

All Down But Nine

by

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FADE IN:

INT./EXT. SIMPLYSCRIPTS OFFICES - NIGHT

Outside, the revolving spherical sign turns just like our world.

SIMPLY SCRIPTS sings faerie-like, as its tinkling music box sound diminishes to the inside.

The glow of many computer screens on in the night.

Where is everyone?

Around one corner is THE MAN, a youthful 70s.

His white beard dresses his chin in magnificence.

At his computer, the blue light shines on his face. He notices us and acknowledges our existence with the raising of his glass and then he takes a drink.

He's not happy. He winds up smashing back the whole thing.

THE MAN

It all started when Moira Vanish wrote a script, but then she wound up inside it.

He tosses down a manuscript: SIMPLYSCRIPTS

THE MAN (CONT'D)

This script and that script and another script, until... She was everywhere and nowhere at the same time. Is she lost? Or is she hiding?

THE WOMAN (70s) with a feathered hat appears.

THE WOMAN

Are you ready to go, Dear? The beaches await.

She looks up at us. Gives us a wave.

THE MAN

I've lost Moira. She can't hear me at all right now.

THE WOMAN

Isn't she with Joseph?

THE MAN

Yes, but she's completely oblivious. Something is interfering with our connection.

THE WOMAN

A vacation will do you good.

THE MAN

I thought I could protect her. I was wrong.

The Woman encourages The Man, pulling him up from the chair.

THE WOMAN

When we get back, you'll have a fresh perspective.

The Man nods. He speaks to the screen, where we see

MOIRA VANISH'S (33), smiling face in a movie trailer.

She's dressed as one of those Saloon Barmaids. Her hair is swept up, styled excessively, with ringlets cascading down.

ULYSSES HOOVER, (30s), a happy cowboy holding a straight flush has the best poker face ever.

She places down drinks.

The Title is:

ALL DOWN BUT NINE

STARRING MOIRA VANISH and ULYSSES HOOVER

The Man closes. The screen turns saver. Geometria.

He and the woman leave.

From herein Moira exists as an actress; however, she's within a multiple reality universe and has varying points of view..

INT. OPERATING ROOM

Moira lies on a table in a room surrounded by a green light like that of a glow stick.

Ambient sounds enter her ears. Clanking metal. Tearing.

Moira's POV

The nurse and doctor look down upon her, a blurry connection.

DOCTOR
 You're gonna be alright. Can you
 tell me your name?

Moira can't speak. She's clearly disoriented.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)
 I said do you know your name? Do
 you know your name?

The nurse inserts an I.V. into Moira's hand.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)
 Count down from one hundred,
 alright?

Moira nods.

MOIRA
 100, 99, 98, 97, 96

EXT. WILD WEST SET

Moira leaves THE SALOON.

A glimpse of the woman that's on the run in the scripts and
 lives in Hell at times.

Her pace is interrupted as she takes off her shoes and stuffs
 them in an over-the-shoulder bag.

She undoes the clasp of a choker piece of jewelry belonging
 to her costume. It's a twisted piece of golden wire that is
 her name written in wire.

MOIRA VANISH in calligraphic trails. She pockets it.

A young girl runs up to her. It's BELLA ROSEMOND, the little
 blonde girl, six years young, from The Magic of Letters - A
 Christmas Story.

Bella holds out a book.

BELLA
 Can I get your autograph? Mom's
 working make-up. She said you
 wouldn't mind.

Moira is acting very coolly.

MOIRA
 Bella, you don't want my life.

BELLA

What makes you think I do?

MOIRA

I don't know. I just know, OK?
Forget about your dreams. They're
just false dreams. Nothing ever
comes of them. Except nightmares.

Moira swirls the final "A" of her name and writes:

ALL DOWN BUT NINE

She hands the book back to Bella.

Moira's about to walk away, but Bella grabs her arm.

She holds up another book.

BELLA

Can you do one for my brother, too?

MOIRA

Your brother?

BELLA

He's a big hockey fan, but he
thinks Westerns are cool.

Moira takes the book.

She signs her autograph again.

MOIRA

How is Jake?

BELLA

You know his name?!

Moira shakes herself out.

MOIRA

Lucky guess.

Bella shakes "no".

Moira corrects her lie.

MOIRA (CONT'D)

I just get this kind of input every
once in awhile.

BELLA

Thanks.

MOIRA

Yer welcome.

Moira gives a gentle touch to Bella's head, then walks off, leaving her standing on the set, alone.

EXT. TWO CABINS

Two cabins stand side by side in an isolated wilderness full of snow. The majestic beauty of nature is thick with dreams of real people, places and times.

Prismatic slices of color shoot at odd angles.

The cabins are at once, revealed to have an alter form-

Small blinks of their other identity is revealed:

TWO HAUNTED HOUSES SIDE-BY-SIDE

INT. CABIN ON RIGHT

Moira, sits at her #5 Underwood typewriter clicking the keys in the corner.

She looks the same, but her hair is noticeably different. It's now very relaxed, hanging loosely down.

She looks up to Wolvy, the stuffed wolverine, hanging above.

MOIRA

What's the matter Wolvy? You don't look so well. Is it? Oh I know. Christmas is over and that depression sets in after all the Boxing Day madness. Well, let's see, nothing like a nice visit to St. Augustine's to cure ye of yer ails.

She lifts a full size painting of the St. Augustine's property and hangs it on her wall.

After a moment of observation, she reaches for a fancy boutique style bag from the floor near her desk. It reads:

VIRTUAL WORLD BOUTIQUE

She pulls out a packaged Magic 8 Ball. The kind you tell fortunes with.

She reads aloud what it says on the package.

MOIRA (CONT'D)

Not to be used as a substitute for
a home pregnancy test kit.

(laughing)

No, I just want to know if St.
Augustine's is having a positive
karmic turn right now?

She shakes it. Turns it over to read.

BETTER NOT TELL YOU NOW

MOIRA (CONT'D)

Figures. Well, I'll just have to go
and find out for myself.

BLACK

White letters on the screen...

MOIRA VANISH

33 YEAR OLD FEMALE

STATIONED AT 42 MILE

EXT. CABINS

Zoom out from these two wilderness abodes to a satellite
view.

SUPER: VANCOUVER - 1933

EXT. STANLEY PARK PAVILION

The courtly banquet facility built in 1911 stands as a
mountain chalet.

Nestled amidst the famous rose gardens.

The place is so loaded with classic memories of weddings and
dreams you can almost feel Pachelbel flowing inside your
veins.

Now gather some strength and fly upwards.

AERIAL - SAINT AUGUSTINE'S PROPERTY - DAY

This trip to the clouds isn't free you know. There's always a
catch...

Grey looking footage of the old Catholic church circa 1930.
Pachabel is dead. And it's a long swift dive down to-

EXT. SAINT AUGUSTINE'S CHAPEL - FRONTAGE

The large wooden front doors.

Strange to shadow the back of an anonymous PRIEST (60s) who enters therein. He disappears.

To linger at the doors to the chapel is to linger in the hollowness that follows.

