

UNSPEAKABLE

An
Original Screenplay
By
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FAINT WHISPERS echo in darkness; a strange language spoken by multiple voices. They blend into one another, building to a frenzy before suddenly silencing.

From the darkness comes the voice of...

NUBBINS (V.O.)
There is such a thing as evil in the world.

FLASH IN:

INT. GRAND LONDON HOTEL - OUTSIDE SEMINAR SUITE A -- MORNING

A sign outside the auditorium door reads "PANEL DISCUSSION ON THE PERSONIFICATION OF EVIL IN LITERATURE."

NUBBINS (V.O.)
As children we knew this. We accepted this as fact.

Underneath the heading in smaller letters, reads:

"Dr. W. J. Whateley, Ph.D. Religious Studies, CAMBRIDGE.
Dr. Henry Armitage, Ph.D. History, OXFORD."

The last name plate is cardboard with black scribbled marker:

"Dr. Aleister Nubbins, Ph.D., Abnormal Specialist."

NUBBINS (V.O.) (CONT'D)
But as we grew older, the walls became narrow somewhat, didn't they?

SUPERIMPOSE:

"Grand London Hotel, Seminar Suite A. London, England."

NUBBINS (V.O.) (CONT'D)
...and we stopped checking under the bed at night.

INT. GRAND LONDON HOTEL - SEMINAR SUITE A -- CONTINUOUS

Two distinguished looking men, DR. WHATELEY and DR. ARMITAGE, sit behind a table. They appear bored as...

ALEISTER NUBBINS, 35, speaks to an unseen audience in the darkened seminar suite. His speech is rapid and disjointed as he clicks through an array of slides on the large projection screen behind him.

NUBBINS
We stopped believing that things go bump in the night. Thus we go about our little lives all warm and snugly; believing this lie.

Nubbins steps from behind the podium; leaning on it.

NUBBINS (CONT'D)
But rest assured, ladies and gentlemen, though you may no longer
(MORE)

NUBBINS (CONT'D)
believe in the "boogyman"... the
"boogyman" believes in YOU.

His elbow slips from the podium. Nubbins scrambles to play it off as purposeful. He clicks to a slide depicting an illustration of a tentacled *statuette*.

NUBBINS (CONT'D)
My father, Nigel Nubbins, spent his life tracking the evidence of evil's interference with mankind throughout history... as many of you have no-doubt read, he disappeared earlier this year questing for those answers. His work; unfortunately lost with him. However, through the deciphering of ancient tomes, piecing together various journals of my father's --

SNORING is heard from the darkness.

NUBBINS (CONT'D)
Er... and interpreting astral and cosmic phenomena, I have uncovered something... something that will effect all of mankind!

Nubbins pulls a book from under the podium. Dr. Whateley and Dr. Armitage sigh, rolling their eyes.

NUBBINS (CONT'D)
Now in my book, "*Evil Incarnate: A Field Guide To Portents Of Doom, And The Way To Stop The World From Ending*", one can see...

LOUD SNORING stops Nubbins. He accidentally pushes a button on his remote and the images start to whiz by on the screen at lightning speed. The CROWD CHUCKLES. He fights with the remote.

NUBBINS (CONT'D)
Right. If you'll only bear with me for the moment... I just need to...

A spitwad hits Nubbins in the face. The AUDIENCE CHUCKLES.

NUBBINS (CONT'D)
Oh, come off it! Act your age, damnit!

The audience, a group of *middle-aged doctors*, giggle like school kids.

Nubbins knocks his briefcase, containing numerous papers and artifacts, onto the stage.

A statuette with an oversized phallus rolls to the edge of the stage. Nubbins looks out at the audience in horror.

They sit still, staring at Nubbins for a moment, until...

CROWD MEMBER

GAAAAAYYYY!

The crowd break out in wild uproarious laughter.

NUBBINS

Oh, this is ridiculous, people! I'm not making this stuff up!

Nubbins picks up the statue by the phallus, shaking it at them.

NUBBINS (CONT'D)

The world is in very real danger!

The Crowd grab their belongings and start to exit en mass.

NUBBINS (CONT'D)

PLEASE! Don't, I... You must understand! All of the signs point to something very dangerous coming! The time to act is NOW!

Nubbins frantically packs up his briefcase. He jumps as the last audience member exits and the auditorium door SLAMS shut.

NUBBINS (CONT'D)

Won't anyone listen to me?

CUTE COLLEGE GIRL (O.S.)

Um... excuse me, Dr. Nubbins?

Nubbins turns to see a CUTE COLLEGE GIRL, 19.

NUBBINS

Oh... my, dear... I, um... I didn't... well... I didn't see you... ahem... How long have you been there?

CUTE COLLEGE GIRL

I came in through the back. The lecture was full. But I was wondering if I could... get an autograph?

She presents a book and pen.

NUBBINS

(fumbling for pen)

Yes... well, certainly love to...

CUTE COLLEGE GIRL

I bought the book last year for a paper on religion and the occult, and well... couldn't put it down. When I found out you were back living in London... I just --

NUBBINS

(finally grasping pen)

Yes! Of course... allow me...

Nubbins takes the book.

INSERT- BOOK COVER

Title reads, "Dark Side of the World: The Terrifying Truth about Hidden Secrets of Ancient Cults. By Nigel Nubbins."

BACK TO SCENE

NUBBINS (CONT'D)

This... uh... this is my father's book.

CUTE COLLEGE GIRL

Yes, I know he'd been working for some museum in America, and I figured if anyone had heard from him it'd be you. Could you... I mean... would you get him to sign it for me, professor?

NUBBINS

Uh... sure. I... will certainly speak with him. Uh... Well, thank you for coming out and, um... perhaps you'd like to get a drink with me... or converse in some manner... sometime --

CUTE COLLEGE GIRL

I don't think so, Dr. Nubbins.

NUBBINS

Right.

Awkward pause.

NUBBINS (CONT'D)

Be seeing you then.

CUTE COLLEGE GIRL

Ta.

Nubbins watches her leave, before turning to get his things.

NUBBINS

She wanted me.

FREEZE FRAME - NUBBINS - IN MID SMILE

SUPERIMPOSE:

"Dr. Aleister Nubbins. Ph.D. in Archeology, Astrophysics, Astrology, Astronomy, Biology, Botany, Cryptozoology, History, Language, Metaphysics, Occult Studies, Paranormal Studies... and Modern Dance."

END FREEZE FRAME

Nubbins slams closed his briefcase, breaking the phallus from the statue. It lands on the floor with a loud THUD.

NUBBINS (CONT'D)

(sighs)
Not again.

EXT. BLOOMFIELD ASYLUM -- NIGHT

A storm rages wildly. Lightning flashes and heavy rain beats against the dark and ominous building. A dilapidated sign in front reads "BLOOMFIELD ASYLUM".

SUPERIMPOSE:

"Kingdom City. 12:03 AM."

INT. BLOOMFIELD ASYLUM FRONT LOBBY-- CONTINUOUS

THUNDER CRACKS outside the high windows, as the SCREAMS of the mad echo through the halls of the darkened asylum.

A red light flashes on a small intercom box sitting on the front desk. A hand reaches down and gently turns a knob on it, allowing a CHEERFUL MUZAK to play LOUDER over the SCREAMS.

The hand belongs to GAVIN KRIBBS; a tall, gaunt man in his mid fifties. He walks around the desk, checks his watch, and stares at the front doors in anticipation. Two Security Guards, HOWARD and JIM, walk up behind him.

Howard chews gum and POPS it LOUDLY. This goes on for several moments until...

KRIBBS

That's terribly annoying, dear.

HOWARD

Sorry, doctor.

KRIBBS

No apologies, as long as the lesson is learned.

Long pause.

Howard POPS again.

KRIBBS (CONT'D)

Damn it, man!

He rips the gum from Howard's mouth and chucks it in the trash can.

The PHONE RINGS. Kribbs briskly answers. Howard slams another stick of gum in his mouth.

KRIBBS (CONT'D)

Yes. Very good.

(hanging up)

He's here.

The front doors burst open. Two Men dressed in black wheel in NIGEL NUBBINS, 60. His entire body is frozen and contorted in a horrific state of shock; reminiscent of a crippled, dying insect. In his hands, he clutches a strange stone object.

STEPHEN DOBBS, a thin weasel of a man in his mid thirties, follows behind, carrying a stack of crumpled notebooks.

The Two Men lift Nigel onto a gurney.

KRIBBS (CONT'D)

Good evening, gentlemen. If you'll follow me, we have his room prepared.

The Men walk briskly down the hall.

INT. BLOOMFIELD ASYLUM HALLWAY -- CONTINUOUS

They speak quickly and pointedly, as they rush through the corridors.

DOBBS

You've taken the necessary precautions to insure his isolation from the others and your staff?

KRIBBS

Yes, yes. We received your instructions. But why --

Dobbs stops suddenly.

DOBBS

(coldly)

I am sorry for the manner in which our arrangements were made, but my employer insists upon your discretion in this matter.

KRIBBS

Yes. Of course.

The men continue down the hall.

DOBBS

Good. Then you know the funding for this facility depends on your handling of this situation. The devil is in the details, Dr. Kribbs.

They walk into a room marked "237".

INT. BLOOMFIELD ASYLUM. ROOM 237 -- CONTINUOUS

The Two Men lift Nigel onto the bed. One Man reaches for the stone object in Nigel's hands.

DOBBS

I wouldn't do that if I were you.

Ignoring Dobbs, the Man grabs the stone statue.

Instantly, his eyes overflow with blood, he convulses with pain, and collapses to the floor. Kribbs steps toward him, but is held back by Dobbs.

DOBBS (CONT'D)

(to Other Man)

Take him to the car. He is finished.

The Other Man lifts his comrade and drags him out.

KRIBBS

What is that thing?

Dobbs turns on Kribbs like a rabid dog.

DOBBS

Dr. Kribbs, you have managed to eke out a small, quiet existence here at this... facility. Your patients need you... It would be a shame, I think, to see their faces should some *thing* call you away suddenly... what would they do... your "children"? I shutter to think... perhaps some questions should never be asked.

KRIBBS

Yes... yes sir.

DOBBS

(sudden change)

Excellent. Now, we'll be checking on the professor nightly.

(hearing screams from
down the hall)

It seems as though you have your hands full.

KRIBBS

A sudden swell in admittance over the past month. I am hiring more staff to accommodate the growing numbers. I assure you, sir, that my facility is more than adequate. Dr. Nubbins will be right at home with our little family here.

DOBBS

Take care of him, Kribbs. No one but you must be allowed access to this room. No one. And do be careful. We don't want any more... accidents.

Dobbs walks out of the room, leaving Dr. Kribbs and his Two Guards staring at the grotesque, seemingly lifeless Nigel.

Howard POPS another bubble.

ROLL CREDITS

EXT. KINGDOM CITY MUSEUM OF HISTORY -- MORNING

A towering stone building is silhouetted as the sun's rays pour over the roof. The light spills onto a large bronze statue, below which a sign reads, "KINGDOM CITY MUSEUM OF HISTORY".

INT. KINGDOM CITY MUSEUM OF HISTORY - OCCULT WING -- MORNING

A DARK FIGURE stands with his back to us, viewing a stone tablet that is mounted on the wall. DOBBS enters.

DOBBS

Sir. I have --

DARK FIGURE

(speaking calmly)

I am touring my museum, Dobbs.

DOBBS

I know, sir. Sorry, but --

DARK FIGURE

What is it?

DOBBS

He's secure at Bloomfield. Kribbs won't be a problem.

DARK FIGURE

And the artifact?

DOBBS

One of the men had an accident.

DARK FIGURE

AND THE ARTIFACT?!

DOBBS

Yes... of course sir, the artifact is with Nubbins. It cannot be pried from his hands. He... he is not well.

DARK FIGURE

(respectfully)

A man of science to the bitter end.

DOBBS

His notes are intact.

DARK FIGURE

Put them in the vault. We do not want the whereabouts of the good doctor getting out...not until we know more. In the wrong hands those notes could be... well, let's not think about that... Pity.

DOBBS

Sir, I know he was your friend --

DARK FIGURE

(quoting dramatically)

"Who sees with equal eye, as God of all, A hero perish, or a sparrow fall."

DOBBS

What?

DARK FIGURE

Alexander Pope.

Dobbs stares blankly.

DARK FIGURE (CONT'D)

Never mind. His sacrifice will bring strength to our cause. We must take comfort in that, Dobbs.

The Figure starts to walk away.

DOBBS

I understand the media should remain in the dark, but... what about alerting his family, sir?

The figure stops and turns into the light. He is CUTHBERT BOJANGLES, a sophisticated man in his mid-fifties, with chiseled dark features. He leans onto a fine walking stick, on top of which a silver wolf's head is mounted.

DARK FIGURE/BOJANGLES

What did you say?

DOBBS

His son, sir. Shouldn't we alert Nigel's son that he's been found?

BOJANGLES

(sighing)

That idiot man-child.

DOBBS

Excuse me, sir?

BOJANGLES

His son.

BLACKNESS

INT. NUBBIN'S FLAT - LONDON ENGLAND -- NIGHT

Nubbins walks into his dark flat, with the phallus still in hand. He sets his other belongings in a chair by the door, looks up and screams.

In front of Nubbins sits a dark figure.

NUBBINS

Who are you!? What do you want from me?! ...I know Karate!

The figure reaches to the lamp. It snaps on, revealing VINCENT GUCCIONE; a short, well built man in his mid forties. He wears black leather from head to toe, as well as a black patch covering his left eye.

NUBBINS (CONT'D)

All right, I was lying about the Karate. I may be short and not particularly threatening, but I assure you I am quite nimble!

Nubbins holds the phallus up like a sword.

VINCENT

That a dick?

NUBBINS
 (lowering phallus)
 What?

VINCENT
 We don't have much time, Dr. Nubbins.

NUBBINS
 How do you...

VINCENT
 (smiles)
 You look like him, you know?

NUBBINS
 Who?

VINCENT
 Your father.

Nubbins' expression changes.

DREAM SEQUENCE - EXT. DOWNTOWN KINGDOM CITY-- DAY

BERNARD, 24, an awkward, lanky college student, stands confused in the middle of a deserted and crumbling metropolis.

BERNARD
 Hello?!

The sky is red. Thick black liquid oozes from between the bricks of the towering buildings.

Litter tumbles in the wind, collecting in a large heap in a nearby gutter.

A BOOMING GROWL shakes the entire city.

Bernard runs down the street, staring up at the sky. The clouds have grown very dark and move with great ferocity. He looks around at the ruins of the deserted city.

Protruding from the broken street is a large Monolithic Statue of a grotesque tentacled being. It is identical in shape to the small statue Nigel held in his hands at the Asylum.

Bernard reaches out to touch it.

An almost DEAFENING VOICE booms aloud.

VOICE
RELEASE US!

SNAP TO:

INT. BERNARD'S APT. BEDROOM. -- MORNING

Bernard sits up in his bed, squealing. He looks around the room.

Various movie posters litter the walls. The floor is hidden under mountains of dirty clothes and old fast food containers.

Bernard sighs in relief.

Without warning, his alarm clock goes off, playing a LOUD ROCK TUNE.

Bernard yelps.

BERNARD

(sighs)

Nice.

He jumps out of bed; and heads to the living room

INT. BERNARD'S APT - LIVING ROOM. -- CONTINUOUS

Bernard clicks the button on his answering machine.

MACHINE (O.S.)

One new message.

BERNARD'S MOM (O.S.)

(via machine)

Bernie, Your dad and I wanted to say sorry we missed your birthday last week.

Bernard pushes a button, skipping ahead a bit.

BERNARD'S MOM (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Dad and I just can't help but feel you're not really trying there at school, and that's okay. A lot of people find school isn't for them...

Bernard rolls his eyes and skips ahead more.

BERNARD'S MOM (O.S.) (CONT'D)

We just can't keep paying for --

He hits the erase button, and shuffles into the bathroom.

INT. BERNARD'S APT. BATHROOM. -- CONTINUOUS

Bernard shaves with a well worn razor. The PHONE RINGS, startling him. The razor slashes his chin.

BERNARD

SHIT!

Bernard snatches a towel, attempting to stop the bleeding, when he notices a small red mark on his left shoulder.

MEMORY HIT

Bernard in the Dream City, reaching for the giant statue.

BACK TO SCENE

Bernard shakes off the memory, before realizing that the phone is still RINGING.

INT. BERNARD'S APT - LIVING ROOM. -- CONTINUOUS

Bernard slips while running to get to the phone; crashing into the hat rack by the door.

BERNARD

SHIT!

His ANSWERING MACHINE picks up.

RACHEL (V.O.)

(via machine)

Hey Bernie, it's Rachel... um... I don't know how to say this. I think that... well... shit, Bernie, this sucks, I know... but this just isn't working... we're totally different people now! Look... You're a great guy and... um... I don't deserve you, so sorry again, Bernie, and... I guess I'll see ya around... Remember, no matter what I'll always-

The machine cuts her off with a LOUD BEEP.

The RADIO CLOCK from the bedroom has just finished an OLD ROCK TUNE when ALEX FISCHER's voice cuts in.

FISCHER (V.O.)

(expletives **BLEEPED** out)

This is Deadman once again, here on the campus of Fiefdom U hoping ya ain't thinkin' of slittin' those wrists yet! We have a f###in' kick a#s show for you today! I've got some great local bands comin' up to rock this sh#tty-a## Monday mornin'. The time now is nine-fifteen. So lets rock this BEYOTCH!

Bernard lays on the floor, in utter shock.

BERNARD

Shit.

INT. FIEFDOM UNIVERSITY SCIENCE BUILDING -- LATER

Bernard races up a flight of stairs when he spies RACHEL GRAVES by a bulletin board. She is a young "twenty-something" with an innocent beauty about her.

Their eyes meet. He is about to speak when...

STANFORD, a hulking jock in a letter jacket, bursts through a bathroom door and grabs Rachel; kissing her roughly.

Bernard waits for a long moment; then coughs uncomfortably.

STANFORD

Oh hey, Berno! Didn't see ya there, sport.

BERNARD

Well, you were busy.

RACHEL

Hey, Bernie. Uhm... did you get my message?

BERNARD

Not a moment too soon, I see.

STANFORD

Look champ, we wanted to be straightforward with you, so --

BERNARD

And I thank you for the thought, juggernaut.

(beat)

I know that rhymed, and you'll be giggling about it for hours, but, the grownups need to talk now, so if you could slouch elsewhere for a few, that'd be killer, "Champ."

STANFORD

That's not fair, Bernie, I --

RACHEL

No. Stanford, we really should talk... could you?

STANFORD

Sure, baby. I'll see you tonight?

RACHEL

Yeah.

STANFORD

See ya around, Berno.

Stanford walks past Bernard.

BERNARD

Oooh, I really hope so.

RACHEL

Don't be difficult, Bernie.

BERNARD

Difficult? I'm not difficult. I'm simple. Granted, not as simple as the that no-neck jockstrap you dumped me for, but --

RACHEL

Oh god, you have to overreact about everything --

BERNARD

Did you at least take him for a test drive first, cause they say roids reek havoc with the important muscles.

