

Broil

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IN THE BEGINNING:

EXT. INTERLUDE -- DUSK

Where our world meets the next. Red and blue lightening crackle above this kingdom of infinite nothings. This is a place empty save for the presence of you and your creator.

What does that look like? A campfire by a lake.

The campfire throws heady shadows over CHANCE SINCLAIR. 18. Has had to grow-up faster than she should have. Guileless. Wizened.

She's in conversation with a regal young woman whose identity is not yet known.

CHANCE

I used to think being born a Sinclair was the best thing to happen to me. There were rumours about us. I always thought they were just jealous. They said Grandpa August was a monster. That he was the richest man in history. I tried to convince myself that I could be happy. I really thought I would be, [and] --

Chance turns, fast, as LIGHTENING booms through and shakes the air, turning night to day. As the thunder rolls through...

CUT TO BLACK.

TITLE: CHAPTER ONE | THE SALE OF CHANCE

INT. DARK VOID -- BLACKNESS -- NOTHING -- ZIP -- FLASHBACK

Red lights dance down a dark corridor.

Bizarre silhouettes of horse-headed men and cat-eared women flirt through the frame.

Dead centre of the chaos stands a formidable warrior ... Great HORNS protruding from their head.

Iron Maiden tribute night in Valhalla? Nick Cave's green room? Hell?

No.

Worse.

A Halloween dorm-party populated only with rich kids.

INT. DORM PARTY, SAINT SAUL'S PRIVATE SCHOOL -- NIGHT

RED SOLO cups topple. EDM music blares. Two-dozen private schoolers in questionable costumes awkwardly do the floss.

The formidable horned warrior? Anything but. CHANCE SINCLAIR, 17. A shadow of the person she'll become. Boundless ambition but a restless soul. A fast mouth and a faster temper. She removes a pair of cheap plastic DEVIL HORNS from her head, unimpressed by the party.

But a classmate wearing a MASQUERADE MASK catches her attention. From across the room, they lock eyes.

MASQUERADE heads towards the DORMS. Chance watches her go...

MASQUERADE steps into a room. Pulls off her dress. Throws it out into the corridor.

Chance, uncertain. *Does she go in?*

She's never been more nervous. She tries to play it cool. And she walks in.

A MINUTE LATER

SABINE. 17. The school gossip whose Dad is a lawyer and makes sure you know that. She pushes open the DORM ROOM DOOR and holds up her PHONE, recording what she sees. In a fit of laughter, she rushes off back to the party.

Chance sprints from the room, pulling her shirt back on, and confronts Sabine. Her friends stand by her, grinning ear to ear at Chance's embarrassment. As the music peaks...

Chance HEADBUTT'S Sabine --

INT. OFFICE, SAINT PAUL'S HIGH SCHOOL -- MORNING

Chance snores lightly, stretched over the leather couch, her bags beside her.

The school SECRETARY tries to reach Chance's family one last time.

SECRETARY

(to PHONE)

This is Geraldine calling from St Pauls. There's been an incident in the dorms. Please collect your child from...

But something's wrong. The simple CROSS around her neck burns RED. She rips it off her neck as fast as she can, stunned.

SECRETARY

I ... I'm sorry, I don't know what happened there was a --

She shrieks! A CRUCIFIX nailed to a nearby wall has somehow turned itself upside down.

And Chance snoozes on.

INT. CHANCE'S BEDROOM, JUNE & DECEMBER'S HOUSE -- MORNING

Chance collapses onto her bed with a groan. Hungover. Head-aching. A MANNEQUIN stands in the corner with a half-finished DRESS on it. She wants to keep sleeping but...

In bursts JUNE SINCLAIR. 40. Your greatest ally or the most devastating enemy you'll ever face. Daughter of August. Wife to December. Chance and Luck's mother. A Lioness who will do anything for her pride.

JUNE

Get your ass out of bed and downstairs. I have to head back to Grandpa's and you need to take care of Luck.

CHANCE

Awwww but I have plans.

JUNE

Such as?

Chance looks at the bed.

CHANCE

This is pretty good for right now.

June doesn't have the time for a heart-to-heart, but recognizes Chance needs one.

JUNE

You. Um. Want to tell me why you hit that girl?

Chance closes her eyes.

JUNE

The school called Grandpa August's house in the middle of dinner. Your Uncle November was impressed, he didn't think you had it in you. It's a miracle it's only a one-day suspension.

CHANCE
Do I have to take care of Luck?

JUNE
Yes.

CHANCE
Take her with you. She loves
playing in Grandpa's creepy old
house.

JUNE
No-no-no. We didn't settle the ...
Business plan ... For the next
year. He's stubborn, won't listen
to anything I say.

CHANCE
(feigning interest)
Mmm. Yeah. Okay.

JUNE
One day you'll have to take over
the family business. Would do you
well to listen to me.

Chance pretends to snore.

JUNE
Auntie April says she was sorry she
couldn't make it to your birthday.
She gave me your present. It's on
the kitchen --

Chance leaps up out of bed and rushes downstairs.

JUNE
Bench.

INT. KITCHEN, JUNE & DECEMBER'S HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

The home is the definition of "we're doing okay." Some
antique pieces mixed with the new. This is a household which
orders Blue Apron.

DECEMBER SINCLAIR. 40. Eternally devoted to June and his
daughters, Chance and Luck. Carries himself like a soldier on
the losing side of a war, harried by years of living under a
tyrant's rule. December feeds a spoonful of CEREAL to --

LUCK SINCLAIR, 2 -- Bubbly kid. It's a two year old.
Adorable.

December grunts hello to Chance, but Chance blows her Dad and
she tears into a WRAPPED GIFT-BOX.

JUNE
 Read the card first. Our daughter
 got in a fight last night. Scold
 her.

December shrugs.

CHANCE
 I head-butted her. It was awesome.

JUNE
 (to DECEMBER)
 Oh you think this is no big deal.
 Hmm?

December sighs. Shoots Chance a look.

CHANCE
 (re the GIFT)
 What the heck is this?

Chance opens the BOX and finds ... An ornate SILVER DAGGER.
 December grunts a sarcastic laugh.

CHANCE
 She got me a letter opener?

JUNE
 Be careful. Don't touch the blade.

Chance touches the BLADE. Her finger BURNS and she drops the SILVER DAGGER. June catches the DAGGER by the handle before it falls, then wraps it up with a CLOTH.

CHANCE
 OW. Damn that's sharp.

JUNE
 I can't believe she gave you this.
 Dec, let's go. I don't want to hit traffic. Don't forget your 'fusion.'

CHANCE
 Moooooom. Take Luck. She'd love it.

JUNE
 Love you. Please. Be good.

December pulls on his thick COAT and snatches up his UMBRELLA and signs, I love you. Chance returns it. Luck babbles.

The FRONT DOOR slams shut.

INT. LOUNGE ROOM, JUNE & DECEMBER'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

Luck patters through the house. Starts to cry. Chance kicks it on the couch, on her PHONE with a LAPTOP open and TV going. Ignores Luck.

Tired, she enters the KITCHEN.

INT. KITCHEN, JUNE & DECEMBER'S HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

From a bottle of VITAMINS she takes TWO PILLS. Swallows them dry. From the SINK she pulls a BLOOD BAG.

INT. LOUNGE ROOM, JUNE & DECEMBER'S HOUSE -- LATER

T.V. plays one of the best modern horrors of our time, AMERICAN PSYCHO. Patrick Bateman, on screen, methodically praising Hughie Lewis & The News.

With a bored pain Chance pierces her stomach with a NEEDLE connected to an I.V. DRIP, from which the BLOOD BAG is connected to. Luck wanders through.

CHANCE

You're so lucky you won't have to do this. Adopted stupid reject baby.

Beat.

LUCK

Stpid wejct bby.

CHANCE

What, no don't say that --

Chance's PHONE rings. She answers. Luck keeps repeating the phrase.

JUNE (O.C.)

(via PHONE)

Looks like we're going to be staying the night.

CHANCE

Mooooom.

JUNE

Mickey will look after Luck tomorrow while you're at school.

CHANCE

You sound stressed.

JUNE

Father's, um, new business plan is the work of a lunatic. Is Luck asleep?

CHANCE

Yep, mhmm.

JUNE

Whatever, just no scary movies I
don't want either of you having
nightmares. Love you.

CHANCE

Love you too.

LUCK

Stpid wejct bby.

JUNE

Did Luck say something?

CHANCE

She said I love you can't wait to
see you goodnight.

Chance hangs up. Luck babbles a smile. Patrick Bateman smiles on screen, AXE glistening.

INT. CHANCE'S BEDROOM, THE SINCLAIR ESTATE -- NIGHT

Chance drags LUCK'S CRIB into her room. Places Luck down to sleep.

Chance lies awake.

INT. LOUNGE ROOM, JUNE & DECEMBER'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

Chance, dressed for school in a private uniform, waits. Luck cries from another room.

The front door opens. Enter COUSIN MICKEY, 35 -- Amazonian woman in a suit & tie, her hobbies include cage-fighting and volunteering to euthanize pets at the local shelter. Soft spot for the Sinclair family.

MICKEY

Hello hello hello. Shoelaces are
untied.

CHANCE

Mom said you lunch money for me?

MICKEY

Did she? Okay. Sure.

Mickey fishes into her WALLET and pulls out TEN DOLLARS. Chance tilts her head. Mickey hands over a TWENTY.

MICKEY

Fine ... I'll pay you not to be
suspended.

PRE-LAP: The SCHOOL-BELL BLARES.

INT. CORRIDOR, SCHOOL -- LATER

Empty corridor. Chance rushes. Trips. SCHOOL BOOKS go everywhere. Begins to pick them up. Sabine and a FRIEND exit the bathroom and chance upon Chance.

CHANCE

Oh...

Half of Sabine's face is black & blue from when Chance head-butted her.

SABINE

They had to glue my teeth back together.

CHANCE

Well. Yeah. About all that...

Sabine pulls a STANLEY KNIFE from her PURSE. Chance stands, SCHOOL BOOKS in hand.

SABINE

Don't speak. You're a disabled stupid pale lesbian slut. I will carve open that pinched face--

Chance rushes forward and SLAMS her book into SABINE'S FACE.

Sabine FLIES twenty feet back through the corridor. Sabine stands, NOSE MANGLED. And screams.

Chance looks at the SCHOOL BOOK: Latin 101. *Finally, Latin was good for something.*

The doors to the CORRIDOR open. All eyes on Chance.

INT. DINING ROOM, THE SINCLAIR ESTATE -- DAY -- FLASHBACK

Deep in a heated argument, June, December and August pour over lists of NAMES, compiling the coming years Harvest.

AUGUST

Elected officials are off limits, even the corrupt ones, I say it every year--

JUNE

If they committed a crime to reach that position they should be fair game!

AUGUST

Any crime? Murder. Sure, Harvest away. Forgetting to pay for a stick of gum?

JUNE

The President didn't foget to pay
for a stick of gum! He ... forget
it. We're at six hundred and fifty
five. We need eleven more souls to
fill the quota.

AUGUST

I'm sure November and Feb will pick
up some extras. They always come
through for us--

BRRRRNNNNG -- An dial-up TELEPHONE rings from the living room.
It sounds like a klaxon and sends shivers down June's spine.

June cradles the phone. Stressed.

JUNE

(to PHONE)

She is not to speak to any police
until we're present.

June hangs up. *Fucking hell.*

She returns to the table, rattled.

JUNE

This ... This is as good a time as
any to speak about the other thing.

AUGUST

Not now. Chance needs you.

December takes June hand for reassurance.

JUNE

Father. This will be our last
Harvest.

AUGUST

No.

June senses the cruelty behind the word.

JUNE

We're tired, father. We want to
relinquish our power, live a normal
life.

AUGUST

No child of mine has ever walked
away from me.

JUNE

Fine. Then let me succeed you as
Head of House Sinclair. April and
the others are talking. Even July
agrees. You've lost touch with the
world. Let me lead, or let us walk.

Below the table, from his pocket, December covertly draws ...
The SILVER DAGGER.

AUGUST

I'll make you a deal. One more
Harvest, **just one**, then you will
have your freedom. I'll square it
with the All-Father.

June knows there's a catch. With August, there's always one.

AUGUST

And I want Chance. She is a full-blooded Sinclair. And she does not know her strength. She is soon to see learn this ruse that she has a "genetic defect" is a lie. One more harvest, and your firstborn, and you'll have your freedom.

June and December share a nervous look.

INT. ADMIN. OFFICE, SCHOOL -- LATER

Chance sits, arms crossed. The SCHOOL SECRETARY calls June.

SCHOOL SECRETARY

(to PHONE)

There's been an incident. The police are on their way.

The secretary ends the call. Shoots Chance a loaded look. Chance rolls her eyes. Jolts forward. The secretary laps back in-fright. Chance grins. *I'm the boss.*

INT. PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE, SCHOOL -- LATER

June and December flank Chance. Luck sits off to the side in a chair, playing with a PHONE wearing HEADPHONES.

The PRINCIPAL enters. Sits behind their desk. They've been waiting years to get rid of Chance.

PRINCIPAL

Expulsion is the only remedy.

JUNE

Whose name sits over this school's library.

PRINCIPAL

We can't condone this behaviour.
And before you say it, Chance's 'disability' isn't an excuse.

JUNE
Whose name sits over the library.

PRINCIPAL
 Chance was on her second strike
 already. How do I justify her
 behaviour to the board?

JUNE
Whose name sits over the library.

PRINCIPAL
 Your father's generosity has not
 gone unappreciated, however I think
 Chance's education is best suited
 to another institution. The Army,
 perhaps.

Beat.

PRINCIPAL
*Her victim will require extensive
 reconstructive surgery.*

CHANCE
 I barely touched her! She called me
 a slut at the party and then PULLED
 A KNIFE ON ME.

December throws Chance a look. Settle. But also. I'm proud of you.

PRINCIPAL
 Your privilege can't save you.
 Chance Sinclair is expelled from
 this school. Her permanent record
 will be updated and the relevant
 college administrators notified.
 Good day.

June and December stand.

JUNE
Whose name.

PRINCIPAL
 (reluctant)
 Sinclair.

JUNE
 Have it removed by the end of the
 day. You can keep the money, but
 you can't keep the name.

CHANCE
 So that's it? I'm expelled for
 standing up for myself? Fuck you!

The principal sits back smugly. Chance wants to cave his head in, but December yanks her back. June guides Chance and Luck outside.

December extends his hand. After a beat, the principal shakes it. A barely perceptible sliver of PURPLE LIGHT flashes in December's palm. The principal tries to yank his hand back. December holds on. Squeezes.

And eventually releases. December exits. The principal examines his hand. It trembles with pain. A flash of BLACK dances through his veins. His chest tightens. The left side of his face droops. He calls out, but his voice is gone.

INT. CORRIDOR, SCHOOL -- CONTINUOUS

December and June flank Chance as they walk away from the admin office.

Behind the principal stumbles out, choking. He collapses. Stroke. So tragic.

The Sinclair's walk on.

INT. TOWN CAR, STREET -- LATER

December drives in silence. Wears DRIVING GLOVES. June's silence is deafening.

CHANCE

Look. I'm sorry. I really did only touch her! She, like, flew, and she always bitched about want a nose job so she gets her wish --

JUNE

(to DECEMBER)
What do you think?

December grunts.

CHANCE

Mom. Please. Wait ... Where are we going?

Nobody answers her. She flops back in her chair, plays on her PHONE. Chance can't see June's crying.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD -- SAME TIME

The SKYLINE fades in the background as the TOWN CAR dashes down an empty WOODED ROAD.

In a blink and you'd miss it moment, the TOWN CAR vanishes.

EXT. DRIVEWAY, SINCLAIR CASTLE -- CONTINUOUS

The TOWN CAR appears at the GATES of the grand, the sprawling, the nexus of all of all evil: The SINCLAIR ESTATE.

The main house is a sprawling Tudor mansion with ivy clad stone walls. The kinda pad Tom Cruise might go to in search of an orgy. But it's the sky above, a milieu of colossal clouds, no sunlight breaking through, which steals your breath...

Otherworldly ain't the half of it.

A senior in a large SOMBRERO waves. AUGUST SINCLAIR, 60 -- Warm eyes, cold heart, a quick smile. A fast temper. A wolf posing as a sheep. The Head of House Sinclair.

CHANCE

Why are we here? What's going on?
Wait -- No-no-no-no.

INT. LIVING ROOM, THE SINCLAIR ESTATE -- MOMENTS LATER

The wood paneling walls. Tea and biscuits, as promised, on a gold serving tray. Sharp eyes won't spot a lick of silver in the house. Chance sits away from everyone else.

CHANCE

No. No. What about when I need get check-ups? What about school? What about me seeing my friends? I don't even have reception here, is there wi-fi? I'm 17! it's my life! I can't believe this, this is kidnapping. This is--

JUNE

One. Home schooling is not kidnapping.

CHANCE

Exactly, home schooling, not, let's force Chance to live with Grandpa August.

AUGUST

It won't be all that bad. Look, your mother and I think it might be a good idea. Get away from the city, distractions. 18 is a big year for a Sinclair.

CHANCE

No, it's--I--Dad? Back me up. Dad?

December stands. Leaves the room.

AUGUST

It's a very confusing time for any young woman. Changes are happening. To your body. Puberty--

CHANCE

Please don't. PLEASE kill me before finishing that sentence.

AUGUST

Please, please don't speak like that. I say we make the best of it. We treat it as a mini prep school.

CHANCE

Mini prison? Oh, okay.

AUGUST

Sweetie. You can leave anytime. Anytime. You are free. But. I will have to write you out.

CHANCE

Of what? Of your will? For real?

Chance is at a loss for words. June exits the room.

INT. CHANCE'S BEDROOM, THE SINCLAIR ESTATE -- DAY

Chance isn't impressed. A single COT in the middle of a dusty bedroom and an old chest of draws, a DRESSER.

CHANCE

No. Hell no.

Chance turns to June.

CHANCE

Mom. Please. I'm sorry. I get it, I messed up.

JUNE

It's not your fault.

CHANCE

What does that mean.

JUNE

It means things are complicated.

CHANCE

This isn't fair.

JUNE

It'll do you some good. Grandpa August is a mean son of a bitch but he's smart. Learn from him. It'll only be for a little while.

Chance takes another look at her room. Luck runs around.

LUCK
Stpid wejct bby.

LATER

Chance stands by her BEDROOM WINDOW, watching as June, Luck and December climb back in the TOWN CAR and DRIVE OFF. August approaches, looms large in the doorway.

INT. TOWN CAR, DAY -- MOMENTS LATER

June sits in the passenger seat. Tears rolling.

EXT. BACKYARD, JUNE & DECEMBER'S HOUSE -- LATER

June sits in the backyard. CIGARETTE in hand. Sunlight be damned, but in the shade. Luck, at the door, can only watch and wonder why her mom is so upset. December sits next to June. Lights a CIGARETTE.

JUNE
I just traded Chance for our freedom. What kind of mother am I?

June hands over a SLIP of paper. She's done the math.

JUNE
Today marks five thousand years since I turned you. One million eight hundred and twenty five thousand sunrises you've never been able to feel. It's silly, but ... I can't even remember my mortal name. Can you remember yours?

December forgot who he was a long time ago.

JUNE
Next Harvest, we kill August.

December traces her cheek. *I'll storm the gates of Carcosa if you ask.*

INT. DINING ROOM, THE SINCLAIR ESTATE -- SAME NIGHT

A simple meal. August enjoys the silence. Chance endures.

INT. CHANCE'S BEDROOM, THE SINCLAIR ESTATE -- NIGHT

Chance lies awake hearing the house creak. Wonders why she can't stop crying.

EXT. FOREST/FIELD, SINCLAIR ESTATE -- THE NEXT DAY

A day after CHANCE was dropped off to live with August, she's deciding to split. After untangling HAIR from a TREE-BRANCH, CHANCE trudges on, BACKPACK on shoulder, running away. She reaches a clearing--

CHANCE

(sotto)

It's not running away if you're running back home, right? You can hitchhike back to Vancouver, say 'Mom, Dad, I'll be good I swear, I can go back to school' and...

