

XX EVIL

"The Name of the Monster"

Written by
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PRELUDE

OVER BLACK -- AN ANIMATRONIC WITCH'S MALEVOLENT CACKLE.

INT. CASA DE HORROR - DAY

Muck covered floor. Spit/Shit/Vomit/Piss bucket in the corner. Cigarette burned couch with *who knows what stains* on it.

At first glance you'd assume the place is a squat house on Halloween. But the --

Spooky decorations...

Spiders and cobwebs -- some real, others decorative...

A who's who of life-sized replicas of Universal Horror Monsters...

And an awesome mural of a card game featuring the likes of Michael Myers, Jason Voorhees, Freddy Krueger, Elvira, Leatherface, and Chucky...

This are the things that make it Stanley's.

The things that make it Casa de Horror.

Oh, and that dummy in a chair with a bag over its head.

Wait...

Did that dummy just *move*?

STANLEY FOGLIO, 16, dark clothing, darker mind, flips through his spiral notebook, oblivious to the danger lurking just behind him...

The Dummy rises, makes a mad dash for Stanley!

Falls flat on its face...

Stanley yanks on a chain attached to the Dummy's leg.

STANLEY

That was stupid.

The Dummy says something muffled. Stanley pulls the bag off the Dummy's head, revealing HOMER NETTS. 50s, maybe older. Think Burgess Meredith *if his hands were tied behind his back and he had a gag over his mouth...*

STANLEY (cont'd)
What's that? Me? Name's Stanley.
Where you are doesn't matter. Why
are you here? Maybe this'll help.

Stanley finds a page in his notebook with a drawing of a
horrific, humanoid dragon. The word **A'LI'OE'P** under it.

STANLEY (cont'd)
Look familiar?

Homer shakes his head. No...

STANLEY (cont'd)
Don't worry. It will.

Stanley snaps the notebook shut, stares hard at Homer.

STANLEY (cont'd)
Let's get started.

Stanley grabs a torture tool kit (*Order yours today!*) chock
full of NEEDLES, PLIERS, A HAMMER, DUCT TAPE, SCISSORS, ETC.

Stanley's hand hovers over the tools. (*And yes, the Jeopardy
theme was totally playing in my head as I wrote this.*)

Stanley chooses the pliers...

Clamps onto one of Homer's fingernails...

OFF Homer's muffled SCREAM and the sickening SOUND of Stanley
RIPPING the nail out --

BLACKOUT.

END PRELUDE

SINGLE
"THE NAME OF THE MONSTER"

OVER BLACK -- A CHILD'S CAREFREE LAUGHTER.

EXT. NORA'S HOUSE - DAY

A nice house in a bad part of town. Neighbors side eye neighbors from across the street.

Homer, all smiles, waves at a MAN at his mailbox. The Man scowls, gets his mail, hurries back inside his home.

Not missing a beat, Homer watches little COURTNEY, 9, Down Syndrome, at work on her Etch A Sketch. Keeps smiling.

NORA, 50s, overworked, but overjoyed with her granddaughter, gets out her check book.

HOMER

I wouldn't dream of it.

NORA

Contrary to popular belief, I'm not
some charity case.

HOMER

I didn't mean to imply you were.
Call it an even trade, Nora. It's
not every day I get to hear the
mellisonant tone of one of God's
own.

NORA

You're not too bad yourself, Mr.
Netts.

HOMER

Please, Homer.

NORA

What do we say, Courtney?

COURTNEY

Thank you.

HOMER

You're welcome, little artist.

NORA

When was the last time someone
cooked you a good meal?

HOMER
Honesty, I cannot remember.

NORA
I was just about to make dinner.
We'd love to have you. And Tonto.

HOMER
I would like that. Alas, there is
no rest for the wicked. Nor dealers
of antiquities.

Homer smiles, gets behind the wheel of a rental car. Waves to
Nora and Courtney as he drives away.

INT. RENTAL CAR (MOVING) - NIGHT

Homer hums along to a feel good song on the radio.

His faithful traveling companion, TONTO, an adorable ginger
tabby, purrs in the passenger seat.

Homer strokes Tonto.

HOMER
I'll have you know, this is a
classic. What's the matter, Tonto?
Harry? Oh. I miss him too.

Homer strokes Tonto.

HOMER (cont'd)
Tell you what. One more stop and we
shall retire for the night.

Homer passes a HITCHHIKER thumbing a ride.

HOMER (cont'd)
Just drive, Homer.

Homer sighs, slows the car to a stop.

HOMER (cont'd)
Don't give me that look, Tonto.

The Hitchhiker, LOST BOY, 20s, trouble with a capital "T",
grins, taps on Homer's window.

Homer lets his window down. *Just a peep...*

HOMER (cont'd)
Need a ride, young man?

LOST BOY
Do a bear shit in the woods?

HOMER
Er, yes. I suppose it does.

Homer moves to grab Tonto from the passenger seat.

CLICK.

Oh. Shit...

Lost Boy smirks from behind his GLOCK. Pressed against the window. Homer slowly turns to face him.

LOST BOY
Let's go for a ride.

EXT. GAS STATION - NIGHT

You know the place. Poorly lit. Rust covered gas pumps that haven't been changed since you could get gas for a buck. The kind of place nightmare fuel attendants would frequent before the era of self serve.

Check, check, and double check.

Lost Boy shoves Homer to the ground.

HOMER
Please! I-I have money!

LOST BOY
Shut up. Boo, grab that cat.

BOO, large, man of few words, honest to a fault, eyes Tonto.

BOO
Can't.

LOST BOY
Fuck you meant you can't?

BOO
Got allergies.

LOST BOY
Fuck allergies!

Boo picks up Tonto. Lost Boy rummages through Homer's pockets, finds a wallet. Pockets the cash. Boo finds a KEY RING full of STRANGE KEYS.

LOST BOY (cont'd)
 Fuck's that?

BOO
 Key ring.

LOST BOY
 Know it's a fuckin' key ring, Boo.
 (to Homer)
 What they go to?

Lost Boy points the Glock at Tonto's head.

HOMER
 I-I'll show you!

INT. RENTAL CAR (TRUNK SHOT) - LATER

Homer opens the trunk. Lost Boy shoves him. Boo peers inside, a Glock in hand, Tonto in his arms. Lost Boy taps something inside the trunk.

LOST BOY
 Open it.

HOMER
 Y-Young man, please, reconsider --

LOST BOY
 Boo, kill the cat.

HOMER
 No!

Homer wrestles Tonto free from Boo.

BLAM!

Boo's gun goes off!

BOO
 Shit!

Homer slumps to the ground.

LOST BOY
 Fuck it! Get his wheels!

Lost Boy runs to his car. Gets in, speeds off. Boo gets behind the wheel of the rental car. Gives Homer a final glance before speeding off after Lost Boy.

Homer -- breath ragged, bleeding from the bullet wound in his chest -- crawls towards Tonto.

Someone pets Tonto, watches Homer attempt to stand, fall onto his back. Pass out.

Stanley crouches beside Homer, strokes his face.

EXT. PARK - DAY

JANE, 20s, profane prophetess, reluctant heroine, lies on the roof of her blue '77 Volkswagen Van. Brushes a leaf from her face. The sound of KIDS playing in the distance grows as the park comes to life. SCREAMS rock Jane into a --

(PREMONITION) EXT. PARK - HALLOWEEN NIGHT

Jane, nearly trampled by...

COSTUMED KIDS and ADULTS running for their lives past a BONFIRE in a panic...

Jane looks into the flames, SEES -- PEOPLE stacked together like wood...

WIDER reveals three other such "bonfires"...

GANG MEMBERS wielding ANCIENT WEAPONS race past Jane, dodge a FIREBALL...

Two BLURRY FIGURES consumed by FLAMES WAIL...

Jane tries to run when -- WHOOSH -- she's trapped in a circle of flames!

EXT. PARK - DAY (BACK TO PRESENT)

Jane snaps back to reality. Grabs the half empty bottle of booze beside her, takes a swig. She hides it under her jacket as EMILY, 20s, peace loving idealist from a war torn magical world, climbs up beside her.

EMILY

Good morning.

JANE

I was wondering what that bright light was.

EMILY
You slept well, I trust?

JANE
Both eyes closed this time.

Jane smiles. Emily gives her a look.

JANE (cont'd)
Prophetic nightmares right before
Halloween... Slept like a baby. You
hungry?

EMILY
Don't deflect. It's too early in
the morning for that sort of thing.

JANE
Can't hear you over my growling
stomach!
(monster voice)
FEED ME PANCAKES, BITCH!

