fast food bags and a pizza box
are all over the dining room table.

YELLOW EYES, nineteen, an intimidating sinewy young man with
dark hair and spooky hazel-golden eyes, sits on the couch
with a banged up pawn-shop-rescued electric guitar.

In a veritable trance, he back-picks chords and plays a hard
rock tune in D minor, attacking the strings way too hard.

YELLOW EYES

(playing/singing)

*They gonna snap all my
joints and thread me through
a break wheel.*

*They gonna cauterize my
face with a Trinity Mask.*

He's rocking pretty good, not sounding half bad.

YELLOW EYES

(playing/singing)

*They gonna rape me with
a Pope's Pear and tear up my
insides, they gonna burn
me alive...They gonna hang
me...*

As he strikes the chord, a string breaks. He stops singing as the guitar TWANGS to an echoed death.

He pauses a moment, irritably thrown from his trance. He quietly stands, props the instrument gently against the side of the couch. He kneels down and rifles gingerly through a cabinet of the coffee table, pulls out a metal sewing box.

The box is filled with a bag of marijuana, rolling papers, and opened packs of guitar strings. He flicks through the string packages and finds no strings.

He digs through again, this time frantically. None. He shakes his head in disbelief, anger swelling. He jumps up and paces, rubs his face, fidgets, agitated and desperate. He focuses on the guitar.

He impulsively grabs the guitar and violently SMASHES it against the wall.

INT. PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE - DAY

A young lady, RACHEL, nineteen, sits slumped in a comfortable chair. Her beautiful thick wavy blonde hair hangs down, framing her angelic face.

No makeup. No jewelry. She wears sweatpants, a t-shirt, and slippers that barely stay on her feet. She fidgets with her hands. Her leg shakes. Otherwise, she seems extremely calm, almost anesthetized.

A short pudgy PSYCHIATRIST with glasses sits across from her. He wears a pullover sweater with a tie. Occasionally he taps a pen on a clipboard in his lap. He speaks with a Dublin accent.

PSYCHIATRIST

Do you still see the giant
grasshopper?

Rachel slowly nods, sedated.

PSYCHIATRIST

Does he come down the
stairs to get you?

She nods again.

PSYCHIATRIST

Does it still make you
nauseous to look at him?

Rachel speaks so softly; it's a barely audible whisper.

RACHEL

I haven't thrown up in two
weeks.

PSYCHIATRIST

Wow. Two weeks. That's
pretty good.

He scribbles something onto a form on the clipboard.

PSYCHIATRIST

And what about suicidal
thoughts? Have you had any
of those lately?

RACHEL

Sometimes.

PSYCHIATRIST

On a scale of one to ten, one
being very bad and ten being
very good, how would you rate
your view of the world?

Her eyes roll around and her lips purse while she ponders
with a prolonged hum.

RACHEL

I'd say two.

PSYCHIATRIST

Two? Why two?

RACHEL

I don't know. I just don't
like the world.

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

A young man, MUD BOY, nineteen, jeans and t-shirt, barrels through the bent-framed screen door to the weather beaten little house.

No sooner does the screen door SLAM shut that it's shoved open by HAL, his father, a sweaty flabby middle aged man with a rough beard and moustache. With a beer in one hand and his shirt unbuttoned, he follows the boy.

HAL

Hey, you little punk-ass!
Don't you walk away from me!

As they head toward the driveway, it's revealed that this is an old lower income suburb on the outskirts of a small downtown area. There is a muddy extended cab truck in the driveway. Mud Boy whips around, angry and emboldened.

MUD BOY

Fuck you!

HAL

Fuck me? Fuck me?!

Mud Boy's MOTHER rushes worriedly out the door. Mud Boy faces his father, bold but obviously nervous. His voice is raised but there is a mild stutter when he speaks.

MUD BOY

Yeah, fuck you. That's what I said. What? You can't hear that? Are you stupid?

Hal looks as though he's about to explode.

HAL

Oh, you fucked up now
you little punk! You
fucked up now!

Hal drops his beer as he grabs Mud Boy. The two scuffle. Hal easily overpowers the boy and SLAPS him around. Mud Boy GRUNTS as he tries to pitifully block. His mother hovers right by them everywhere they shuffle around to.

MOTHER

Hal, he's just a boy. He's
just a boy.

Hal keeps SLAPPING the boy.

HAL
He's man enough to run
his mouth! He's man enough
to take it!

MOTHER
Hal, you're a grown man!

HAL
Stay out of this!

Mud Boy goes down to the grass.

HAL
That's what's wrong with him.
He's a goddamn mama's boy.

Hal leans menacingly over Mud Boy, points his finger.

HAL
He needs to just put on a
dress like his mama.

MOTHER
Hal?

His mother kneels down to help the boy. He puts his hand to his bloody lip and looks at his fingers. Hal, breathing heavily, throws his hands up.

HAL
Look at you two. You look
more like a mother and
daughter.

Hal picks his foamed over beer bottle off the ground and wipes the liquid off the outside. Mud Boy's mother helps him off the ground.

HAL
Take her in there to the
kitchen with you and let
her help you fix dinner.

Mud Boy breaks away from his mother and heads toward the truck.

HAL

Oh, no you don't, you little girl. The truck is in *my* name.

Mud Boy jumps in the truck and STARTS the engine. He SLAPS it in gear. The wheels SPIN, throwing loose gravel.

HAL

You leave, don't come back you little bitch!

The truck SQUEALS onto the pavement and planes down the road.

INT. UPPER/MIDDLE CLASS HOME - DAY

LITTLE BIRDIE, nineteen, a slightly effeminate young man, short and thin, fragile looking and well dressed, crosses the floor of the open kitchen on his way to the back door.

His father, HAROLD, a stern man, and his prudish mother, MYRNA, sit at the table.

HAROLD

Son?

Birdie pauses, annoyed, to listen.

HAROLD

Where are you going?

BIRDIE

Out with a friend.

HAROLD

Which friend?

Birdie hesitates a moment before reticently responding.

BIRDIE

Yellow Eyes.

HAROLD

You know we don't approve of him.

BIRDIE

Why?

HAROLD

I think it's obvious he
does drugs.

Birdie rolls his eyes.

BIRDIE

He's got yellow eyes.

HAROLD

That's what drugs do. They
make your teeth rot out. They..

Birdie sighs with frustration.

BIRDIE

They're not yellow from
drugs. That's just how they
are. They've always been
that way. I saw a picture
of him when he was a kid.

Harold looks at Myrna. She stares at him contemptuously. She
wants action.

HAROLD

Son, you're in college. Those
friends of yours aren't like
you.

BIRDIE

I'm not better than them just
because I go to college.

HAROLD

Look. I understand that when
you were in high school...every
teenager goes through a
rebellious phase. But...

BIRDIE

You're a snob...both of you.

Birdie shakes his head disappointedly and walks off. His
mother frowns.

MYRNA

Son?

The door CLOSES as Harold glances over at Myrna. She returns a scathing look.

MYRNA

You're just going to sit there while he ruins his life?

He squints his eyes with repressed anger.

HAROLD

What do you want me to do, Myrna? Chase him down like the Gestapo?

She angrily rises from the table.

MYRNA

I want you to be a man.

She storms off, leaving him at the table dumbfounded.

MYRNA (O.S.)

I knew you'd fuck it up. You're weak, Harold. You're a weak motherfucker!

He calls out after her.

HAROLD

If you had something to say, why didn't you say it when he was here?

She yells back from the other room.

MYRNA (O.S.)

I thought my weak husband could handle the situation! But you're too weak!

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Sunlight blares into the tiny white box through thin baby blue curtains.

In bed, TREVOR, a paunchy twenty eight year old man with blonde hair, lies still with his eyes closed while JULIA, a same-aged brunette woman, medium built but shapely, stretches and contorts her body as she YAWNS.

JULIA

What are we gonna do today?

Trevor's lids flick open, revealing steel blue eyes.

TREVOR

Oh, I don't know. I thought
maybe we'd go to OMSI.

Julia curls up next to Trevor and nudges herself into a comfortable position.

JULIA

Oh that's right. They got the
magic show today. I want to see
how they do all those tricks.

TREVOR

They prob'ly won't show any of
the good ones. Electromagnets
and stuff like that.

JULIA

I want to see how they do
levitation.

Trevor closes his eyes with a deep EXHALE.

TREVOR

With wires or Plexiglas.

JULIA

You have to ruin everything?

Trevor smiles. Julia props herself up on her elbow and playfully shakes him.

JULIA

Hey?

She shakes him again. He laughs as if it was shaken from him.

TREVOR

What?

JULIA

Do you have to ruin everything?

TREVOR

Isn't that why you want to go?
To find out how it's done?...
Quit.

She lays her head comfortably on his chest. As she turns, her stomach shows the distinct bulge of pregnancy. She rubs her tummy.

JULIA

I can't wait to have this baby.

TREVOR

(sarcastically)
I can't wait to pay for it.

Julia frowns.

JULIA

Don't start that.

TREVOR

What? I'm just kidding.

JULIA

Don't kid about whether or
not you want this.

He hugs her tightly.

TREVOR

I'm not. I want this as
much as you do.

JULIA

You don't always act like it.

TREVOR

It's not the baby. It's the
house. It's driving me crazy
trying to figure out how to
pay for it.

JULIA

We can afford it on both
our incomes.

TREVOR

I want to do it on just mine.

JULIA
Stop worrying about it.
I'm not quitting.

INT. YELLOW EYES' BEDROOM - DAY

Yellow Eyes sits propped against a nearly blank wall, smoking a joint. The bed is just a mattress and box springs on the floor. The broken frame is propped against an opposing wall.

Completely detached, he blows smoke. A KNOCK at the door from the other room. He doesn't respond. The door in the other room OPENS. Birdie's voice can be heard from the other room.

BIRDIE (O.S.)
Yellow Eyes!

No response. Birdie enters the bedroom, looks around.

BIRDIE
You ever gonna get a new
bed frame?

Yellow Eyes pulls the cigarette from his mouth and holds it out to Birdie.

YELLOW EYES
Do I look like I give a shit
about a bed frame?

Birdie takes the joint, takes a draw.

BIRDIE
(holding breath)
No. You look like you don't
give a shit about anything.

He COUGHS and HACKS an enormous amount of smoke.

BIRDIE
What happened to your guitar?
It's in pieces all over the
living room.

YELLOW EYES
I ran out of strings.

Birdie holds the joint out to Yellow Eyes.

YELLOW EYES

Take another one.

Birdie does. Yellow Eyes smiles.

YELLOW EYES

You get two hits when you
walk in on someone already
smokin' a joint.

Birdie COUGHS and HACKS as he releases the drag.

BIRDIE

We gotta get goin'.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

A TEACHER stands at the head. Next to him is a large chart broken into two sections. On one is a picture of a human backbone. On the other is a picture of a prehistoric flatworm with its body curved the same as the backbone.

TEACHER

The flatworm is the earliest
animal to have a nervous
system with a brain.

He turns, looks admirably at the worm, then back to the class.

TEACHER

Some scientists believe that
their bilateral, or reflection,
symmetry...

The teacher is interrupted by a STUDENT who calls out from the back of the room.

STUDENT (O.S.)

From divine to flawed design,
the worm is in your spine.

The teacher pauses, fascinated.

STUDENT (O.S.)

From the flesh to the rational
mind, it's burrowed as it's
dined.

The teacher licks his lips, excited by the poetry.

TEACHER

Yes. Yes, that's right. Some
claim the flatworm demonstrates
the evolution of the spinal cord.

INT. MUSEUM EXHIBITION - DAY

Trevor and Julia, dressed casually and comfortably, gaze at a display with two graphics side by side, one of a human backbone and the other of a prehistoric flatworm. Trevor intently reads an inscription.