CHANCE stops walking ... Senses movement behind her ... She turns and is horrified to spot: NOVEMBER SINCLAIR. 35. A brutalizer. Unnerving. The Mozart of meanness. He idly rests a GOLDEN SWORD over his shoulder.

NOVEMBER

If you leave you will never, ever be allowed to call yourself a Sinclair again. You will be destitute. Alone. Nothing. If you don't want than, then follow me.

(CHANCE reluctantly does)

Luxsbane has been in our family since the first days. Tradition dictates a Sinclair must learn how to wield it.

CHANCE

I'm a lover, not a - WHAT THE FUCK!

NOVEMBER hurls the SWORD - CHANCE ducks as the SWORD slices into a tree. CHANCE circles around NOVEMBER as -

CHANCE

(lying)

Hey, you know you're my favourite uncle, right? Uncle No-no?

NOVEMBER

(retrieving SWORD)

Hope you can fight better than you lie.

CHANCE

Are you getting itchy? Mom said I can't be in the sun for more than ten minutes a day...

CHANCE pushes NOVEMBER. NOVEMBER doesn't budge. He pushes her back easily.

NOVEMBER

She lied. It's more like an hour before the Sinclair Sunburn gets so bad you'll try to CUT--

NOVEMBER lunges again. CHANCE twists out of the way.

NOVEMBER
 --your own head off. Being a
 Sinclair is a privilege. Sure: We
 can't tan. But if you fall in line?

CHANCE
 I know Mom and Dad abandoned me
 here to learn how to be all proper
 and nice but when you put it like
 that, being a Sinclair sounds evil
 as fuck. I can try, but, this ain't
 me!

NOVEMBER
 Then 'what' do you think you are?

CHANCE
 Am I allowed to sat I say ... 'I
 don't know yet?'

NOVEMBER
The Art of The Divine by John
 Martin. First book on the back
 shelf in the study. Might help you
 see what's right in front of you.

NOVEMBER lunges again, the SWORD to CHANCE'S THROAT.

NOVEMBER
 Now. If you want to get out of this
 house alive? Learn how to win.
 Again.

INT. LIBRARY, THE SINCLAIR ESTATE -- LATER

Rows of literature loom. Dust motes dance in light. Chance
 reads in a nook. The book? *THE ART OF THE DEVINE*.

As she flips through she finds haunting paintings of witches,
 demons, titans. Martin's *The Destruction*. Goya's *Witches'*
Sabbath. Falero's own *Witches going to their Sabbath*.

Yet there's something different about these renditions of
 these works of art. The subjects of each have purple patches
 of glowing skin, as if there were a force within them
 yearning to be unleashed.

Chance looks out the window and spots August in conversation
 with December. HeDecember idly rolls a disposable COFFEE CUP
 in his hands. On it, the cup as a striking SMILEY FACE.

INT. CHANCE'S BEDROOM, THE SINCLAIR ESTATE -- DAY

Chance sits before a mirror. Despondent.

AUGUST (O.C.)
Time for your blood!

She moves away from the mirror. Unbeknownst to her ... Her reflection doesn't move. A slight purple shimmer.

EXT. BACKYARD, THE SINCLAIR ESTATE -- DAY

TIGHT ON: A BLOOD BAG suspended from an I.V. DRIP.

PULL BACK to reveal ... The TUBE connected to Chance's stomach. Under a canopy of trees, grey skies above, she sits, covered head to toe, playing CHESS with August, also covered.

He takes his sweet time making a move.

Checkmate.

Chance flips the table over.

INT. LIVING ROOM, THE SINCLAIR ESTATE -- NIGHT

Before a desk loaded with paper and books, Chance is tutored by August.

AUGUST
A conjugation is a group of verbs
that share...

CHANCE
Similar patterns for their endings.

AUGUST
Watch your tone, Chance Sinclair,
watch your tone.

CHANCE
Why can't we do something fun?

INT. CORRIDOR, THE SINCLAIR ESTATE -- DAY

Chance enters frame with a BOOK balanced on her head. Mutters under her breath about how much fun she's having.

Chance looks around, sees nobody. Takes the BOOK off.

AUGUST (O.C.)
Put it back on.

Exasperated. Puts the BOOK back on her head.

EXT. FIELD, THE SINCLAIR ESTATE -- DUSK

Under the glow of the evening light, August battles Chance in a game of Chess. After careful consideration, August makes a move.

Check-mate.

Again. Chance kicks the table over.

TITLE: ONE YEAR LATER**INT. LIVING ROOM, THE SINCLAIR ESTATE -- DAY**

A simple BIRTHDAY CAKE with EIGHTEEN CANDLES. It's only Chance and August. Chance sits back, crosses her arms.

CHANCE

I have a question. Who ... Who are we?

August cuts into the CAKE.

AUGUST

I have been waiting for you ask that question since you drew your first breath. A Sinclair is born with a gift few others have.

CHANCE

A trust fund?

AUGUST

A purpose.

CHANCE

Which is?

AUGUST

To set the world right.

CHANCE

Okay. But what does that mean? We're like super rich, I mean ... 'Wealthy' though, right?

AUGUST

Our wealth is a responsibility. You can work for wealth. You can be born into wealth. But wealth is not happiness. It is power over one thing. Time. And our wealth is that we decide who has more time than others, for we have more time than

AUGUST (CONT'D)

most.

(nodding to the CAKE)
Blow out those candles.

INT. CHANCE'S BEDROOM, THE SINCLAIR ESTATE -- DAY

Chance lies on the ground before a WINDOW, sketches a design for a DREES as ... The clouds outside break ... And SUNLIGHT streams in. She drops her PEN and roles away, heart racing.

She dares herself to put a finger in the SUNLIGHT.

Gets right to the edge before chickening out. The daylight fades away behind the clouds again. But --

She HEARS a familiar CAR ENGINE roar into the driveway. She knows that sound...

Her parents TOWN CAR sits in the. June and December get out--

Chance's reaction is violent. Hatred. Pure. Requited. She Runs to the DOOR to her BEDROOM. Locks it.

Beat.

June KNOCKS on the other side of the bedroom DOOR. Chance, on the other side of the door, stays silent, doesn't know why she's crying all of a sudden.

JUNE (O.C.)

Chance. Hello? Chance. I know you have questions. I want to get you out of here. You have to trust me. I love you. I never, ever, stopped loving you. Have you had your 'fusion today? I'll be downstairs when you're ready. Please, for tonight, I need you to trust me.

June waits a beat. Leaves.

Chance takes a beat. Pull on her HEADPHONES. Music blares through her ears. She SCREAMS into a PILLOW.

INT. KITCHEN, THE SINCLAIR ESTATE -- PRESENT

Chance enters, music blaring from her HEADPHONES, wearing the fakest of fake smiles, dancing like she doesn't have a problem in the world, oblivious to THE CHEF.

She opens the door the FRIDGE and pulls out a BOTTLE of chocolate milk. She turns and spots THE CHEF holding a KITCHEN KNIFE.

CHANCE
AHHHHH. Who the hell are you?

THE CHEF
I am The Chef. Who are you?

TITLE OVER BLACK: CHAPTER II | THE KILLER RECIPE

EXT. INTERLUDE -- NIGHT

THROUGH the fire, the stranger Chance speaks with uses a HANDKERCHIEF to clean the BLOOD from their HANDS.

CHANCE
Sydney didn't deserve any of this.
I do. I tried to ... I almost
killed that flannel-wearing...

REVEAL who CHANCE has been speaking with: LADY HELLFIRE. 20. Etheric in tone, childish in body language. She's grown up in the afterlife, raised by the cosmos just to give this one speech to her beautifully-stupid family member.

LADY HELLFIRE
Every family has it's monsters.

CHANCE
How come I couldn't see what we
were?

Lady Hellfire stands as if she were about to perform at The Globe.

LADY HELLFIRE
Nobody ever accused you of being
selfless.
(off CHANCE'S hurt look)
If love and anger are the oldest
emotions, denial is a close third.
Take Dear Mother June: She too
longed to be more than her family
permitted, and oh how fate served
her a poisoned dish, for the
pyrrhic battle between *Familial
Obligation* and *Individual
Expression* is as old as time!

Chance shoots her a look. Ya done?

CHANCE
Shakespeare?

LADY HELLFIRE
Yours truly.

CHANCE
It's a little much.

LADY HELLFIRE
Have you met me?

Warm beat.

CHANCE
What happened after ... You can tell me.

Lady Hellfire's smile falters. Memories. Violent ones.

LADY HELLFIRE
My story isn't your story. That's what family is, I think. One big story. Each generation a new chapter. Can we escape their influence? If they are evil, must we be too? Perhaps, but without the passing of our ancestors we seldom reflect on the lives they've lead. We rarely question if we're living our best life, or if we're living in someone else's idea of who we should be. Dad knew that. The day you were born, he went to August and asked to be free of the Sinclair Curse. He said no. Dad asked again. Then August ripped the tongue from his mouth.

CHANCE
I'm so sick ... Of not even knowing when I'm being lied to.

LADY HELLFIRE
You can trust me when I say nobody knows how to hurt you quiet like family.

CHANCE
How did Mom's assistant Mickey convince Sydney to help Mom?

CUT TO:

EXT. SNOWFIELD -- DUSK

A smiling woman on her knees holds a BLOODY HEART in her hands and grins at the camera.

KING OF HORNS (O.C.)
(whispering from beyond)
You will kill ... Every month of the year ... You are broken.

INT. MAIN AREA, THE BRUNCH BAR -- CONTINUOUS

THE CHEF wakes from a nightmare, screaming. Sweat drips over him. The nightmare of the woman in the snow. Again. Again. Every night. The voices. They only stop when kills, and even then only for a little while.

THE CHEF is SYDNEY "SYD" LAWSON. 24. Taller than average, hunches over to feel small. His eyes rarely meet yours. Don't let the meekness fool you; Syd is chaos walking.

INT. KITCHEN, THE BRUNCH BAR -- MOMENTS LATER

Pans. Delivery schedules. Knives. Everything has a place.

Syd moves to a windowsill and performs a ritual. With the precision of a surgeon and love of a father he cleans DUST off the POT of a CACTUS PLANT. The plant's name? Bert.

MOMENTS LATER

Moving to the stove Syd flips the perfect OMELETTE.

Perfection.

With TWEEZERS, Syd pulls four FLAKES from an AMBER VIAL marked 'CN-' and sprinkles them on the OMELETTE. Syd slides the OMELETTE into a sealed CONTAINER. Places the AMBER VIAL back in a WOODEN CASE with a dozen others.

His OCD ensures the labels all face the correct way.

Syd places ONE wrapped SANDWICH, a BANANA, a thin BOOK and the SEALED CONTAINER inside a TOTE BAG.

EXT. STREET, THE BRUNCH BAR -- LATER

A FULL-MOON stalks over a shivering city. We're on the wrong side of the tracks. Foreclosed houses. Potholes. Syd fishes out the SANDWICH from the TOTE, hands it to ... PAULY, 70 -- homeless, wheelchair bound, one frosty eye.

PAULY

No place for a man of God in a
Godless world? I see! Dreams. A
forsaken son will kill a sun...

Syd marches on as Pauly starts in on his sandwich.

EXT. THE GRANDMONT HOTEL -- DAWN -- LATER

The empty streets don't mind the lone trespasser, Syd, stalking towards the SERVICE ENTRANCE of the grand hotel.

INT. KITCHEN, THE GRANDMONT HOTEL -- CONTINUOUS

A bland industrial kitchen grumbles along. The midnight crew of three MOODY COOKS chat inanely about how Kershaw is a national hero for staying with the Dodgers.

MOODY COOK #1
Fifteen innings, man. The mental concentration it takes to no-hit the Sox.

MOODY COOK #2
That's what I'm saying! It's psychological. Kershaw's playing from a place of love...

Syd waits in the shadows of the storage room, within earshot. Invisible by virtue of his statue-like levels of patience. Reads the THIN BOOK while he waits.

The ROOM SERVICE LINE rings. MOODY COOK #1 takes the call.

MOODY COOK #1
237 wants his usual.

MOODY COOK #2
If the Sox take an L early...

Syd hears his cue and moves into action.

INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR, THE GRANDMONT HOTEL -- CONTINUOUS

Syd spots a ROOM SERVICE TRAY on the floor by a room.

INSERT : A PLATE, FORK and KNIFE are WIPED CLEAN with a NAPKIN ... The OMELETTE is placed on the PLATE, the BANANA sliced and placed beside the OMELETTE the side ...

SYD knocks on the door to room 237.

A shy JOE (24) with a BLACK EYE and swollen face opens the door wearing a BATHROBE. Joe mouches thank you as he takes the tray.

Inside room 237 paces the pugnacious MARK (48) trying to scream his phone to death.

MARK
... We'll shut every factory from Tipperary to Dublin if their union shill ... Give it, I'm starving.

The door closes. Syd holds for a beat. Hears the sound of YELLING through the door. Beat. The sound of Mark CHOKING.

Then the sound of a BODY DROPPING.

Syd moves on.

INT. KITCHEN, THE GRANDMONT HOTEL -- CONTINUOUS

Syd shuffles through the kitchen, ignored. He waits by the exit, still within earshot. The ROOM SERVICE LINE rings. MOODY COOK #1 answers with a laugh that falls to a sombre grunt.

MOODY COOK #1
(to MOODY COOK #2 re
PHONE)

Holy hell ... Cancel 237. Reception says the guy's had a heart attack.

MOODY COOK #2
HA. Karma for never tipping. Look.
Rodriguez and his corkscrew is what
Pierre's gotta be worried about...

Syd exits, never rushed, always at his own pace.

EXT. STREETS, DOWNTOWN -- CONTINUOUS

Syd emerges through the service entrance. Flashing AMBULANCE LIGHTS wash through him. He pauses.

He senses eyes on him ... As he turns he spots...

Nobody.

INT. MAIN ROOM, THE BRUNCH BAR -- LATER

The kind of places that pays it's rent serving avocado toast, flat whites and 'everything bagels'. Syd begins to prep the floor for the day. CHAIRS off TABLES. SURFACES wiped down.

He prepares a basic turkey on wheat SANDWICH and places it on a TABLE.

Syd checks his watch: 5:40AM. Right on time. A BULKY FIGURE enters from the KITCHEN. FREDDIE OAKS, 55 -- Built like a soldier who ate another soldier.

FREDDIE
DRRUUGSSS, baby! Say I'm a tweaker
tweaking on whatever they do--

SYD
Phencyclidine, oxycodone,
methphetamines--

FREDDIE
Okay smart-ass, say I'm high'n here
to rob ya. Whatchu going to do?

WOOSH -- Freddie picks up a STEAK KNIFE and lunges at Syd.

The fight is uncommonly elegant. Punches meet blocks. Thrusts parlayed. Syd knocks a table. He takes a beat to square it up again before reengaging with Freddie.

With a swift foot-sweep and a grapple, Freddie slams Syd to the ground. He holds the KNIFE to Syd's neck. Then a hair's width above Syd's right eye...

After a tense beat... Freddie boops the KNIFE on Syd's nose.

FREDDIE

On your feet. You were sloppy. And don't you say I gave a bad performance.

Syd stands. Back straight he looms large.

SYD

You gave a bad performance, Sir.

Freddie falls into a seat. Bites to the TURKEY SANDWICH. Frowns.

FREDDIE

I was great! Sydney. You serve this to real customers? This ... Is ... Bland. Where's the flavour? The salt?

SYD

You said yesterday the Doc diagnosed you with high cholesterol. Salt is a compound which contributes --

FREDDIE

We live in Detroit! Helluva lot more things gonna kill me before high cholesterol!

SYD

Sir --

FREDDIE

Cut the Sir crap. My old man was Sir. You know it's Freddie. Or Freddie-cakes, if you're feeling cheeky.

SYD

Okay.

(beat)

Freddie-cakes.

Freddie roars a laugh. He checks a MESSAGE on his PHONE.

FREDDIE

Reservation closed. Connor the coroner says the death

FREDDIE (CONT'D)

certificate's been issued. He also sent two thumbs-up. Hey. So. A pal in the DA's office mentioned a scumbag who sold spiked H and brought a jet ski. A JET SKI. We want to make a reservation for this asshole? We wanna make the world a better place?

SYD

Okay.

FREDDIE

Excellent. I'll handle the details.

Syd hands over the THIN BOOK from his now empty TOTE. It's faded cover reads *THE PRINCE* by Machiavelli.

SYD

Was ... Interesting. I can see why you like it.

Freddie places the BOOK on a rack of others alongside ... DOCTOR JEKYLL & MISTER HYDE, DANTE'S INFERNAL COMEDY, FRANKENSTEIN, THE ART OF WAR, THE ALCHEMIST, OH, THE PLACES YOU'LL GO...

FREDDIE

Oh yeah? Lay some wisdom on me, I'm ready, I can take it!

SYD

"Men judge more by the eye than by the hand."

FREDDIE

"Everyone sees what you appear to be, yet few will ever know what you are." Good. After work I want you going over those old math exams we found. How many days now?

SYD

18.

FREDDIE

18 days! Boy, you gonna knock that G.E.D. on its A.S.S.! Got a good feeling this time. Next year you'll be runnin' the joint. Hirin', firin', cutting deals --

Freddie mock fights towards Syd, friendly-like.

FREDDIE

-- And when some THUG comes asking for the code to the SAFE, what're you gonna do? You gonna go KAPOW! What's our motto? Say it, loud!

SYD
Prepared for anything.

FREDDIE
Again!

SYD
(same volume)
Prepared for anything.

FREDDIE
Alright. Go on now. Two sugars in
my coffee. Actually. Make it three.
Don't you even think about screwing
with my coffee or so help you...

Syd picks up the empty tote. Checks his WATCH: 5:49AM.

EXT. COFFEE STALL, PARKING LOT -- LATER

Syd waits. First in line. Nervous. Checks his watch. 6:00AM.

Right on time. Here comes the best part of his day.

A Barista steps up behind a homely COFFEE STAND. ADELAIDE.
25. Wild smile with the mouth of a sailor, as independent as
a lighthouse and has seen just as many dark nights. She spots
Syd.

Her snippy assistant, DAKOTA, takes SYD'S CASH.

DAKOTA
Gooood morning, Mr. Two-Black
Coffees.

SYD
Morning, Mrs. Early Bird.

DAKOTA
Whoa, that was fast. We're married
now?

SYD
Ha. I wish. Oh no. Sorry... I can
go. I should go. Good morning,
Adelaide.

ADELAIDE
Two joe's 'to'go coming right up.

Adelaide sets to work brewing Syd's usual order. Here things
get... **sensual**.

Anytime food is prepared the process is shot like a sex scene
made love to an action set-piece. Coffee beans rain in slow-
motion. Lips of cups shimmer in the sun. You'll look at the
peach scene from *Call Me By Your Name* in a whole new way.

Syd grabs THREE sashes of sugar. Hesitates. Puts one back.

SYD

Hey. So. I was thinking of going to see a show. Tomorrow. Night.

ADELAIDE

Oh? I like music.

SYD

Is that a yes? I mean. So I'm thinking of going...

The CUPS of COFFEE land on the counter as ... Those in line behind Syd grow impatient. From the back shouts KYLE 50, a long-suffering Canucks fan.

KYLE

Move it, spazz, some of us got places to be.

DAKOTA

Shut ya face, Kyle!

KYLE

The fuck did you say to me?

DAKOTA

I will ram this so far up your ass you'll taste dark roast for a month.

KYLE

(stepping down)

Overpriced hipster shit anyway...

Syd grins. Adelaide has sass for days. He snatches the two CUPS of COFFE from the counter and makes a fast exit.

A keen eye will spot a striking SMILEY FACE drawn on the side of the CUPS, exactly like DECEMBER'S CUP.