RACHEL

This is what I'm talking about. You blow everything out of --

BERNARD

I'm calm.

RACHEL

I can't even talk to you --

BERNARD

You're the one who's overreacting --

RACHEL

It's like we aren't even on the same plane of existence --

BERNARD

Who dumped who, huh? Who couldn't deal with the future of --

RACHEL

What did you say?

BERNARD

What?

Rachel rushes into his face.

RACHEL

What did you say?

BERNARD

(carefully avoiding)

Something witty yet insightful, I'm sure.

RACHEL

You HAVE no future, you dumb ass!
That's why we broke up... OKAY!
There was no future for US, because
YOU have no direction in life, Bernie!

BERNARD

Uh-huh, do so!

RACHEL

How long have you been in school
"Mr. Goin' Places"?

BERNARD

Seven years.

RACHEL

Yeah! And how many degrees did you
earn in that better half of a decade?

BERNARD

Well... I've had five majors.

RACHEL

You work at Video Drome, for Christ's
sake!

BERNARD

Nope. Got fired. But I got an
interview at Bloomfield tonight.

RACHEL

Oh, scrubbing bedpans in a creepy old asylum! Awesome, Bernie. Stanford works for Gordon and Yuzna. He's moving forward! They may even let him consult on some cases in a year or so. He knows where he fits into the world and accepts the responsibility of that!

Bernard mocks her under his breath.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

WHAT?!

BERNARD

(without skipping a beat)

I'm gonna do somethin' big! I'll find where I fit in. I thought it was with you... but, I guess not.

RACHEL

Yeah. I gotta go, Bernie. I hope you find it... whatever it is that you were put here to do. Hope it's not a janitor.

She walks off.

BERNARD

(yelling after her)

A janitor is a noble profession I'll have you know! ...And you're a dance major for cryin' out loud! Thanks for the advice, Baryshnikov! I'll... oh, forget it.

Bernard kicks a trash can and storms off.

BERNARD (CONT'D)

This day's going swell.

INT. INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT CAFE - LONDON -- EVENING

The airport is a mass of bustling tourists. Vincent sits with Nubbins at a small table in the cafe. Behind Nubbins is a large pile of luggage.

VINCENT

Look, it's complicated as hell, son.

A waitress, carrying a tray of drinks, approaches them.

WAITRESS

(to Vincent)

One coffee. Black.

Vincent winks at her with his good eye, as she sets it down in front of him.

WAITRESS (CONT'D)

...and one double tall, decaf, two pump hazelnut, soy, extra foam, one-thirty degree latte.

Vincent rolls his eye, as Nubbins takes a careful sip.

VINCENT

(pouring vodka in his coffee)

Fag.

Nubbins spits his latte across the table.

NUBBINS

(wiping mouth)

Hot.

VINCENT

Look. Your father, brilliant as he may be, has gotten himself in what we in the game like to call a "fuckeroo".

NUBBINS

(sipping again)

Hmm. That's a professional term, is it?

VINCENT

Don't get cute, Nubby. Now, your father found something... an artifact that he'd been looking for for quite some time.

NUBBINS

(realization)

Are you telling me he actually found it... God in heaven! And. And... He actually uh... This will prove my, well, OUR theories!

VINCENT

(looking around)

Whoa, Nubby, you're at a ten we need ya at a two...

He lights a cigar under a prominently displayed "NO SMOKING" sign.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

I can't say for certain what happened. When I got to him, it was already too late.

SMASH CUT TO:

FLASHBACK - INT. VINCENT'S BEDROOM - TWO MONTHS AGO -- DAY

Vincent lies in bed next to DR. JANICE PICKMAN, a beautiful woman in her mid thirties. Vincent's eye patch hangs on his bed post, mirroring her G-string on the opposite post. Both of his eyes are completely fine.

VINCENT

Well I'm not going to apologize, if that's what you want.

JANICE

Is that what you want?

VINCENT

Oh, knock it off, we're not in session.

JANICE

If that's the way you feel then... fine. You don't need to apologize to me for anything. As long as you're satisfied.

VINCENT

What the hell is that supposed to mean?

JANICE

I'm not trying to threaten your ego Vince --

VINCENT

My EGO'S not threatened, sweetheart. The ego's just fine.

JANICE

I'm sorry if I hurt your feelings.

Vincent rolls away from her, hugging his pillow.

VINCENT

(starting to cry)

Well, shit Janice, what do you expect? I'm under a lot of pressure...

JANICE

Shhhh. Let it out. Remember our work. Don't repress. Re-dress.

VINCENT

Yeah I know...

He grabs the patch from the nightstand, and wiping away his tears, places it on his right eye.

FREEZE FRAME - VINCENT WITH EYE PATCH; CRYING

SUPERIMPOSE:

"Vincent Guccione. Ex- Marine. Currently a mercenary for hire... or in his words, "freelance ass-kicker".

END FREEZE FRAME

JANICE

That's progress. We'll try again in a while.

FREEZE FRAME - JANICE PICKMAN - stretched out on the bed

SUPERIMPOSE:

"Dr. Janice H. Pickman, PHD in Psychology. Team Psychiatrist for Special Field Ops. ...The male psyche is putty in her hands."

END FREEZE FRAME

The PHONE RINGS

Vincent composes himself and answers.

VINCENT

Hello?

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT CAFE - LONDON (BACK TO PRESENT)

VINCENT

It was your father. He said --

NUBBINS

What did any of that have to do with anything?!

VINCENT

Look, who's tellin' the story? Me or you? Shut it.

Nubbins sits back in his chair.

NUBBINS

He told me he'd found something...

MEMORY FLASH

EXT. SOUTH AMERICAN JUNGLE - TWO MONTHS AGO -- DAY

Nigel Nubbins and his crew come upon the mouth of a large cavern, overgrown by jungle vegetation.

VINCENT (V.O.)

...Something *bad* in the jungle.

Nigel lights a torch, and enters the dark cavern.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

He knew that he couldn't trust just anyone to help him get it out, so he enlisted me.

INT. AIRPORT CAFE, LONDON -- (BACK TO PRESENT)

NUBBINS

...and you are?

VINCENT

Getting to that. I followed his trail to what the locals called, "La boca del infierno" --

NUBBINS

The mouth of hell.

VINCENT
(unimpressed)
Ooooh, you're good. Anyway, the
camp was torn to pieces...

MEMORY FLASH

EXT. SOUTH AMERICAN JUNGLE - TWO MONTHS AGO -- EVENING

The scene at the mouth of the cave is gruesome. Dead men
lay scattered about the wrecked camp.

VINCENT (V.O.)
All the men; dead.

INT. INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT CAFE - LONDON (BACK TO PRESENT)

Vincent leans into Nubbins.

VINCENT
And your father...

MEMORY HIT

INT. LA BOCA DEL INFIERNO - SOUTH AMERICA - TWO MONTHS AGO -
NIGHT

Nigel's face; frozen in a horrific expression, with his eyes
wide open and his twisted mouth gaping.

VINCENT (V.O.)
...Well, he was alive.

INT. INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT CAFE - LONDON (BACK TO PRESENT)

Vincent leans back into his chair, sipping his coffee.

VINCENT
I tried to hold onto as many of his
effects as I could... But the
journals; his work, was shipped back
with him to Kingdom City.

Vincent pulls a portable drive from his pocket, and gives it
to Nubbins.

VINCENT (CONT'D)
He mailed this to me... left
instructions to give it to the only
other person he could trust... you.

Nubbins looks at Vincent in shock; tears forming in his eyes.

VINCENT (CONT'D)
Look, we don't have time for "touchy
feely, grabby assy" now, 'kay. Just
watch the goddamn video, Aleister.

He pulls a portable player from his bag, and inserts the
drive.

ON THE MONITOR

The fuzzy image of Nigel, sitting in his tent.

NIGEL

Aleister , my boy. If you are watching this... then something terrible has happened to me. I can only pray this message reaches you in time. I've found something here in the jungle.

Nigel holds up the statue.

NIGEL (CONT'D)

You know the importance of this artifact as well as I. Since its excavation two days ago, I've noticed a change in the men... and myself as well. It has begun, Aleister . The day we feared. This relic must not fall into the wrong hands. Vincent and his team will need your help to destroy it before it is too late. I know that we haven't spoken in some time, my boy... I regret the manner in which we parted, but I do love you, Aleister ... I always have. Make me proud, my boy.

BACK TO SCENE

Nubbins closes the monitor with tears streaming down his cheeks.

VINCENT

(throwing him a hanky)
C'mon man, someone's gonna see you. All's I need is for one of those stewardesses to walk by thinkin' I'm breakin' up with my tweed wearin' boy-toy... Can't get pussy that way.

NUBBINS

What?!

VINCENT

Well I could use a little, and we both know you need it in the worst way.

NUBBINS

(jumping up)
Look here, you... you BASTARD!

VINCENT

Wa careful, you're gonna make me blush.

NUBBINS

I don't care about your... opinion of me, or anything else about you for that matter. My father's wish is that I work with you, and therefore I will. But you're going to have to level with me! Now!

VINCENT

All right, sit down. Come on, sit down.

Nubbins sinks back into his chair.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

Look, nobody knows what you and I both know's out there... nobody WANTS to know. Could you imagine the chaos if mommy realized that little Sally's stories of monsters in her closet were true; that evil things do prey on us every night? The world would crumble and fall to pieces.

NUBBINS

And so --

VINCENT

You really got a problem with dramatic pauses, don't ya?

NUBBINS

Well --

VINCENT

Rhetorical! Our organization works diligently, not only to stop the "things that go bump in the night", but to ensure that little Sally grows up not knowing her monsters were real.

NUBBINS

What is this "organization"? How come I've never heard of it.

VINCENT

We are the Secret Nocturnal Offensive Order of Paranormal Inclination.

NUBBINS

(after a moment)
S.N.O.O.P.I.?

VINCENT

Yeah.

NUBBINS

I see why you keep it a secret.

Vincent stares bitterly at Nubbins.

NUBBINS (CONT'D)

And you work for this... this order?

VINCENT

I used to lead a team of field operatives. Called ourselves the Originals. We went into heavy problem areas and... took out said problem.

NUBBINS

I see. You "used to" lead?

VINCENT

We've been disbanded for five years now.

NUBBINS

Why is that?

VINCENT

(sarcastically; without skipping a beat)
Irreconcilable differences. But it's cool, I still get to see the kids every other weekend. COULD YOU FOCUS ON THE ISSUE HERE! Your father was a valued member of the order. He's not doin' any of us any good rotting away in Bloomfield Asylum. We gotta get my team back together, find him, and destroy that artifact before it sucks us all into, what I can only guess, is a fate worse than death.

NUBBINS

Wow. That's quite the "to do" list... did you save room for afternoon tea?

VINCENT

Glad to see you're taking this seriously.

NUBBINS

If you disbanded so long ago, how can you be so sure your team want to have a go again?

VINCENT

I know them. They're dying to get back into the fray.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. SUNNYDALE RETIREMENT HOME - TALLAHASSEE -- NIGHT

Rain beats down. A large rusted van is parked in front of the decrepit building.

ARDEN (V.O.)

Absolutely not! Can't help ya, Vince...

SUPERIMPOSE:

"SUNNYDALE RETIREMENT HOME. TALLAHASSEE, FLORIDA."

INT. ORIGINALS' VAN -- CONTINUOUS

ARDEN ASTRIDGE, a large hairy man in a bright Hawaiian shirt, sits in the back of the van watching monitors at a control station. His eyes are hidden by small dark goggles.

He wears a headset while speaking into his cell phone.

ARDEN
(spinning around)
Wait... how much we talkin'?

FREEZE FRAME - ARDEN, IN MID QUESTION

SUPERIMPOSE:

"ARDEN ASTRIDGE. Ex- C.I.A. Code name: ICE MAN. Technical and surveillance expert. Adored by women, feared by men... thought of as an "okay guy" by children and small animals."

END FREEZE FRAME

ARDEN (CONT'D)
Really? Kingdom City, huh?
Yeah...Oh, you know him. ...Well,
he's not here right now... he's
working.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. SUNNYDALE RETIREMENT HOME -- CONTINUOUS

An OLD MAN slams his silver walker on the floor as he makes his way through the busy common room. He looks quite odd, sporting a long silver ponytail, curled moustache, and pajamas with a bright yellow flower pinned to the shirt.

OLD MAN
(speaking into flower)
I'm in. Moving to position.

He shimmies down the hall, stopping at room 007. He peers through the small window in the door.

OLD MAN (CONT'D)
(whispering into flower)
We've got confirmation. Ice Man, do
you copy? Ice Man? ...shit.

He looks around, before fiddling with the lock in the door.

INT. SUNNYDALE RETIREMENT HOME - ROOM 007 -- CONTINUOUS

An old Native American man, MR. DONAHUE, has a NURSE cornered against the bed.

NURSE
No, Mr. Donahue. I'm sorry you got
the wrong impression, but sponge
baths are part of my job. You've
been warned before.

MR. DONAHUE
No, little missy... It is you who
have the wrong impression.

He begins to convulse. A LOW GUTTURAL GROWL erupts from within him.

The nurse screams as he doubles in height and sprouts long silver fur. He is now a Giant Werewolf.

OLD MAN (O.S.)

Hey! Ol' Yeller! No means no.

The Beast turns to see the Old Man standing in the doorway.

It HOWLS and rushes at the Old Man, and they meet in a deadly struggle.

The Old Man throws the Beast into the wall, flips up his silver walker, and thrusts it forward as the Beast rushes to attack again.

The leg of the silver walker pierces its chest. The beast goes down hard, with a loud ROAR.

The Old Man steps up to the lifeless body at his feet. It is no longer the hulking Beast, but Mr. Donahue, lying naked on the floor.

OLD MAN (CONT'D)

Who says you can't teach an old dog new tricks?

INT. ORIGINALS' VAN -- LATER

The van's sliding door opens. Arden turns.

The Old Man stands out in the rain, covered in blood. He reaches under his shirt and peels off a latex mask, revealing that he is actually SPONCE DE LEON, 35.

SPONCE

Where the hell were you, "Ice Man"?

FREEZE FRAME - SPONCE, SOAKING IN THE RAIN

SUPERIMPOSE:

"Sponce De Leon. Code name: GOOSE. Self proclaimed 'Master of Disguise and Espionage'. Maintains to this day that no one, not even his own mother, has seen his true face."

END FREEZE FRAME

Arden spins around in his swivel chair, drinking red liquid from a plastic bag via "crazy straw". His fangs gleam in the light.

ARDEN

You'll never guess who I just got off the phone with?

INT. LARGE SEWER TUNNEL - BUDAPEST -- NIGHT

BOBBY RUTHERFORD, a handsome man in his late twenties, creeps through the decrepit sewer tunnel. He carries a crossbow loaded with a wooden stake in one hand, and a large crucifix in the other.

SUPERIMPOSE:

"UNDER KOSSUTH SQUARE. BUDAPEST."

Moonlight pours through the grates above him.

Bobby's PHONE RINGS, echoing through the tunnels. He quickly grabs for it, dropping the crucifix into the murky water.

BOBBY

(whispering into phone)

Not a good time, man. No, I... What?!

A dark shadow passes in front of Bobby. He is not aware of the potential danger.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

(into phone)

Sure! I... wait, did ya call Sponce?
Arden too, huh? Then count me in,
partner.

Something SPLASHES in the dark.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

(into phone)

Gotta go.

He clicks the phone closed and bends down, grabbing the crucifix.

FREEZE FRAME - BOBBY, PREPARED FOR BATTLE

SUPERIMPOSE:

"Bobby Rutherford. Code name: BAM BAM... double meaning... you figure it out. Favorite quote: Everything is bigger in Texas... EVERYTHING. Tactical Specialist and Weapons."

END FREEZE FRAME

Bobby moves into a large circular drainage room. A pair of red eyes glow in the darkness behind him.

He spins and thrusts the crucifix in front of him.

A beautiful young VAMPIRE VIXEN emerges from the shadows with a skimpy, tattered dress hanging from her perfect frame.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

Nice try, darlin', but I gotcha.

VIXEN

Do you?

Two more beautiful Vampire Vixens appear behind Bobby. They yank the weapons from his hands and encircle him.

BOBBY

Aw, hell. It appears ya caught me
with my britches down.

VIXEN

Not yet.

They wrestle him down onto the stone floor.

INT. LARGE SEWER TUNNEL - BUDAPEST -- LATER

Bobby lies on the ground with all three Vixens curled around him, kissing his bare chest and neck.

BOBBY

That was nice, but... we gotta get on with it.

VIXEN

Believe me darling, you won't regret this.

She goes to bite his throat, as Bobby pulls a wooden stake from his boot; spins it in his hand, rock star style; and brings it up into attack position.

BOBBY

Don't be too sure, sweetheart.

He winks as he thrusts the stake down.

SNAP TO BLACK

Her SCREAM ECHOES in the darkness, MORPHING into the ROAR of a JET ENGINE.

EXT. KINGDOM CITY AIRPORT -- AFTERNOON

A Jet descends from the clear blue sky and lands on a runway with a loud SCREECH.

VINCENT (V.O.)

You can let go, Nubby. We're here.

INT. KINGDOM CITY AIRPORT -- MOMENTS LATER

Vincent walks briskly through the Airport terminal. He is followed by Nubbins, who drags an overflowing luggage cart.

They enter the main terminal to see Bobby, Sponce, and Janice standing there - The Originals!... sans Arden.

They welcome Vincent and Nubbins with various degrees of enthusiasm, before heading out of the main entrance.

EXT. KINGDOM CITY AIRPORT -- CONTINUOUS (SLOW MOTION)

The Originals and Nubbins advance down the walkway like the badasses they are.

Nubbins trips and falls over his own suitcases. Vincent and Sponce help him to his feet.

EXT. KINGDOM CITY AIRPORT -- CONTINUOUS (REAL TIME)

The Originals' Van is parked half on the curb in front of the entrance. The sliding door opens. Arden leans out with a blanket over his head, shielding himself from the sun.

ARDEN

You guys ready to save the world?

INT. FIEFDOM UNIVERSITY CLASSROOM -- AFTERNOON

Bernard sits in the back of his Psychology class. DR. CRON, 56, drones on in front of the large group as Bernard slips into a...

DREAM SEQUENCE - INT. BLOOMFIELD ASYLUM - NIGHT

Bernard awakes in the dark halls of the asylum. He looks around at the dingy paint-chipped walls.

BERNARD

Hello?!

He gets up and walks down a dark and cavernous hallway.

BERNARD (CONT'D)

I'm here for an interview with Dr. Kribbs. Is anyone here?

He turns a corner and stops. At the end of the hall lies room 237. A dingy light flickers above the door.

FAINT WHISPERS beckon him. The door to the room CREAKS open.

BERNARD (CONT'D)

Doctor... Dr. Kribbs? It's me.
Bernard. I'm here to --

Suddenly a VOICE BOOMS.

VOICE

WE SEE YOU!

A Dark Figure stands in the doorway of room 237. Bernard is frozen in fear, as the figure steps into the flickering light.

