

Kinsley
"Pilot"
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written by

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TEASER

EXT. STREET CORNER RESTAURANT - NIGHT

A charming, busy little street corner restaurant illuminates the sidewalk and its PASSERSBY with a warm glow.

SHRAGA (V.O.)

When the Holy War ended 6,000 years ago, the demon race was exiled to the Infernal Realm. The gates were sealed and the humans, with their endless promise of potential, began to flourish as the celestials, the fae, and the dragons receded into mankind's myths and legends.

JAXON KINSLEY, 19, clean-cut and far too serious-looking for his age, leans against the side of the building, scrolling on his cell phone and constantly looking around.

He adjusts his glasses as frustration clenches in his jaw.

SHRAGA (V.O.) (CONT'D)

The seals, now long worn with age, have begun to crack and the great Demon King has begun to rise, impatient to reclaim his throne.

A window SHATTERS as a handsome man in his early twenties, **SEAN**, goes flying through it, crashing into a parked car on the street, setting off the CAR ALARM.

Jaxon stares with incredulity at the scene.

A young girl wearing a soft off-white dress and elbow-length, lace-up fingerless gloves, climbs through the open shattered window and pauses. **SUMMER KINSLEY**, Jaxon's twin sister, looks over at him and smiles wildly.

JAXON

You've got to be kidding me.

SUMMER

What?

JAXON

What happened to "nice and easy"?

SUMMER

He was being rude.

Summer not-so-gracefully picks her way through the glass in her high heels as a CROWD OF ON-LOOKERS start to cluster.

JAXON

That's not an excuse!

She reaches Sean and grabs him like a rag-doll, lifting him to his feet as if he weighed almost nothing.

Dragging him past her brother, she pauses briefly.

SUMMER

You've got this, right?

JAXON

I hate you.

SUMMER

Love you, too!

She smiles and winks at Jaxon before pulling Sean behind her and rounding the corner into the back alley.

The MANAGER comes out and Jaxon steps in his path. He quietly calms the manager down and hands him a black business card as he apologizes.

SHRAGA (V.O.)

Once upon a time, there were two children. Twins. Offspring of a demon.

A THUNDEROUS CRUNCH is heard from around the building. Jaxon tenses & tersely smiles at the manager as he excuses himself.

EXT. BACK ALLEY - MOMENTS LATER

Rounding the corner, Jaxon sees Sean, terrified and pleading, with his back pressed up against the brick wall.

Summer's right fist is on FIRE, imbedded in the brick wall, just to the side of his head.

SHRAGA (V.O.)

Fraternal twins as they were, only the firstborn inherited the demon's power.

SEAN

Maybe we can work this out? Haven't you ever wanted to be someone different?

SUMMER

Not sure if you noticed, but I'm pretty awesome as it is. Just cough it up and I won't have to hurt you any more. You did just see what happened when you were being rude, right? Which by the way, no means no.

Pulling her hand out of the crumbling brick, a softball-sized fireball begins to form in her hand.

SEAN

What the hell are you?!

SUMMER

Well, that's just rude, even coming from a little gremlin like you.
(getting in his face)
Ever met a demon before?

Jaxon flicks a look over at his sister.

Sean's eyes go wide as Summer smiles wickedly.

SEAN

Demon?? Yeah right! Those monsters don't--

Her smile drops and she leans into him, the fireball illuminates her face.

SEAN (CONT'D)

Eek!! I'm sorry! Here--

He pulls a ring off his finger and in an instant a thick fog SWIRLS around his body.

Summer looks back to Jaxon and gives a "whad'ya know" smirk.

The fog clears revealing a short, hairy **GOBLIN-SEAN**.

He thrusts the ring in Summer's face as her fire dissipates and she drops him, her eyes glittering.

SHRAGA (V.O.)

Born of a human mother, these are the children of the King of Demons, Satan himself.

ACT ONE

EXT. STREET CORNER RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS

A police SIREN approaches and Jaxon grabs Summer's arm, hurriedly leading them away.

SUMMER

(handing Jaxon the ring)
Here ya go. One less magical thingy
out loose on the streets.

JAXON

It's not magic, Sum. It's just an
alchemist's ring.

SUMMER

Alchemy, algebra, whatever. It's
all voodoo magic.

Jaxon looks heaven-ward with a "Lord, give me strength."

JAXON

Stop telling people you're a demon.
Someone is going to believe you.

SUMMER

You worry too much, Jax. Besides, I
only asked if he'd met one before.

JAXON

You can't keep doing that!

SUMMER

It's fiiiinnnee. Stop worrying.

She absent-mindedly rubs the back of her right hand & winces.

JAXON

(noticing)
You good?

SUMMER

Huh? Yeah. Fine.

She goes to put her hands in her pockets and realizes that she's wearing a dress and therefore has no pockets.

SUMMER (CONT'D)

Gah! Why don't these stupid things
have pockets?!

JAXON

You know, you look good. You should wear them more often. Might actually get you a boyfriend.

SUMMER

No thanks, weirdo. Hold on a sec, these heels are killing me!

She grabs his shoulder and yanks off the offensive shoes, relishing in her newfound foot freedom.

JAXON

Just so we're clear, you're telling her. You realize that, right?

A soft FLUTE MELODY plays on the wind & catches Summer's ear.

SUMMER

(distracted)

Who?

JAXON

"Who?" she says. I honestly think it'd be a divine miracle if you--

Jaxon turns and sees Summer standing perfectly still, eyes glazed over, almost as if in a trance.

JAXON (CONT'D)

Hello? Earth to Summer. Hellooo?

SUMMER

(music stops)

Huh? What were you...? Did you hear something?

Jax looks around confused.

JAXON

Like what?

SUMMER

Sounded like-- Never mind. Ignore me. I'm starving! Let's get food.

JAXON

There's something not right in your head.

SUMMER

What were you babbling about?

JAXON

That I'm not telling her this time.

SUMMER

No problem! She loves me!

INT. THE GOLDEN ONE'S BAR - LATER

HATTIE, 40s, the fiery and dangerously beautiful olive-skin owner of the bar, leans over the counter, a crumpled report in her hand.

HATTIE

(shouting at the twins)

Who the hell do you think you are?!

Clearly a lively spot, the dive bar is filled with all sorts of people eating, drinking, laughing, causing a ruckus and having a great night. A "Jobs Board" hangs on the wall nearby and several people peruse the various postings.

HATTIE (CONT'D)

Last time you set a house on fire.
Before that was a 5-car pile-up. At first it was cute, but it's every - damn - time with you two. It's a PR nightmare!

SUMMER

(holding up the ring)

But we got the job done.

Hattie's eyes narrow as a warm smile spreads across her face. She takes the ring, inspecting it with a jeweler's glass.

HATTIE

And destroyed half a restaurant,
totaled a car, and dented a--
(reading off the report)
--brick wall? Again? Not to mention there were civilians around. You could have easily hurt someone and no job is worth the price of a human life. Don't forget that!