INT. KITCHEN, THE BRUNCH BAR -- LATER

Syd's watch: 6:20AM. With the sanctity of a priest preparing the Eucharist, Syd preps his kitchen ...

Ties on his APRON ... Slips into worn-out kitchen CROCS ... VEGETABLES colour blocked ... Loaves of BREAD in a grid.

Everything in it's right place. Vegetables are diced ... Bread carved ...

Syd takes a sip of the COFFEE and spots it ... ADELAIDE drew a ;) SMILEY on the CUP. Makes him feel all warm inside.

INT. KITCHEN, THE BRUNCH BAR -- EVENING -- LATER

Freddie dons his hat. Waves to Syd. Turns over the "OPEN" SIGN.

Syd reaches into his KNAPSACK, a beaten up Army surplus thing, and pulls from it a completely white PUZZLE.

He starts from scratch, mind racing as he assembles the PUZZLE.

LATER

Syd cuts the ;) from today's COFFEE CUP. Places it in a TIN BOX in his KNAPSACK.

From a CABINET he pulls a SLEEPING BAG and a ROLL-OUT MAT. He settles in for the night.

The completed WHITE JIGSAW sits on the counter.

MONTAGE AS:**INT. KITCHEN, THE BRUNCH BAR -- DAY**

Syd dutifully waters his cactus.

Wraps up his SLEEPING BAG and stashes it away. WORKS behind the GRILL. Idly draws a SKETCH on a scrap piece of PAPER.

INT. KITCHEN, THE BRUNCH BAR -- NIGHT

Syd rolls out his BEDDING. Sleep comes fast. But he WAKES in fright. He lashes out, stares into the darkness. Blinks. Wipes the sweat off his brow. Blinks.

EXT. COFFEE STALL, PARKING LOT -- DAY

6:00AM ... Syd is first in line at the COFFEE STALL. Dakota flashes a smile when she spots Syd. Small talk.

INT. CLASSROOM, SCHOOL -- NIGHT

Syd at a DESK sitting his G.E.D. exam.

INT. KITCHEN, THE BRUNCH BAR -- DAY

Syd, on break in an ALLEY, spots another ;) on his cup.

Freddie comes in with a LETTER. Syd, afraid, opens it ... G.E.D. ... Failed.

Sprinkles the contents of an AMBER VIAL over a PIZZA ...
PIZZA slides into a PIZZA BOX.

EXT. DRUG DEN, ROUGH NEIGHBOURHOOD -- NIGHT

Syd, confident, dance in his step, delivers the PIZZA to MR. FACE TATTOO, who takes the PIZZA, flicks a BUCK TIP at Syd.

Syd leaves the money on the ground.

INT. KITCHEN, THE BRUNCH BAR -- NIGHT

Syd waters his cactus. Washes his CLOTHES in the SINK. Hands tense.

Syd finishes the JIGSAW PUZZLE. Immediately, furiously, breaks it apart. Starts over.

INT. KITCHEN, THE BRUNCH BAR -- DAY

Syd is dancing, solo, to music only he can hear.

END MONTAGE :

The three chatty KITCHEN STAFF enter, go silent when they see Syd. He freezes. They look him over. Go back to talking.

Syd's work station is clean, in-order. He hears raised voices and walks to the doorway and looks our onto the floor.

Freddie, at the door to The Brunch Bar, tries to stop a bullet of a woman from barging her way inside; COUSIN MICKEY.

FREDDIE

Coming to my place of business? Are you insane?

MICKEY

I ain't here for the avocado toast.
My boss needs The Chef.

FREDDIE

Learn to take no for an answer.

MICKEY

My job depends on it. Told my bosses old mate Freddie never let's me down.

FREDDIE

I know I owe you for the thing in Saskatoon but --

Mickey spots Syd over Freddie's shoulder.

MICKEY

(to SYD)

Chef. M' boss' a big fan of your work. One night gig, make more money--

FREDDIE

MICKEY. Be professional. He ain't for sale.

Mickey holds for a tense beat. Syd crosses his arms. Mickey talks into her PHONE.

MICKEY

Take her.

Mickey exits.

SYD

Reservation?

FREDDIE

No. Big no. Mickey's caught up in something. Been bugging me for a week about it ... No poker face on that one. She says the customer is a *Lord Evil* type but won't give me a name to run background. Don't sweat it.

SYD

New pans.

FREDDIE

What?

SYD

We need new pans. Old ones are starting to chip.

FREDDIE

Sure. Hey. Three sugars today, kid. Three.

EXT. COFFEE STALL, PARKING LOT -- LATER

SYD

(sotto)

Local band playing at The Corner tomorrow. Spare ticket. You can say no. I hope you don't say no.

Syd glances to his watch. Syd waits. 6:06AM. The line of regulars grows behind him. Rowdy. Dakota waits, just as impatient.

DAKOTA

What! I don't know how to work that thing.

(points to DRIP COFFEE
MUG)

If she's not here in five I'm calling it a day.

Adelaide's late.

Adelaide. Is never. Late.

Finally, she rushes in. Relief floods through him.

DAKOTA

Hey, Mr. Two-Black-Coffees? I saw that smile when she arrived. Just ask her out already.

SYD

(panic-ridden)

I don't like her like that.

DAKOTA

You can't do any worse than the other guy.

SYD

What other guy?

DAKOTA

Some jerk who knocked her up and left her without leaving a phone number.

SYD

Knocked up? Someone knocked her?
Did they hurt her?

DAKOTA

No dude, knocked up, like, preggas.

Then Syd sees it. Adelaide has always, always, stood behind the bench of the coffee stand. And because he hunches over, he never looked over to see ... Adelaide is pregnant. Heavily.

SYD

(to ADELAIDE)

You were late.

ADELAIDE

Yeah, so what? This is my coffee stall. I can shut it down if I want to.

SYD

I didn't mean it like that. I'm bad with people, I've been told.

ADELAIDE

Dude. Enough. I got no sleep last night, my unborn child wants to be a kickboxer, my back hurts ... No small talk today. Here's your coffees. Bye.

ADELAIDE slams the two CUPS down. No smiley faces on them today.

SYD

See you tomorrow?

ADELAIDE

Next!

As Syd walks away, he throws a look back. ADELAIDE and DAKOTA are lost in their own worlds. A passing CYCLIST clips him and the COFFEES spill to the ground.

KITCHEN, THE BRUNCH BAR -- MOMENTS LATER

A clear GLASS of WATER sits above Syd's station. It ain't the same. *Broken ritual.*

FREDDIE

Order up!

Freddie brings in the first order ... The second ... Tenth... Syd focuses, the sounds of the kitchen becoming overwhelming.

SNAP -- We're in Syd Vision™: Syd knows when each part of each dish will be ready. This is his Spidey-Sense. The more vibrant the colours of a DISH, the closer it is to being ready.

PANCAKES flipped. EGGS cracked.

Time resumes at regular speed and the TOAST pops. The SAUSAGES on the GRILL reach that perfect sizzle.

He plates a dish ... AVOCADO TOAST ... And taps a BELL.

Syd glances out the door of the kitchen ... Spots a group of COLLEGE GRADUATES. Smiling. Laughing. Whole lives ahead.

Syd wishes he was one of them.

He shakes away the dream and cracks an EGG into a PAN.

INT. KITCHEN, THE BRUNCH BAR -- LATER -- SAME DAY

Syd is lost in his world of the music of the sizzling kitchen. He glances at the CUP of WATER. It ain't the same.

FREDDIE
CHEF!

Syd turns ready for a fight with the KNIFE raised. Relaxes.

FREDDIE
(exasperated)
Hey! I been shouting at ya for ...
Know a bird who goes by Dakota?

MAIN AREA

Freddie moves out of the way to reveal ... Dakota, at the entrance to the kitchen. With BLOOD on her hands.

Doesn't take a detective to know she's in trouble.

DAKOTA
Hey-hey, Mr. Two Black Coffees!
Some friends you got. What the hell, man?

Dakota stumbles, gripping a GASH to her arm.

Syd glances out a window. From the SUV parked on the other side of the road emerge ... TWO armed private-security GUARDS.

FREDDIE
Oh shit ... You two gotta run, go out the back. I'll hold them off.

Everything is moving too fast. Syd is frozen by fear. Mickey enters, HANDGUN limply at her side. She orders Syd and Dakota back into the main area.

MICKEY
Anyone who likes living better go do it somewhere else. Except you -- You three are staying.

Freddie rushes Mickey but catches a BATON to the stomach and goes down FAST.

The two burly private-security-type GUARDS enter and kick up a STORM. They break plates, kick out the customers. The KITCHEN CREW? They bail, fast.

Soon the place is empty of customers. Syd, Freddie and Dakota are shoved towards a table.

The TWO GUARDS begin to cover the WINDOWS with TAPE and NEWSPAPER.

Mickey flips over "OPEN" SIGNED. "CLOSED."

Syd fixates on the BLOOD on Dakota's ARM.

SYD
Where is Adelaide?

DAKOTA
I think she got away. Do you know
these people?

SYD
Everything will be okay.

MICKEY
Doubtful.

From the SUV emerges ... JUNE and DECEMBER SINCLAIR, ready for battle. Luck rests in December's arms.

JUNE
Hello, Chef. Aren't you going to invite us in?

SYD
I would rather not.

Mickey lazily opens her SUIT JACKET to reveal a holstered HANDGUN. Cups a hand to her ear.

SYD
Come in.

June and December enter as the TWO GUARDS ransack the joint, searching for weapons. They find only a BASEBALL BAT.

December places luck in a corner with an iPad and HEADPHONES.

Without warning, Dakota palms a KITCHEN KNIFE and lunges at Mickey! But December juts forward, catches the knife in mid-air with his bare hand. December rips the knife from Dakota, cocks his head. *Try that again, I dare you.*

December hands the KNIFE to Mickey. Not a drop of blood on it.

MICKEY
For someone with thighs like yours
you sure can hustle.

Mickey pushes Dakota into a seat. June sits on a CHAIR as if she were unsure if it will bite her.

Syd tries to keep calm. He inhales deeply. Hands balled into fists. Close to losing it.

JUNE
Apologies for the intrusion like this, we're in need of your services and--

Mickey and COUSINS continue to create a needless mess.

SYD
ENOUGH. That is unnecessary.

Everyone freezes, terrified by the outburst. Syd's even a little scared of himself. Mickey nods to the GUARDS to head back to the car.

June and December share a curious look. *Is he stable?* June nods to Mickey. Gives her the go-ahead.

FREDDIE
Mickey, what the hell are you --

MICKEY
(to SYD)
Old mate Freddie says you're quite the toxologist. What's this?

Mickey throws Syd a clear BAGGIE with a single SPROUT inside.

SYD
A sprout. Garden variety.
(eyeing MICKEY)
Incredibly ... Common.

Syd throws the BAGGIE back.

JUNE
And these?

December throws a BAGGIE at Syd. The DOZEN SPROUTS inside BAGGIE TWO look almost identical to regular sprouts...

But Syd knows better. This is ARCH HEMLOCK, heretofore referred to as the POISON SPROUTS.

To get a better look at the POISON SPROUTS, Syd opens a SHUTTER ... And June flinches at the influx of light. Syd examines the bag of POISON SPROUTS.

SYD
Arch ... Arch Hemlock.

JUNE
Enlighten me.

SYD
Conium Maculatum Arcus. Grows only in the south of Iceland. A single sprout is enough to kill a bull elephant. So potent even crows feeding on a dead bears carcass will die. Can be diluted with milk within the first five minutes of ingesting. Calcium neutralizes the noxus proteins which target receptors in the [medulla] --

JUNE

Once ingested, how long [until] --

SYD

Six minutes to break down into the blood stream 68 minutes before the respiratory system begins to fail and 70 minutes for complete cardiac arrest.

(then)

For a human, that is.

June pats the COUNTER next to her. Syd sits.

JUNE

Here's the rub. Tonight my family is gathering for our annual retreat. You will be our Chef. You will cook for us a most exquisite meal. And you will poison the host.

SYD

Who's the host?

JUNE

My father.

Syd remains silent. December pushes Dakota's head down onto the TABLE and pulls the striking SILVER DAGGER.

JUNE

Take your time, however while I wait, my husband will start cutting bits off Poor Freddie's face until you say yes. And after we finish with Freddie, we'll start in on Dakota, then we'll find that little barista Adelaide you like so much.

Maddening, agonizing, pause. Dakota tries to break free, but Mickey slaps her down.

December taps his watch. *Hurry it up.*

SYD

Ricin. Cyanide.

JUNE

Imune.

SYD

Impossible.

JUNE

My father has quite a diabolic constitution.

FREDDIE

Syd, don't do it. Don't. They--

December shoots Mickey a look. She peels off a SOCK and shoves it into Freddie's mouth. Wraps TAPE around Freddie's head.

SYD

I cook. Your father eats. 70 minutes later he dies. Then we never see each other again. And you let Dakota go free now.

June extends a hand to Syd. Syd shakes it. Cold. Passionless.

JUNE

Mickey will keep an eye on Dakota and Freddie until the job is done.

SYD

Anything else I should know?

JUNE

My father will try to charm you. He is a master of manipulation. You think I am a monster, but I need to save my family.

Syd ends the handshake. December meets Syd's eyes. There's a mutual respect here. Both soldiers on opposite sides of a conflict, yet each can understand the others point of view.

Syd is about to say something, but December throws a HOOD over Syd's HEAD.

June bends down, kisses Luck on the head.

JUNE

Be good for Mickey, okay?

LUCK

I want to come to Grandpa's house.

JUNE

No, not today, not ever again, okay?

LUCK

Where's Chance?

JUNE

She'll be back soon. I promise.
Love you, kiddo.

LUCK

Love you too, adulto.

December whispers something in Lucks ear that makes her laugh.

INT. TOWN CAR, STREET -- CONTINUOUS

Syd's shoved into the backseat of a TOWN CAR with BLACKED OUT WINDOWS.

June takes a moment to fight back tears. She places a hand on December's. He shakes it off and turns on the car RADIO. Icelandic heavy metal music deafens even the sound of the engine.

June hangs a single GOLD HORN the size of your pinky from the REARVIEW MIRROR.

The GOLD HORN GLOWS as...

EXT. TOWN CAR, COUNTRY ROAD -- LATER

The TOWN CAR roars down an empty highway ... The smokey SKYLINE fades away. A vandalized ROAD SIGN reads: *NOW LEAVING MICHIGAN, WE HOPE YOU ENJOYED SURVIVED YOUR STAY.*

In a whisper of smoke, the TOWN CAR vanishes.

CAMERA moves forward ... The air RIPPLES away to reveal ...

EXT. DRIVEWAY, THE SINCLAIR ESTATE -- DAY

The Sinclair Estate. The HOOD is ripped off fast. Syd steps out of the TOWN CAR, unfazed by the mansion behind him. But he does make eye contact with ... Chance, at her bedroom window.

JUNE

Deep breathes. Take a second to get used to the air here.

SYD

Where are we?

JUNE

North of South.

A meek man approaches from a nearby garden, dressed for gardening. Wears a comically large sombrero and a-frayed long sleeve shirt. Meet the patriarch of House Sinclair : AUGUST SINCLAIR (71) -- a kindly smile in his twinkling eyes and the face of a sweet grandfather, but the roar and bite of a lion.

AUGUST

Look who it is! Hello, big man.
Lost a fight with your razor I see.

December touches his beard, grunts.

AUGUST

June-bug, you look thin, everything okay? Give your da a hug.

JUNE
Father.

AUGUST
And let me guess; you must be the
Chef. June spoke so highly of you.
Pleasure, real pleasure.

August takes Syd's hand into a hearty shake.

SYD
You have an expensive looking home,
Mr. Sinclair.

AUGUST
Could be a shoebox for all I care.
(to JUNE and DECEMBER)
Look you two go say hello to
Chance, she's in a mood. The Chef
and I must have a little chat.
Scram! Shoo! Away with ye!

August is in good spirits. Syd lets go of the handshake. June and December enter the main house. August gathers up the last of his gardening TOOLS and begins to wash them under a TAP by a WORKBENCH.

AUGUST
Please excuse the mess. I love my
garden, love it. Had a little
tomato patch going, some green
beans over there. All dead.
Something about the soil, nothing
grows here, much as I try.

He lays each tool from largest to smallest.

AUGUST
Thank you for agreeing on such
short notice.. I don't envy the
grand ol' task ahead of you.
Tonight's meal! It must be... Life-
affirming.

SYD
I will do my best.

AUGUST
I appreciate the honesty.

SYD
I find it best to be honest.

AUGUST
Yet life often calls for
dishonesty. Such as if your wife
asks if you enjoy her cooking. Or
if your son asks if he is a
disappointment. Or if I were to ask
if you are here to poison me.

Syd's silent. August cackles, proud of himself.

AUGUST

Oh you poor thing. Relax! You're not a threat, gosh no. Tell me about yourself. Enlighten me.

SYD

My name is Sydney Francis Lawson. I am 24 years old and I like to cook.

AUGUST

Why?

SYD

Because I was born 24 years ago.

AUGUST

HA. Cheeky. So, culinary school?

August cleans his work bench, a touch OCD too.

SYDNEY

My father taught me the basics.

AUGUST

He must be proud of you.

SYD

He said I was an embarrassment to my family.

AUGUST

Funny. Mine said the same thing.

SYD

What did you do about it?

AUGUST

I was angry. Then I forgave him. And he gave me this. Come in.

INT. KITCHEN, THE SINCLAIR ESTATE -- CONTINUOUS

Old world charm with modern furnishings. Deep white sinks and old gas burner ovens. An APRON lies folded immaculately by a SLEEVE of CERAMIC COOKING KNIVES.

June is startled as Syd and August enter. She almost drops the BOTTLE of RED WINE in her hands.

JUNE

Oh! You scared me. I knew you two would like each other.

AUGUST
 (re the wine)
 Don't break tradition. Wait until
 later.

JUNE
 No whining about the wine, father.

AUGUST
 I bet Chance was happy to see you.

JUNE
 She's sulking in her room.

AUGUST
 By Hell or High Water we'll make a
 Sinclair out of her yet.

June laughs and pours an extra slosh of wine into her glass.

AUGUST
 At that rate you'll dry the cellars
 before the others arrive.

JUNE
 It's just to take the edge off.

AUGUST
 Must be a big edge.

June grabs the BOTTLE of WINE and exits.

JUNE (O.C.)
 It's huge.

August rolls his eyes. Daughters. With care, he opens a much loved, hand-written RECIPE DIARY.

AUGUST
 Can you read the handwriting? Good.
 Tonight shall hold for us... Blue
 cheese steak crostini for the
 appetizer. Easy on the salt. Later
 on we'll do ribs with a tamarind
 glaze. I keep a well stocked pantry
 for Chance so all the ingredients
 are here and the meat, fresh off
 the bone, will be delivered soon.
 I'm excited!

SYD
 For dessert?

AUGUST
 Chocolate chip-cookies with
 vanilla-bean ice-cream.

SYD
 Why cookies and ice-cream?

AUGUST
 Who doesn't like cookies and ice-
 cream?

August slides the RECIPE DIARY to Syd. The prep begins.

MONTAGE AS:

Syd sharpens each of the KNIVES ... He cleans each surface meticulously ... He spots a SALT and PEPPER shaker ... Only the SALT shaker is empty ... Lush vegetables sliced 'n diced.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. MAIN AREA, THE BRUNCH BAR -- SAME TIME

Dakota is GAGGED and TIED to a CHAIR ... Mickey rifles through Syd's belongings. Chaos for the sake of chaos ... She finds a wardrobe of IDENTICAL outfits: A single Carhart jacket. Black work pants. Black tees. Two pairs of sneakers and two pairs of kitchen crocs.

Dakota shouts for Mickey to stop ... Mickey finds the TIN BOX with the hundreds of cut out ;) faces. Throws them at Dakota. Dakota isn't sure if she should be horrified or swooned by the idea Syd collected the ;) faces. Finally, Mickey discovers the WOODEN BOX containing the poison AMBER VIALS.

She opens the BOX and grins.