It is Nigel Nubbins, staring back wide-eyed at Bernard. Only something is horribly wrong. His eyes are white, and his jaw has unhinged into a gaping grotesque smile, oozing blood. He stands crooked in the light, holding the statue.

Bernard backs up as a rotting hand slams onto his shoulder.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. FIEFDOM UNIVERSITY CLASSROOM -- AFTERNOON

Bernard jumps awake with a high-pitched yelp. The class stops. He looks around at his stunned classmates.

Rachel is sitting two rows in front of him. Their eyes meet.

BERNARD

Sorry. Sorry. I was just...

DR. CRON

Wakey wakey, Mr. Cross?

Bernard nods.

BERNARD

Sorry, Dr. Cron.

Dr. Cron goes on. Bernard shakes his head and rubs his eyes, looking down at his notebook.

He has doodled a rough sketch of his dream statue, as well as writing the words "Shug Nagurath" repeatedly.

The class, now dismissed, begin to exit around him.

FISCHER (O.S.)

Nice work, Picasso.

Bernard looks up, as the class is exiting. ALEX FISCHER, 24, wearing an "Evil Dead" t-shirt, and pierced from head to toe, stands over him.

FISCHER (CONT'D)

That's some pointillism shit huh?

BERNARD

Huh? Oh.

(slamming notebook)

Uh, I'm a fantasy nerd.

FISCHER

Fuck yeah. One ring to rule them all. Seriously, yo, I've seen that thing before. You get it offa' Sci Fi Channel or some shit?

BERNARD

No, man. Don't know what you're talkin' about.

Bernard grabs his book and hurries to the door, but is stopped by Rachel.

RACHEL

Hey. You all right?

BERNARD

What do you care?

RACHEL

Bernie, I still care about you. C'mon, you look like shit.

BERNARD

Thanks. Just can't sleep lately is all.

RACHEL

Tell me about it.

BERNARD

Yeah. Look, I'll see you later. I'll be late for my interview. Janitors of the world unite.

She hugs him, almost out of instinct. They realize the awkwardness of the situation, and Bernard pulls back. As he pulls away, he notices her shoulder. The same red mark is on her skin.

EXT. MAPLES BOARDING HOUSE -- EVENING

The large Victorian house stands crooked in the sunset. A strong wind blows fall leaves across the yard. The Originals' van is parked half on the curb out front.

SUPERIMPOSE:

"MAPLES BOARDING HOUSE. KINGDOM CITY. 6:15pm"

INT. MAPLES BOARDING HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

MRS. MAPLES, 75, leads the team up a grand staircase. Her thin hair is pulled up in rollers so tight, her eyes bulge.

VINCENT

This is perfect.

MRS. MAPLES

What's that?

VINCENT

Nothin', ma'am. Lovely place.

MRS. MAPLES

You're gonna have to speak up when you're talkin' to me. Goddamn hearing ain't for shit these days.

VINCENT

Yes ma'am.

MRS. MAPLES

Huh?

VINCENT

(nodding)

SHIT.

MRS. MAPLES

Shit is right.

NUBBINS

(inspecting the dusty
banister)

Why not the Comfy Inn off the highway?

VINCENT

Gotta be closer to the action, Nubbs.

NUBBINS

I told you not--

VINCENT

Yeah yeah.

Arden and Sponce lag behind on the steps, with Janice and Bobby following up the rear.

MRS. MAPLES

(turning back)

Now don't dilly dally, goddamnit.
My stories are on.

She stops in front of a row of doors on the second floor.

MRS. MAPLES (CONT'D)

How long you fellas plan on stayin'?

Vincent looks back at his ragtag team of misfits.

VINCENT

'Long as it takes.

INT. BLOOMFIELD ASYLUM - KRIBBS' OFFICE -- EVENING

Bernard sits in an oversized leather chair, waiting impatiently. He surveys the room.

Dingy bookshelves line the walls. Strange artifacts clutter the office, making the rather large room appear quite small.

Something catches Bernard's eye. There is a small silver shimmer from between a few worn books on the shelf behind Kribbs desk. Bernard goes to it, he reaches down. It is an ornate pocket watch.

Kribbs glides through the door. Bernard turns.

KRIBBS

So sorry to keep you waiting, Mr. Cross.

BERNARD

It's fine, sir. Uh, I was just admiring your watch there.

KRIBBS

(ripping it from Bernard)
What?! Where did you...

BERNARD

(going to his chair)
I'm sorry.

KRIBBS

No. No, no. I'm sorry. With all that has been going on around here lately, I had misplaced it.

BERNARD

It's very nice.

Kribbs holds it up into the light, as he sits.

KRIBBS

(lost in thought)
It is unique. None like it in the world. It is probably my most prized possession ... other than our little family here at Bloomfield.

(pocketing it)

Now, Bernard... may I call you Bernard?

BERNARD

Cost you five bucks.

Kribbs stares at him.

BERNARD (CONT'D)
(awkwardly)
Just kidding.

KRIBBS
A sense of humor. I like that.
You'll need it. This place can be
quite the roller coaster ride.

BERNARD
I bet.

KRIBBS
(smiling)
You have no idea.

Kribbs stands and walks around his desk, leaning into Bernard.

KRIBBS (CONT'D)
I'm going to offer you the position.

BERNARD
No shit?!
(composing himself)
Great! That's awesome, sir. When
do you want me to start?

KRIBBS
Is tonight too soon?

Bernard laughs. Kribbs stares dryly. Bernard startles.

BERNARD
Oh. Sure. But I got nothing to
wear --

KRIBBS
Sorry for the haste, my dear. We
are severely overbooked and
understaffed. We'll get you a uniform
in due time.

BERNARD
Sure.

An ALARM SOUNDS. Bernard jumps.

KRIBBS
What on earth?!

BERNARD
What's happening?

MULTIPLE SCREAMS from OUTSIDE the door.

KRIBBS
Stay here.

Kribbs reaches for the door, as Howard bursts into the room.

HOWARD
Sir!

KRIBBS

What is it?!

HOWARD

Him, sir! Room 237... He's gone!

Bernard watches in total confusion.

MEMORY FLASH - BERNARD'S DREAM HALLWAY -- NIGHT

The light flickers outside room 237 as it sways back and forth.

Nigel is standing crooked in the open door frame, holding the statue. His eyes glow a bright green.

END MEMORY FLASH

INT. BLOOMFIELD ASYLUM - KRIBBS' OFFICE (PRESENT DAY)

Bernard jumps and begins rubbing his shoulder. He pulls back his shirt. The mark has become a red scar in the form of a strange symbol.

KRIBBS

Bernard. I am sorry, but I may need an extra hand. Would you mind...?

BERNARD

Sure... uh... yes sir.

HOWARD

Hurry, doctor.

All three rush out of the door.

INT. BLOOMFIELD ASYLUM HALLWAY - OUTSIDE ROOM 237 -- CONTINUOUS

Kribbs, Bernard, and Howard rush down the hall.

KRIBBS

What the hell happened?

HOWARD

Winnie was going to check his vitals. By the time I got to her, it was too late.

KRIBBS

Too LATE! What does that mean?! Howard?!

INT. BLOOMFIELD ASYLUM - ROOM 237 -- CONTINUOUS

The men spill into the open doorway of the room and stare wide-eyed at the devastation. Bernard slips in a pool of blood.

KRIBBS

...my dear God.

The room is in shambles. Blood and meat are splattered from wall to wall.

The bed where Nigel Nubbins had been is now shredded and empty.

HOWARD
(pointing)
We think he escaped through there.

Lightning flashes outside a window carved high up in the stone wall. Its screen and bars are crudely torn away.

KRIBBS
What makes you certain he's gone?

BERNARD
(rubbing shoulder)
A man did this?

KRIBBS
Welcome to the roller coaster, Mr. Cross.

HOWARD
The grounds team saw someone leap from the window and tear through both fences.

KRIBBS
And they couldn't see a face?!

HOWARD
No. What'll we do?

KRIBBS
Nothing. It isn't our problem now.

Bernard vomits in the corner.

INT. MAPLES BOARDING HOUSE - NUBBINS' ROOM-- NIGHT

Nubbins sits on his bed, encircled by stacks of ancient crumbling books and papers. He frantically makes notes when there is a KNOCK at the door. He startles.

NUBBINS
Uh... Come in?

The door slides open. Janice slinks in from the dark hall, wearing only a short silk robe.

NUBBINS (CONT'D)
Dr. Pickman! Uh... what, what can I do to you, er, FOR you?

JANICE
I was just coming to see how the brains of our little operation was getting along.

NUBBINS
Yes. Uh... quite well, actually.
(MORE)

NUBBINS (CONT'D)

I have been cross-referencing the Balkan manuscripts with excerpts from the Compendia Diabolis and the Necronomicon. And, well... making very little progress, I'm afraid.

JANICE

(going to him)

Ohhhhh. There there, Aleister. I'm sure with all these books and that massive brain of yours, you'll come up with something.

NUBBINS

(growing more nervous)

Yes. Uh, yes. I intend to... I'm afraid I am out of my element somewhat. I am not used to this kind of pressure. But as you say, with time...

JANICE

You're mumbling, doctor. You are nervous. We must always remember, Aleister, nervousness is a byproduct of fear. Fear is the mind killer.

NUBBINS

Yeah. I'm sorry, what are you... Did you need something from me?

JANICE

No, doctor.

NUBBINS

Because I'm quite busy and --

She kisses him passionately. Nubbins is frozen, wide-eyed. She pulls back.

NUBBINS (CONT'D)

I see! Well.

(desperately looking around room)

I'm afraid I have no time to chat... End of the world and all-

She throws his books off the bed, violently.

NUBBINS (CONT'D)

Oooh, those are really fragile. I wouldn't...

Janice's robe drops to the ground.

NUBBINS (CONT'D)

...do that.

JANICE

You need to relax, doctor.

NUBBINS
What about Vincent?

JANICE
What about him?

NUBBINS
He's bigger than me.

JANICE
I doubt that.

NUBBINS
(in awe)
Cheeky.

INT. MAPLES BOARDING HOUSE - OUTSIDE NUBBINS' ROOM-- MOMENTS
LATER

The door to Nubbins' room swings open, and Janice briskly pushes Nubbins into the hall. He is naked except for the bundle of clothes held in front of his unmentionables.

JANICE
(briskly)
Good session. I think we made
progress. Now get some rest.

She slams the door. He stands for a moment, in shock.

NUBBINS
But it's my room.

Vincent walks up, wearing his patch over his right eye.

VINCENT
Nubby?

Nubbins freezes, but tries to act casual.

NUBBINS
Yes?!

VINCENT
Good to see you're still up. I called
the Asylum. They denied ever
admitting your father. I'm calling
a meeting. Get dressed and meet us
in the common room.

NUBBINS
Certainly.

Vincent walks off.

VINCENT (O.S.)
And if you see Janice, tell her that
the boys need their sessions before
we get down to the nitty gritty!

Nubbins sighs in relief and smiles, before sauntering off.

INT. BLOOMFIELD ASYLUM - KRIBBS' OFFICE -- NIGHT

The SCREAMS OF THE MAD echo from the hall.

Kribbs watches a small monitor, hidden in an armoire. The image on the screen is of Nigel's room; black and white and too blurry to make out fine details.

ON THE MONITOR - The nurse leans over Nigel's bed to check his vitals. The lights in Nigel's room flash. In an instant, Nigel is attacking the screaming woman; ripping her to pieces.

BACK TO SCENE

Kribbs winces.

INT. BLOOMFIELD ASYLUM - OUTSIDE KRIBBS' OFFICE --
CONTINUOUS

Bernard walks past Kribbs' office door and hears the noise within. He goes to the door, slowly turns the knob, and slips inside.

INT. BLOOMFIELD ASYLUM - KRIBBS' OFFICE -- CONTINUOUS

BERNARD

Uh... Dr. Kribbs? What are you doing?

Kribbs startles, shutting off the tape.

KRIBBS

Bernard! Nothing, my dear.

BERNARD

There was a camera in the room?

Kribbs smiles, as he shuts the armoire.

KRIBBS

You have a talent for being in the wrong place at the wrong time, young man.

BERNARD

What're you talkin' about, Dr. Kribbs?

Kribbs folds his glasses gently and glides to Bernard, getting in very close to his face. He is deathly methodical as he speaks.

KRIBBS

Listen to me very carefully, my boy. You must understand the position that we are in here.

Bernard stares, wide-eyed.

DR. KRIBBS

Your actions have consequences, my dear... and you will have to deal with those consequences.

BERNARD

But I-

KRIBBS

The mad are... blessed with keen insights into a man's soul. They see yours... and they see mine. We do need you here, Bernard.

BERNARD

Th... Thank you doctor.

Kribbs grabs Bernard's shoulders tightly.

KRIBBS

Nevertheless. We do not need a harsh light shown in every dark corner of our happy home.

He caresses Bernard's cheek.

KRIBBS (CONT'D)

Do we have an understanding, my dear boy?

BERNARD

(after a moment)

I think so, doctor.

KRIBBS

Excellent. That being said, I must have your word that you will stay out of the limelight when the police arrive. I'll take care of everything.

BERNARD

I... I wouldn't --

KRIBBS

It's only for your protection, my dear.

BERNARD

What are you saying?

KRIBBS

I wouldn't want something to happen to you, Bernard... on your first day.

BERNARD

Are you in some sort of trouble, sir? Because I'll vouch that you had nothing to --

KRIBBS

My boy, your concern is... appreciated. But the police are the least of my worries.

Dr. Kribbs pauses as if to say more, but instead, checks his pocket watch and leaves. Bernard is left alone in the office.

INT. MAPLES BOARDING HOUSE - UPSTAIRS COMMON ROOM -- NIGHT

The Originals sit in various states of boredom: Vincent talks with Janice; Arden sips his "drink" while reading dirty magazines with Sponce; Bobby cleans his automatic weapons.

Nubbins enters.

VINCENT

Good. Now that his majesty has arrived we can begin. Dr. Nubbins has been hittin' it hard to find out anything he can.

Nubbins shoots a scared glance to Janice, who simply smiles back at him.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

So Doc, tell us. What's your position?

NUBBINS

(out of a trance)

WHAT?! No positions! None! Why do you keep grilling me like this!!!

They all stare at him.

NUBBINS (CONT'D)

I, mean... ah, I haven't found anything. This is going to be more difficult than originally anticipated.

Vincent goes to Nubbins.

VINCENT

Don't worry, Nubby, "difficult" is where we shine.

(turning to group)

All right, gentlemen, suit up!

BOBBY

Lock and load.

He cocks a large, tricked-out, sawed-off shotgun.

SPONCE

(putting on a fake moustache and wig)

Now Arden, let's go over the drill one more time --

VINCENT

I'll give the orders here, Spencer.

SPONCE

(pause)

Sorry chief... been a while.

VINCENT

Yes it has...

OBLIGATORY HERO MUSIC begins softly in the background.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

(heroically)

But a new day dawns, and a new terror
has been born. Once again we are
all that stands in the face of evil.
An evil that --

NUBBINS

We really have time for this?

MUSIC STOPS abruptly with a loud RECORD SCRATCH.

VINCENT

(turns to Nubbins)

Don't you EVER interrupt me when I'm
giving a motivational monologue.
EVER!

NUBBINS

Yeah, fine. But --

VINCENT

Jaaaaannnniiccee.

JANICE

Aleister , it is important that
everyone get their turn to speak.
Vincent is the leader and we don't
want to promote a poor group dynamic.

NUBBINS

I'm sorry... I...

ARDEN

So what's the plan?

VINCENT

We go in hard and we go in fast --

NUBBINS

WAIT! We don't even know what the
situation is like over there!

VINCENT

Do you want your daddy back or not?

NUBBINS

Of course I do, but we don't know if
he is even there! We cannot go in
half-cocked. We must be...

BOBBY

Full cocked?

NUBBINS

Yes. NO!

BOBBY

What then?

SPONCE

Use your words.

ARDEN

(listening to earpiece)
Everyone shut up! All hell's broke
loose over at Bloomfield. I'm pickin'
it up over the police bands. Possible
homicide.

BOBBY

That can't be good.

NUBBINS

We must get inside and find out what
happened.

ARDEN

Good luck. That place is crawlin'
with the local fuzz now.

NUBBINS

If we explain the ramifications to
them, they could perhaps help us --

VINCENT

How many times do I have to tell
you, braintrust? We don't work well
with others! The outside world cannot
get wind of our existence! It's too
dangerous to --

NUBBINS

This is only the beginning! I assure
you that if that artifact gets into
the wrong hands, this city, and the
entire WORLD, IN FACT, WILL MOST
DEFINITELY FIND OUT ABOUT YOUR STUPID
SECRET S.N.O.O.P.I.!!!

Nubbins takes a moment to revel in his boldness. Something
is changing in him. The group takes notice as well.

VINCENT

All right, Nubbins. Tell me... What
would you do?

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. BLOOMFIELD ASYLUM - ROOM 237 -- NIGHT

MANNIFELD

Wipe that shit-eating grin off your
face! You're playin' with the big
boys now, Jimmi.

DETECTIVE MANNIFELD, 54, looks down. A cigarette dangles
from his lips.

Detective JIMMI SHUCKERMAN, 28, looks up at him. A toothpick
dangles from his lips.

JIMMI

Sorry, sir. I found something.

Jimmi holds up a torn piece of cloth.

MANNIFELD

Wow, Sherlock. Ya investigate a crime scene and ya find a clue! You're goin' places, Jimmi, ya really are.

Police camera flashbulbs POP, exposing the gruesome crime scene. Officers rush around, surveying the scene and tagging evidence.

Mannifeld stares at the shattered window high in the cell wall.

MANNIFELD (CONT'D)

So, Doc... You say this guy was a cucumber?

Dr. Kribbs steps from the shadows.

KRIBBS

Yes, detective. Though I don't believe I phrased it in such a *colorful* manner. Dr. Nubbins could not have lifted a finger, let alone commit murder and break through a steel-reinforced window.

MANNIFELD

Yet we have a dead nurse, ripped to shreds, with no apparent weapon to speak of... And of course the patient and prime suspect, who's currently missing. Again.

KRIBBS

Yes. That appears to be the case.

MANNIFELD

And we didn't even know he'd been found in the first place, did we, Jimmi?

JIMMI

No sir.

MANNIFELD

Well shit, doc. That sounds like quite an enigma. Whaddya make of it, Jimmi?

JIMMI

Well, I think --

MANNIFELD

Can it, Jimmi. Look, Kribbs. I don't know what kinda' fun house you're runnin' here, and to be honest, I don't give a damn. But it's my job to figure out little puzzles like this... And I'm good at my job, doc.

JIMMI

What's with the boy...

(looking through notes)

Um... Bernard Cross? Tell us about him.

KRIBBS

He's nobody. First night on the job actually. Wrong place at the wrong time.

MANNIFELD

No such thing as coincidence, doc.

(lost in thought)

More puzzle pieces. You told Jimmi that no one but you and the nurse, were allowed access to this room.

KRIBBS

That's correct, but...