The front door opens and CHIMES as two men enter, followed by a few shouts of greeting.

HATTIE (CONT'D)

And remember, rewards don't always cover the repairs and do you know who makes up the difference?

RAVI VASILÍAS, mid-20s, a reckless, middle-eastern pretty-boy drapes himself over Summer's shoulder.

RAVI

Only the most exquisite woman to ever grace the surface of the earth, of course.

His dark-skinned, stoic half-brother, **ANI "SKY" SKYLOS**, early-30s, stands beside him, and places a small sack on the counter top with a slight SQUISH.

RAVI (CONT'D)

What are we talking about? Did the precocious little tykes break something again?

HATTIE

Get that thing off my counter. There are such things as health codes.

Sky gingerly picks up the sack. A few drops of dark goo drip onto the bar.

HATTIE (CONT'D)

(grabbing another report)
Don't act like you two didn't just wreck half a bridge. I already got the notice.

(to Sky)

Take that thing in the back, I'll be right there.

Sky bows his head and silently takes the sack into a room behind the bar as Ravi shrugs with a "I just can't help it" smile and leans back against the bar.

Putting the jeweler's glass away, Hattie tosses a dish rag at Ravi's back.

HATTIE (CONT'D)

Wipe that up.

(to the twins)

Look, a person can't help where they come from, but they can choose how it manifests itself. Despite your heritage, you two have proven yourselves reliable, unlike some...

She looks over to Ravi who is picking at the dirty dish rag with disgust.

RAVI

Hattie, you wound me.

Hattie leans over the counter to the twins.

HATTIE

Listen to me. If you spend all your time worrying about what someone else thinks, you'll never grow. Follow the path you truly believe in because true courage isn't about facing your fears, it's about facing what's inside. Just do it a little more gracefully next time, yeah?

She warmly smiles at them before stepping back.

HATTIE (CONT'D)

Jax, keep an eye on the bar for me. I'll be right back.

JAXON

Yes, ma'am.

HATTIE

And stop calling me "ma'am."

Jaxon makes his way behind the bar as Hattie leaves.

A stranger sitting at the bar with his hoodie covering most of his head, **FIG LEFTERIS**, late-20s, finishes his drink and sets some cash down as he leaves.

Summer jumps up and stands, still barefoot, in front of the Jobs Board, looking over all the flyers. Images of various haunted and cursed locations, missing or stolen items, and wanted posters are all arrayed in a frenzy of postings.

Ravi traces his eyes down her back with a mischievous grin.

RAVI

Please tell me this is a permanent wardrobe change for you.

SUMMER

God, no. This was just for tonight.

RAVI

Oh?

SUMMER

Jax made me dress up, but I can't wait to get this thing off.

Ravi sidles up behind her.

RAVI
I can definitely help you with that.

SUMMER
I just want to go home, get into something comfy, and kill people.

RAVI
(confused)
That is an option.
(back to business)
So Habeebti, anything catch your eye this evening?

SUMMER
Oo! Check this out!

She grabs a flyer off the board and shows it to Ravi who looks at it over her shoulder.

RAVI
(snatching the paper)
A wraith hunt? No way is Hattie going to approve that.

SUMMER
(grabbing for the paper)
Give it back, Ravi! I can handle it, especially with Jax there!

JAXON
Can't. I've got a paper due.

RAVI
Love, wraiths are faster and meaner than even I am.

SUMMER
I've gotten a lot better since our last fight.

Summer throws a few quick jabs at Ravi who playfully ducks and dodges as Hattie and Sky return from the back.

HATTIE
If you really want to test your skill, try sparring with this one.

RAVI
Hattie, do you honestly think that Sky's better than me?

EXT. PAN'S FOREST GLADE - NIGHT

A robed figure hurries into a secluded forest glade as a soft FLUTE MELODY wafts on the air.

Moonlight spills in, illuminating lush greenery woven together to form a throne room.

The **FAE ATTENDANT**, 40s, with his mostly human-like features, except for the long-pointed ears, approaches the throne and kneels.

PAN, a slender 15 y/o half-human, half-goat satyr lazes on a large wooden throne carved from a tree, idly playing his pan flute, as a delicate bone and wood crown adorns his head.

ATTENDANT

My Lord, they've found her.

PAN

Finally.

The attendant bows his head and waves to someone outside.

Pan continues playing his flute as vines magically twist and grow beside him a la Disney's "Fantasia" creating a pair of HELL DOORS.

A **SATYR**, early-30s, tall and imposing with a pair of twisted horns on his head, enters and tosses the panicked and bound Goblin-Sean at Pan's feet.

Pan looks down in disgust. He sighs dramatically as he stands and saunters over to the growing Hell Doors.

GOBLIN-SEAN

I didn't do anything. I-I don't know anything. Please, just--

PAN

Do you know why fae like us still have to hide in the shadows?

GOBLIN-SEAN

Wh-who are you? What do you want?

PAN

(instantly in Goblin-Sean's face)

To be restored to the light, of course.

(with a savage smile)

Now, tell me about the girl with the fire.

MONTAGE - KINSLEY ROUTINE

INT. KINSLEY APARTMENT - MORNING

Summer's cell phone alarm BLARES at her.

Passed out and face-down in bed, sheets in disarray, the room is organized chaos as a gloved hand reaches out and taps the alarm's "off" button.

INT. SMALL EMPTY GYM - LATE MORNING

Earbuds in place blasting her late 90's/early 00's pop-punk music, Summer sits in an empty gym studio and finishes wrapping her hands with tape.

She stretches and bounces a little, happily warming up.

INT. UNIVERSITY CLASSROOM - AFTERNOON

Meanwhile, Jaxon sits in a crowded classroom auditorium studiously taking notes.

He quickly checks the time on his phone and lets out a small smile before focusing back on the professor.

INT. SMALL EMPTY GYM - AFTERNOON

Summer aggressively attacks the body bag, ducking and dodging as she strikes. Definitely not a trained fighter, her style is sloppy like a kid who watched too many action films.

Even so, each hit lands more powerfully than the last. Covered in sweat and lost "in the zone", with a final punch, her fist ignites into flames & lights the bag on fire.

Panicking, she grabs an extinguisher and quickly douses the bag. Looking around, she makes sure no one saw just that.

From the shadows and unseen by Summer, Fig stifles a laugh.

INT. UNIVERSITY LIBRARY - LATE AFTERNOON

Noting the time on his phone and with a couple books in hand, Jaxon nervously makes his way over to the cute & bright boho-chic wisp of an 18 y/o girl library attendant, **CLOE BROOKES**.

JAXON

Hey! Uhm, excuse me?

Cloe whirls around and sees Jaxon standing there, smiling.

CLOE
Hi! How can I help you?

JAXON
I'd like to check these out.

As her eyes meet his, she is consumed and stares as if enchanted.

JAXON (CONT'D)
Everything alright?

Leaning forward slightly she tries to get a better look.