Off Dakota's confusion...

INT. KITCHEN, THE SINCLAIR ESTATE -- SAME TIME

Syd checks to see no one is looking and slyly pulls out the POISON SPROUTS. As he is about to dice them ...

The DOOR to the kitchen flies open.

He spots CHANCE SINCLAIR, wearing an old BAND TEE fashioned into a DRESS, pop-punk music blaring out of her headphones, lost in her own world.

She dances as she reaches for a GLASS BOTTLE of CHOCOLATE MILK in the refrigerator. A she moves to drink from it ...

END MONTAGE

The GLASS BOTTLE shatters. Off Chance's look of shock -

CHANCE
 AAAAAAHHHHH. WHO THE HELL ARE YOU?

SYD
 I am the Chef. Who are you?

Beat. Off Chance's terrified look.

We're back at the first moment CHANCE and SYD first met.

CHANCE

Straaaaaanger! In the kitchen!

December sprints into the kitchen ready to fight. He drops his fists as Chance hugs him. December looks over his daughter, disapproving of her dress. He removes his JACKET and places it over her. His arms are a tapestry of BURNS and ancient green VIKING TATTOOS.

CHANCE

Dad. Oh my god. You look old. You never look old. What's wrong? Grandpa August is the worst to live with. Is Luck here?

June enters as Syd covertly places a TEA TOWEL over the POISON SPROUTS.

JUNE

Chance Sinclair, what are you wearing?

CHANCE

I made it out of an old shirt I found.

JUNE

You look like a ball of yarn found a way to catch leprosy.

CHANCE

Nice to see you too, Mom.

After a tense beat, they share a lukewarm hug. Syd spots a BOTTLE of MILK in the REFRIGERATOR. He POURS it down the sink. Syd grabs a BROOM and begins to sweep up the glass.

CHANCE

When can I come home? August still thinks he can make a proper lady out of me but that ship has sailed, crashed and now has a mean ol' Kraken living in it...

August, dressed now in a cardigan and chinos, enters slowly. Watching. Always watching.

AUGUST

Chance. Put some clothes on then clean this up.

JUNE

Cut her some slack.

AUGUST

She is a young woman living in my
home rent free. The least she can
do is not dress like a whore.

December groans. *Here we go.*

CHANCE

Dad, grandpa just called me a
whore.

AUGUST

I said you looked like a whore.
Whether you take after your mother
remains to be seen.

(then)

Go change. Then you can help
prepare for dinner.

December won't get in the middle of this. He looks to Chance.
Listen to your grandfather.

Chance sulks out of the kitchen.

AUGUST

(to SYD)

How goes it?

SYD

Okay.

AUGUST

I must say, I like the Chef. Knows
when to talk. When to listen. "My
favourite kind of man --

JUNE

-- is a man of few words."

December picks up the BROOM ... CLEAN'S UP the mess from the
broken BOTTLE.

Chance has returned wearing a striking home-made HOODIE, an
F.U. to the refined nature of the others wardrobe.

CHANCE

Better?

AUGUST

Barely.

JUNE

Barely.

CHANCE

I made it with some of Grandma
January's old sewing stuff that
looks like it was from a million
years ago. I want to do fashion, I
like designing. There's a program
at a university called the So-bon?

JUNE
Sorbonne.

Syd turns away for a beat, and Chance idly snatches up a stray POISON SPROUT. She's about to eat it before--

SYD
 NO! DOWN. Put it down. DOWN.

Everyone turns to stare.

CHANCE
 Relax, man. It's just, like, food.

SYD
 It is not just "food." It is part
 of a meal. Please. Put. It down.
 Please.

Beat. Syd eyes June, nervous.

JUNE
 Listen to the Chef.

CHANCE
 Whatever... Psycho.

Chance places the sprout down.

JUNE
 Apologize.

CHANCE
 No.

JUNE
 Now.

December clears his throat. August smiles, enjoying the family dysfunction. Chance rolls her eyes.

CHANCE
 (grumbles)
 I'm sorry I called you psycho.

But Chance snatches up the POISONED SPROUT and swallows it whole with a screw you shrug.

June moves to slap her, December catches her wrist. Syd twitches once, violently.

He starts a timer on his watch: 5:00 minutes and counting. Hands shake.

JUNE
 You stupid, stupid child.

CHANCE

I haven't seen you in a year and
you're treating me like Luck.

JUNE

Act like an adult and I'll treat
you like one.

CHANCE

It was just a friggin' sprout!

AUGUST

Cut her some slack, June. Chef, how
can your new sous be of service?

SYD

She can get out of the kitchen.

AUGUST

Or?

SYD

Dish duty.

AUGUST

(to Syd)

Good. How about a tour?

Syd hangs his APRON on a hook as Chance approaches the sink to being scrubbing dishes. The TAP begins to run, water escaping down the drain.

INT. SERVANTS QUARTERS, THE SINCLAIR ESTATE -- CONTINUOUS

Eclectic demonic art litters the walls. *Temples of Apollo* aflame. *The Pied Piper receiving a flute from man with a crown of Horns*.

August guides Syd into a cramped room with a single bed.

Syd looks to his watch. He knows the POISON will hit Chance's bloodstream soon.

AUGUST

I'm sorry for the ugliness.
Families ... Can bring out the
worst in us. It is all perspective.
Families can heal. Families can
hurt. No two families are alike.

MEMORIES FLASH in Syd's mind ... Chance swallowing the sprout ... He blinks ... Now it's Adelaide eating the sprout ... A metal tipped BELT slices FLESH ... The BLOODY snowfield...

AUGUST

I found this earlier today. I think
it belongs to you.

August sets a GIFT-WRAPPED BOX on a TABLE. Syd's eyes go wide as he opens it Excitement ... Terror ... Opportunity.

AUGUST
Tonight you dress like a Sinclair.

Syd removes his shirt. A patchwork of SCARS over his back. Button by button. Syd suits up in a new CHEF'S JACKET. August adjusts the collar.

The hint of a smile slithers over Syd's lips.

INT. LIVING ROOM, THE SINCLAIR ESTATE -- CONTINUOUS

The baroque definition of excess. Ceremonial AXES hang from the walls. A DEER HEAD over the fire place. June and December drink wine from the bottle. She drinks RED, he drinks WHITE.

June looks to her PHONE. No reception. The background photo is an impromptu family photo of herself, December, Chance, and Luck. Happy, together.

Syd enters the room. Reborn. He's dressed in an elegant, black & gold CHEF'S UNIFORM with August by his side, a possessive hand on his shoulder.

June grimaces. *Has The Chef been turned?*

Syd checks his watch. *90 seconds until Chance's fate is sealed.*

SYD
I must continue preparations.

JUNE
Many hands make light work, let me help you.

AUGUST
Nonsense. Sit.
(looks at the WINE)
Just keep doing what you're good at.

JUNE
Join us for a glass, Dad.

Syd shoots June a look. Taps his watch. June panics.

JUNE
Chance.

AUGUST
What about her?

JUNE
Too much discipline can be just as bad as too little.

Syd heads to the kitchen. June stalls August.

AUGUST

Who are you to give *me* parental advice?

INT. KITCHEN, THE SINCLAIR ESTATE -- CONTINUOUS

Chance stands by a sink cleaning POTS and PANS. Syd enters. 59 seconds until the sprout begins to breakdown. A decision to make. A BELL chimes from the front-door to the house ...

SYD

Stop that.

Syd walks to the FREEZER and grabs a TUB of ICE-CREAM. Syd places the TUB of ICE-CREAM into the MICROWAVE and punches in: 20 seconds. He looks to his watch. To her stomach. In his mind he can hear the sounds stomach breaking down the POISON SPROUT like gears grinding wood.

CHANCE

Dude, sorry if you got offended.
Life here is weird. August doesn't let me have the internet, he won't let me have friends over. **The sun never shines here and that isn't just some stupid metaphor.** it was just a sprout!

SYD

I need your help.

CHANCE

I can do toast and burnt toast.

SYD

The Sinclair's are some kind of demon, vampire, or possibly a werewolf cult. Which is it?

Beat.

CHANCE

Okay, a lot to unpack ... Vampire?
I have a skin condition. It's genetic. If I go in the sun a rapid influx of vitamin D causes fast reacting tumors to grow. I don't want that! I wanna see the world and shit! That's why I have to have daily blood transfusions...

Chance opens the FRIDGE and points to the BLOOD PACKS.

SYD

Okay, so you are a vampire and they've lied to you about it but what I need to know is --

CHANCE

Was I finished? No. The weird art and stuff? My family is rich. Rich people can be weird, that is a fact. Dude. Am I *vampire*? I could have you fired.

DING. Microwave sounds. Syd pours the melted ICE-CREAM into a GLASS. He pushes it towards Chance.

SYD

Drink this.

CHANCE

Ew, no. There's like 101 calories in every cup of milk.

SYD

You were literally just drinking chocolate milk --

CHANCE

Dude, that was chocolate milk.
Chocolate milk is different.

AHHHH! -- From far off in the estate a woman screams.

Syd snatches up a KITCHEN KNIFE and rushes into the...

INT. KITCHEN, THE BRUNCH BAR -- SAME TIME

Sloppily, Mickey pieces together a sandwich in the kitchen. No love for the process; to her food is nothing more than fuel. One of the GUARDS starts to light a CIGARETTE.

MICKEY

OI. Not in front of the kid.

Mickey speaks to the two GUARDS.

MICKEY

Go take your breaks. Pick me up a tea. Early grey. Extra large. Keep the receipts.

The TWO GUARDS exit. Mickey pulls the GAG from Dakota's mouth. Dakota catches her breath and eyes the WOODEN BOX of AMBER VIALS.

Dakota tries to slyly slip the ROPES binding her wrists. Just gotta keep Mickey talking.

DAKOTA

Just let me go. I won't say anything.

MICKEY

Too much riding on The Chef doing what we need. He likes you, you know. His handler--

Mickey lands a vicious punch to Freddie's GUT.

MICKEY

--shoulda played ball. But no.

DAKOTA

How long were you watching Syd?

MICKEY

About a year. He was always our top pick, got a hundred percent clearance rate.

DAKOTA

For cooking?

MICKEY

Killing.

DAKOTA

He's a chef.

MICKEY

Killer. Slayer. Perpetrator. Maybe he's saving that fun fact. His life story makes Greek tragedies look like fun little fairy tales. Folks couldn't afford the special school so he never really learned to play with others. Then his mudda and sister ran out on him, left him to be raised by his da, a real unspeakable. Course the da wound up dead, and after a few years drifting Syd ends up working for old mate Freddie where they started their Angel of Vengeance act.

DAKOTA

Bullshit.

MICKEY

The Chef has more confirmed kills than most platoons in Africa.

DAKOTA

He -- Mr. Two Black Coffees.

MICKEY

Hmm. Why do you think he visits
your coffee stand everyday?

DAKOTA

Cause he has a crush on Adelaide?

MICKEY

He doesn't like her like that.
Course, I did a background check on
you too, Miss 3 Pills & a 5 Pack.

Dakota flinches. Who are these people?

She's almost free of the first restraint. Keep Mickey
talking.

MICKEY

Everyone's got their demons.

DAKOTA

How'd you end up as the help for
those rich assholes? Who are they?

MICKEY

Who lobbied congress to legalize
opioids in pain meds? August
Sinclair. Who kept America in
Vietnam? February Sinclair.

DAKOTA

(with a Cockney accent)
Ew steals my socks from the dryer?
Breakfast Sinclair. Ew cancelled
Firefly? Brunch Sinclair.

MICKEY

Laugh it up, but Ol' Mickey is
gonna thrive. June wants to
reinvent House Sinclair. She's
going to knock off August but keep
her brothers and sisters loyal to
her. If June takes August out,
it'll be her who decides when to
start a war. When to end a famine.
And I'll gladly be her help until
the end of days.

DAKOTA

You're awfully chatty. Emphasis on
the awful.

MICKEY

Trick of the trade it is, telling
secrets to the soon to be dead.
Free therapy.

DAKOTA

Oh, I get it. I'm only alive in
case Mr Two Black Coffees wants
proof of life.

MICKEY

Bingo.

DAKOTA

June won't want any witnesses.

MICKEY

Correct again.

DAKOTA

Et tu, Mickey?

Mickey's smug smile fades.

MICKEY

June's promised to make me apart of
the family. I'll be their
Spymaster: The new March Sinclair.

DAKOTA

You? As a "Sinclair?"

Dakota pauses before laughing her ass off.

DAKOTA

That's so cute. Go on, tell me
another one.

Mickey moves to slap her but freezes ... Her ears prick up.
Mickey pulls her HANDGUN as there's a knock on the DOOR.

NOVEMBER (O.C.)

Hello? Everything alright?

MICKEY

All fine in here, thanks for the
neighbourly concern.

(the shoe drops, she knows
that voice)

November, stay back! I do not give
you permission to enter!

DAKOTA

Help! Help I'm in here!

NOVEMBER (O.C.)

I'll take that as my invitation.

The KITCHEN DOOR swings open. Dakota stomps on Mickey's foot.
Mickey flinches, FIRES once, hits the intruder in the CHEEK.
Black BLOOD sprays against the wall.

But.

The body of the intruder doesn't fall ... It just ... Hums the tune to *When The Saints Come Marching In.*

MICKEY

No ... November... That's November Sinclair. This ain't right.

Mickey begins to DIAL June on her PHONE. As she does... The BLOOD on the ground FLIES back towards the face of the intruder recomposes itself.

AUTOMATED RECORDING

(from PHONE)

The person you are calling is out of service...

DAKOTA

Mickey ... He's not dead ... He's still moving!

... NOVEMBER SINCLAIR, 40 -- A snake of a mad man who makes Charles Bronson look like an alter boy. A bizzaro world vision of Syd. Dresses like a dentist on their day off.

NOVEMBER

Hi.

MICKEY

Fffff...

Mickey CUTS the ROPES binding Dakota ... But November charges Mickey. BAM! They collapse onto a TABLE. Dakota gets free of her restraints, but can't make it to the front door...

MICKEY

(to DAKOTA)

RUN YOU DUMBASS! THEY AREN'T HUMAN
... SINCLAIR'S AREN'T ... H --

Mickey's neck SNAPS.

Dakota runs out the KITCHEN DOOR. She opens it and starts to exit ...

But blocking her way stands MAY SINCLAIR, 25 -- MAY SINCLAIR, 25 -- Daddy's favourite and she knows it. May never, ever blinks. She stands a little too close to you whenever she speaks, as if every word from her lips is a secret.

MAY

Back you go.

November yanks Dakota back inside. She crumbles to the ground and crawls back to the MAIN AREA and snatches up MICKEY'S HANDGUN.

Freddie writhes, still gagged.

LUCK
Uncle No? May-may?

Everyone freezes. All this time, Luck has been watching.

Dakota cocks the HANDGUN, it's heft unexpected, she aims as ... May gets on her hands a knees. Crawls to her. She places his lips around the barrel.

Dakota pulls the TRIGGER.

And the back of May's head explodes with a smile.

INT. LIVING ROOM, THE SINCLAIR ESTATE -- SAME TIME

May Sinclair squeals in delight as she hugs August, a full TOTE BAG in her hands.

Syd rushes in and spots the squealing woman ... It's ... May. No gun wound to the head. Perfectly put-together.

MAY
Daddy, you look amazing! Juney,
have you been sleeping well? Your
energy is so ew. HAHA!

JUNE
Blow me.

June and December, both drunk, watch the obnoxious display.

MAY
Mwah. Angelic as always, Dec.

December grunts, takes a swig from the WINE BOTTLE. May turns and squeals as she spots Syd, the KITCHEN KNIFE in his grip.

AUGUST
This is June's friend, The Chef.
He'll be cooking for us tonight.

May extends a hand to Syd. She intends for him to kiss it. He shakes it like a wet towel.

AUGUST
Did you bring me a present?

May hands Syd the TOTE BAG. He looks inside and sees three PARCELS wrapped in BUTCHERS PAPER.

MAY
Special delivery, fresh off the
bone. The Chef is so cute, can we
keep him?

May looks over Syd, feels his bicep, his pecs.

AUGUST
I think I know what you want for dessert.

May stops "fondling" Syd and grins. She turns to June and sniffs the air.

MAY
Real talk. How are you? Marital issues? Ol' Dec not reciprocating?

JUNE
Bitch, don't start.

AUGUST
(to SYD)
Let's get a look at the goods.

Syd takes the TOTE and reenters...

INT. KITCHEN, THE SINCLAIR ESTATE -- CONTINUOUS

Syd moves to his work station. Chance turns to him, wipes her LIPLINER from the lip of the empty GLASS. She wants to ask questions ... Syd shakes his head right as August enters grandly.

Syd unwraps the PARCELS from the TOTE. Each of them show BLOODY pieces of MEAT.

AUGUST
Have you seen anything so exquisite?

SYD
Sir...

AUGUST
After the entrees are served, you two take a chill pill and hang around here. Private family affairs to be discussed. You understand.

SYD
This meat is--

AUGUST
Fresh. From quality livestock, I assure you.

A BELL chimes from far off in the house - The family arrives!

AUGUST
Going to be one helluva night!

Syd glances to his watch: 5:00PM. When he looks up, August has vanished. Syd looks to Chance ... Glances to the exit... He calms his nerves and picks up a TENDERIZER. Trembling, he brings the tenderizer down on the BLOODY MEAT.

INT. KITCHEN, THE SINCLAIR ESTATE -- NIGHT

Syd places the BLOODY MEAT on a CUTTING BOARD ... He mops away the excess blood ... Begins to massage in the SALT ... ROSEMARY ... THYME ... Even now, under all this pressure, there's love in the way he prepares food. The STRIPS of MEAT are placed on a GRILL over the STOVE and seared lightly ...

Then into the flames of the OVEN.

INT. DINING ROOM, THE SINCLAIR ESTATE -- SAME TIME

Chance sets the table ... Each PLATE and piece of GOLD CUTLERY lands with rehearsed precision, exactly how August taught her to do it. CANDLES are lit. WINE GLASSES polished.

INT. LIVING ROOM, THE SINCLAIR ESTATE -- SAME TIME

The SINCLAIR FAMILY make their grand entrances. In the old days, trumpets would have heralded their arrival. August, a proud father, welcomes each heartily.

ENTER: FEBRUARY SINCLAIR, 50 -- Holds himself like a royal pop-tart. Uses a UMBRELLA as a walking stick. He pushes past May to kiss the hands of August.

A lithe man enters and removes his MOTORCYCLE HELMET. JULY SINCLAIR, 25 -- handsome features stained by addiction. He slaps DECEMBER on the back, hard but friendly.

June watches the family pander to August, unable to hide her disgust. A classy dame in the FUR-COAT enters: APRIL SINCLAIR, 29 -- Punky, Halsey-esque looks with serpent-like slicked back hair. She pulls out TWO BOTTLES of SAKE from her pockets and The Sinclair's applaud!

Chance rushes in and hugs April, her favourite aunt. Even June shines when April smiles her way.

Syd enters with a platter of CHEESE and CRACKERS. August earnestly introduces him to the family ... Each of the family shake his hand heartily, some hug. All make him feel welcome.

December, misty eyed and thoroughly drunk, stares at a family photo on his PHONE ... Luck and Chance ... Happier times.

The time on the PHONE reads 6:49PM.

Syd excuses himself. Before he returns to the kitchen, he watches as each Sinclair lines up before August.

February holds a BLACK VASE ... August reaches into it and draws out a thick, gelatinous BLACK FLUID on his fingers ... He paints two CURVED LINES on each SINCLAIR'S FOREHEAD...

Some might say the lines look like horns.

END MONTAGE

INT. KITCHEN, THE SINCLAIR ESTATE -- CONTINUOUS

Syd plates each dish. Wipes away stray drips. He slices the MEAT. Places strips over thick cuts of BREAD. Applies melted BLUE CHEESE and a soy based SAUCE. He sprinkles SPROUTS over each plate to complete the dish.

Making sure no one can see...