Bells chime. A haunting sound.

Traveling north on the property gives the impression of October 31st. The wind blows through the long grass with the eeriness of souls departed.

NARRATOR V.O.

In 1933, two houses were built on the north side of St. Augustine's exuberant property.

Time lapse photography is the miracle that raises these

Two Gothic character homes

They rise from the ground with seemingly not even a single stroke of a hammer.

NARRATOR V.O. (CONT'D)

The question remains: For whom were they built? And why did they remain empty? All we really know is that these two empty houses became part of the Simply World Legend and you know what they say about legends...

INT. CABIN ON THE RIGHT

Moira is curled up on the sofa, THE LEGEND OF SAINT AUGUSTINE'S in her hands.

It's a green leather book with gold lettering. Someone's in the room with her. I wonder who it is.

MOIRA

They say if you enter inside one of the two houses of St. Augustine's, you'll die and become one.

(MORE)

MOIRA (CONT'D)
 A legend from the library of the
 great St. Augustine's.

INT. ST. AUGUSTINE'S - LIBRARY

A massive old library with shelves reaching to the ceiling.

Sure as day, Moira's here. Standing small, as she gazes upwards. Row on row and line by line of history before her.

She turns slowly-

MOIRA
 Moira Vanish. Is that who I am? Who
 am I, this woman of restlessness?
 Why can I not settle down and cease
 all my worrying?

In one meticulous instant, Moira's gripped by a gloved black hand around her mouth and another around her forehead, drawing her head back at an exceedingly awful angle.

RET O.C.
 Because of your instincts. And
 you're right. You should be
 worried. Better promise you won't
 make a sound.

Moira nods, yes. Ret lets go. He's dark skinned. Tanned like hell. He looks like he's completely made of testosterone. Muscular, but his eyes look smart. He's early 40s and looks like he's been around a very long block.

Moira eyes him. Something's on her mind.

MOIRA
 (mousy sound)
 Squeak.

She taunts him, wags her head back and forth.

His eyebrows rise up. He moves in, trying to scare her, his head inches away from her face.

Moira's POV:

To see Ret this close is scary but-

MOIRA (CONT'D)
 Squeak-squeak? Do you think they'll
 hear?

RET

Exactly what I thought!

Moira pushes him away.

MOIRA

You tell me to be quiet and you're all- "Exactly what I thought!" Exclamation mark!

RET

I know you. I know I know you. But you're in this weird state and-

MOIRA

What weird state?

RET

The state of Kansas - I don't know.

MOIRA

Toto, I have a feeling we're not in Kansas anymore.

RET

You have to get serious, Moira. You won't know who's on your side unless you develop your instincts to a greater level. They're replicating people in the legends and manipulating them.

MOIRA

Replicating and manipulating.

Moira pulls out a note pad to write. She prints and speaks slowly in time with the scritch-scratch of her purple pencil.

MOIRA (CONT'D)

Re-pli-ca-ting. Ma-ni-pu-la-ting. Gotcha. If something happens that we get this Total Recall thing happening, I'll have it all here in my trusty log.

RET

Moira, I'm serious.

Moira shakes off, her head down in shame.

MOIRA

I know you're serious, but if I'm too serious, I can't function and if I can't function, then you and I, whoever we are, are going to be seriously screwed.

RET

So you'd better get yourself into your happy place for protection because they're on our tale.

Ret pulls Moira out the door.

MOIRA

Where are we going?

RET

To get you back into your Magic of Letters. There's someone in there you need to find.

Moira hauls, pulls out her notebook.

MOIRA

Som-one- in-there...

RET

No time for that.

He pulls her notebook away, pulls her purse away, stuffs the notebook inside and puts the purse over his shoulder as-

THE GETAWAY begins.

MOIRA

You look cute with that.

RET

They're gonna want your purse and everything they can get on you.

EXT. SAINT AUGUSTINE'S PROPERTY

Through the field to the haunted houses, they run to get into a script.

Three GOMS arrive on scene. The Goms look human, but they're like some kind of armored soldiers out of medieval times.

They're riding grey horses and they're closing in with a net.

Moira and Ret are so close to the entrance of the house on the right, but it happens.

Flap! The net comes down upon them. They struggle to escape.

The Goms jump down from their horses.

MOIRA

This is definitely not my happy place.

The netting is removed and Moira and Ret are in their clutches.

Two Goms lead Ret inside. He's strong, but not against two of them.

The other Gom escorts Moira.

GOM

Inside!

MOIRA

Didn't you get that that's where I was headed?

The Gom is intrigued by Moira's fight. His grasp loosens.

GOM

Upstairs inside.

MOIRA

Oh no, the last time I went upstairs with someone in here, I wound up pregnant. No deal!

Moira wrangles her way out of the Gom's grasp in a slithering motion, but it only takes a moment of effort on the Gom's part to grab her hard and pull her in.

INT. HAUNTED HOUSE ON RIGHT

The inside of this place is rich. A fine wood staircase rises.

A brass umbrella stand near the entry.

Things look the same as always. The sofa, the chairs, the antique piano...

Moira and Ret sit down in wonder now realizing they're not under attack.

GOM

They're gonna think the Goms took
you, but we're not Goms.

The Goms turn back into their forms-- natural human males.
Now referred to as Gun-Men.

Gun-man #1 (30s), is the leader. He's dressed as a cowboy.

Gun-man #2 (50s), looks wise. He's a native American and has
long black braids.

Gun-man #3 (30s), looks like Mr. Clean, but wearing blue.

MOIRA

Who are you?

GUN-MAN #1

We're Gun-men.

RET

(to Moira)

And Good-Men.

(to Gun-men)

You did a good job of making it
look real by the way. Goming the
Goms.

Moira looks back and forth from Ret to the Gun-man,
uncertain.

Gun-man #2 begins to do what looks like a rain dance. He's
shaking maracas.

Gun-man #3 looks in a a travel magazine, a bit oblivious.

GUN-MAN #1

The Goms are a counterfeit
organization. What we did is
counterfeit the counterfitters.
They think they've got you.

MOIRA

Get me? Why?

GUN-MAN #2

You're holding a rare energy that
transmutes things.

MOIRA

They want me for my energy?

GUN-MAN #2

They want you, but you're being somewhat protected right now by the force that was established on the St. Augustine's property a long time ago.

Moira stands up and looks around the room.

She has flashes of where she's stationed. The cabin.

GUN-MAN #2 (CONT'D)

You need to remember this moment right now and write it into The Magic of letters.

RET

Now wait, shouldn't she write in that this moment is deleted? Then they will never know it happened and they can't trail us.

GUN-MAN #2

No because if they can't trail us, it means we can't get back to this moment and this is the moment where' she's safe.

GUN-MAN #1

What it means is that as long as she writes it in, some of her energy remains right here.

RET

Another wait. If she writes it in, then she's breaking up her energy again. Plastering her essence all over creation isn't the solution. She'll lose herself completely.

G-MAN #1

She'll be lost, but safe.

RET

That's a moot point.

Moira is busy nodding in agreement.