CLOE
You have beautiful eyes.
(catching herself)
I'm so sorry, that must sound
really weird. So, books?

JAXON
(smiling)
Yes, these ones, please. And it's
okay, I think you have beautiful
eyes, too.

She smiles and starts processing the books: King James' "Daemonologie", "The Complete Grimm's Fairy Tales," and "The Night Parade of 100 Demons". She looks up with curiosity.

JAXON (CONT'D)
(sheepishly)
They're for a paper.

CLOE
If you like this, you should read
the Suzuka Manuscript. The stories
are much more poetic.

JAXON
I've never even heard of that.
(offering his hand)
I'm Jaxon.

CLOE
Cloe.

She smiles wide and shakes his hand.

ACT TWO

INT. UNIVERSITY LIBRARY CAFE - LATER

Jax and Cloe are seated at a small table, coffee and pastries in front of them, books to one side. Other STUDENTS hang out, study, meet up with friends: a typical busy campus café.

CLOE

You think I'm silly.

JAXON

No, actually. I was just thinking... Never mind.

CLOE

(playfully throwing a piece
of food at him)

You do! Don't you?

JAXON

(laughing)

Don't waste food. And no, actually, that's why I'm majoring in Comparative Lit. Studying folktales and mythology and how people used to believe those stories were real.

CLOE

What if they were?

JAXON

What, real? Oh come on. Vampires, werewolves, and ghosts... demons.

CLOE

Well, why not?! "Magic is just science that we don't understand yet," isn't it? Maybe stories: gods and goddesses and all that, maybe they're more real than we think.

JAXON

And what would you do if they were? If you met one of these... monsters.

CLOE

First off, not monsters. Werewolves are people too, you know. And are you kidding? Ohmygod, I would have so many questions! Wouldn't you?! I'd want to know everything!

JAXON

You wouldn't be scared?

CLOE

Why would I?

JAXON

Uhh, they're kind of designed to be scary things. Stories used to teach about the dangers of the world.

CLOE

True, but if you read through the legends enough, they all have their own origins. Their own traumas. Shelley taught us that. Wouldn't you want to hear their side of things first, instead of what some "Grimm brother" told you they were?

JAXON

Frankenstein aside, what if some things are just inherently evil?

CLOE

I don't believe that.

JAXON

What?

CLOE

No one is "all good" or "all evil." Even Lucifer was once an angel. Put yourself in their shoes. Wouldn't you want someone to hear your side?

Cloe leans in and studies his eyes again, searching for something, something deep inside him, and then she finds it.

JAXON

But I'm not-- These are just stories. Allegories, archetypes: fiction. You can't actually... What is it?

(off her widening smile)

What?

CLOE

I want to show you something, but-- you can't be a butthead about it.

JAXON

Did you just call me a "butthead"?

INT. UNIVERSITY SPECIAL COLLECTIONS ROOM - LATER

Jaxon follows Cloe through a maze-like pathway of stacked bookshelves and hand-made signs. A very "used bookstore on steroids" type of vibe.

She leads him past a towering wooden ladder, around an antique sitting chair, and into an opening where a table stands, covered in piles of old books, scrolls, and statues.

CLOE

Well? Do you love it? This is my favoritest place. It's actually why I transferred to this school.

JAXON

What is all this?

CLOE

It's a collection of super-rare historical books, manuscripts, and artifacts-- oo! Like this one.

She races over and points out an ancient book in one display.

CLOE (CONT'D)

This is part of the Sibylline Oracle collection. Can you believe it?! Of the original twelve books of prophecies, only eight fragments remain.

She pulls him over to another stack and pulls out a red book covered with runes from under several dusty tomes.

CLOE (CONT'D)

This is the Rauðskinna, or "Book of Power." It's a legendary book about black magic, alleged to have been buried with its author, it supposedly teaches how to master dark magic & control Satan himself!

JAXON

Seriously?

CLOE

M-hm. The shelves are categorized by region, too, but whoever was here before didn't do much beyond that. African mythologies are over there. European based in that area. Asia takes up that whole section.

JAXON

Cloe, this is... incredible.

CLOE

(in awe)

I know.

(coming back to reality)

I've been cataloging and organizing the collection for the university. Bringing them into the digital age. Translating. I don't know how they got their hands on some of these, but I am not about to complain.

She stops and stares expectantly at him.

As Jaxon continues surveying the room, he starts to hear quiet cacophony of OVERLAPPING WHISPERS.

CLOE (CONT'D)

Can't you feel it?

The whispers stop.

JAXON

(disoriented)

What?

CLOE

Standing here, in the middle of all this.

JAXON

I don't--

CLOE

Oh, come on! There's just too many over-lapping stories! Universal truths, common myths.

(Jaxon sighs of relief)

I just can't accept that the world is as boring as it seems out there. Not with all this.

JAXON

You think the world is boring?

CLOE

Compared to in here? Absolutely! Just think about it. What if you could have coffee with Osiris or a bourbon with the devil?

JAXON

Bourbon?

CLOE

What? I doubt the devil would want chamomile tea.

Jax notices some odd runes and symbols carved into the floor.

JAXON

What're those?

CLOE

Okay, so get this: those are Enochian runes designed to keep out malevolent spirits.

JAXON

Enochian?

CLOE

It's an angelic language. Supposedly. Like I said, I don't know who put this collection together, but they did their homework.

EXT. PAN'S FOREST GLADE - LATER

Pan inspects and admires the freshly carved Hell Doors. Twisted branches form a pair of skeletons on each side holding monolithic doors. Their arms stretch out to the center, hands forming an intricate lock. Vine chains stretch from the lock and radiate across the doors as flowers that look like eyeballs cover its surface.

Circling to the front, Pan places his hand on the center lock and closes his eyes.

PAN

The pieces are set and the guests are arriving. How about a little music to entice our guest of honor?

Standing on the edge of the glade, the Fae Attendant silently nods before disappearing into the shadows.

Pan sits back on his throne and gets comfortable as he brings his flute to his lips and begins playing a haunting lullaby.

EXT. UNIVERSITY LIBRARY - NIGHT

Jax and Cloe stand in front of the library doors. A couple street lamps light the empty area as shadows encroach.

JAXON

I didn't realize it was so late.
May I walk you to your car?

CLOE

Why, thank you, kind sir.

She loops her arm in his as they start to walk.

JAXON

I had fun today. I hope I wasn't too much of a butthead for you. I promise, next time I will keep more of an open mind. Who knows, maybe you're right about the world after all.

CLOE

So you think there will be a next time, hm?

JAXON

(stopping)
I mean, I was hoping.

He looks at her sheepishly when suddenly something catches his eye in the dark behind her.

A GROWL ripples from the shadow as a large dark figure forms.

Jaxon immediately switches into combat mode and moves Cloe behind him in one swift move.

CLOE

Hey!

The Satyr steps out from the shadows.

CLOE (CONT'D)

Jaxon! Hey, what's going--?

