

THE SUNSHINE INSTITUTE

Chapter One

1st Draft

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FADE IN:

TEASER

EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - NIGHT

GRAPHIC: CHAPTER ONE

INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE/KID'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Lightning casts grotesque shadows across the walls of the room - they skip and hop like nightmarish puppets performing a dance macabre.

A boy - 6 years-old - bowl cut - big round eyes - sits bolt upright in bed screaming in terror.

EVAN (V.O.)

Remember when you were a kid and
you had nightmares about monsters
living under your bed...

Two glowing red eyes appear in the darkness under the boy's bed.

Thunder - lightning - screaming.

The thing under the bed growls with sinister intent.

Suddenly, the bedroom door swings open.

EVAN (V.O.)

...and your mummy would come
running.

The boy's mother - 20's - frazzled - rushes to comfort her son.

EVAN

She would wipe your snot nose and
tell you to be a 'big boy'.

The mother reaches under the bed and pulls out a wind-up Frankenstein Monster toy. The toy's eyes light up red as it emits an electronic growl and waves its tiny plastic arms.

EVAN (V.O.)

She would tell you there were 'no
such thing as monsters?'

Smiling serenely, she switches the toy off and places it carefully on the bedside table. She then tenderly kisses her son on his forehead.

Lightning flashes - more intensely than before as if, this time, it came from inside the room.

Suddenly a black, gnarled claw strikes out from under the bed and grabs the mother's ankle.

The mother gasps as she is yanked off the bed.

Desperately digging her nails into the wooden floor, she is dragged under the bed and down into the void.

EVAN (V.O.)

Well, the 'bitch' lied.

The kid resumes screaming hysterically. His face fills the frame as we move into his screaming mouth.

CUT TO:
BLACK

TEASER ENDS

ACT ONE

INT. EVAN'S APARTMENT/BATHROOM - NIGHT

EVAN HIPKINS - 20 something - marginally attractive - he's no Harry Styles but you'd do him after a few chardonnays - lies submerged under six inches of murky bath water. Motionless, eyes open, staring - he could be dead.

EVAN (V.O.)

My girlfriend told me in today's competitive job market it's important to stand out. Example, I can hold my breath under water longer than anyone I know. A skill that I hope will give me that winning edge.

Evan bursts through to the surface and gasps for air.

He quickly checks his stopwatch.

EVAN

(crushing disappointment)

Crap!

The bathroom door flies open and Evan's girlfriend enters.

KIMBERLY FRANKS - 20 something - all attitude and ambition. Not completely out of Evan's league, but she could definitely do better. *

KIMBERLY

I need to take a pee! *

Kimberly looks into the toilet bowl and reels back in disgust.

KIMBERLY (CONT'D)

Christ Evan!

Dry retching, she flushes.

EVAN

(defensive)

I thought we were conserving water?

Kimberly pulls down her knickers, hoists up her skirt and plonks herself down.

EVAN (V.O.)

This is Kimberly, my girlfriend. My mates reckon I should have dumped her after she slept with that dude from off Shortland Street. *

CRASH CUT: *

INT. EVAN'S APARTMENT/BEDROOM - NIGHT

Evan and Kimberly are lying in bed staring at the ceiling.
Evan has been crying.

KIMBERLY

(defiant)

It was a once in a life time
opportunity.

EVAN

He was only an extra!

KIMBERLY

A 'featured' extra Evan. A
'featured' extra.

CRASH CUT:

INT. EVAN'S APARTMENT/BATHROOM - NIGHT

Kimberly begins to pee.

We move across to Evan sitting in the bath. *

EVAN (V.O.)

But there's no way I'm dumping her. *
Look at her, she's hot...well...a *
solid seven. Could I do better? *
Perhaps, but I'm just not prepared *
to take that risk. *

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

An early model Honda Civic bobs and weaves its way through
rush hour traffic. *

INT. LATE MODEL HONDA - DAY

Kimberly is driving with no detectable concern for her fellow
road users.

KIMBERLY

This relationship is going no *
where. *

Evan has breathed onto the passenger's window and is drawing *
in the fog.

KIMBERLY (CONT'D) *

We've been together 2 years and in *
that time I've grown. You, on the *
other hand, have gone backwards. I
don't know how you did it, but
you've actually got 'less' mature.

EVAN
How do you mean?

Reveal that Evan has drawn a large cock and balls on the window.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

The Honda takes a sharp left and disappears down a side street.

INT. LATE MODEL HONDA - DAY

KIMBERLY
I want what Lucy has. *

EVAN
A colossal douchebag for a
boyfriend? *

KIMBERLY
Lucy's Gary has a future. He's just
been appointed assistant night
manager at Electric City, and he's
the Vice Captain of his indoor
soccer team. *

EVAN
He's a dick. He didn't invite me to
his stag do. *

KIMBERLY
That's because he doesn't like you.
None of my friends do. *

CUT TO: *

EXT. JOB CENTRE - DAY *

Kimberly hits the brakes and the Honda screeches to a sudden
halt in front of a grey concrete building - brutalist
architecture - circa 1970's. *

A large sign on the front of the building reads JOB SEEKERS
CENTRE. *

INT. LATE MODEL HONDA - DAY *

Kimberly hands Evan a job centre appointment card. *

KIMBERLY
It's time you seized your destiny. *

Evan looks down at the card. *

KIMBERLY (CONT'D)
SEIZE IT! *

He takes the card.

KIMBERLY (CONT'D)
Get a job, today, or it's over.

EVAN
(confused)
What's over?

KIMBERLY
Us, you and me, this shame we call
a relationship.

CUT TO:

EXT. JOB CENTRE - DAY

Evan steps out onto the footpath.

Kimberly grinds down through the car's gears in search of
first.

KIMBERLY
I'm not home tonight, it's Lucy's
hen party. But I want to know how
you got on, so call me.

EVAN
But...

KIMBERLY
No buts, no excuses. Get a job,
today, or we're finished.

Kimberly floors the accelerator.

The Honda disappears through the traffic.

Evan looks down at the job card in his hand.

EVAN
Shit!

CUT TO:

INT. JOB CENTRE - DAY

The centre is one large open plan office with several
regimented rows of desks, separated by grey partitions.

The neon lighting covers everything in a cadaverous green
wash.

Evan sits at a desk - the only bright spot in the entire
room. An oasis of colour, the desk is covered in kitsch
objects, a vase of plastic flowers, mascots and executive
toys.

Employment Facilitator JOCELYN GREEN, 24 - extremely pleasant
- sits behind her desk. She is wearing a blood red dress with
large white polka dots. *

JOCELYN
(cheerfully)
Card. *

Evan hands Jocelyn his job card. *

JOCELYN (CONT'D)
Name?
Beat. *

EVAN
It's on the back of the card. *

Jocelyn waits patiently. Clearly she is not interested in
reading the card. *

EVAN (CONT'D)
Evan Lance Hipkins. *

Jocelyn begins to enter Evan's details into her computer. *

JOCELYN
How do you spell Hipkins? *

Evan points to his name printed on the card. *

Jocelyn smiles. *

EVAN
Hipkins, H-I-P-K-I-N-S. *

Evan's file pops up on Jocelyn's computer screen. *

JOCELYN
Are you serious about finding
gainful employment Mr. Hipkins? *

EVAN
Yes, absolutely. *

JOCELYN
It's just that you've listed
amongst your skills... 'holding
your breath under water.' *

Jocelyn studies Evan for a moment.