MANNIFELD

No no no. Don't give away too much. Diggin' through the dirt's part of the fun... Well Jimmi, looks as if we have a doozy here.

Mannifeld throws his cigarette to the ground and stomps it out.

JIMMI

Dr. Nubbins might have been under the influence of a substance, inducing the heightened strength and rage --

MANNIFELD

Jimmi! You're doin' that thing again. That talkin' thing we discussed.

Mannifeld notices Bernard peeking in from behind the door.

He pulls the toothpick from Jimmi's mouth, snaps it, and tosses it down.

MANNIFELD (CONT'D)

Be seein' ya, Kribbs. Soon.

Mannifeld exits, followed by Jimmi.

They walk past an Officer, who is inspecting the door frame with a pair of cartoonish oversized calipers. The Officer turns, revealing he is Sponce, wearing a wig, moustache, and police uniform. He flashes a large smile.

INT. ORIGINALS' VAN -- NIGHT

Arden, Vincent, Bobby, and Nubbins sit impatiently.

NUBBINS

I wish we could see inside.

VINCENT

That's where Sponce comes in.

NUBBINS
He's a sore thumb!

VINCENT
Exactly.

ARDEN
And therein lies his genius.

NUBBINS
A phony wig isn't genius. It's obvious!

BOBBY
He had a uniform too.

ARDEN
True.

NUBBINS
You cannot expect me to believe that --
The door slides open, and Sponce appears with several files.

SPONCE
(Over-the-top Irish
accent)
Got everything we need, and then
some!

He holds up a video tape.

NUBBINS
But... the stupid moustache worked?

SPONCE
I had a uniform too.

He jumps into the van.

INT. BLOOMFIELD ASYLUM - KRIBBS' OFFICE -- LATER
Kribbs tears his office apart.

BOJANGLES (O.S.)
Looking for something, doctor?

Kribbs turns to see Cuthbert Bojangles sitting in the corner.

KRIBBS
Who let you... oh. I'm sorry, sir.
I didn't realize it was YOU... I
was only looking for a report I've
misplaced.

BOJANGLES
You're making a mighty mess for one
little ol' file.

KRIBBS
It's a very important file.

BOJANGLES
Life and death?

KRIBBS

...One might say that.

Bojangles presents a handkerchief with a flourish, and begins to polish the silver wolf on the end of his walking stick.

BOJANGLES

I understand my man, Dobbs, spoke with you concerning the importance of a certain patient of yours.

KRIBBS

He did, sir. And I took every --

BOJANGLES

You don't need to explain, Kribbs. No matter what you say, the fact remains, you failed me. After everything that I have done for you and this facility... you broke your promise to me.

KRIBBS

I... I am deeply sorry, sir. But we will find him again.

BOJANGLES

He is no longer your patient and therefor no longer your concern. I will see to him. Your only concern is the whereabouts of a small piece of contraband.

KRIBBS

Sir?

BOJANGLES

A certain video recording that shouldn't have been in existence to begin with.

KRIBBS

I don't know what you're --

BOJANGLES

We had an understanding, did we not? I trusted you... You didn't return that kindness. Fortunately for me, your man Walters is quite the entrepreneur.

KRIBBS

Howard?

BOJANGLES

Nothing like a man whose loyalty can be bought with cold, hard cash.

Long pause.

BOJANGLES (CONT'D)

Do you know, doctor, what the ancient followers of R'lyeh would do to those who betrayed them?

KRIBBS

No sir, I don't.

Kribbs turns to see Dobbs step from the shadows behind him.

BOJANGLES

Well, let's just say trust was a virtue not taken for granted.

Kribbs is sweating now, almost in tears.

BOJANGLES (CONT'D)

(dramatically quoting)

"All things betray thee, who betrayest me."

KRIBBS/DOBBS

Huh?

BOJANGLES

NEVER MIND.

(smiling again)

...don't feel sorry for your folly, doctor... you may make it up to me yet.

Kribbs is about to speak when, in a flash, Dobbs is upon him, jabbing a needle into his throat.

Bojangles leans back in his chair, ignoring the sounds of Kribbs' DESPERATE STRUGGLE.

He whistles a pleasant tune as he pulls *Nigel's Statue* from his coat, studying it.

INT. ORIGINALS' VAN -- NIGHT

Arden sits alone at the monitor. He is trying to make the fuzzy images on the tape more clear when the door slides open.

NUBBINS

How's it going, Arden?

ARDEN

(sighs)

I've had better luck with scrambled Playboy channels. At least there I had decent sound to work with...

NUBBINS

Spare me.

Long pause.

ARDEN

Sorry about your dad.

NUBBINS

Yeah. Me too. Thanks.

Nubbins reaches into the small fridge under the countertop and pulls out one of Arden's drink pouches. He pokes a straw into it and takes a big slurp.

He instantly spits the liquid out.

NUBBINS (CONT'D)

IT'S BLOOD! ARDEN, IT'S BLOOD!

He throws the "juice bag" down and jumps up, knocking tapes and files off of the shelf onto Arden.

Arden looks up at Nubbins. His goggles have been knocked off by the falling debris, and Nubbins can see his eyes for the first time. They are glowing red in their dark sockets.

NUBBINS (CONT'D)

ARDEN!... You're a... you're a...

Nubbins squeals and flies at the door, swinging it open.

EXT. ORIGINALS' VAN -- CONTINUOUS

Nubbins falls out of the van, and runs directly into...

Vincent; who stares inquisitively at the gibbering fool.

Nubbins rushes to hide behind him.

NUBBINS

Kill it! He's not what you think!

VINCENT

Calm down, Nubby, what're ya talkin' about?

NUBBINS

He's a Vampire!

Arden steps from the van, pulling his goggles back over his eyes.

ARDEN

I'm gonna get ya!

Nubbins shrieks.

VINCENT

Knock it off, Arden.

ARDEN

(laughing)

He started it! Come on doc, I'm sorry. I shoulda' told ya.

VINCENT

It's okay, Nubbs.

Nubbins backs away from Vincent.

NUBBINS

You... You're all in on this...

VINCENT

(stepping toward him)

Whoa, Nubby. Ya don't wanna do this.
I can explain everything.

Nubbins backs into...

Sponce, dressed as the stereotypical "Dracula", complete with cape, tux, and painted widow's peak.

SPONCE

(channeling Lugosi)

"I never drink vine".

Nubbins screams and spins into...

Vincent's fist. He falls unconscious to the ground.

VINCENT

Sponce, what the hell is that getup?!

SPONCE

You guys never let me have any fun.

VINCENT

Get him inside. Arden, keep workin' on that tape. If we don't get on top of this thing soon... hell, I don't even want to think about that. Get to it, boys.

Vincent storms off. Arden lifts Nubbins onto his shoulder and looks at Sponce. He shakes his head disapprovingly.

SPONCE

What?!

EXT. FIEFDOM UNIVERSITY CAMPUS -- NIGHT

JACKIE NEWMAN, 19, and NAOMI SCOTT, 18, walk down the lonely sidewalk in the dark neighborhood.

A cloud passes in front of the full moon.

The Girls stop in front of a Fraternity House. LOUD MUSIC BOOMS from within, and shapes dance in the windows.

JACKIE

I don't know.

NAOMI

Come on, Jackie! You're such a prude.

JACKIE

I am not a PRUDE. I just... I'm nervous.

NAOMI

Okay, look... Mitch is hot, right?

JACKIE

Yeah.

NAOMI

How often do you think seniors ask freshmen to parties?

JACKIE

That's what Frat guys do! It's like a contest or something.

NAOMI

Bullshit, Jackie. This what college is all about!

MYSTERY POV

Watching the girls FROM BEHIND a nearby bush.

NAOMI (CONT'D)

Come on! Your parents are hundreds of miles away. Time for Jackie to PLAAAYYYYY.

JACKIE

Stop it.

BACK TO SCENE

NAOMI

Well, screw you, I'm goin' in.

NAOMI walks toward the door. Jackie sighs.

JACKIE

Wait, Naomi!

MYSTERY POV

We rush FROM BEHIND bushes to the unsuspecting girls.

They turn and scream.

BACK TO SCENE

The mystery attacker is actually Two Frat Boys; MITCH, 23, and DAVE, 22. They shake with drunken laughter.

NAOMI

You DICKS!

DAVE

Oh, come on, baby.

JACKIE

You guys scared the hell out of us!

MITCH

You mad, Jackie?

JACKIE

No. I just...

DAVE

What were you two talkin' about,
anyway?

NAOMI

We were... just psychin' ourselves
up for this kick ass party! Tonight's
a big night.

DAVE

Oh yeah?

NAOMI

You know it.

She grabs him by his jacket and kisses him roughly. The two
disappear into the house.

MITCH

So I guess its just the two of us
fending for ourselves.

JACKIE

Yeah, guess so.

The two stand in a long awkward pause.

MITCH

Look, if you don't want to go to the
party... that's cool. I can just
walk you home if you'd like?

JACKIE

Well. Sure. I guess.

MYSTERY POV

Watching FROM BEHIND a tree ACROSS the street as the Couple
walk away into the darkness.

EXT. FIEFDOM UNIVERSITY CAMPUS -- LATER

Clouds pass silently across the full moon.

Jackie and Mitch lie under a tree.

JACKIE

You're so funny.

MITCH

Yeah. I almost went into theatre...
but my dad said that it was a waste
of time.

JACKIE

I was in a few plays in high school.

MITCH

(staring at her lips)
Cool. God, you're so beautiful.

JACKIE

Um... thanks.

MITCH leans in to kiss her. She does not resist.

MYSTERY POV

Watching the couple FROM BEHIND a bush.

BACK TO SCENE

Mitch puts his hand up Jackie's shirt. She tenses, but allows the experimentation. Her sleeve falls a bit, revealing the same mark on her shoulder that we have seen on Bernard's. Mitch pays it no mind, thrusting his hand down her pants. Jackie pushes him away.

JACKIE (CONT'D)

Whoa, Buddy!

MITCH

What? I thought you were into me?

JACKIE

I am... I thought you were into me?

MITCH

Not yet.

JACKIE

Okay look, you got the wrong idea!
I... I'm going home.

MITCH

But Naomi said you --

JACKIE

I don't care what she said! I don't
want to do this! Just go back to
your party and leave me alone.

MITCH

Bitch.

Mitch storms off. As soon as he is gone Jackie begins to cry.

MYSTERY POV

Rushing FROM BEHIND the bushes TOWARD Jackie.

JACKIE

Who's there?! Wha... Who are...
NO! PLEASE!

Jackie screams.

INT. BERNARD'S APT. BEDROOM. -- MORNING

Bernard juts up in his bed covered in sweat and looks around the room.

BERNARD

Man, these things are gettin' worse.

The PHONE RINGS. He stumbles to answer it.

BERNARD (CONT'D)

Hello?

RACHEL (O.S.)

Bernard! Turn on the news!

BERNARD

What?

RACHEL (O.S.)

Just do it!

He stumbles into the living room with his phone.

INT. BERNARD'S APT - LIVING ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Bernard flips on the television set.

ON TV:

A REPORTER stands in front of police tape, at a crime scene.

REPORTER

Kingdom City is in shock as the violently mutilated body of young Jackie Newman, a freshman at Fiefdom University, was found on campus early this morning.

BACK TO SCENE

BERNARD

God, I knew her. We had an intersession course together.

REPORTER (O.S.)

Details are sketchy as the police refuse to release any more information at this time...

ON TV:

Mannifeld pushes past the REPORTER.

MANNIFELD

Get that thing outa' my face.

REPORTER

(regaining composure)
Faculty and students alike are appalled that something like this could happen on this campus. Here's a young man who wanted to comment.

ALEX FISCHER barges in, next to the Reporter.

FISCHER

Yeah, man. It's "F'd" up, yo. This bitch was hot too, dude. Cryin' shame.

REPORTER

Thank you, sir.

FISCHER

Check it. My show's gonna be doin'
an in depth expo on Jackie's death,
so --

REPORTER

That's very nice, sir --

FISCHER

-- So any a you fine ass bitches
that knew Jackie wanna be on the air
this week, come on by an' we'll do
that in depth thing on this tragedy.

REPORTER

(pushing him off)

Thanks. As you can tell, Fiefdom
University is in shambles today, in
the wake of this horrible crime.
We'll have more as details come in.

BACK TO SCENE

Bernard clicks off the TV.

RACHEL (O.S.)

She was my pledge sister, Bernie.

BERNARD

Oh god. Sorry, Rache.

RACHEL (O.S.)

I need to see you.

BERNARD

What about "Hulk Smash"?

RACHEL (O.S.)

Stanford will be gone by seven.
Please, Bernard?

BERNARD

Sure. I'll be there.

RACHEL (O.S.)

These things happen sometimes, right?
I mean, sometimes these things just
happen?

BERNARD

I don't think so. See you tonight.
Be careful.

INT. MAPLES BOARDING HOUSE - UPSTAIRS COMMON ROOM -- DAY

Arden continues to work on clearing up the video on his
laptop.

Bobby talks with Janice intimately in the corner.

Vincent strides into the room, dragging Nubbins.

VINCENT

Arden!

Arden turns.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

The nice doctor here has something to say.

NUBBINS

(reluctantly)

I'm... I'm sorry, Arden.

VINCENT

For what?

NUBBINS

For... jumping to conclusions...

VINCENT

AND?

NUBBINS

And hurting your feelings. I realize now that you are... what you are. And it has no bearings on your ability to be part of the team...

VINCENT

Yes?

NUBBINS

(all in one breath)

I'm a bigot and a racist and I should be paraded about town in a little pink tutu in order to feel the pain that I have inflicted upon such a nice man.

(sighs)

I'm a "stupid dummy dumb dumb" and I'm sorry.

VINCENT

Very good.

Sponce leads Bobby and Janice in a slow standing ovation.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

Now what did we get from that tape?

Everyone gathers around Arden's computer.

ON THE MONITOR- Arden brings up a frozen image of the Nurse leaning over Nigel's bed. The image is much clearer than previously seen.

ARDEN (O.S.)

I was able to enhance it a little.

BACK TO SCENE

SPONCE

How do you do that magic you do?

ARDEN

I'm Batman.

BOBBY

Bad ass.

He and Arden share an elaborate handshake.

VINCENT

So what are we seeing?

ARDEN

Well, I found something interesting.

ON THE SCREEN -

The frames click by slowly, showing the Nurse walking to Nigel's bed. The lights flicker for a moment then snap on, revealing a dark figure in the corner of the room.

BACK TO SCENE

Arden freezes the image.

NUBBINS

Whoa! Who's that?

ARDEN

That's the question of the hour, isn't it? He's only in the one frame. It's almost like an anomaly. I almost missed it.

ON THE SCREEN -

Arden clicks to the next frame. The Dark Figure is gone, as is the statue, previously in Nigel's hands.

NUBBINS (O.S.)

His hands! The statue's gone!

VINCENT (O.S.)

Simmer down, Sparky.

ARDEN (O.S.)

And the rest is history.

He clicks a button, allowing the frames to roll by. They watch Nigel brutally attack the Nurse.

BACK TO SCENE -

Nubbins turns away.

JANICE

Sorry, Aleister . It must be hard to watch your father --

NUBBINS

That thing is not my father.

Nubbins walks out. Arden skips ahead on the tape.

ON THE SCREEN -

Kribbs, Bernard, and Howard enter the room. Bernard vomits, and stands back up into frame.

BACK TO SCENE

Arden freezes the image and zooms in on Bernard's face.

SPONCE

The frumpy "Lab coat" is Kribbs, and his muppet lookin' sidekick there is a cat named Walters. But this kid?

ARDEN

We got no idea who the hell he is.

SPONCE

Kribbs made a big "to do" of keeping him out of the room, and away from the detectives. Apparently it was his first night on the job.

BOBBY

Helluva first day.

ARDEN

Yeah.

VINCENT

No such thing as coincidence, gentlemen. Look into the kid. And find out where the hell Nubbins is.

Vincent starts out.

BOBBY

Which one there, chief?

VINCENT

(turning back)

Senior! I'll handle baby bear!

INT. KINGDOM CITY MUSEUM OF HISTORY - OCCULT WING -- DAY

Bojangles sits at his desk, analyzing the artifact with great intensity.

DOBBS (O.S.)

Sir?

Bojangles turns to see Dobbs, standing in the doorway.

BOJANGLES

Dobbs, I know. The first sacrifice has been taken. It has begun.

DOBBS

Sir?

BOJANGLES

Yes Dobbs. The police are investigating, but they'll find nothing of use. This is beyond them. "Like children they scatter about the sand..."

Dobbs is vacant.

BOJANGLES (CONT'D)
(agitated)
Never mind.

He continues to study the statue.

BOJANGLES (CONT'D)
How ironic that the very thing he
tried to contain has been unleashed
within him.

He tucks the statue into a hidden compartment in his desk.

BOJANGLES (CONT'D)
We must be patient, Dobbs. "All
good things come to those who wait."

DOBBS
Sir?

BOJANGLES
Oh come on! Are you completely
dense?! Tell me you've never heard
that one?!

DOBBS
(shocked)
No sir. I was just letting you know
that the delivery man is here...
with lunch.

BOJANGLES
Oh. Very good.
(looking at watch)
Now, he's ten minutes late, so no
tip.

INT. RACHEL'S APARTMENT -- EVENING

Rachel is curled up on the corner of her couch, quickly
scribbling into a note pad as she speaks on the phone.

RACHEL
Yes. Thank you so much, Becca... I
will. Tell Christian thanks for
me... Love you too. Bye-bye.

She hangs up. Suddenly there is a LOUD KNOCK at the door.

RACHEL (CONT'D)
Who's there?

BERNARD (O.S.)
It's me, Rache.

She jumps up and rushes to the door, undoing several locks.
She peeks out, leaving the chain on.

BERNARD (CONT'D)
(from the hall)
Jeez, paranoid much?

She lets him in.

RACHEL
Sorry. Since all this has been
happening, I just...

BERNARD
I know.

Long pause.

RACHEL
Look... I'm sorry about how things...

BERNARD
Me too.
(beat)
So how is ol' Stanford? Where is he
anyway?

RACHEL
I told him I had to study.

BERNARD
Oooh. A relationship based on lies
breeds contempt.

RACHEL
Shut up. We need to get going.

She grabs her jacket and keys. Bernard stops her.

BERNARD
Where we goin'?

RACHEL
I just got off the phone with my
cousin at K. Arthur Memorial. She's
dating this guy who works in the
morgue there.

BERNARD
Awesome... and creepy.

RACHEL
He worked with Jackie Newman's body.

BERNARD
Ew.

RACHEL
No, he found something. One of the
few body parts left intact...

BERNARD
Again I say, "ew."

RACHEL
Listen to me! There was a strange
mark on her shoulder.

Bernard's expression changes.

RACHEL (CONT'D)
Not a birthmark. Not a tattoo, or a
brand.

BERNARD
(affected)
Why are you telling me this?

She grabs his shirt, pulling it away from his shoulder, exposing the strange symbol.

RACHEL
I knew it!

BERNARD
What?!

She pulls her own sleeve back, revealing an identical mark.

