

Orange Purpose S1E1 (iii)

"So Delicious"

By

Brian O'Connor

boconnor13@gmail.com
480-370-7177

FADE IN:

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Gritty, smoggy urban city. Feels futuristic yet familiar at the same time. The type of place where anything can happen, and I do mean anything.

Traffic sounds. Pedestrians keep to themselves.

BUS STOP

A humongous, obese man, 40s, takes up the entire bench.

He digs deeply into a large bag of cheese puffs. Pulls one out with his swollen, permanently orange stained fingers.

Cheese dust trickles onto his shirt. Adds to the layer of orange dust that covers his mismatched clothes.

Pops the puff into his mouth. Closes his eyes. Hums and sways as he chews. Savors the taste.

ORANGE MAN
So delicious!

Reaches into his pocket. Pulls out a crumpled Polaroid picture. Smooths out the edges, brushes cheese dust off of it. Looks at it longingly.

ON PICTURE

Two young boys make faces at the camera. Happy.

ORANGE MAN
I know you're out there, the good
you. I will find you, if it's the
last thing I do.

Slides the picture back into his pocket. Tosses another cheese puff into his mouth.

UP THE BLOCK

Two hoods, LEX and B, 20s, baggy clothes, tats and that "I don't give a fuck" stare, strut down the sidewalk.

People step aside.

A YOUNG COUPLE, 20s, lost in love, don't notice as Lex and B step in front of them.

The couple stops. Deer in the headlights.

They look for help. There is none. Lex holds out his hand.

The guy hands over his wallet. Lex opens it. Grabs the cash. Hands it back to the guy.

LEX

That's smart, yo. It's only money.

B runs his fingers through the woman's hair.

LEX

Leave that bitch. Bounce.

B shoots Lex a look - come on, bruh?!

B leers at the woman again. Reaches into his back pocket, pulls out a switchblade. Holds it to her face.

Cuts a lock of hair.

B

A little something something to remember you by.

B smells the locks he cut and glows, orgasmic. Pockets it.

B

Here's a little something something for you, too.

B slices the back of his hand. Blood oozes. Sucks some blood into his mouth.

Licks her face. Leaves a blood streak.

LEX

Come on, boy!

She's horrified. B winks at her and turns away.

Lex looks at B's wound, shakes his head.

B

Called skin in the game, fool.

LEX

Shut the fuck up!

BUS STOP

Orange Man reaches for a can of orange soda on the bench. The can looks small next to him.

Brings the straw to his lips. Takes two polite sips.

ORANGE MAN
Ooh, the piece de resistance.

His stomach grumbles. He scans the block, waits.

It grumbles again. He doesn't fight it. Belches. An orange haze flows from his mouth. Becomes a giant, orange cloud.

Lex and B step right into the middle of the stench. Halt.

B
That you, fool?

LEX
That's foul, yo!

B
Have some respect.

ORANGE MAN
My apologies, gentlemen.
Sometimes, you have to accept the bad with the good.

LEX
What kind of shit is that?

B pulls his blade from his pocket. Leans in.

B
Excuse yourself, fool!

Orange Man reaches into the bag, pulls out a puff.

ORANGE MAN
You really should be nicer people.

He admires the puff lovingly.

Lex and B glower at Orange Man, take a step to him.

Orange Man calmly offers the bag to them.

ORANGE MAN
The spice of life?

Lex smiles as the words float in the air.

LEX
(to B)
Dude is crazy, yo!
(to Orange Man)
You got guts, tho!
(MORE)

LEX (CONT'D)
(to B)
Bounce.

B slides his blade into his pocket, looks at Lex - you sure?

Lex bops away.

Orange Man watches them leave. Chews the cheese puff but doesn't savor it like before.

His eyes narrow as the hoods move farther away.

ORANGE MAN
Hmmm.

DOWN THE BLOCK

A HOMELESS MAN, 50s, feral and dirty, sits on a blanket on the corner. Holds a cardboard sign - HELP PLEASE! GOD BLESS!