TREVOR

It's fascinating,...the idea
that we evolved from worms.

Julia rubs the cross at the end of her necklace.

JULIA

I haven't heard a single
theory that's any more
viable than God.

Trevor pauses meditatively.

TREVOR

You ever wonder if we're even
real?

JULIA

You mean like maybe we're
just dreaming everything?

TREVOR

No. Even if we're dreaming,
that would still be kind of
like being real.

JULIA

Then what do you mean?

TREVOR

I don't know. What if we're
just characters in someone
else's dream?

JULIA

But the dreamer would be real.

TREVOR

Would that make us real too?

JULIA

Wouldn't it? I mean if you're able to wonder if you're real, doesn't that automatically make you real?

TREVOR

Hmmm. I think, therefore I am.

JULIA

Or just; I am.

TREVOR

So you have to be real just to declare you're real.

JULIA

Makes sense to me.

Trevor smiles wearily.

TREVOR

I can accept that. But the real brain twister is; can someone who's a figment of someone else's imagination truly ponder their own existence?

INT. BIRDIE'S CAR - DAY

Birdie, driver side, and Yellow Eyes, passenger side, sit in a parking lot.

YELLOW EYES

You sure this is good shit?

Birdie scans the surrounding area.

BIRDIE

This guy's usually pretty dependable.

YELLOW EYES

Why's it so cheap?

BIRDIE

I think he just got a shit load of it. He didn't even refer to it as sheets. He called it a book.

YELLOW EYES

I wish I could afford two.

BIRDIE

From what I heard, you won't need more than one. Eight hours up, guaranteed.

Yellow Eyes stares blankly out the window for a moment.

YELLOW EYES

Know what they used to do to people during the Protestant Reformation?

BIRDIE

What?

YELLOW EYES

They used to chain people up in the air, naked with their asses hanging down. Then they'd lower them down slowly onto a spike.

He turns to face Birdie, who is completely spellbound by the storytelling.

YELLOW EYES

They'd drop them until the spike went up their asses. Then they'd raise them up and down, raping them with the spike.

Birdie winces, repulsed.

BIRDIE

They were some sick bastards.

YELLOW EYES

The spike would cut them up inside. They would just keep raping them until they bled to death.

Yellow Eyes pulls a butterfly knife from his pocket and gracefully slings it open. He holds the blade up for Birdie to look at.

YELLOW EYES

Can you imagine something
ten times the size of this
going in and out of your ass?

Birdie tries to shake the image from his mind.

BIRDIE

Can I ask you a question?

Yellow Eyes just stares, not responding.

BIRDIE

How come you dropped out
of college? You're so smart.

Yellow Eyes stares at him a moment longer.

YELLOW EYES

You know what I am? I'm a
mouse in a mouse trap. I squeal.
I writhe. My back is broken.
I'm waiting for someone to toss
my dying carcass into a field.

Birdie, awed, stares at him with admiration.

BIRDIE

I love the way you talk. It's
so deep.

Their attention is caught as a car PULLS up alongside them. In the car is a DRUG DEALER. He turns down his music.

DRUG DEALER

What are you guys listening to?

Yellow Eyes glances at the stereo.

YELLOW EYES

The Watchers.

The dealer nods, pursing his lips.

DRUG DEALER

Awesome. I like "Second
Greatest Fear."

BIRDIE

What are you listening to?

DRUG DEALER

Shape-Changer.

YELLOW EYES

That's a bad assed album.

DRUG DEALER

"Shallow Grave" is the baddest
assed song to listen to when
you're stoned.

The dealer bursts out SINGING the song. Yellow Eyes and
Birdie join in.

ALL TOGETHER

(singing)

*I'm not gonna say I'm somethin',
I'm not gonna say I'm somethin',
I'm not gonna say I'm somethin'
I'm not!...*

They all share a laugh.

DRUG DEALER

That was a fuckin' trip!

The collective tone calms.

DRUG DEALER

So you guys want what?...four
cuts?

Nods from Yellow Eyes and Birdie.

DRUG DEALER

I'll tell you what. I'll give
you two for one. You guys find
me some more people to sell to.

Yellow Eyes and Birdie light up.

BIRDIE

Seriously?

DRUG DEALER

Yeah, what the hell? Sell a few sheets for me and I'll give you half a sheet.

INT. STAGE - DAY

It's a tiny nook with the wooden deck only eight inches off the regular floor and a backdrop of velvety black curtains. It's filled with magic show props.

A spotlight shines on a MAGICIAN wearing a cheap tuxedo costume and a collapsible top hat. He paces the little mezzanine with a shiny ball appearing to roll on its own around his hands.

The ball moves with dance-like grace, sometimes floating in mid-air when the magician slaps his hands together, seemingly flattening the ball.

MAGICIAN

What's the word?

SEVERAL CHILDREN (O.S.)

Abacadabra!

He opens his hands and a DOVE FLUTTERS from them to the sounds of GASPS, followed by CLAPPING.

INT. FOOD COURT - DAY

Trevor and Julia sit at a table, eating burger meals.

TREVOR

How much leave did you say you get?

JULIA

Two weeks.

TREVOR

You're not going to want to go back.

JULIA

I know. What can I do?

She fidgets with the cross at the end of her necklace.

TREVOR
You could put in a notice.

JULIA
We've talked about this.

TREVOR
I'm not your father.

JULIA
Not yet. Wait 'til you have
to pay all the bills. Then
you'll resent it.

TREVOR
No, I won't.

JULIA
Every time they argued, the
first thing he did was start
calling her a freeloader.

TREVOR
It's different with me. It's
what I want.

She shakes her head, agitated.

JULIA
Look, it's not that I don't
want to. I'd love to stay home.
I'm just not prepared to depend
on a man.

TREVOR
Not even your husband?

JULIA
Especially my husband.

TREVOR
I'm tellin' ya, Jules. You
take one look at that baby
and you're gonna put in a
notice.

She releases a soft GROAN, puts her hands on her stomach.

TREVOR
You all right?

JULIA

Yeah. Why don't we just take
a walk in the park and get
some fresh air?

INT. RACHEL'S BEDROOM - DAY

Rachel in red. Her blonde hair is held back by a red Alice-band. She wears a tiny red top, red shorts, and red boots. Her face is made up. Lips and fingernails are red. Gold dangling earrings and a gold bracelet accentuate her wavy blonde hair.

She stands before a full length mirror with Birdie behind her, looking her up and down with his eyes sparkling.

BIRDIE

Red Rachel. Red is definitely
your color.

RACHEL

I don't know.

BIRDIE

Don't you feel better out
of those sweatpants? I'm
gonna burn those damn things.

RACHEL

Isn't it too flashy?

BIRDIE

You got it. You got to play
with it. Am I your friend?

Birdie smiles playfully as Rachel reevaluates herself in the mirror.

BIRDIE

Am I your friend? Did I not
rescue you from despair?

She cracks a smile.

BIRDIE

Did I not put you in the
tub...shave your legs for
you...clean you up...

She laughs.

RACHEL
Yes, you did.

She turns sentimentally to him.

RACHEL
You saved me.

He puts his hands on her shoulders and turns her back toward the mirror.

BIRDIE
You are singeing.

She smiles, bites her lip.

RACHEL
Can I ask you a question,
Birdie?

BIRDIE
How do I do it?

RACHEL
How come you never make a
move on me?

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

The décor is modest but clean. Yellow Eyes and Mud Boy, with a black eye, sit on the couch passing a joint.

YELLOW EYES
So what happened to your eye?

MUD BOY
I got attacked by four guys.
I busted the glasses off one
of them but there was too many
of them.

A laugh shoots from Yellow Eyes almost as if it was involuntary.

MUD BOY
What?

YELLOW EYES

You got in a fight with
four guys?

MUD BOY

Yeah. That's right.

YELLOW EYES

And all you got was one
black eye?

MUD BOY

Yeah. All I got was one
black eye. I know how to
fight.

YELLOW EYES

Four guys were all hitting
you in the same eye?

MUD BOY

What are you saying? I'm
full of shit?

YELLOW EYES

It was prob'ly just one little
guy and you just saw four of
him after he busted you up side
the head.

MUD BOY

Fuck you, man. I don't even
know you.

YELLOW EYES

Hey, just calm down. You don't
want to get your ass kicked
again already, do you?

Mud Boy sizes up Yellow Eyes. His lean powerful build is scary but his eyes are even scarier. Mud Boy is too brave for his own good.

MUD BOY

Fuck you, man. What's up with
your freaky eyes?

Birdie enters with Rachel and spins her around. Yellow Eyes and Mud Boy watch with their jaws hung open.

BIRDIE

Here she is. The hottest
chick on Earth. Red Rachel.

MUD BOY

You look like a superhero.

She smiles shyly but excitedly, loving the attention.

RACHEL

Birdie did my hair and makeup.

Birdie playfully gestures at her.

BIRDIE

Isn't she lovely? Doesn't the
red bring out her features?

Mud Boy scoffs at Birdie's demeanor.

MUD BOY

Why do you always have to
talk like a fag?

Birdie and Rachel pause, offended.

MUD BOY

You're always talking about
colors...hair color, color
coordinating, bringing out
colors...Why don't you just
admit you're a fag?

RACHEL

Who the hell are you? I don't
know either one of you mother-
fuckers.

She looks at Yellow Eyes.

RACHEL

That your friend?

YELLOW EYES

I'm here because of Birdie.

MUD BOY

And Little Birdie?...What
kind of nickname is that?
That's a fag name.

RACHEL
Who invited this asshole?

Birdie quietly speaks up.

BIRDIE
I invited him.

Rachel looks at Birdie in disbelief.

MUD BOY
So there, Red Rover. What
you got to say about that?

RACHEL
Well, I still don't see
why he would hang out with
some asshole like you.

MUD BOY
Because he's a fag.

YELLOW EYES
Why are you always talking
about fags?

MUD BOY
Because there's two in the
room.

Yellow Eyes laughs.

YELLOW EYES
Now *I'm* a fag?

MUD BOY
Yeah. You're a fag.

YELLOW EYES
I think you're always talking
about homos because you
secretly want your ass packed.

MUD BOY
Fuck you, you...fuckin'...ghoul.

YELLOW EYES

(sarcastically)

Hey, I don't want to piss
off someone who can fight
four guys and come out with
one black eye.

MUD BOY

Fuck you. The police broke
it up.

Yellow Eyes laughs hysterically.

YELLOW EYES

Oh, now the police broke it
up? What next? You beat up
the police?

Mud Boy angrily leaps off the couch and heads toward the
sliding glass patio door.

MUD BOY

Fuck all of you.

He SLAMS the patio door on his way out.

YELLOW EYES

Definitely a secret homo.

After a moment, everyone's attention drifts away.

RACHEL

Man, this shit is really
starting to kick in on me
now.

YELLOW EYES

In another half hour, we'll
be soaring.

BIRDIE

I better go check on Mud Boy.

RACHEL

What the hell is a mud boy?

EXT. PATIO - DAY

Mud Boy sits at a small round table and sulks when Birdie
arrives, sits.

MUD BOY

Sorry.

BIRDIE

Hey, man, forget about it.

MUD BOY

I haven't even been here very long.

BIRDIE

We go way back. We've been through a lot worse than this.

MUD BOY

Who is that guy?

BIRDIE

A friend from college.

Mud Boy stares off into the tiny back yard a moment and then smiles.

MUD BOY

Your girlfriend is hot.

BIRDIE

Thanks.

MUD BOY

Why did you hide her from me?

Birdie wriggles uncomfortably.

BIRDIE

I didn't hide her. I've hardly seen you in the last year... since high school let out.

MUD BOY

Did you meet her at college?

BIRDIE

Yeah.

Mud Boy stares depressingly at the ground.

MUD BOY

I guess it's over for us.

BIRDIE

What do you mean?