JAXON

Stay behind me.

The Satyr lunges for Jaxon, who quickly dodges and pulls Cloe with him, keeping himself between her and the beast.

Using one of his books, he swings and hits the Satyr in the face. The Satyr barely flinches and looks back practically asking "is that it?"

JAXON (CONT'D)

Cloe, I'm going to need you to run.

CLOE

What about y--?

Jaxon rushes towards the Satyr and in a flurry of precision martial arts strikes, pushes the Satyr back into the shadows, disappearing from view.

CLOE (CONT'D)

Jaxon!

The Satyr manages to block one punch, grabbing Jaxon's fist and tossing him into a tree with a CRACK. Immediately, the Satyr's forearm is pressed against Jaxon's neck.

SATYR

Where is the she-demon?

JAXON

Get off me!

SATYR

Where!?

Jaxon manages to break the Satyr's hold. He drops to the ground and in one swift move, knocks the Satyr's legs out from under him. He falls and lands with an enormous THUD.

The Satyr doesn't get up. Jaxon leans over slightly and sees it's out cold -- at least for the moment.

As Jaxon emerges from the shadows, he looks around. Suddenly, Cloe comes out of nowhere SCREAMING with a book in hand, ready to strike.

JAXON

Whoa, Cloe! It's me!

CLOE

Jax? Are you alright?!

Jaxon sees her raised book and gives her a "what're you doing?" look. She just nervously laughs and shrugs.

JAXON

(grabbing her hand)

We gotta go. He won't be out long.

INT. KINSLEY APARTMENT - NIGHT

Summer sits cross-legged on the couch in the living room, in comfy pants, a geeky tank top and sports bra, and gloves (as always), with a headset over one ear, playing Call of Duty.

Pan's FLUTE MELODY wafts on the air and Summer sits entranced as her avatar is killed on the screen.

Jaxon walks in and tosses his keys on the entryway table with Cloe trailing in behind him.

JAXON

I'm back.
 (no response)
 Summer?

The MUSIC STOPS and Summer comes to, slightly confused, and a little pale. She looks over and sees Jaxon.

SUMMER

Oh, hey. Did you just get back?
 (into headset)
 Again? Does anyone have eyes on
 this guy?

Summer peeks over and sees Cloe, smirks.

JAXON

Sum, can I borrow you a sec?

SUMMER

(slyly)
 Oh?
 (into headset)
 Hey guys, B.R.B. What? No. Grow up.

Summer puts the controller and headset down and grabs a bag of chips.

JAXON

(to Cloe)
 Gimme a sec? Make yourself at home.

SUMMER

There's pizza if you want some.

Cloe's eyes light up & she happily wanders into the kitchen.

Crunching on chips, Summer enters Jaxon's room, where he stands quietly fuming in his perfectly organized space.

SUMMER (CONT'D)

Just put a sock on the door. My headphones are noise-cancelling.

JAXON

What'd you do?

SUMMER

What?

JAXON

Did you take a job without telling me? Piss someone else off? What did you do?

SUMMER

What? No. Why--?

JAXON

Then why the hell did a Satyr just attack me, trying to find you?!

SUMMER

Me?! What'd I do?

JAXON

That's what I'd like to know!

SUMMER

Did you ask him?

JAXON

He wasn't the talkative type.

SUMMER

Jax, I swear, I have no idea.

JAXON

Sum, if you're not telling me something--

SUMMER

Jax, I swear!

JAXON

(relenting)

Alright. Sorry. You know I'm just trying to keep you safe. Keep US safe.

SUMMER

You don't have to protect me. I'm your big sister, it's my job to look out for you.

JAXON

We're twins.

SUMMER

Uh, first born, nerd.

(off his look)

Okay fine, but why do we still need to keep it a secret? No one will--

JAXON

You know why! Dammit Summer, I can't keep having the same argument.

Jaxon sits on the end of the bed, head in his hands, with his back towards his sister.

Awkward silence lingers until it's suddenly interrupted by the loud CRUNCH of potato chips.

SUMMER

So, who's the girl?

JAXON

A friend.

SUMMER

Just a friend? Wait, was she there when you were attacked?

JAXON

Yes.

SUMMER

What'd you tell her?

(Jax freezes)

Jax!

JAXON

What?! I don't think she really saw anything. Besides, what am I supposed to tell her? Sum, I like this girl. And I don't think that the first date is really the time to tell her that monsters are real and "oh, hey, by the way, our father's a demon, but don't worry, it's okay. I'm not like him. It's only my sister who's a monster that shoots fire."

Summer gets up and storms out.

JAXON (CONT'D)
 (dammit!)
 Summer, wait-- I didn't mean--!

SUMMER
 I honestly don't get you, Jax. Do
 you hate yourself that much?

JAXON
 What?

Cloe peeks her head out of the kitchen.

SUMMER
 So what if our father was a damn
 demon? Who cares?! We're still us!

JAXON
 Sum-- stop.

SUMMER
 No! Geez, Jax. This is what I'm
 talking about. What's Hattie always
 saying? Courage is about facing
 what's inside. When are you finally
 going to face what we are? What you
 are? Just accept it already. And
 know what? If "dad" finds out where
 we are, let 'im! I'm not afraid of
 him, but if you're not ready yet,
 then fine-- I'll protect you until
 you are! Gah! Boys are so dumb!
 (She storms off, but comes
 back quickly.)
 And I don't "shoot" fire. Though,
 that sounds pretty cool and now I
 want to see if I can.

EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF KINSLEY APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

A cell phone RINGS from up in a tree startling a passing cat.

Fig, perched on a tree branch, watches the twins through the
 apartment's window and answers within one ring.

FIG
 Uh huh... Don't worry, I'm on it.

He hangs up the phone and watches several shadows move near
 the building's entrance.

FIG (CONT'D)
 Well, this should be fun.

INT. KINSLEY APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

In the wake of Summer's outburst, Jaxon stands frozen waiting for Cloe's reaction.

The SOFT FLUTE begins playing again, wafting in and out.

CLOE
Is it true?

JAXON
Which part?

CLOE
What did she mean that your
father's a "demon"? Was he abusive?
I'm sorry, I shouldn't pry.

JAXON
No, it's... fine.

They awkwardly sit on the couch together in silence.

CLOE
(breaking the tension)
Thank you.

JAXON
For what?

CLOE
For earlier. I realized I never
said "thank you" for protecting me
when that guy attacked us.

JAXON
Oh, it's fine.

CLOE
It is not fine! You could've been
hurt! Yet, you bravely dove in
without a second thought.

JAXON
I mean, it's not--

CLOE
And what was that thing anyways?

JAXON
What do you...?

CLOE

Jax, come on. I saw him. It.
Whatever.

JAXON

I don't know wh--

CLOE

(excitedly)
It is true, isn't it? I knew it!

JAXON

What is?