JOCELYN (CONT'D)
Evan, I have a long list of genuine
job seekers I could be talking to
right now. *

Evan looks around. The only other person on the entire floor
is an 80-year-old bag lady holding an empty bird cage. *

EVAN *

Well, I... *

JOCELYN *

(interrupting) *

Excellent. Because I have the *

perfect position for you. *

EVAN *

(surprised) *

You do? *

JOCELYN *

And the good news is that you can *

start immediately. *

She hands Evan the job form. *

JOCELYN (CONT'D) *

Here's the address. *

EVAN *

But I can't...I mean...I've got... *

JOCELYN *

Things on? Do you mean watching *

porn with you're loser friends? *

EVAN *

What? *

JOCELYN *

Can you hear that sound Evan? *

Evan listens. He can't hear a thing. *

EVAN *

No. *

JOCELYN *

Listen. *

Confused, Evan concentrates. *

JOCELYN (CONT'D) *

Listen. *

Evan concentrates even harder. *

JOCELYN (CONT'D) *

Listen. *

Evan gives up. *

EVAN
I'm sorry...

JOCELYN
It's the sound of your life
slipping away. Evan, there are two
kinds of people in this world,
there are the 'followers' and there
are the 'go getters'. Kimberly is a
go getter. If you want to save your
relationship you've got to decide
which one you are.

EVAN
(confused)
Which one?

JOCELYN
Are you a 'follower' or are you a
'go getter'?

EVAN
Um?

JOCELYN
You're a 'go getter' Evan.

EVAN
I am?

JOCELYN
Yes!

Jocelyn waves the job card in Evan's face.

JOCELYN (CONT'D)
Now, 'go get it'.

Evan reluctantly takes the card from Jocelyn.

CUT TO:

INT. JOB CENTRE/FILE ROOM - DAY

Thousands of large metal filing cabinets are lined up in
neat, orderly rows. They stretch off as far as the eye can
see, disappearing into the darkness.

Jocelyn enters carrying Evan's file. She moves over to a
large paper shredder and cheerfully begins feeding the file
into it.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. THE SUNSHINE INSTITUTE - DAY

Evan walks up a cobbled driveway towards a large gothic red
brick building with imposing iron bars on the windows.

EVAN (CONT'D)
Evan Lance Hipkins.

She begins to write.

JOCELYN TWO
How do you spell Hipkins?

EVAN
H-I-P-K...

SOLO (O.C.)
You made it!

Evan turns to find a woman standing directly behind him.

SOLO, 30-something - tall - dark - athletic - she exudes confidence and intelligence.

She takes Evan's job card from off Jocelyn Two .

SOLO (CONT'D)
So, 'Evan', have you got your own teeth?

EVAN
Yes?

SOLO
Good because there's no dental.

She chucks Evan's job card into a waste paper basket.

EVAN
I need that.

SOLO
Not anymore. Congratulations, you're hired!

EVAN
What? No interview?

SOLO
You just had it. Passed with flying colours. Yay for you!

EVAN
(nervously)
But I...

SOLO
But what? It said on your application you're a 'go getter'. So what is it Evan, are you a 'go getter' or are you a 'but' man?

She sniggers at her own bad joke.

EVAN *
Yes. *

SOLO *
You like butts? *

EVAN *
Yes, no. I mean, yes, I'm a 'go *
getter'. *
(unsure) *
I suppose. *

Solo contemplates Evan. *

SOLO *
Carpe diem, carpe diem. Am I right? *

Evan continues to look lost and confused. *

SOLO (CONT'D) *
It's latin. *

EVAN *
I know. Seize the day. *

SOLO *
(impressed) *
You speak latin? *

EVAN *
No. *

SOLO *
Shame, that could have been useful? *

Solo thinks a moment and then presses a red button on the *
reception desk. *

SOLO (CONT'D) *
I think you're going to work out *
just fine. *

EVAN *
Really? *

SOLO *
No, probably not. *

There is a loud buzz and the reception door swings open. *

SOLO (CONT'D) *
Okay dude, now take a deep breath. *
Things are going to get a little *
'fucked up' from here on in. *

Solo pushes Evan through the reception door. The door slams *
shut behind them both. *

Jocelyn Two take Evan's job card and begins cutting it up
with a pair of scissors.

*
*

END OF ACT ONE

*

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ACT TWO

INT. THE SUNSHINE INSTITUTE/DOCKING BAY - DAY *

The docking bay is enormous.

Its victorian influenced architecture reminds Evan of pictures he's seen of King's Cross Station in London. *

The bay is a hive of activity.

Several dozen matt black service vehicles from various eras, vintage to contemporary, are parked in the bay. *

Their drivers are busy filling out paper work.

Lumbering, zombie-like maintenance crew load the vehicles with all manner of curious looking equipment. Some of it appears paramilitary in design.

SOLO *

So Evan, why did you want to join the Sunshine Institute? *

EVAN *

To be honest...um? *

SOLO *

Solo.

EVAN *

I'm only here because my girlfriend gave me an ultimatum. *

Solo stops dead in her tracks. *

SOLO *

That's outrageous. *

EVAN *

I know, right? *

SOLO *

You've got a girlfriend?
Wow, okay, you're full of surprises. I'm really beginning to like you Evan. I hope you don't get killed. *

EVAN *

Excuse me? *

Distracted, Evan walks straight into one of the maintenance crew.

A huge man with bloated, pale skin and milky grey, dead eyes.

The man roars menacingly at Evan. *

SOLO
I don't think he likes you.

Barry snarls.

SOLO (CONT'D)
Relax Barry. He's the new guy.

Barry shuffles off.

Evan tries to pick off a pungent green substance deposited on his shirt from the collision with Barry.

SOLO (CONT'D)
Pick up your feet new guy, it's time to wake up Callaghan.

INT. THE SUNSHINE INSTITUTE/PASSAGE - DAY

Solo and Evan enter.

Two tiny, elf-like creatures rush past carrying a large glass specimen jar containing an unidentifiable biomass.

The elves spill a pus coloured liquid out of the jar onto Evan's shoes.

The stench makes Evan want to throw up.

Solo stops outside a door marked Callaghan.

A hotel 'DO NOT DISTURB' sign dangles from the knob.

Grunts and groans are coming from the other side of the door.

Clearly someone is having sex, bad sex.

Solo pounds on the door.

SOLO
Callaghan! Time to go to work!

CALLAGHAN (O.C.)
(breathless)
Please go away!

Solo pounds on the door again.

SOLO
The new guy's here.

Beat.

The door opens.

CALLAGHAN - 55+ - pale - blotchy skin - over weight alcoholic
- pops his head out.

CALLAGHAN

New guy?

*

Solo steps aside revealing Evan.

CALLAGHAN (CONT'D)

(crushing
disappointment)

Christ! They're taking the piss!
Send it back.

SOLO

Put some pants on. We've got a job.

A hard-as-nails hooker pushes past Callaghan.

CALLAGHAN

Same time next week?

The woman flicks him the bird and keeps walking.

CALLAGHAN (CONT'D)

Wait!

She stops and turns.

HOOKER

What?

Callaghan produces a clerical collar, clips it onto his shirt
and raises his right hand.