MOIRA

Moot. Very moot.

RET

You see how screwed up she is?

Moira gives Ret an evil glare.

GUN-MAN #1

If she's broken into many pieces,
they can't get her!!! A piece of a
puzzle does not a picture make.

Moira scratches her head.

MOIRA

I kinda like the idea of them not
getting me, but being broken into a
lot of pieces, that sounds very
Horcrux and Voldemort to me and I
don't know if I want that kind of
hassle.

Ret falls back in his chair, covering his eyes.

As Moira begins her spiel, images wash over her in a
transparency, over her excessive gesticulations--

She's multitasking in her kitchen, and the Devil Knife lands
point down, stuck very securely in the floor.

MOIRA (CONT'D)

You know what? True story-- I was
doing the kitchen counter thing,
you know, washing dishes, chopping
vegetables-- actually, I was
completely multi-tasking because I
was doing the basement thing too--
I was running down to put laundry
into dry and come to think of it, I
was checking in with Michael
Cornetto on Simply, and you know
what I've learned in life, DON'T
RUSH, because the minute you start
rushing, problems happen. Well, I
was lucky though because as I was
putting dishes in the sink, this
knife that had a big black handle,
kind of like a steak knife but with
a really sharp edge and a fair bit
larger-- fell!!! It fell and do you
know where? It fell about an inch
away from my foot. It landed
sticking into the tile of the
floor, standing there like a
soldier. The second that happened,
I laughed! I laughed and even
though I named it the Devil Knife,
I knew! I knew that everything was
planned.

(MORE)

MOIRA (CONT'D)

Every little thing was planned. And these are the moments boys. These are the moments...

The poor tough Gun-men are beaten down. They have their hands to their heads.

The mean and muscular Ret is smiling rather stupidly.

Moira looks at them. She looks at them harder.

MOIRA (CONT'D)

Guys, I'm serious.

Everyone's serious in this script, but no one's serious enough when:

BANG BANG BANG!!!!

They jump!

The Gun-Man #1 points to a corridor.

GUN-MAN #1

Downstairs!

They run hitting against each other, but make it through the doorway just as the real Goms break in the door.

INT. STAIRWELL

It's dark. Gun-Man #1 reaches to pull a thin string connected to a barren white light that hangs.

O.S. the sound of footsteps running upstairs.

MOIRA

What made them think I was upstairs?

RET

As far as they're concerned, you've just went upstairs with the Stranger...

FLASHBACK:

EXT./INT. HAUNTED HOUSE ON RIGHT

Moira approaches The Stranger, walks up the steps.

MOIRA

I know I know you from somewhere.

THE STRANGER

There is a code of law and I can't say right now.

He takes her hand as he opens the door and draws her inside. She looks around.

The place has been transformed and truly does look like the insides of a cozy bed and breakfast. Right down to the fine curtains and even a vase of flowers sitting on a table near the window, where the light pours in.

THE STRANGER (CONT'D)

Come upstairs with me.

The Stranger presses gently on Moira's upper back as he guides her in the direction of the first step. Her feet rise one, two, three...

BACK TO SCENE:

INT. STAIRWELL

GUN-MAN #1

They think they're on page #102 in Magic of Letters. Instead of having a divine child with The Stranger, they want it to be divine with a Gom.

Moira makes a face.

GUN-MAN #2

We'll divert them.

The two Gun-men change back into Goms and head out.

Gun-Man #1 leads the way down the stairs.

BASEMENT

It's not so pleasant. Downright creepy. Sheets cover things that we don't want to see.

Gun-man #1 lifts off one sheet on the floor.

The bones of a skeleton lie there, motionless.

Moira and Ret see this. There's an uncomfortable feeling.

Whoever it was, they died with their hands over their eyes, not wanting to look at something.

They don't want to look either. They turn away to-
Boxes of stacked papers.

Gun-Man #1 covers up the skeleton.

Moira and Ret dig through several boxes.

MOIRA
Hey, I found it!

She holds up the script. It says The Magic of Letters alright, but then Moira is shocked to see:

Rewrite #9

MOIRA (CONT'D)
But I haven't written nine rewrites yet.

GUN-MAN #1
It's a counterfeit. You gotta go in and change it before someone gets a hold of it.

MOIRA
Couldn't we go into Thief instead? I really miss those guys in there.

RET
No, you're going in your letters script. And you gotta go alone, but we'll be here. Promise.

Ret pushes Moira toward what is a solid basement brick wall foundation.

Moira shakes her head.

MOIRA
No, I'm not going.

RET
Yes you're going.

MOIRA
I'm scared.

RET

You weren't scared of me because
you're made of the same stuff as
me.

MOIRA

That was then this is now.

Ret turns to Gun-man #1 for help.

Gun-man #1 turns into his Gom form. He approaches Moira.

Holy man-oh-man! Maybe he IS a real Gom!

Moira looks afraid. Really really afraid.

It's the stuff of nightmares now. The ugly cellar turns
uglier. A Gom coming to attack her and make her pray for
death, a death that won't come.

She turns to the brick wall and bangs on it,

MOIRA (CONT'D)

Open up! Open up!

The Gom grabs her and throws her down.

Ret looks fearful as he watches.

RET

Hey Man go easy! It's a little too
real.

The Gom turns to look at Ret.

The Gom looks more fierce than ever. His voice is like an
ugly garbled sound from a tape on rewind inside a drum.

GOM

I'm made and manifest here now and
forever it's my domain!

He turns to hit Moira and strikes her hard.

GOM (CONT'D)

Write me in!

MOIRA

No!

Ret looks around for some kind of a weapon.

The Gom heaves Moira up.

GOM

Method one. The only one: Painful
Vexation.

He presses a single finger into a point on her neck.

Her face twists up painfully and she screams like Hell has
just entered her.

MOIRA

Ahhhh! Leave me!!!

Ret knocks the Gom across the head with a heavy brick
foundation block.

The Gom falls down, returning to the state of being a normal
Gun-Man again.

RET

What the hell just happened?

Gun-man #1 shakes his head, clueless.

Moira bangs on the wall.

MOIRA

Let me in! Let me in!

And finally, her wish comes true as she falls through the
wall and disappears out of this ugly basement.

INT. CABIN ON THE RIGHT

The cabin is empty. Moira is not at her Underwood.

Wolvy stares as always.

And then Moira rushes in, out of breath. She's dressed for
winter. The cold air rushes in with her.

She slams the door and locks it.

MOIRA

Oh my God! Oh my God! Maybe that
wasn't such a good idea.

She looks at the painting of St. Augustine's.

MOIRA (CONT'D)

I'm a legend inside of St.
Augustine's? And they're hunting
me? No. No I don't believe it. I
refuse to believe it.

She takes off her coat and hat and scarf.

INT. ST. AUGUSTINE'S - LIBRARY

The rungs of a ladder lead us up to that ceiling where a librarian stands vicariously, reaching for a book.

Her name is PSEUDESSA, as eternally young as her husband, Pseudos. Her long blond hair streaked with black, flouncing about her shoulders in watery waves.