Syd preps the POISON SPROUTS. He dices them as June, woozy, enters ...

JUNE

Chance told me ... Ice-Cream milk.
Thank you.

Syd pours June a GLASS of water ... She guzzles it fast.

SYD

I am thinking. How do you poison a man who knows they are going to be poisoned?

JUNE

August doesn't suspect a thing.

SYD

What did he do to you?

JUNE

He has ... Beliefs. Archaic ones. Ones which meant December and I waited a long, long time to have children because we knew this would happen. To him, *family* is just another word for *slave*. I'll handle the family. You focus on what I brought you here to do.

SYD

You forget why I am here.

JUNE

To poison my father.

SYD

To survive. If you are really here just to save Chance, then take her now and run. I'm sure you have the means to disappear.

June unconsciously touches her gold EARRING. Syd spots it. This is a power grab for June. *Like father like daughter.*

JUNE

You're an idiot. I will not run.
For my family to have a future,
father must die.

December enters, drunk as a skunk ... He looks at June and Syd with hazy eyes. He taps his chin with his index finger (A.S.L. for Luck).

JUNE

Luck us fine. Mickey will die
before anything happens to her.

SYD

And you call me an idiot.

December grunts.

SYD

Life is a series of patterns. Water boils at 100 celsius. Bread toasts at 176. I do not see the world. I watch it. Your father knows you brought me here to poison him.

JUNE

You overthink the effectiveness of a simple plan put into action by smart people.

SYD

Nothing about family is simple.

JUNE

Then his guillotine will catch all of us.

SYD

I will not die tonight.

JUNE

That's the spirit. Look. If, if, I am wrong, take a leaf out of the family playbook and get Chance and do **anything** you can to get away. As dear demented father says, "The ends will always justify the means."

SYD

Machiavelli said that.

JUNE

Father said it first.

June sprinkles the POISON SPROUTS over a PLATE.

JUNE
This plate to August, Chef. We are
so close.

June moves to a corner of the KITCHEN. Her hand trembles.
Chance, dressed for DINNER, appears.

JUNE
Beautiful. Absolutely beautiful.

CHANCE
Anything you want to tell me?

JUNE
After dinner.

CHANCE
Sydney's here to kill August.

JUNE
After. Dinner.

CHANCE
One question. Silly, really, I mean
... Am I a ... Are we ...

JUNE
Going to be okay?

CHANCE
Vampires?

JUNE
(ahh, shit)
After dinner. I'll answer
everything. I promise. Hey, I love
you, kiddo. Say it back.

CHANCE
After dinner.

June kisses her on the head. Chance exits.

INT. DINING ROOM, THE SINCLAIR ESTATE -- SAME TIME

After August has seated himself at the head of the table, the remaining family sit. June sits at the far end of the table, December opposite her. Two places at the table remain empty: n one sits a GOLD ROSE with no cutlery. An older tradition to remember someone who has passed on, September Sinclair.

And a second place; November Sinclair has not arrived.

INT. KITCHEN, THE SINCLAIR ESTATE -- SAME TIME

The POISONED DISH is indistinguishable from the others.
Chance approaches Syd, both shaken by the atmosphere.

SYD
I have questions.

CHANCE
Join the club.

SYD
Everyone except you is named after
a month. Even your father. Why?

CHANCE
It's an old, hella tyrranical
Sinclair tradition. Even those who
marry in to the family have to
change their names. I think it's
just August making sure you know
whose boss. Same with Auntie April.
Her original name was Gui-Po? Then
she married September, but he died.
We like April, she's cool. She
promised to teach me how to count
cards at her casino in Macau.

SYD
And May Sinclair. Who is she?

CHANCE
A thirsty bitch.

SYD
I need to know whose loyal to your
mother.

CHANCE
(thoughtful, worried)
Dad. I guess April is. May,
February and July are Team August.

Chance blinks away tears. Puts on a smile. She picks up a plate and smiles, moves out into the...

INT. DINING ROOM, THE SINCLAIR ESTATE -- CONTINUOUS

Chance and Syd place down plates, the meals shimmering in the candle-light.

June eyes Chance ... They share a silent look of hope.

August takes his plate and smells the dish, giddy.

AUGUST
How lucky are we? Good family, good
wine. Great food.

Chance places the final plates down. May begins to eat, but April snaps her hand away.

Chance moves to sit in the empty seat.

AUGUST
 (to CHANCE)
 What do you think you're doing?

CHANCE
 Sitting down?

AUGUST
 When you learn to act like a
 Sinclair, you can dine like one.

Chance, offended, stands. June doesn't defend her. December winks reassuringly. All will be well.

AUGUST
 Chef.

Chance exits.

AUGUST
 We asked so much of you. Thank you.

The table applauds. Syd can't hide his smile, heart full.

AUGUST
 Will you do the honour of having
 the first taste?

Syd hesitates. Walks to June's side as she cuts off a piece of the MEAT.

AUGUST
 From my plate, please.

Syd waits a beat. Approaches August's side. He locks eyes with August. Then June. August cuts off a large piece of MEAT and ensures it has CHEESE and SPROUTS on it ...

Syd takes the FORK and bites.

He chews.

All eyes of the table on him.

June and December share a fervent look. *Is he going to eat the poison or blow up our plan?*

Syd swallows the mouthful.

SYD
 Anything else?

AUGUST
 (how curious)
 We'll call for you when we're ready
 to prepare the next course.

INT. KITCHEN, THE SINCLAIR ESTATE -- CONTINUOUS

Chance opens the FREEZER. There's no more ICE-CREAM to melt into milk and neutralize the poison. Syd's looks to his watch: 7:05PM.

He walks back to the DOOR and peers through a crack, spying on the dining room.

INT. DINING ROOM, THE SINCLAIR ESTATE -- SAME TIME

Each Sinclair places a large white SERVIETTE over their heads. They grip their neighbours hands. The room deathly silent.

Until.

AUGUST

*Our Lord. You bless us with life
ever-after. We continue to cull the
damned from the shadows to set the
world right. As Above, So Below.
Ever-after.*

The FLAME of a CANDLE wavers.

AUGUST

*Grant us strength for another year
in your service.*

THE SINCLAIR FAMILY

*And the Lords made ones who had no
sin to be sin. As above, so below.
Ever-after, ever-after, ever-after.*

The BLACK VASE begins to emit a faint PURPLE light ... The entire table begins to vibrate violently ...

Gradually ... A BEAM OF PURPLE LIGHT shines from the VASE.

EXT. DRIVEWAY, THE SINCLAIR ESTATE -- SAME TIME

PURPLE LIGHT spills through the windows of the estate.

EXT. THE BELOW -- SAME TIME

The PURPLE LIGHT fades away to reveal a FLAMING BUSH hovering over ... The Kingdom of the Horned ... Carcosa to some, Hell to others. The anti-Asgard. A volcanic wasteland of tar pits. At the centre of the chaos sits ... THE HORNED GOD who sits atop a GIANT THRONE of BONES. The Horned God taps his GOLD TRIDENT to the ground.

From the FLAMING BUSH falls 666 bodies into the TAR PITS.

INT. KITCHEN, THE SINCLAIR ESTATE -- SAME TIME

Syd is temporarily blinded by the brilliance of the LIGHT. He falls back. The thud of his fall is heard by...

INT. DINING ROOM, THE SINCLAIR ESTATE -- SAME TIME

August. Head still covered, he gently looks to the door to the kitchen.

The BLACK VASE hums. The evanescent voice of THE HORNED GOD whispers from The Below...

THE HORNED KING (O.C.)
Eeeeeeeeeeeeaaaatt.

An eerie wind passes through...

AUGUST
The Horned God has accepted our
Harvest. *Blessed be House Sinclair.*

THE SINCLAIR FAMILY
As above. So below. Ever-after.

July pulls the napkin off his head and reveals his DEMONIC, positively VAMPIRIC FORM. His TEETH are BLACK ... a CHIN TATTOO shows the serpentine seal of House Sinclair. Sickly GOLD and PURPLE veins creep from his snake like EYES.

He places the LID back on the BLACK VASE ... As the LIGHT is hidden, July returns to his human form.

The other Sinclair's remove their napkins and inhale air as if taking their first breath, all in their human form.

August nods. The Sinclair's begin to devour their meal. June and December eat, nervous.

INT. KITCHEN, THE SINCLAIR ESTATE -- CONTINUOUS

Syd stumbles into the kitchen, stars in his eye from the blinding light. Chance grips a flying pan and almost swings at Syd, but he ducks. Syd starts a timer on his watch: 70 minutes ... 69:59 ... 69:58 ...

SYD
Whose missing from the table?

CHANCE
March, October and September. But they died before I was born. Then Grandma January, August's ex-wife, but she's been gone since I was baby, and Uncle November.

SYD
Where is he?

CHANCE
Dead, hopefully. He's the family psycho.

SYD
Please do not use that word.

CHANCE
No, really. Mom & Dad are petrified of him.

INT. DINING ROOM, THE SINCLAIR ESTATE -- CONTINUOUS

The Sinclair's talk among themselves. Casual as casual can be. As if the Satanic ritual they just performed were a yearly tradition.

JULY
(to April)
Come to Rome and clean up the party scene for a few years. I guarantee it's more fun than roaming a damp forest Harvesting suicide cases -- Babe, lipstick.

April wipes lipstick off her teeth.

FEBRUARY
Who would've thought Nazi's would be a problem again? I've heard grandfather has a special kind of torture just for them. He takes a Menorah and inserts it...

August eyes May, *Elbows off the table, dear.*

June finishes the appetizer, her plate empty.

AUGUST
June, darling. Enjoy the meal?

JUNE
Delicious.

AUGUST
December?

December grunts positively.

AUGUST
Here. I'm saving room for the main course.

August hands his plate down the line of Sinclair's to June.

JUNE
And I have to save room for dessert.

AUGUST
You know I hate to see food wasted.
Pass the plate to December.

June takes a beat. Decides to eat it. Cuts into the meat. She bites down ... Chews.

Spits out the mouthful. The table is silent. August is at ease ... He swills the wine in his GLASS and finally has his first sip of the night ... Sweet Victory.

INT. KITCHEN, THE SINCLAIR ESTATE -- CONTINUOUS

Syd backs away from the door.

CHANCE
(voice low)
What the hell's happening?

SYD
You need to run.

CHANCE
Run where? We're a hundred miles
from the closest town.

SYD
So pace yourself.

CHANCE
I am not running.

Syd opens a kitchen CLOSET.

SYD
Then hide.

CHANCE
I'm more of a hiding in a different
closet kind of girl...

SYD
I want you to live through this.

Reluctant, Chance gets in the CLOSET. Syd seals her in.

INT. DINING ROOM, THE SINCLAIR ESTATE -- CONTINUOUS

AUGUST
June-bug. Anything you want to say?

Beat. December glares at June. It's over.

AUGUST

You think I am a weak leader. Is
that why you tried to poison me?

June's furious silence says it all.

AUGUST

Stand. Say your piece.

June stands.

JUNE

House Sinclair ... Is dying. Our
place in the natural order is to
cull the Damned. Yet we have grown
lazy. July preys on addicts. May
feasts on glutinous New York
socialites. April on the lost. Can
we honestly say we're serving our
Blessed purpose? Twelve souls used
to sit at this table. Which of us
will be next to go?

FEBRUARY

In fairness, October and March were
idiots.

JULY

Who the hell can't tell sunset from
an eclipse?

FEBRUARY

Fewer House members means more
individual power...

JUNE

Exactly! August's only goal is to
consolidate power. Why else has he
not recruited new House members?
August does not love you. I can
bring us prosperity AND happiness
of the likes we have never known.
But not with that monster as the
Head of House Sinclair. Who has the
courage to stand with me?

Nervous glances around the room ... December stands. April
almost does too, but before anyone can really decide...

AUGUST

As sure as the sun will rise all
parents are destined to be
empowered by their children, or
embarrassed by them. This is the
thanks I get. I tutored your child.
All I asked was your OBEDIENCE. I
even gave your indigent husband a
place in our family.

JUNE

We were never family. I have a family.

AUGUST

Had.

June realizes ... August really did know of her plan all along.

MAY

Father wasn't sure who else was conspiring in your *coup d'gácher*. So. I paid Mickey a visit today.

June reels. December fumes.

JUNE

What have you done? Where's Luck?

MAY

Be proud. Little Luck put up much more of a fight than Mickey.

JUNE

WHERE IS MY CHILD!

May takes the final bite of her meal.

As she chews, the truth dawns on June ... May ... Swallows ... Licks her lips.

Reality hits June like an axe of primal terror to the heart.

The Sinclair family just ate Luck as the entree.

December's stomach lurches. Through the pain, he rips a SILVER DAGGER out of his pocket and hurls the DAGGER at August.

But a Sinclair can sense danger -- Light lightening through bare skies, April reaches out with a GLOVED HAND and catches the DAGGER before it can hit August. Close.

Realizing what it is (the very DAGGER she gifted CHANCE to protect herself) April drops the DAGGER on the table.

APRIL

(ignored)

Someone want to tell me what the hell is going on?

December slams his fist into July's perfect face, but July pivots and tackles December into a arm-bar, December's arm now locked at breaking point!

JUNE

YOU'RE A SNAKE!

AUGUST
WE'RE ALL SNAKES.

August rushes forward and PINCHES June by the throat. BLACK VEINS appear over JUNE'S THROAT and FACE. The Sinclair Death Grip. His grip is a vice, his resolve stone.

AUGUST
 I should have done this years ago.

June rasps, life escaping her. She looks to December, *I'm so sorry.*

June goes limp, her body drops to the floor. Dead.

JULY
 YO. What about December? He's sobering up real damn fast --

December writhes. The sickening crackle of bones snapping rings through the room as he willingly breaks his arm to escape July's grip. December kicks July into a wall.

December advances on August. *Hell hath no fury like a father...*

May snatches up December's SILVER DAGGER. She throws it through the air. Past December --

February catches the DAGGER and drives it into December's HEART...

And the rebellion dies. December crumbles ... Seconds from death ... August pulls up a chair before December, looks into his eyes and sees only a savage stranger staring back.

DECEMBER
 (with a heavy lisp, in Icelandic: *Bloody coward*)
Raggeit.

AUGUST
 You said that to me once before.
 That time I took your tongue. Guess what I'll take now?
 (in Icelandic "Go to the Devil.")
Farðu til Fjandan.

December drops ... His outstretched arm flops limply ... His HAND falls just short of June's...

December dies looking into the eyes of his love ... As August, in a FRENZY, stabs December over and over.

July crawls to June and BITES into her NECK. He stands, energized.

AUGUST
Say it. Say it!

THE SINCLAIR FAMILY
SINCLAIR EVER-AFTER.

AUGUST
Family, ever-after! For the main course we feast on the traitors.

April pushes February against a wall.

APRIL
You all knew June was plotting something and you didn't tell me?

FEBRUARY
We had it under control.

APRIL
This was cruel. Her child, August?
Really?

The far off DOOR to the DINING ROOM opens ... November enters with a PINT of ICE-CREAM in a PLASTIC BAG and a HOODED hostage.

NOVEMBER
Evening, fam. What've I missed?

FEBRUARY
We've barely begun, brother. The Chef.

July darts into the KITCHEN and returns with Syd.

November throws his hostage into the room ... She looks up ... It's Dakota! Unconscious, bound at the wrists. This is too much. Syd is losing control. All of his senses firing.

Syd glances to Dakota ... She's coming around, groggy.

SYD
I'm ... I'm so sorry...

July twists Syd into a CHOKE HOLD ... Now he fights, but it's useless. Darkness envelops him like a mother's hug.

INT. BEDROOM, LAWSON HOME -- FLASHBACK

A sparse Southern room in a God-fearing household. A BOY, 8, is handed a METAL tipped BELT by the drunk ... DENNY LAWSON, 50 -- Brute of a drunk, mean as they come. Wears a stained chef's jacket with missing buttons.

DENNY LAWSON
(barely a whisper)
God knows you got sin in you. Gave
you half a brain. 'S why your Ma
and sister ran. Got sin in you,
boy. Only one way to get it out.

The Boy is gone, replaced by Syd. He takes off his shirt and FLINGS the METAL TIPPED BELT against his back.

Syd looks back. A little girl watches. She wants to help, but her Mother guides her away, suitcase in hand.

Family, abandoned.

INT. BASEMENT, THE SINCLAIR ESTATE -- CONTINUOUS

A flurry of hands BIND Syd and Dakota with rope to posts under the foundations of the estate. Ancient CROSSES from the dawn of time rest over the walls. Prayers can't help them now.

TEXT OVER BLACK: CHAPTER III | FAMILY GAMES

INT. DINING ROOM, THE SINCLAIR ESTATE -- PRESENT

April enters the dining room and watches as February and November greet each other, roughhousing. July takes December's BODY into the kitchen, blood trailing after him. August and April make eye contact.

AUGUST
We are what we are.

APRIL
June thought we could be more.

AUGUST
You can't change your blood.

August helps November begin the consumption of June and December. Handsaws are passed around.

April removes a GLOVE. She touches the dead body of ... JUNE. Emotions transfer. Images FLASH. The pain of being forced to give up Chance. The heartbreak of plotting to kill her own father.

INT. BASEMENT, THE SINCLAIR ESTATE -- NIGHT

Syd wakes with a loud gasp, disoriented and tied to a chair in a dank basement/cellar.

SYD
... I'm not me ... I'm not...

Blood rushes through his ears. Claustrophobia kicks in. Fingers flick ... He rocks back and forward. But he see's Dakota struggling with her own demons, thrashing in her seat.

DAKOTA
(sotto)
... I swear on your life, I ...

Dakota inhales deep and spots Syd. She returns to the present, blinks away the memories.

The dulled sound of a CHAINSAW can be heard from the floor above them. Dakota shrinks back into her chair.

DAKOTA
So. How is your day going?

SYD
Everything will be ... Fine.

DAKOTA
Fine? FINE! I'd use another *F* word.
We're in the BASEMENT of a family
of VAMPIRES!

SYD
I worry that *vampire* is an
oversimplification. Demon-vampires,
perhaps.

DAKOTA
WELL, SORRY! I don't have my
dictionary of supernatural
creatures with me!

Dakota hyperventilates ... Wriggles against the constraints. Dakota can't help but laugh to stop from crying. But the tears come anyway.

DAKOTA
So. You kill people?

SYD
The ... Poison .. Does.

DAKOTA
Ya kill people.

SYD
I kill. My father ... Was the
reason my mother and sister left. I
thought if he was gone maybe they
would come home. So I put a little
bleach in his dinners every night.
Six months was all it took. Buried

SYD (CONT'D)

him out back. Set fire to the house
so I could never be forced back
into it.

EXT. FIELD -- NIGHT -- FLASHBACK

A TWO STORY HOUSE in the middle of FIELD on FIRE. (Kashif,
we'll shoot it with a miniature, already planned). Syd walks
away with nothing but the clothes on his back. Never to
return.

INT. BASEMENT, THE SINCLAIR ESTATE -- CONTINUOUS

SYD

I drifted. Met Freddie. He trained
me, helped identify bad customers
to make reservations for--

DAKOTA

Kill.

Accepts what he does.

SYD

Kill.

DAKOTA

Did you ever find your mom and
sister?

SYD

I did.

DAKOTA

And?

SYD

It made me realize there was no
home for any of us to go back to.
That's when I started. Killing. Bad
people. I deserve this. You do not.

Beat. Dakota laughs. The laughs turn to guilty sobs.

DAKOTA

I ... Um. I pimped out my sister
for three Oxy pills and a five pack
of PBR. Yeah. Mom came home. Caught
my sister in bed with the guy. I
lied. Said it was her idea. They
sent Becca to rehab. She was 15.
She got ahold of a bottle of
painkillers. She almost died. For
three pills and a five pack. After
that? I told Mom everything. She
kicked my ass to the street.

SYD
You get the nightmares?

DAKOTA
(yes, and)
I wake up holding things.

Dakota's tears turn to ice as the DOOR opens. April. Stoic.
Unreadable.