MUD BOY

You're going to go on to
do big things, Birdie.
Time will go by and you'll
forget all about me.

BIRDIE

No I won't.

Birdie nudges Mud Boy affectionately.

BIRDIE

I'll never forget you.

Birdie motions toward Mud Boy's eye.

BIRDIE

Your dad do that?

MUD BOY

He's such a prick. He...

He chokes up, can't speak.

BIRDIE

Hey, you know what? This
stuff is kickin' in. Let's
go muddin'.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Rachel stands in an open space of the floor while Yellow Eyes observes her. She hands a joint back to him. He makes a playful gesture toward her.

YELLOW EYES

Everything around you is
ashes, laid to rest in the
wake of Red Rachel.

She looks at him, dumbfounded.

RACHEL

What are you, a poet?

YELLOW EYES

I dare you to wear that out.

She smirks.

YELLOW EYES

You have any idea what they would have done to you during the Reformation if they had seen you dressed like that?

RACHEL

Why are you always talking about torture?

YELLOW EYES

Because I'm obsessed with it.

RACHEL

Why?

YELLOW EYES

Because people really did those things to each other.

RACHEL

Why do people torture people?

YELLOW EYES

Because they're assholes.

RACHEL

That's no reason.

Yellow Eyes drifts a moment, becomes distant.

YELLOW EYES

Because people think they can hide what they are if they can control what other people see.

RACHEL

But you don't believe that?

YELLOW EYES

You can't hide what you really are...it always gets out.

RACHEL

What if you don't know
what you really are?

As Rachel looks up toward the hallway, she freezes with a horrified expression.

A massive green grasshopper-like monstrosity fills the hallway entrance. Its lifeless bulbous eyes seem menacingly focused on her.

Yellow Eyes takes notice and shifts around curiously to look the direction of the hallway.

It's empty. Rachel takes a step back, heaving for breath. Yellow Eyes turns studiously back toward her.

YELLOW EYES

What do you see?

She pants, hyperventilating.

YELLOW EYES

You're Red Rachel. You're a
superhero. You're indestructible.

The monster budes forward. She steps back, horrified.

RACHEL

He's going to jump on me!

She grabs her stomach and nauseously dry heaves. Yellow Eyes leans forward in his seat and speaks authoritatively.

YELLOW EYES

Listen to me. You are invincible.
If he lunges at you, he will
just pass right through you
like a ghost.

The monster lunges. Rachel is paralyzed with fear. The monster passes through her as though she were a hologram and SMASHES into the entertainment center behind her.

The television set and stereo are SMASHED as the behemoth's weight CRUSHES the low quality wood shelving. Rachel whips around. The monster prepares for another attack. Yellow Eyes watches.

YELLOW EYES

He can't touch you. You're
Red Rachel. You have the
power to become like a ghost.

Rachel tenses with fear as the beast lunges. It passes through her and SMASHES into an end table and subsequent wall, falls to the floor, KNOCKS OVER a recliner. Rachel whips around. She's nervous and frightened but her breathing is more stabilized. The monster poises for attack.

RACHEL

He's going to jump again!

Yellow Eyes assertively points as he YELLS.

YELLOW EYES

Listen to me! You are a
fucking superhero. You kick
the shit out of monsters
every fucking day!

The monster leaps. It passes through Rachel and SMASHES into the dining room table in the adjacent dining area. Rachel whips around, panicked.

RACHEL

He won't stop! He keeps
jumping at me!

YELLOW EYES

Use your heat rays!

RACHEL

What heat rays?

YELLOW EYES

The ones you shoot from your
eyes!

The monster poises for attack.

YELLOW EYES

Disintegrate him!

Red lasers SHOOT from Rachel's eyes. The beast SQUEALS as the red beams STRIKE him. A red force-field covers him in the fashion of an old sci-fi movie.

He ROARS an old sci-fi movie type of echoing SCREECH as he disintegrates and disappears. The beams dissipate. Rachel stands shakily and dizzily in the middle of the floor.

YELLOW EYES

You did it, Red Rachel!
You saved the day!

Yellow Eyes jumps from the couch to catch her as she sways over into a faint. He gently catches her in his arms as the room spins. She is drained and barely able to speak.

RACHEL

I feel so weak.

Yellow Eyes gently lowers her to the floor, cradles her.

YELLOW EYES

It drains you when you use
your powers. You have to be
in your disguise a while and
recharge.

EXT. MUDDY FIELD - DAY

Mud Boy's truck SLOSHES through soggy ruts. It bounces up and down, slinging mud from the fender welds. Mud Boy and Birdie sit up front while Yellow Eyes and Rachel, with a long WHITE coat covering her, sit in the back.

Mud Boy YELLS and SCREAMS with joy. The truck's wheels spin furiously as it climbs a hill. It comes down the other side and into another, much smoother field where the truck slows down to a more moderate speed.

MUD BOY

That was awesome!

He turns to look at Birdie, who is psyched. He then looks into the rear view mirror.

MUD BOY

Wasn't that wild?

The truck stops near a wood line. Birdie runs his hands over his face.

BIRDIE

I am trippin' out so bad.

RACHEL

What is this shit? This shit is kickin' my ass so bad. I think there's somethin' wrong with this shit.

BIRDIE

It's just blotter.

RACHEL

I mean it. I am trippin' out. This stuff is unhinged.

Mud Boy laughs uncontrollably.

MUD BOY

She's freakin' out!

BIRDIE

You okay?

YELLOW EYES

Just relax. Go with it.

Mud Boy looks around and then, startled, points.

MUD BOY

What the hell was that?
Did you see that?

Birdie glances around.

BIRDIE

See what?

Mud Boy switches his focus instantly, forgetting what he just said.

MUD BOY

Damn. I just realized something.

BIRDIE

What?

MUD BOY

I left my motorcycle. Damn. I wish my motorcycle had been in the back of the truck.

BIRDIE

Can you go back and get it
tomorrow?

MUD BOY

Get what?

BIRDIE

Your motorcycle.

MUD BOY

I wish it had been in the
back of the truck.

His attention is stolen by something off in the field. He points.

MUD BOY

Did you see that?

He jumps out of the truck. He runs several feet away, then spins around, pointing various directions.

MUD BOY

What is that? No, over there!
There it is! What is that?

Birdie climbs out of the vehicle to join Mud Boy. Yellow Eyes looks at Rachel.

She stretches across the front seat to examine herself in the mirror on the inside of the sun visor. Yellow Eyes climbs out of the truck. He turns to look at Rachel again.

She looks as though she's about to cry as she wipes some light mascara smudges from under her eyes. Yellow Eyes turns away and joins Mud Boy and Birdie.

YELLOW EYES

It's an empty field!

He looks at Birdie while he points at Mud Boy and laughs.

YELLOW EYES

He's seeing shit!

Mud Boy stops, looks dumbfounded. Birdie glances around.

BIRDIE

There's nothing there.

MUD BOY
I saw something.

Rachel stands at the door of the truck without stepping down.

RACHEL
What did you see?

He turns to look Rachel's direction when his attention is grabbed by the wood line.

MUD BOY
It must have gone in the woods.

Mud Boy runs toward the woods. Birdie looks to Rachel.

BIRDIE
You want to go into the woods?

She looks repulsed.

RACHEL
I'm not walkin' through the mud. I'll tear up my boots.

Yellow Eyes backs up to the door with his arms raised from his sides.

YELLOW EYES
I'll give you a piggy back ride.

RACHEL
All the way to the woods?

YELLOW EYES
I'm on acid. I can do anything.

RACHEL
No. You'll drop me in the mud on purpose.

He turns and looks tenderly and assuredly into her eyes.

YELLOW EYES

I won't drop you.

She hesitates a moment and then climbs onto his back. She laughs playfully as he adjusts for balance.

YELLOW EYES

I got you! I got you!

Birdie runs excitedly to the woods with Yellow Eyes and Rachel dawdling along behind.

EXT. WOODS/PATH - DAY

Birdie hurdles down a hill and comes out on a chip-filled pathway where Mud Boy squats.

BIRDIE

What's this?

Mud Boy looks around, paranoid.

MUD BOY

It's where the aliens are hiding. Their spaceship is buried out here somewhere.

Birdie glances around.

BIRDIE

You know what this is? It's the park.

Mud Boy suddenly stands.

MUD BOY

What's it like to fuck Rachel? Does she make noises?

Birdie nervously hesitates.

BIRDIE

I don't think I should talk about that.

MUD BOY

Oh, come on. Hey, you know what you should do? You should fuck her on acid.

Mud Boy holds up three fingers.

MUD BOY
I fucked this girl one time
on acid for *three* hours.

Birdie fidgets uncomfortably, turns toward some trees and points, feigning paranoia.

BIRDIE
Did you see that?

Mud Boy eagerly scans that direction.

BIRDIE
It's the aliens.

Mud Boy panics.

MUD BOY
We gotta go the other
direction!

He rushes off the opposite direction into the woods.

EXT. WOODS/ANOTHER AREA - DAY

Yellow Eyes drops Rachel off on the more solid ground under the trees. Rachel laughs playfully.

YELLOW EYES
So what's the deal with you
and Birdie?

RACHEL
We're friends. There's no
deal.

YELLOW EYES
You're not boyfriend-
girlfriend?

She hesitates and then shrugs, softly responds.

RACHEL
Yeah, I guess.

YELLOW EYES
Or is it more like you protect
him?

She stares apprehensively a moment.

RACHEL

Birdie's a nice guy. He doesn't
need me to protect him.

Yellow Eyes steps closer. Rachel starts to nervously step
back but catches herself.

YELLOW EYES

What kind of guy lets someone
else carry his girlfriend on
his back?

RACHEL

What'd you expect him to do?
What you would have done?

YELLOW EYES

I would have killed the guy.

She stares uneasy into his yellow eyes momentarily and then
awkwardly slips to the side and turns away.

RACHEL

You think that would make
you better than Birdie?

YELLOW EYES

No. I think it would make
me weaker.

She turns toward him.

RACHEL

Then why would you do it?

He comes closer, looks at her with a tinge of desire.

YELLOW EYES

Because I wouldn't be able
to help myself.

She raises an eyebrow.

RACHEL

Then it would be the real
you coming out.

YELLOW EYES

So how do you keep the
monster in?

RACHEL

I wouldn't know.

They gaze into each other's eyes. Both desire each other.
Both are hesitant.

YELLOW EYES

Then maybe it's him protecting
you.

Her expression turns bitter.

RACHEL

From what?

YELLOW EYES

Been seein' monsters long?

She sighs glacially, shakes her head, and tromps off.

YELLOW EYES

I saw you looking in the
mirror.

She stops, turns around.

RACHEL

So?

YELLOW EYES

So I know what it's like.

RACHEL

What what's like?

He steps closer to her.

YELLOW EYES

What it's like to look in
the mirror and see a monster.

EXT. OVERLOOK DECK/PARK - DUSK

Trevor and Julia lean on a thick log rail looking out over a
beautiful pond. Julia deeply inhales a breath of fresh air
with her eyes closed and looks renewed as she exhales.

JULIA

Mmm. This place is so amazing.

TREVOR

You know, I was thinking. If we leave the upstairs unfinished, it would save us so much money.

JULIA

But then I'll have a house with the upstairs unfinished.

TREVOR

True. But it would save a lot of money and get the house finished ahead of schedule. We could always finish the upstairs later.

She gives a concerned look.

JULIA

How much later?

TREVOR

A few years.

JULIA

A few years?

TREVOR

Yeah but when we're done, we'll have a house with an upstairs for a whole lot cheaper than most people.

Julia smiles at Trevor's plan.

JULIA

You're always plotting something.

TREVOR

It's the only way to get ahead.

JULIA

There's more to life than getting ahead.

TREVOR

Like what? Getting left behind? Struggling to keep up?