Both she and the book fall down. Everything rotates to dizzy proportions. She fairs better than the book and lands into the waiting arms of-

PSEUDOS, in his eternal 30s - handsome, a thick black upside down triangle for a goatee. His hair over-gelled, his fingers over-jewelled.

PSEUDOS

When will she ever learn. My Pseudessa, the restless one.

Pseudos places her gently down. Pseudessa only blinks.

PSEUDESSA

Never.

The book lies on the floor. THE LEGENDS OF ST. AUGUSTINE'S.

She picks it up.

PSEUDESSA (CONT'D)

(opening its pages)

Look at all the places we could travel to. We'll just travel into one of the legends and live it up.

PSEUDOS

Dess, I've got the exhibition coming up. My purple haze carrots- I'm going to enter them.

Pseudessa turns in a storm. Heads away. Pseudos follows.

PSEUDESSA

Fine! You find me after how long I was lost and you have more important things. I understand!

PSEUDOS

No we can go, just let me finish!

PSEUDESSA

Maybe I'll just go alone.

Pseudessa flips through the pages angrily. A picture of the massive office tower from earlier.

SIMPLY SCRIPTS exists here too, in this static book.

PSEUDESSA (CONT'D)

I bet I could have lots of fun in one of those scripts. Humph!

She hits Pseudos in the chest with the book. He grabs hold of it. She's off out of her humdrum heading away somewhere.

Demonesses are rarely satisfied. Especially Pseudessa. It's exactly this kind of behavior that had her lost inside of many a script and legend before.

INT. CABIN ON THE RIGHT

Moira has her own library, though not nearly as grand as St. Augustine's.

She places the Legend of St. Augustine's back upon its shelf.

She sits down comfortably in a classic fireside chair.

Time to find out who "someone" is, but first look around because it's very much the way it's always been. The comfortable feeling of home.

Just as usual, the old black stove crackles with its internal fire.

Wolvy, the stuffed wolverine stares down from his place in the corner. Everything is just so normal except:

A green skinned man with blond hair and elfish features sits at the long counter-like table across from Moira. It's hard to tell his age. He seems like he might be only fifteen.

His name is ELWOOD.

ELWOOD

You entered the houses of St. Augustine's. Do you think that you're a legend now, Moira? That would make you most certainly dead.

MOIRA

Do dead people get cravings for a nice white piece of dark chocolate and a green apple toffee sucker? If they do, then yep, I'm dead and I'm probably a legend. If you factor in and include that I'm talking to a green skinned young male, then I'm most certainly a legend. A dead legend in my own mind.

ELWOOD

It's legend in your time.

MOIRA

Time, mind, however you like it.

ELWOOD

I have a mission for you.

MOIRA

I thought the only one to give missions was The Man. Where is he anyways?

ELWOOD

He's on vacation.

MOIRA

Oh. That's nice. Dig your look by the way. What's on your mind?

ELWOOD

You, specifically. You're a Nefresh, but you don't know it completely.

MOIRA

First you say I'm dead and now you're calling me names. What's with you, Elwood? Do you take pleasure in picking on little people that only want to live the nice secluded life of a kermit out in the woods?

ELWOOD

First of all it's hermit, not kermit and I wasn't calling you names, I was referring to your heritage.

MOIRA

No, it's kermit like the frog because K is for Kinema which is the Greek work for movement which is like Cinema which is moving pictures and I like the K of move it and shake it as in Kinetic energy; so leave me to being a kermit and go away 'cause you're getting on my last nerve.

(look of realization)

Wait, what did you say about my heritage?

Elwood is already heading toward the door.

ELWOOD

No-no. I've got some big fish to fry. You just continue on being a kinetic kermit and I'll be off.

Moira bounces up, full of apology, leading Elwood back to where he was seated at the table.

MOIRA

I was only joking my Elfin friend of old. Stay-stay. The weather outside is frightful, but in here my dear, it's so delightful. Wolvy and I were just about to enjoy some nice hot cocoa. You can join us.

ELWOOD

Moira, you're a Nefresh. Well, not completely, but enough so to be in danger. You need to find your kind so they can teach you how to properly protect yourself. You have to pay attention to what's happening to you.

MOIRA

What's happening is that they want to replicate people and turn them into slaves. I know that OK, but what can I do? Wait, what's a Nefresh?

ELWOOD

Nefresh have special energy. That's why they want you. For many people, Nefresh is bad news. People don't like Nephresh.

MOIRA

But why?

ELWOOD

Because of the old legends and superstitions. If you meet a Nephresh under a full moon, you'll die before the sun comes up. If a Nephresh crosses your path on a Tuesday, you'll have seven years bad luck.

MOIRA

That's if you break a mirror.

ELWOOD

If you break a mirror, a Nefresh will come to vex you in your next dream. It goes on and on.

MOIRA

But where did all these superstitions come from?

ELWOOD

They came because sometimes the Nefresh were careless and used their powers overtly.

MOIRA

So how do I find other Nefresh?

ELWOOD

Not just any Nefresh. The Master. His name is Krevus.

EXT. GOLDEN GATE BRIDGE

KREVUS(30s), bearded and built like a tanker, sits upon the edge of The Golden Gate Bridge. He swings his legs happily while eating a chocolate bar and sucking on a green apple toffee sucker.

KREVUS

Nothing better than these sweets on a bridge. Except-

He dives off, falling way down until he soars up and away out of sight.

INT. CABIN ON THE RIGHT

Elwood smiles at Moira.

Moira's all starry eyed.

MOIRA

Dark chocolate on a bridge. Simply
marvelous. A dream come true.

ELWOOD

Ya see? You're a Nephresh
alright.... Krevus can teach you
everything you need to know. But
the trouble is finding him.

Moira pulls a fine piece of chocolate out of a fancy glittery
box.

MOIRA

I've been saving this for a special
occasion. Maybe I'll eat it when I
find him.

ELWOOD

It'll be a special occasion alright-
- if you find him. He flies between
worlds so often the only way is to
get his Universal Positioning
Locator. The UPL is in one of the
scripts in the Simply Offices. Find
the script and you find the
connection with Krevus.

MOIRA

But there's gazillions of scripts
on Simply.

ELWOOD

To make matters worse, Krevus moves
his locator on a regular basis. He
never liked points cards because
they're just a means of tracking.
If he could destroy the UPL, he
would, but it's indestructible.

MOIRA

Where do I begin? To tell the story
of how great a love can be, the
sweet love story that was made for
you and me. Ah forget it.
Seriously, where?

ELWOOD

Start closest to home. Start with
your own and follow your instincts.

LATER:

Elwood is gone. Moira sits at her #5 Underwood.

A stack of written pages lie next to her on the desk.

She mocks him, with a spaz face.

MOIRA

Start with your own and follow your
instincts. Alright El baby-

She rolls up her sleeves. Rubs some friction heat into her
hands and begins:

THE MAGIC OF LETTERS she types.

With that, a swirling wind hits, twirling her papers around.

MOIRA (CONT'D)

Ah for crying out loud. See that's
exactly why you shouldn't play
virtual games.