CALLAGHAN

I absolve you from your sins. Go in
peace.

WORKING GIRL

And you go fuck yourself Callaghan!

CALLAGHAN

Bless you my child.

The hooker exits. Callaghan zips up his trousers.

Evan is staring at Callaghan in disbelief.

CALLAGHAN (CONT'D)

What are you looking at shit stain?

Callaghan pushes past Evan and Solo.

SOLO

Hey, I said we've got a job.

CALLAGHAN

And I've got to take an elephant
size crap.

Callaghan stops, turns and looks Evan directly in the eye.

CALLAGHAN (CONT'D)
I'm not kidding, it's literally the
size of an elephant.

Callaghan exits.

SOLO
Christ.
(to Evan)
Come on kid.

Solo heads back to the docking bay.

EVAN
(frightened)
What's happening?

Evan chases after Solo.

INT. THE SUNSHINE INSTITUTE/DOCKING BAY - NIGHT

Evan and Solo are standing beside a jet black 70's PANEL
VAN.

Evan reluctantly poses for a Polaroid photograph.

EVAN
I'm not sure this is going to work
out...

*
*
*

SOLO
So this girlfriend of yours, do you
love her?

EVAN
What?

FLASH!

Solo removes the polaroid from the back of the camera and
begins shaking it.

SOLO
Do you love her?

EVAN
We've been together for 2 years...

SOLO
That's not what I asked.

Solo tapes Evan's photograph to the van's sun visor.

SOLO (CONT'D)

Do you love her, or are you filling
in time until someone better comes
along. Or, worse, have you just
settled?

Evan notices there are half a dozen polaroids of young men
and women taped to the visor. They all have large X's
scrawled across them in red marker pen.

CALLAGHAN (O.C.)

Christ, what a night.

Callaghan stumbles across the docking bay towards them. He
is drinking from a hip flask.

CALLAGHAN (CONT'D)

I dreamt they sent us a new guy
and he was a complete arse-wipe.

Callaghan spots Evan.

CALLAGHAN (CONT'D)

(crushed - it wasn't a
dream)

Son of a bitch!

*
*

Solo takes the flask off Callaghan and hands him a mug of
coffee.

Callaghan pours half the coffee out, produces a second flask
and tops up the mug.

He then curls up in the back of the van.

Solo jumps behind the wheel and turns the ignition key. The
van's engine roars to life.

SOLO

Get in kid. You're on company time
now.

EVAN

If I can just get my card back I'll
be on my way.

*
*

Callaghan pops his head out and tries to steady his hand long
enough to light a cigarette.

*

CALLAGHAN

You're a quitter kid. I got no time
for quitters.

*
*

There is a loud menacing growl.

*

Evan looks around to see Barry, the service Zombie, lumbering
towards him from across the docking bay floor.

*
*

SOLO
Get in the van kid.

*
*

EVAN
(nervously)
Who the hell are you people?

SOLO
I'll explain everything on the
road.

*

Barry roars.

Evan leaps into the van.

Smiling, Solo throws the van into drive and hits the gas.

The van speeds out of the docking bay and into the night.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CITY - NIGHT

Rain and wind lash the city.

INT. INNER CITY HOTEL SUITE - NIGHT

Kimberly stands on the balcony of the hotel suite. We can hear a party happening in the room behind her. She is on her mobile phone. She is worried - could it be possible Evan has called her bluff?

*
*

KIMBERLY
(frustration)
Pick up Evan!

*

LUCY, 20 something - superficially pretty - wearing a bride's veil - stumbles out onto the balcony carrying two glasses of champagne.

*

LUCY
(drunk)
What are you doing out here, babe?

Kimberly hides her phone behind her back.

LUCY (CONT'D)
You're not trying to get hold of
that loser boyfriend of yours
again?

KIMBERLY
(hiding her concern)
No.

*

Unconvinced, Lucy looks at Kimberly with raised eyebrows.

Kimberly producers her phone.

KIMBERLY (CONT'D)
It's not like him not to answer.

Lucy hands her friend a glass of champagne.

LUCY
Forget about Kevin.

KIMBERLY
Evan.

LUCY
Whatever! Don't take this the wrong way Kimmie but Bevan's a little bit of a... 'wanker'.

KIMBERLY
(resignation)
I know.

LUCY
What you need is someone like my Gary.

KIMBERLY
Your Gary's one in a million, babe.

LUCY
(cutely)
Aww, you're so sweet, babe.

Lucy and Kimberly clink glasses.

LUCY (CONT'D)
There's a Gary out there for you, Kimmie. Who knows, you might even meet him tonight.

Both women take a drink. Lucy heads back into the party.

Kimberly looks down at her phone.

KIMBERLY
(emotional)
Fuck you Evan Hipkins!

Pushing back tears, Kimberly follows Lucy inside.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. PANEL VAN - NIGHT

Callaghan is in the back of the van sleeping.

Solo drives, Evan sits next to her on the passengers side trying to get a signal on his mobile.

SOLO *
Don't take this the wrong way, but *
you're not the kind of person who *
usually ends up working at the *
institute. *

EVAN *
It wasn't my idea. *

Evan holds his mobile up over his head - still no luck. *

SOLO *
Well, you know what they say, 'You *
don't choose the institute, it *
chooses you'. It's more of a *
calling than a job. *

EVAN *
Well, no one called. Clearly *
there's been some kind of mistake. *

SOLO *
The folks up stairs don't make *
mistakes. Have you ever had any *
kind of 'unusual' experiences? *

EVAN *
Unusual? *

Beat. *

SOLO *
Yeah, something you couldn't *
explain away. *

FLASHBACK *

INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE/KID'S BEDROOM - NIGHT *

A boy sits bolt upright in bed screaming in terror. *

Two glowing red eyes appear in the darkness under the boy's *
bed. *

The boy's mother rushes in and comforts the boy *

A black, gnarled claw strikes out from under the bed and *
grabs the mother's ankle. *

She is dragged under the bed and down into the void. *

FLASHBACK ENDS *

INT. PANEL VAN - NIGHT *

Evan is lost in the memory. *

EVAN
No nothing.

SOLO
We're here.

Evan drags his mind back to the present.

EXT. CUL-DE-SAC - NIGHT

Solo's panel van cruises down the street.

Two jet black vehicles are parked outside a house at the very end of the cul-de-sac. One of the vehicles straddles the curb, its doors are open and hazard lights flashing.

Solo pulls up and parks.

NICKLES - 40 plus - skinny - nervous tech-guy - approaches.

SOLO
What you got, Nickles?

NICKLES
(scared)
It's bad guys. Really fucking bad.

Solo jumps out of the van, takes a clipboard from off Nickles and begins to read.

NICKLES (CONT'D)
It took out the entire family, the parents, the kids. It filleted the fucking cat, man.

SOLO
(impressed)
Christ.

Solo looks across to the vehicle park with its hazard lights flashing.

SOLO (CONT'D)
Where are Birch and Hatfield?

NICKLES
Inside...they haven't come out.

Nickles takes out his phone.

NICKLES (CONT'D)
I'm calling for more back up.

Callaghan appears, grabs Nickles' phone, throws it to the ground and smashes it under his heel.

CALLAGHAN

I've got all the back up we need
right here.

He produces a large, silver, antique revolver.

NICKLES

Fuck you Callaghan. That was a new
phone.