JULIA

You know what I mean.

TREVOR

I know what you mean but it's always the people with everything who say you should be happy with nothing.

He pauses a moment meditatively.

TREVOR

I'm just trying to make a better life for us.

Julia smiles and affectionately hugs him.

JULIA

I know you are.

TREVOR

I mean...that's why I worked so hard for the promotion.

JULIA

I know...and you got it.

She breathes in another breath of fresh air.

JULIA

Don't you wish we could just say "abracadabra" and make a house appear?

Trevor chuckles.

MUD BOY (O.S.)

Abracadabra?

Trevor and Julia whip around, startled. Mud Boy climbs down out of the woods behind them with Birdie in tow. Trevor and Julia look nervously at them.

MUD BOY

What are you, a magician?...
You know, there's aliens
around here.

When Mud Boy and Birdie are close enough, Trevor and Julia can see their red, glassed-over eyes. Mud Boy pulls out a joint and lights it. Trevor takes Julia by the arm and gently tugs her.

TREVOR

Come on. Let's go.

Julia anxiously follows Trevor. Mud Boy blows smoke as he pulls the joint from his mouth.

MUD BOY

Where you goin'? I'll share.

TREVOR

I don't think so.

Mud Boy calls out to them as they walk off.

MUD BOY

Just say, "abracadabra," and
we'll disappear!

Trevor and Julia glance back as they worriedly walk off.

TREVOR

We'll just move along.

They turn forward when suddenly Yellow Eyes is on the path in front of them. They abruptly stop. Julia GASPS, puts her hand on her chest.

YELLOW EYES

Do you know what the word
"abracadabra" means?

Julia, frightened, slowly and nervously shakes her head while Trevor cautiously stares. Yellow Eyes pauses a second, notices the cross necklace.

YELLOW EYES

It means, "as I speak,
I create."

JULIA
I didn't know that.

YELLOW EYES
It's one of the oldest known expressions. Legend has it that it was the first word God spoke right before he created the universe.

Trevor takes Julia by the hand and leads her on.

TREVOR
Let's go.

They awkwardly slip past Yellow Eyes. As they draw farther away, Julia breathes a sigh of relief.

JULIA
Oh my God, Trevor.

TREVOR
Just stay calm. We're leaving.

Yellow Eyes stares at Trevor and Julia as Rachel comes out of the woods. Trevor is dressed as a sixteenth century Bishop and Julia as a seamstress from the same era. Rachel observes Yellow Eyes, who is obviously upset.

RACHEL
What do you see?

YELLOW EYES
The Bishop and his whore.

Mud Boy approaches Birdie with a leaf-lined vine and slings it over his shoulders. Birdie checks it out as Yellow Eyes and Rachel arrive.

BIRDIE
What's this?

MUD BOY
It's a leafy vine boa.

BIRDIE
A boa?

MUD BOY
Yeah, like homos wear.

Birdie frowns and pulls the vine off.

MUD BOY
No. It's okay if you're gay.

RACHEL
You're such an asshole.

Mud Boy grabs the vine and slings it back over Birdie's shoulders.

MUD BOY
No, really. It's okay to come
out now.

Birdie angrily picks up a handful of dirt and wood chips and tosses it at Mud Boy. It EXPLODES on him, some of it moist and sticking to his skin. Birdie, with the vine still around his neck, runs away.

BIRDIE
Asshole!

MUD BOY
Oh, now you're gonna get it
you little faggot!

Mud Boy spits dirt out of his mouth and wipes his arms off. SUDDENLY, he scratches himself profusely and yells.

MUD BOY
It itches! They put something
on me and it itches!

EXT. PATH - DUSK

Trevor and Julia can hear Mud Boy YELL in the distance.

JULIA
Oh my God, Trevor. They're
crazy.

TREVOR
They're on something.

JULIA
What?

TREVOR

I don't know but they're seeing things that aren't there.

JULIA

They're hallucinating?

TREVOR

Yeah.

JULIA

How can you tell?

TREVOR

Sometimes kids come out here at night to get high right before the gate closes.

He glances at Julia.

TREVOR

I used to have to run them off sometimes when I worked maintenance.

JULIA

That one had yellow eyes.

TREVOR

I don't know what they're on. I've never seen anything like that before.

Julia nervously swallows.

JULIA

It's going to be dark before we get back to the gate.

EXT. OVERLOOK - DUSK

Mud Boy runs and jumps into the soft mud at the edge of the pond. He wallows around, releasing sounds of relief.

MUD BOY

It's safe in the mud. Reality can't get through the mud.

EXT. WOODS - DUSK

Birdie stomps around aimlessly. His father's voice calls out from above.

HAROLD (O.S.)

Son?

Birdie looks up. A tiny BLUE BIRD is perched on a limb overhead. It speaks with the voice of his father.

HAROLD/BIRD (V.O.)

Where you going? What
are you doing? When are
you coming home?

An ominous BLACK CAT drops onto the limb and speaks with the voice of his mother.

MYRNA/CAT (V.O.)

Why don't you stop turning
our son into a little sissy?

HAROLD/BIRD (V.O.)

What do you want me to do,
Myrna?

MYRNA/CAT (V.O.)

I want you to step up, you
fluttering little twerp!

HAROLD/BIRD (V.O.)

Has it ever occurred to you
that your horning everyone
around may have made our son
feel small?

The cat SLAPS the little bird with her paw, smacking it off the limb with a puff of feathers.

MYRNA/CAT (V.O.)

Shut up, weakling!

The bird drops to the ground where it FLAPS its wings, pitifully trying to fly but failing. Myrna laughs menacingly.

MYRNA/CAT (V.O.)

You can't even fly!

HAROLD/BIRD (V.O.)
 You really hurt me this time,
 Myrna.

She leaps from the limb and lands on the bird. The little bird CHIRPS with fear as the cat viciously POUNCES.

MYRNA/CAT (V.O.)
 Let me hear you cry, little
 sissy!

Feathers fly as Myrna laughs with sinister delight.

MYRNA/CAT (V.O.)
 Cry like a little baby!

EXT. OVERLOOK - NIGHT

A lamppost by the overlook FLICKS on, throwing shadows everywhere. Rachel panics, puts her hands on her head.

RACHEL
 Man, I am freakin' out, I'm
 trippin' so bad!

MUD BOY
 Get in the mud! It's safe in
 the mud!

RACHEL
 I'm not gettin' in the
 fuckin' mud!

She looks at Yellow Eyes, double-takes. Her eyes widen with fear and she steps nervously back.

RACHEL
 Oh shit! What is that? It's
 getting dark. They're like
 shadow people!

FIVE hooded shadowy stick-like FIGURES stand around Yellow Eyes, who remains oblivious. He stares at Rachel, uncertain how to respond.

One of the shadow figures releases an ominous whispery WAIL. Rachel steps back as shadows fall over her. Tears fill her eyes and she CRIES profusely.

RACHEL
I gotta go!

She runs away down the path.

RACHEL
Something bad is going to
happen!

Yellow Eyes calls out after her.

YELLOW EYES
Rachel, come back!

Birdie arrives back at the overlook. He flamboyantly dances
and swings the vine around like a feather boa.

BIRDIE
Hey, it's me. I'm back. Birdie
and the leafy vine boa.

MUD BOY
Get in the mud!

Birdie notices Mud Boy's muddy face protruding from the
sludge with the whites of his eyes glowing.

BIRDIE
Hey, slow down, cowboy. You
haven't even sweet talked me.

Yellow Eyes, several feet away, kneels down and quietly
observes. Mud Boy watches Birdie dance.

MUD BOY
Is it okay to come out now?

BIRDIE
Oh, it's okay to come out
now, cowboy.

Birdie dances, kicking his feet, and singing.

BIRDIE
(singing)
It's okay to come out now.
It's okay to come out now.

Mud Boy climbs out of the sludge and approaches Birdie.

BIRDIE

(singing)

*It's so taxing to hide
when you want to confide.
You keep running away from
what you're feeling inside.
You want to shake up the world
'til it screams and shouts
It's okay to come out!*

Mud Boy laughs loudly and playfully.

MUD BOY

You move just like a chick.

Birdie gently tosses one end of the vine across Mud Boy's shoulder and sensually slides it off.

BIRDIE

That's because I'm a fag.

Mud Boy laughs uncontrollably.

MUD BOY

You are such a fag.

Birdie puts his arm around Mud Boy's shoulders.

BIRDIE

Sing it with me, cowboy!

Mud Boy puts his arm around Birdie.

BIRDIE/MUD BOY

(together-singing)

*It's okay to come out now.
It's okay to come out now.*

Mud Boy marches and hums.

BIRDIE (solo)

(singing)

*They'll call you a sinner
and they'll say you're no good.
They'll tell you ya shouldn't
but you wish that you could
grab the world by the balls
'til it squeals and squalls
it's okay if you fall!*

Mud Boy joins back in for a chorus.

BIRDIE/MUD BOY
 (together-singing)
 It's okay to come out now.
 It's okay to come out now.

Yellow Eyes watches, drifts into a trance.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

A NUN is at the front, standing next to an easel-like board. The board is sectioned off into four squares. In each square is a set of shapes. The nun taps the board with a pointer.

NUN
 Which one of these is
 different from the others?

The room is filled with CHILDREN. They all wear Catholic school uniforms. At a desk in the back of the room is a young man, JOHN, Yellow Eyes at age ten. His yellow eyes gaze blankly ahead.

NUN (O.S.)
 Which one of these is
 different from the others?

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

John stands on an opened area of the floor, holds a piece of paper between his small hands, and intently reads poetry. A PRIEST, early thirties, sits at his desk. A bed is against the wall. The priest watches the boy, spellbound.

JOHN
 Some people say the meaning
 of life...is to live every
 day until the day that you
 die.

The priest licks his lips as he admires the poetry.

JOHN
 Some people say it's all
 a waste of time...so you
 should throw it away...before
 it tortures your mind.

John looks up at the priest with glistening yellow eyes.

JOHN

Sounds like survival and
the fear of death...Maybe
life is confusion...from
first to last breath...
The end.

The priest CLAPS.

PRIEST

Very good John. It's very
sad, though.

John shyly hangs his head.

JOHN

It's all I could think of.

PRIEST

Oh no. It's magnificent.

The priest rises and steps over to the bed, sits.

PRIEST

You're very talented. I
love your poetry.

He pats the bed beside him.

PRIEST

Come here and sit down.

John sits on the edge of a bed. The priest speaks softly and
comfortingly.

PRIEST

You know John was also
the name of an apostle?

The little boy shakes his head - he didn't know.

PRIEST

There's a painting called
"The Last Supper." Ever
heard of it?

The boy shrugs - no.

PRIEST

It's by a man named Leonardo da Vinci. Ever heard of him?

JOHN

No.

PRIEST

He was a homosexual. Know what that is?

JOHN

When a boy likes another boy?

PRIEST

Mm hmm. In the painting, next to Jesus, is a person who looks like a woman. Some people say it's John. Some people say it's Mary Magdalene.

The boy looks confused.

PRIEST

Some people say John and Mary were the same person. That John was a woman pretending to be a man.

JOHN

So who is it?

PRIEST

Nobody knows for sure. Isn't that funny? Not being able to tell if someone is a boy or a girl?

The boy shrugs. The priest puts his hand on John's leg.

PRIEST

You know, there's only one way to tell for sure if someone is a boy or a girl.

John raises his confused and conflicted yellow eyes to the priest's stony gaze.

PRIEST

I'll show you. And we'll
keep it just between us.
Then you'll know something
the others don't know.

He rubs John's leg and smiles playfully.

PRIEST

Let's see what you are.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

All the children have their right hands raised uniformly
except for John who looks blankly ahead with a single tear
streaming down his cheek.

NUN (O.S.)