EXT. HAUNTED HOUSES OF SAINT AUGUSTINE'S

The wind twirls the autumn leaves around.

Everything looks as usual:

The two derelict houses stand side-by-side.

A hedgerow between them as always.

INT. OPERATING ROOM

Moira lies on the table. Unaware.

The blip of a beat continues on a monitor.

A window through this room is bright. The doctor is in there
now, noting files.

CONNECTED ROOM

The doctor sits down and speaks into a micro phone.

DOCTOR

Do you remember the moment you were saved?

MOIRA O.S.

No.

DOCTOR

Where are you now?

MOIRA O.S.

At the cabin. I can see Mz. McAdams. She's relapsed and is upset again.

EXT. HAUNTED HOUSES OF ST. AUGUSTINE'S

MZ. MCADAMS, is her usual crazy self. She's the sixty year old curly top you've met before and we're back to square one with mysterious difficulties surrounding these peculiar houses.

She rings a bell around a REALTOR (30s), who hammers in a FOR SALE sign.

MZ. MCADAMS

Don't go in. Save this man. Save him for he knows not what he does.

REALTOR

Sorry Mam- ah-

MZ. MCADAMS

I'm Mz. McAdams and I've seen countless people enter these houses and it isn't always a good story.

CLAP OF THUNDER to which they both look up.

OMNICIENT V.O.

That's for sure!

The realtor looks back down to Mz. McAdams.

REALTOR

Did you just hear that?

MZ. MCADAMS

It'll get a lot worse if you take your fanny inside.

REALTOR

But I'm new to town and I've gotta pay for a roof over my head too.

MZ. MCADAMS

That's the way it always happens. People arrive here and they think they need to enter one of the houses. There's always some kind of reason. But you have to ask yourself, is it the right reason.

REALTOR

I think earning a living is the right reason.

The Realtor walks past Mz. Mcadams and into the house on the right.

Mz. McAdams covers her mouth in fear.

NARRATOR V.O.

Legends are steeped in truth and those who ever entered therein, they came out changed... If they came out at all.

INT. CABIN ON THE RIGHT

Moira types away frantically. The #5 sounds like a train now.

Train wheels grind upon the track. It chugs away and whistles.

MOIRA

Ah no Mz. McAdams. I thought you were cured. Don't go back to your old ways.

EXT. HAUNTED HOUSES OF SAINT AUGUSTINE'S - LATER

A POLICE MAN writes up a report outside the house.

Mz. McAdams shakes her head, sadly.

MZ. MCADAMS

I tried to tell him Officer. Don't go in. But he wouldn't listen.

INT. CABIN

Moira continues to type looking at the page. She's suddenly prompted to stop.

MOIRA

Wait a minute. What's this?

She looks down at the keys; then she realizes that there's another key up top: F11.

She looks around suspiciously, as if someone might be watching. As if she's sneaking something.

Her index finger hovers over it, like pressing it might cause a bomb to go off. She goes with "the bomb" option and

PRESSES IT

The sound of fireworks.

The paper roller spins, shooting out the paper. It's fully written.

Moira's shocked eyes stare down at the page.

She begins to blink. The television in the corner turns on. It's some kind of movie.

SUPER: 1952

JOHN THE NEWSCASTER (30s) stiff cardboard type, stands in front of the houses talking to the camera.

JOHN THE NEWSCASTER

I've just been inside these two houses, famous for their ghostly tales and I can assure you. It's all just old stories cooked up to bring tourists to town. I've been watching this story unfold and reach its head, long before the fiddler fiddled and the piper piped about Old Augustine and his confessions.

The Newscaster's head suddenly twitches.

JOHN THE NEWSCASTER (CONT'D)

I mean, I just don't know how-ha-ha-ha-ha-

He's suddenly lost his ability to do the news.

CREW PERSON O.C.
John? Jonathan? Could you please-

John is ushered away, laughing still.

JOHN THE NEWSCASTER
Who's John? Ha-ha-ha- Quit calling
me John. But just don't call me
late for dinner- ha-ha-ha...

Moira clicks the television off.

She goes back to her typewriter and puts in another paper.
She presses F11 and sure enough the roller spins out a fully
typed page again.

SUPER: 1975

INT. CLASSROOM - FREEMONT ELEMENTARY

The slender teacher, MRS. SMITH (20s), writes on the
blackboard,

FIELD TRIP. She dots it with a smiley face.

MRS. SMITH
This year, we're going to do
something different. YOU get to
choose where our first excursion of
the year will be.

Hands punch the height of air, all demanding to be heard.

MRS. SMITH (CONT'D)
Charles?

CHARLES MONROE, stands up, his chest inflated.

CHARLES
I say we tour the houses of St.
Augustine's.

"HUUUGH?" goes the suction of air from twenty-nine
respiratory systems inhaling in unison.

Mrs. Smith absently taps the chalk on her desk.

MRS. SMITH
Those houses have been declared by
the church as dangerous zones. We
will not be going anywhere unsafe.

Whispers from the classroom.

MRS. SMITH (CONT'D)
 However, we could visit the Church
 itself and perhaps learn a bit
 about their history from Father
 Whizben.

EXT. SAINT AUGUSTINE'S - GROUNDS

The children, accompanied by Mrs. Smith and FATHER WHIZBEN,
 (50s), a very small man, looking part oriental guides them on
 the grounds.

FATHER WHIZBEN
 1932, the church was built. And the
 houses, well, we don't know what
 they had in mind when they built
 them. No one ever moved in as far
 as I know. They were ordered to be
 built and ordered to remain vacant.

A SHY GIRL manages to question.

SHY GIRL
 Forever?

FATHER WHIZBEN
 Put it this way, if the day ever
 comes when they are occupied, then
 in those days will come great
 changes.

Charles, the tough and brave boy sneers:

CHARLES
 Did you hear that from God? Or are
 you part of advertising hype?

MRS. SMITH
 Charles!

INT. CABIN ON THE RIGHT

Moira stirs her cocoa and pops in several mini marshmallows.

MOIRA
 There's a reason for everything and
 if I'm Nefresh and my loyal #5 is
 winding up with an F11 key, then
 gol darn it, I'm gonna find out
 why. I'll find you Krevus! You
 can't hide from me.

Moira sits herself down. She looks up at Wolvy.

MOIRA (CONT'D)

Elwood said to start with my own script. That's where to start looking. Ok, then bring me to where I am now!

She types:

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ in the wildest stream in Simply World.

KAZAM, KABOOM, KINETIC, KERMIT!

She hits the F11 key. The sound of a massive explosion.

BLACK

No really. It's-

CUT TO BLACK:

SUPER: 2010

FADE IN:

INT. HAUNTED HOUSES

Signage on the left house reads: JOSEPH'S PARTY PALACE - CATERING GOOD TIMES

Signage on the right house reads: THE BIG HOUSE - HELP FOR THOSE IN TRANSITION

Moira exits the house on the right with a bundle of joy in her arms. Her long brown hair is currently tied back in a pony tail.

The houses blink in and out becoming two cabins in the woods.