RACHEL
I knew. I just knew you had one too.

BERNARD
What's going on, Rachel?

RACHEL
I don't know, but I got the name of a guy who might.

She pulls out a piece of paper.

RACHEL (CONT'D)
And I got an address from Becca. He'd been in the emergency room last week, ranting about chronic nightmares and a strange mark that suddenly appeared on his body, out of the blue! The same mark found on Jackie Newman. The same mark we have.

BERNARD
(smiling)
Look at you, Nancy Drew.

RACHEL
We have to find him.

INT. RACHEL'S APARTMENT BUILDING - HALLWAY -- CONTINUOUS

Rachel and Bernard rush around the corner as Stanford steps from the shadows... He is not happy.

INT. FIEFDOM UNIVERSITY LIBRARY -- NIGHT

The library is empty, except for Nubbins, who pours over many volumes of crumbling texts.

MUSIC BUILDS as...

Pages from various books dance ACROSS SCREEN -

"TIME OF RECKONING; END OF THE WORLD; ETERNAL DARKNESS; EVIL BEYOND DESCRIPTION; THE PROPHESED FIVE; THE UNCLEAN THING; SERVANT OF DARKNESS; STAR OF OBSIDIAN; PLAGUE OF DARKNESS; ELDER BEINGS; HUMAN RACE WILL BE NO MORE."

BACK TO SCENE

MYSTERY POV

FROM BEHIND a bookshelf ACROSS the room, WATCHING Nubbins.

We MOVE TO him, silently.

BACK TO SCENE

As Nubbins reads frantically, a hand slowly emerges behind his shoulder and slams down on him. Nubbins let out a high-pitched squeak, and turns to see Vincent.

VINCENT

A little jumpy, ain't we, Nubby?

NUBBINS

Please. For the hundredth time. Don't call me, "Nubby". I'm a bloody doctor, for Christ's sake. I have multiple degrees.

VINCENT

You still wipe your ass left to right just like the rest of us, Nubby.

Nubbins stares at him in disgust and confusion.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

And right now all your schooling and fancy coloring books mean precisely DICK unless you got somethin' to show for it.

NUBBINS

Yes, that was probably the most vulgar way to put that.

VINCENT

We brought you in on this mission because your father seemed to think you could help... but so far, all you've done is bitch and moan. So either you get with the brainstormin', or get on the first flight back to merry ol' fairy land.

NUBBINS

(slamming down books)
DAMN IT, MAN! I am a scholar! Not a Demon Slayer! Under the circumstance I feel I've held up rather nicely. Now if you don't BUGGER OFF and LEAVE ME THE HELL ALONE so that I can do my work... I'm half tempted to catch that flight to "fairyland" and leave you and your precious Originals to face your inevitable and most assuredly painful DOOM!

(MORE)

NUBBINS (CONT'D)

Because you see, without me, "Oh captain, my captain", you're fucked... Have I dumbbed that down enough for you, "VINNY"?!

A proud smile creeps across Vincent's face.

VINCENT

Someone grew some balls. 'Bout time, doctor.

(slapping Nubbins' shoulder)

Whatever it took for you to "man up"... keep doin' 'er... now whaddya got?

Nubbins falls back in his chair, staring at his books.

NUBBINS

My father's dead.

VINCENT

You're sure there's no way to--

NUBBINS

The creature that was released from the statue is called Malbogothra; a guardian of sorts, trapped in the statue... Until it was released into my father. It "guts" its host, from the inside out, then uses the physical body to consume its prey and gather strength. When it's at full strength, it may be used in...

(reading notes)

the Rites of Shourgath; a dark ritual to bring back the Elder Ones.

VINCENT

Elder Ones?

Nubbins stands and paces uncomfortably.

NUBBINS

Before man crawled from the sludge and claimed this world for its own, great beings thrived in the dark void; powerful and hungry gods who viewed man as nothing more than a petty annoyance. When their time came to an end, many were banished to the outer realms. There they remain to this day, ever yearning to claw their way back into our world, speaking to us through dreams and seemingly small events most of us never notice... and the world slowly spins into chaos... as we sleep.

VINCENT

Doc? You all right?

NUBBINS

This creature... Malbogothra, has been unleashed to consume the hearts of five chosen vessels; pure souls, untainted by world of man. The circle of events has already been set in motion, and I don't even know where to begin! These five are said to be drawn to each other by a mark... If we could only find one... but every hour that goes by, we lose valuable time to save them.

VINCENT

We got work to do, then.
(dialing cell phone)
I'll let the guys in on your findings.

NUBBINS

We haven't the slightest clue who these "pure souls" are... or how many are even left.

EXT. INNSMOUTH STREET -- NIGHT

Rachel and Bernard walk up the sidewalk.

RACHEL

He must be on the corner.

BERNARD

Who is this guy?

RACHEL

His name's Gary Drake. He's actually a teacher--

BERNARD

Dr. Drake!?

RACHEL

You know him, too?

BERNARD

He was my Physics professor two years ago... he was a dick.

RACHEL

(rolls her eyes)
C'mon.

She grabs him by the hand, leading him toward the front door.

As soon as they are out of sight, Stanford emerges from nearby bushes. He follows behind them.

EXT. DRAKE'S FRONT PORCH -- MOMENTS LATER

Bernard and Rachel are at Drake's door. Bernard is about to knock when...

The door CREAKS open. Bernard looks at Rachel.

BERNARD

Stay here.

He slowly creeps into the darkness, leaving Rachel standing outside, cold and alone.

INT. DRAKE'S HOME -- CONTINUOUS

Bernard tries the light switch. It's broken. He fumbles around in the dark, through the wreck of a living room. The furniture is toppled and glass smashed on the floor.

He makes his way into the kitchen, where a skillet has caught fire and smolders on the oven. He quickly extinguishes the fire, turns, and is about to head for the hall when he slips and falls to the floor.

Bernard reaches down and brings up his hand, revealing a red, sticky palm. He is sitting in a trail of blood, leading into the dark hall in front of him.

EXT. DRAKE'S FRONT PORCH -- CONTINUOUS

Rachel peeks through a window into the dark house.

STANFORD (O.S.)

Studying hard, I see.

She startles at the voice behind her, and turns to see Stanford.

RACHEL

Shit, Stanford. You scared the hell out of me. What are you doing here?

STANFORD

I thought you were acting weird, so I decided to see what you were up to... never thought in a million years you'd be getting back with "Frodo" in there.

INT. DRAKE'S HOME -- CONTINUOUS

Bernard follows the blood trail to a closed door. He slowly CREAKS open the door, enters the room, and gasps.

Before him on the bed, lies Drake's mutilated body.

BERNARD

Dr. Drake. Oh, God.

A GUTTURAL SNARL from behind. Bernard turns.

In the corner, crouched like a wild animal, is Nigel. His eyes glow a fierce green, and thick blood pours from his cracked lips.

EXT. DRAKE'S FRONT PORCH -- CONTINUOUS

RACHEL

We're not... look, it's complicated. You can't be here.

STANFORD

Oh, I think I can. I've got a few words for the "Boy Wonder".

RACHEL

Look, just go home and I'll call you later. Everything's fine, I promise.

Bernard SCREAMS from WITHIN the house. Rachel and Stanford rush in.

INT. DRAKE'S HOME -- CONTINUOUS

Bernard runs from the bedroom, with Nigel crawling along the wall, after him. Rachel screams.

STANFORD

What did you do, Bernard?!

Bernard jumps on Rachel, knocking her out of the way, as Nigel leaps for them. Nigel crashes into Stanford.

Bernard and Rachel, now on the floor, look over at Stanford. He fights with Nigel, and screams as Nigel bites into his throat.

BERNARD

Come on!

He grabs Rachel, lifting her to her feet.

RACHEL

STANFORD! NO!

BERNARD

Let's go! We can't help him!

They rush out the back door. Stanford stops screaming.

INT. MANNIFELD'S CAR -- NIGHT

Mannifeld and Jimmi wolf down greasy burgers, watching people interact on the city street.

JIMMI

Sir?

MANNIFELD

What is it now, Jimmi?

JIMMI

I've been thinkin' a lot about this case.

MANNIFELD

Uh huh.

JIMMI

I mean, you've worked homicide for years, and I've been on the job for a few... and, God knows we've seen our share of bizarre cases.

MANNIFELD

You got a point there, kiddo?

JIMMI

But, you ever get the feelin' that some of these things fall... outside of the tangible world? You know, that some of the unexplained cases we worked aren't simply scrapped because of lack of evidence... but that they really are unexplainable with our limited view of reality.

Mannifeld looks at him, and bursts out laughing.

MANNIFELD

What the fuck you been smokin' Jimmi?

JIMMI

I know, I know. But... I mean, bodies ripped to pieces, cults sacrificing little girls, grave robberies, mass suicides, hospitals fillin' up with crazies, the list goes on and on... and that's just the past few months alone!

MANNIFELD

Ya live in a place like Kingdom City, ya gotta expect the worst in people.

JIMMI

What if it ain't people?

MANNIFELD

What?

JIMMI

Just feels like there's more goin' on here to me. End of the world kinda stuff.

MANNIFELD

Never pegged you as a Jesus freak, Jimmi.

JIMMI

Never have been. Seems like as good a time as any to start.

The RADIO GOES OFF.

DISPATCH (O.S.)

All available units to residential address 713 South Endsmouth Street. Possible homicide. Suspect seen fleeing the area on foot. Proceed with extreme caution.

JIMMI

That's just a few blocks up.

MANNIFELD

God'll have to wait, Jimmi. We gotta go to work.

He starts the car and they speed away.

EXT. INNSMOUTH STREET -- MOMENTS LATER

Mannifeld and Jimmi drive past Rachel and Bernard, as they run down on the sidewalk. Mannifeld locks eyes with Bernard for a brief second. Rachel pulls Bernard down an alley.

INT. MANNIFELD'S CAR -- MOMENTS LATER

Mannifeld is lost in thought, as they pull up to the house.

JIMMI

What is it, sir?

MANNIFELD

Puzzle pieces, Jimmi.

INT. MAPLES BOARDING HOUSE - UPSTAIRS COMMON ROOM -- NIGHT

Vincent and Nubbins enter the room to find it a complete mess... Arden and Bobby play video games. Sponce, dressed as Vincent, flirts with Janice. Guns litter the room.

VINCENT

(enraged)

WHAT IN THE HOLY BLUE HELL IS GOIN'
ON HERE?!

They all turn to him; deer in headlights.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

No! You know, I don't wanna know!
It's not me you need to explain things
to... it's the good doctor here,
who, as queer as he may be, has been
workin' overtime to save ALL OF OUR
ASSES! Now he's gonna want to know
why the world's "supposed" greatest
threat to evil has done nothing in
the face of Armageddon but sit and
play video games!

BOBBY

You said a potty word.

VINCENT

SHUT UP!

NUBBINS

Go easy on them.

VINCENT

(calming himself)

What've ya got to say for yourselves?

Arden rushes to his computer.

ARDEN

I was able to hack into the Kingdom City Hall of Records. Interesting stuff, really. This entire city is basically a giant funnel that draws supernatural energy from within the earth.

Nubbins sets his books down and goes to him. They study the City Plans on Arden's computer.

ARDEN (CONT'D)

(clicking through
images on monitor)

After reviewing these plans and architectural designs, I found certain "hot spots" throughout the city.

NUBBINS

This is fascinating. All these buildings in the older part of town are connected by this series of tunnels and passageways .

Several ground plans and blueprints scroll by on the monitor.

NUBBINS (CONT'D)

Bloomfield, the History Museum, Fiefdom University, Old Town station, it just goes on and on! These ground plans are based in archaic pre-babylonian symbols. Amazing.

SPONCE

Is it getting hot in here, or is it just him?

NUBBINS

(pointing to screen)

They all converge around this spot. Mythian. I know that name.

ARDEN

That's the old cemetery at the edge of the city. Hard to get to. No road leads to it anymore.

BOBBY

Lovely bit a trivia for the tourists.

Nubbins rushes to his notes.

NUBBINS

(reading)

I got it! Mythian! From the Kanluish text, Mythyanas. "Gateway to the other."

He presents a tome, written in a strange archaic language. The symbol from Bernard's shoulder is prominently centered on the page.

NUBBINS (CONT'D)

That's the sweet spot; the gateway to bring the Ancient Ones back. We must find the most direct path to the cemetery.

ARDEN

Looks to be the tunnels under the Asylum. Most direct route.

NUBBINS

Yes.

ARDEN

Another interesting fact. All of these locations we've identified are owned by the same person... whether by direct sale or corporate rezoning.

VINCENT

Who?

ARDEN

A... Cuthbert Bojangles.

They all burst out laughing... except Nubbins.

NUBBINS

It's pronounced "Kooth-bear Bow-jon-glax". A multimillionaire philanthropist and amateur occultist. He owns Kingdom City and most everyone in it... If he is indeed involved in this, we're in serious trouble.

BOBBY

Glass-half-empty man, huh? Wouldn't have pegged that.

NUBBINS

This man has unlimited resources. He's funded my father's work for the past decade. Of course! He was the dark figure on the tape from the asylum. He released the beast that killed my father. I should have seen this. He was the closest to him all this time... I must've been blind.

VINCENT

Don't beat yourself up, doc.

BOBBY

Yeah, you know, when one sense goes they say the others get stronger. You could get hearing like a bat, or super smell or...

NUBBINS

PEOPLE ARE DYING! MORE ARE GOING TO DIE!

(MORE)

NUBBINS (CONT'D)

If "Bow-jon-glax" is indeed the one pulling the strings... we have little hope of combating him. He's been gathering his strength for some time now.

VINCENT

Well, we'll just find someone as powerful to help us balance the scale.

NUBBINS

My father was the only man I knew proficient enough in the ancient ways to battle such a foe.

VINCENT

Well, doctor... you'll just have to do it.

NUBBINS

Me?! I'm a glorified librarian! I can't do this. I...

JANICE

You have greatness inside of you, Aleister. Open that dialogue with your inner be--

VINCENT

Knock it off, Janice. Look, you've been workin' all day, finding out more about this... *thing* that's wearin' your dad as a suit. You know everything there is to know about this shit, and if any of us are gonna go up against Bojangles with more than just a our dicks in hand... it's gonna be you... sorry Janice.

Nubbins turns his back on them, almost in tears.

NUBBINS

My father thought I could help you. But I don't even know where to begin.

SPONCE

(best Vincent impression)
Not true, Nubby.

VINCENT

Sponce!

SPONCE

Sorry. Look. I sneaked into K. Arthur Memorial today and charmed the pants off of a dude in the morgue.

BOBBY

Ew. Did you mean to say that?

SPONCE

What?

BOBBY

Nevermind.

SPONCE

Anyway. Jackie Newman's body, found on campus yesterday, was torn to pieces. But, all vital organs were intact, except for one... the heart!

NUBBINS

That does nothing for us, except cement the fact that we are living on borrowed time! One of the five is already dead. Who knows if she was even the first?

SPONCE

My contact at the hospital said a girl called today, asking lots of questions about Jackie's body. She was interested in a particular mark found on the left shoulder.

NUBBINS

Mark?

SPONCE

Yeah, doc.

He slides Nubbin's book across the table. Then he pulls a crinkled piece of paper from his pocket, and lays it down.

SPONCE (CONT'D)

The guy drew it for me.

The symbols in the book and on the paper are identical.

SPONCE (CONT'D)

She was given the name of a patient with a similar mark, who had complained about excessive night terrors.

NUBBINS

What was the patient's name?!

SPONCE

(beat)

He didn't know. The girl's name was Rachel. That's all he had.

ARDEN

(listening to earpiece)

Wait guys. We may have a lead. The police have found another body... badly mutilated... heart ripped from the chest... named Drake... Gary Drake! Lived at seven hundred block of Innsmouth.

VINCENT

Sponce, get over there! See if you can glean any intel from the locals.

Sponce tears his leather outfit off, revealing a cop's uniform underneath. He puts on a small moustache and heads for the door.

ARDEN

Sponce!

Sponce stops. Arden gestures to his eye. Sponce notices he is still wearing the patch. He takes it off, smiles devilishly, and leaps out of the door.

NUBBINS

The man's an idiot savant.

VINCENT

God bless'im. Now Nubby, you gotta hit those books. We need to know how to fight this Malbobooby.

NUBBINS

Malbogothra.

VINCENT

That's what I said!

Nubbins walks out, muttering under his breath.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

And I don't want to hear any grumbling, mister! Arden, cross reference Jackie's name with Drake and this Rachel chick. See if you can come up with somethin'; doesn't matter how small. Bobby?

BOBBY

Suit up?

VINCENT

Get it done, son. Slap on the butter.

BOBBY

Smooth and creamy, sir.

Bobby runs from the room.

JANICE

What can I do to --

VINCENT

Shoulders. Now.

Janice sighs as Vincent collapses in his chair. She goes to him and rubs his shoulders, singing, "Puff the Magic Dragon."

INT. RACHEL'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

Rachel is in her bedroom on the phone. Bernard sits on the couch; Stanford's blood still spattered across his face.

He watches a news report on Television.

ON THE TV -

A News Reporter stands in front of Bloomfield Asylum.

NEWS REPORTER

The shocking events here at Bloomfield, Kingdom City's once great mental health center, have officials baffled tonight as the hospital is forced to close its doors. Bloomfield administrator, Gavin Kribbs, is sought for questioning into multiple allegations including possible homicide, but has been unable to be located as of this time. Law enforcement officials ask that any information be...

The TV clicks off.

RACHEL

(tossing remote)
Bernard? Bernard?!

BERNARD

Yes? Sorry.

She sits beside him on the couch.

RACHEL

Are you okay?

BERNARD

I'm fine... I...
(suddenly)
Oh, god! Rachel, how are you? I'm so sorry. Stanford and I didn't exactly get along, but I never...

RACHEL

No.

She grabs him and pulls him into a tender embrace.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

I know. There's nothing you could have done differently. Bernard, you saved me.

Bernard pulls back.

BERNARD

What was that thing? Did you see its eyes? Its skin...

RACHEL

Yeah. Listen to me, something bad is happening. I don't know what, and I don't know how... but we can't tell the police about this. They'll think we're crazy and--

BERNARD

God. This is so... I mean, we're in way over our heads here.

RACHEL

I know. I just got off the phone with a friend of my dad's. He knows a lot about strange stuff like this. Shrunken heads, voodoo dolls, rune stones, stuff like that. He agreed to come over.

BERNARD

This guy can help? You sure?

RACHEL

He's all we've got at this point. I'll get you something to drink. You should take a shower before he gets here. Clean up a little.

They stand, staring at each other in awkward silence.

BERNARD

Uh, so I guess I'll just...

Rachel leans in, kissing him softly.

EXT. RACHEL'S APARTMENT -- CONTINUOUS

CREATURE POV

Watching them kiss THROUGH Rachel's window. She pulls back from him and goes into the kitchen. Bernard sighs and limps to the bathroom.

We DROP down INTO bushes.