Who can tell me which one
of these is different from
the others?

John shakes and sweats.

JOHN

No one can know!

The class falls silent and still. The nun looks confused at
the boy.

NUN

That's not an answer to
the question, John.

John breathes heavily. His face lowers.

JOHN

It's the only...answer...to
the question!

The nun slightly shakes her head, brow lowered, stunned.

NUN

What question?

John seems to gaze into another realm of reality. He's
somewhere else. He imitates the priest.

YELLOW EYES
 You're so special. Even
 your eyes are golden.

The nun's mouth drops agape with a mixture of horror and confusion.

EXT. OVERLOOK - NIGHT

Yellow Eyes raises his eyes with his face scowling. His eyes are solid yellow. He opens his mouth, revealing ominous fangs. He YELLS out and tears at his clothes.

Mud Boy and Birdie pull away from a kiss. Mud Boy has his shirt off. Birdie still has the vine around his neck.

BIRDIE
 What's wrong?

YELLOW EYES
 I'm changing!

Yellow Eyes CRIES OUT as his mouth stretches and contorts into a muzzle. When he claws at his shirt, his hands have become claws.

He transforms into a dragon-like beast with black wings. Mud Boy steps back horrified.

MUD BOY
 We gotta get in the mud!
 It's safe in the mud!

He runs and jumps in the mud, leaving Birdie alone.

EXT. PATH - NIGHT

Lampposts light the way. Trevor and Julia briskly walk, now on a paved road, when they pause at the sound of CLICKING heels.

JULIA
 What's that?

TREVOR
 It sounds like someone's
 running this way.

JULIA
 They're coming after us.

TREVOR

We're still a good distance
from the visitor station.

JULIA

Let's hurry up.

Rachel appears, running down the pavement.

TREVOR

It's a woman.

She slows when she arrives near the couple, breathing heavily.

RACHEL

Oh my God. I'm so glad I
found you. I'm so scared.

TREVOR

What happened?

RACHEL

I'm so tired. I have to rest.

She steps off the path and slumps next to a tree.

RACHEL

Please stay with me for a
few minutes and let me rest.

JULIA

We're trying to get out of
here.

RACHEL

Please. Just a few minutes.
I just don't feel like I can
go any further right now.

EXT. OVERLOOK - NIGHT

Birdie stands still, nervously fidgets with his vine.

BIRDIE

Hey. We were just playing.

Yellow Eyes scowls. His eyes are completely yellowed over. He raises a claw to touch his temple. When he speaks, fangs are exposed and his voice is deep and vibratory.

YELLOW EYES

(demonic voice)

It's time for my blood
covering.

Birdie sighs with a nervous but somber face. He begins to sob.

BIRDIE

It's not okay to come out,
is it?

Yellow Eyes grabs the vine and pulls it tight around Birdie's throat. Birdie's face contorts as he GASPS and CHOKES for air. Mud Boy's face hovers just above the surface of the sludge. His eyes flick dried mud from his lashes as he CRIES.

MUD BOY

Stay in the mud. Stay in
the mud. It can't go into
the mud.

The sky slowly becomes filled with the ominous saucer shape of a UFO with flashing running lights. Mud Boy's eyes pulse.

A gentle HUMMING as the object hovers directly overhead in the crisp night sky. A beam of light shoots down from the center, leaving a spotlight at the edge of the muddy bank. Mud Boy stares into the spotlight.

TWO ALIENS appear floating in the beam. They look relatively stereotypical. Green and reptilian, with oversized eyes and tiny slits for mouths.

One speaks with a voice that sounds similar to a modem connecting to a phone line.

ALIEN

Dum eht ni yats. Tey tuo
emoc ot yako ton sti.

The aliens suddenly BURST into flames. They SQUEAL high pitched screams of agony as they fall to the ground. When they fall, the black winged dragon with yellow eyes stands behind them. Smoke BLASTS from its flaring nostrils.

Mud Boy's eyes bulge in horror. The aliens continue to SQUEAL as their blackened charred bodies crumple like burning paper.

The dragon SNORTS and COUGHS from its snout a BURST of flames at the smoldering bodies, disintegrating them utterly. Mud Boy, paralyzed with fear, CRIES.

MUD BOY
Stay in the mud.

EXT. PATH - NIGHT

Rachel is about to drift into sleep. Trevor and Julia stand over her.

JULIA
Maybe we should leave and
call the police.

Rachel's eyes flicker open.

RACHEL
Why can't I just go to sleep
and not wake up?

JULIA
What?

Trevor studies her a moment.

TREVOR
She's one of them.

JULIA
Those kids?

TREVOR
How many are there?

RACHEL
There are six. Five demons
and the devil.

Julia nervously steps back.

JULIA
We need to just get out
of here.

TREVOR

I think you're right.

Trevor and Julia walk off and leave Rachel sitting against the tree.

RACHEL

Don't leave me.

Trevor and Julia pick up the pace. Rachel SOBS and calls out to them.

RACHEL

Don't leave me alone in
the dark!

She shivers and tries to hold herself, glances around frightened and sobbing.

RACHEL

It's cold and dark in here.
I'm scared. Please let me
out. I'll be good.

EXT. OVERLOOK - NIGHT

Mud Boy lies in the sludge as a shadow falls over him. He calmly looks up.

MUD BOY

Get in the mud. It's safe
in the mud. Reality can't
get into the mud.

YELLOW EYES (O.S.)

(demonic voice)
You're all just waiting.

MUD BOY

I'm waiting for someone to
pull me out of the mud?

YELLOW EYES

(demonic voice)
No. you're waiting for someone
to push you into it.

Mud Boy's arms shoot out as his face is violently SHOVED under the surface.

EXT. VISITOR CENTER - NIGHT

The lights are out. The adjacent parking lot is empty. Trevor and Julia arrive, look around.

JULIA
It's closed.

Trevor frowns.

TREVOR
The gate is still another
half mile.

EXT. PATH - NIGHT

Rachel sits by the tree, crying. She stops suddenly at the sound of someone coming up the path. She tenses, frightened, tugs the lapels of her coat together. She tries to keep perfectly still and silent.

After a moment, a shadow passes over her with the sound of feet running. The sound dissipates up the trail.

EXT. APARTMENT - DAY

Two uniformed POLICE OFFICERS stand outside the door to the run-down low income project. One KNOCKS.

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

A frightened little blonde girl, YOUNG RACHEL, age five, steps quietly to a window by the door. She pulls the curtain an inch away and peeks through the glass.

EXT. APARTMENT - DAY

The door OPENS, revealing the little girl in a dirty dress. She looks innocently up at them, obviously scared. The officers exchange concerned glances and one of them kneels down to the girl.

OFFICER ONE
Hi. What's your name?

YOUNG RACHEL
Rachel.

OFFICER ONE

Rachel, we got a call that you were coming in and out of the apartment and no adults were around.

He looks up discretely at his partner.

OFFICER TWO

You smell that?

Officer one turns back to Rachel.

OFFICER ONE

Where's your mommy or your daddy?

YOUNG RACHEL

In the bedroom.

OFFICER ONE

Can we come in?

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

The place is a mess. Trash and clutter are everywhere. The officers look around, disgusted. On the living room table are white powder, mirrors, razor blades, etc., plainly in the open within Rachel's reach.

The officers glance at each other. Officer two shakes his head.

OFFICER ONE

You didn't touch any of this stuff, did you Rachel?

YOUNG RACHEL

I'm not allowed.

She points at the powder.

YOUNG RACHEL

That's Craig's special sugar. I'm not allowed to touch it.

OFFICER ONE

Who's Craig?

YOUNG RACHEL
He's my new daddy.

The officer leans gently down to the frightened little girl. He softly reaches out and rubs his thumb across some faint traces of white powder around her lips. Rachel SOBS as she steps back.

YOUNG RACHEL
I got hungry and there's
nothin' to eat.

INT. HALL - DAY

The officers stand outside the bedroom door. They KNOCK. No answer. The officers exchange glances and then one turns the knob, pushes on the door.

It's locked. He looks at the other officer who steps back. One kicks the door by the knob and the door BURSTS open to the sound of cheap cracking wood. Both officers throw their heads back in disgust.

OFFICER TWO
Oh God! Jesus! That's
disgusting!

They swipe the air in front of their noses.

OFFICER ONE
Shit! This is rank!

One of the officers puts his hand to his mouth with a heave. The other officer does the same.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Young Rachel squats with her eyes wide with fear. She puts her hand to her mouth and releases a slight heave. She pinches her nose and then notices something on the floor by the wall.

A grasshopper. She curiously cocks her head. The grasshopper seems to be staring at her. It leaps toward her face. She SCREAMS as it lands in her hair.

EXT. PATH - NIGHT

Rachel sobs, despondent.

RACHEL

It's been days. I think.

EXT. VISITOR CENTER - NIGHT

Trevor pulls keys from his pocket and unlocks the door.

INT. VISITOR CENTER - NIGHT.

Trevor steps in and flicks on the lights. The room is filled with wooden boards displaying pictures and texts about the local history.

TREVOR

Go to the back office and
get the rolodex. I'm going
to call the police.

Julia disappears into a back room. Trevor steps to a small information desk and reaches over the counter.

YELLOW EYES (O.S.)

Where's your whore?

Trevor whips around. When he does, he's wearing sixteenth century Bishop attire. Yellow Eyes stands in the doorway, scowling and heaving. Trevor cautiously puts his hands up.

TREVOR

Look, buddy. Whatever it
is you think you see, it's
not real.

YELLOW EYES

You make it real.

He steps ominously toward Trevor.

YELLOW EYES

You create it. You just say,
"abracadabra" and it's real.

Trevor turns and picks the phone up.

TREVOR

Look, I'm going to call
the police. You guys all
need to get out of here.

Yellow Eyes pulls out his butterfly knife, slings it open. Trevor catches a glimpse of it and drops the phone. He holds his hands up as he circles around Yellow Eyes.

YELLOW EYES

The Bishops lied. There's no Trinity.

TREVOR

Listen, buddy. If you're in some cult...

YELLOW EYES

It was all just paganism rearranged and made to look like something new.

Trevor circles until the doorway is behind him. Julia steps into the room, carrying the rolodex, and GASPS when she sees the men. Yellow Eyes cocks his head. Trevor rushes him. The men SLAM into the information desk.

TREVOR

Julia, run!

The rolodex SMASHES onto the floor as Julia runs terrified through the doorway.

EXT. CENTER - NIGHT

Julia runs toward the parking lot SCREAMING.

EXT. PATH - NIGHT

Rachel, frightened, cocks her head at the sound of Julia's DISTANT SCREAMING.

RACHEL

You're supposed to be quiet. You're going to get into trouble.

She casually turns when suddenly she sees the monstrous giant grasshopper beside her! She SCREAMS and jumps with terror. She clambers to her feet, excitedly trying to crawl and run at the same time.

She climbs to the paved pathway where she heaves with horror at the sight of the monster.

RACHEL
I killed you!

She nervously puts her hand to her mouth, nauseous. Her eyes shoot side to side a couple of times, then she VOMITS.

She jumps at the sound of a thunderous THUMP when the monstrous grasshopper lands on the pavement. Horrified and heaving, Rachel turns and runs away, in the direction of the visitor center.

INT. CENTER - NIGHT

Yellow Eyes and Trevor scuffle. Finally, Yellow Eyes stabs Trevor hard in the abdomen. Trevor GRUNTS with pain, his eyes widen, then he slowly slumps down the side of the desk.

Yellow Eyes lowers with him, eases him down.

YELLOW EYES
He lured me with tales
of men swallowed by whales
and animals on arks in great
floods.

He looks at his blood soaked hand and wipes blood over his face.

YELLOW EYES
Then came visions of demons
and tortured blasphemers
with an almighty bully who
loves.

Tears stream from his eyes and trace thin clear trails through the blood.