Jane slaps Emily's Chuck Taylors.

JANE (cont'd)
What are you waiting for? Conjure
us up some grub.

Emily reaches into her pocket, waves a hand over her fist.

EMILY
Huzzah!

Emily opens her hand, reveals loose change. Hands it to Jane.

JANE
I said some grub, bitch.

Jane throws the change back at her.

EMILY
Why, you ungrateful hussy.

The women smile.

JANE
Haven't heard that word in forever.
Come on. Breakfast is on me.

They hop down. Jane tosses the car keys to Emily, who doesn't
catch them...

EMILY
Oh. Was that my cue?

JANE
Yeah.

INT. VOLKSWAGEN - LATER

Emily backs out of the parking lot. Jane locks eyes with a DRUNK lying on a park bench. Looks away, uncomfortable.

INT. CASA DE HORROR - DAY

Homer pulls at his chain with all his might. No go.

Stanley enters with a pizza box.

STANLEY
Easy. I didn't stitch you back together for nothing. How are your fingers?

HOMER
They have been better.

STANLEY
I'll say. Welcome to mi casa. Casa de Horror. Took me forever to finish the mural.

HOMER
You're very talented.

STANLEY
Oh, stop. Brought you a snack.

Stanley opens the lid, revealing a dead cat... *Yum?*

HOMER
Tonto! You didn't...

STANLEY
Nah, just a no name stray. Try a bite. Got dog and rat if you don't like pussy.

HOMER
Dear boy, you have a macabre mind.

STANLEY

Some people paint. Others paint with blood.

HOMER

I-I still don't understand what you expect from me. Aside from my living expenses, I have no real money to speak of.

STANLEY

This isn't about money.

HOMER

Th-Then what?

STANLEY

Destiny.

Homer shrugs. *Come again?*

STANLEY (cont'd)

You haunted my dreams every night for nearly a year. I thought you were coming to get me, so I told my parents. Big mistake.

HOMER

S-Stanley, whatever you're going through, I'm sure --

STANLEY

-- There's light at then end of the tunnel? It'll get better? I've heard them all. All lies. That's why I was going to end it. End it all. But destiny had other plans.

INT. FOGLIO FAMILY HOME / STANLEY'S ROOM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

It's what you'd expect. Dark, foreboding. What little *light through yonder window breaks* reveals hundreds of drawings of Stanley's nightmarish monster.

And plates upon plates of half eaten food...

ROSE and PIERCE FOGLIO, late 30s, middle class. She's every bit the concerned, hovering parent. He's a devout follower of the church of tough love.

They share a look. *How did they let this happen?*

Rose, close to tears, throws the curtains open, holds a trash bag. Pierce, angry at her, Stanley, himself even more, snatches the bag. Rose turns away, hurt.

Pierce sighs, tosses trash inside the bag.

He looks at the drawings in disgust, rips them off the wall.

Into the garbage bag they go.

Rose motions to the closed walk-in closet. Puts an ear to the door. She waves Pierce over.

Stanley's chanting something fierce in Latin.

ROSE

Stanley?

Pierce tries the door. Won't budge.

PIERCE

Stanley! Open the door.

Pierce prepares to shoulder it when --

The door swings open...

INSIDE THE CLOSET

Ceremonial candles illuminate the room.

Pierce tries the lights.

Rose gasps, buries her face in Pierce's chest.

Stanley reads from a spell book. Offers a DOG SKULL dripping with blood to some unknown deity...

Pierce yanks the spell book from Stanley, throws it aside. Violently shakes him. The bloody dog skull lands with a THUD on the floor, putting the kibosh on Stanley's spell (*along with any chance of a **Snoopy Goes to Hell** spinoff.*)

ROSE

Pierce! Don't hurt him!

STANLEY

No! I have to finish it!

Stanley struggles to break free from Pierce's vice grip.

ROSE
It's okay, sweetie. We're going to
get you some help.

STANLEY
It's coming to get me. The monster--

PIERCE
You've got to knock this shit off!
There are no such things as
monsters. Look at me! Monsters
don't exist.

Stanley bites Pierce's hand. Pierce socks him in the face.

PIERCE (cont'd)
Son...

ROSE
Let's get you cleaned up.

Stanley blows past Rose out the door.

ROSE (cont'd)
Stanley!

EXT. GAS STATION / RESTROOM - NIGHT

Stanley presses a piece of glass to his wrist.

A car door slams.

Real or imagined?

Whatever. Goodbye, cruel -- Huh?

Stanley opens the door, SEES --

Lost Boy aiming his Glock at Homer...

LOST BOY
Open it.

HOMER
Y-Young man, please, reconsider --

LOST BOY
Boo, kill the cat.

HOMER
No!

Homer wrestles Tonto free from Boo.

BLAM! Boo's gun goes off!

Stanley shuts the door. Holy crap.

BOO (O.S.)

Shit!

LOST BOY (O.S.)

Fuck it! Get his wheels!

Stanley waits until both cars peel out. He opens the door, finds a wounded Homer crawling on the ground...

INT. CASA DE HORROR - DAY (BACK TO PRESENT)

ON Stanley, lost in the grips of madness, trying to help Homer connect the dots.

STANLEY

That's when it clicked. You're here to help me. We were meant to find one another, A'li'oe'p.

HOMER

My name is Homer --

Stanley flings the pizza box across the room.

STANLEY

-- Cut the crap! I know what you are. I know your true name.

Stanley grabs the scissors.

HOMER

No. Stanley, please!

STANLEY

You've forgotten so much, but I'll help you remember.

HOMER

Someone help!

STANLEY

I can help you be strong again. Help you out of this sad cocoon.

LATER

Homer, head and eyebrows shaved, covered in tattoos from head to toe, studies his "makeover" in a cracked mirror.

STANLEY
What do you think?

Homer tries to keep it together. Play along.

HOMER
I-I like it.

STANLEY
You like it?

HOMER
Love it.

Homer musters up a smile. Stanley's expression darkens.

STANLEY
Do you think I'm stupid?

HOMER
N-No, Stanley.

STANLEY
You're a monster, silly. Monsters
don't love anything.

Stanley grabs the pliers, forces Homer's mouth open.

HOMER
Don't! Please!

Stanley YANKS Homer's tooth out.

OFF Homer's WAIL and a BLOODY TOOTH flying right at us --

INT. DINER / RESTROOM - DAY

BREATH MINTS fall into Jane's mouth. She splashes water onto her face. Emily enters.

EMILY
Are you alright?

JANE
Peachy keen with a side of king.

Emily doesn't get it.

JANE (cont'd)
Just an expression.

EMILY
I know my way around certain turns
of phrases and I have yet to hear
that one.

JANE
Now you have.

Emily reaches into her trench coat, takes out a pack of candy
cigarettes. She offers one to Jane, who refuses.

EMILY
Tiger Lily hasn't heard any, uh,
scuttlebutt -- if you'll excuse
that expression -- about a cache of
stolen weapons. Nevertheless, he
remains on standby.

Emily lights the candy cigarette, smokes.

JANE
So goes the report from Norway's
number one pervert.

EMILY
Those charges were never proved.

Jane taps a NO SMOKING sign on the wall.

EMILY (cont'd)
It's candy. And medicinal.

JANE
I'll bet.

EMILY
Tiger Lily's methods may be dubious
and, uh, illegal in most countries,
however, you cannot argue with his
results.

JANE
Which are what, exactly? We already
know dangerous weapons are out
there. Waiting to fall into the
wrong hands.

EMILY
Word on the street is that a war is
brewing.

(MORE)

EMILY (cont'd)
The Lokals have been encroaching on
the O-Guard's turf, uh, territory.

JANE
Who are you right now?

Emily smiles.

EXT. DINER - DAY

Jane and Emily (still "smoking") walk to the Volkswagen.

JANE
We can't just sit back and wait for
somebody to get charbroiled. We
need to hit the streets.

EMILY
Am I appropriately dressed for such
an occasion?

JANE
I wouldn't worry about it.

Emily eats the still smoking candy cigarette. Jane grins.

INT. VOLKSWAGEN (MOVING) - DAY

Jane massages her head. Emily watches her, concerned.

JANE
What?

EMILY
Are you alright? I could not help
but notice your savory, though
barely touched breakfast.

JANE
You should know. You ate it all.

EMILY
Where pancakes are involved, I
offer no apologies, nor regrets.

JANE
Yeah, well, we're about to waltz
into gang land. Excuse me if I
ain't got much of a appetite.

Not really buying that, Emily returns to the task at hand.

EMILY
Alright then. Where to?