DELILAH, 40's, a plump woman with GREEN eyes and a kind face, drops a few dollars into his cup.

HOMELESS MAN
Thank you, ma'am. That's very--

Homeless Man looks down as Lex and B step next to Delilah.

LEX
Yo, bum. 'Sup.

DELILAH
Excuse me?!

Homeless Man looks up at Lex.

Delilah asserts herself. Lex looks at her, disregards her. Pushes her away, focuses on Homeless Man.

B snatches the cardboard sign.

B
Fool is broke as a joke.

Homeless Man reaches for his sign.

LEX
What you doing?

HOMELESS MAN
Just hungry. That's all.

LEX
You need some of this?

Lex flashes his cash. Homeless Man eyes it.

HOMELESS MAN
Anything will help.

Lex pockets the money.

LEX
Truth.

ORANGE MAN (O.S.)
Are we all not children of God?

Lex and B turn. Orange Man stands behind them.

ORANGE MAN
What did Jesus teach us with the
fishes and loaves?

LEX
What, you gonna feed him cheese
puffs, yo?

Orange Man hands a crumpled bill to Homeless Man.

ORANGE MAN
Go. Find sustenance.

Lex gets in Orange Man's face.

LEX
Don't you dis me!

B steps next to Lex.

Orange Man smiles.

Delilah backs away, wary. Blends into the background.

Lex nails Orange Man hard as he can in the jaw.

A cut appears at the corner of his mouth but no blood. He raises a hand like he's going to touch it. Instead, he licks his orange stained fingers.

Furious, Lex and B attack. Strike Orange Man repeatedly.

His fat jiggles, absorbs each punch. He looks almost bored as they pound him.

Out of breath, Lex and B stop.

B reaches into his pocket, pulls out his switchblade. Holds it for Orange Man to see.

Orange Man looks at the blade but doesn't react.

ORANGE MAN
This is going to be...

B plunges the blade deep into Orange Man's gut.

ORANGE MAN
(smiles)
... so delicious.

B pulls the blade up, slices a line in the orange dust.
Yanks out the knife.

Orange Man sways.

Lex and B take a step back, wait for him to fall.

Instead, orange gas leaks from the wound. Engulfs them in a fog. They cough, gag.

Orange Man shimmies and shudders, but stands.

Lex looks at Orange Man, pleads with his eyes.

Orange Man smiles.

The wound bursts open. His every organ explodes from his body, dipped in orange goo.

The goo flies directly at Lex and B. Attaches to them.

Lex and B howl with pain. They flail, fight to get it off them. No luck. It covers them fully.

Their bodies smoke. Skin melts. They crumble into small, smoldering piles.

Nothing left to hold him upright, Orange Man collapses.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

A motorcyclist on a huge and powerful machine rides alone. No helmet nor goggles, he stares dead-eyed ahead.

Pockmarked and scarred, what little hair he has is singed to his skull.

Well worn black leather pants. Dusty boots. While large, an oversized leather coat suggests he used to be a bigger man.

His left sleeve hangs limply at his side.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Delilah steps forward, takes in the scene.

DELILAH

Oh, my.

She looks around. People go about their day. She reaches for Orange Man but stops. Backs away.

The air goes still. The sky darkens. Everything stops. It's as if someone, somewhere hit the pause button.

Clouds spin, slowly at first, then more rapidly. A vortex forms with a deafening roar. Then it quiets.

Yes, a vortex. Like I said earlier, this is a place where anything can happen.

GIDEON, a wiry, lean man, piercing BLUE EYES, face covered in black veins, steps from the vortex.

He wades through the carnage, considers the smoldering piles.

GIDEON

Am I alone in this world? Did they
listen? Fools.

Gideon closes his eyes, extends a closed fist toward the piles. The piles flow into his hand.

He opens his eyes, turns to Orange Man. Gideon softens, he kneels down to Orange Man. Listens for breath.

He rises, extends his closed fist towards Orange Man.

GIDEON

When will you learn? It will never
be the same.

Instead of rising toward Gideon, Orange Man spasms. Coughs.

A vortex spins behind Gideon. He steps into it, turns back to Orange Man.

Orange Man rises on one arm. Coughs with each breath.

GIDEON

No matter what you do, brother.

The vortex dissipates. The skies lighten.

Traffic starts again. People move about as if nothing happened. It's like someone, somewhere hit the start button.

Orange Man gathers himself. Scans for the thugs.

Delilah touches his shoulder.

DELILAH

You poor man. I saw the whole
thing. Are you okay?

ORANGE MAN

You saw it? How?

Orange Man tries to rise, reels from pain in his midsection.

DELILAH

No, stay right there. I'll call
for an ambulance.

He fights through the pain, forces himself up.

ORANGE MAN

I'm fine.

DELILAH

How can you be fine? That was no
barrel of monkeys. The way you
stood up for--

Delilah looks around but Homeless Man is gone.

Orange Man stands as upright as he can. Looks down at her.

ORANGE MAN

I'll be fine. Don't want to be a
bother. As the good book says--

DELILAH

Where did he go?

ORANGE MAN

Physician, heal thyself.

Delilah looks up at Orange Man.

DELILAH

The good book says a lot of things.
At least let me help you home.

Orange Man turns, lumbers away.

DELILAH

Hey, I'm Delilah. And you are...?

EXT. KEMP HOUSE - DAY

The one-armed rider parks his machine.

Pulls a small piece of paper from a pocket. Reads then tosses the paper.

Steps to the doorbell.

INT. KEMP HOUSE - BATHROOM - DAY

Orange Man barely fits in the oversized tub. Orange tinged water splashes with his every move.

He examines the wound from the thugs.

ORANGE MAN

Proof that he heals. But how much more can I withstand?

Orange Man rises from the tub. An orange ring lines the tub as the water spirals down the drain.

He looks at himself in the mirror.

ORANGE MAN

Am I lighter?

He looks down at himself, unsure. Then back to the mirror.

Lex and B appear over his shoulder, bracket him. He closes his eyes, holds them shut.

ORANGE MAN

Can't be.

Opens them, but they continue to leer at him.

He looks behind himself but no one is there. He turns back to the mirror. Gideon stares back at him.

GIDEON

It's no illusion.

ORANGE MAN

I should have known.

GIDEON

What? No good to see you, brother?

(looks down at scar)

You're getting weak.

ORANGE MAN
You're not the brother I choose to
remember.

GIDEON
Don't get me wrong, these fools are
strong.

ORANGE MAN
I choose to remember the good
inside you.

GIDEON
But they wouldn't have held a
candle to a younger you.

ORANGE MAN
If only mother had believed in you.

GIDEON
Leave her out of this!

ORANGE MAN
Nurtured you. Cared for you.

GIDEON
This is not about her!

ORANGE MAN
Then maybe--

GIDEON
(bellows)
Aaron!

The mirror cracks. Orange Man braces himself on the sink.

GIDEON
I'd end up like you? On a
thankless path?

ORANGE MAN
A righteous path.

GIDEON
There is no God.

ORANGE MAN
That will lead you back to me.

GIDEON
A fool's errand, at best.
(sighs)
I'll ask one final time. Join me?

Orange Man stares back at Gideon.

GIDEON

Think of what we could do.
Together. We'll have the world at
our feet.

ORANGE MAN

Join you? I'm nothing like you.

GIDEON

There's where you're wrong. You're
more like me than you know.

ORANGE MAN

Never was, never will be.

GIDEON

Those two, they're only a taste of
what's to come.

ORANGE MAN

But we're still family--

GIDEON

Something much worse, more
powerful. There's nothing you can
do to stop it.

ORANGE MAN

And can be, once again.

DOORBELL.

Orange Man looks to the sound. Gideon follows his gaze. The doorbell buzzes again.

GIDEON

Expecting someone?

ORANGE MAN

You know the answer to that.

GIDEON

Don't say I didn't warn you.

Gideon vanishes. Orange Man turns, steps through the door into the --

LIVING ROOM

and creeps to the window.

The doorbell buzzes yet again.

He peaks through the shade as the one-armed rider walks away from the house. Mounts his bike. Looks back at the house then pulls away.

ORANGE MAN

There is good in you. I know it.

Checks the window again.

ORANGE MAN

We'll go back to how it was before.

He watches as a REFINED MAN, 60s, in an expensive suit walks past the house.

Refined Man stops. Checks a POCKET WATCH. Picks up the sheet the one-armed rider tossed aside. Goes on his way.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

The one armed rider, who we will come to know as BIG BOY PETE, sits on the bus stop bench.

Listens to the air around him. Scans all directions.

Inspects the bench. Notes an empty orange soda beneath it.

Bends down. Reaches for the can. His face moves close to the bench. He examines it closely.

Runs a finger along it. Sniffs his finger. Touches it to his tongue. A half smile.

Runs his other hand the length of the bench. Lifts his hand to look. Cheese dust trickles down from his fingers.

Scans all directions again. Chooses one.

Grabs the empty can. Drops it in a trash can as we walks.

DOWN THE BLOCK

Homeless Man sits on his normal corner. Holds his normal tattered sign.

Big Boy Pete stops at Homeless Man. Drops a few dollars in Homeless Man's cup.

HOMELESS MAN

God bless you, sir.

Big Boy Pete looks around. Spots something. Bends down. Investigates. Dabs his finger. Smells it.

HOMELESS MAN

Like burnt cheese. Smells worse
than my feet, if you ask me.

Big Boy Pete looks around, takes it all in. Stops where
Gideon's vortex spun.

Homeless Man notes it. Fear grows.

HOMELESS MAN

How did you...? I mean...

Homeless Man grabs his few belongings.

Big Boy Pete motions for him to sit back down.

HOMELESS MAN

Who's side are you on? The orange
fella, he saved me. But those
thugs hurt him real bad.

Big Boy Pete joins Homeless Man on his blanket.

HOMELESS MAN

But the orange one, he still got
'em good. Goo shot from his wound.
Burned them to a crisp.

Homeless Man points. Big Boy Pete focuses on the spot.

HOMELESS MAN

Then he collapsed. But sky started
to spin. And a man step through
it. And...

Homeless Man quiets. Embarrassed.

HOMELESS MAN

... you probably think I'm
disturbed. But the guy, with the
veins, took the piles with him when
he left. And she--

BIG BOY PETE

She?

HOMELESS MAN

Round like the orange fellow. Kind
of sweet. Helped him up. No idea
how he survived that.

Big Boy Pete cracks the smallest of smiles. Not really a
smile at all. Stands. Tosses more money in the cup.

BIG BOY PETE
Y'all been handy as a rope at a
hangin'.

EXT. GLISTENING CITY - DAY

A beautiful place. Quite the opposite of gritty urban setting from earlier.

Immaculate streets. Traffic flows freely, easily. Pedestrians smile and wave. Courteous to each other.

While it too feels like a place that anything can happen, it also feels like only good goes on here.

INT. PENTHOUSE SUITE - DAY

Urban chic. Luxury at its finest.

Gideon looks out at a floor to ceiling window with a skyline view of the glistening city below.

But wait. Isn't Gideon a bad guy? How can he live in a place so good?

The skyline view fades. Two males teens appear on the window. Sit on a stained couch. Hold game controllers. Look directly at Gideon.

INT. BASEMENT - SAME

JACK HARRIS and JOEY CRUZ, 17, scruffy long hair that hides their faces, jostle with each other as they play.

JACK
Run you bastard!

JOEY
Wait for it. Wait for it.

Jack flinches, can see it before it happens.

JOEY
Click. Click. Boom!

Jack flails back in the couch. Groans. Joey hits his controller again. Machine gun fires.

JOEY
That's what I'm talking about!

Jack pops back up. Looks at the screen.

JACK
You just shot me? After I was
already dead?

JOEY
All's fair in love and--

JACK
You're a sick bastard.

Jack lunges for Joey, puts him in a headlock.

JACK
I should kick your ass!

They roll onto the floor. Wrestle.

GIDEON (O.S.)
Enough!

Jack and Joey stop abruptly. Look at the screen. Gideon stares back at them.

GIDEON
(on TV)
Save your energy, fools. Your time
awaits.

Jack and Joey scramble up. Straighten themselves out. Stand at attention before the TV.

JACK
Yes, sir! JOEY
Kill 'em all!

GIDEON
Show me.

Jack and Joey race behind the couch. Pull out two huge duffels. Toss them on the couch.

GIDEON
Excellent. I'm proud of you.

Jack and Joey look at each other. Their goofy teen faces turn hard. Eyes dark.

JACK
We're gonna light it up like a
Christmas tree!

GIDEON

This is your chance. Make them pay
for what they did to you.

JOEY

I hate 'em!

GIDEON

And what they didn't do.

JACK

Those whores'll never forget this
face again.

GIDEON

Good. Feel it. Feed on it. But
remember, he'll be there.

JACK

We're ready for him.

JOEY

Rip him to shreds!

GIDEON

Don't be fooled by his size. Or
seeming inaction.

Jack and Joey nod to Gideon.

GIDEON

He's not what he was, but still has
his ways.

JOEY

Whatever! We got this!

GIDEON

You had better hope so. Be off.
Find your glory!

Jack and Joey HOWL! Their TV goes black.

INT. PENTHOUSE SUITE - SAME

Jack and Joey dress in body armor on Gideon's window.

Pull on vests. Stuff extra rounds into the pockets. Snap on
weapon belts.

Pull weapons from their duffels. Check them. Place them
back inside.

Place a black baseball hat on their heads. Spin it around
backwards. Check each other out. Chest bump, excited.

GIDEON
He'll be there. And so will I.

INT. KEMP HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

Orange Man snores loudly.

Eyes shoot open. Snaps upright. Like a sailor who reads the wind, he pays attention to the air around him.

Bolts from the bed.

INT. SCHOOL - FRONT DESK - DAY

Orange Man waits, backpack over his shoulder.

LOIS SAMPLES, 60s, phone to her ear, snaps her gum. Cups the phone, motions to a clipboard.

LOIS
Sign there, hon. Fill out a badge.
(into the phone)
Yeah, still here.

Orange Man holds the clipboard, writes his name on the top line. Writes his name on a badge. Pulls it from the sheet. Slaps it on his chest.

The receptionist checks the clipboard.

LOIS
Aaron Kemp. Nice name. I have a cousin named Aaron.

She buzzes him in.

LOIS
The last door on the left, across from the gym.

INT. SCHOOL - HALLWAY - DAY

Orange Man lumbers down the hall. KIDS move out of his way.

The hall empties.

Stops at the last door on the left. Looks in the window. Turns, steps across the hall.

INT. SCHOOL - GYM - CONTINUOUS

Orange Man enters. Kids huddle in groups, eye him suspiciously.

ORANGE MAN
Go. To class.

Some leave. Others linger.

ORANGE MAN
(bellows)
Now!

The sound echoes off the walls. The remaining kids scurry.

He positions himself in front of the doors on the back wall.
Pulls a bag of puffs from his backpack.

The back doors fly open. Jack and Joey rush in, guns ready.
Find Orange Man. Look at each other, confused.

ORANGE MAN
Not what you expected?

Jack and Joey shake their heads.

JACK
He said you'd be here.

ORANGE MAN
It's not too late, you can turn
around. Return to the light.

JACK
Just didn't know you were such a
fat bastard!

Jack leers at Orange Man. Takes aim.

JACK
Who says your way is the light?

JOEY
People will sing songs about us
when we tear your ass up--

ORANGE MAN
Then prepare to be cast aside.
Never the chance to be anything in
this world.

JOEY
You fat freak!

Joey raises his rifle.

ORANGE MAN
This is going to be...

The boys scream as they unload on him. Bullets riddle Orange Man but he absorbs them all. Wobbles but stands.

Shooting stops, guns smoke. The boys approach, wait for him to fall. A small smile creeps onto his face.

ORANGE MAN
...so delicious.

He shimmies and shudders, then collapses. Lands face down on the gym floor.

The continue to attack him. Take turns. Jack pulls a baton from the duffel. Pounds on Orange Man.

Joey kicks Orange Man's side until he can kick no more.

They stop, out of breath. Wait for Orange Man to move.

Satisfied, they high five each other. Gather their weapons.

Orange Man opens his eyes. Slightly turns his body away from the boys.

His stomach grumbles.

Jack and Joey spin to the sound. Guns aimed. Orange Man remains still.

JACK
Must have been his death rattle.

Joey bends down to pick up Orange Man's backpack near Orange Man's butt.

Orange Man farts.

Joey jumps back, backpack in hand.

JOEY
Lookie here. We beat the living
shit out of him!

Jack and Joey laugh, fist bump each other, as an orange haze grows around them.

JACK
Booyah!

Jack makes a face. Overcome. About to be sick.
Joey coughs. His face more red with each hack.
They race for the door. It's locked.
The orange cloud expands. Fills the room. Engulfs them.
Their coughs quicken, deepen, as if they're about to lose a lung. They spasm, collapse.
Orange Man winces as he sits up. Watches them.
The coughs end. They gasp for air. Their bodies go opaque. Weapons fade from view.
Orange Man checks himself. Bruises from the beating he took. Dimples from bullets.
Orange Man rises in great pain. Grabs his backpack. Stands over them.

ORANGE MAN
Will farts ever not be funny?

Orange Man breathes deeply, draws the boys' opaque souls and the orange cloud into him.
Takes a few seconds to gather himself.

EXT. SCHOOL - PARKING LOT - DAY

Orange Man lumbers away from the school.
Police cruisers race by. Lights. Sirens.

A minivan squeals to a stop next to him. Delilah, with BLUE eyes, pops her head out the window.

DELILAH
Hello, stranger. Fancy running into you again.

Orange Man sees police lights coming towards the school, ducks down next to the van as they pass.

DELILAH
Just dropped my sister's kid off.
Running late.

A SWAT VAN screams by.

DELILAH
What's that's all about?

Her phone pings. She reads it.

DELILAH
My God! My nephew says they have a
shooter on campus!

ORANGE MAN
You don't say.

Orange Man and Delilah watch as the police enter the school.

DELILAH
(frantic)
I have to get him away from them!

ORANGE MAN
It's best to let the authorities
handle it. Besides--

DELILAH
Just 'cause you don't have a child
there--

ORANGE MAN
Them?
(to himself)
He said you'd be here?
(ponders)
He said you'd be here.
(to Delilah)
Excuse me.

INT. SCHOOL - FRONT DESK - SAME

Lois talks. OFFICER CARTER THOMAS, 30s, straight out of a
police academy brochure, listens. Takes notes.

Officers race in and out of the building.

LOIS
No.

CARTER
You're sure?

LOIS
Nothing, hon.

CARTER

We received word that two heavily armed men entered the school via the rear of the facility.

LOIS

Trust me, I'd know.

CARTER

Anything strange? Out of the ordinary?

LOIS

How many times do I have to say it?

CARTER

Any visitors unaccounted for?

LOIS

Nothing goes on in my school without my okay. No one gets inside without my...

(thinks)

We did have one sub this morning.

Carter scribbles furiously, waits.

LOIS

What was his name...? It's on the tip of my tongue...

CARTER

Ma'am?

LOIS

I'm not usually this forgetful.

CARTER

Who's class was he subbing for?

(scans area)

Do you have cameras? Did he talk to anyone else? Did he sign in?

Lois snaps out of her funk.

LOIS

Of course. Like I said, no one gets in without my okay.

Lois picks up the clipboard.

LOIS

I remember now. He was the first line and I have a cousin named...

Lois' jaw drops. Gum falls from her mouth.

Carter takes the clipboard from her. Finds a blank sheet.

Lois grabs the sheet with badges. A full sheet.

LOIS

Can't be...

CARTER

It was a man? Age? White? Black?
How tall? Distinguishing marks?

LOIS

Why can't I remember?

Carter closes his notebook. Talks into a radio.

CARTER

Unknown male visitor.

(listens)

Search the perimeter. Yes, sir.

EXT. SCHOOL - PARKING LOT - SAME

Orange Man hurries away from the van. Delilah jumps out, chases after him.

DELILAH

The school's this way.

Delilah catches him. Touches his arm. All the hairs on his body stand at attention. That's never happened before.

DELILAH

You handled those thugs, I thought
you want to help.

A heavy bike roars, grabs their attention. Big Boy Pete rumbles toward them. Slams to a stop, glares at them.

BIG BOY PETE

What in Sam Hill ya think yer
doin'?

They look at each other, who he's talking to?

He climbs off his bike, steps to Delilah.

BIG BOY PETE
 (to Orange Man)
 She's a looker, I'll give y'all
 that. But crooked as a dog's hind
 leg.

Big Boy Pete grabs Delilah with his good arm.

DELILAH
 Get your paws off me!
 (to Orange Man)
 Really?

Orange Man moves towards Pete. Pete raises his limp sleeve.
 A shotgun barrel slides out of it.

BIG BOY PETE
 Y'all think yer capable. Y ain't.
 (to Delilah)
 Dang! Act like y'all don't know
 me. That ain't right.

Anger flies from Delilah's eyes. She barks at Big Boy Pete
 with a voice far too low for a woman.

DELILAH
 Let me go!

BIG BOY PETE
 But I know you.

A police cruiser slows to a crawl. Pete lowers his arm.

Delilah breaks free. Hops in her van. Drives away.

The police cruiser stops. Carter gets out, scans the street.

ORANGE MAN
 Who are you?

Carter passes by them.

BIG BOY PETE
 Dang shame. For the record, I'm
 pro law enforcement.

ORANGE MAN
 I asked politely, who are--

BIG BOY PETE
 But right now, a cop is 'bout
 welcome as a skunk at a lawn party.

Pete laughs at his own joke. The officer stops next to them.

ORANGE MAN
I don't get it.

BIG BOY PETE
Exactly why I'm here. Y'all need
my help.

Carter walks back to his car. Climbs in.

BIG BOY PETE
I'm fixin' ta get some supper.
Don't look like y'all miss many
meals, join me?

Carter drives away.

ORANGE MAN
Let me get this straight. You come
out of nowhere. Threaten Delilah.

BIG BOY PETE
Still callin' herself Delilah, huh?

ORANGE MAN
But she doesn't seem to know you.

BIG BOY PETE
Sure'nuff.

ORANGE MAN
Point a gun at me, from what looks
like a missing arm.

BIG BOY PETE
Sorry 'bout that.

ORANGE MAN
And I'm supposed to break bread
with you? Just like that?

BIG BOY PETE
Ain'tchya hungry?

ORANGE MAN
I'll ask, just one more time. Who
are you?

BIG BOY PETE
They call me Big Boy Pete.

Orange Man looks him up and down.

ORANGE MAN
Why?

Big Boy Pete ponders the question.

BIG BOY PETE
Well, my name's Pete.

Orange Man shakes his head, clumps away.

BIG BOY PETE
Now hold on a cotton pickin'
minute. I'm here to help y'all.

Orange Man ignores him.

BIG BOY PETE
And I don't rightly know why.
Somethin' brang me here.

Orange Man walks on.

BIG BOY PETE
Fine. Suit ya'self. Who needs ya!

Big Boy Pete hops on his bike.

BIG BOY PETE
(grumbles to himself)
Sure do talk funny.

INT. VAN - DAY

Delilah brakes hard. Throws the van in park.

Breathes hard, like she just ran a race. Checks her mirrors.
Looks in every direction. All alone.

Screams with all her might. Quick breaths. About to
hyperventilate.

Rests her head on the steering wheel. It doesn't help.

Pulls her head back up. Pounds the steering wheel.

Looks at her reflection in the rearview mirror. The veins
around her eyes fill with black ink.

EXT. VAN - CONTINUOUS

Skies darken. Clouds spin. A vortex forms. Sucks the van
into it.

EXT. GLISTENING CITY - DAY

Perfectly kept side street.

A bright light flashes. Delilah's van appears by the curb.

The driver's door opens. Slams shut. But no one got out.

INT. VAN - CONTINUOUS

A deflated Delilah sits behind the wheel. Literally deflated, like a balloon minus the helium.

Her eyes shoot open. She gasps for air. Inflates to her normal round proportions. Looks at her GREEN eyes in the mirror. Grits her teeth.

DELILAH

Gideon!

INT. PENTHOUSE SUITE - DAY

Gideon stomps to the bar. Grabs a picture frame. The same picture Orange Man looked at earlier.

GIDEON

Why must you always fight me?

Emotions wash over him. Anger. Confusion. Hatred. Pain.

The room vibrates. Bottles and glasses shake.

Gideon drops his head, disgusted.

Green light shrouds the skyline view. Refined Man's eyes fill the floor to ceiling window.

GIDEON

Must you always do that?

REFINED MAN

There was a time when you thought
that was cool.

Refined Man's eyes dart to the picture.

Gideon carefully sets the picture back in place.

GIDEON

He's softening. Weaker.

REFINED MAN
If that's what you need to tell
yourself.

GIDEON
I can feel it.

REFINED MAN
We don't have forever. We can
proceed without him.

GIDEON
We're stronger together.

REFINED MAN
Has too much of his mother in him.
Too much--

GIDEON
He'll come around.

REFINED MAN
(debates)
He'd better.

The room vibrates. Green light grows more intense. Refined
Man's eyes fade from view.

GIDEON
Duncan! Cut it!

The room quiets. Green light fades. Reveals Duncan. (NOTE
- Refined Man WILL GO BY DUNCAN FROM HERE ON OUT)

DUNCAN
Excuse me? Dad? Father?

GIDEON
You gave up the rights to that
title long ago.

DUNCAN
Show some respect.

Gideon glares at him.

DUNCAN
I'll not wait forever. Turn him!

GIDEON
Or?

FINGERS SNAP! Duncan disappears. Skyline view returns.

DUNCAN (O.S.)
(sigh)
Lacks pizzazz.

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

Big Boy Pete walks down an alley.

Stops at the first doorway. Tries the door. Locked. Bangs on it. Nothing.

Continues on. Inspects every nook and cranny. Looks every wall up and down.

Comes upon another doorway. Tries the door. Also locked.

Takes several steps, stops. Turns back, quick.

No one there. Carries on down the alley.

As he does, a small man, with reptilian features, passes through the door. Steps into the alley. Watches Big Boy Pete. Assesses him.

Big Boy Pete comes to a brick wall at the end of the alley. Looks in every direction.

Turns back satisfied.

EXT. MONASTERY - NIGHT

Weathered brick and stone frames two large Gothic doors.

Green light flashes on the sidewalk. Duncan appears, checks his pocket watch. Looks at the building.

DUNCAN
Still tied to the ancient ways?

Duncan pockets his watch. Steps to the door. Reaches for the knocker. Static buzzes.

DUNCAN
(chuckles)
You could have made this harder.

He clasps the knocker. An electrical spark sends Duncan flying backwards, flat on his back on the street. He spasms.

The spasms stop. Duncan sits up.

DUNCAN
I stand corrected.

He rises.

DUNCAN
You evaded me once, slowed my plan.

Gathers himself.

DUNCAN
But not this time.

Green light flashes again. Duncan disappears with it.

DUNCAN (O.S.)
Soon, I'll control everything.
This world. And the next.

Metal slides behind the doors. A lock clangs. A door opens.

Reptilian Man steps out. Scans all directions. Satisfied,
he steps back inside and shuts the door. The lock clangs.
Metal slides.

END OF SHOW