DAKOTA
We're kinda having a moment here.

APRIL
Shut the fuck up. Tasty meal, Chef.
Little on the salty side.

DAKOTA
Did you try adding ketchup?

APRIL
I don't do condiments. All that
sugar is bad for your teeth. Human
meat also has a high salinity, so
it would ruin the texture.

DAKOTA
Oh, that's a fun fact to hear. Are
you going to eat us?

APRIL
When some families get together
they like to play board games. But
Sinclair's like to play people.

That shuts Dakota up.

APRIL
Why did June want August dead?

SYD
She said her family was in danger.
What is a Sinclair?

APRIL
Severtants of The Above save the
good. Servants of The Below harvest
the damned.

SYD
What kind of father makes a mother
eat her own child? Does that not
make August as damned as those you
harvest?

April studies Syd. June trusted him for a reason...

INT. DINING ROOM, THE SINCLAIR ESTATE -- CONTINUOUS

NEEDLE DROP: The NEEDLE drops onto an IVORY RECORD of THE WHITE STRIPES *Icky Thump*.

REVEAL: All the furniture has been pushed to the edges of the room. They have created an arena. February 'composes' the scene, waving his hands like he were at the head of an orchestra.

April enters with Syd and Dakota. She throws them into the center of the room then retreats to a corner, watching. August, pleased as punch, dances with May, as November feeds them BLACKENED MEAT.

MAY

I knew June would taste better than December.

FEBRUARY

I wish we had that good sauce from Chick-Fil-A, you know the honey mustard?

AUGUST

Mortals might be heathen bastards but damned if they don't make good sauces.

Syd glances into the KITCHEN and spots July at work dismembering DECEMBER ... Whose HEAD falls from his BODY. February throws his HANDSAW down ...

Syd and Dakota are thrown to the floor. He looks for his watch ... It's not on his wrist.

SYD

(to Dakota)

I need my watch.

DAKOTA

We get out of this I'll buy you a hundred.

SYD

I do not need one hundred I just need one.

December enters the living room carrying platters of skewers of MEAT and DIPPING SAUCES.

JULY

December is served!

The 'Plate of June' on the MAIN TABLE is empty, all that is left is her bloody EARS with the DISTINCT GOLD EARRINGS.

The Sinclair's set upon the 'Plate of December' and after ten seconds of furious eating, barely anything is left of the 'Plate of December.' Some howl in delight, others dance.

Only April refrains. She watches, uncertain.

August claps his hands and the room falls silent.

AUGUST

What! A! Night! We have culled the weak from the herd.

THE SINCLAIR FAMILY
SINCLAIR EVER-AFTER!

AUGUST

I wept as Doña Marina gave her country to Cortés. Watched riveted as Judas sold his brother for twenty silver pieces...

November and July cheer at the memory.

AUGUST

And now Greedy June and Dumb December. They hired an ASSASSIN. A KILLER, one so obedient that he ate from my poisoned plate, even though it now spells his certain death. And why did The Chef obey June's orders? Because of his love, his obsession, his fixation with ... Her.

The Sinclair's laugh at Syd and Dakota.

AUGUST

Don't laugh. Don't you DARE laugh at this man. He showed BRAVERY. COURAGE. The Chef understands us.

SYD

I never killed for pleasure.

AUGUST

Didn't you? I see in your eyes. You're a soldier in search of an army. We could be your army. Your family.

THE SINCLAIR FAMILY
As above, so below, ever-after.

SYD

Why did you have to kill the kid?

AUGUST

The fruit of a bad tree may never be good, but damned if it don't

AUGUST (CONT'D)

taste delicious. That's the beauty
of being a Sinclair; We decide who
lives.

SYD

If you are demons then you need to
take me to hell for what I've done.
But not Dakota. I beg you. Let her
live.

MAY

Aww, young love is so cute.

SYD

I do not love Dakota. Honestly? I
don't even like her.

August grins.

DAKOTA

Rude..

SYD

I am not a bad person.

AUGUST

What you see as weakness I see as
strength. Do you think you have
what it takes to be a Sinclair?

Beat. Syd looks to Dakota for an answer.

DAKOTA

Does it come with health insurance?
Good dental?

August holds for a beat, then laughs heartily.

DAKOTA

Nah. Sorry. I can't really see you
as a vampire.

FEBRUARY

"Vampire" is a bit of an
oversimplification...

Syd grins at Dakota. Told you so.

DAKOTA

Let me get this straight. You can't
go in the sun.

APRIL

We ... Cannot.

DAKOTA

You dress in black.

FEBRUARY
Black is slimming.

DAKOTA
You drink blood.

JULY
And ... Eat ... Flesh.

DAKOTA
And I'm guessing you don't like
garlic bread. Okay. Results are in;
Ya vampires.

Syd smiles to himself ... Nobody dares laugh. Syd shakes his head at August. *I want a family. But not yours.*

AUGUST
You are loyal to a fault. So we're going to play a little game to break that loyalty. Tonight is about seeing how far you will go to protect someone you love.

SYD
How far is too far?

AUGUST
Everyone has their limits. I think I know yours. Sinclairs, this year's family games night will be ... THE THREE TRIALS!

The Sinclair's holler and stomp their feet. November drags the first "trial" the room. It's a burlap SACK with a squirming BODY inside. November kicks the SACK and the man inside stands, ripping off the sack... FREDDIE, perplexed.

FREDDIE
Whoa, what ... Syd?

SYD
He cannot be here. No. NO.

FREDDIE
(ignored)
Nope. Not about this. Sorry Syd --

November stands by the door to the room, blocks Freddie.

AUGUST
Chef. Kill The Three Trials and I'll let Dakota go free. Freddie is trial one.

August tosses a STEAK KNIFE into the centre of the room. Syd twitches. His fingers flick, he rocks back and forward.

SYD
I ... I can't win.

FREDDIE
In this life? Probably not. Still pretty proud of how you turned out. In a different life we coulda served together. Be breaking bread with our families. But all roads lead to the present. Nah. Nope. No regrets. You make it out of this you get that G.E.D. Lawson. Promise me.

SYD
Please don't...

FREDDIE
I'm proud of you. Love you, kid.

AUGUST
Status.

Syd makes eye contact with Freddie ... The pain in both men's eyes is pure and everywhere ...

AUGUST
Can't do it? How about a little news flash. Some of those 'bad customers' Feddie had you--

FREDDIE
No. Don't, Syd, don't listen--

AUGUST
Freddie got paid. ALL of your 'bad customers' had bounties on their heads. You weren't killing to make the world a better place. You killing to make him fat. Most of the poor souls you dispatched were just guys he plain didn't like. He used you, son.

Freddie can't meet Syd's eyes. Syd is wracked with grief. Bloodlust. *What August is saying ... Is true.*

The fight begins as Freddie snatches up the KNIFE and lunges. Syd sidesteps and pivots. SLASH. Freddie grazes Syd's arm.

The sight of spilled blood is met with CHEERS from The Sinclair brood! Syd glances at August as he bites into a piece of meat from the tray marked June ... The dance continues, but Syd catches a break, circles, gets Freddie off balance...

And spins the KNIFE back into him.

Freddie dies slow. He falls to his knees. Syd twists the KNIFE.

FREDDIE
Forgive ... Forgive me...

Syd doesn't answer. He stares into the eyes of the man who turned him into whatever he is now. Demented. A killer. *Unworthy of love.*

FEBRUARY
BRAVO, Sydney, BRAVO!

DAKOTA
Oh, shut up!

AUGUST
Rude. As punishment, Trial Two shall be ... You. May, fetch Chance.

Syd lunges forward to stop May but she smacks him down. On the ground, Syd spots something ... FREDDIE'S WATCH ... He takes it, looks at the time. Grimaces. *I need more time...*

INT. CLOSET, KITCHEN, SINCLAIR ESTATE -- MOMENTS EARLIER

Chance stands in the kitchen CLOSET, picking her teeth as the strange sounds reverberate around her.

LATER

Chance hums to herself, too bored to be scared.

JUNE (O.C.)
Where is my child!

CHANCE
(sotto, dramatic)
So now you want to see me.

Chance tries to open the DOOR. It won't open.

CHANCE
What the hell is happening out there?

Chance tugs on the CORD to turn on the LIGHT but VANISHES --

EXT. INTERLUDE -- NIGHT -- CONTINUOUS

Chance appears in the field, the LIGHT BULB and CORD above her. *Wait. What the fuck just happened?*

She spots Lady Hellfire by the CAMPFIRE, back to Chance.

LADY HELLFIRE
 If anyone finds out Lady Hellfire
 struggles to light a campfire...
 (spotting CHANCE)
 Smitt fudge damn sweet googley-
 moogley. You're early. Um. Let me
 explain. The veil between here and
 the Sinclair Estate is quite thin--

Behind Chance, the silhouette of the King of Horns moves closer, closer still...

Lady Hellfire is desperate to hold Chance's attention and not have her spot one of her bosses.

LADY HELLFIRE
 Eyes on me! Game face time. Give
 'em hell! Ha. Little joke, it'll
 make sense in about nineteen
 minutes. See ya soon!

AUGUST (PRE-LAP) (O.C.)
 May. Fetch Chance.

A frantic Lady Hellfire waves her hand. The LIGHT CORD pulls down. CHANCE vanishes.

INT. KITCHEN, THE SINCLAIR ESTATE -- CONTINUOUS

May enters the kitchen, taking her sweet time stalking towards the CLOSET where Chance hides.

MAY
 Come out, come out, oh let's play,
 I'll kill you swift if you make
 it... Quick.

May rips open the CLOSET where Chance was hiding, but -- Chance is missing. The cabinet is empty. As May turns away...

Chance swings a FRYING PAN into May's FACE!

CRACK!

May screams as her NOSE is crushed! Her skin flashes PURPLE, but she controls herself.

Chance reaches out for the closest possible things to defend herself with ...

Which happen to be two KITCHEN KNIVES.

MAY
 You're so fucking lucky August
 wants you alive otherwise I'd fuck
 you up worse than I did [King] --

Chance drives the KNIVES through May's protesting hands... into her unblinking EYES. May screams like a banshee as, still on her feet, hands pined to her face, she rips the KNIVES out ... Taking her EYES with her!

Chance whimpers at the sight of May's hollow eye sockets and May's shrieks turn to fits of laughter! She grabs a DISH TOWEL and ties it around her head.

MAY
Here Chancey! Let's see if you taste as good as your Mom.

Chance makes a break for it ... She sprints through the house but finds her monstrous family at every turn.

INT. CORRIDOR, THE SINCLAIR ESTATE -- CONTINUOUS

Chance charges. July launches a vicious punch. His KNUCKLES brush Chance's LIPS. Misses. He turns and clatters his teeth.

JULY
I'll eat ya like corn on a cob!
YUMAYUMATUMA!

INT. DINING ROOM, THE SINCLAIR ESTATE -- CONTINUOUS

Chance rushes into the room and reacts to the horror of it all ... She rushes out of another exit to the room. February grows deathly serious, before he harmonizes the room...

FEBRUARY
Oooooooohhhh, FE, FI FO FUM...

It's a war chant, a family sporting song ... April, passionless, eats a single piece of the June MEAT.

THE SINCLAIR FAMILY
Fe fi fo fum! I smell the blood of a little ones head! Be she alive or be she dead, I'll BREAK her BONES and EAT her NEXT!

INT. UPSTAIRS CORRIDOR, THE SINCLAIR ESTATE -- CONTINUOUS

Chance rushes upstairs and finds every door locked. She freezes. Turns. Spots ... MAY with her empty eyes. May approaches, sniffing.

MAY
August has been waiting years to taste you. COME HERE! I can smell youuuuu.

Chance pulls off her SHOES to be silent. May takes a step closer.

Chance throws both, hoping to confuse the blinded May.

May doesn't follow the sounds. She approaches, sniffing the air. Chance goes flat against a wall. May sniffs, closing. Chance holds her nerve ... May moves past, humming ... Chance backs away but...

Chance holds back a cry ... May sniffs the air, grins a macabre lusty smile...

Chance takes a step back. She passes a PORTRAIT of a ROMAN GENERAL ... As she passes it ... The face of the GENERAL CHANGES to that of JULY!

JULY
HERE SHE IS!

Chance screams and runs, narrowly dodging May. She STUMBLES back into a nearby WINDOW ...

EXT. DRIVEWAY, THE SINCLAIR ESTATE -- SAME TIME

Amid a rain of GLASS and BRANCHES, CHANCE plummets to the gravel driveway. Her head hits concrete. She sees stars. Blood leaks down her forehead. Despite the pain, she picks herself up. Tries opening up one the many CARS in the drive.

No luck. All are locked.

So she runs. She sprints her heart out, headed for the woods at the edge of the estate ... 200 feet ... 180 feet ...

February strides out of the house and raises a BOW & ARROW ... He pulls back and ... April puts a hand on his arm.

APRIL
This isn't your hunt.

FEBRUARY
It isn't yours, either.

February shrugs off April and fires the ARROW ... It goes wide ... April elbows February hard in the stomach.

FEBRUARY
DAD, SHE HIT ME.

May crawls out of the house and sniffs the blood trail. She gives chase, her running style wild, feral, like a starved hyena hunting a wounded hare.

Chance is 50 ... 30 ... 10 feet away from the woods. If she can make it, maybe she can lose her in the darkness.

May LEAPS into the air and tackles Chance. Chance grabs onto the root of a TREE. But May's too strong. May grabs Chance's ankle and drags her back kicking and screaming ...

INT. DINING ROOM, THE SINCLAIR ESTATE -- CONTINUOUS

Chance is thrown into the centre of the room with Syd & Dakota. August applauds May, comments on her (lack of) eyes.

AUGUST

Poor thing. Ease off the wine and they'll grow back in an hour.

CHANCE

August, Grandpa, I won't tell anyone that you're a fucking demented monster if you just let me go. Please let me go...

AUGUST

You wanted to know what you are, well this is it.

CHANCE

Where's Mom? Dad?

NOVEMBER

They were delicious.

February throws the EAR of JUNE at her feet -- Chance spots her mothers distinct GOLDEN EARRING on it.

FEBRUARY

Though I think The Chef deserves an award for what he was able to do with Luck. Simply divine.

CHANCE

YOU MONSTERS!

MAY

Defiant, isn't she?

AUGUST

Your mother was my right hand. Take her place. Help us harvest the damned.

Syd checks Freddie's watch: 8:13PM.

CHANCE

I will NEVER be like you.

And August believes her.

AUGUST

You're right. Fine. New deal. Kill her and you may go free.

CHANCE

What? No!

(then, too quickly)

I mean. Free free?

AUGUST
Free as a bird.

CHANCE
I don't know if I ... Okay. Yeah.
I'll her.

DAKOTA
Excuse me?

Like mother like daughter. Chance is a survivor. She leaps for the STEAK KNIFE in Freddie's chest and pulls it out ... Surprises Dakota with a wild swipe of the KNIFE.

Dakota gets angry, vicious. She sweeps Chance's feet out. Sending Chance falling, the KNIFE slips from her grasp...

The Sinclair's roar, jubilant, high on the bloodlust!

The platter of "JUNE MEAT" is bare, August licks his fingers.

Chance finds her feet and the knife ... She rushes at Dakota. Dakota catches Chance with vicious knee to the stomach and...

Twists the KNIFE back into Chance's THROAT!

CRACK.

ALTERNATE ANGLE: Dakota drives the KNIFE pierces Chance's throat! Dakota yanks the KNIFE back and Chance falls to her knees.

Chance isn't angry. She's confused. *I was ... Supposed to live...*

Even August is surprised. No. More frustrated than surprised. There's a ghastly silence as Chance drops, dead before she hits the --

EXT. INTERLUDE -- NIGHT -- CONTINUOUS

Ground. Chance feels dirt. Weeds. She gasps for air...

In an instant she's fallen into the afterlife, or that is to say, a pocket of space (but not time) just before between our reality and the Valley to Eternity which leads to The Above and The Below.

Chance's eyes adjust to the darkness. There's blood on her hands, but no wound. She spots a CAMPFIRE burning in a wet forest clearing.

Through the stormy clouds the BRIGHTEST of STARS pierces down like an anvil through snow. The STAR shoots over the lake, coming to a DEAD STOP by the shore of the lake. A single BOLT of LIGHTENING tears out of the STAR and strikes the SAND!

From the blast of light emerges ... LADY HELLFIRE. Arms open, welcoming, but to Chance? Fucking terrifying!

CHANCE
What the ... Where am AHHHHHH!

Lady Hellfire realizes her sister is afraid. She drops down and doesn't know what to with her hands. Decides to wave.

LADY HELLFIRE
I wanted it to be epic and I scared you! Oh, I knew I'd screw this up.
Hello! Again. Hi.

Lady Hellfire takes a step forward -

CHANCE
STAY BACK! STAY AWAY! DEMON-LADY--

LADY HELLFIRE
Um. Would you like a sword? Would a sword make you feel safer?

CHANCE
What? YES!

LADY HELLFIRE
Well why didn't you say so.

Chance looks down - a SWORD has appeared in her HANDS!

Lady Hellfire smiles. *See? Nothing to be afraid of.*

Chance thinks otherwise. *Magic swords appearing in my hands?*
Chance sprints off into the forest, exiting camera left.

LADY HELLFIRE
Three ... Two ... One.

Chance appears from camera right. Space and time aren't laws here. Interlude is a reality, created for this one moment.

CHANCE
But. That doesn't make sense!

LADY HELLFIRE
I know this is all very strange but you've really got no choice but to trust me.
(beat)
Now give me a hug.

CHANCE raises the SWORD and tepidly steps back. *Stay back!*

CHANCE
Am I really...

LADY HELLFIRE
Afraid so.

CHANCE
She just...

CHANCE makes the motion of the KNIFE entering her THROAT.

LADY HELLFIRE
Yep.

CHANCE
You know I thought God would be
more ... *Hi, I'm Morgan Freeman.*

LADY HELLFIRE
I'm no god. Use your head, stupid.

It takes a minute, but the other shoe finally drops.

CHANCE
No ... Luck?

And she got it in one. Yes, Lady Hellfire is Luck Sinclair, just aged up. 20. Still a kid at heart, but now also one of the most influential beings in The Above and The Below.

LADY HELLFIRE
The one and only and as adorable as ever. I go by Lady Hellfire now.
Why? Because it sounds rad. Right?
It does, doesn't it?

CHANCE
But ... You were...

LADY HELLFIRE
And now I'm ta-da! Time doesn't work the same way here way is does there, it's more--

CHANCE
Mom and Dad? Are they here?

Lady Hellfire approaches, brimming with nervous energy, but CHANCE circles around the CAMPFIRE, keeping her distance.

LADY HELLFIRE
Mom and Dad are together. Happy.
And The Chef? Well, if all goes to plan "The Chef" dies. Right now he's counting down until the Arch Hemlock takes effect, but he's off by two seconds and. I'm rambling.

CHANCE
This isn't happening.

LADY HELLFIRE
It's been happening since 'August' was, well actually... He's gone by many names. Samael, Kôlski,

LADY HELLFIRE (CONT'D)

Al-Shaitan, Dracul, The Infernal Revelation ... Since he stole the King of Horn's heart, like, ripped it from his chest, and then the King of [Halos]--

CHANCE

The King of what?

LADY HELLFIRE

(making a circle with her hands over her head)

Halos? Like ... 'ahhhh'. August stole the Heart of the King of Horns, it was a huge deal, epic, SunDragons and HellFire Canons--

CHANCE

AM I AN EVIL FUCKING VAMPIRE?!

LADY HELLFIRE

(choosing her words)

Evil? Is a knife a weapon, or a tool? If we are v-words, it's up to us what we do with it. Sure, Sinclair's need human blood daily to stay alive, and if we're in the sun too long we turn to ash, and then silver is a no-no, we have to ask permission to enter anywhere, and there's Arch Hemlock...

CHANCE

We're totally fucking vampires.

LADY HELLFIRE

I was just as scared as you are when I found out our families little secret.

CHANCE

It's ... Really you.

LADY HELLFIRE

We don't have long before August finds us here. Please. I have to tell you something, otherwise all of this will be for nothing.

Off Chance's cautious optimism...

INT. DINING ROOM, THE SINCLAIR ESTATE -- CONTINUOUS

Back in the real world. Dakota rushes to Chance's dead body. She's horrified by what she's done. Chance's eyes stare into the beyond. Anguished. Dakota snatches up the KNIFE.

February shrugs. Pathetic.

AUGUST

How ... Disappointing. November,
 bring in the third. Chef: Prove how
 far you will go to protect Dakota
 one final time, and she will go
 free. Kill ... Them.

July pushes Syd into the centre of the room.

November exits and returns fast ... He guides a blindfolded
 ... Erratic ... Heavily pregnant ... ADELAIDE into the room!

SYD

No. No. No...

Terror rocks Syd. His heart thunders and body shakes with
 terror. No ... How did they know about her?

ADELAIDE

What's happening? Hello?

DAKOTA

This is sick. YOU BASTARD. I KILL
 YOU! I'LL CRUSH YOUR FUCKING HEAD
 IN!

February catches Dakota before she can reach August.

ADELAIDE

Dakota? Is that you? Where am I?

April is shaken by the sight.

APRIL

This is too far?.

FEBRUARY

Oh shut it you old prude! I haven't
 had this much fun since Titus let
 us feed Christians to his lions.

Some Sinclairs cackle manically and chant '*Damnatio ad bestias!*' as they remember the good ol' days.

April's demure chills ... She downs a large gulp from a
 BOTTLE of WINE.

SYD

(sotto)

I did not anticipate this. I could
 not have. How? No, impossible. I am
 asleep. Snow. Blood.

AUGUST

Now, Chef. Be a good boy and kill.

All sounds drown away. Syd pushes Dakota back and takes the
 KNIFE from her hand ... Lost inside his own world.

AUGUST

Do it.

Syd looks at Adelaide. Dakota cries for him to stop. Syd pushes her away and ...

Looks at Adelaide. She's confused, terrified, afraid.

Hands the KNIFE to August. *I can't do it.*

April and Dakota breathe a sigh of relief ... April guides Adelaide from the room as Syd drops to his knees.

AUGUST

Do you want to join my family? Is that a yes?

Syd meets August's eye. Nods. *He's been broken.*

AUGUST

I knew you would come around.
Unfortunately, there is no place
for you in my family. But I will
grant you a mercy for your efforts.
Sinclair's, let us give this fine
warrior a noble execution.

EXT. BACKYARD, THE SINCLAIR ESTATE -- CONTINUOUS

Rows of cauldrons of FIRE light up. The Sinclair's assemble around a worn EXECUTIONER'S STONE.

May removes the bloody cloth from around her eyes... Her eyes have grown back. Dewy and wide-eyed -- always unblinking -- she gazes up. Above them the heavens are in tumult, lightening crashes and wanes.

February arrives with a TRAY of BOWLS of CHOCOLATE CHIP COOKIES and VANILLA-BEAN ICE-CREAM ... May takes one for herself and hands a bowl to AUGUST.

November arrives with the family SWORD, LUXSBANE. He opens and closes his fist, something feels wrong ...

August takes the SWORD as February slams Syd's HEAD down onto the stone.

AUGUST

You were a worthy adversary, Chef.
I respect the challenge.

Syd's lips move, speaking to himself...

FEBRUARY

Is he praying? HA. Wait. He's...

SYD
(sotto)
Eleven ... Ten ... Nine ...
Eight...

FEBRUARY
He's counting. Why the fuck is he
counting? WHY THE FUCK IS HE
COUNTING?

It dawns on April. *This was Syd's plan all along.*
May, dizzy, leans in to whisper to July.

MAY
Something doesn't feel right.

JULY
Yeah, June was more gamey than I
expected.

MAY
I'm talking about the Chef ... He
knew about us *before* the dinner.

JULY
(mouth suddenly dry)
June wouldn't have told him.

MAY
That's the thing ... I don't think
she did.

May buckles over, out of breathe.

FEBRUARY
What's wrong?

MAY
He knew. Sydney knew what we are!

FEBRUARY
Who the hell is Sydney?

MAY
The fucking Chef!

August glances to February ... Sweating bullets ... He keels
over, skin on fire. February feels it inside of him.

FEBRUARY
Please, All Father... Help me.

A cheap BEEPING noise comes from NOVEMBER'S POCKET ... He
fishes out Syd's WATCH and fumbles it, his fingers numb.

SYD
Three ... Two ... One.

November moves to pick it up ... But can't ... He drives his foot down, crushing the watch ... But almost loses his balance. February falls to a knee, out of breath.

AUGUST
Stand straight.

Syd radiates happiness, like he's just been awarded a Michelin star.

MAY
What's he so happy about?

FEBRUARY
Anyone else feeling... Wrong?

Syd again see's the world in Syd Vision™ again. He can sense the VIBRANCE of each SINCLAIR ... All are almost done.

Exit Syd Vision™.

SYD
Good.

ADELAIDE
Good?

SYD
Spectacular.

Afraid for the first time in centuries, a weeping July loses his balance, gasps for air that isn't there. A child once more in all but appearance.

JULY
Dad ... Something's happening.

AUGUST
Stop playing around. This is a trick! He can't have poisoned us--

MAY
He ate from your plate! Is this your doing? Did you have him poison us!

One by one the Sinclair family crumble ... February raises his BOW, but his fingers have gone numb. The ARROW slips and fires at Syd, but misses him.

AUGUST
Chef... An antidote. Give me the antidote. I'll do anything! Chef!

APRIL
June was right...

November grips to February, but February shakes him off.

FEBRUARY
Do not drag me down you rat --

NOVEMBER
Brother, help me. I can't...

February pulls December's SILVER DAGGER. Thrusts fast. November punches the DAGGER out of his hand. February turns, pulls the hilt off his CANE off and reveals ... His own hidden SILVER DAGGER. He lunges forward, but November grabs his wrist and twists the blade back on February. The DAGGER'S SILVER BLADE burns as it PIERCES his neck. BLACK BLOOD spews out ... February wrestles free. Grabs November by the head ... GOUGES his THUMBS into November's EYES.

They collapse, the last of the their energy spent fighting one another. BLACK VEINS dance over their faces.

July falls on his ass, stares at his hands, sobs.

JULY
Dad. I'm scared. What happens now?
Dad?

August feels it. The Arch Hemlock is inside of him. His confusion is replaced by anger and he goes full Sinclair: Three Horns protrude from his head and he grows to be ten foot tall!

He roars as he grabs Syd by the throat, raising him into the air! Syd writhes in agony, knowing his death is near.

August summons Dakota - She flies across the clearing and into his grip!

AUGUST
(demonic)
Welcome to the family.

Dakota and Syd fight back ... They will not go quietly.

August's eyes go wide in fright as he spies... That look in April's eyes. *She's fine. She hasn't been poisoned. How?!*

May crawls to April, begging, blood on her lips.

MAY
Kill him. He did this...

May places the DAGGER in April hands.

April rallies. She charges at Syd ... But she blows right past him.

As August is about to crush Syd and Dakota's throats ... The Arch Hemlock seeps deeper into his blood-stream! A heartbeat away from killing Syd ...

April drives February's SILVER DAGGER into August's CHEST!

The black VEINS retreat into August's NAILS. Syd and Dakota, drop, free of his grip, breathing in air as if for the first time. August goes down hard.

August falls to his ass, dropping Syd. He looks around, terrified by how he underestimated The Chef, as he returns to his human-form.

APRIL

We were made to kill the monsters,
not become them. You lost your,
father.

AUGUST

Fff ... Fuck ... Off.

April yanks the DAGGER out. August breathes his last breath. Eyes lost in a haze. *How? How the fuck did this happen?*

Syd stands his ground. Adelaide and Dakota rush to his side.

April approaches him.

APRIL

How? HOW?

INT. LIVING ROOM, THE SINCLAIR ESTATE -- DAWN -- THE NEXT DAY

Tempers have cooled. Syd stands before April, afraid to move. But he spots a stray CRUMB on the ground. He can't help but pick it up and put it on a plate. *There. Clean.*

The bloody DAGGER rests in April's hands. She staps into the table, takes a BOTTLE of WINE and drinks from the bottle.

APRIL

How did you know what we were?

Syd looks to a painting on the wall: GOYA'S haunting "SATURN DEVOURING HIS OWN SON."

SYD

I knew August was aware of why June had asked me to cook tonight. I had to figure out how to poison him.
So...

APRIL

You poisoned a meal they can't resist.

SYD

But it has to be a meal they think they made. And if it weren't for August, I never would have found an answer. Any chef would have known that the 'steaks' he gave me to cook were not from a cow. This told

SYD (CONT'D)

me August liked to 'devour' his
enemies. So. The poisoned plate
never went to August...

APRIL

You poisoned June ... And hoped...

SYD

Knew...

INSERT: 'JUNE MEAT' being consumed by the SINCLAIR horde.

APRIL

That August and the family would
eat her.

SYD

Except you. Why didn't you eat her?

APRIL

Because she was my sister!

Daring to question this etheric being, knowing he shouldn't antagonize her.

SYD

If June's plan had of worked, would
you have followed her?

April looks over Syd with fresh eyes. *Who is this man?*

APRIL

(honestly)

SYD

June realized she needed a
demonstration of power to seize
control of House Sinclair. She
needed all that August stood for to
die before her family for them to
side with her. June was her
father's daughter. Eventually,
power corrupts.

In a flash of purple light, April vanishes. She needs a
decade to process the events of the night. To think of how to
do better. To decide.

INT. KITCHEN, THE SINCLAIR ESTATE -- MOMENTS LATER

Syd cleans the inside of a POT. Surveys the clean kitchen.
Sacred again.

Dakota enters, continuing her new goal of stuffing anything
of value into her pockets.

DAKOTA

There's a lot of shiny things here.

SYD

It's not right to steal.

DAKOTA

Says the serial killer.

SYD

But ... I...

DAKOTA

Look. The Sinclair's weren't people, right? So, like, yeah. I should be a lawyer... Come on, Mr. Two-Black-Coffees.

Through the doorway, Syd spots Freddie's body. He loved that man. He still does. He'll never be able to rid himself of what he's done.

He then spots Chance's body. *She shouldn't have tried to play by her families broken rules.*

EXT. BACKYARD, THE SINCLAIR ESTATE -- PRESENT

Dakota rushes out, carrying armloads of heirlooms, paintings, and anything remotely gold.

Seconds later, Syd follows. Haunted. Humbled. He spots Adelaide, seated on the veranda and watching the grey clouds move in the distance.

He sits down next to her, just a little too far away. Inches in slightly. Wants to say something... Can't.

ADELAIDE

What a night. I thought my family was messed up. But them? Christ almighty...

Syd can't help himself.

SYD

Nope. Sydney. Chef.

Adelaide grunts a laugh. Then...

ADELAIDE

That's so weird. I had a brother named Sydney.

SYD

Do you know what happened to him?

ADELAIDE

Um. My Mom left him and my Dad. She took me. She said there was a fire, and he didn't get out...

Syd has wanted to say this for a long, long time.

SYD
I got out.

Adelaide looks to Syd. How was she so blind? It's him. The last time she saw her little brother.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. PURGATORY -- MOMENTS LATER

April opens her eyes ... The inky BLACKNESS of the otherworldly plateau all around her, the BURNING BUSH above.

KING OF HORNS (O.C.)
(booming, omnipresent)
House Sinclair has fallen!

APRIL
Oh, Grandfather. It fell the moment
you empowered August! I heard
rumours of the depraved years
before your son took the name
August.

The KING OF HORNS appears. Weakened, but still the most evil force in all of creation.

KING OF HORNS
I thought giving August the
responsibility of his own House
would make him appreciate life.

APRIL
Liar.

KING OF HORNS
Even the worst us deserve love.

APRIL
Your child failed his family. And
you helped him. Lucifer, Son of
Light, I challenge you for dominion
of The Below. Will you fight?

THE HORNED GOD
(reluctantly)
Always.

April brings her DAGGER up. The KING OF HORNS sneers. Summons a GOLDEN TRIDENT. April goes to war with the Devil. As their blades CONNECT...

EXT. DRIVEWAY, THE SINCLAIR ESTATE -- SAME TIME

Tranquility. Peace. Adelaide sits on the steps, watching the sunrise. Dakota rushes to a nearby BENTLEY and digs out some keys she found. She loads up everything precious she can find.

Syd spots Adelaide. Sits beside her.

ADELAIDE
Mr. Two Black Coffees.

SYD
Hello. Hi. Are you, is the baby?

ADELAIDE
It'll take more than a demon-vampire kidnapping me to hurt my kid.

SYD
Yeah. Ha.

ADELAIDE
And I thought my family was messed up. Them? Wow. Christ Almighty.

SYD
(making a joke)
No. Sydney. Chef.

Adelaide roles her eyes. *Cheeky*.

ADELAIDE
Your name is Sydney? That's so weird. I had a brother named Sydney.

SYD
Do you know what happened to him?

ADELAIDE
I was real little, like, six or seven when Mom took me and we left Years later she said there was a fire.

SYD
There was.

ADELAIDE
What?

SYD
There was nobody in the house.

And Adelaide realizes why Sydney has visited her coffee stall everyday for four years. He didn't have a crush on her.

Syd's her little brother, and he's just never had the courage to tell her.

INT. MAIN AREA, THE BRUNCH BAR -- NIGHT

Syd and Adelaide enter. Survey the damage. He opens a cabinet and finds Bert The Plant. He places him on the windowsill and catches sight of his warped reflection of the glass. Who are you?

INT. STAFF BATHROOM, THE BRUNCH BAR -- LATER

The water rushes over Syd. Baptized, he steps out.

Before the bathroom mirror, Syd brushes his teeth. He turns away.

Yet his reflection doesn't move.

INT. MAIN AREA, THE BRUNCH BAR -- LATER

Syd scrubs the last of specs of BLOOD from the kitchen tiles.

In a dark corner of the kitchen stands ... Syd's father ... a Decaying DENNY LAWSON, clothes rancid, face a patchwork of worm-eaten holes. METAL TIPPED BELT in hand. He throws the BELT to Syd and lights a CIGARETTE. He shakes his head. Disappointing. He passes it to ... A DECAYING AUGUST. A DOZEN other RANCID BODIES appear behind DENNY in the shadows.

Syd's Dead Customers.

DENNY LAWSON
Thanks for the company.

Adelaide spots Syd, transfixed. But she can't see the chorus of Dead Customers.

LATER

Syd and Dakota sit on the counter. Both eye the WOODEN BOX. Syd empties the AMBER VIALS down the DRAIN.

ADELAIDE
Cute cactus.

SYD
I want to get a dog.

ADELAIDE
Named it?

SYD
The dog I don't have?

ADELAIDE
The plant.

SYD
Plants don't have names.

ADELAIDE
He looks like a Rodger. No. Too
formal for a cactus. Robert. Bert.
Bert The Cactus. Now all you need
is an Ernie.

Adelaide picks up a folded up SLIP OF PAPER. Unfolds it. More
curiously confused than scared by what she sees.

ADELAIDE
What's this? Why is my name on it?

The sketch is a crude design for a new CAFE.

SYD
I wanted to ask you. Ah. About
that. "Adelaide's Coffee & Syd's
Sandwiches. And Garlic Bread."

ADELAIDE
And garlic bread?

SYD
Who doesn't like garlic bread?

Off Adelaide's wry grin, Syd stares into her eyes.

His labours complete, he rests.

EXT. INTERLUDE -- SAME TIME

Chance looks to her own sister, Lady Hellfire. That's it,
isn't it? The end of my story?

LADY HELLFIRE
August went mad over five-thousand
years ago. He thought himself a
God, drunk with his own powers. So
many killers were sent to hunt
August, but The Above and The Below
failed. Millions died trying. So
The Chef was created. His dreams
were poisoned.

CHANCE
And now?

LADY HELLFIRE
Now The Chef is dead. Syd can live.
And when I heard that he had been
robbed of the first 24 years of his

LADY HELLFIRE (CONT'D)

life, I demanded The Above and
Below give those years to someone
else.

CHANCE

Good. You deserve to go back.

LADY HELLFIRE

I've seen too much to go back. But
you? You can have a life. A big,
beautiful, wild life.

CHANCE

No fucking way! I don't deserve it!

LADY HELLFIRE

I know. You're an entitled, spoilt
brat, but you're family. And I love
you. And I'll never stop fighting
for you.

Chance she feels it. Her heart BEATS like a war-drum. Death
is refusing her.

CHANCE

I'm scared.

LADY HELLFIRE

I love you. I love you and I know
you'll be alright.

Lady Hellfire wipes the tears from her eyes and embraces
Chance. She holds her tight.

INT. DINING ROOM, THE SINCLAIR ESTATE -- SAME TIME

In a pool of her own blood, Chance wakes. Life rushes into
her like a sun casting light through a dark ocean.

Her eyes shine purple.

She's alive. Again. And this time? This time she's not going
to waste a second trying to be someone else she isn't.

Chance Sinclair wants to live.

CUT TO BLACK.

FADE UP ON TITLE: BROIL

CREDITS ROLL.

AFTER THE CREDITS.

TITLE OVER BLACK

*Did you ever question who forged
the path you blindly follow?*

- The Divine History Soul

END OF FILM.**EXT. FOREST -- NIGHT**

The year is 1501. A flurry of SWORDS cut down SOLDIERS from all walks of life. The violence is indiscriminate. Brutal.

Wind lashes the trees as a dying WARRIOR makes his last stand on a battlefield of dead bodies. The WARRIOR cuts down a RAGGED SOLDIER. He stands over the corpses, heaving, blood on his breathe. He spots movement in the forest -

A HOODED WOMAN stands at the tree-line.

WARRIOR
You'll have to wait, Valkyrie of Valhalla. I am not dead yet-

An ARROW pierces his side. He reels, finds his feet and searches for the archer.

He looks back, but the hooded woman has disappeared.

ANOTHER ARROW - Slices through the air and into the WARRIOR'S GUT.

WARRIOR
Show your face, archer! You Raggeit! You are a coward of the highest order! If you kill me from the shadows I will haunt your from beyond, I swear --

Another ARROW strikes the WARRIOR.

WARRIOR
Oh you bastard!

An ARCHER steps from the shadows with a wry smile. He fires another ARROW into the WARRIOR'S CHEST.

ARCHER
It is I, Dougie, son of Haando, who will be your executioner--

The WARRIOR heaves his SWORD, end over end like an AXE, and IMPALES the ARCHER, almost slicing him in half!

WARRIOR
HA. HA HA HA.

The WARRIOR collapses and crawls to the ARCHER. Two opposing soldiers, sharing their dying moments together.

ARCHER
We are the final soldiers of our armies...

WARRIOR
Who won?

ARCHER
Death. The worms.

WARRIOR
You thought you won. So did I! Loki got one more joke in before our time was through. HA.

ARCHER
Life ... So close to death. Only a heartbeat.

WARRIOR
Be at peace brother in arms, you fought nobly.

ARCHER
I should have stayed in the shadows. Odin's trumpets ... Of Valhalla...

WARRIOR
I ... Hear them ... Shit.

ARCHER
It's ... The reinforcements! I'M HERE! I'm over here!

The WARRIOR pulls one of the ARROWS from his chest and DRIVES IT through the HEAD of the ARCHER.

WARRIOR
Valkyrie, I got another one for you.

The WARRIOR tries to stand but can't find his feet.

A DOZEN SOLDIERS with TORCHES, SWORDS, and AXES assemble by the TREE-LINE.

WARRIOR
Valkyrie? I'm scared.

VISION failing, the WARRIOR manages to his knees as BLUR rushes past him. The DOZEN SOLDIERS fall in an instant.

The HOODED WOMAN stands before the WARRIOR with BLOOD dripping from her SWORD. She removes the HOOD and turns to face the WARRIOR.