EXT. DRAKE'S HOME -- NIGHT

Emergency vehicle sirens flash as authorities inspect the crime scene. Spence walks out of the house carrying a briefcase. The officers wave to him as he walks past the police tape and into the darkness across the street.

He meets Vincent, Bobby, Arden, and Nubbins under a large tree.

SPENCE

(holding up briefcase)

I got it. This guy was definitely "Kibbles and Bits" for the same doggy.

He hands Vincent a file from the briefcase.

NUBBINS

I still can't get over that you're able to just walk right in there without anyone saying anything about it.

SPENCE

It's all in the wrist, doc.

NUBBINS

What?

VINCENT

(reviewing case file)

This is good work, Sponce. Drake was Jackie's professor at Fiefdom. He also has seven Rachels in class this semester.

BOBBY

Great, so we gotta try out each one?

ARDEN

Try out?

BOBBY

I mean... well, you know what I mean.

Vincent gives the file to Arden.

NUBBINS

(looking up)

We haven't the time for this.

They all look up to see the moon turning a blood red.

VINCENT

Get in the van. We'll brief as we move.

BOBBY

(to Arden)

You know what I meant, right?

INT. RACHEL'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM -- NIGHT

Bernard wipes the fog from the mirror, smiling back at himself. Rachel is talking to someone in the next room. He wraps a towel around himself and walks out of the bathroom.

INT. RACHEL'S APARTMENT -- CONTINUOUS

Rachel stands in the living room with a Figure dressed in a long black coat. She notices Bernard standing awkwardly in her "Hannah Montana" towel.

RACHEL

Oh! Bernard. Uh, this is my friend.

Bernard steps forward to shake hands with... Bojangles.

BERNARD

Hello, sir. Nice to meet you. Sorry about the nudity and all... I uh... well it's nice to meet you anyhow.

BOJANGLES

(smiling wickedly)

The pleasure is entirely mine.

INT. ORIGINALS' VAN - DRIVING THROUGH DOWNTOWN-- NIGHT

The Originals argue as Sponce drives through the city streets.

NUBBINS

...and we certainly cannot look up every single girl that shares the same name.

VINCENT

Of course not, Nubby.

ARDEN

(looking at monitor)
But we can tie two of them to that boy, Bernard, from the Asylum.

NUBBINS

How so?

ARDEN

I hacked into their records.

Arden takes a "juice bag" from the fridge and pulls his "crazy straw" from his pocket. Nubbins winces as he slurps the thick liquid.

ARDEN (CONT'D)

One Rachel was a lab partner of Bernard Cross's his freshman term. But behind door number two; drum roll, please...

They all stare blankly at him except for Bobby, who lets out an enthusiastic drum roll, before catching on.

ARDEN (CONT'D)

We have Rachel Graves. She was the kid's girlfriend for the past two years. They broke up the other day. Pretty bad too, from all the shit she wrote in her blog.

BOBBY

Why'd she dump him?

Arden hands him a picture of Bernard, taken from his desk.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

Oh.

NUBBINS

Why does any of this matter, Arden?!

ARDEN

She left Cross for a guy named Stanford Malley.

BOBBY

Wait. Did I get lost somewhere?

SPONCE

The same Stanford Malley who is lying dead in that house alongside Drake.

ARDEN

Exactly. And that's not all. She was in the same sorority with young Jackie Newman.

BOBBY

Holy shit.

SPONCE

You keepin' up there, tiger?

BOBBY

So...
(thinking)
Rachel uh...

ARDEN

Graves.

BOBBY

Right. Rachel Graves is Bernard's girlfriend.

SPONCE

Former girlfriend.

BOBBY

Whatever. And Drake was her teacher.

ARDEN

Bernard's too.

BOBBY

And so where does Stanford fit in?

NUBBINS

Well, you said that Rachel was looking into Drake's condition. Maybe her and Stanford went to visit Drake.

BOBBY

Bad move, Stan.

VINCENT

But Rachel's body wasn't at the scene, so she got out alive.

ARDEN

Stanford's heart was intact. So he's not one of our chosen contestants.

NUBBINS

This is perfect! The ancient prophecies state that the chosen five will be drawn to each other. We must find this Rachel! She could lead us to Bernard Cross, and hopefully the last remaining of the five!

Arden types furiously at his computer.

ARDEN

Already ahead of ya, doc. Should be pullin' up an address in no time.

INT. RACHEL'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

Bernard, now dressed in Rachel's "hand-me-downs", sits next to Rachel on the couch. Bojangles is perched in the chair opposite them.

BOJANGLES

Well, that's quite a story, Rachel.

RACHEL

But, it's true. All of it, I swear.

BOJANGLES

I have no doubt you believe these... notions to be true. But the fact remains you both have been under a great deal of stress. What with that girl dying on campus, and now your teacher...

BERNARD

Jackie didn't die, sir. She was gutted. By a monster.

Bojangles juts up out of the chair abruptly.

BOJANGLES

I feel the best course of action is to contact the authorities and wait. Now, I have many a friend at the precinct, and would be more than happy to call. It's late, children.
(quoting dramatically)
"Twas twilight, and the sunless day went down over"--

BERNARD

(finishing)

"...over the waist of waters."

BOJANGLES

Very good, Mr. Cross. You know Byron?

BERNARD

I know Picard.

BOJANGLES

Pardon?

BERNARD

Bit of a Trekkie.

BOJANGLES

(disgusted)

I see. Well.

Bojangles pulls Kribbs' watch from his pocket. Bernard recognizes it instantly.

BERNARD

That's some watch, Mr. Bojangles.

BOJANGLES

(overemphasizing)

"Bowjanglay." Thank you Bernard. It was a gift from a very dear friend.

Bojangles smiles. Bernard knows something is wrong.

BERNARD

I know someone who has a watch just like that.

Bojangles stares at him. He knows he is caught. He slowly clicks the watch closed, and smiles devilishly.

BOJANGLES

Clever lad. Pity.

A LOUD ROAR is heard from outside the window.

BERNARD

(jumping up)

RACHEL! GET OUT!

Nigel bursts through the window and onto the floor. He sniffs the air like a rabid dog.

Bojangles creeps back into the corner and pulls the statue from his coat.

Nigel turns to him and snarls at the statue's glowing eyes. Deep, penetrating cracks are beginning to form in his face and neck. Large talons protrude through the cracked skin of his hands

Nigel snaps around, focusing on Bernard and Rachel.

BOJANGLES

Running will do you no good, children.
(dramatically)

"The unclean thing shall know them
by the mark that unites the chosen..."

BERNARD

Oh, Shut up!

Bojangles is shocked at Bernard's insolence.

Nigel and the couple circle the living room, both threatening to make the first move.

RACHEL

I can't believe you would do this.

BOJANGLES

We all have our parts to play, child.

BERNARD

You better hope I don't get a hold
of your part.

RACHEL

Bernard?

BERNARD

Not like that.

BOJANGLES

So long, children. I reluctantly
bid you adieu, for parting is such
sweet sorrow.

Bojangles giggles to himself as he slinks out.

RACHEL

What do we do?

BERNARD

Hold on.

Nigel leaps for them. Bernard kicks the coffee table into
the air. Nigel crashes through it, falling to the floor
with a LOUD THUD. He looks up, snarling. Half of his face
is sloughing off, revealing slimy green scales.

Bernard grabs Rachel and runs to the bedroom, locking the
door.

INT. RACHEL'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM-- CONTINUOUS

Bernard and Rachel press against the door with everything
they have to keep it from splintering under Nigel's blows.

RACHEL

(crying)

What are we gonna do?!

BERNARD

I don't know. We have to get out!

He looks to the window on the far side of the bed.

BERNARD (CONT'D)

Go! I'll hold it off as long as I
can.

RACHEL

Then what?!

The door's hinges start to pull away from the wall.

BERNARD

At least you'll be safe!

RACHEL

NO, I won't let you! We're both
going.

BERNARD

Okay! Hold the door!

She presses into the door. Bernard rushes to her dresser,
attempting to push it.

Suddenly everything stops. They listen for a moment. Nothing.

RACHEL
It's gone. Maybe it --

Without warning the door shatters, and Rachel is pulled out into the hall.

BERNARD
RACHEL! NO!

Rachel screams, as Bernard rushes to her.

INT. RACHEL'S APARTMENT - HALLWAY -- CONTINUOUS

Bernard leaps onto Nigel's back, reaching over him to grasp Rachel's flailing hand. Their fingers lock tightly as Bernard pulls her closer. Time seems to stand still for the briefest of moments as their eyes meet.

Then, as if being ripped back into a nightmare, the sights and sounds return in full force. Nigel slashes Bernard across the chest, and throws him back into the doorway.

Bernard shakes his head in confusion, and looks up to see Nigel raise his claw and slam it down into Rachel. She screams loudly, as blood sprays her narrow hallway walls.

Bernard watches in utter futility as Rachel stops screaming. The look on his face tells us her fate. He stumbles back into the bedroom and falls to his knees. The sounds of the Beast feeding in the hall force him into a useless heap in the corner. He weeps uncontrollably.

A soft growling sounds from the hall, as Nigel slowly crawls into the bedroom. Fresh blood drips from his mouth, and his eyes glow green as he sniffs the air. He spies Bernard and GROWLS with delight. He is about to pounce when a volley of bullets tear into his side. He ROARS in pain.

Bernard looks up to see Bobby leaning in through the broken window with a large machine gun. He fires a few more rounds into Nigel. The bullets seem to hurt the beast, but do not put it down.

BOBBY
Wooheeee! You're a tough
sonuvabitch, ain't ya? Looks like
we'll have to bring in the big guns!

Nubbins bursts through the open doorway, holding an ancient book and reciting from its pages.

NUBBINS
(shaking in fear)
Nugath Shagurath in Seperatum Gojiree
naght in Catugalla!

Nigel WAILS in pain, rolling on the floor. Nubbins and Vincent back the Beast into the corner, opposite Bernard.

Sponce and Bobby rush to Bernard, and carry him out through the window.

Nubbins keeps repeating the ancient words, louder and with more intensity.

VINCENT

Good work there, Nubby!

Nubbins stops to correct Vincent. The Beast flies at them, knocking them to the ground. It runs through the open door and out of the apartment.

Nubbins and Vincent are left on the bedroom floor.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

Look what ya did now.

EXT. ORIGINALS' VAN - ACROSS THE STREET-- NIGHT

Arden is pacing impatiently by the van.

A LOUD, UNEARTHLY WAIL echoes in the night. Arden jumps and takes off his goggles, exposing his glowing red eyes.

ARDEN'S POV

With NIGHT VISION, Nigel is seen scurrying off into the darkness. Two flashing police cars swerve into the complex.

BACK TO SCENE

Arden races around the van, and starts the engine.

EXT. RACHEL'S APARTMENT BUILDING - LAWN-- CONTINUOUS

Sponce and Bobby carry Bernard across the lawn as the police cars screech several yards behind them.

Mannifeld and Jimmi leap from their car, rushing toward them.

MANNIFELD

(pulling out gun)

Hold it right there!

JIMMI

Police! Stop, or we'll shoot!

Sponce and Bobby keep running for the van.

INT. RACHEL'S APARTMENT -- CONTINUOUS

Vincent and Nubbins lean from the shattered window of Rachel's bedroom.

NUBBINS

What are we gonna do?

VINCENT

DAMN! C'mon.

They jump from the window and run off behind the building.

EXT. RACHEL'S APARTMENT BUILDING - LAWN-- CONTINUOUS

Mannifeld and Jimmi halt in firing positions.

MANNIFELD

I ain't kiddin', assholes! Stop
now!

Sponce and Bobby keep dragging Bernard across the lawn.

MANNIFELD (CONT'D)

Do it, Jimmi.

Jimmi fires a single shot, grazing Bobby's thigh. All three
fall to the ground.

SPONCE

You all right, man?!

BOBBY

Hell, yeah! Get the boy outa' here!

Sponce is about to pick up Bernard when the Originals' van
jumps over the curb and bounds in directly ahead of them.

Arden jumps out and grabs the wounded Bobby.

MANNIFELD

You gotta be shittin' me.

Mannifeld and Jimmi open fire on the van. Bullets ricochet
off the vehicle as Sponce slides open the door.

ARDEN

Get the kid!

Mannifeld and Jimmi rush toward them, firing at will.

SPONCE

I can't!

Sponce runs around front and gets in the drivers seat. Arden
shields Bobby with his own body, sustaining several hits.
He throws Bobby into the back of the van, slides the door
closed, and within moments they're off... leaving Bernard
behind.

Jimmi and Mannifeld rush up to the unconscious boy.

JIMMI

(out of breath)
Who were they?

MANNIFELD

(dying for air)
Hell if I know.
(looking at Bernard)
This kid was at the Asylum... and
Drake's house.

JIMMI

He needs medical attention.

MANNIFELD

Call it in. I'm gonna sit down for
a few.

He falls back onto the grass.

EXT. ORIGINALS' VAN - SIDE STREET -- CONTINUOUS

The van peels around a corner. Vincent and Nubbins step
into view of the headlights. Sponce pulls over and lets
them in.

VINCENT (O.S.)

Where's the boy?! Where we goin',
Sponce?

INT. ORIGINALS' VAN -- CONTINUOUS

SPONCE

Gotta get to the hospital, fast.

NUBBINS

Why?!

SPONCE

We need to get the boy.

VINCENT

GODDAMN IT, guys! Ya had one job!

ARDEN

Look, we tried.

(quick to point blame)

Bobby got hit.

VINCENT

(to Bobby)

Aw, poor baby. Gotta run in your
hose? I seen worse scratches than
that in preschool.

BOBBY

Sir, I didn't make a fuss about it.
I'm fine. It ain't gonna slow me
down...

VINCENT

Yeah, yeah. Save your bitchin' for
Janice when we get back.

(to self)

Buncha whinin' lazy ass, sissy boys.

Bobby sits back and pouts in the corner. Nubbins notices
Arden's torn and bloody shirt.

NUBBINS

You got shot too. Are you all right?

VINCENT

He'll be fine. Let's GO! We're
runnin' out of time.

The van speeds off into the night.

INT. KINGDOM CITY MUSEUM OF HISTORY - OCCULT WING -- NIGHT

Bojangles stands in a red robe, in the middle of an ornate symbol painted on the floor. He holds the statue up toward the heavens as ethereal green light radiates from the floor.

BOJANGLES
SHOGATH IN CATHUGALLA!!! MEDICAND
ET MIDION IN SOURGATUM!!! MYTHIANAS
SURAT BELIAL!!!

Dobbs walks into the room. The light dissipates.

BOJANGLES (CONT'D)
Dobbs! How many times--

DOBBS
The boy got away.

BOJANGLES
What?!

DOBBS
The beast consumed the third chosen vessel, but the fourth got away. He's at K. Arthur Memorial as we speak.

Bojangles shakes with anger. A green spark flashes across his eyes.

EXT. K. ARTHUR MEMORIAL HOSPITAL -- LATER

The Originals' van pulls up to the Emergency Room Entrance, dropping Nubbins and Sponce at the door.

Nubbins sighs, watching Sponce pull a stethoscope over a white lab coat. He wears an "Einstein" wig and moustache.

NUBBINS
I don't like this, Sponce.

SPONCE
(obtrusive German
accent)
Don't Vorry... I gott your bock.

Sponce slaps Nubbins on the back, leading him inside.

INT. K. ARTHUR MEMORIAL HOSPITAL - LOBBY -- CONTINUOUS

Sponce whispers in Nubbins ear, and makes a break for the elevators. Nubbins approaches a very large RECEPTIONIST at the front desk.

NUBBINS
Um... I am looking for...

RECEPTIONIST
What, honey?! Speak up!

NUBBINS
Sorry... I...

RECEPTIONIST

YES?!

NUBBINS

Well, I, I, I...

RECEPTIONIST

YOU GONNA HAVE TO SPEAK UP, SIR!

NUBBINS

I NEED TO SEE MY SON?!

RECEPTIONIST

Very well, what's the boy's name.

NUBBINS

Uh... Bernard...

(looking down at palm)

...Cross.

RECEPTIONIST

And what is your name sir?

NUBBINS

(thinking hard)

Chris.

RECEPTIONIST

(beat)

Chris Cross?

NUBBINS

("shit")

yeah.

RECEPTIONIST

You gonna make me "jump jump"?

Nubbins is lost.

INT. ORIGINALS' VAN -- CONTINUOUS

Arden listens on headset; Vincent watches monitors; Bobby dresses his wound.

ARDEN

I've got sound, but no pic... Oh here we go.

ON THE MONITORS

Nubbins- emphatically gesturing at the large Receptionist in the lobby.

Sponce- looks up at the camera from within an elevator.

BACK TO SCENE

VINCENT

Shit, Arden, what the hell's he wearin'?

ARDEN

Just wait.

VINCENT
(into microphone)
Sponce? Do you read me?

ARDEN
Gimme that.

He snatches the radio from Vincent.

ARDEN (CONT'D)
Do you read, Goose?

SPONCE (O.S.)
Ja, mein freund, loud und clear.

INT. K. ARTHUR MEMORIAL HOSPITAL -- CONTINUOUS

Nubbins argues desperately at the front desk.

NUBBINS
(way overdoing it)
I CANNOT BELIEVE, MA'AM, THAT YOU
WOULD DENY A FATHER'S RIGHT TO SEE
HIS DYING SON!

RECEPTIONIST
Sir. Bernard Cross isn't in the
I.C.U., and certainly not here in
Emergency. Nice try.

A Large Security Guard steps in behind her. Nubbins' bold attitude melts away.

INT. ORIGINALS' VAN -- MOMENTS LATER

Nubbins gets into the van, joining the others by the monitor.

NUBBINS
That wasn't fun in the least.

VINCENT
Good work Nubby. He's in.

INT. K. ARTHUR MEMORIAL HOSPITAL - 4TH FLOOR -- CONTINUOUS

Sponce moves down the halls, passing various employees, and sticking out like a sore thumb. But nobody seems to notice.

INT. ORIGINALS' VAN -- CONTINUOUS

The Originals watch the screens.

ON THE MONITORS - Mannifeld and Jimmi question the Receptionist.

BACK TO SCENE

ARDEN
Shit, buddy! We got company!

VINCENT
Get the kid, fast!

ARDEN

They're comin' up the elevator, man.
You got maybe five minutes.

Arden cracks into the hospital's files on the computer.

ARDEN (CONT'D)

He's in 414.

INT. K. ARTHUR MEMORIAL HOSPITAL - 4TH FLOOR -- CONTINUOUS

Sponce sees a sign marked "408 to 414". He moves with the agility of a jungle cat across the floor and into a closet at the end of the hall, not noticing his earpiece has fallen off.

It rolls across the floor.

INT. ORIGINALS' VAN -- CONTINUOUS

NUBBINS

Oh, this is not what I had anticipated
at all. This is going horribly wrong!

ARDEN

Quiet down, doc, we're fine.

BOBBY

Just breathe, man. Damn, you're
gonna...

Nubbins faints.

VINCENT

Goose, do you read me?

ARDEN

Goose? Hey man? GOOOOOOSE?!!!!...

Vincent looks at him.

ARDEN (CONT'D)

I got nothin'.