EXT. CABINS - WOODS

The snowy calm, the forest in winter.

INT. CABIN ON RIGHT

Madness in here. A complete writing frenzy.

Moira types and the cabin is now a packed house.

A mix of people are all talking over one another trying to compete for attention.

MOIRA

You can all shut up because I'm going back inside The Letters. Krevus is the only one I want to hear from right now.

The people vanish. The stillness is so thick you could cut through it with a butter knife.

Moria stops typing. She listens.

A dark shadow appears on the wall in front of her. She turns suddenly.

MOIRA (CONT'D)

Pseudos! What are you doing here?

PSEUDOS

I should ask you. Why aren't you there? In your second life. You look rather upset.

MOIRA

Been away, but I'm going back into The Magic of Letters as we speak.

PSEUDOS

What possessed you to leave?

MOIRA

I pushed pause because I needed a break. It's really difficult being a new mother. Really tiring. I can't get more than two hours sleep in between feedings. But you- why are you here?

PSEUDOS

Had a fight with Pseudessa.

MOIRA

What about?

FLASH:

INT. DOS AND DESSA'S KITCHEN

PSEUDESSA SLAMS a meat cutter down, cutting a whole chicken in half in one swift chop.

PSEUDESSA

Do you know what it's like to be lost inside of a script and no one knows you're even there?

PSEUDOS

You do kind of bring it on yourself. I mean playing around with The Man in a cosmic game of chess is not always the safest way to get your kicks.

PSEUDESSA

I wanna go on that cruise over to Simply World! I want to go to Barcelona!

PSEUDOS

And we will. We will, but I'm 'this close to having the perfect Purple Haze carrots to enter in the exhibition. You can help me. The greenhouse is calling out to you!

Pseudos sneaks his index finger behind him and circles it.

Pseudessa notices his cunning.

The sound of 'Wreeiy-wreeiy'.

PSEUDESSA

You might fool the humans but not this Lola.

Pseudos pulls his finger back around and uses it like a puppet to try and convince Pseudessa in a squeaky voice.

PSEUDOS

(talking finger)

Please let's be content a bit. I really need your-

He lifts up her hand and subsequently her-

PSEUDOS (CONT'D)

Green thumb.

BACK TO:

INT. CABIN ON THE RIGHT

Pseudos stands, admiring his own thumb, then petting one of Moira's houseplants.

PSEUDOS

Not bad. Not bad at all...
Anyways, she wants to go to
Barcelona. I want to explore the
insides of a book. I've had it with
travelling, Moira. I've been a
traveller all my life.

MOIRA

But what if you go just to make her
happy?

PSEUDOS

I could, but I can't.

MOIRA

Wait a minute. Why am I even
talking to you right now. It's all
wrong. You know the whole thing
between you and I can't be. I love
Joseph and you're, well, you're a
bad guy.

PSEUDOS

Bingo! That's why I can't go just
to please her. It'll ruin my
reputation. All the demons will
laugh at me. Call me a Nancy. Petal
head. Frilly Billy. Help me out
here...

MOIRA

Whipped?

PSEUDOS

They'll call me whipped!

Pseudos sinks down next to Moira and places his head in her breasts.

PSEUDOS (CONT'D)

Can we play a bit? Just to 3rd base
and I won't go further.

Moira stands up.

MOIRA

I can't have relations with a demon
or that would make me-

PSEUDOS

A sorceress? Wicki-Wicki with a big demon hickey? ...A maiden that's unafraidin?

Moira turns around in circles swinging her arms like an amusement ride.

MOIRA

It would make me evil! Bad. Moving to the dark side. It would be completely wrong!

PSEUDOS

So now you know how I feel then? But Moira, you can have the best of both worlds. Joseph's there-

FLASH:

EXT. HAUNTED HOUSES OF SAINT AUGUSTINE'S

Joseph's Party Palace stands real as ever.

And-

SUPER: VANCOUVER

EXT. ARISTOCRATIC COFFEE SHOP

JOSEPH VANISH, 30s, walks determinedly, past the Aristocratic Coffee Shop, carrying his JOSEPH'S PARTY PLANNING suitcase, emblazoned with rainbow letters.

He's got a very troubled look on his face.

PSEUDOS V.O.

Well because he's there and you're here, you're not the same person.

BACK TO:

INT. CABIN ON THE RIGHT

Pseudos has Moira backed up against the wall. She's trying to fight back against his charms, but he pulls the old massage the shoulders trick and she melts for a couple of seconds, but then comes back around.

MOIRA

No-wa-

Pseudos plants a neck kiss.

MOIRA (CONT'D)

Don't- stop-

PSEUDOS

Don't stop? OK, I won't stop.

Pseudos grabs her backside. Moira tries to push him away.

MOIRA

You can't-

PSEUDOS

Yes I can-

He gives a tickle and she collapses to the ground as Pseudos weighs down on top of her.

PSEUDOS (CONT'D)

Told ya so.

MOIRA

Pseudos!

PSEUDOS

Just 3rd...

MOIRA

No!

Pseudos gets up suddenly and pulls Moira up at once also.

She brushes herself off.

PSEUDOS

Here, let me do that...

He begins to brush her clothes off too and then begins to fondle her.

She pushes his hands away again. They stand there for a moment in silence. And then!

Moira points her index finger around in the air, thinking a bright idea-

MOIRA

What if?

PSEUDOS

IF is good. I like IF.

MOIRA

I come along on the trip together
with you two.

PSEUDOS

A threesome! Yes!

MOIRA

Hole-it-hole-it-hole-it. I haven't
done that since New Year's Eve back
in- 19- well, it was a long time
ago and I don't think I have the
courage to perform such an action
again.

Pseudos nods in remembrance, light glinting in his eyes.

PSEUDOS

That was me giving you the
inclination. Sorry 'bout that.

Moira looks furious.

MOIRA

I have no say in the matter do I? I
mean it's all part of this PLAY I'm
in. This virtual thing. I'm just a
puppet. Nothing really matters
anyone can see. Nothing really
matters to me.

PSEUDOS

Queen. Damn good band.

MOIRA

I'll GO on this trip to Barcelona-

PSEUDOS

Actually, it's more than Barcelona.
We'll be going to Rome, Athens,
Ephesus in Turkey-

MOIRA

You had this all planned from the
start didn't you? You were playing
on my sympathetic nature.

Pseudos turns serious.

PSEUDOS

Moira, I can't help it. You know
how it is when you can't help the
way you were made.

Moira nods.

MOIRA
I'll come.

PSEUDOS
Now? Really?!

Moira brushes him off.

MOIRA
Last time was a favor. Because
Pseudessa was lost.

PSEUDOS
I could use my power.

MOIRA
You could use your power, but
that's no fun is it?

Pseudos drums his fingers on her desk.

Moira waves him off.

MOIRA (CONT'D)
Take it to the chorus.

Pseudos poofs away.

SUPER: GASTOWN VANCOUVER

EXT. SEXY BACK BAR - NIGHT

A thick fog hangs in the air. The gas lamps flame.