JANE
The ghetto.

EXT. HAIR SALON - DAY

People enter and exit the other black owned businesses on the block as OFFICER FOLEY, late 40s, white, realistic, but opting for optimism, snaps photos of shards of glass and bullet ridden windows.

His partner, MURPHY, 30s, white, cynical, seen one too many homicides, exits the salon, takes in the wanton destruction.

FOLEY
How are they?

MURPHY
Still a little rattled. Just
another day in gangsters' paradise.

They move to their squad car.

FOLEY
Doesn't mean we stop looking for
whoever did this, Murphy.

MURPHY
Or we could do some real police
work. Something that'll actually
make a difference.

FOLEY
Like what? Arrest some kid with a
handful of pills who can't imagine
life past twenty?

MURPHY
Like finding your nephew.

FOLEY
He'll turn up sooner or later. Kid
runs away every few months.

MURPHY
Family first, Foley.

FOLEY
Right. "Family".

Foley gives Murphy a pointed look before getting in the car. Murphy looks back at the beauty shop, gives an awkward nod to Black Patrons before climbing into the squad car.

INT. CHOP SHOP - DAY

A garage that's a front for a chop shop that's a front for weapon and drug smuggling.

DA JINXX, 20s, gang tats, scary, stuffs cocaine inside toys and several other appliances. He may or may not have tested the product.

Other GANG MEMBERS follow suit. Then, Da Jinxx unexpectedly *starts singing* --

DA JINXX
(singing)
COME WITH ME AND YOU'LL BE IN A
WORLD OF PURE IMAGINATION! WHAT
WE'LL SEE WILL DEFY EXPLANATION!

Other Gang Members chuckle. Lost Boy walks by.

LOST BOY
Nigga high as hell. Get some air.

Da Jinxx stands, stretches.

DA JINXX
You crack it yet?

LOST BOY
Workin' on it. Stop tasting the
product. This ain't a crack buffet.

Lost Boy throws a cocaine filled Beanie Baby (*special edition*) at Da Jinxx. Moves to Boo.

Boo wears goggles, turns on a power saw. The footlocker's on a table before him. Lost Boy paces, impatient.

LOST BOY (cont'd)
How long's this gonna take?

BOO
Just a sec.

The saw blade breaks as soon as it hits the lock...

BOO (cont'd)
Shit's cursed, Lost Boy.

LOST BOY
Man, shut up. I'll show you how to
open this shit.

Lost Boy grabs a crowbar, tucks it under the lock.

The crowbar snaps in half...

Boo and Lost Boy exchange a shocked glance.

LOST BOY (cont'd)
Get the dynamite.

BOO
Can't.

Lost Boy shoots Boo a look.

BOO (cont'd)
My parole officer said --

LOST BOY
Man, forget this. Where them keys?

Boo pats his jean pockets. Not there.

Da Jinxx and the Other Gang Members search through an
assortment of illegal firearms, drugs, drug money...

There they are! Da Jinxx tosses the key ring to Lost Boy.

LOST BOY (cont'd)
Shit better be worth it.

Lost Boy tries the first key. No luck.

Key number two. Nope.

Surely key number three? Nuh-uh.

Come on, lucky key number four. Fuck!

A LOT OF KEYS LATER...

Lost Boy tries a key.

CLICK.

It worked!

Lost Boy and Boo celebrate.

CLICK. CLICK. CLICK. CLICK.

Shit. Shit. Shit. Shit.

The O-GUARD, old-school gangsters who beat the odds, train their AK-47s on Lost Boy and the Lokals.

ANTOINE HILL, 50s, calm, collected, (*Think Frank Lucas from American Gangster*), leader of the O-Guard, looks around the shop, *tsks tsks* his disapproval.

ANTOINE

Look at you. Santa's elves working overtime. Surprised you have the time, what with you shooting up hair salons.

DA JINXX

H-Hey, Antoine. That wasn't --

ANTOINE

-- What's your name?

Antoine moves to Da Jinxx. Gets uncomfortably close.

DA JINXX

Da Jinxx.

Antoine addresses the O-Guards.

ANTOINE

Their mothers gave them some cute nicknames, didn't they, fellas? Da Jinxx? What the fuck is --

Antoine smiles, casually presses his gun to Da Jinxx's forehead. Whispers --

ANTOINE (cont'd)

When I'm addressing you, Da Jinxx, you'll be the first to know it.
(nodding)

Okay?

DA JINXX

Y-Yes, Sir.

Antoine crosses to Lost Boy.

ANTOINE

Now a whole lot of people saw
someone fitting your gang's
description shootin' up the block
last night.

LOST BOY

Wasn't us.

ANTOINE

I know these people. You calling
them liars?

Antoine shoots Lost Boy an icy stare.

LOST BOY

Nah, just...

BOO

Mistaken identity.

ANTOINE

That what it is? Profilin'? Glad we
sorted that out.

Antoine shoots Boo in the leg. Boo yells, hits the floor.

LOST BOY

Hey, man! You can't --

Antoine tucks his gun under Lost Boy's chin.

ANTOINE

Can't what? Huh? While you little
bitches were running off at the
mouth and lighting each other up at
the drop of a hat, I was building a
damn empire! You think you can just
run amok in my city? Hell no.

Antoine takes Lost Boy's Glock.

ANTOINE (cont'd)

So all that cash, guns, and coke?
We're taking it, leaving you alive,
and calling it even. To the victor
go the spoils, Lost Boy.

Antoine turns to Boo and the other members of the Lokals.

ANTOINE (cont'd)
You got five seconds to drop your
weapons and hug the floor like it's
your favorite babies' momma. Clock
starts now.

The Lokals stand their ground. A shootout's just waiting to --
Huh? Jane and Emily suddenly appear in the middle of a
potential bloodbath. Hands in the air.

JANE
Bad time?

EMILY
Perhaps we could come back during
regular business hours.

LOST BOY
Who the fuck is you?

Emily slowly reaches into her coat, flashes a badge.

EMILY
Department of Homeland Security.

LOST BOY
You don't look like Homeland
Security.

JANE
We're undercover, brother.

EMILY
Step away from the footlocker,
gentlemen. We have reason to
believe there's an explosive device
inside.

ANTOINE
Looks like we got here just in
time, fellas. Always a fan of
fireworks. Open it.

EMILY
Sir, did you not --

ANTOINE
Open the damn thing.

Emily opens the footlocker, revealing an assortment of
mythical weapons. Sadly, Mjollnir is not among them. :(

JANE

Well, that's the last time we trust intel from a guy wearing nothing but sun glasses, a hat, and a trench coat. We'll just take this off your hands.

Antoine shoves Lost Boy aside, takes aim at Jane and Emily.

JANE (cont'd)

Sure you want to do this? Killing two DHS agents --

ANTOINE

Oh, I doubt that. Don't know who you are, but busting in here was the last mistake you'll ever make.

Lost Boy grabs a gun strapped to his leg.

JANE

Damn.

Jane and Emily leap behind a car.

Antoine fires off shots as he takes cover.

Lost Boy and the Lokals flip over a table, crouch.

Jane draw her revolver, rises.

She hits the deck just as bullets shatter the car windows.

JANE (cont'd)

Welcome to the ghetto. How you liking it so far?

EMILY

I could do without the gun violence!

JANE

Join the club.

Jane keeps Antoine and Lost Boy's crew at bay.

JANE (cont'd)

Come on, Em. Bewitch 'em! Then let's grab the footlocker and get the fuck out of here!

EMILY

Right!

Emily pushes up her coat sleeves dramatically, rises.

She waves her hands all mystic like and --

A bullet PINGS off her peace sign button, knocks her flat on her back.

JANE

You good?

Emily rises.

EMILY

I'll live.

JANE

Not for long if we don't stop this.
What happened?

EMILY

I'm out!

JANE

Roll six on the die and get more
mana!

EMILY

You know it doesn't work that way!
There's something draining my
thaumaturgy!

JANE

Guessing it's the weapons.

Jane looks up, takes a aim.

EMILY

What are you doing?

JANE

Plan B.

Lost Boy grabs a cocaine filled Beanie Baby, flings it into the air. Fires.

Fur, coke, and electronic parts (even *more* adult assembly required) explode.

The white, powdery substance rains from the sky.

Antoine throws off his jacket, uses it to cover his face, keeps firing.

A few of the O-Guard's aren't so lucky.

The coke blinds them.

Others cough, get high.

BARNES, 50s, cool shades, high, drops his gun, dances.

BARNES

Let's find some girls, man.

ANTOINE

Barnes!

