

# **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 masse.

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 KРИBBS; 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...

KРИBBS

That's terribly annoying, dear.

HOWARD

Sorry, doctor.

KРИBBS

No apologies, as long as the lesson is learned.

Long pause.

Howard POPS again.

KРИBBS (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.

KРИBBS (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.