Evan starts walking away.

SOLO

Hey kid, where do you think you're
going?

EVAN

I'm calling an Uber. *

CALLAGHAN

That's why she cheated on you. *

You're a goddamn quitter.

Evan's pace slows. *

EVAN *

What? *

CALLAGHAN

Kelly, she cheated because she knew
you didn't have the balls to do
anything about it. *

Bemused and angry, Evan turns to face Callaghan.

EVAN

Her name's Kimberly, and how did
you...? *

Callaghan walks over to Evan and places a hand on his
shoulder. *

CALLAGHAN

You've got the 'look' kid. The same
sad, my life's shit and everyone
else is to blame, look I've seen in
the eyes of guys in bars all across
this sad old world. Listen to me,
Darren.

EVAN

Evan.

CALLAGHAN

Whatever. You've been a little
pussy whipped, arse-wipe your
entire life. Am I right?

Evan goes to protest but Callaghan pulls him in even closer - his breath smells of bourbon and cigarettes.

CALLAGHAN (CONT'D)

I'm right. But this is your opportunity to turn your life around, to grow a half decent pair of man sized marbles.

Lightning flashes across the night sky illuminating both men's faces.

CALLAGHAN (CONT'D)

Or you can catch that Uber home right now.

*

Solo fires Callaghan a questioning look.

CALLAGHAN (CONT'D)

It's up to you. I don't really give a fuck either way.

Long pause. Evan doesn't leave.

Solo steps over and fits Evan with a bullet proof vest.

EVAN

Who the hell are you people?

*

SOLO

It's hard to explain in so many words. It's best you 'experience' it for yourself.

*

*

Solo tightens the vest.

*

SOLO (CONT'D)

Fits you like a glove.

*

*

CUT TO:

*

INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - NIGHT

*

Evan and Callaghan enter the darkened house.

A foul stench hits Evan immediately causing him to reel back.

EVAN

Christ!

CALLAGHAN

Hold it together kid.

EVAN

What is that?

CALLAGHAN

You get used to it.

Callaghan spots a well stocked liquor cabinet and heads straight for it.

CALLAGHAN (CONT'D)

And the Lord will open the heavens,
the storehouse of his bounty.

Tucking his pistol into his belt, Callaghan pours a large whiskey and offers it to Evan.

CALLAGHAN (CONT'D)

Drink this. It'll take your mind
off the stench.

Desperate, Evan drains his glass. The alcohol burns.

EVAN

Fuck!

CALLAGHAN

See.

INT. PANEL VAN - NIGHT

Solo sits in the back of the van at mission control - an array of retro-tech computer consoles and digital monitors.

Two of the monitors carry live feeds from body cams attached to Callaghan and Evan's vests. Two other monitors display their vital signs.

SOLO

Okay, people we are live.

INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - NIGHT

Evan adjusts his earpiece.

SOLO (O.C.)

Having fun yet Evan?

EVAN

I want to go home.

CALLAGHAN

It's not knocking off time yet boy.

Pouring himself a drink, Callaghan starts to look around the room.

While Callaghan snoops, Evan spots a shadowy figure spying on him from an adjoining hallway. Through the gloom he can just make out the shape of a child - a girl around 8 years old.

EVAN

Hello?

The girl turns and runs off down the hallway.

Evan follows.

Callaghan turns to offer Evan a second drink...

CALLAGHAN
Here you go kid.

...only to discover he has vanished.

CALLAGHAN (CONT'D)
Kid?

INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE/KITCHEN - NIGHT

Evan enters.

A flickering blue light fills the kitchen from a television playing in the room next door.

Evan follows the light.

INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE/TV ROOM - NIGHT

Evan enters.

A man sits in an armchair in front of the television with his back to Evan.

EVAN
(whispering)
Hello?

Evan walks over to the man.

EVAN (CONT'D)
Hello?

There's no reply.

Evan taps him on the back.

The man's head tumbles off his shoulders.

The head rolls across the floor coming to rest against the TV cabinet. It's dead eyes stare back at Evan, it's bloated tongue pokes out as if it is blowing him a raspberry.

Evan instantly throws up.

He turns to run but slips on the fresh vomit.

Crashing to the floor, Evan comes face to face with the severed head.

Terrified, he scrambles backwards and presses against the wall.

SNARL.

Slowly looking up, Evan sees the young girl clinging to the ceiling directly above his head.

The girl's eyes are jet black, her hair is matted with dry blood.

Her lips peel back to reveal razor sharp teeth.

The demonic child drops down on top of Evan.

INT. PANEL VAN - NIGHT

Evan's vitals suddenly go crazy.

Solo sits to attention.

SOLO

Callaghan, what's going on in there? Where's the kid?

INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE/TV ROOM - NIGHT

Callaghan charges in. *

CALLAGHAN

Relax, I've got him.

CUT TO:

Evan is thrashing around the room with the demonic little girl clinging to his back.

EVAN

(desperate)
Get her off me! *

Callaghan draws his pistol and takes aim.

CALLAGHAN

Stop moving around!

The girl tries to bite Evan but he manages to hold her off.

CALLAGHAN (CONT'D)

I can't get a clean shot.

Callaghan shoots, he misses. The TV explodes in a cloud of sparks. *

Evan backs up, slamming the girl into the wall. She screams with rage. *

Callaghan aims.

CALLAGHAN (CONT'D)

Hold her right there!

He fires. The bullet clips Evan's left shoulder and he screams in agony.

EVAN
You shot me!

CALLAGHAN
Man up! It's only a flesh wound.

Blood spurts from the hole in Evan's shoulder, driving the child into a frenzy. She sinks her razor sharp teeth into Evan's shoulder. *

Screaming in pain, Evan crashes to the floor.

Callaghan fires again. This time he is on target.

The force of his bullet sends the girl flying into the wall.

Callaghan continues to fire.

The girl leaps around the room, avoiding the bullets from Callaghan's gun and escapes out the window into the night.

Solo bursts in. *

CALLAGHAN (CONT'D)
I'm okay.

She ignores Callaghan and rushes over to Evan.

SOLO
Kid, talk to me kid.

Evan lies unconscious on the floor, blood gushes from his shoulder.

Nickles enters with an institute med kit. He runs over to Evan and checks his pulse.

Pause.

SOLO (CONT'D)
Well?

Longer pause.

NICKLES
He's dead.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

CUT TO:

EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - NIGHT

Evan is lying motionless on the lawn. His eyes stare blankly into space.

Solo, Callaghan and Nickles look down at his lifeless body.

SOLO

Shit, this is the third 'new guy'
we've lost this year. You know what
that means?

NICKLES

Excommunication.

CALLAGHAN

They can't excommunicate me. I'm
'ordained'.

NICKLES

They can do anything they want.

Callaghan nervously swigs from his flask.

Solo snatches the flask off him.

CALLAGHAN

(protesting)

Hey!

She drinks it dry and tosses it over her shoulder.

NICKLES (O.C.)

He's not dead.

SOLO

What?

Solo and Callaghan look across at Nickles, who is still standing over Evan.

NICKLES

He just blinked.

Solo examines Evan, but there is no sign of life.

She moves closer to him, still nothing.

Even closer...

Suddenly Evan gasps for air.

Solo reels back.

*
*
*

SOLO
(relief)
He's alive!