CLOE

He had horns! And not the cosplay
kind, either. Those things were
sturdy. Plus, he was almost seven
feet tall. And his eyes glowed.
And--

(Jaxon holds up a hand)
Should I go on?

JAXON

Whoa. Slow down a sec. I'm not sure
what you think you saw, but--

CLOE

I know what I saw. It was
definitely one of the fae. If I had
to guess, I'd probably say it was a
type of satyr. I didn't know they
grew that big!

JAXON

Fae? What're you--?

CLOE

Jax. They're all over the books.
One of the five races. Humans,
angels, demons, fae--

JAXON

Wait. You're not... freaked out?

CLOE

No, why would I be?

JAXON

Monsters actually exist... It's
weird that you're not freaked out
at least somewhat.

CLOE

Not monsters. And besides, I told you before, I knew that the world couldn't be this boring. Wait, when your sister said your father was a demon, was he actually...?

The FLUTE MUSIC gets louder. Jaxon interrupts Cloe with a raised hand and looks around.

Summer staggers into the room, pale and looking like she's just vomited.

SUMMER

Jax, I don't feel good. I think, I think something's wrong...

Blood starts trickling out of her ears and nose.

JAXON

Summer! Are you okay?

CLOE

Oh my god--

SUMMER

Do you guys hear that weird-- flute..?

Everything sounds like it's underwater, except for the flute.

TIME MOVES SLOWLY.

One HEARTBEAT. Summer shakes her head, but still can't hear Jax and Cloe talking even though their lips are moving.

A second HEARTBEAT. She tries to take a step forward, but the room tilts, as if she were drunk. Jax rushes to her as the world begins to move in slow motion.

A third HEARTBEAT. A finger SNAPS and her world whites out as Summer collapses.

TIME RESTARTS.

JAXON

(catching her)

Summer!

Just then, the front door BOOMS and SPLINTERS. Cloe SCREAMS as three Satyrs storm in.

JAXON (CONT'D)

Cloe!

Jaxon tries to stand and defend his unconscious sister, but quickly gets backhanded, sending him flying into the wall like a toy.

CLOE

Jaxon!

Blood pouring from his head, Jaxon looks up to see the Satyr standing over him.

Golden eyes smile as the Satyr looks down at him.

SATYR

Thanks.

The Satyr punches Jaxon.

His world goes black.

ACT THREE

EXT. GRASSY FIELD (SUMMER'S INNER WORLD) - DAY

Summer lays asleep next to a large tree on a grassy field under a bright, blue sky.

An aristocratic Indian man wearing an intricate off-white sherwani with red accents, **SHRAGA**, late-30s, whispers into her ear.

SHRAGA

Time to wake up, little one.

He SNAPS his fingers again.

EXT. PAN'S FOREST GLADE - EARLY MORNING

Summer hears a FLUTE playing as she opens her eyes.

SUMMER

Owww. Why does my everything hurt?

The music STOPS.

She finds herself bound to a tree facing the Hell Doors.

Pan stands up from his throne and mockingly bows before her.

PAN

There she is. How did you sleep,
Daughter of the Great Demon King?

INT. THE GOLDEN ONE'S BAR - EARLY MORNING

Hattie sits at her bar with a drink and a tablet in front of her, scrolling through reports. Hardly anyone else is around.

The front door opens and CHIMES as Jaxon walks in with Cloe and a big bandage on his head.

HATTIE

We're closed.

JAXON

Hattie, I--

HATTIE

(looks up)

You look like shit. Come on, follow me.

She finishes her drink, gets up, and heads to the back.

Hattie leads the two down a short hallway, past several doors, and stops in front of a door near the end.

She traces her finger in a quick pattern above the door knob. The pattern GLOWS for a second, followed by a CLICK.

INT. THE GOLDEN ONE'S BAR BACKROOM - CONTINUOUS

Walking down a set of stairs, they enter into a large industrial-style command center. High ceilings, wide space, and lots of technology mixed with ancient-looking artifacts.

A war table sits at one end with digital maps tracking pinged movements. VARIOUS AGENTS with files, or weapons, or vials of colored liquids carry on with their business.

She leads him to the conference table in the center.

CLOE

Whoa. What is this place?

HATTIE

Sit.

As Jaxon and Cloe is down, Hattie pours him a drink of water from the pitcher on the table.

An Agent hands her a fresh cocktail and she sits down.

HATTIE (CONT'D)

Now, tell me.

JAXON

We were attacked.

HATTIE

Where?

JAXON

In the apartment and outside the library before that.

HATTIE

Library?

JAXON

The University library.

CLOE

I work there. In Special Collections.

Hattie raises an eyebrow.

JAXON
Hattie, it was a Fae. A satyr of
all things.

CLOE
A really angry one.

HATTIE
And Summer?

JAXON
(pained)
They took her. I couldn't--

She slides her tablet over to him. A case report labeled
"Pan" shows brightly on the screen.

EXT. PAN'S FOREST GLADE - CONTINUOUS

Pan slowly approaches Summer as she continues to struggle.

PAN
Struggle all you like, my vines
don't break that easily.

SUMMER
What do you want with me?

PAN
Me? Nothing.
(with slight contempt)
But he requested I deliver you and
that is something I cannot refuse.

Pan smiles viscously and steps in a bit too close.

SUMMER
Ok, perv. Back off.

PAN
(inspecting every inch)
Don't worry. You're not my type.

SUMMER
Ah, boys?

PAN
(with disgust)
A half-breed.

SUMMER

Look, back off freak or you'll see just what happens when this "half-breed" gets pissed off!

PAN

(laughing)

Go ahead. If you can.

INT. THE GOLDEN ONE'S BAR BACKROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jaxon flips through the files in disbelief.

HATTIE

Until two years ago, the fae prince Pan was still over in the Aegean living a quiet existence. We believe that these attacks were him retrieving the pieces of his key.

CLOE

His key?

Hattie eyes Cloe who smiles awkwardly.

HATTIE

(smirking)

Special Collections, hm? And how is James?

Cloe looks doe-eyed in surprise.

HATTIE (CONT'D)

(without skipping a beat)

His flute. It's imbued with powerful fae magic from Belial, the Spriggan King, and when played, it has the ability to create portals.

JAXON

Portals? What are you talking about?

HATTIE

Doorways. Pathways to other realms.

JAXON

What does that have to do with Sum?

HATTIE

It appears that Pan intends to use your sister to unlock a portal to the Demon realm.

(MORE)

HATTIE (CONT'D)
 He probably needs her blood or her
 fire. Maybe both. Depends on the
 magics involved.

Jaxon jumps up and runs over to the stairs.

HATTIE (CONT'D)
 Where are you going?

JAXON
 Where do you think?! I'm going to
 save her!

HATTIE
 Calm down. I've already--

JAXON
 I'm going!

HATTIE
 Like hell, you are!

CLOE

Jaxon!

JAXON
 Hattie--!

HATTIE
 Aren't you supposed to be the smart
 one?

JAXON
 She's my sister!