INT. K. ARTHUR MEMORIAL HOSPITAL - 4TH FLOOR -- CONTINUOUS

Mannifeld and Jimmi walk briskly down the hall.

Outside of room 414, Mannifeld bumps into a HOT NURSE wheeling
an unconscious woman in a wheelchair. Her BACK is TO us.

MANNIFELD

Sorry, sugar.

HOT NURSE

I'm not.

Mannifeld stutters for a moment.

JIMMI

Isn't there supposed to be a guard?

INT. ORIGINALS' VAN -- CONTINUOUS

VINCENT

Damn it, man, answer me! That's an order!

ARDEN

Well, that cinches it... We're --

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. K. ARTHUR MEMORIAL HOSPITAL - ROOM 414 -- CONTINUOUS

MANNIFELD

--Fucked! That's right, Jimmi. And it's all your fault. This just isn't your night, pally.

Mannifeld stares at Bernard's empty bed. Jimmi peeks over his shoulder. A Guard lays unconscious in the corner, covered in lipstick.

JIMMI

I don't understand. The boy was unconscious. Where could he have gone?

MANNIFELD

Well, it would appear that a force greater than you and me is working against us, Jimmi.

JIMMI

What?

MANNIFELD

God, Jimmi. God hates you.

He walks out of the room, leaving Jimmi behind.

MANNIFELD (O.S.) (CONT'D)

And he ain't too fond of me either.

INT. ORIGINALS' VAN -- CONTINUOUS

Bobby fans the unconscious Nubbins. Arden and Vincent stare blankly ahead in shock.

ARDEN

He's gone.

BOBBY

He knew the risk. We'll have to spring him later... if we make it through this.

VINCENT

Let's go Arden.

Suddenly there is a LOUD KNOCK at the side door. They jump. Bobby looks through the peephole.

BOBBY

It's a chick. She's hot!

VINCENT

What?

ARDEN

Let her in!

VINCENT

No!

Bobby opens the door. The Hot Nurse stands outside. Her back is TO US, as she bends over the Unconscious Woman in the wheelchair.

BOBBY

And she brought a friend.

ARDEN

In a wheelchair.

BOBBY

Beggars and choosers, partner.

Bobby looks longingly as the Hot Nurse bends far over to lift the Unconscious Woman in the chair. Her short skirt hikes up enough to reveal a little more than she would like.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

Hey, precious baby doll, to what do we owe the...

The Hot Nurse slams the Unconscious Woman into the van. The woman's wig slips off, revealing Bernard.

VINCENT

(noticing Bernard)

What the...

BOBBY

(to Hot Nurse)

Are ya just gettin' off now, or waitin' till--

The Hot Nurse stands, revealing that she is actually *Sponce!*

BOBBY (CONT'D)

Shit.

SPONCE

(pulling off wig)

No baby. Go on. That's my favorite line.

BOBBY

Yerra' asshole.

SPONCE

Can't we still be friends?

VINCENT

Nice work, hot stuff. Get in.

Sponce jumps in. Nubbins opens his eyes; sees Sponce in drag, and faints again.

The van speeds away into the night.

INT. K. ARTHUR MEMORIAL HOSPITAL - ROOM 414 -- MOMENTS LATER

Bojangles stands in the doorway, his face a mass of confusion and anger.

Dobbs slinks in behind him.

DOBBS

No one knows, sir. He was here moments ago.

BOJANGLES

How did he just disappear from under my nose?

DOBBS

It's a mystery to me as well, sir. I'm sure he'll turn up.

BOJANGLES

(snarling)

The ritual is tomorrow night! Find him!

Bojangles storms out, leaving Dobbs behind.

INT. MAPLES BOARDING HOUSE - UPSTAIRS COMMON ROOM -- MORNING

ALL IS BLACK

NUBBINS (V.O.)

That's a nasty bump.

VINCENT (V.O.)

How long's this gonna take?

FADE IN

BERNARD'S POV

Bernard's eyes flicker open to see Nubbins sitting in a chair DIRECTLY AHEAD. Behind him are Vincent and Janice.

NUBBINS

Here we are then.

VINCENT

Snap out of it, son.

BACK TO SCENE

Bernard sits, tied to a heavy wooden chair. The Originals gather around him.

Bernard suddenly comes out of his daze. He tries to scream but the gag in his mouth allows little sound to escape.

JANICE

It's all right, Bernard. We know who you are.

VINCENT

We've been watching you, boy.

Bernard thrashes about, beginning to cry.

NUBBINS

Nice.

JANICE

(pushing the men aside)

You aren't helping. Let me. Bernard, listen...

BERNARD'S POV

Janice COMES IN CLOSE; leaning INTO FRAME.

JANICE (CONT'D)

You are in danger, Bernard. We are here to help you.

CAMERA MOVES from her face DOWN TO her ample bosom. She wears a tight fitting, low cut shirt.

JANICE (CONT'D)

But I need you to do something for me. Would you do something for me, Bernard?

CAMERA BOBS up and down, "YES".

BACK TO SCENE

JANICE (CONT'D)

Good! Then I'll remove the gag.

She does. Bernard stays focused on his own "agenda".

NUBBINS

Bernard? Bernard?

Long awkward silence.

VINCENT

Well, that's that. The boy's a retard.

NUBBINS

He's been through a lot!

JANICE

I know it's overwhelming, Bernard. But I need you to focus on two big things.

BERNARD

(nodding to her bosom)

Okay.

JANICE

Great. First, we need to know what happened to you. And second, if you know who the last target is?

BERNARD

Wha... target? Oh my God. Rachel.

He begins to weep softly.

JANICE

It's okay. There, there.

She pulls him close to her breasts.

BERNARD

(weeping)

We... we were trying to help. She...
oh God, is she really dead?

VINCENT

(coldly)

Afraid so son. Listen we have a lot
to brief you on. Then we'll need to
get some answers from your end.

NUBBINS

Try to understand what he's going
through.

VINCENT

(pulling his patch to
opposite eye)

I... can imagine what you must be...
Life is... Sometimes in our
lives...uh... we all have pain... we
all have sorrow... but if we are
wise, we know there's always tomorrow.

Bernard stares blankly.

SPONCE

Well, he's tryin' at least.

CROSS FADE TO:

INT. MAPLES BOARDING HOUSE - UPSTAIRS COMMON ROOM -- LATER

Bernard sits unrestrained in a chair in the center of the
room. Nubbins, Janice, and Bobby stand before him. Sponce
pulls bullets out of Arden's back in the corner of the room.

NUBBINS

So that's about it on our end.

BERNARD

Whoa. I don't even know how to
respond to this. Whoa.

BOBBY

That'll do just fine.

JANICE

So you see, Bernard, we're the good
guys. You're in a protective bubble
of complete wholeness with us. We
need your help, but you are no
hostage... what do you say?

BERNARD

So... I can't go home. I'm wanted by the police. I'm one of two remaining targets of a bloodthirsty monster, hellbent on destroying the world... and the only thing standing in its way is a ragtag team of super monster fighters.

After a pause.

SPONCE

Right.

NUBBINS

That's about it, yeah.

JANICE

Correct, Bernard.

BERNARD

Sign me up.

Vincent walks into the room.

BERNARD (CONT'D)

So do I get a cool SNOOPY pin, or tattoo, or something?

VINCENT

What?!

(whining)

That's supposed to be a secret!

They all turn to him.

NUBBINS

You said you wanted us to debrief him.

VINCENT

YEAH! But not everything. We are a SECRET ORGANIZATION! Without the SECRET it's just N.O.O.P.I., and that's just silly!

JANICE

I think you're forgetting we need him to help us. Anger leads to hate... and remember our work. Hate leads to...

ARDEN

The dark side?

BOBBY

Back problems.

SPONCE

Close enough.

VINCENT

Fine! All right kid, who's the next target?

They all turn to Bernard.

BERNARD

Uh... Am I supposed to know this?

NUBBINS

You should be drawn to this person. You share the same primal essence.

Bobby giggles. Vincent slaps the back of his head. Nubbins thumbs through a book.

NUBBINS (CONT'D)

You see, all of the prophesied five are pure of heart, and represent mankind's innate goodness. You may have spoken with someone... someone who has a similar symbol on their person. We must use that mark you have to find the last surviving pure soul, before Malbogothra finds them. You are the world's last hope, Bernard. Think.

Bernard thinks for a long moment. They press in closer.

BERNARD

Wait!

They gasp.

VINCENT

What is it?

BERNARD

Do I get to carry a gun?

Mass grumbles.

NUBBINS

We really have little time here, the ritual is tonight and...

BERNARD

I know, I know... Whoa!

VINCENT

Yes, you can have an eye patch if you want.

BERNARD

No! I think... I think I know who it is... but I would never have thought of him as a pure soul.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. FIEFDOM UNIVERSITY CAMPUS RADIO STATION-- DAY

Alex Fischer sits in a booth with his feet up on his wreck of a desk, looking up a Barbie Doll's skirt.

FISCHER

All right fellow Fiefdom Plebes!
That's it here for the Dead Man!
We'll chat some more tomorrow in the
a.m. Until then... Money's on the
dresser, chocolate.

He throws his headphones on the desk. The "On Air" sign flicks off.

He takes a bottle of pills from his desk and downs a few before grabbing his backpack and walking out.

INT. CAMPUS RADIO STATION - PARKING GARAGE-- DAY

Alex skateboards down the rows until he gets to his car. Something SKITTERS in the dark garage behind him.

FISCHER

Hello?

He takes his ear buds out and puts his skateboard in the trunk.

A Shadow moves behind him, and a very audible BREATH is heard.

He turns.

FISCHER (CONT'D)

Look, fuckcicle! I got friends in
low places, so back the hell off,
'kay?!

He is alone in the garage.

FISCHER (CONT'D)

Look, you don't want none a this!

He gestures wildly in a pathetic attempt at "threatening".

He laughs to himself and turns. Directly in front of him stands... Vincent.

VINCENT

I'm gonna have to wash that mouth
out with soap.

Fischer turns to run.

Bobby and Sponce stop him.

FISCHER

What the hell?! What do you guys
want from me?! I didn't know she
was fifteen. Shit man, she said she
was twenty-five!

SPONCE

Do tell.

Bernard and Nubbins break through them.

BERNARD

No Alex. These guys aren't cops.

FISCHER

Bernie? You join a gang?

BOBBY

Sorta.

BERNARD

No, man. Listen. You knew Jackie Newman?

FISCHER

That bitch was fine, dog!
(noting their
expression)
...but I didn't do it.

SPONCE

You sure this kid's a pure soul?

VINCENT

Looks can be deceiving, right Nubby?

Nubbins lowers his head. Bernard pulls Fischer's sleeve, exposing his identical red mark.

BERNARD

Alex, other people are dying...
Rachel is dead.

FISCHER

No shit?

NUBBINS

We must get you to safety before...

A LOUD ROAR echoes through the garage.

FISCHER

What the hell was that?

EXT. KINGDOM CITY POLICE STATION -- DAY

Mannifeld rushes out of the station. Jimmi leans on the hood of their car, chewing a fresh toothpick.

MANNIFELD

Go time, Jimmi!

He rushes around the car, taking Jimmi's toothpick and snapping it.

MANNIFELD (CONT'D)

We got a hit on that van from last night.

JIMMI

You sure?

MANNIFELD

Big, old, and fulla' bullet holes.
Yeah I think so. Get in.

INT. CAMPUS RADIO STATION - PARKING GARAGE-- DAY

Bobby, Sponce, and Vincent draw their weapons and fan out.

VINCENT

Keep an eye on em, doc.

NUBBINS

Yes, yes.

Nubbins watches them go around the corner, and turns to see Fischer getting into his car.

NUBBINS (CONT'D)

No! Wait, you can't leave.

FISCHER

Fuck you, Bosco. I'm outta here.

He slams the door, and SQUEALS out. Nubbins runs after him, before realizing Bernard is nowhere to be seen.

NUBBINS

Oh brilliant, Aleister . One bloody task.

He runs after the car.

Meanwhile, Vincent, Bobby, and Sponce sneak around a pillar. There they find the beast rolling on the ground, ripping free from its last remaining human skin.

Bobby takes a step forward, drawing his gun. Vincent holds him back.

VINCENT

(whispering)

Where's your head, soldier?

BOBBY

(whispering)

I got this. Trust me.

VINCENT

(whispering)

Oh, yeah. You did a bang up job helpin' get the boy. Now, sit back and hold tight before you break another nail.

Bobby angrily holsters his gun. Suddenly the Beast lurches up. It sniffs the air and takes off running. They follow.

AROUND THE CORNER -- Fischer navigates through the garage. Bernard leaps from behind a pillar in front of his car. Fischer barely brakes in time.

FISCHER
What the hell, man?!

BERNARD
We need your help.

FISCHER
Look, get in or get outta the way.

Behind Bernard, Fischer sees the BEAST for the first time. MALBOGOTHTRA is in its true form; a large scaly body, a hideously tentacled head, standing roughly nine feet tall.

FISCHER (CONT'D)
(in shock)
Mommy.

Bernard turns to see the Beast slouching toward them. He jumps into the car with Fischer.

Malbogothra ROARS and starts to charge them.

FISCHER (CONT'D)
Hold on!

He floors the gas and races toward the giant Beast.

BERNARD
Alex, look out!

They slam into the Beast head on, flipping the Monster through the windshield. The car careens into a side wall.

Nubbins rushes around the corner, meeting up with Sponce, Bobby, and Vincent, in time to witness the wreck.

INT. FISCHER'S CAR -- CONTINUOUS

Bernard shakes his head and looks over to Fischer, who screams as he struggles against Malbogothra. The Beast, half inside the cars windshield, claws at Fischer with its talons. The car is a mass of broken glass, blood, and flailing tentacles.

FISCHER
Help me! Please, Bernard! Help!

Fischer is being torn to pieces. As Bernard feels around for a weapon, a large proboscis juts from the creature's tentacled mouth and thrusts into Fischer's chest. Fischer sits ridged, and falls back lifeless.

Bernard watches in horror as a brilliant blue light flows from Fischer's chest, up the proboscis, and into the creature's mouth. The moisture is sucked from Fischer's body, leaving only a dry husk.

The Beast's proboscis yanks back. It turns toward Bernard. Bernard screams and climbs through the broken window.

He sees the Originals standing across the garage.

VINCENT
Run, boy!

NUBBINS

Come on, Bernard!

Bernard is about to run when something hits him hard in the neck.

He stops and reaches up, pulling out a dart. He turns.

BERNARD'S POV

BLURRY and DISORIENTED he spies Bojangles and Dobbs. Dobbs lowers a blow gun.

BACK TO SCENE

Bernard falls, unconscious, to the ground.

Bobby fires at Bojangles. The bullets bend around him, cutting into the concrete wall.

Dobbs goes for Bernard. Bobby rushes him. Dobbs pulls a sword from his back.

BOBBY

Whoa!

VINCENT

Look out Bobby!

BOBBY

I GOT THIS!!!

He grabs a piece of steel, broken from the car's twisted frame. Bobby and Dobbs engage in a deadly battle.

Bojangles slips to Bernard, taking him into his arms.

Sponce raises his gun to fire.

NUBBINS

No! You'll hit the boy!

BOJANGLES

That's right, you wouldn't want to do that. He's a special lad. Or haven't you heard?

VINCENT

If he dies now, he's useless to you!

BOJANGLES

Are you willing to take that risk? Go ahead.

With one hand, he holds Bernard up off the ground.

NUBBINS

No! We don't know what'll happen!

BOJANGLES

(quoting dramatically)
"White shall not neutralize the black,
nor good compensate bad in man,
(MORE)

BOJANGLES (CONT'D)
absolve him so: Life's business being
just the terrible choice."

They stare at him; confused.

MANNIFELD (O.S.)
I don't know what the hell you just
said...

All turn to see Mannifeld and Jimmi standing at the entrance
to the garage, with guns drawn.

MANNIFELD (CONT'D)
But it makes me giddy to inform you
you got the right to remain silent!
Use it.

Bojangles tightens his grip on Bernard's neck.

VINCENT
(to Mannifeld)
Back off! This is beyond you!

MANNIFELD
You wanna' go, Popeye?! Try me?!

JIMMI
Drop your guns. We have backup
arriving any minute, and it'll be
easier if you just...

Dobbs and Bobby continue the duel. Bobby knocks the sword
from Dobbs' hand. Dobbs leaps on him, biting into his
shoulder.

Bobby screams and throws Dobbs to the ground. Mannifeld
fires a shot into the air.

MANNIFELD
I said EVERYBODY STOP!

Bobby has Dobbs in the headlock. He looks to Vincent, who
gives him a smug nod. Bobby snaps Dobbs' neck like a twig.
Dobbs falls lifeless onto the ground.

Mannifeld and Jimmi take aim and are about to fire when...

Malbogothra rises from the wrecked car, ROARING loudly.

Jimmi and Mannifeld stare up at the Beast in disbelief.

JIMMI
I told you!

He ducks behind a pillar.

Malbogothra charges Mannifeld.

MANNIFELD
Oh, shit.

The Beast lifts Mannifeld up, and rips him in half.

NUBBINS

Bernard!

They turn to see Bojangles and Bernard gone.

VINCENT

Shit! Come on!

He opens fire on Malbogothra. Bobby, Sponce, and Jimmi join in. The bullets rip into the Beast, spattering the garage in black sludge. The Beast ROARS ferociously, and jumps over the wall.

JIMMI

What was that thing?

NUBBINS

Long story.

Vincent walks up to Jimmi.

VINCENT

You... you little...

SPONCE

Remember your anger.

Vincent punches Jimmi square in the face, knocking him to the ground; unconscious.

BOBBY

Helps, doesn't it?

VINCENT

Yeah. It does.

BOBBY

I'm tellin' ya.

NUBBINS

We're doomed! "Bowjanglay" has Bernard! Tonight he will be sacrificed, and the world as we know it will crumble and fall to pieces...

VINCENT

(slapping him)

Nubbins! Damn it! There's always hope. Don't forget that.

SPONCE

Arden found where the ritual is taking place. We know when. We know where! Now all we gotta do is R. S. V. P.

NUBBINS

He will be at full power. I don't know if I can...

VINCENT

Failure is not an option. We only have a few hours. Let's roll.

EXT. DOWNTOWN KINGDOM CITY -- EVENING

The sun falls behind the massive buildings. Shadows form on every street. People lock up their businesses and go home for the day. Neon lights snap on, and the night brings a new breed of society to the streets.

INT. MAPLES BOARDING HOUSE - UPSTAIRS COMMON ROOM -- NIGHT

Nubbins pours over his books.

VINCENT

Nubby?

NUBBINS

(not looking up)

Yes, Vincent.

VINCENT

You can do this. You know that?

NUBBINS

(looking up)

What?

VINCENT

I know I don't come across as a caring guy... but I believe in what we're doin' here. I believe in you, Dr. Nubbins.

NUBBINS

Thank you. I don't know what to...

VINCENT

Don't say anything. Chances are it'll just come out gay anyway... I gotta go take a shower.