Pseudos stands in the glow of the neon sign--

SEXY BACK BAR

A GOLDIGGER (20s), slides against him. She's a slender blond with hair that is running around in circles. It's a wonder how long it took her to put on all the costume jewelry and make up.

GOLDIGGER
Hey Baby. You look lonely.

PSEUDOS
What would you say if I told you
you're talking to a demon?

GOLDIGGER
Oeow. One of those!

She pulls him down the street. Pseudos follows weakly; then pulls back.

PSEUDOS
No, really.

The Goldigger sizes him up and down.

GOLDIGGER
You're serious.
(obvious fear)
You off your medication? Maybe
just... stay cool, OK?

She walks off. Pseudos stands there in the cold night air. He shakes his head, feeling slightly dizzy and stumbles back-

INT. CABIN ON RIGHT

Moira types away. Pseudos poofs in.

MOIRA
How was Sexy Back?

PSEUDOS
Something's wrong.

Moira continues typing indifferently and then realizes-

Something IS WRONG as the sound of a CLUNK...

She turns. Pseudos lies flat on the old plank floor.

MOIRA
Pseudos?! Pseudos!

She shakes him, but he's out.

MOIRA (CONT'D)
Oh my God now I'm caring for a
demon! What's wrong with me?!

LATER

THE COUCH

Moira blots Pseudos' head with a cool cloth. He awakens.

Pseudos' POV

Moira's brunette hair is a stunning shade of gold. Her cowgirl hat is studded with diamonds. And THEN:

She turns. Her hair is black watery waves. Her eyes beam as hot coals.

PSEUDOS

Moira!

Moira turns back to normal.

Pseudos pulls her close.

Moira's POV

She sees he's gripped by fear.

Moira doesn't even try to pull away, but clutches his shoulders tight.

MOIRA

What is it? I've never seen you this way.

PSEUDOS

I've been to Sexy Back countless times. Could always take a woman. Any woman I desired, but I couldn't this time. Something's wrong.

Moira's eyes give up to realization.

MOIRA

It's us. We've been too close. Maybe you're taking on some of my traits. Pseudos, you've got to stop showing up here so much. You have a job to do.

PSEUDOS

But I've found entirely new pleasures that I never knew existed. How about you come and I show you my greenhouse.

MOIRA

I can't. I have to find Krevus.

PSEUDOS

You don't want to find Krevus. He's more evil than me.

MOIRA

He's the only one who can teach me
to protect myself. I'm part
Nephresh.

The look of dawn hits Pseudos' face.

PSEUDOS

No wonder I can't help my
attraction toward you. Forget
Krevus. I can teach you.

MOIRA

No, I have to trust my instincts
and my instincts tell me that he's
the only one that can really help.

EXT. JOSEPH AND MOIRA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The house exists as always. The night time air is thick with
something heavy.

INT. JOSEPH AND MOIRA'S HOUSE - BEDROOM

Moira sits rocking in a chair, holding JACOB PARTHEUS VANISH,
1 wk young, against her, singing softly. He's finally asleep.

She lifts him up, places him in his cradle and snugs him up.

Joseph enters. Moira turns. She smiles gently, but the smile
is not returned. Joseph's smile appears empty.

He opens his mouth, but nothing comes out.

MOIRA

What's the matter?

JOSEPH

We must leave at once.

MOIRA

What on earth are you talking
about?

Joseph hands her a note. She reads it.

MOIRA (CONT'D)

A death threat? Who on earth? But
why?

JOSEPH

They're saying we belong to a group of militants called the Nefresh.

MOIRA

Nefresh? So it is true.

JOSEPH

What?

MOIRA

Just a dream I had.

JOSEPH

The houses we're using have been vacant for a long time and Father's learned that when they're occupied again, people will learn who we really are, and they'll be after us.

FLASHBACK:

INT. SAINT AUGUSTINE'S - BENNY'S OFFICE

FATHER BENNY (40s), looks aghast at

LEONARD FLEUR, (30s), a gentle looking male who looks rather high strung.

Leonard stands there twig-like, shaking by an invisible wind called fear.

FATHER BENNY

Why didn't you tell me this before?

LEONARD

I was afraid. They told me if I said anything before this day, they'd squish me like a grape.

FLASH:

INT. THE NEFRESH'S HOLDING ROOM

LEONARD'S POV,

Six ruffian heads peer down at him. Six NEFRESH BAD GUYS.

LEONARD

Who are you?

The leader of this ring of doom is Krevus.

KREVUS

We're Nefresh and I'm a master in
Nephreshian logic. My name is
Krevus. Mommy chose it specially.

The six move away from Leonard where he sits in a plain wooden chair.

Leonard is relieved to be given some space as Krevus gestures for the others to sit down.

Leonard eyes the room, where he sits smack in the middle.

The room is bare except for a couch, a wash basin and a couple more plain wooden chairs.

One chair where Leonard sits and another, scraped across the floor by Krevus, where he seats himself opposite.

KREVUS (CONT'D)

We look after The Plan.

Leonard smiles forcefully.

LEONARD

The plan? What's the plan?

Krevus laughs loud and the other five follow.

KREVUS

The Plan is...

Krevus gets up, delighting in himself and going off topic for a moment. He eyes the barren white walls.

KREVUS (CONT'D)

Don't you think this place could
use a decorator?

Leonard has no choice, but to answer.

LEONARD

Yii-ah. Yah it could u- use a
decorator.

Krevus tilts his head at an exceedingly sharp angle, his eyes burn through Leonard like lasers. He walks back into Leonard's space again.

KREVUS

You got any talent? Can you paint?

LEONARD
Kuya-I- guess so.

Krevus moves away.

KREVUS
Hm. We'll get you supplies and you
can do something with this wall.
Where was I?

BAD GUY #1 alights since he's bright enough to know the
answer.

BAD GUY #1
The plan, Boss.

KREVUS
Yes, The Plan. The plan is...

Krevus sits back down, moving in close again just to cause
Leonard's shaking to renew itself.

KREVUS (CONT'D)
...There is no plan!

His amusement brings him down to his knees at Leonard's feet.

Leonard can't help but smile, even as his fear remains.

KREVUS (CONT'D)
He-he ha-ha hoo-hoo. Who makes the
plan? What's the plan?

Krevus laughs so hard, smacking at Leonard's knees-

His laughter finally fizzles out. He stands up.

KREVUS (CONT'D)
You are under our jurisdiction.
Which means-

Krevus grabs hold of Leonard's hands and raises him up to
dance a strange dance where Leonard is forced to participate.

KREVUS (CONT'D)
La-la-la. Whirl you.

Leonard twirls under Krevus' arm.

KREVUS (CONT'D)
Oh you're good. You really need a
girl don't you. Bet you could lead
if you could figure things out.

Krevus dips Leonard so fast Leonard's afraid he's going to hit the floor, but just then, Krevus raises him up.

No, ALL the way up above him and spins him around.

All poor Leonard can see is the room spinning.

And DOWN. Krevus plants Leonard squarely on his feet, but Leonard falls down dizzy, barely holding himself up with his arms.