HATTIE
 Then calm down and listen to me.
 You kids. Always in a rush. As if I
 would send you out there
 unprepared. Have some faith.

EXT. PAN'S FOREST GLADE - CONTINUOUS

The vines holding her wrists start to sizzle and smoke.

SUMMER
 What is your damage, freak? Are you
 even listening? I'll light this
 whole thing on fire like a face-
 melting Nazi!

PAN
 (sadistic)
 Go ahead. Do it.

Instantly, he's inches from her face.

PAN (CONT'D)

Or can't you control it yet? It's already been what... three years? They should be yours to command. To manipulate. To subjugate. But all you can do are parlor tricks.

(intensely cruel)

Wait. Don't tell me. Are you frightened of them? Afraid you'll be devoured... again?

SCREAMS suddenly echo through the glade. Screams of people burning, CRYING FOR HELP. Pan intensely watches Summer look around in a panic and laughs.

PAN (CONT'D)

(whispering in her ear)

Monster.

SUMMER

(shutting her eyes)

No! No, shut up!

He rips off one of her gloves, revealing black scars etched into her wrists that look like lines of cracked magma.

PAN

Tsk, tsk. Why do you hide these beautiful marks? Don't you know they're proof of your divine lineage?

SUMMER

Stop it!

Pan lifts her face and brushes the hair out of her eyes.

SUMMER (CONT'D)

Get your hands off me!

PAN

(pointing to the doors)

You should be able to hear him by now. He's calling you. Shall we send a reply?

SUMMER

You're insane.

A vine BURSTS through her shoulder like a spike.

Summer SCREAMS in pain as blood pours down onto the ground. As if it had a life of its own, the blood unnaturally wends its way towards the hell doors.

EXT. FOREST - CONTINUOUS

Deep in the woods, Jaxon hears Summer's SCREAM ECHO and looks up.

JAXON

Summer!

Armed with tactical gear and several weapons, Jaxon draws an unusually engraved gun and hurries through the woods.

EXT. PAN'S FOREST GLADE - CONTINUOUS

Pan gleefully watches the blood seep toward the doors and flow up the center filling in the center lock. Summer hangs crucified to the tree, passed out.

The Fae Attendant approaches the throne and kneels.

ATTENDANT

Sir, the brother approaches.

PAN

Right on time.

Pan casually hops over the blood's path and disappears into the forest. His attendant gazes at Summer for a moment and then quickly follows Pan.

EXT. FOREST - MOMENTS LATER

A twig SNAPS behind Jaxon.

As he whirls around, coming face-to-face with a SATYR, he gets a SHOT off, but misses. There's a bit more recoil than he expected.

The satyr dodges his next several attacks and manages to swipe him from the side, sending him flying several feet.

Jaxon uses his momentum and as he rolls on the ground, fires two more SHOTS, hitting the satyr in the chest.

Surprised, the satyr falls backwards and his body quickly DISSOLVES and becomes forest flora and moss.

JAXON

(eyeing the gun)

Thank you, Hattie.

Another SATYR grabs him from behind and lifts him off the ground for a moment, pinning his arms.

He quickly kicks out the satyr's leg, breaks free of the hold, and flips the satyr onto the ground.

Jaxon SHOTS the satyr in its chest and it DISINTEGRATES into forest moss where he fell.

JAXON (CONT'D)
 (admiring the gun)
 Okay, I am definitely keeping this.

EXT. PAN'S FOREST GLADE - MOMENTS LATER

Jaxon runs in to the empty throne room and sees the Hell Doors pulsate with an unnatural glow. His eyes find Summer secured to the tree.

JAXON
 (racing to her)
 Summer!

SUMMER
 (weakly)
 Jax?

JAXON
 Summer! Thank God. Are you okay?

He starts trying to rip off the vines restraining her.

SUMMER
 What're you doing here?

JAXON
 What do you think? I'm here to rescue you.

SUMMER
 You have to get out of here.

PAN
 She's right, you know.

Pan appears behind him.

Jaxon whips around, pointing his gun at Pan.

JAXON
 Let her go! Now!

PAN
 Now this is a sight. Twins. Yet so entirely unequal.
 (MORE)

PAN (CONT'D)

The sister, first-born, flowing
with the flame of the Demon King.
And the brother, pathetically
lacking.

Jaxon fires off TWO SHOTS into Pan's chest, to minimal effect. Pan looks down at the two holes as they quickly sizzle and heal.

PAN (CONT'D)

Don't interrupt, boy.

With a flick of his wrist, two vines grab and pull Jaxon down to his knees.

Suddenly, Jaxon CRIES OUT as vines start wrapping around him, squeezing and crushing him.

PAN (CONT'D)

Do you know why the humans banished
the demon race 6,000 years ago?
Rage, hatred, resentment, and fear.
Truth be told, evil is humanity's
truest form.

SUMMER

You're wrong.

PAN

Am I? How about a demonstration.

Suddenly, Jaxon CRIES OUT as vines start growing UNDER his skin, creeping up his arms, sprouting out through his skin with little green leaves speckled in red blood.

SUMMER

Jaxon!

(to Pan)

Let him go! You have me, so just
let him go!

PAN

I could simply killed him outright,
but where's the lesson in that?

SUMMER

Stop it.

PAN

He will suffer.

SUMMER

Stop it.

PAN
He will writhe in despair.

SUMMER
Stop it!

PAN
And he will die.

SUMMER
STOP IT!

PAN
(to Jaxon)
How is it? Painful, right?

SUMMER
Jaxon!

PAN
(crouching in front of Jax)
Tell the truth and the pain will stop. In that secret spot tucked away in your heart that you desperately wish wasn't true, but you know that it is... more than anything else, you beg for death. Because something is inherently wrong in a world where monsters exist. Monsters like your sister. And you hate her for it. You resent her.

Jaxon looks to his sister.

PAN (CONT'D)
And your greatest fear, the hatred that eats at your soul, is that one day, you'll become a monster. Just. Like. Her.

The vines creep up his neck as Jaxon SCREAMS.

FLASHBACK - UNIVERSITY LIBRARY CAFE

Cloe leans in with playful smile.

CLOE
First off, not a monster. They all have their own origins. Their own traumas.

She reaches out and takes his hand with genuine warmth and concern.

CLOE (CONT'D)
Wouldn't you want someone to hear
your side?

EXT. PAN'S FOREST GLADE - CONTINUOUS

Jaxon opens his eyes and fights through the pain, his words guttural.

JAXON
Not... a monster.

PAN
What?

JAXON
(more clearly)
Not a monster.

PAN
You sure about that?

Both of Summer's hands ignite in fire as she struggles to break free.

SUMMER
Jaxon! Just hold on!

JAXON
She's not a monster. She's my
sister!

He looks over to his sister one last time and tries to smile, but the vines squeeze him harder.

JAXON (CONT'D)
(to Pan)
And she's going to kill you.

Blood spills out of his mouth and Jaxon's head drops.