Boo grabs Antoine's leg.

ANTOINE (cont'd)

Get off!

Lost Boy puts his gun to Antoine's back.

LOST BOY

Got you, bitch! Drop your guns.

Antoine complies.

LOST BOY (cont'd)

Call your boys off or --

Jane shoots out the lights.

DA JINXX (V.O.)

It's the Rapture!

Overhead lights FLASH on. Lost Boy trains his gun on Antoine who in turn has a gun on Boo.

ANTOINE

Secondary lights under bulletproof glass. Smart investment.

LOST BOY

Glad you approve.

All three notice Jane and Emily dragging the footlocker towards the open garage door.

EMILY

Oh dear.

LOST BOY

Where you think you goin'?

ANTOINE

New deal. We split everything fifty-fifty and everybody walks away. Everyone except them.

LOST BOY

Deal.

Emily and Jane raise the footlocker, use it as a shield as bullets spray toward them and ricochet every which way.

EMILY

Perhaps the time has come to utilize Plan C!

JANE

This is Plan C!

NORA (O.S.)

Courtney, wait!

Courtney skips in, dressed as a Disney Princess.

Right into the crossfire...

Courtney screams.

Jane and Emily lug the footlocker and make a mad dash to Courtney.

Jane stumbles, goes down.

JANE

Go!

Emily abandons the footlocker, slides in front of Courtney, shields her.

LOST BOY

STOP!

Everyone stops shooting.

Nora and Lost Boy run to Courtney's side.

Antoine looks beside himself.

Emily checks Courtney's pulse.

LOST BOY (cont'd)

Is she...

EMILY

No, just unconscious. We need to get her feet up.

LOST BOY

You a doctor?

Emily thinks about that a millisecond, nods.

EMILY

Yes.

Lost Boy elevates Courtney's feet.

NORA

Courtney, wake up, sweetie.
Grandma's here.

Courtney opens her eyes.

LOST BOY

That's my girl. That's my girl.

Emily locks eyes with Jane.

She's sweating. Shaking. *Going through withdrawal.*

Two Members of the O-Guard grab the footlocker.

Jane draws her revolver.

Too bad her hand's trembling too bad to shoot.

ANTOINE

Drop it. There's been enough shooting for today.

Jane reluctantly lowers her revolver.

ANTOINE (cont'd)

Footlocker's coming with me.

Lost Boy shrugs. After almost losing Courtney, he could care less about some antiques.

LOST BOY

Take it, man.

Antoine stops, genuine as he says --

ANTOINE

Glad the kid's alright.

Barnes dances up to Nora.

BARNES
What's your name?

Antoine leads Barnes out the door and the O-Guard exit with the footlocker. Jane watches them leave, angry. She reaches into her jacket, comes up empty, walks out.

EMILY
(to Lost Boy)
I'm sure she'll be alright. I
imagine you have a lot to discuss.

Emily tends to Boo's wounds.

EMILY (cont'd)
The bullet went clean through. I
don't suspect it hit any major
arteries, though I suggest you
continue to apply pressure and
seek, uh, immediate medical
attention. Candy cigarette?

Boo shrugs, takes one.

LOST BOY
Yo.

EMILY
Yo, uh, yes?

LOST BOY
Appreciate it.

Emily nods.

INT. VOLKSWAGEN - NIGHT

Jane searches for her bottle of booze. Emily enters, gets behind the wheel.

JANE
Nice work back there.

EMILY
Looking for this?

Emily reaches into her coat, shakes the booze bottle.

JANE
When did you get sticky fingers?

EMILY

Does it matter? Jane, what were you thinking?

JANE

You're gonna lecture me? Now?

EMILY

I will do whatever I deem necessary to keep you safe.

JANE

That's not your job, Em.

EMILY

Should we become mere punch-clock partners I will no doubt be more inclined to agree with you. As it stands, we're family.

JANE

Like Laverne and Shirley, Cagney and Lacey, Rizzoli and Isles, Bert and Ernie. Okay, maybe not like Bert and Ernie.

EMILY

What if that girl had --

JANE

Don't you think I know that? Every fucking night I get a never-ending conga line of night terrors. Then every time I think thing's are looking up, some evil ma'fucker wants to take over the world or destroy it or some Machiavellian shit. And to top it all off, it's Hallo-fucking-ween!

EMILY

Your birthday.

Jane's near tears now.

JANE

The day my mom...

EMILY

I know, but it's still the day of your birth. She'd want you to celebrate that.

JANE
I will. By having a fucking drink.
And then a lot more.

EMILY
Given all that... You should
strongly consider rehab.

Jane scoffs.

JANE
I don't have a problem, Em. I have
a solution.

EMILY
We can't take that risk. Not now.

JANE
You're benching me? Okay, what's
the plan? It's not like you can pop
in and grab the footlocker without
it blocking your mojo.

EMILY
I'll improvise. Now, please, let me
drop you off at the nearest rehab
center or --

JANE
-- Or what?

EMILY
Or... you can get out.

A tense beat. Emily means it.

JANE
Kick me out of my ride? That'll be
the fucking day.

Emily locks the doors. Waves a hand and Jane DISAPPEARS from
the passenger seat, REAPPEARS outside the Volkswagen.

Jane tries the door. Locked.

JANE (cont'd)
What are you -- Open the door. Open
the fucking door!

EMILY

Ride shotgun, walk into Mordor,
storm the gates of Perdition with
you, I'm there without a second
thought. Sit courtside while my
best friend destroys herself and
everything she stands for... I
can't do that, Jane. I won't.

JANE

I never asked you to.

Emily nods, turns the key, drives away.

JANE (cont'd)

Emily!

Emily fights tears, faces the road ahead.

Jane runs after the Volkswagen, flipping Emily off.

Boo, Da Jinxx, and other Gang Members stare at her.

DA JINXX

Our tax dollars at work.

BOO

We don't pay --

DA JINXX

Boo, shut up.

INT. VOLKSWAGEN (MOVING) - NIGHT

Emily's on the phone, trying to keep it together.

EMILY

(into phone)

I apologize to the, uh, nth degree
for my improper use of your... sex
back channel... Tiger Lily, however
it is for a worthy cause. I need
everything you can dig up on
Antoine Hill. Feel free to get
creative. Oh my. Well, after
thoroughly washing your hands,
please do. Thank --

Dial tone.

EMILY (cont'd)

-- You.

Emily puts her phone away. She gets a call from Jane. Wants to answer. Almost does. But she doesn't.

INT. CHOP SHOP / REC ROOM - NIGHT

Courtney, in a chair, playing with her Etch A Sketch. Nora gives Lost Boy a chewing out in the back. Their voices carry. Jane's calling Emily. She waits a beat, gives up.

NORA (O.S.)
You should be on your knees
thanking Jesus right now that
Courtney's still here. What kind of
life is this, Laurence?

LOST BOY (O.S.)
Not so loud. The guys'll hear!

NORA (O.S.)
I don't give a damn what they hear!
What kind of example are you
setting for your daughter?

LOST BOY (O.S.)
I do what I gotta do. She ever go
hungry? Huh? Miss a day a school?
That was all me while her momma was
somewhere shootin' up.

A loud SLAP.

LOST BOY (O.S.) (cont'd)
Yo, you crazy?!

NORA (O.S.)
I'll show you crazy!

Jane smiles at Courtney. Courtney looks back down, shy.

JANE
(re: Etch A Sketch)
I remember those. Used to sketch
stuff for hours. Cute pony.

COURTNEY
It's a unicorn.

JANE
Oh, right. A friend of mine loves
those too.

Courtney smiles.

JANE (cont'd)
I'm Jane.

COURTNEY
Courtney, but don't tell Gram Ma I
told you. She says I'm not supposed
to talk to strangers.

JANE
Good advice.

Nora and Lost Boy enter.

JANE (cont'd)
I was just leaving.

Jane stumbles again, catches onto a couch.

NORA
Sit.

JANE
I don't have time to --

NORA
Now.

COURTNEY & LOST BOY
She means it.

Jane sits on the couch.

JANE
Yeah, I got that. Cool costume.

COURTNEY
I'm a princess.

Jane bows.

JANE
Pleased to meet you.

COURTNEY
Where's your costume, Daddy?

Lost Boy slips on shades.

NORA
Who are you supposed to be?

LOST BOY
Baddest brotha on the block. We'll
be back 'fore midnight.

NORA
You'll be back before it gets too
dark. Laurence.

Lost Boy does a slow burn, scoops up Courtney.

LOST BOY
Ready to go, princess?

COURTNEY
Yeah!