YELLOW EYES
He put his hands on my thighs
and rubbed life from my eyes
like a cut concubine's gurgled
plea.

He stands and gazes numbly down at Trevor's lifeless body.

YELLOW EYES
A sweet cherub he'd tear
with a caustic Pope's Pear
like the monster he made out
of me.

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

Julia runs through the shadows cast by the line of lampposts. She glances back at the sound of CLICKING feet behind her. Fatigued, heaving, unable to continue, she slows.

She drops exhausted onto the pavement. Her chest heaves as she struggles to catch her breath. She puts her hands on her belly. The CLICKING slows as it gets louder, nearer.

Rachel steps over Julia, herself breathing heavily. She kneels down childishly.

RACHEL

It's okay to stop running.

Julia breathes heavily, struggling to catch her breath.

JULIA

Please. You've got to help me. I'm pregnant.

Rachel stares dazedly a moment.

RACHEL

Why did you do that?

JULIA

Please. If you don't help me, I'm going to lose my baby.

RACHEL

It's not right to have children.

JULIA

You've got to go get help.

Rachel's face lowers, looking somber.

RACHEL

Parents lie. They say they love their children but they don't.

Julia GROANS in pain as she grabs her stomach tighter.

JULIA
I'm not lying.

Rachel sobs girlishly.

RACHEL
Then why did you tell me
you were coming back?

Julia watches her a moment, with uncertainty.

RACHEL
You lied! I don't even
really remember you. You
never came back.

Julia reaches over and touches her hand.

JULIA
I'm back now.

Rachel, confused and pitiful, looks at her.

JULIA
I'm here now, sweetie. I need
you to run an errand for me.

RACHEL
Where did you go?

JULIA
I'll tell you when you get
back.

Rachel squeezes Julia's hand fearfully.

RACHEL
No! You'll be gone when
I get back.

JULIA
Listen to me. I'm not going
anywhere. Here...

Julia takes off her cross necklace.

JULIA
Take this with you. That
way, you'll know I'll be
here when you get back.

Rachel stares a moment with a childish expression of joy. She lowers her head and Julia puts the jewelry around her neck.

RACHEL

Now I know you'll be here
when I get back.

Julia motherly puts her hands on the sides of Rachel's face. Rachel smiles as Julia strokes her hair.

JULIA

Listen. I need you to go
through the gate and to the
main road. And then...

A long shadow falls over them. Rachel turns around. Yellow Eyes stands several feet away. He scowls, his yellow eyes glowing through his blood covered face.

Rachel stands up to face him. She takes off the long WHITE coat and slings it into the grass to the side of the road. Her red outfit immediately draws attention. Yellow Eyes grins.

YELLOW EYES

Red Rachel. Gonna fight a
monster.

She stares at him a moment. He notices the cross necklace.

YELLOW EYES

That won't get you into Heaven.

RACHEL

I don't want to go to Heaven.

Yellow Eyes twitches with a surprised sigh. Rachel drifts into a daze.

RACHEL

I don't want to go to hell.
I want to not exist.

She steps toward him, emboldened.

RACHEL

Is that too much to ask? To
no longer exist?

Yellow Eyes solemnly listens. Rachel sadly lowers her head.

RACHEL
Why make someone suffer when
you can just make them not
exist?

She looks up, impassioned.

RACHEL
Do whatever it is you're
going to do. Kill me!

Yellow Eyes looks sadly at her.

YELLOW EYES
You kill *me*.

RACHEL
You kill *me*!

He pauses a moment and then bursts into sinister laughTER.
He spins around and dances joyously.

YELLOW EYES
Red Rachel! She's a superhero!
She fights monsters!

Rachel, calmer, speaks gently to him.

RACHEL
You have to face the monster.

Yellow Eyes pauses a moment. Rachel reaches out and tenderly touches his arm.

RACHEL
You have to face the monster.

INT. STAGE

A spotlight is on Yellow Eyes. He wears a tuxedo costume and a collapsible top hat. He stands next to a vertical box with a wand in one hand. He holds his hand out, gestures toward Rachel, who stands next to it in a glittery outfit.

YELLOW EYES

And now my lovely assistant,
Rachel, will step into the
box and I shall make her
disappear.

She smiles genially, keeps her eyes toward the audience as she takes his hand. He escorts her into the box and closes the door. He taps on it with the wand and opens the door. Rachel is gone.

The sounds of CLAPPING. He closes the door.

YELLOW EYES

And now I'll make her
reappear.

He taps the wand and opens the door. No Rachel. Shocked at first, his eyes pulse with a realization and he smiles.

YELLOW EYES

I forgot the magic word.

He closes the door.

YELLOW EYES

Abracadabra!

He opens the door. Still no Rachel. He panics, shuts the door. He anxiously presses his face against the surface.

YELLOW EYES

Please be there.

He opens. Nothing. He leans into the hollow space.

YELLOW EYES

It's okay Rachel. You can
come out.

He pulls back and closes the door.

YELLOW EYES

Abracadabra!

He opens. Nothing. He panics, leans in.

YELLOW EYES

Rachel, come back! It's okay
to come out now!

The opening becomes a distant rectangle of light swallowed in blackness as he calls out into the abyss.

YELLOW EYES
Rachel! Rachel, please come
back!

INT. STAGE - A DIFFERENT TIME

Julia lies in a horizontal box with her head sticking out one end and her feet out the other.

YELLOW EYES
And now I'm going to saw
a woman into pieces.

Yellow Eyes pushes large flat blades into slots on the box and pulls the box into segments. The sounds of an audience CLAPPING.

After a pause for applause, he puts the segments back together. He pulls the blades out. When he tries to open the box, it comes back apart into segments. He turns, embarrassed, to look at the audience.

SEVERAL CHILDREN (O.S.)
Abracadabra!

He pauses, nervously smiles, and pushes the segments back together.

YELLOW EYES
Abracadabra.

When he tries to open the box, again it comes apart in segments. He turns nervously back to the audience and shrugs.

YELLOW EYES
It won't go back together.

BOOING erupts. An adult male HECKLER calls out.

HECKLER (O.S.)
Kill the magician!

INT. STAGE - A DIFFERENT TIME

The top hat sits upside down on a stool. Yellow Eyes reaches into the hat and pulls out a white RABBIT by the scruff of the neck. The cross necklace hangs from the animal's neck. Yellow Eyes is surprised.

YELLOW EYES

Oh, there's a rabbit in my hat.

The animal dangles lifeless from his hand. He gently shakes it.

YELLOW EYES

Oh, my rabbit's dead.

He sits in a chair, distraught, cradles the rabbit like a baby and sobs.

YELLOW EYES

My bunny's dead.

He pauses a moment, crying. He notices the necklace for the first time. He reaches down, takes the cross gently in his hand, looks at it a moment. He puts his hands together in prayer, still sobbing.

YELLOW EYES

Please, Jesus, come and raise
my rabbit from the dead. Please
come and raise my rabbit from
the dead.

He calms down, stares blankly down.

YELLOW EYES

I have to kill the magician.

He looks up. His eyes pulse slightly with a revelation.

YELLOW EYES

I'm the magician.

The sounds of the audience going wild with CHEERS and CLAPPING. Streamers SWIRL into the air and fill it with a multitude of colors. Fireworks EXPLODE with celebration.

Yellow Eyes smiles brightly and joyfully nods as he looks side to side out into the audience.

YELLOW EYES

Thank you. Thank you. That's
my show. Thank you so much.

INT. ROOM - DAY

ANIMATION SEQUENCE

There is a puzzle of the Earth, Moon, stars, etc. The pieces rise up, spin and move about. Ballroom-like music is heard as the pieces begin to dance.

As they twirl and dance, it's revealed that the puzzle board is much larger. It's further revealed that the puzzle board covers the entire floor of a large candlelit room.

The little boy, John, squats. Wearing a catholic school uniform, he watches, absorbed. His yellow eyes glow in the subdued light.

The boy grabs puzzle pieces and throws them into the air. He grabs more, throws them, continues. He laughs joyously. The pieces fly into the air. They stay suspended in midair and spin.

The candlelight reflections off the spinning pieces make them glitter and shine. The boy leans back, looks into the air with a broad happy smile.

JOHN

Is it okay to come out now?

A bright light cracks into the ceiling and spreads like tentacles over the walls.

END ANIMATION SEQUENCE

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Blaring light. It suddenly lessens, revealing the image of the detective looking down. His eyes widen in shock.

DETECTIVE

Oh shit! He opened his eyes!

A hand shoots up and grabs him by the throat, causing a choked GRUNT. Yellow Eyes rises off the bed as the two men lock up. Shirtless, a blood stain shows through the tape around Yellow Eyes' abdomen.

The detective, bug-eyed, COUGHS and GASPS for air. Yellow Eyes bites him on the neck. The detective YELLS in agony.

DETECTIVE

Get him off! Get him off!

His partner rushes into the room and PUNCHES Yellow Eyes in the head several times with no result. Blood is now around the bite wound and on Yellow Eyes' mouth. The detective shows signs of tiring as life bleeds from his eyes.

His partner PUNCHES Yellow Eyes in the blood spot on his belly. No effect. Finally, Yellow Eyes releases his victim. The detective falls to the floor with a death mask expression, holding the side of his blood covered neck.

The partner draws his gun. Yellow Eyes SMACKS the gun out of his hand, grabs him around the neck and chokes him.

After a few moments of struggle, Yellow Eyes slings the man across the bed with inhuman strength.

His body flies off the other side with his feet sweeping across the end table, KNOCKING off all objects, a phone, a cup, paper, etc.

He drops hard to the tiled floor with a THUD. Yellow Eyes straddles the man and continuously BASHES his head onto the floor.

INT. HALL - DAY

The doctor walks with the priest, the same one as from Yellow Eyes' youth, only now older with grayed hair.

DOCTOR

I'm glad you could come,
Father.

PRIEST

It's not a problem. You say
he had a Catholic cross?

DOCTOR

Yes, that's right. As I
understand, he grew up
in your orphanage.

PRIEST

Really?

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Yellow Eyes has just stood up. He has blood on his hands, around his mouth, and the stain on his abdomen has grown. As the doctor and priest open the door, they freeze in shock upon sight of him.

DOCTOR

Oh my God!

The doctor turns and flees the room, leaves the priest staring in shock at Yellow Eyes. Their eyes meet. They stare at one another several moments.

Recognition shows itself on both their faces with squinting eyes and small facial tics. The priest cocks his head.

PRIEST

John?

Yellow Eyes scowls at him.

PRIEST

What happened to you?

Yellow Eyes looks appalled and disgusted.

YELLOW EYES

What?

The priest's face sags with sadness.

YELLOW EYES

I can still feel...what
you did!

The priest sobs uncontrollably.

PRIEST

I'm sorry. I'm sorry!

Yellow Eyes slips up next to him.

PRIEST

I'm sorry.

Yellow Eyes calmly hugs him and puts his mouth to his ear.

YELLOW EYES

I've lived my life for to
be judged and scrutinized.

The priest licks his lips, excited by the poetry.

YELLOW EYES

With your contempt I have
been raped and sodomized.

The priest makes faces as though sexually aroused.

YELLOW EYES

No longer will I choke
beneath oppression's thumb.

The priest appears on the verge of ecstasy.

YELLOW EYES

It's your religion that's
become...

Yellow Eyes pulls away from their embrace and looks into the priest's eyes.

YELLOW EYES

...abomination

Yellow Eyes elbow SMASHES the priest upward into the nose.
The priest YELLS out as blood spurts from his nostrils.

He GRUNTS and GROANS in pain as Yellow Eyes grabs him by the collar and jerks him around, pulls him toward the balcony. He SLAMS the door open and pulls the priest outside.