SUMMER
NOOooo!!!

TIME SLOWS DOWN.

One HEARTBEAT. The black scars on Summer's wrist pulsate as the fiery orange glow changes to black.

A second HEARTBEAT. Summer's eyes go completely black.

A third HEARTBEAT. Summer ignites into flames, her fire washing over everything and everyone.

As the BLACK FIRE hits the Hell Doors, the lock CLICKS, the vine chains release, and the skeleton arms open the door.

From deep inside the door, the low rumble of a DEEP LAUGH echoes out.

Shraga suddenly appears standing in between the Hell Doors and Summer, he surveys everything.

Pan sees him and goes instantly pale.

PAN

NOOooo!!!

Shraga places his hand on Summer's chest and gently pushes.

The world goes white.

ACT FOUR

EXT. GRASSY FIELD (SUMMER'S INNER WORLD) - CONTINUOUS

Summer falls backwards, as if shoved, onto a soft, grassy field.

SUMMER

Oww. What the hell? Where--?

SHRAGA

Summer, can you hear me?

SUMMER

What--?

SHRAGA

Over here.

Summer looks around and sees Shraga seated like an aristocrat in a white armchair, next to a large tree.

SUMMER

Who the hell are you?

SHRAGA

"Who am I?" I'm--

His lips move, but Summer can't hear the name.

SHRAGA (CONT'D)

Still nothing? You really are a stubborn one. Here in this world--

SUMMER

Hey, old dude, where are we?

SHRAGA

"Old dude"? You really are just like her. Curious. How can you sit in a place like that?

Summer looks down to see the ground glow brightly, ready to burst with flowing magma.

SUMMER

(jumping up)

What the--?!

SHRAGA

Good! You can still move.

The ground TREMORS and black scars like cracked magma, mirroring the scars on her wrists, start to glow and spread.

SHRAGA (CONT'D)

But, there will be time for explanations later. Right now, as you can see, this world is falling apart.

The cracks spread and char the ground as chunks crumble and fall, disappearing into a central black void.

SUMMER

What?!

Fiery magma SPURTS from several cracks, like a volcano beginning to explode.

SHRAGA

You see those flames? You must take control of them.

SUMMER

Are you kidding me?! What am I supposed to do? Sing "Let it Go" but, for fire??

SHRAGA

You must find a way! You must take hold of your birthright before this world disintegrates and you are consumed.

The space beneath her burns black and vanishes. Summer SCREAMS as she falls into the void.

Shraga watches her fall from the edge.

SHRAGA (CONT'D)

Fight, Summer Kinsley. Grab hold of the fire within or be devoured by the King of Demons. Show me I made the right choice.

EXT. PAN'S FOREST GLADE - CONTINUOUS

Pan stands between the Hell Doors and Summer, furious at missing Shraga.

Suddenly, Summer ROARS and rages against the tree. Vines start to SNAP as her body is encased by black & orange fire.

The Hell Doors finish opening with a THUNDEROUS BOOM.

Pan spins around and quickly kneels.

PAN
(bowing his head)
My King. I was just--

JAXON
(clinging to life)
Sum-mer...

Irritated, Pan quickly walks over, grabs Jaxon's hair and pulls his face up to look at him.

Jaxon spits at him.

PAN
Still alive, I see. Tell me, is that what you were trying to save?
(turns Jaxon to see Summer)
A half-bred monster lost to rage. Pathetic. Any moment now, those black flames will finish devouring her, so don't worry. It'll be over soon.

Summer ROARS as the black flames consume her.

PAN (CONT'D)
How does it feel to be so utterly useless? Unable to save yourself. Unable to save your beloved sis--

Something GLINTS in Jaxon's eye, jarring Pan, who instinctively jumps backwards.

Quickly regaining himself, Pan furiously grabs Jaxon's neck, ripping him out of the vines, and lifting him into the air.

Jaxon struggles to breathe, but Pan's grip is preternaturally strong.

Just then, a LOUD BUZZING melody like a high-pitched kazoo plays through the air.

Pan SCREAMS in pain, dropping Jaxon and pressing his hands to his head.

The BUZZING STOPS.

FIG (FAE ATTENDANT)
Blah, blah, blah. You talk too much.

Pan spots his Fae Attendant lounging on the throne, a simple leaf whistle pressed to his lips.

The Fae Attendant jumps up nonchalantly.

FIG (FAE ATTENDANT) (CONT'D)

Oh I'm sorry. Was I interrupting something? Not sure if this is important, but I just counteracted and canceled your lullaby spell with this. Should give her a fighting chance now, at least.

He holds up the leaf and casually tosses it behind him.

PAN

Who--?

FIG (FAE ATTENDANT)

Don't tell me you've forgotten about me already.

A swirl of leaves suddenly surround him, quickly REVEALING Fig, casually dressed in a hoodie and jeans, with an orange-tipped black fox tail behind him and a pair of fox ears on his head.

As realization washes over him, Pan becomes furious.

FIG (CONT'D)

(winking)

It's been awhile, Pan.

PAN

You?

Suddenly, a fireball ERUPTS from Summer, knocking them both down and shattering the hell doors.

PAN (CONT'D)

Ha! Seems as if you've both failed.

A BLACK FIRE bursts into the sky as the hell doors crumble and spreads out in a mushroom cloud of energy.

Surrounded by her flames, Summer lets out an ungodly ROAR.

JAXON

Summer?!

Pan tries to stand up.

Instantly, Summer appears before him and punches... hard... sending him flying through several trees, away from the glade, leaving a trail of destruction in his wake.

Shock covers Pan's bloodied face as he finds himself stuck in the smashed trunk of a large tree several hundred yards away.

As he attempts to free himself, Pan looks up and sees Summer immediately in front of him ready to strike another blow.

FIG
(to Jaxon)
Is that normal?

JAXON
(standing up)
Does that look normal to you?! We have to stop her!

Jaxon coughs up blood and staggers.

FIG
Right, right. Any ideas?

Pan tries to fight back against Summer, but each punch has no effect on her and only ends up burning his hands.

She kicks him into another tree.

JAXON
(panic setting in)
We have to stop her, right now!

FIG
Yeah, I heard you.

JAXON
No, you don't understand. It's just like before--

FIG
Before?

Jaxon stares off at Summer as she continues to pummel Pan, surrounded by flames.

FIG (CONT'D)
Hey, kid. Talk to me.

JAXON
Right. Also, who are you?

FIG

Just the dashing hero, here to save
the day. Obviously.

(off his look)

Hattie sent me. First thing's
first, though, let's take care of
the goat.

Summer backhands Pan, sending him flying towards the glade
and landing in front of Fig and Jaxon.

FIG (CONT'D)

Oh. Perfect.

(shouting to Summer)

Thank you!

Fig squats in front of Pan and presses a leaf on Pan's
forehead.

FIG (CONT'D)

Just like old times, ain't it.

PAN

Wait! Stop! That's not hi--

Before he can finish his plea, a swirl of leaves consume Pan,
TRANSFORMING him into a small pygmy goat.

FIG

Yup. Just like old times.

He picks up the tiny goat and stands back up.

JAXON

Hold up. Did you just turn a fae
prince into a tiny goat?

The nearby trees catch on fire and the entire glade is about
to burn as Summer re-enters the glade.

FIG

Yup. Here. Hold him for me.

Fig passes the goat to Jaxon and snags a small flask marked
with a cross off of Jaxon's belt.

FIG (CONT'D)

And DON'T let him go!

Waves of heat ripple off of Summer as she looks around the
glade, confused as to where Pan disappeared to.

Fig turns and slowly walks towards Summer. Curiously, the
heat seems to have no effect on him.

FIG (CONT'D)

You know, you really shouldn't play with fire if you can't control it, sweetheart.

Summer's black gaze finds Fig. She smiles.

FIG (CONT'D)

Well, that can't be good.

Fig takes a swig of the flask and rushes straight at her.

Summer's fire EXPLODES again and Jaxon takes cover, shielding the tiny goat.

After a moment, an ODD HISS hangs over the glade. A few tree branches crackle and fall, but the roar of the fire is gone.

Standing back up cautiously, Jaxon sees a cloud of steam in the center of the glade.

As the steam clears, in the center of it all, stands Fig embracing and kissing Summer.

A small trace of water runs out of her mouth.

A moment later, her eyes open, clear of all blackness.

Surprised, Summer immediately comes to and pushes Fig away, falling to the ground and coughing up water.

FIG (CONT'D)

Well, can't say that's the usual response I get.

SUMMER

Hands off! Who the hell--?

Jaxon runs over.

JAXON

Summer!

SUMMER

Jax!

Jaxon slides to the ground, embracing his sister and letting go of the goat. Fig steps back, scooping up the goat.

FIG

Oop! Gotcha.

SUMMER
 Jax, are you alright?! What
 happened? Owwww...

Summer looks at her arms, the black magma scars finish
 receding back to her wrists.

FIG
 Thanks for this, kid.

He tosses the now-empty flask back to Jaxon who looks down
 and sees "Holy Water" written on the backside.

SUMMER
 (looking around)
 Crap! Did Pan get away?

JAXON
 You kind of beat the shit out of
 him.

SUMMER
 Really? Awesome!

Fig picks up the flute from under some debris and starts off
 with the tiny goat under his arm.

Jaxon helps Summer stand and the two follow after Fig.

SUMMER (CONT'D)
 Hey Jax, what's with the tiny goat?

INT. THE GOLDEN ONE'S BAR BACKROOM - LATER

Fig leans against the war table, quietly flirting with one of
 the agents, looking very human as his tail and fox ears are
 missing.

Summer barrels out of one of the side rooms as a heavily-
 bandaged Jaxon and Cloe trail after her.

SUMMER
 Let go of me! I told you, I'm fine.
 Where is that jerk--?!

JAXON
 Summer, come on--

Summer frees herself from Jaxon's grasp and charges back
 towards Fig, planting herself in front of him.

FIG
 Yo.

SUMMER
You kissed me.

FIG
Statement or question?

Fig smiles to the agent and takes a file from her.

SUMMER
Ever heard of consent?

FIG
You were possessed by the Demon
King. What was I supposed to do?

SUMMER
No, I wasn't.

FIG
What?

SUMMER
Don't do it again!

Fig holds up his hands in surrender as Hattie walks in & tosses down a stack of papers on the table.

HATTIE
Do what?

Fig takes a seat and starts flipping through the file.

SUMMER
He kissed me!

FIG
Look, I'm sorry. It won't happen
again. Trust me.

HATTIE
Fox, you've got five minutes with
him. Don't make me regret this.

FIG
(suddenly serious)
Yes, ma'am. Thank you.

HATTIE
Don't call me, ma'am!

Fig quickly hurries off through one of the doors in the back of the room.

Hattie turns to the kids.

HATTIE (CONT'D)

And as for you three--

JAXON

Hattie, I can explain--

SUMMER

What'd we do now?

HATTIE

Good job today in coming home.

She pulls the twins into a bear hug. Jaxon winces in pain and Hattie releases them.

HATTIE (CONT'D)

(noting Jaxon's bandages)

You going to be alright?

JAXON

Yeah, the nurse said I'm fine.

CLOE

Actually, she said you have three fractured ribs, various toxins in your blood, and had a partially collapsed lung. So you need to take this medicine--

JAXON

--and rest. Yes. I'll be fine, Hattie.

HATTIE

(to Summer)

And you?

SUMMER

Me? I'm fine. A little sore kinda everywhere, but I've had worse hangovers.

(oops)

I mean... what? I'm not old enough to drink. It's just an expression--

HATTIE

Just stop.

SUMMER

Yes, ma'am.

She pulls out her tablet and taps a few things.

HATTIE

Your payment for capturing Pan.

She shows the screen to Summer who gawks at the number.

SUMMER

Are you serious?!

HATTIE

You helped capture a Critical Threat target and with minimal damages, present company excluded.

SUMMER

That's over six months worth of rent! Plus some.

HATTIE

Then you won't have to worry while you're training.

SUMMER

Training?

HATTIE

Yes, training. We got lucky that the Demon King didn't escape, but countless other entities were released in the explosion. We're gonna need all hands on deck to clean up the mess. You two up for that?

JAXON

Absolutely.
(to Summer)
Wait, what "we"?

SUMMER

I mean, we did kind of break the seal and all that.

HATTIE

Good. You, library girl, make sure he actually rests.

CLOE

Yes, ma'am.

The kids get up & start to leave. Hattie pulls Summer aside.

HATTIE

Summer, the other Crown Princes must be aware of you by now, so I want you to take this training seriously.

SUMMER

Hey, Hattie? You know how you're always saying that I need to face what's inside. What if... what if it's something really bad?

INT. DARK HOLDING CELL - CONTINUOUS

Pan sits in a windowless holding cell, quietly tapping his head on the wall behind him. THUNK. THUNK. THUNK.

Fig stands in the shadows watching.

PAN

You just going to stand there? Or did you come for a reason?

FIG

Just wanted to find out why.

PAN

You first. The fox I knew could never be caught. Yet here you are with a leash around your neck.

FIG

Times change.

Instantly, Pan is on his feet, grabbing the bars. His hands singeing on the metal.

PAN

You betrayed us all!

Fig fumes silently a moment before smiling and casually knocking on the bars.

FIG

These bars are iron-core silver. Strong enough to contain even the likes of you.

PAN

Rot in Tartarus.

FIG

Charming as always. So wanna tell me why you actually betrayed everything to serve what... the Demon King?

PAN

(spitting at Fig)
I would never bow to him!
(turning vicious)
Come to think of it, friend. Wasn't the last Holy War started over one little girl?

Pan laughs to himself as he sits back in the shadows.