Evan makes an odd croaking noise. His eyes roll back in his head and he goes limp.

SOLO (CONT'D)
Get him in the van.

The sound of thunder fills the air. *

They look up at the sky. *

Dark, unnatural looking storm clouds roll over the horizon towards them.

Beat.

NICKLES
(terrified)
They're coming.

SOLO
Help us, Nickles.

Nickles reluctantly helps Solo and Callaghan load Evan into the back of the van.

NICKLES
(panicking)
What do I tell them?

SOLO
Tell them...
(thinking)
Tell them we're on the case.

NICKLES
But they know when you're lying.

SOLO
You're not lying. We are on the case.

Solo jumps into the van and starts the engine.

NICKLES
What if they don't buy it?

CALLAGHAN
(seriously)
Alright, listen carefully, here's what you need to do.

Nickles focuses intently.

CALLAGHAN (CONT'D)
Bend forward.

NICKLES
Bend forward?

CALLAGHAN
(impatiently)
Do it!

Nickles does as he is told.

CALLAGHAN (CONT'D)
All the way over. As far as you can
go.

Nickles strains to bend over even further.

Solo rolls her eyes. *

CALLAGHAN (CONT'D)
Now tuck your head right up between
your knees.

Nickles endeavours to do as he is told.

NICKLES
(confused and in pain)
Okay?

CALLAGHAN
Now, kiss your arse goodbye.

Laughing, Callaghan leaps into the van. Solo floors the
accelerator and the van speeds off into the night.

NICKLES
I hate those guys.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CITY - NIGHT

A bolt of lightning flashes across the sky, illuminating the
city.

The storm is growing in intensity.

INT. THE VOODOO LOUNGE - NIGHT

The Voodoo Lounge is the latest hot spot for young urban
sophisticates...and old men with money.

Kimberly, Lucy and the other hens are packed into a booth.
They've been partying hard, however their evening, much like
Evan's, hangs in the balance.

Kimberly is huddled in the corner of the booth secretly checking her phone.

A worse for wear Lucy leans over.

*

LUCY
You're not on that phone again are you?

KIMBERLY
No!

She tucks her phone away.

LUCY
Good, because its really beginning to bum me out.

Beat.

LUCY (CONT'D)
Are you feeling anything yet?
I'll kill that Rafael if he's sold us duds.

Kimberly looks over to two of their fellow hens: they are engaged in a steamy and passionate kiss.

KIMBERLY
No, they're good.

Lucy throws her arms up in the air.

LUCY
SHOTS!

Kimberly secretly checks her phone again.

KIMBERLY
(under her breath)
Evan?

EXT. THE CITY - NIGHT

We're high above the city streets.

Far below, Solo's van speeds through the night.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. THE CITY/TUNNEL - NIGHT

The van disappears into a long, dark tunnel.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. THE LABYRINTH - NIGHT

The van emerges out the other end of the tunnel into the Labyrinth - an ancient, hidden part of the city made up of narrow streets, sandwiched between large victorian era, brick and stone buildings.

The streets are deserted except for an occasional shadowy figure - scurrying, head down, desperate not to be noticed.

EXT. THE LABYRINTH/COTTAGE - NIGHT

The van stops outside a small cottage.

The cottage is out of place with its white picket fence, perfectly manicured lawn and managed garden.

CALLAGHAN
(nervous)
I'll stay here.

SOLO
You're coming.

CUT TO:

With Evan propped up between them, Solo and Callaghan walk up to the front door and ring the bell.

CALLAGHAN
She's not home, let's go!

The door swings open.

Standing in the door way is CORNELIA, somewhere between 60 and 400 years-old - tall - thin - long waist length white hair - commanding.

In one hand Cornelia holds a large glass of white wine - in the other, a lit cigarette.

CORNELIA
Callaghan, you've got a nerve showing your face around here.

CALLAGHAN
(timidly)
Hello Cornelia.

CORNELIA
You look like crap.

SOLO
We need your help.

Cornelia glances at Evan.

CORNELIA
So it would appear.

She checks the street to make sure they're not being watched.

CORNELIA (CONT'D)
You better come in.

CUT TO:

INT. THE LABYRINTH/COTTAGE/KITCHEN - NIGHT

Evan is laid out on the kitchen table. Solo and Callaghan watch as Cornelia examines him.

She eventually looks up.

CORNELIA
He's dying.

Cornelia walks over to the refrigerator, takes out a bottle of wine and tops up her glass.

CORNELIA (CONT'D)
No magic in this world can save
him, not now.

SOLO
God damn it!

CORNELIA
But I may be able to buy him some
time.

Cornelia drinks and takes a drag on her cigarette.

CORNELIA (CONT'D)
Help me strap the kid down.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. THE LABYRINTH/COTTAGE - NIGHT

Several Goblins - small creatures with large pointy ears and black eyes - approach Solo's van and begin to jimmy the driver's door.

The van's engine springs to life and growls at the Goblins like a wild beast.

The tiny creatures ignore the warning.

Suddenly electricity fires from the van's panels and sends the creatures flying.

One is killed instantly.

*

Singed, the surviving Goblins pick up their dead colleague and scurry off into the night.

*
*

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. THE LABYRINTH/COTTAGE/KITCHEN - NIGHT

Solo and Callaghan help Cornelia secure Evan to a table with heavy silver chains.

Cornelia gives Callaghan a sideways look.

CORNELIA
You didn't call.

CALLAGHAN
You tricked me!

CORNELIA
You're a big boy, you knew the score.

CALLAGHAN
You looked 'different' that night!

CORNELIA
Sure it wasn't the booze?

CALLAGHAN
It wasn't the booze.

CORNELIA
How do you know that wasn't the 'real' me and this is a trick?

CALLAGHAN
Stop fucking with my head.

Cornelia smiles to herself and finishes fastening the chains.

CORNELIA
That should hold him.

Evan suddenly opens his eyes - they're blacker than a studio executive's heart.

He tries to free himself from the silver chains but they burn into his flesh.

Evan screams in agony.

CORNELIA (CONT'D)
Get behind me.

Solo and Callaghan do as they're instructed.

CORNELIA (CONT'D)
And whatever happens, don't
interfere!

CALLAGHAN
No problem.

Cornelia turns to face Evan, she raises her arms and begins
to speak in old- latin.

CORNELIA
(old-latin)
Archangel of light, defend us in
battle. Shield us against the
wickedness and snares of the dark
prince...

Evan snarls at Cornelia like a wild beast, exposing rows of
jagged, razor sharp teeth.

With her arms raised, Cornelia begins to walk towards Evan.

CORNELIA (CONT'D)
(old-latin)
May your light rebuke him, we
humbly pray; And do thou will...

Evan roars.

CORNELIA (CONT'D)
(old-latin)
O Prince of the Heavenly light, by
the power of the creator, thrust
back into hell all evil spirits...

Evan begins to thrash from side to side.

CORNELIA (CONT'D)
(old-latin)
...who wander through the world for
the ruin of souls.

Cornelia turns to Solo and Callaghan.

CORNELIA (CONT'D)
Pry his mouth open.

CALLAGHAN
What?

CORNELIA
Do it!

Solo and Callaghan leap across the room, grab Evan's head and
wrench open his mouth.

CORNELIA (CONT'D)
Hold him.

Cornelia produces an ancient looking dagger and places its tarnished blade to her wrist.

CORNELIA (CONT'D)
(old-latin)
May my sacrifice purge this hapless
soul of this fowl wraith !

Cornelia slices open her wrist with the blade. Blood begins to flow.

She holds her bleeding wrist over Evan's open mouth. He flails around in agony.

Solo and Callaghan can no longer hold him down and are forced to retreat.

With blood flowing from her wrist, Cornelia collapses.

Evan suddenly stops thrashing and falls silent.

Solo rushes over to help Cornelia. *

CORNELIA (CONT'D)
Don't fuss.

She casually lights herself a cigarette.

CORNELIA (CONT'D)
Wine.

Solo hands Cornelia her wine - as she drinks the gash in her wrist magically closes.

Evan begins to groan.

Solo moves to help him. *

CORNELIA (CONT'D)
Leave him! *

Suddenly Evan lets out a bone chilling demonic howl. He arches his back, green bile gushes from his mouth and he collapses onto the table. *

His body begins to thrash uncontrollably, before falling silent. *

Evan releases one final jagged breath. *

Cornelia feels for a pulse. *

Solo and Callaghan look on expectantly. *

CORNELIA (CONT'D)
Shit. He's dead. *

CUT TO:

INT. AIRPORT - NIGHT

Evan finds himself standing in a queue at an airport departure gate.

The airport's architecture is retro, mid-century modern. A pilot and several female flight attendants march past, their uniforms are circa 1960's.

Evan casts an eye over the other people standing in the queue - they're an eclectic bunch. Ahead there's a woman wearing a hospital gown. Behind him, a man dressed in bright vulgar golfing attire. There's also a surfer, a bike courier, a children's party clown and a skydiver.

The woman in the hospital outfit steps up to the desk. The attendant hands her a boarding pass and she moves on through the gate.

Evan is next.

The attendant, a pleasant, well groomed man in his late forties, greets Evan with a broad smile.

ATTENDANT

Ticket?

EVAN

(confused)

Ticket? I don't think I've got a ticket.

ATTENDANT

That's okay. Let me check the passenger list. What's your name?

EVAN

Evan, Evan Hipkins. H,I...

ATTENDANT

That's okay. I know how it's spelt.

The attendant looks over his list.

ATTENDANT (CONT'D)

You're not on the list Evan.

EVAN

But I'm meant to be on this flight.

ATTENDANT

Really, why do you say that?

EVAN

Because...

Evan pauses.

EVAN (CONT'D)
(bewildered)
I don't know.

ATTENDANT
Let me ring through to the Office.

The attendant picks up his phone and dials.
Evan turns to the golfer standing behind him.

EVAN
Sorry for the hold up.

The man looks at him blankly - his pupils are dilated, skin ashen.

ATTENDANT (O.C.)
Evan!

Evan turns back.

ATTENDANT (CONT'D)
You're not listed on this flight.
I'm going to have to ask you to
stand aside.

EVAN
But...

The attendant's demeanour changes. He is suddenly surrounded by a dark aura, his voice deepens as he looms up over Evan.

ATTENDANT
STAND ASIDE.

Evan jumps out of the queue.

The attendant instantly returns to his professional amiable self.

ATTENDANT (CONT'D)
(to the golfer)
Ticket?

Frightened, Evan stumbles away towards a large picture window overlooking the runway.

He glances back to the departure desk as the last passenger steps through the gate.

A jet engine powers up noisily.

Evan looks out of the window to see a passenger plane speeding down the runway.

He presses up against the glass as the plane lifts off into the night sky.

Suddenly the plane explodes in a bright orange, billowing fire ball.

Terrified, Evan backs away from the window.

ATTENDANT (O.C.)(CONT'D)

Ticket?

Evan turns. *

The queue at the departure desk has instantly reformed. The woman in the hospital gown, golfer, surfer, bike courier, children's party clown and skydiver, are all back. *

GOD (O.C.)

I bet you're glad you weren't on that plane. *

Evan turns to find God standing directly behind him.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

INT. THE LABYRINTH/COTTAGE/KITCHEN - NIGHT

Solo, and Cornelia stand over Evan's lifeless body. Callaghan is fishing around in the kitchen draws.

CORNELIA
He can't stay here.

SOLO
What are we supposed to do with him?

CORNELIA
Not my problem.

Callaghan appears holding a large butcher's cleaver.

CALLAGHAN
We have to cut off the hands and head. Dump what's left in the harbour.

Solo snatches the cleaver from off Callaghan.

SOLO
We're not cutting him up.

CALLAGHAN
What then?

SOLO
I've got to think.

CORNELIA
You can think somewhere else. Get out of my house and take him with you.

CUT TO:

INT. AIRPORT - NIGHT

Evan stands before God.

GOD - Immortal. Long, dirty, salt and pepper hair - scruffy beard. Tattered flannel bathrobe over a t-shirt and surf shorts. He's wearing a pair of black crocs.

Speechless, Evan stares at God.

GOD
(impatiently)
Yes, that's right Evan, I'm God.

EVAN
You don't look...

GOD
(interrupting)
Like God? Actually, I 'look'
exactly the way you imagined me.

EVAN
But I'm an atheist, man. *

GOD
Then I guess you're feeling like a
right cock about now. *

Evan looks around.

EVAN
Am I in Heaven? *

GOD
Let's not get ahead of ourselves.

Suddenly there is another large explosion from outside. Evan
looks to see the burning wreck of a passenger plane plough
into the runway.

GOD puts an arm around Evan.

GOD (CONT'D)
I don't know about you but I could
use a drink.

CUT TO:

INT. AIRPORT/BAR - NIGHT

GOD and Evan are at the bar. Two empty glasses sit on the bar
in front of them.

GOD
(to the bartender)
Same again.

GOD to Evan.

GOD (CONT'D)
I suppose you're wanting some
answers? *

The bartender delivers two tall Midori and lemonades on ice.
God slides one across to Evan and then takes a sip from his. *

GOD (CONT'D)
The first thing you've got to get
your head around is that all the
shit they taught you in Sunday
school about Heaven and Hell is
real. *

Evan empties his glass. Another arrives. *

GOD (CONT'D)

Except, they made up all those
goddamn rules. Thou shalt this,
thou shalt not that, all bullshit.
I only ever had one rule. One
simple rule.

*
*
*
*
*

God becomes visibly agitated.

The liquid in Evan's drink starts to boil.

*

GOD (CONT'D)

Be kind to each other, that's it.
But do you think any of you monkeys
could manage it?

*
*

(BOOMING/GOD-LIKE)

FUCK NO!

The entire Bar starts to shake violently.

The barman produces a baseball bat from under the counter.

God raises a hand.

GOD (CONT'D)

Sorry, man. I'm good.

*

The barman lowers his bat.

God calms down, the bar stops shaking. Evan's drink settles.

GOD (CONT'D)

(reminisces)

When I first created the Universe
it was so beautifully flawless.
Perfectly balanced.

*
*
*
*

EVAN

You must've been proud?

GOD

Not a word we like to use around
here, but, yes...

*
*
*

(whispers)

I was proud.

GOD drains his glass, more drinks arrive. Evan is having
trouble keeping up - on every level.

*

GOD (CONT'D)

Anyhoo, I was gazing upon the
universe's beauty when Lucifer
turns up and tells me I stuffed up
when I created humanity. Fuck off,
I said, humans are my greatest
accomplishment.

*
*
*
*
*
*

GOD produces a joint, sparks it up and takes a long drag.

GOD (CONT'D)
(holding the token in)
She just laughed in my face. *

EVAN
She? Are you telling me the Devil's
a woman? *

GOD
No. *

EVAN
But you just said 'she'. *

GOD
You heard what you wanted to hear.
The Father, slash, Mother of Lies
is whatever 'you' want her, or him,
or 'it' to be. *

GOD taps Evan on the forehead.

GOD (CONT'D)
It's all up here man.

He points at Evan's heart.

GOD (CONT'D)
Or to be more accurate, in here. *
Evan you have some unresolved mummy *
issues that you're going to have to *
confront before this is all over... *

FLASHBACK *

INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE/KID'S BEDROOM - NIGHT *

A boy sits bolt upright in bed screaming in terror. *

The boy's mother rushes in and comforts him. *

A black, gnarled claw strikes out from under the bed and
grabs the mother's ankle. *

GOD (V.O.) *
Evan, snap out of it! *

She is dragged under the bed and down into the void. *

FLASHBACK ENDS *

INT. AIRPORT/BAR - DAY *

GOD *
Right now you need to focus on what *
I'm telling you. *

God drags on the joint.

GOD (CONT'D)

The Devil argued humans would ultimately turn to the dark-side in pursuit of their own selfish interests, and destroy my creation.

*
*
*
*

GOD offers Evan the spliff. He accepts.

GOD (CONT'D)

So, I made a bet with her. I bet no matter how much shit she threw at you guys, you'd choose good over evil. If I won she'd agreed to acknowledge my greatness as the creator of all things perfect.

*
*

EVAN

And if she won?

GOD

I'd walk away leaving her in charge. Creation would fall under her shadow and chaos would reign.

*

EVAN

That's a shit bet.

GOD

Well fuck man, I doubled down on that shit bet. I created 'free will' which prevented me from interfering in human's decision making process. Effectively I placed the fate of the entire Universe, firmly in the hands of Humanity.

GOD takes back the joint, stubs it out with his fingers and tucks it away safely.

*
*

GOD (CONT'D)

I gotta hit the head.

*
*

GOD pushes past Evan.

*

DISSOLVE TO:

*

INT. DINER/THE LABYRINTH - NIGHT

*

Solo and Callaghan sit in a booth at the rear of the diner.

*

Solo is reading a menu.

*

Evan's lifeless corpse is propped up beside Callaghan.

*

He sniffs the air.

*

SOLO *
What? *

CALLAGHAN *
I can smell weed. *

He turns to Solo. *

CALLAGHAN (CONT'D) *
So, what's the plan, drive around *
until he gets whiffy? *

SOLO *
I'm ruminating. *

Dawn, the waitress, arrives. Judging by her appearance, Dawn *
has been dead several months. *(She died from a single gun* *
shot wound to the head.) *

DAWN *
What can I get you? *

CALLAGHAN *
Coffee. Black. *

SOLO *
I'll have the breakfast special. *

DAWN *
And what about your buddy? *

Dawn turns her cold, dead gaze across to Evan's corpse. *

SOLO *
He's not eating. *

CALLAGHAN *
Ever again. *

DAWN *
(reading from her pad) *
One coffee, black. One 'Dead Man *
Walking'. *

Dawn heads off to place the order. *

CALLAGHAN *
I say we go with option one. Chop *
him up and dump the pieces. *

SOLO *
I'm leaning towards option two. *

CALLAGHAN *
There's an option two? *

SOLO *
We head back to base and tell them *
everything. *

CALLAGHAN *
They'll throw the book at us. *

SOLO *
What's the matter Callaghan? You *
sound worried. *

Solo gives herself a moment to think. *

SOLO (CONT'D) *
There is a third option. *

CALLAGHAN *
Speak my child? *

SOLO *
We hunt down the abomination that *
attacked the kid and send it back *
to hell. *

CALLAGHAN *
That would take the heat off us. *

Dawn arrives with Callaghan's coffee and Solo's meal - a full *
plate of pure cholesterol. *

CUT TO: *

INT. AIRPORT/BAR/TOILET - NIGHT *

GOD is at the urinal desperately trying to pee but nothing is *
coming out. *

GOD *
Do you mind man? *

We cut to reveal Evan standing right next to God at the *
urinal. *

GOD (CONT'D) *
I need a little space. *

Evan backs off. *

EVAN *
What's any of this got to do with *
me? *

GOD *
Fate has chosen you to represent *
humanity in the eternal struggle *
between good and evil. *

EVAN
Me? Well, that's just ridiculous.
There's been some kind of mistake.

GOD
Highly likely. What can I tell you,
the universe is far from perfect.
But what's done is done.

Evan looks like he's about to cry.

GOD (CONT'D)
Are you going to cry?

EVAN
(fighting back tears)
No.

GOD shakes, zips up and places an unwashed hand on Evan's
shoulder.

GOD
Look, I get it man. One minute
you're living your life, the next
you're caught up in the middle of
this spiritual shit storm. It's not
fair, but you just have to play the
hand you've been dealt.

God steps into a cubical, grabs a fist full of toilet tissue,
and hands it to Evan

GOD (CONT'D)
All is not lost. If you track down
the thing that attacked you and
kill it before dawn everything will
return to normal.

Beat.

EVAN
What if I can't?

GOD
You'll become undead, cursed to
wonder the Earth until the end of
days.

Pause.

GOD (CONT'D)
But don't worry. You and the demon
are connected. If you concentrate
you can located it, plus you know
stuff about it, like it's name.
Demons hate that. You can use their
name to send them straight back to
hell.

EVAN
I don't know its name.

GOD
(interrupts)
Don't worry, it'll come to you,
just don't say it out loud until
you confront it. So Evan, my man,
are we on?

EVAN
(cautiously)
Well. I'm not...

GOD
(interrupts)
Excellent. You've made the right
choice.

GOD snaps his fingers.

FLASH CUT TO:

EXT. THE LABYRINTH/BACK STREETS - NIGHT

The Institute van speeds down the street.

INT. THE BLACK VAN/THE LABYRINTH - NIGHT

Solo and Callaghan sit in the front. Evan's corpse lies in
the back.

CALLAGHAN
I say we go back to option one.
Dump the stiff and tell them he ran
off.

SOLO
They'll see right through that.

Suddenly, Evan sits bolt up right and starts screaming like a
banshee.

Callaghan instinctively draws his pistol.

Taken by surprise, Solo swerves.

The vehicle hits the curb.

Callaghan's pistol discharges.

Evan is hit and is hurled backwards. His body lands in a
crumpled heap at the back of the van.

Solo brakes hard and the van screeches to a halt.

Blood oozes from a large hole in Evan's chest. He is clearly
dead...again.

CALLAHAN
That wasn't my fault.

INT. AIRPORT BAR - NIGHT

God looks up from his drink.

The barman is looking at something over God's shoulder.

God turns to find Evan standing behind him with a large gunshot wound in his chest.

GOD
Christ Evan, you're back already?
That must be some kind of goddamn
record.

EVAN
It wasn't my fault.

GOD
(frustrated)
This really is the last time I can
send you back. Hold onto your
jewels.

GOD snaps his fingers.

FLASH CUT TO:

INT. THE LABYRINTH/COTTAGE/KITCHEN - NIGHT

Evan lies dead on the kitchen table. Blood oozes from the hole in his chest.

Solo, Callaghan and Cornelia are staring down at him.

CORNELIA
He came back to life?

SOLO
And then Callaghan shot him.

CALLAGHAN
It wasn't my fault.

CORNELIA
Why did you bring him back here?

SOLO
We had no where else to go.

Cornelia leans down and listens to Evan's chest.

Suddenly Evan gasps for air.

Cornelia leaps back as Evan sits up.

EVAN *
Don't shoot. *

Solo and Cornelia turn to see Callaghan aiming his pistol at *
Evan's head. *

SOLO *
Put that thing away. *

EVAN *
What time is it? *

Solo checks the time *

SOLO *
Four o'clock in the AM. *

Evan leaps off the table. Unsteady on his feet, Solo has to *
support him. *

Evan begins to stagger towards the exit. *

EVAN *
Christ, we've got to get moving. *

SOLO *
Take it easy bud. *

EVAN *
If I don't kill the demon before *
dawn I'm fucked. *

CORNELIA *
My work here is done. You guys have *
got to get out of here. *

CUT TO: *

EXT. THE LABYRINTH/COTTAGE - NIGHT

Black storm clouds tumble in the sky above the cottage.

Callaghan and Cornelia watch as Solo loads Evan into the *
vehicle. *

CORNELIA *
I don't want to see you back here *
for a while. *

CALLAGHAN *
No problem. *

Solo calls from the van. *

SOLO *
Move it Callaghan. We're on the *
company's time now. *

Callaghan jumps into the van. *

Cornelia watches as they drive off. *

She takes one last look at the turbulent storm clouds over head before moving inside. *

INT. THE LABYRINTH/COTTAGE - NIGHT

Cornelia enters and pours herself a large glass of wine. *

She turns to find two wraithlike, figures standing behind her. The figures are tall and thin. They're dressed in full length black overcoats, and have large, wide brimmed bolero style hats pulled down over their pale, grim faces *

CORNELIA
(false bravado)
Make yourselves at home, why don't
you? *

Cornelia goes to top up her wine, but suddenly flinches in pain. *

CORNELIA (CONT'D)
I knew you'd turn up sooner or
later. *

She grasps her forehead in agony. *

CORNELIA (CONT'D)
You can stop this bullshit. *

The pain grows even more intense. *

CORNELIA (CONT'D)
Tell your 'boss' I've got
everything under control. Now, get
out of my head. *

Cornelia focuses her energy, the pain subsides. The figures remain unmoved. *

She fills her glass and drains it. *

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. THE VOODOO LOUNGE - NIGHT

Kimberly is checking her telephone for messages from Evan.

Lucy and the other hens are smashing yet another round of shots.

LUCY
(addressing the empty shot
glass)
MOTHER PUSS BUCKETS! Hit me again.

The hens cheer.

Lucy notices that Kimberly is preoccupied and hasn't touched her drink.

LUCY (CONT'D)
Come on babe, forget about Brian.

KIMBERLY
It's Evan.

Lucy hands Kimberly her shot.

LUCY
He's not going to call.

Resigned, Kimberly puts away her telephone and takes the drink.

KIMBERLY
Let's get fucked up.

Kimberly downs the shot.

She takes Lucy's hand and leads her out onto the dance floor.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. THE BLACK VAN/THE LABYRINTH - NIGHT

Evan sits in the front seat, sandwiched between Callaghan and Solo. His eyes are wide, staring into the distance.

EVAN (V.O.)
Have you ever wondered why Batman wears a mask?

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. THE VOODOO LOUNGE/MANAGER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

The office window has been smashed.

Protruding out from under the desk are a pair of man's legs.

EVAN (V.O.)
It's to protect his secret identity. So the villains won't come after Bruce Wayne while he sitting on the toilet, right?

The demonic child who attacked Evan earlier emerges from behind the desk. Blood dribbles from her mouth.

There is a knock on the door.

WAITRESS (O.S.)
Rafael?

INT. THE VOODOO LOUNGE/PASSAGE - NIGHT

A young waitress stands impatiently on the other side of the office door.

There's no reply. *

She opens the door and looks inside.

INT. THE VOODOO LOUNGE/MANAGER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

The waitress scans the office. The demon girl is nowhere to be seen.

EVAN (V.O.) *

That's partly true. I mean, he's *
keeping his identity a secret, yes, *
but it's not because he's worried *
about them coming after Bruce *
Wayne. *

The waitress fails to see Rafael's legs sticking out from under his desk.

Frustrated she exits, closing the door behind her.

Standing behind the door is the demonic child. *

The child begins to change, morphing into a beautiful woman with fiery red hair.

This is LILITH - immortal - Judaeo-Christian primordial she-demon - corpse-like pale complexion - long auburn hair.

Lilith rips off the tattered remains of the child's nightgown exposing her naked body.

INT. THE VOODOO LOUNGE/WOMAN'S TOILET - NIGHT

One of Lucy's hens, wearing a red party dress, sits in a cubical sniffing a white powder off the mirror of her compact. *

The cubical door swings open. *

The hen hastily closes her compact and looks up to find Lilith standing over her.

Pouting seductively, the hen drinks in Lilith's nakedness.

Smiling, Lilith glides into the cubical and closes the door behind her.

DISSOLVE TO: *

INT. BLACK VAN/THE LABYRINTH - NIGHT *

Close on Evan. *

EVAN (V.O.)
Batman wears a mask because he
knows the bad guys would come after
the people closest to him. The
people he loves.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. THE VOODOO LOUNGE/DANCE FLOOR - NIGHT

Meanwhile on the dance floor the drugs have taken hold.

Kimberly and Lucy's bodies writhe together in a primeval,
rhythmic beat.

Lilith, now wearing the red party dress, appears. She glides
seductively across the dance floor towards Kimberly.

EVAN (V.O.)
They're his real weakness. They're
his Kryptonite. I'm mixing my pop
culture, but you get the point.

Lucy and the other hens step aside as Kimberly and Lilith's
eyes lock. Unable to resist her hypnotic gaze, Kimberly moves
towards Lilith.

EVAN (V.O.)
Batman would betray everything he
stands for just to keep the people
he loves safe.

Lilith takes hold of Kimberly and pulls her in close. Their
bodies press up against each other.

Lilith's ruby red lips peel back exposing blood stained
teeth.

There is a loud cracking noise as the bones in Lilith's jaw
dislocate. Her head flips back like some giant, horror-theme,
Pez dispenser, exposing multiple rows of razor edged teeth.

A black light shines from deep down inside Lilith's throat.

Kimberly sees something inside the light - the true nature of
the universe. She tries to scream in terror, but no sound
comes out.

Lilith sinks her teeth into Kimberly's throat, severing her
carotid artery.

Blood gushes from the wound and fills the frame.

CUT TO:

INT. THE BLACK VAN/THE LABYRINTH - NIGHT

Evan sits in the front seat, sandwiched between Callaghan and Solo. His eyes are wide, staring into the distance.

EVAN
(frightened)
Kimberly?

SOLO
Are you alright kid?

Evan turns to Solo. A change has come over him - he appears some how older, in charge.

EVAN
Turn this van around. Now!

END OF EPISODE