LOST BOY
Say bye to the wicked witch, I mean
your Grandma.

NORA
Boy, if you don't get out of here.

Lost Boy and Courtney exit.

JANE
Good kid.

NORA
Trouble is making sure she stays
that way. Homeland Security. Must
get pretty wild.

JANE
Wouldn't believe me if I told you.

Nora gets a pill out of her purse.

NORA
Homeland Security or not, I know
what withdrawal looks like.

JANE
Can you write me a prescription for
a bottle of Johnny Walker?

NORA
Megan was a lot like you. Always
quick with a quip. Trying to
convince everyone she was the
baddest bitch since Foxy Brown.
Inside she was dying.

JANE
I'm not your daughter.

NORA
We're all someone's child. I don't know you, but I know you're trying to escape from something you can't outrun.

Jane takes the pill. Nora hands her a bottle of water.

JANE
I've seen things. Scary, fucked up shit. Asleep, awake, sober or not... Got a feeling I'm gonna see a whole lot more.

Jane swallows the pill.

JANE (cont'd)
Bottoms up.

Jane takes a sip of water.

INT. CASA DE HORROR - NIGHT

ON Homer. Sick to his stomach. Why?

Because Stanley's controlling him, forcing him to *eat a rat*.

Homer struggles against the dark magic, convulsing.

STANLEY
I gave you a command. EAT!

Homer lets out an anguished cry, shoves the rat into his mouth. Chews. *Yuck*. Stanley smiles, satisfied.

STANLEY (cont'd)
That wasn't so bad was it?

Homer vomits.

STANLEY (cont'd)
Fine. Eat the rest later.

Homer whimpers. Stanley shushes him. When that doesn't work, he SLAPS him. Hard.

STANLEY (cont'd)
Homer Netts. Traveling antique dealer. Nice little cover story.

HOMER

I-It's not a -- You won't get away
with this. I-I have appointments.
People will come looking for me.

STANLEY

WHO?!

Stanley chuckles.

STANLEY (cont'd)

Tonto to the rescue.

Stanley kneels beside Tonto, backs away in faux fright.

STANLEY (cont'd)

Go ahead, save the day. What's
that? Oh, right. You're just a
fucking cat.

(to Homer)

Family? Friends? You didn't miss
much. Look at me. Having no social
life gave me plenty of time to
brush up on my Latin.

HOMER

Please, God.

STANLEY

Which god are you praying too? Is
there a monster god? There must be.
How else do you explain... you?

Stanley picks up Tonto, looks into his eyes.

STANLEY (cont'd)

Old gods, new gods, monster gods,
cat gods. Imagine that pantheon.

Stanley spins Tonto around, sings --

STANLEY (cont'd)

(singing)

IMAGINE THERE'S NO HEAVEN... IT'S
EASY IF YOU TRY...

Homer pulls at his cuffs, scrapping his skin until it bleeds.
Gets a wrist free...

Stanley dances with Tonto. Sinking deeper into his twisted
world. He laughs.

STANLEY (cont'd)
Wanna hear something funny? It
wasn't until I discovered the dark
arts that I truly saw the light.

Stanley suddenly stops.

STANLEY (cont'd)
I should make that a bumper
sticker. Or put it on a t-shirt.
You know, I hate this time of year?

Homer works at the other cuff as discreetly as he can...

STANLEY (cont'd)
Irony, I know, but it's just the
hypocrisy. Everyone dresses up as
who they wish they were instead of
trying to actually become --

Homer sneaks up behind Stanley, chokes him with his chain!

Stanley lets go of Tonto, clutches at the chain. Homer pulls
back tighter, forcing Stanley to his knees.

He catches a glimpse of himself in the cracked mirror.

Drops Stanley.

HOMER
No. I'm not a monster.

Homer reaches down to pet Tonto. Tonto hisses at him, runs.

HOMER (cont'd)
Don't you recognize me, old friend?

STANLEY
We're never gonna turn this world
upside down unless you sever the
last tether. Tonto... Kill him.

HOMER
Never.

STANLEY
I gave you a command. Kill.

Homer grabs Tonto, who hisses, claws and bites at him.

Tears stream down Homer's face as he puts his hands around
Tonto's neck...

Homer squeezes...

And squeezes...

And -- No!

Homer places Tonto on the steps, rushes Stanley.

Chokes the life out of him.

HOMER
Is this what you wanted?!

Stanley moves underneath Homer.

Homer gasps, recoils.

He's been stabbed.

Stanley wields a butcher knife, kicks Homer in the ribs.

STANLEY
You had one job!
(kicks Homer as he
says)
One! Freaking! Job!

FOLEY (O.S.)
Stanley? Is that you?

STANLEY
Uncle Phil? No...

HOMER
Help!

Stanley covers Homer's mouth. Homer bites him. Stanley howls.
Stabs Homer through the hand! Homer winces, trips up Stanley
as --

ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE DOOR

Foley and Murphy draw their guns drawn.

FOLEY
Somebody's down there with him.

MURPHY
On three?

FOLEY
Three!

Foley and Murphy kick the door in.

INT. CASA DE HORROR / BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

Foley and Murphy charge in.

MURPHY
Police! On the ground!

FOLEY
Stanley?

Homer hovers over Stanley, looking deranged.

STANLEY
Help!

FOLEY
Drop the knife!

Homer realizes all too late how things look.

HOMER
No!

Too late...

Murphy opens fire. His bullets rip through Homer. Homer drops to the floor, dead...

FOLEY
Murphy?

Murphy's frozen.

FOLEY (cont'd)
Murphy!

Murphy snaps out of it, checks Homer's pulse. Shakes his head. Foley moves to Stanley.

FOLEY (cont'd)
You alright, kid?

STANLEY
Y-Yeah.

FOLEY
Gotta call this in.

MURPHY
I got it.

Murphy calls it in on his shoulder walkie. At least he *tries* to. A deafening STATIC HISS emanates from both his and Foley's walkie-talkies. They wince. *What is that?*

The Cackling Witch's head spins like a top.

STANLEY
We need to go. Now!

Stanley heads up the stairs. The door slams shut in his face. Locks. Stanley beats on the door.

MURPHY
What the hell is this?

Then...

A gruff, unmistakable voice over the walkie-talkies says...

VOICE
A'LI'OE'P... A'LI'OE'P...
A'LI'OE'P... A'LI'OE'P...

ON Homer. He smiles. His eyes pop open, fill with blood.

His body rises, crawls upsidedown towards the trio...

MURPHY
He's still alive!

Murphy crosses to Homer.

STANLEY
No! You don't understand!

FOLEY
He's just hopped up on drugs.

Homer's body falls back to the floor. Murphy checks for a pulse. Something sharp STICKS out of Homer's wrist, CUTS Murphy's hand!

He stumbles backwards, draws his gun.

CLAWS poke through Homer's chest.

Stanley trembles, gets behind Foley, who draws his gun.

The trio watch in horror as the scaly skinned, humanoid dragon monster known as A'LI'OE'P pulls himself free from his human cocoon.

Murphy and Foley open fire.

It's no use.

A'li'oe'p opens it's fiery eyes, stabs Murphy in the chest, slashes Foley's throat. Both men go down.

STANLEY

NO! Stop! I-I command you!

A'li'oe'p stabs Stanley in the shoulder, twists his claws in the wound. Stanley cries out in pain.

A'LI'OE'P

You command me? How's that working out for you?

STANLEY

Please!

A'LI'OE'P

Oh, Stanley. I'm not going to kill you. Yet.

He lets Stanley sink to the floor.

A'LI'OE'P (cont'd)

First I'll slaughter everyone you ever cared about.

STANLEY

Homer, don't!

A'LI'OE'P

Who? That's not my name. Say my name, Stanley. SAY IT!

A'li'oe'p puts a claw to Stanley's eye.

STANLEY

(crying)

A'LI'OE'P!

A'li'oe'p pats Stanley on the head.

A'LI'OE'P

That wasn't so bad, was it? I should thank you. Without you none of this would be possible. You helped me remember who I am. Put 'er there, pal.

A'li'oe'p breaks Stanley's hand. Stanley howls in agony.

A'LI'OE'P (cont'd)
It's okay. You don't have to say
anything. Tonto? Don't think I
forgot about you, partner.

A'li'oe'p picks up Tonto, who hisses and scratches him.

A'LI'OE'P (cont'd)
Homer loved you with all his heart.
Stanley was right about one thing.
A monster doesn't love anything.

A'li'oe'p breathes FIRE, INCINERATES Tonto and what's left of
Homer's corpse.

He wipes the ashes from his hands, crouches over Stanley.

A'li'oe'p opens his mouth...

Stanley closes his eyes, braces himself for the fiery end...

A'li'oe'p blows a puff of smoke in Stanley's face, grins.

A'LI'OE'P (cont'd)
I'll tell your folks you said hi.
Kill you later.

A'li'oe'p stalks up the stairs, walks out. Stanley runs after
him. The door slams shut in his face.

STANLEY
No! Please! God... Please...

Stanley moves to Foley. Shakes him. No use. A hand grabs his
shoulder. It's Murphy. Still alive, but fading.

MURPHY
We... need... b-backup...

STANLEY
I'll make this right. I promise.

Stanley grabs Murphy's walkie and his gun...

EXT. PARK - NIGHT

A'li'oe'p takes in the night. A KID dressed as a PIRATE jumps
out from behind a tree. Sword in hand.

KID THE PIRATE
Arr! Trick or treat?!

A'LI'OE'P

Trick.

A'li'oe'p slashes Kid the pirate's sword in half, disappears into a crowd of ADULTS and KIDS in Halloween costumes.

KID THE PIRATE

Mom!

(PREMONITION) INT. STANLEY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Stanley watches in horror as A'li'oe'p slits Rose's throat.

STANLEY

Mom!

WIDER reveals Stanley's dad Pierce sprawled on the floor...

Dead...

A'li'oe'p drums his claws on Stanley's chest.

A'LI'OE'P

Let's see your insides, pal.

Neon light blinds A'li'oe'p. He looks up.

A KNIGHT -- dented armor, shield, GLOWING SWORD -- attacks!

A'li'oe'p SPEWS flames at the Knight!

FIRE fills the screen, until --

A'li'oe'p (peek-a-boo!)

Gets right up in the camera/Jane's face.

INT. CHOP SHOP / REC ROOM - NIGHT (BACK TO PRESENT)

Jane awakens with a start. Nora's checking her vitals.

NORA

Easy. I was just about to bet on your heart to win the Derby.

JANE

So close. How long was I out?

NORA

Half an hour.

Jane rises.

JANE
Thanks, but I gotta go.

NORA
I'm calling an ambulance.

JANE
I'm fine.

NORA
This is just the calm before the storm. I've been a registered nurse for over twenty years. I know. The irony's not lost on me.

JANE
I'll be okay. Really. Thank you.

Jane exits.

INT. CHOP SHOP / MAIN AREA - MOMENTS LATER

Boo smokes weed while Da Jinxx and Others clean up. Jane enters. Da Jinxx sighs.

DA JINXX
What now? Can't deport me. Got all my papers in order.

JANE
I need a gun.

Da Jinxx laughs. Jane flashes debit cards.

DA JINXX
Step into my office.

INT. ANTOINE'S STRIP CLUB - NIGHT

Antoine smokes a cigar, celebrates the spoils of victory with the O-Guard. Barnes twirls a trident.

ANTOINE
Ready for your encore, Barnes?

BARNES
Just hope nobody got it on video.

Antoine admires a SWORD.

EMILY (O.S.)

I imagine a lot of people would pay
a pretty penny for Durendal.

Barnes and other O-Guard members draw guns. Emily emerges
from the shadows on stage, lights a candy cigarette.

BARNES

How'd she get in?

ANTOINE

Maybe she's part ninja. How do you
know it's not a reproduction?

EMILY

The markings on the blade are
Enochian. No need for violence,
gentlemen. I wish only to propose a
trade. A one time favor for the
contents of the footlocker.

Emily smokes.

ANTOINE

What kind of favor, assuming you
walk out of here alive?

EMILY

I was under the, uh, assumption
that I would be alive in order to
return said favor.

Antoine grins.

ANTOINE

You know what they say when you
assume.

EMILY

I have not heard, actually. What I
have heard is that you, Mr. Hill,
are man with tremendous power.
However, I have access to certain,
uh, untapped resources that you may
not have considered.

ANTOINE

And what would those resources be?

EMILY

There exists another power in this
world. Magic.

Antoine looks to the others, laughs.

ANTOINE

Do I look like someone interested
in parlor tricks and fairy tales?
Look around you. Got all the magic
I need right here. We're done.

EMILY

Alright then. I suspected as much,
which is why I brought... this.

Emily reaches into her coat, takes out a manila envelope.

ANTOINE

Cash? Cool. Why shouldn't I just
take your money and dump your ass
in the nearest river?

EMILY

Money? My goodness no, Mr. Hill.
This is evidence.

Antoine's eyes narrow.

ANTOINE

Of?

Emily dumps a series of files and photos on the stage.

EMILY

Your involvement in various crimes.

Emily smiles. Antoine does not.

EMILY (cont'd)

Should I meet a scheduled, though
untimely demise, the digital, uh,
Pandora's Box will be unleashed. Or
was it a kraken... Either way, you
get the point.

Antoine looks through the files.

ANTOINE

These are mere fabrications.
Photoshopped bullshit.

Antoine throws the files into the air.

EMILY

We know that. Will the authorities?

ANTOINE

I don't like threats.

EMILY

I'm merely offering a reasonable exchange. I trust we can work out a mutually beneficial arrangement for all of us.

ANTOINE

You're cute. Almost. Tell me something. Why do you want these medieval set-pieces so bad?

EMILY

What I want is to prevent a war.

ANTOINE

The Flying Nun. As we live and breathe, fellas. Except this nun flies around on broomsticks, saving us darkies from ourselves. That it?

EMILY

I save who I can when I can. That much is true. I'm of the belief that all life is precious. In that spirit I walk through the fire and --

Emily marches up to Antoine, stands before his gun.

EMILY (cont'd)

-- Face the guns -- sometimes literally -- to ensure that that life remains preserved.

ANTOINE

Even at the expense of others? What do you know about war?

EMILY

I know what it does to people. Families. Worlds. I have looked into the eyes of unspeakable evil, Mr. Hill, and you, nor your associates are of that ilk.

Emily's phone rings.

EMILY (cont'd)

I have to take this.

Antoine looks to Barnes. *Really?*

EMILY (cont'd)
(into phone)
I'm in a meeting.

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. CHOP SHOP - NIGHT

Jane's on her cell, watching Boo and Da Jinxx load an assortment of illegal firearms.

JANE
(into phone)
Fuckin' A. Listen, something strange's about to hit the neighborhood. I don't care how you get them, but we need all the swords from the footlocker.

EMILY
I was just about to close a deal.
How strange do you mean?

JANE
Love child of Freddy Krueger and a dragon strange.

EMILY
Oh my. That is strange. Jane, about earlier, I --

JANE
Don't, okay? Meet me at the park.

Jane puts her cell away, picks up a grenade and an AR-15.

JANE (cont'd)
These could work.

NORA
Laurence isn't picking up.

JANE
Where were they trick or treating?

NORA
Paradise Grove, an upscale neighborhood, but they were going by the park first.

JANE

Damn. I'll do whatever it takes to get Courtney back safe.

Nora picks up an AR-15.

JANE (cont'd)

You don't understand what this thing can --

NORA

I don't care if it's the devil himself. I'm not leaving my granddaughter out there.

BOO

Neither are we. We got your back.

JANE

There's no guarantees we're all coming back from this fight.

NORA

Is there ever?

JANE

Not really. You get a clear shot, shoot to kill. If you ain't sure, shoot some more.

INT. ANTOINE'S STRIP CLUB - NIGHT

Emily's putting all the swords together.

ANTOINE

You expect me to believe this shit?

EMILY

I mean no disrespect, Mr. Hill, but at the moment, I have more pressing concerns than your beliefs.

BARNES

This chick is whacked. Dragons don't exist.

EMILY

Let us hope that you never have the opportunity to inform one of that.

ANTOINE

So Son of Godzilla's gonna come stomping through the city? That I run? Not on my watch.

BARNES

Hold up. Since when is what happens in the white part of town the O-Guard's problem?

ANTOINE

It gets done with them, who you do think it's coming for next?

(to Emily)

Any plans on preserving its life?

EMILY

Ordinarily I would not hesitate to lead such an endeavor, but if this creature has reached the point of no return, then ending it is the most merciful thing to do.

ANTOINE

You heard her, fellas. Let's get medieval.

EXT. PARK - NIGHT

People flee in terror from A'li'oe'p.

Lost Boy holds Courtney close, makes a run for it.

They reach a locked gate...

LOST BOY

Come on!

COURTNEY

Daddy!

Lost Boy whirls around.

Finds A'li'oe'p strolling towards him...

Lost Boy lets Courtney down, draws his Glock.

LOST BOY

Stay behind me.

A'li'oe'p's CLAWS EXTEND.

A'LI'OE'P
Closing time.

Lost Boy fires. Point-blank range. Doesn't matter.
The bullets harmlessly bounce off A'li'oe'p's rock hard skin.
And Lost Boy's out of ammo...

FLARING HEADLIGHTS blind A'li'oe'p.

Lost Boy, Courtney, and Co. get out of the way as --
Homer's rental car CRASHES through the gate!

JANE

strapped with an AR-15, bails out of the moving car, watches
it SLAM into A'li'oe'p!

Nora and Courtney run to each other.

COURTNEY
Gram Ma!

Nora scoops Courtney up in a big hug. Boo and Da Jinxx, AR-
15s at the ready, greet Lost Boy.

LOST BOY
Hell was that?

BOO & DA JINXX
A dragon.

JANE
You better get out of here.

Nora and Courtney climb into Lost Boy's car.

LOST BOY
What about you?

JANE
This is what I do.

Homer's rental car goes up in FLAMES.
A'li'oe'p pops back up, FIRE SPEWING from his mouth.
Jane unloads round after round.
Lost Boy pulls up.

LOST BOY

Yo, get in!

A'li'oe'p scorches the earth, sending a wall of flames toward Jane, Da Jinxx, and Boo. They make a run for it.

BOO

We'll cover you.

DA JINXX

We will?

Jane takes out a grenade.

Boo and Da Jinxx cover her, staying out of range of A'li'oe'p's fiery breath.

Jane pulls the pin, lobbs the grenade at A'li'oe'p!

Jane, Boo, and Da Jinxx hit the deck.

BOOM!

Boo and Da Jinxx fist bump.

DA JINXX (cont'd)

We came, we saw, we killed a --

FLAMES RAIN down from the sky, INCINERATE Da Jinxx and Boo.

JANE

No...

WHOOSH! Jane's surrounded by a ring of fire.

A'li'oe'p, LEATHERY WINGS, SOARS just above Jane.

He lets loose a FIREBALL...

Nowhere for Jane to run...

Jane disappears right before the flames reach her.

She reappears in the passenger seat next to Lost Boy.

Antoine's crew pulls up beside them. Emily nods to her.

They speed away.

INT. ANTOINE'S CAR (MOVING) - NIGHT

Antoine speeds and swerves to avoid A'li'oe'p's fiery wrath.

Emily meditates, willing a MAGIC BARRIER over the cars.

Barnes and other O-Guard Members lean out the windows, light up A'li'oe'p with AK-47s.

BARNES
Th-That's a dragon!

EMILY
Quite right, Sir.

Emily's phone rings.

EMILY (cont'd)
(into phone)
I'm busy at the moment.

INT. / EXT. LOST BOY'S CAR (MOVING) - NIGHT

Lost Boy flies down the road. Nora consoles Courtney in the back. Jane, in the passenger seat, on her cell.

JANE
(into phone)
Yeah. Know the feeling. Tell me you got the swords.

EMILY (V.O.)
Of course. I am The Closer.

JANE
(into phone)
Look out Kyra Sedgwick.

EMILY (V.O.)
I wish I had arrived sooner.

JANE
(into phone)
I know... Listen, I have an idea.

A'li'oe'p scorches the earth again.

He's gaining on them...

Nora looks back at the rapidly approaching wall of flames engulfing the road behind them... Courtney hugs her tight.

NORA
And the LORD shall help them and deliver them.
(MORE)

NORA (cont'd)
 He shall deliver them from the
 wicked, and save them, because they
 trust in him.

JANE
 (to Lost Boy)
 Whatever happens, keep driving.

Jane DISAPPEARS before Lost Boy's eyes.

He looks into the rearview mirror, SEES --

A'li'oe'p, swooping in for the kill...

JANE

ancient swords drawn, appears in air just above A'li'oe'p,
 stabs at him. One of the blades breaks.

Jane grabs a hold of a wing, HACKS it off!

A'li'oe'p shrieks, goes into a tailspin!

EXT. LAKE - NIGHT

Jane's holds on for dear life.

She and A'li'oe'p plummet toward the lake.

Jane DISAPPEARS right before the one-winged A'li'oe'p crashes
 into the water.

Emily, sleeves up, ready to do some serious magic, stands on
 the bank. Jane REAPPEARS next to her.

JANE
 I'm never gonna get used to that.

EMILY
 So much for the swords.

JANE
 Okay. Plan Whatever letter we're up
 to. You got this.

EMILY
 I'm ready.

A'li'oe'p rises from the water, enraged.

LIGHTNING SPARKS from Emily's hand, ELECTROCUTES A'li'oe'p!

He EXPLODES in a burst of FLAMES!

The women do their special handshake.

INT. VOLKSWAGEN (MOVING)- NIGHT

Jane's on the phone with Nora. Emily drives.

JANE
(into phone)
Just returning the favor. Say hi to
Courtney for me.

Jane puts her cell away, sighs.

JANE (cont'd)
What I said... I didn't mean it.

EMILY
Which part?

JANE
We got enough to worry about. You
need to be able to trust that I got
your back and right now, I don't.

EMILY
Jane, if you need --

Emily's cell rings. She answers.

EMILY (cont'd)
(into phone)
Mr. Hill?

INT. ANTOINE'S CAR (MOVING) - NIGHT

Jazz plays from the car radio. Antoine's at the wheel.

ANTOINE
Hope you're not leaving without
saying goodbye.

BARNES
SHIT!

A'li'oe'p comes out of nowhere, rams the car off the road!

Antoine's car flips over.

A'li'oe'p flies right past us.

INT. VOLKSWAGEN (MOVING) - NIGHT

Emily slams on the brakes.

EMILY
(into phone)
Mr. Hill? Mr. Hill!

JANE
Son of bitch's still alive and I
know where's he's heading.

INT. FOGLIO FAMILY HOME - NIGHT

Stanley holds his parents at gunpoint.

STANLEY
You're not listening! I let him out
and he killed Uncle Phil. He's
coming for you next. We have to go.

Rose and Pierce, share a look.

ROSE
Okay. We'll go, son. Just put the
gun down. Alright?

A shadow dances past the window.

Something's outside...

Stanley peers out the window.

Pierce lunges for the gun.

STANLEY
Dad, no!

The door swings open and --

Jane (trident) and Emily (Durendal) enter.

EMILY
We're here to help.

A'li'oe'p descends onto the sidewalk.

A'LI'OE'P
Trick or treat?!

INT. FOGLIO FAMILY HOME / STANLEY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Jane, running on adrenaline, fighting her withdrawal, guards the door with a TRIDENT. Emily puts the finishing touches on a WARDING SPELL for the window. Rose comforts Stanley while Pierce looks on in disbelief.

PIERCE

A dragon?

ROSE

The monster is real?

STANLEY

That's what I've been trying to tell you!

JANE

Look, we ain't got time to lay out the particulars. There's an evil mofo out there who wants to roast us on an open fire. That's all you need to know. You got any weapons, now's the time to get them.

Emily pulls Jane aside while Pierce grabs a baseball bat from the closet.

EMILY

Try a little tenderness. These people are understandably terrified.

JANE

They should be.

EMILY

How are you feeling?

JANE

Doesn't matter right now.

EMILY

It always matters.

JANE

Not good. But then again, there's a dragon outside, so... Yeah.

EMILY

Are you certain it was a sword you saw in your premonition?

JANE

Pretty sure. More like a light
saber minus the hilt.

Jane turns to Stanley.

JANE (cont'd)

We need everything you have on the
monster.

STANLEY

Four months ago, I started having
nightmares about... him. Every
night. I like a good creature
feature, but this... His name is
A'li'oe'p. He's been around at
least since the Middle Ages. There
used to be more like him, but...

Something SLAMS into the door. Stanley jumps.

A'LI'OE'P (O.S.)

Who wants to die first? It's only a
matter of time.

EMILY

Go on. The warding should hold.

PIERCE

For how long?

EMILY

While I cannot give you an exact
estimate, rest assured, Mr. Foglio,
we will do all we can to ensure
your survival.

PIERCE

(to Rose)

Why don't I feel better?

STANLEY

The dragons were hunted. Killed.

JANE

How?

STANLEY

The warriors -- They made blades
specifically to kill them, but I
don't know how. My uncle... All
those people... I-I let him out.
It's my fault he's --

JANE
-- That isn't gonna help.

EMILY
(re: Durendal)
This might. The markings are in
Enochian.

Emily hands Durendal to Jane. Jane reads the writing to herself. Twists the handle, finds a SCROLL inside.

JANE
Should've known.

STANLEY
What's that?

EMILY
That is a page from the Book of
Creation.

Jane quickly unrolls the scroll, looks it over.

PIERCE
What's it say?

JANE
Was Stanley adopted?

PIERCE
No. I don't see how that --

ROSE
Oh god.

PIERCE
This is insane. What now?

ROSE
Remember that big fight we had?

Realization hits Pierce like a ton of bricks. He nods, not liking where this is going.

ROSE (cont'd)
Our marriage was over and --

PIERCE
-- And you what?

ROSE
I met someone. It was a one time
thing. When I got pregnant...

Pierce shakes his head, world crumbling around him.

ROSE (cont'd)
What does this have to do with that
thing out there?

JANE
It means we have a chance. If
Stanley's bio dad was a descendant
of the warriors who offed the
dragons, that means Stanley can
too.

STANLEY
How?

JANE
We need to do a spell to forge your
essence into a blade.
(to Emily)
Em?

EMILY
Jane...

JANE
It's the only way. It's got to be
him.

ROSE
Will he be okay?

Emily and Jane share a look.

JANE
He'll be fine.

Pierce moves to Stanley.

PIERCE
You don't have to do this.

STANLEY
Yeah I do.

WHAM!

A'li'oe'p's punches through the door.

EMILY
The warding's fading!

A'li'oe'p looks through the hole, waves.

A'LI'OE'P

No shit.

Pierce keeps A'li'oe'p at bay with the bat. Jane hands Rose the trident and she joins him.

Jane reads from the scroll while Emily works her magic. The WORDS and SYMBOLS RISE off the scroll, SWIRL around Stanley.

EMILY

It's working!

A'li'oe'p bursts through the door!

Pierce breaks the bat over A'li'oe'p's head.

A'li'oe'p uppercuts him, slashes Pierce's face.

Rose BLASTS him with the trident. There's recoil to it, like a gun, but she holds steady. *She has to or...*

A'li'oe'p powers through the ETHEREAL ENERGY BEAM, snaps the trident's prongs like a wishbone.

Smirks as the energy dissipates.

Rose jabs at the monster.

A'li'oe'p wins their momentary tug of war, throws the trident over his shoulder. Grabs Rose by the throat, puts his claws to her neck. Blood drips from underneath.

STANLEY

Mom!

A'LI'OE'P

Go ahead. Finish the spell. Let's see what mommy's insides look like.

Jane slowly grabs Durendal...

EMILY

I know what it's like to be the last of your kind. The weight of it all can be unbearable, but... You don't have to do this. You don't have to be this. You can be --

A'LI'OE'P

-- *Human?* Pass.

What happens next happens in a flash --

Emily claps her hands, signifying the end of the spell...

A GLOWING BLADE rises from Stanley's essence...

He's out like a light...

A'li'oe'p slits Rose's throat, only --

It's not Rose's throat, but Jane's hand blocking the strike --

Rose appears next to Emily, who grabs the blade, flings it towards A'li'oe'p --

Who catches the blade inches from his face,. He smiles, smug as a snake.

A'LI'OE'P (cont'd)

You missed.

A'li'oe'p opens his hand. He's holding Durendal...

Jane rises, glowing blade in hand, stabs A'li'oe'p through the throat!

JANE

No she didn't.

A'li'oe'p falls to his knees, manages to blow a weak plume of smoke before CRUMBLING into ASH.

The glowing sword DISPERSES back into LIFE ESSENCE. Emily guides the essence back into Stanley.

Rose stirs Pierce awake.

PIERCE

Did we win?

ROSE

Barely. Stanley?

Stanley lies motionless. Emily checks his vitals. Rose and Pierce stand at his side.

PIERCE

Son?

ROSE

What's wrong with him?

EMILY

The spell... It must have consumed too much of his life force.

ROSE
No. Stanley, wake up.

Emily backs to Jane, heart breaking for the family, but..
They both know there's nothing they can do. Stanley's gone.

ROSE (cont'd)
You knew.

EMILY
There was a chance --

ROSE
You killed my boy!

JANE
Mrs. Foglio, I'm sorry, but we
didn't have a --

Rose slaps Jane. Pierce holds her back.

ROSE
You said he would be fine! You
said...

Rose weeps. Pierce, voice breaking, says --

PIERCE
Get out. Please, just...

Jane and Emily exit, leaving the Foglios to mourn.

INT. VOLKSWAGEN - NIGHT

Emily and Jane, hand bandaged, sit in silence. Emily tries to light a candy cigarette, but her trembling hands won't cooperate. Jane lights it for her. Eases back into the passenger seat, adrenaline waning.

JANE
Hell of a day.

EMILY
Did we do the right thing?

Jane ponders that a beat.

JANE
We... did what we could.

EMILY

Perhaps if we had gotten to Stanley sooner... Or shown A'li'oe'p --

JANE

Em, stop. You're gonna drive yourself up the wall with the what ifs. In the end they made their own choices. Decided who they wanted to be. We all do.

EMILY

And now?

JANE

I'd be lying if I said I didn't want to go to the nearest bar and put them out of business.

EMILY

I would be lying if I said I approved, however...

JANE

Yeah?

EMILY

I'm not going to stop you. If you want to go down that path, that's your choice and yours alone.

Jane absorbs that, nods. Emily turns over the ignition.

EMILY (cont'd)

Alright then. Where to?

INT. VOLKSWAGEN (MOVING) - NIGHT

Emily's at the wheel, looking sad.

EMILY (V.O.)

I'm still striving to keep the faith. Some days are harder than others. The good fight is far from finished. The road is long and endless, but you know that.

She turns to the empty passenger seat...

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

Rose and Pierce stand before Foley's flag draped coffin, pay their respects.

EMILY (V.O.)
Stanley's uncle Phil was laid to rest rather nicely. I stayed away from Stanley's funeral and was sure to keep my distance at his uncle's.

Murphy limps over to them, shakes their hands.

OUTSIDE THE GATE

Emily watches the proceedings a beat before getting in the Volkswagen and driving away.

EXT. PARK - NIGHT

Lost Boy, Courtney, and Nora celebrate the lives of Boo and Da Jinxx with a candlelight vigil.

EMILY (V.O.)
Courtney's as vibrant as ever. Nora and Lost Boy, uh, Laurence are moving to a quiet place outside the city soon. They all say hi.

WIDER reveals Emily standing next to Nora.

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Emily prays over an unconscious Antoine.

EMILY (V.O.)
And Antoine Hill? He alone survived the car crash, though not without serious repercussions. I pray he one day regains consciousness. I owe him a favor and I plan on paying that debt.

EXT. VOLKSWAGEN - DAY

Emily's on the roof, writing the letter.

EMILY (V.O.)
With more love than you know and
can probably stand, Emily.

INT. ROOM - DAY

Jane, wearing a white shirt and pants, reads the letter, smiles. She opens a package from Emily, finds a cupcake with a candy cigarette in the center and a birthday card.

She opens the card. Inside are Photoshopped pics of her and Emily dressed as Laverne and Shirley, Cagney and Lacey, Rizzoli and Isles, and finally, as Bert and Ernie.

Jane laughs.

FLASHBACK TO:

EXT. REHAB CENTER - DAY

Jane, looking worse for wear, and Emily stand by the Volkswagen. They share a long embrace, pull back.

JANE
Take care of yourself out there but
most importantly my baby.

EMILY
Actually, I was going to sell it
the first chance I got. Perhaps a
different coat of paint, racing
stripes, and some flames on --

JANE
-- I will hunt you down.

They smile, do their special handshake.

JANE (cont'd)
I'll see you around, Em.

EMILY
Sooner than you think.

Jane enters the building. Emily watches her, sad to lose her but knowing it's for the best in the end.

INT. REHAB CENTER / GROUP THERAPY ROOM - DAY

Behind Jane, in a room with chairs arranged in a circle.

JANE

I thought my monster was different. That if I fought the bad ones, it would make it okay. That my monster could help shield me from pain. Hide me from all the ugliness. And it did for a time, but then it started taking over my life. It hurt people I cared about. I hurt people I -- Because I forgot that a little is never enough for a monster. It wants everything. Your life. Your body. Your soul. I'm not gonna bullshit you. I'm here to face it. To kill it before -- Before it kills me.

Jane, looking right at us, crying as she says --

JANE (cont'd)

My name is Jane and... I'm an alcoholic.

OFF Jane and the painful truth --

CUT TO BLACK.

THE JOURNEY CONTINUES...

ON TO THE NEXT SONG...