REVEAL:

The HOODED WOMAN is JUNE SINCLAIR.

WARRIOR
Marry me?

The WARRIOR passes out.

CUT TO:

A FIRE is started. EMBERS into the AIR. PURPLE BLOOD drips over his LIPS.

INTERLUDE

A humble FIRE BURNS as the WARRIOR wakes in FRIGHT. He stands fast and looks around. Only darkness. In the darkness ... He see's a face ... A SKELETAL BEAST with HORNS.

Then ...

Movement. He spins fast but his SWORD is caught by the bare hand of JUNE. She rips it from his hand and bites into a DRUMSTICK she holds in the other.

JUNE
Someone's feeling better. Hungry?

WARRIOR
You're no Valkyrie. Valkyrie's spirit away the dead to Valhalla. You ... You are a witchy-vampire-demon. Are you saving me to put in your soup? A ginger-bread house, perhaps?

JUNE
What?

WARRIOR
Everyone knows witchy-vampire-demons consume mighty warriors to harvest their strength.

JUNE

This is not the thank you I
expected for saving your life.

WARRIOR

I had it under control.

JUNE hands back the SWORD and moves around the FIRE.

JUNE

There were twelve well-rested,
heavily armed soldiers and you were
seconds from death.

WARRIOR

Only twelve? My farting corpse
would've been no match for them.

JUNE let's slip a smile.

JUNE

I have a confession to make. I ...
Saw you lose in Pomerania. I saw
you sold into slavery in Poland.
Saw you kill your masters in
Naples.

WARRIOR

I am my own master.

JUNE

Yes you are. They are writing
stories about you. You are being
immortalized in myth and song.
Eleven years of warring just to
hunt down an army of mercenaries
who razed your village.

WARRIOR

The Gods denied my justice, so I
hunted them myself. The real
question is, why are you so
interested in me?

JUNE

I've seen many try for revenge, but
so few have ever succeeded. How
does it feel?

WARRIOR

You killed the last of them?

JUNE nods. The WARRIOR throws his SWORD to the ground. He
laughs through tears of relief.

WARRIOR

I feel like I can breathe again. I
shouldn't take pleasure from this,

WARRIOR (CONT'D)

but I can't help it. They will kill
no more families for their sick
pleasure. I feel ... Free.

The WARRIOR begins to move ... He's dancing. He doesn't stop
for the entire scene, eventually inching closer to JUNE until
he's seated by her.

JUNE

Good. Live a little life. No more
heroics. Become an old man who
likes to fish and drink. You may
stay a night in these woods, then
you must leave.

WARRIOR

Excellent. Then where are we going?

JUNE

Perhaps I am not making myself
clear...

WARRIOR

Chance and Luck.

JUNE

Excuse me?

WARRIOR

Chance and Luck have brought us
together, so they will be the names
of our children.

JUNE

What children?

WARRIOR

Ours.

JUNE

You're a crazy person.

WARRIOR

Crazy in love.

JUNE

We just met.

WARRIOR

I know! I didn't believe in love at
first sight. Yet here we are. You
don't think it would work out for
us?

JUNE

What if I was to say I'm the eldest
of seven children from my father's
seven dead wives. That my father
has gone by many names Satan.

JUNE (CONT'D)

Kölski. Vortigern. Al-Shaitan.
 Dracula. The Infernal Sinclair....
 That he is a domineering prick with
 power beyond comprehension. That he
 controls all of the silver mines in
 Europe and his wealth could buy any
 kingdom he wanted. What if I were a
 kind of creature who must consume
 human blood to survive. If I spend
 too long in the light I burn. Oh,
 and I stopped aging eighteen
 hundred years ago.

WARRIOR

Brilliant.

JUNE

I would watch you grow old and die.

WARRIOR

So they won't sag.

JUNE

My breasts?

WARRIOR

Yes, if you do not age you won't be
 tucking them into your belt anytime
 soon.

JUNE

Watch your tongue or you will lose
 it.

WARRIOR

You feel it, right? This?

JUNE

I feel I saved the life of an
 idiot.

WARRIOR

Are you another mans?

JUNE

I am my own woman.

WARRIOR

Yes you are. I am free now. Truly.
 And you have Daddy-Issues. How
 about this. Share your power with
 me, and will both stay our
 beautiful selves. We spend 500
 years together, having fun. Then in
 501 years, we will start a family.
 And I will never pick up a sword
 unless you ask me to. I am yours.
 If you will have me.

The WARRIOR looks down. His hand lies open. She traces the lines of his hand unconsciously. Meets his smiling eyes.

JUNE

You would have to forsake your name.

WARRIOR

Done.

JUNE

Tolerate my family.

WARRIOR

My patience would make Sisyphus weep.

JUNE

Then I will give you one day. Then another. And we will go on until you fail me.

WARRIOR

And if I never fail you?

JUNE

Well. We'll have 500 years to think of better names for our children than Chance and Luck.

TITLE OVER BLACK: 500 YEARS LATER.

CHANCE

LADY HELLFIRE (O.C.)

You know I don't remember you being this ... Fudging dark.

CHANCE

Go to Hell. Oh wait.

(beat)

If only I'd seen ... If Mom and Dad had of just told me the truth...

Sensing movement, CHANCE turns fast - Finds nothing but DARKNESS. The DEMON has vanished.

LADY HELLFIRE (O.C.)

They had their reasons. The lies we tell our family to protect them usually tear us apart.

OFF CHANCE looking back at the fire ... CAMERA TRACK FORWARD into the flames ... OPENING CREDITS play over the FIRE ...

EXT. FOREST/FIELD, SINCLAIR ESTATE -- DAY

CUT FROM: CHANCE, a day after she's been dropped off to live with August.

After untangling HAIR from a TREE-BRANCH, CHANCE trudges on, BACKPACK on shoulder, running away. As she reaches a clearing--

CHANCE

(sotto)

It's not running away if you're running back home, right? You can hitchhike back to Vancouver, say 'Mom, Dad, I'll be good I swear, I can go back to school' and--AHHHH!

NOVEMBER stands atop a ridge, a SWORD over his shoulder. The sword is LUXSBANE. AUGUST sits in the shade of an umbrella, reading a BROADSHEET NEWSPAPER, face-hidden.

NOVEMBER

Good. You're right on time. Put your bags down and get ready.

CHANCE

Ready for what?

NOVEMBER

Luxsbane has been in our family since the first days. Tradition dictates a Sinclair must learn how to wield it. Me?

CHANCE

I'm a lover, not a - WHAT THE FUCK!

NOVEMBER hurls the SWORD - CHANCE ducks as the SWORD slices into a tree. CHANCE circles around NOVEMBER as -

CHANCE

(lying)

Hey, you know you're my favourite uncle, right? Uncle No-no?

NOVEMBER

(retrieving SWORD)

Hope you can fight better than you lie.

CHANCE

Are you getting itchy? Mom said I can't be in the sun for more than ten minutes a day

CHANCE pushes NOVEMBER. NOVEMBER doesn't budge. He pushes her back easily.

NOVEMBER

She lied. It's more like an hour
before the Sinclair Sunburn gets so
bad you'll try to CUT--

NOVEMBER lunges again. CHANCE twists out of the way.

NOVEMBER

--your own head off.

CHANCE

So I should go back just to be
safe? Okay, cool.

NOVEMBER

Don't you move. Being a Sinclair is
a privilege. Loyalty. Power.
Wealth. Sure. We can't tan. But if
you fall in line? You will want for
nothing.

CHANCE

I know Mom and Dad abandoned me
here to learn how to be all proper
and nice ... But I'm not about this
life! This ain't me!

NOVEMBER

Then 'what' do you think you are?

CHANCE looks to AUGUST, he doesn't lower his book.

CHANCE

Am I allowed to sat I say ... 'I
don't know yet?'

NOVEMBER

The Art of The Divine by John
Martin. First book on the last
shelf in the study. Might help you
see what a Sinclair's duty is--

AUGUST clears his throat. *Not the time.*

NOVEMBER lunges again, pulls CHANCE into a headlock, SWORD to
throat.

NOVEMBER

If you want to get out of this
house alive? Learn how to win.
Again.

CUT TO - Montage of a 'year in the life of Chance'.

EXT. INTERLUDE -- CONTINUOUS

After CHANCE spots the Chef in the Sinclair Kitchen

THROUGH the fire, Lady Hellfire uses a HANDKERCHIEF to clean the BLOOD from CHANCE'S HANDS.

CHANCE

Sydney didn't deserve any of this.
I do. I tried to ... I tried to
kill that flannel-wearing...

REVEAL who CHANCE has been speaking with: LUCK SINCLAIR. 20.
Poised. Picks at a CHOCOLATE DONUT.

LADY HELLFIRE

Every family has it's monsters. We
just make it look good. Sometimes.
You. Know. When we're not murdering
and pillaging and harvesting and--

CHANCE

How come I couldn't see what we
were?

Lady Hellfire as if she were about to perform at The Globe.

LADY HELLFIRE

Nobody ever accused you of being
selfless. If love and anger are the
oldest emotions, denial is a close
third. Take Dear Mother: She too
longed to be more than her family
permitted, and oh how fate
conspired to serve her a poisoned
dish, for the pyrrhic battle
between *Familial Obligation* and
Individual Expression is as old as
time!

CHANCE

Shakespeare?

LADY HELLFIRE

Yours truly.

CHANCE

It's a little much.

LADY HELLFIRE

Have you met me?

Ernest beat.

CHANCE

Could I have stopped this?

LADY HELLFIRE

You almost ruined it. Tonight has been five thousand years in the making. Five thousand years for one meal. One attempt to take the life of August Sinclair. Forces Above and Below conspired to forge the perfect killer--

CHANCE

Me?

LADY HELLFIRE

Ahhhahaha! Of course not. So cute. I'm talking about Sydney! The Chef. The toy soldier who never knew he had a key in his back, following orders he never knew he could refuse...

Lady Hellfire's smile falters. Memories. Violent ones.

CHANCE

What happened to you? ... After...

LADY HELLFIRE

My story isn't your story. That's what family is, I think. One big story. Each generation a new chapter, each secret unfairly affecting their decedents. Yet, without the passing of our ancestors we seldom reflect on the lives they've lead. We rarely question if we're living our own life, or if we're living in someone else's idea of who we should be.

CHANCE

Now whose the 'fudging dark' one.

CHANCE takes the rest of the DONUT.

LADY HELLFIRE

Death isn't dark. But living without being free? That is. Dad knew that. When you were born he asked August for our freedom. And August ripped out his tongue.

CHANCE

He told us he was born mute. I'm so sick ... Of not even knowing when I'm being lied to. Who is Sydney?

CUT TO: Syd in the snowy forest, experiencing the nightmare.

INT. KITCHEN PANTRY, SINCLAIR ESTATE -- NIGHT

CHANCE, anxious and bored, waits in the kitchen pantry.

JUNE (O.C.)
(from the living room)
Where is my child!

CHANCE
What the fuck is going on out
there...

CHANCE backs away and accidentally grabs the CORD for the LIGHT, yanks it -

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. INTERLUDE -- NIGHT

CHANCE appears, the EDISON LIGHT BULB and CORD above her. Horrified, she spots -

LADY HELLFIRE hovers by the CAMPFIRE, stoking it idly.

LADY HELLFIRE
If anyone finds out Lady Hellfire
struggles to light a campfire...
(spotting CHANCE, she
drops to the ground)
Smitt fudge damn sweet googley-
moogley. You're early. Um. Let me
explain. The veil between here and
the Sinclair Estate is quite thin--

CHANCE
(terrified)
Stop talking whaaaaat is going on?
Wait. I know you. You're ... You--

Behind CHANCE stands the THREE HORNED DEMON...

LADY HELLFIRE
Serenity now, deep breathes. Game
face time. Give 'em hell! Ha.
Little joke. See ya soon.

CHANCE snaps into 'attack mode' as a slightly frantic Lady Hellfire waves her hand. The CORD pulls down. CHANCE disappears.

AUGUST (PRE-LAP) (O.C.)
May. Fetch Chance.

****CUT TO** CHANCE with FRYING PAN smacking MAY.**

EXT. INTERLUDE -- DUSK

TIGHT ON: CHANCE and DAKOTA'S hands battle for control of the KNIFE. In a flash, DAKOTA jerks it up and it's driven into CHANCE'S THROAT. The KNIFE is pulled back as CHANCE grabs her throat... BLOOD flowing over her hands.

CHANCE
(barely)
I'm sorry.

CHANCE falls to the grassy ground, gasps for air...

PULL WIDE: A CAMPFIRE burns in a wet forest clearing. ABOVE it hovers a FIGURE, terrifying, silhouetted by the flames.

CHANCE
What the ... Where am AHHHHHH!

FIGURE
Oh. Damn. Sorry.

The FIGURE realizes CHANCE is afraid. They drop down to beside the FIRE, revealing who they are - LUCK SINCLAIR (20). Friendly. One could say she's happy go lucky. She doesn't know what to with her hands. Decides to wave.

LADY HELLFIRE
Oh, I wanted to make an epic entrance and I scared you. I knew I'd screw this up. That's better and right on time this time! Hello!
Again. Hi.

Lady Hellfire takes a step forward...

CHANCE
STAY BACK! STAY AWAY! DEMON-LADY-

LADY HELLFIRE
Um. Would you like a sword? Would a sword make you feel safer?

CHANCE
What? YES!

LADY HELLFIRE
Well why didn't you say so.

CHANCE looks down - a SWORD has appeared in her HANDS!

CHANCE
WHERE THE FUCK DID THIS COME FROM!

CHANCE runs off into the forest, exiting camera left.

LADY HELLFIRE
Three ... Two ... One.

CHANCE appears from camera right.

CHANCE
But. That doesn't make sense!

LADY HELLFIRE
I know this is all very strange but
you've really got no choice but to
trust me.
(beat)
Now give me a hug.

CHANCE raises the SWORD and tepidly steps back. *Stay back!*

CHANCE
Am I really...

LADY HELLFIRE
Afraid so.

CHANCE
She just...

CHANCE makes the motion of the KNIFE entering her THROAT.

LADY HELLFIRE
Yep.

CHANCE
You know I thought God would be
more ... *Hi, I'm Morgan Freeman.*

LADY HELLFIRE
Oh, please. I'm no god. Use your
head, stupid.

CHANCE
Wait ... Luck?

LADY HELLFIRE
The one and only and as adorable as
ever.

CHANCE
But ... You were...

LADY HELLFIRE
And now I'm ta-da! Time doesn't
work the same way here way is does
there. Don't be such a Capricorn,
enjoy the ineffable moment--

CHANCE
Mom and Dad? Are they here?

Lady Hellfire approaches, brimming with nervous energy, but
CHANCE circles around the CAMPFIRE, keeping her distance.

LADY HELLFIRE

Mom and Dad are together. Happy.
 And The Chef? Well, if all goes to
 plan "The Chef" dies. Right now
 he's counting down until the Arch
 Hemlock takes effect, but he's off
 by two seconds and... I'm rambling.

CHANCE

No. Nope. This isn't happening.

LADY HELLFIRE

It's been happening since 'August,'
 actually, he's gone by many names-
 Bilé, Kólski, Al-Shaitan, Dracula,
 The Infernal Revelation-since he
 stole the King of Horn's heart,
 like, ripped it from their chest.
 To restore the karmic balance of
 The Above and The Below, The King
 of Halo's has wanted him dead for--

CHANCE

The King of what?

LADY HELLFIRE

(making a circle with her
 hands over her head)

Halos? Like ... 'ahhhh'. August was
 just a nobody in The Below,
 severing out an eternity for
 killing his brother on earth. Then
 he got lucky. Stole the Heart of
 the King of Horns, it was a huge
 thing, epic, there were SunDragons
 and ... August, with the Heart of
 the King of Horns, he's been all-
 powerful. Sinclair's need human
 blood to stay young though, and in
 the sun we maybe turn to ash, and
 then there's arch hemlock...

CHANCE

We're totally fucking vampires.

LADY HELLFIRE

But August's grown mad. Demented by
 time. He has to be stopped. This is
 the last attempt to recover the
 King of Horns heart. balance soon,
 The Above will just erase
 everything, start over.

CHANCE

How the hell does someone steal a
 Heart?

LADY HELLFIRE

It's quite easy once you figure out
where they keep it. How else did
you think Sinclair's got their
power?

CHANCE

Super-powers from a stolen organ
isn't the first thing that comes to
mind!

LADY HELLFIRE

I know this is a lot. We didn't ask
for this. Think of this as little
'Interlude' between the Above and
Below. Please. We haven't got long
before August finds us. I've waited
so, so long to see you.

CUT TO - Return to the DINING ROOM.

EXT. INTERLUDE -- CONTINUOUS

INTERCUT with SYD and ADELAIDE talking at FREDDIE'S DINER.

LADY HELLFIRE

The Above and The Below spent five thousand years trying to destroy August. Every army they sent was cut down. So The Above forged the 'The Chef.' Someone August was guaranteed to underestimate. Smart. Deadly. Fixated. The Above poisoned Sydney's dreams with voices telling him to kill. He thought he was mad. He hated himself because he was forced to be something he wasn't.

CHANCE

And now?

LADY HELLFIRE

He's free.

CHANCE

I'm happy for him. Really.

LADY HELLFIRE

After I learned of their plan, I left The Above and made a deal with them and The Below. Sydney was robbed of the first 24 years of his life, so I demanded those years be given to someone else.

CHANCE

Good. You deserve it.

LADY HELLFIRE

After ... After I started walking a new path ...
I found my purpose. You could say The Hells I went through made me who I am. Stronger and happier than ever. I want that for you. I've seen too much to go back, but...

CHANCE

No. NO. I--I don't deserve it.

LADY HELLFIRE

You're absolutely right. You're an entitled, spoilt brat who happens to be my sister and ... You don't deserve this, but you're going to fucking take this opportunity to ... Find out whoever you are.

CHANCE

Please. I'm scared. I... I...

CHANCE feels it. Faint. Inside her chest. *Life*. The BLOOD on her hands disappears. *Don't make this harder than it is.*

CHANCE
I...

LADY HELLFIRE
I know. I love you. I love you, and
I know you'll be alright.

Lady Hellfire takes her sister's face in her hands. Then. She slaps her.

CHANCE disappears. As the fire burns, Lady Hellfire looks to the horizon. *I hope this was worth it.*

CUT TO: CHANCE wakes on the floor of the living room in the Sinclair Estate.

END OF FILM.

EXT. INTERLUDE -- NIGHT

Lady Hellfire, by the campfire, ponders out loud as she pulls another DONUT from thin air.

LADY HELLFIRE
(sotto)
I can't believe it. I negotiated
the trade to resurrect her ... I
did all this ... And ... And she
didn't even say *thank you!*
(turns to face the
shadows)
Enjoy the show, you Heartless
Bastard?

The KING OF HORNS emerges from the forest and stands to her right. Gravely injured. Laboured breathing. Weak. Seen only in silhouette.

KING OF HORNS
Even ... With August dead ... Only
a Sinclair can recover my Heart
from his Estate. Fulfil your part
of the deal.

LADY HELLFIRE
Fine.

Lady Hellfire reaches into a VOID and ... PULLS out the VASE which contains the HEART of the KING OF HALOS. She opens the VASE.

LADY HELLFIRE
Oh. Is that it?

KING OF HORNS
Hand it over.

LADY HELLFIRE
Bet you never guessed Luck the
Chancer and Chance the Lucky would
win it all. Scared?

KING OF HORNS
Terrified.

LADY HELLFIRE
Good.

With a CLICK of her fingers, the KING OF DEMONS disappears.
His striking GOLD SUNGLASSES drop to the ground. Lady
Hellfire picks them up and stretches back into frame. THREE
HORNS now stick out of her head. *Fantastic.*

Lady Hellfire clicks her fingers and a PIT appears in the
ground throwing PURPLE LIGHT and SMOKE over Interlude. She
jumps in. The PIT vanishes.

The CAMPFIRE sits empty, fire burning.

END.