A POLICE OFFICER arrives at the room with his gun drawn. The doctor is behind him. They pause when they see the priest next to Yellow Eyes, both of them backed up to the rail.

OFFICER

Don't do it!

EXT. BALCONY - DAY

It's a beautiful sunny day outside with a light breeze. Picture perfect. Yellow Eyes leans his face near the priest's.

YELLOW EYES

Do you ever feel like you're
just a character in someone
else's dream?

The priest, frightened, stares toward the police officer as
Yellow Eyes pulls him in front.

YELLOW EYES

The question is, who's the
dreamer? Is it someone you
passed on the street today?

He nods toward the police officer.

YELLOW EYES

Is it that cop?

He turns his face toward the priest, who shakily stares
forward.

YELLOW EYES

Or is just some voyeur
watching everything. Afraid
to participate.

The priest seems to calm for a moment.

YELLOW EYES

Let's find out.

The officer calls out to him from inside the room.

OFFICER (O.S.)

John?

INT./EXT. ROOM/BALCONY - DAY

The officer keeps his focus and his gun aimed at Yellow Eyes
as he kneels down to the detective to feel his neck for a
pulse.

OFFICER

Listen to me, John...

He leans down and feels for a pulse on the partner.

OFFICER

You haven't killed anyone
yet.

The officer stands and steps back. The young man's yellow eyes pulse with surprise.

YELLOW EYES

Rachel?

OFFICER

She's alive.

YELLOW EYES

No. You're lying.

The officer tensely aims his gun at Yellow Eyes while the doctor intervenes.

DOCTOR

Listen to me, John. You have a worm in your brain.

Yellow Eyes' brow lowers in confusion.

YELLOW EYES

What?

DOCTOR

At some point, probably within the last few years, you consumed raw pork. A parasitic worm got into your blood stream and made its way into your brain.

Yellow Eyes gets excited and fidgety from the confusion. The priest calms down as he stares toward the officer and the doctor.

YELLOW EYES

I can't remember.

DOCTOR

You were okay until the worm died. When it decayed, it caused a lesion on your brain.

Yellow Eyes childishly listens.

DOCTOR

You started having seizures.
You and your friends took
poisonous acid.

OFFICER

You hurt them but you haven't
killed anyone yet.

Yellow Eyes focuses on the priest.

YELLOW EYES

I remember him putting his
hands on me. He touched me.
He...

PRIEST

That never happened, John.

YELLOW EYES

Liar! I felt it!...I still
feel it.

DOCTOR

You all experienced extreme
sexual feelings. But that
was the drugs.

PRIEST

Everything you see and hear
is just fragments of memories,
all jumbled up.

DOCTOR

Now that you're awake, we have
to get you strong enough for the
surgery...to remove the worm.

YELLOW EYES

Then will I have my memories
back?

DOCTOR

Maybe. You may never have
them all back.

OFFICER

But you'll be able to think
clearly again.

Yellow Eyes ponders a few moments with a sad, confused face. Then his attention is caught by something he sees on the floor of the room.

Near the officer's foot is the detective lying unconscious. A mucus covered worm winds its way out of the side of his neck. The young man's yellow eyes widen in horror.

The officer and the doctor watch, uncertain what's wrong. The worm spasms the short distance to the officer's leg and spirals up. The officer remains oblivious.

Yellow Eyes is so horrified he can barely breathe.

OFFICER

What do you see?

The worm slugs its way up toward the officer's head.

DOCTOR

Whatever you see, it isn't
real.

The priest cocks his head.

PRIEST

There's nothing there, John.
You're hallucinating.

Yellow Eyes YELLS incessantly. The worm bores into the officer's ear. The officer's voice lowers to a vibratory gurgle.

OFFICER

It isn't real.

Yellow Eyes gawks, horrified but unable to turn away.

OFFICER

Look, I'll show you.

He points the gun at his head. BOOM! Part of his head is BLOWN OFF, spattering the wall. One eye and his jaw and mouth are still in tact.

OFFICER

See?

The officer laughs hysterically. Yellow Eyes hyperventilates.

PRIEST

It isn't real, John.

BOOM! The officer shoots himself in the head again. Flesh and bone BLAST every direction. He laughs and his voice is still thunderously deep.

OFFICER

See? It's all in your mind.

Yellow Eyes quivers in madness.

YELLOW EYES

I've lost my mind. I've lost
my mind!

The priest calmly speaks to the distraught young man.

PRIEST

John, if you still know right
from wrong at all...if there's
any good left in you at all,
you have to move away from
the edge.

YELLOW EYES

Shut up! I can't think.

His eyes shoot around frantically.

YELLOW EYES

The only people I've known
for any length of time are
you and Birdie.

PRIEST

I don't know Birdie.

YELLOW EYES

So the dreamer is either
me or you.

PRIEST

You're hallucinating.

Yellow Eyes looks over the rail.

YELLOW EYES

Then I have no way of knowing
if I'll die or not if I go over
this rail.

PRIEST

If you go over the rail,
you'll die.

YELLOW EYES

Or I'll wake up.

PRIEST

Or you'll simply drift into
yet another hallucination.

Yellow Eyes pauses a moment with his searching eyes
revealing his racing mind.

YELLOW EYES

I don't know how to wake up.

PRIEST

Come away from the rail and
let us help you.

Yellow Eyes grabs the priest tighter.

YELLOW EYES

What will happen if you
go over the rail?

PRIEST

I'll die.

YELLOW EYES

You'll either die or one of
us will wake up and the other
will cease to exist.

Yellow Eyes puts his mouth next to the priest's ear.

YELLOW EYES

Sounds like a win-win for me.

He pulls the priest over the rail.

INT. DUNGEON - SIXTEENTH CENTURY ROME - DAY

Yellow Eyes wakes in a dingy medieval prison. Groggy and confused, he looks around, surmises his environment.

The floor is filthy cracked stone covered with hay. No bed, just a pile of hay to lie in. The cold stone walls are dark and dusty with greenery growing from the cracks.

He notices the iron barred door. He realizes he's dressed in rags and his wrists are shackled.

YELLOW EYES

What the...

He starts to stand but something restrains his legs and he falls back down.

He sees that his ankles are shackled and there are chains running to a waist bond. The chains are too short, preventing him from being able to stand erect.

The sound of a heavy wooden door OPENING down the hall. He uses his hands to dog his way to the bars, presses his face against them, straining to see. TWO GUARDS approach.

GUARD ONE

It's time.

YELLOW EYES

Time for what? What's happening?

The guards glance curiously at one another and then laugh.

GUARD TWO

He's lost his wits.

Guard two unlocks, opens the door. Guard one takes on a more serious expression.

GUARD ONE

It's time for your trial.

YELLOW EYES

Trial?

The guards grab Yellow Eyes by the arms and drag him hobbling away.

GUARD ONE

They're trying to save your
soul, boy.

INT. CHURCH COURTROOM - DAY

Yellow Eyes, in pain from hobbling while shackled, is
dropped before INQUISITORS.

TWO BISHOPS, wearing long coats and papal headpieces, stand
in the forefront. They are both old men with long curly
hair. Their stone faces are cold and indifferent.

Behind them are THREE PRIESTS, wearing long coats and wide
brimmed hats. Yellow Eyes, still confused looks around.

BISHOP ONE

Are you prepared to renounce
your heresy and confess Christ
and your allegiance to the Pope?

YELLOW EYES

I...I'm confused. I don't know
what's going on.

BISHOP TWO

We're trying to save your soul
from damnation.

YELLOW EYES

What heresy have I committed?

BISHOP ONE

You falsely accused a priest
of detestable sexual acts.

BISHOP TWO

And then did try to poison
yourself to evade the
consequences.

Yellow Eyes lowers his eyes, distraught.

YELLOW EYES

I had a vision. A great
vision.

The bishops glance at one another and then back to Yellow
Eyes.

BISHOP TWO
Do you mean a prophecy?

BISHOP ONE
Bards cannot interpret
prophecies.

YELLOW EYES
I know what it was.

Yellow Eyes looks up at them.

YELLOW EYES
It was a new world. Far beyond
our days. There was a woman who
was a superhero. Red Rachel.

The bishops stare curiously.

BISHOP TWO
Do you mean a scarlet woman?

YELLOW EYES
No. She fought monsters.

BISHOP ONE
She was a sorceress who
consorted with demons?

YELLOW EYES
No. She was more like an
angel.

BISHOP ONE
This Rachel who beguiled
you...she was a priestess
of the devil. She took
your soul.

YELLOW EYES
No...she gave it back to me.

BISHOP TWO
Confess and tell us where
this woman is and we will
show mercy.

Yellow Eyes ponders a moment.

YELLOW EYES

I don't know...but I hope
she's far from here. I
hope she lives in a dream
where you don't exist.

The bishops stare coldly.

BISHOP TWO

This heretic is unsalvageable.

Bishop one glances at his peer and then looks smugly upon
Yellow Eyes.

BISHOP ONE

Thread him through the
break wheel.

Yellow Eyes tenses with fear as the guards grab him, drag
him away.

YELLOW EYES

No! I want to buy an
indulgence!

The bishops curiously cock their heads.

BISHOP ONE

A bard could not afford the
price of an indulgence...

The guards stop a moment. Yellow Eyes, horrified, nervously
stares.

BISHOP ONE

...unless he stole it.

YELLOW EYES

My friends, family...They
would take up a collection
for my ransom.

BISHOP ONE

You're an orphan...and your
friends are dead.

He motions to the guards. They drag Yellow Eyes away.

YELLOW EYES
 No! I confess! I lied!
 I repent!

INT. TORTURE CHAMBER - DAY

It's another dingy stone room. Yellow Eyes, dressed only in underwear, is shackled to a horizontal T-frame table. His arms are stretched out. His legs are together. Bonds secure his wrists, ankles, waist, and neck.

A TORTURER is securing an adjustable wood-block and iron vice-like device around Yellow Eyes' knee. The bishops and priests stand at the head of the T-frame.

BISHOP ONE
 Remember, you may repent
 at any time until your death
 and have your soul saved
 from damnation.

Yellow Eyes is in a full fledged panic.

YELLOW EYES
 No! Please! I'll do whatever
 you want.

The torturer finishes and steps near to the bishops.

TORTURER
 This could take some time,
 lord. The thigh bones can be
 very difficult to break.

BISHOP ONE
 I know how long it can take.

He flashes a smug annoyed look at the torturer.

BISHOP ONE
 Give us a moment of privacy.

The torturer steps back toward the opposing wall and watches for a signal. Yellow Eyes PANTS, hyperventilating.

YELLOW EYES
 Please. I'll do anything.

The bishops coldly stare a moment. Bishop one leans in near to Yellow Eyes' face.

BISHOP ONE
Would you...perform sexual
acts upon another man?

Yellow Eyes pauses, calming a little but still breathing heavily.

YELLOW EYES
What do you mean?

BISHOP ONE
Only that in the interest
of preserving purity, the
church allows a certain
number of...indulgences to
its bishops.

Yellow Eyes is paralyzed with shock at the prospect.

BISHOP ONE
You'll be under my custody...
and protection.

Yellow Eyes pauses a moment and then SUDDENLY, his eyes widen with fury. He lashes out and bites the bishop on the nose, clamping down on it. The bishop SCREAMS in agony.

BISHOP ONE
Get him off! Get him off!

The torturer grabs a large long handled hammer, raises it overhead, and SLAMS it down on top of a spike-head sticking out of the device attached to Yellow Eyes' knee.

Yellow Eyes releases the bishop, SCREAMS a blood curdling shrill. The bishop covers his bloody nose with his hands and applies pressure as he withdraws, staggers back. His eyes water from the pain.

The torturer WHAMS the hammer down again. Yellow Eyes SCREAMS incessantly.

INT. HALL - DAY

The bishops and priests leave the room to get care for the injured bishop. A priest closes the door behind them. Through the door - the metallic sounds of HAMMERING and the continuous horrifying SCREAMS of utter agony.

EXT. TOWN CENTER - DUSK

A group of several CHURCH LABORERS use handles protruding from a large wooden wheel to roll it out into the square.

A nearly naked doomed young man is tied to the wheel. His head is covered with a metal mask forged into the image of a donkey with long metal ears sticking into the air.

The large wheel has specially designed spokes through which the man's arms and legs are threaded. His limbs worm through the spokes as though they have no bones.

An axle protrudes through the center and runs through the lower abdomen of the doomed man.

Townspeople watch, some frightened and horrified, others indifferent. There are still others who carry expressions of pride and contempt and even some who appear happy to see it.

The laborers use large forked posts to hoist the wheel up by its axle. They lower the posts into pre-fabricated holes in the stone and the wheel is left raised into the air like a diminished Ferris Wheel.

Through the eye slots in the humiliating donkey mask, the doomed man's eyes open. His yellow eyes shine through the blackness they're withdrawn into.

With the torture contraption now securely set up, a laborer grabs a handle and gives it a test spin. The wheel spins to the satisfaction of very nearly everyone within visual range.

As it slows to a halt, Yellow Eyes can see the bishops on the ground before him with the priests behind them.

The bishops stare smugly a few moments and then turn, walk off, followed by the priests. They all leave, except for one priest.

When the priest looks up and his hat brim raises from his face, it's the priest that Yellow Eyes has previously known.

PRIEST

You told, John. I told
you not to tell and you
told.

The doomed man's yellow eyes stare sadly at the priest. When he speaks, it sounds almost as an echo through a tin can.

YELLOW EYES

You're not a priest, are you?

PRIEST

I've been doing this for a very long time. You're not going to be the one to stop it.

YELLOW EYES

Why do you torture me?

PRIEST

I suppose you think an explanation will ease your troubled mind.

YELLOW EYES

All my life I've been poor... I've always struggled and toiled while my music's been ignored. What does the devil have to gain with my soul?

The priest pauses a moment.

PRIEST

I don't have any explanations for you. No solutions. Each time you wake up, you'll awaken to a new hell. Same old confusion.

Yellow Eyes' bright golden irises shine through the black wells of the mask's eye slots. Despite the obscurity, the sadness of his face can be seen in his eyes.

YELLOW EYES

They gonna hang me in the street for the commoners to see...that you cannot take lightly blasphemy...

The priest perks up as though hearing beautiful music.

YELLOW EYES
 ...because you can't have
 some heretic like me...
 corrupting you with evil
 things...like reason...or
 feelings.

The priest listens blissfully.

YELLOW EYES
 So go back to your church
 and pray...that you'll be
 prepared for the Judgment
 Day.

The priest sways dancingly, rhythmically, smiling.

YELLOW EYES
 We'll keep evil down with
 violence and war...so kill
 all dissenters and rape
 every whore.

The priest steps and dances around happily.

YELLOW EYES
 You must be convicted for
 all you'll convince...

A pause. The priest stops dancing, looks at Yellow Eyes,
 desirously anticipating the finale.

YELLOW EYES
 It's crypto-logic...That's
 why it makes no sense.

The priest appears in ecstasy, almost as if having an
 orgasm. Yellow Eyes closes his eyes and lowers his head in
 defeat.

The priest joyously dances over to the wheel, gives it a
 good spin. He then happily skips away, leaving the horrific
 contraption spinning.

The wheel spins to a standstill. Yellow Eyes raises his face
 slightly, opens his eyes. Through the mask, his whisper can
 barely be heard.

YELLOW EYES
 I figured it out.

The priest stops, curiously cocks his head.

YELLOW EYES

The dreamer is a shape-
changer.

The priest steps before the wheel, his curiosity piqued and
a smile brewing on his face.

PRIEST

Go on.

YELLOW EYES

I must have seen the
dreamer's true self
at some point.

The priest tilts his head, squints his eyes. He almost
cracks a smile.

PRIEST

If you can know the true
face of the dreamer, the
dreamer will awaken. And
this nightmare will end.

Yellow Eyes looks around entranced, the weight of the gamble
lowering on him. The priest stares excitedly.

PRIEST

Who's the dreamer?

Yellow Eyes pauses, thinking.

YELLOW EYES

Only one other was an
orphan who also saw a
monster in the mirror.

A smile stirs on the priest's face. He licks his lips,
getting ecstatic.

YELLOW EYES

Only one had hallucinations
before the drugs.

The priest raises his face slightly in anticipation.

YELLOW EYES

And only one stays on my
mind.

Yellow Eyes looks directly into the priest's eyes.

YELLOW EYES

Everything is ashes, laid
to rest in the wake of
Red Rachel.

A RUMBLING in the sky. The stunned priest looks up. A red
blazing comet ROCKETS toward the Earth.

The priest watches, frightened, as it approaches at
indiscernible speed. In a matter of only a few seconds, the
fiery comet travels from sky to Earth. The ground QUAKES as
it CRASHES, pounding into the dirt and BLASTING a cloud of
dust over the entire area.

As the dust clears, the ground is left smoldering with red
flickering fires everywhere.

Out of the indenture made by the comet rises Red Rachel,
mighty and powerful, like an android superhero. Her red
outfit is now more befitting a comic book character than a
young girl's play clothes.

Through the mask, the doomed young man's yellow eyes bristle
with hope. The priest looks upon Red Rachel and laughs
diabolically. From her eyes SHOOT red lasers. The priest's
grin disappears and he jumps frantically to the side, barely
missing the EXPLOSION.

He suddenly transforms into the giant hideously deformed
grasshopper and SCREECHES like a Japanese science fiction
movie monster.

He leaps toward Red Rachel and flies through the air like a
rocket. She stands her ground as the monster SLAMS into her
and the two powerhouses lock up.

Red Rachel lifts the monster over her head and throws him
into the distance. The creature flies through the air and
suddenly...

EXT. POWER PLANT - MODERN DAY - DAY

The monster CRASHES into the towers, taking down power lines. Electricity CRACKS through a series of EXPLOSIONS. The creature SCREECHES as smoke fills the air around it.

Red Rachel approaches the plant when the giant grasshopper GROWS in size, until it dwarfs the whole power station. It SCREECHES. Red Rachel grows in size until she's three hundred feet tall, equivalent to the monster.

Skyscrapers of a large city are now visible in the background. The giant grasshopper turns and KICKS Red Rachel with its powerful hind legs.

She flies back and SLAMS into a skyscraper. The monster CRASHES down on Red Rachel and presses her into the building. A whispery WAIL emits at Rachel, the voice of the priest.

GRASSHOPPER/PRIEST (V.O.)

You can't win.

Red Rachel presses her thumbs into the monster's bulbous eyes. They burst like water balloons, spewing out nasty green pus. The creature SQUEALS.

Rachel flips the monster over and SLAMS it onto the ground. She grabs its elongated hind leg and SNAPS it. The creature SQUEALS.

She drags it by the hind leg, away from the building, and spins it around in the air. The monster laughs as she slings it into the sky. It flies like it's going to fly right off the planet.

From Rachel's eyes SHOOT two red lasers. As a red glowing force-field engulfs the monster, the sound of its laughter lowers like dragging audiotape and his image melts like burning film.

INT. OFFICE - NIGHT

The psychiatrist looks down. A bright light glares down from overhead.

PSYCHIATRIST

Rachel? Are you okay?

Rachel lies on a large comfortable couch with a blanket twisted over and under her body. Her groggy eyes wrestle open.

RACHEL

Yeah.

The psychiatrist sits in a chair in front of the sofa. He pauses as Rachel struggles to gain her bearings, sits up.

PSYCHIATRIST

You woke up much earlier
this time. Did you use the
technique?

She nods, still sleepy.

RACHEL

It still took me a while
but as soon as I knew I
was dreaming, I woke up.

PSYCHIATRIST

Well, you realized you were
dreaming very quickly this
time. You did very well.

RACHEL

It still felt so real.

PSYCHIATRIST

Yes, but you're learning
to tell the difference.
Just like you're learning
to tell the difference
between reality and your
hallucinations.

She nods, holds herself. The psychiatrist helps her pull the blanket up over her shoulders.

PSYCHIATRIST

I'll get you a glass of
water.

He stands, turns away.

RACHEL

Doctor Mullen?

He stops, turns around.

RACHEL

What if we're both just
characters in someone
else's dream?

The psychiatrist's face slowly turns to a sad expression. He stares at Rachel as though a grim revelation has lowered onto him.

PSYCHIATRIST

What if you're dead? What
if someone had killed you?

Rachel stares, almost cracking a sweet smile, as though the notion were silly.

RACHEL

Who would kill me?

The psychiatrist sadly watches her as if he knew something terrible about her that she didn't understand.

PSYCHIATRIST

What if Yellow Eyes killed
you?

She smiles and tilts her head, still as though it were a silly notion.

RACHEL

Yellow Eyes wouldn't kill
me?

On the verge of tears, the psychiatrist lets out a tiny involuntary heave.

PSYCHIATRIST

He wouldn't if he had
known what he was doing.

He struggles to keep from crying as he slumps back down into the chair before Rachel. Her expression turns to one of compassion. She's sad and wants to comfort him.

RACHEL

Then I'd forgive him.

He begins to apologetically sob.

PSYCHIATRIST

He'd want to make you a superhero so you could save him.

Rachel puts her hand gently on his hand.

RACHEL

Maybe I *can* save him.

He looks up and into her eyes. His eyes are now yellow. He struggles to restrain his crying but the flood of emotion causes his whole body to shake.

PSYCHIATRIST

How?

She leans in toward him. She puts her other hand comfortingly on him.

RACHEL

You're the dreamer. You're the shape-changer.

He releases a flood of emotion. He throws his head back and quivers as he cries. Rachel cries with him. And for him.

As he cries, he transforms into Yellow Eyes. He looks down at her, his glassy yellow eyes beaming, longing for her comfort.

YELLOW EYES

I don't know what to do.

RACHEL

Think of some moments in your life where you were happy. Where you weren't tortured.

Her eyes have a tinge of helplessness but she leans in and strokes his arm so that he'll know she's there for him. To comfort him. He nods to answer her.

RACHEL

Do you have those moments in your mind?

Despite his anguish, he nods. She slightly tugs at him for emphasis.

RACHEL
Go there. Go to those
moments.

She tugs on him as she cries, to be strong for him. She's almost unbearably sad for him.

RACHEL
And you stay there. Do you
hear me? Stay there and
don't ever leave.

Their eyes meet. They stare at one another, their eyes seemingly connected by an invisible force. He stands and looks down at her on the couch, never breaking gaze.

RACHEL
Become those moments.

The ceiling and walls around them melt into..

EXT. FIELD - DAY

Everything from the office is gone, except Yellow Eyes, Rachel,...and the couch.

It's a beautiful day. It's just before dusk when the sun is lowered and brightly illuminating, surreally outlining, everything, making the colors of the world pronounced.

Mud Boy passes obliviously behind Yellow Eyes. Yellow Eyes turns. He and Rachel watch Mud Boy run along the field toward the tree line of the woods.

With his arms outstretched, he frolics through the wind with his head slightly tilted back. He smiles happily. Playfully.

Birdie runs past Yellow Eyes and Rachel, following Mud Boy. Birdie too smiles happily. A young man without a care in the world, running along.

Yellow Eyes turns to Rachel. She smiles and stands up on the couch. Yellow Eyes backs up to it and Rachel climbs onto his back.

They dawdle along, toward the wood line. Yellow Eyes smiles playfully as Rachel, dressed colorfully in a red sun dress, laughs with her arms snugly around Yellow Eyes' upper chest.

They are happy. Having the time of their lives. Not a care in the world.

FADE OUT.