Vincent walks out. Nubbins watches him leave and smiles before going back to his books with newfound determination.

INT. MAPLES BOARDING HOUSE- VINCENT'S ROOM-- LATER

Vincent steps from the shower. Janice lays on his bed.

JANICE

Did you talk to Dr. Nubbins?

Vincent goes to the mirror, and pulls his patch from its corner.

VINCENT

Yes.

JANICE

And?

Vincent pulls the patch over his left eye.

VINCENT

We're up shit creek without a paddle.

INT. MAPLES BOARDING HOUSE - UPSTAIRS COMMON ROOM -- NIGHT

Arden lays a blueprint down onto the center table. Vincent, Bobby, Sponce, Nubbins, and Janice gather around it.

ARDEN

So we go in through the underground access tunnels under the Asylum.

BOBBY

They lead directly to this cemetery.

ARDEN

Right. Bloomfield was a hospital during cholera epidemics in the late seventeenth hundreds. Those tunnels allowed for the easy disposal of infected bodies.

SPONCE

All the hot spots are connected to Mythian, but this is the most direct path.

NUBBINS

Once we get to the cemetery, what happens?

VINCENT

You kiddin' me? I thought you would tell us.

NUBBINS

Well, I... I know the basic order of the ritual but... I mean, what do we do?

BOBBY

We kick ass and take names.

He shares a secret handshake with Sponce.

VINCENT

Basically. We'll be your first line of defense. But you'll have to take down Bojangles yourself, Nubby.

NUBBINS

We'll have to create a diversion. But we'll need more than that.

SPONCE

Don't worry about it.

BOBBY

We got it covered.

JANICE

Remember to visualize success. You all should take a minute to sit back and let your mind flow down that stream of positivity. Really see yourself saving the day.

VINCENT
(rolling his eye)
Thanks, Janice.

Nubbins flips through his notes.

NUBBINS
He will sacrifice Bernard precisely at the stroke of midnight. Before that moment he will be drawing strength from the collective souls that have been absorbed by the Beast already. At the final moment, Malbogothra will consume Bernard's heart, and thus fulfill the ritual. "Bowjanglay" may then use the Beast to rip a hole in our reality, allowing the Elder Gods to crawl and spill forth into this world. Then... everything we know will be nothing more than a distant memory.

They stare at Nubbins in disbelief.

VINCENT
Yeah... well, not today.

He walks to the center of the room. HERO MUSIC begins softly in the background; slowly building.

VINCENT (CONT'D)
Men... Janice. We have fought countless battles side by side. We have saved the world many times over-

NUBBINS
But-

VINCENT
Don't even think about it!
(getting back into it)
... but now, in its darkest hour, mankind calls out for new breed of hero... An enemy has surfaced; a powerful and destructive force that threatens everything we have worked to protect. We cannot simply get by on our old tricks. Not this time. This evil is greater than anything we've come up against. I am honored to fight this good fight by your side... Yes, even you, Nubby.

Nubbins smiles.

VINCENT (CONT'D)
Now... what say we get suited up, go in there, and kick some evil ass!

The room is dead quiet. The burden they are charged with is now quite evident.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

NOW!

They all jump up and scatter. MONTAGE MUSIC begins.

GETTING PREPARED - MONTAGE

Arden, bedecked in heavy riot gear over his Hawaiian shirt, scans the blueprints while slurping down a "juice bag".

Bobby sits on the corner of his bed polishing a giant shotgun that juts from between his legs. He cocks it, smiling.

Nubbins walks down the hall reciting his texts. He comes to Sponce's room. The door flies open, and Janice pushes a nude Sponce out into the hall, and slams the door. Nubbins stares at Sponce, who holds his clothes in front of him. Sponce smiles. They stand awkwardly, before parting ways.

Vincent stares at himself in the mirror. A single tear forms under his right eye. Just as it is about to fall, he closes his patch over it. He takes a deep breath, and grabs his jacket from the corner of the mirror.

END MONTAGE

EXT. BLOOMFIELD ASYLUM -- NIGHT

The Originals stand looking up at the crumbling asylum before them. The wind picks up as they climb the steps. A Lunatic runs past them from the broken front door.

BOBBY

Good sign.

INT. BLOOMFIELD ASYLUM FRONT LOBBY-- CONTINUOUS

They walk through the lobby. The place is completely empty, with the cell doors swinging wide open.

INT. BLOOMFIELD ASYLUM HALLWAY -- CONTINUOUS

The Originals walk cautiously through the deserted halls.

Something skitters in the darkness behind them. They pretend not to notice.

BOBBY

You thinkin' what I'm thinkin'?

VINCENT

Almost never. But whaddya got?

BOBBY

This place ain't as empty as it seems.

SPONCE

Oh he's good.

VINCENT

You got anything, Arden?

Arden slips off his goggles and peers into the darkness with his red glowing eyes.

ARDEN

Oh yeah. Freak show, all right.

ARDEN'S POV

Ten to fifteen LUNATICS are crouched in the darkness around them. They crawl over themselves, seething with anticipation. Many have mutilated themselves by ripping their eyes from the sockets, sewing their mouths closed, or tearing their lips away from their faces. A few have strange symbols carved in their flesh that seem to glow in the darkness.

ARDEN (CONT'D)

We better move fast or this party's gonna start early.

VINCENT

Let's move.

Arden quickly leads them down the corridors, and stops in front of a dark stained spot in the wall.

NUBBINS

What is it?

ARDEN

"Speak friend, and enter."

SPONCE

Nice.

NUBBINS

What?!

Arden pounds his fists into the wall. They all watch as it slides open to reveal a secret passage. He leads them down into the darkness below the asylum.

SERIES OF SHOTS

Bobby strikes a match, lighting torches for Nubbins, Vincent, and himself. Sponce cracks a glow stick, which dangles from his belt, between his legs.

They walk down a winding moldy stone staircase.

SPLASHES ECHO as Arden leads the team through a series of vast tunnels. They come upon a large circular room dimly lit with torches. They step into the light and gasp at the gruesome sight before them.

Dr. Kribbs, hangs on the wall above a large symbol carved in the stone floor. His body has been badly mutilated with his chest flayed open and pinned back, exposing his spilling entrails.

BOBBY

Well hell, if I hadn't lost my appetite already...

SPONCE

Gross.

NUBBINS

(barely able to hold
his composure)

It's the ritual of Sarnath... A
strengthening spell... we're
definitely on the right track.

They stand at the foot of a winding, crooked staircase.

VINCENT

Nowhere to go but up.

A LOUD SCUFFLING and WAILING echoes in tunnels far behind them.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

MOVE! NOW!

They race up the staircase into the darkness. The twisted Lunatics skitter behind them in a frenzied pursuit.

EXT. MYTHIAN CEMETERY -- MOMENTS LATER

A crypt door, covered in overgrown vegetation, swings open. The Originals rush out, slamming the door closed behind them. Vincent and Nubbins survey the area.

The ground has twisted the landscape, allowing the large monuments and crypts to jut from the earth at strange angles. Gnarled trees and vegetation grow unrestrained across the graves.

Bobby, Arden, and Sponce struggle to hold the crypt door closed as the Lunatics fight to get out.

BOBBY

Get a move on, boys. We got this.

Vincent grabs Nubbins and they sneak through the maze of crumbling stone.

NUBBINS

Stop. Look.

He points. In the distance a dark figure stands on a hill, the sky swirling a deep red behind him. THUNDER RUMBLES.

VINCENT

We're just in time.

They move closer. Bojangles stands in the decrepit remains of a stone church. Bernard lays before him, tied to a large stone altar. Strange symbols are delicately carved into his bare chest. The beast stands tall behind Bojangles, panting heavily.

EXT. MYTHIAN CEMETERY - CHURCH RUINS-- CONTINUOUS

Bojangles chants maniacally, as he raises a long, jagged dagger above his head.

Lightning flashes behind him. A DARK STORM rolls in.

BOJANGLES

Father! Mother! Hear the meager
cries of your unworthy servant! It
is I who have set events in motion
to allow your return to this realm;
I who slaved for years to bring the
players to the board and tip the
game in our favor!

Bernard awakes on the slab, and tries to scream through his
gag, but is unable to break his bonds.

BOJANGLES (CONT'D)

Do not forget me when you distribute
your gifts, oh, Lords of Chaos! I
have ever lived to serve only you!

VINCENT (O.S.)

Sounds kinda queer if you ask me!

Bojangles and Bernard look over to see Vincent standing a
few feet away, smoking a fat cigar. He appears to be alone.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

...What with the pansy ass grovelin'
and all. You'd think that for all
the overtime you been puttin' in,
you'd get a cushier seat, Bojangles!

Bojangles snarls in disgust.

BOJANGLES

"Bowjanglay."

Vincent spits.

VINCENT

Whatever.

BOJANGLES

KILL HIM!

Malbogothra ROARS loudly, and slouches toward Vincent.

Bobby joins Nubbins hiding around the crumbling stone wall
behind Vincent.

NUBBINS

What? Where did you come from?
Where are the others?

BOBBY

Oh... they're fine.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. MYTHIAN CEMETERY -- CONTINUOUS

Arden and Sponce are overrun by the Lunatics. They struggle
vigorously against the hoard of mutilated maniacs.

ARDEN

Where the hell is Bobby?!!!!

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. MYTHIAN CEMETERY - CHURCH RUINS-- CONTINUOUS

Bobby gathers his strength and stands. He struts over to Vincent's side. Nubbins watches in utter shock.

VINCENT

(whispering to Bobby)

What're ya doin'?

Bobby rips Vincent's cigar from his lips and chews it.

BOBBY

Don't worry. I got this.

He slaps Vincent's shoulder, and struts up to the towering Malbogothra.

EXT. MYTHIAN CEMETERY -- CONTINUOUS

Arden and Sponce finish off the last two Lunatics with a few deft wrestling moves. The area around them looks like a war zone, with the bloody bodies of the Lunatics laying scattered about the ground. Sponce helps Arden to his feet, and they run to catch up with the others.

EXT. MYTHIAN CEMETERY - CHURCH RUINS-- CONTINUOUS

Vincent backs up as Nubbins is joined by Arden and Sponce. They all crowd in around Vincent and watch Bobby in amazement.

BOBBY

Look here, you slimy piece of petrified dog shit! I don't care what bygone hell dimension you came from, I'm here to tell ya... We ain't buyin' it! No way in hell are we gonna let you and your pansy ass "rodeo clown" over there get away with destroyin' everything we hold near and dear!

He throws down the cigar and pulls a shotgun from its holster.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

When all's said and done, we're the good guys! And the good guys always win in the final frame.

He cocks the shotgun.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

So! You just gotta ask yourself one question! Where d'ya want it?

Malbogothra thinks for a brief moment, then slams his massive hands together on either side of Bobby's head; popping it like a melon.

The Originals gasp in horror.

Bobby's headless body slumps to the ground, as The Beast looks up at the Originals.

They take shelter behind a crumbling stone wall.

NUBBINS

Oh my God!

SPONCE

He killed Bobby.

VINCENT

Damn, that was my last cigar too.

They look at him.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

What?! I mean... It was a double whammy, right?

Malbogothra punches through the stone wall, sending the team scattering in various directions.

Arden and Sponce run behind a nearby crypt.

Vincent pulls a gun and fires at the raging Beast.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

GO, NUBBINS! DAMN IT, MAN! GROW SOME BALLS!

Nubbins huddles in the tall grass behind a gravestone.

BOJANGLES

THE HOUR IS AT HAND!

Lightning flashes. Rain begins to beat down. The sky swirls red.

VINCENT

NOW, DOCTOR! DO IT NOW!

Nubbins gathers his strength and rushes to the altar. Bojangles notices the pathetic little man at once.

BOJANGLES

Ah, Aleister ! Once again, trying to take on forces beyond your comprehension. Your father would have been disappointed... as usual.

NUBBINS

You have no real power! You used my father's knowledge of the dark arts for your own personal gain!

BOJANGLES

Your father was a pawn! He served his purpose! And now, you Aleister , have the privilege of bearing witness to the fruits of his labor!

Around the corner, Vincent dodges a deadly blow from The Beast. Its fist crashes through a gravestone.

Arden and Sponce sneak closer to the altar.

NUBBINS

Do you honestly think that the Elder Beings will regard you as anything more than a petty annoyance! They'll kill you, "Bowjanglay", right along with the rest of us!

Bojangles lowers the knife.

BOJANGLES

Nothing could be further from the truth! They'll elevate me to a higher plane! I'll be a god among the remaining mortals!

He raises the knife above Bernard. Bernard winces.

BOJANGLES (CONT'D)

(dramatically quoting)

"Or if I may say this, to surpass the gods, who sitting opposite you again and again, gazes upon you and hears you sweetly laughing"!

Nubbins is confused.

BOJANGLES (CONT'D)

Oh my dear, NUBBINS?! I thought you a learned man?!!!

NUBBINS

(forming a plan)

You're too smart for me, "Bowjanglay"! But there's one thing that gets me...

Sponce and Arden are almost to the altar, as Nubbins speaks.

NUBBINS (CONT'D)

With all the forethought that went into your master plan, you forgot one teeny tiny little detail...

BOJANGLES

(confused)

Yes!? What are you going on about?

NUBBINS

You think you're so damn smart, don't you? You think that because you were able to bend my father's work to fit your own insane schemes that you are somehow better than him. And that because the world views my work as largely trivial and...

BOJANGLES

"The mad ramblings of a pompous, overworked doomsday theorist."

NUBBINS

I see you read Modern Science.

BOJANGLES

And the Times. And Rue Morgue...

NUBBINS

Nevertheless! You believe you are better than me; better than us... that you honestly deserve to be elevated to Godhood!

Bojangles smiles smugly.

NUBBINS (CONT'D)

But you forget one thing, "Koothbear"! ...You still wipe your ass left to right like the rest of us!

BOJANGLES

WHAT?!!! That... that makes no sense.

He looks back. Nubbins is gone. The altar is empty.

BOJANGLES (CONT'D)

What?! WHERE?!

He looks over to see Sponce and Arden helping Bernard through the cemetery.

BOJANGLES (CONT'D)

NO!

Nubbins runs past Vincent, who still struggles with The Beast.

NUBBINS

We have the boy! Let's get out of here!

VINCENT

'Bout time!

Vincent rushes after Nubbins. The Beast follows.

A CHURCH BELL TOLLS in the distance.

NUBBINS

He's almost out of time! Get Bernard out of here!

Bojangles quickly spots Bernard running behind Sponce. He throws the ceremonial knife through the air.

Just as it is about to strike Bernard, Vincent runs past, followed by the Beast.

The knife plunges deep into the Beast's back.

The final BELL TOLLS.

The Beast stands upright and ROARS loudly.

BOJANGLES

NO!!!

Tiny cracks form over the Beast's entire body. Bright green light pours from deep within the Beast as he falls, writhing on the ground.

The earth begins to shake. Stones topple and the ground begins to split open into multiple deep chasms.

NUBBINS

We must go!

SPONCE

It's almost over, doc.

NUBBINS

No! His masters will not suffer failure lightly! We must get out of the cemetery!

The Beast is consumed by a brilliant light, and explodes in a ball of green flame.

The Originals rush out of the crumbling cemetery. Once clear, they look back.

Many of the molded stone monuments are swallowed by the earth as the cemetery collapses in on itself.

Bojangles stumbles to the edge of a very large black pit, and peers into the darkness. A LOUD ROAR emanates from deep with the chasm.

BOJANGLES

Masters! NO! PLEASE!!! I BEG YOU!

His face contorts in horror, as large tentacles thrust from the black abyss, and constrict around his struggling body. They Lift him high above the ground.

The Originals turn away, as Bojangles screams in agony. The SOUNDS of his MESSY DEATH echo though the cemetery.

VINCENT

Good God.

SPONCE

Ew. Just... Ew.

Nubbins turns back. Vincent and Bernard step up on either side of him. Arden puts a hand on his shoulder.

ARDEN

We did it, doc.

VINCENT

All in a day's work. Huh, Nubby?

NUBBINS

(angry)
I told you...

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. MISKATONIC UNIVERSITY BOARD ROOM -- ONE YEAR LATER --
DAY

NUBBINS
...that's DOCTOR NUBBINS.

Nubbins, finely dressed, sits on a witness stand, before a large committee. The Originals are nowhere to be found.

COMMITTEE CHAIR
Sorry. DOCTOR Nubbins. You actually expect us to believe that story?

NUBBINS
It's the truth.

COMMITTEE MEMBER 1
If these events really did take place, I assume you have some hard evidence to back up your claims?

NUBBINS
Not as such, no.

COMMITTEE CHAIR
The events that occurred last year in Kingdom City are tragic, yes. The death of your father weighs heavily on you still, I'm sure, but...

NUBBINS
No! These things happened. These people did exist, and this book must be published! The world must know what lurks in the shadows... The evil that...

COMMITTEE CHAIR
Yes. Yes. We've heard all this before.

Nubbins sits back in his chair, dejected.

COMMITTEE CHAIR (CONT'D)
But we simply cannot allow you to stay on here at this University, under the circumstances. And the book will not be published, I can assure you. Too much speculation has been raised as to your involvement in the deaths of those students at Fiefdom. And as for this... mythical team of super heroes...

The doors burst open. Light floods into the room. Two Shadows stand in the doorway, back-lit by the setting sun.

The Board Members turn. Nubbins squints to see.

Out of the light step Vincent and Bernard, both clad head to toe in black leather.

VINCENT

Got a job, Nubby. You comin'?...
Or were you in the middle a somethin'?

Nubbins smiles. He grabs his briefcase, rips off his glasses and joins his comrades.

BERNARD

We gotta lot to brief you on, doc.

They turn to leave. Vincent turns back.

VINCENT

(nodding)
Ladies.

They walk out into the warm light.

EXT. MISKATONIC UNIVERSITY GRAND HALL -- CONTINUOUS

Sponce stands by the same rusted van, wearing a tweed jacket and smoking an incredibly large and pretentious pipe. Janice waves from the passenger seat. Arden slides open the door and smiles from the darkness of the van.

ARDEN

(starting to lean out)
You guys ready to save the world...

The sun's rays hit him and he begins to sizzle. He quickly falls back out of the light.

ARDEN (CONT'D)

Uh... Again?

Sponce slaps Nubbins' shoulder, pulling him into a manly embrace. Vincent rolls his eyes and pushes them into the van. He lights a cigar for Bernard, before lighting one of his own.

VINCENT

Gettin' anything, son?

BERNARD

(coughs)
Nothin'. Not since the initial vision. That enough to go on?

VINCENT

(shrugs)
Hell. The day's far from over. We got a good crew, plenty a firepower, and a sketchy lead at best... sounds like a...

NUBBINS

(popping head out)
Where are we going then?

VINCENT

GODDAMNIT NUBBY! I told you never interrupt me when...

JANICE
(leaning out the window)
Vincent.

VINCENT
I know. Get in. I'll brief you on
the way.
(to Bernard)
Let's roll.

They jump in and slam the door. Bernard peers through the window and smiles. The van drives off into the sunset, with promises of a greater ass-kicking tomorrow.

FADE TO BLACK