KREVUS (CONT'D)
Which means that you will tell
Father Benny on January 2nd, 2010
and not before. Right?

Leonard nods.

KREVUS (CONT'D)
Or I'll take you to Playland and
we'll go on a lovely ride called
The Zipper.

BACK TO:

INT. SAINT AUGUSTINE'S - BENNY'S OFFICE

FATHER BENNY
Is that why you're so high strung?
They did that bad of a number on
you?

Leonard nods.

FATHER BENNY (CONT'D)
What were their names?

LEONARD
I don't know. There were at least
six of them. They were big, like
giants. I'm sorry, Father, I really
am, but they told me to tell you
only on this day and not before.

FATHER BENNY
I was wrong to give those houses
over to business. They were to
remain vacant. This is all my
fault.

INT. JOSEPH AND MOIRA'S HOUSE - BEDROOM

Moira and Joseph busily pack their suitcases.

JOSEPH

We need to find these Nefresh. If they're our family, then they'll have the answers we need.

MOIRA

But how could we be Nefresh. Aren't they bad? And if they're bad then that makes us bad and we're not bad...

Moira ponders for a moment. The vision of:

INT. CABIN ON RIGHT

She and Pseudos dance together.

BACK TO SCENE:

INT. MOIRA AND JOSEPH'S HOUSE - BEDROOM

Moira stands there, sullen.

MOIRA

Are we?

JOSEPH

Are we what?

MOIRA

Are we bad? Joseph, I've been having these dreams. Day dreams that seem so very real. And there's this man-

Joseph looks too hurried to be really listening.

JOSEPH

We've gotta hurry. Maybe we're just part Nefresh. How else do you explain having a baby after only 9 hours gestation? Whatever we are. Let's get outta here.

INT. CABIN ON RIGHT

Pseudos sits on the couch. He laughs.

PSEUDOS

What would we ever do without such a marvelous line? Shall we skidaddle then?

MOIRA

Not yet.

Let me see your eyes. Moira draws holds his face cupped in her hands.

MOIRA (CONT'D)

You do look different. And what's with all the work in the greenhouse and all the domesticity? I thought that Sexy Back was your thing. That and drunken revelry, your gambling? What about your gambling?

Pseudos looks apathetic. He shrugs.

MOIRA (CONT'D)

We can't have this Pseudos. The legend of St. Augustine's is coming to pass. Ever since Joseph and I occupied the houses, things have changed. Everything. What if the scripts on Simply are changed? What if everything collapses?

PSEUDOS

Kaboom?

MOIRA

You darn right kaboom. Nature has laws. Rhythms and balance. We can't start messing around with that balance by letting you go all human on us. How will people learn? How will people grow? How will they learn to fight and be independent? They'll turn into a bunch of lazy sods eating potato chips and never asking "why". You're the one who makes them ask why?

PSEUDOS

Why? Wait. We have to ask ourselves some serious questions here.

Moira nods. She nods. She nods again waiting for Pseudos to continue...

MOIRA
 ...Annnd...?

PSEUDOS
 And I don't know what those
 questions are. Sorry.

Moira lights a cigarette.

PSEUDOS (CONT'D)
 You don't smoke.

MOIRA
 I don't?

PSEUDOS
 Of course you don't. Put that out!

Pseudos pulls the cigarette out of her mouth and stabs it
 into the ashtray.

MOIRA
 If I don't smoke, then why do I
 have a package of cigarettes and an
 ashtray at my desk?

PSEUDOS
 That's one of the serious questions
 we have to ask. That and- and-

Pseudos looks up to the ceiling.

PSEUDOS (CONT'D)
 What's that?

Moira looks up.

A hole is in the ceiling near the stove.

MOIRA
 That's never been there before.

She exits to the back porch and returns with a ladder which
 she unfolds.

She climbs up.

INT. ATTIC

She looks around and it's the basement from before.

It doesn't take her long to climb down and run to Pseudos.

MOIRA
I need to get away from here.

PSEUDOS
What did you see?

Pseudos climbs the ladder.

PSEUDOS' POV:

The ugly basement. This time, the skeleton is uncovered.

He climbs down and takes the salt shaker off the table. He sprinkles it over both shoulders and hands the shaker to Moira.

Moira does the same.

Pseudos grabs his forehead.

PSEUDOS (CONT'D)
I just want to settle down.

MOIRA
I do too.

Moira corrects herself with the tilt of her head down and up.

MOIRA (CONT'D)
Well, sometimes.

PSEUDOS
You finding Krevus is like winning a lottery you know.

MOIRA
Maybe Pseudessa's right. Maybe we need a vacation. Clear our minds. Get a fresh perspective.

Moira and Pseudos begin dressing for the cold.

They exit the cabin.

EXT. CABINS

And head to the ski-doo.

MOMENTS LATER:

The ski-doo engines rev.

Pseudos and Moira speed out of the snowy clearing and down the thin trail of road to the highway.

EXT. JOSEPH AND MOIRA'S HOUSE- NIGHT

Joseph and Moira head toward the van.

Ret drives up at the same time with the Gun-men from earlier.

They swarm around Joseph and Moira.

RET
Give me the child.

MOIRA
No!

RET
He's in danger now I don't have
time to discuss the issue. Give him
to me.

Joseph stands in front of Moira and the baby.

JOSEPH
Go before I call the police.

Ret tosses Joseph aside and grips the child.

Joseph notes a particular ring on Ret with a celtic symbol--
It's a triskelion, a three winged connected spiral.

Moira grips harder.

Joseph tries to comfort her by touching her shoulders.

MOIRA
No!!!!

Jacob begins to cry.

The screeching sound of Goms tearing into the street. They
waste no time.

Moira sees that these Goms are the ones to worry about. She
lets go and Ret disappears into Moira and Joseph's house
while the Gun-men shoot some kind of forces at the Goms.

Moira is hysterical. Joseph pulls her in the car. They're off
in a shot.

INT. CAR

Moira's tears won't quit. Joseph is intense to drive.

JOSEPH
It will be OK.

MOIRA
How do you know, Joseph? How do you know?

JOSEPH
Because he wore a ring.

MOIRA
What do you mean a ring. What ring?

JOSEPH
The same kind of ring my father's always worn.

O.S. The happy chuckles from the back seat.

PSEUDESSA O.S.
This shall be so much fun! I might wind up peeing green.

PSEUDOS O.S.
Keep your green for the greenhouse when we get back.

Joseph and Moira turn in shock.

PSEUDESSA
A dry your pretty little eyes Moira. Ret knows the inside out of inside out.

PSEUDOS
(handing something forward)
Here, have some of this. Always takes the edge off.

Moira takes the gift. It's a glittery box.

She opens it:

Chocolate Bell Bons

Marbled chocolate in marble-sized pieces. Each a different swirl of color mixed in.

And green apple toffee suckers.

Moira shares with Joseph.

She hands him a chocolate and unwraps a sucker.

They all suck.

The sound is sucky.

Down the road they travel.

To the airport to catch a plane.

FADE OUT: