

# BL DLIST



FRESH BLOOD SELECTS

# **INNER BEAST**

PILOT

by

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EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

**SUPER: PINE BARRENS, NEW JERSEY, APRIL 1996**

Stars shine. A keen astronomer might see the glint of Saturn.

Down below, a breeze whispers through pines.

Maggots eat a dead deer on a track.

A WOMAN-BLUR darts through trees.

Pounds her feet. Hands bloodied. Eyes frantic.

A GUNSHOT CRACKS -- blasts a branch inches away.

She dives behind a felled tree.

A pickup truck tramples shrubs. A searchlight scans. A SILHOUETTE with a rifle stands in the truck's tray. Reloads.

The silhouette comes into focus. Meet ELI BARKER (27). Pot belly. Leather jacket. Thinks he's Indiana Jones. He isn't.

ELI

We know you're there -- you stink!

The woman bolts -- branches lash her. A GUNSHOT whizzes by.

But the truck doesn't move. Eli thumps the roof.

ELI (CONT'D)

Move it!

EXT./INT. ELI'S TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Eli leans into the truck's sunroof. At the wheel: RADLEY (24), glasses and a bowl cut. Eli's rattled, nerdy brother.

RADLEY

We agreed to use the tranquilizer.

ELI

I dropped it -- I didn't anticipate your erratic driving.

RADLEY

You try driving through a forest!

ELI

Just move it, chicken-dick!

Radley floors it -- Eli stumbles on his ass.

EXT. GAS STATION - MOMENTS LATER

The woman bursts from the trees toward a rundown gas station.

Her sprint morphs into a limp -- a foot has torn through a sneaker, revealing a cloven hoof.

WOMAN

Oh, come on!

GUNSHOTS echo -- the woman ducks behind a rotting car near the pumps. Breath steam rises from her concealed spot.

The truck SQUEALS onto the road. Heads for the gas station.

PREY'S POV: scans for an escape -- spots the restroom door.

She dashes for it -- rattles the doorknob. It's locked. Shit.

Truck headlights zero in.

INT. GAS STATION - MOMENTS LATER

GRIFF, an old haggard attendant, gawks at a fuzzy TV. An evangelist peddles fear:

TV EVANGELIST

*The beast that ascendeth out of the  
bottomless pit shall make war  
against them, and shall overcome  
them, and slaughter them... And  
now, for a small monthly donation  
of just 29.99 you can have your  
very own doomsday survival package.*

A bell dings as the door opens. The woman slips in behind a VHS spinner display of scuzzy adult films.

WOMAN (O.S.)

The restroom... please.

Without looking, Griff flings her a key.

GRIFF

Don't flush no Tampax.

INT. GAS STATION RESTROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The door slams. A fluorescent light buzzes. Hair hangs over the basin. She catches her breath. Eyes rise to the mirror.

But looking back at her is something not human:

Jet black eyes. An elongated face. Fang-like teeth. Ram horns sprout. Pterodactyl-like wings extend.

This is FRAN LLOYD.

A JERSEY DEVIL.

FRAN

What the actual fuck?...

The doorknob rattles -- Fran turns in fear.

BANG -- her hunters thump the door.

She wheezes in panic.

BANG! -- the door, almost off its hinges.

Eyes dilate.

BANG!! -- the door RUPTURES --

A RED TITLE EXPLODES:

## **INNER BEAST**

EXT. MEDFORD - MORNING

**SUPER: 15 HOURS EARLIER**

A SERIES OF SHOTS of a postcard-perfect town.

-- A "WELCOME TO MEDFORD, NEW JERSEY" sign.

-- The shimmering Medford Lakes.

-- The historic Kirby's Mill.

-- ZACH, a shitty teen on a bike, swipes apples from a stall.

-- The village where TOWNSFOLK enjoy the morning. Except one:

EXT. CAROL'S HOUSE - MORNING

ASHLEY (5), glasses and a Rugrats tee, SCREAMS.

CAROL (25), in high mom-jeans, dashes out. Ashley points to:

Fur, entrails and gore over the porch. A bloodied dog's bowl.

ASHLEY  
Something ate Beethoven...

INT. FRAN'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Morning sun slices through blinds onto a WOMAN sleeping.  
Bedsheets rustle.

A CLAW creeps up the woman's leg -- a beastly nail digs in.  
The woman bolts up in bed. SHRIEKS. It's FRAN, all-human.

But there's no beast grabbing her. It's DARIUS (25). An  
annoyingly photogenic cop -- his hand on her thigh.

DARIUS  
Happy Birthday! You're exactly 28.

Fran grabs antacids and chews them. Winces at the child-like  
letters on the wall: "HAPPY BIRTHDAY. YOU'RE FRAN-TASTIC."

FRAN  
Wow... You shouldn't have.

Fran rises but Darius slaps a breakfast tray on her lap.

DARIUS  
You deserve it.

FRAN  
I didn't know we were at the  
"celebrating birthdays" stage.

DARIUS  
Ha, you're funny. Why would I get  
the date tattooed?

Darius rolls a sleeve to reveal a mangled tattoo of Fran's  
face with her birthdate underneath. Fran looks uncomfortable.

FRAN  
That's so... permanent.

A clock TICKS to 7:30am.

FRAN (CONT'D)  
Shit. I can't be late -- not today.

Fran puts the breakfast tray aside. Hurries to her closet.  
Flings out dresses. Can't decide.

DARIUS  
Even if you don't get the job, it's  
not the end of the world.

FRAN

Yeah, it's only my lifelong dream.

DARIUS

I have it on good authority you'll smash it out of the park.

FRAN

What makes you so sure?

Darius unfolds a newspaper. Opens it to the horoscopes:

DARIUS

Aries. In a work situation you're feeling unsure about, an unexpected result will surprise you.

FRAN

That's oddly specific.  
 (grabs the paper, reads)  
 Your family's history is the key to helping you deal with your future. Seek the answers from your parents.

DARIUS

Ooh, call them now!

FRAN

As if they could help with anything. Maybe if I wanted to know how to make acid...  
 (clocks his cop uniform)  
 Not that they do that, or sell it. And definitely not to minors.

Darius looks oblivious. Takes the newspaper.

DARIUS

Oh. It says your hot cop boyfriend has another birthday surprise for you... Eat up, you'll see.

Darius sits Fran on the bed. He airplanes a spoon of oatmeal. She takes a mouthful. Her teeth bite something hard.

FRAN

OWW!

Spits in her palm to see a diamond ring cracked into two.

DARIUS

You just bit a diamond in half?!

INT. FRAN'S BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Fran stands bewildered at the mirror. She looks in her mouth.  
Long canine teeth shrink to normal size.

FRAN  
You're kidding me?

DARIUS (O.S.)  
Not at all, babe.

INTERCUT - INT. FRAN'S BATHROOM / BEDROOM

Pressed against the bathroom door, Darius listens.

DARIUS  
I'm ready to make us official...

Fran doesn't know what to say.

Darius' police radio blasts garbled noise he somehow hears.

DARIUS (CONT'D)  
Oh gotta go. Something's up at that  
new bookstore. Break a leg today.  
Don't worry I'll exchange the ring.

He grabs his hat and keys. Admires his crappy birthday sign.

Fran hears the front door click. Exhales.

INT. CAROL'S CAR - MORNING

Carol, in her Range Rover, glares from across the road at:

Darius, outside the quirky MEDFORD OCCULT & MAGICK BOOKSTORE,  
interviewing Eli and Radley (the hunters from before).

CAROL  
The Lord will smite you with  
madness and with blindness.

Carol angles her rearview at a numb Ashley in the back seat.

CAROL (CONT'D)  
(bubbly)  
Justice is about to be served,  
sweetie!

But Darius shakes hands with Eli and Radley. Strolls to his  
police car, not at all suspicious of the pair.

EXT. BOOKSTORE - CONTINUOUS

Carol storms from her car toward Darius.

CAROL  
Cuff them! They murdered Beethoven!

ELI  
Pretty sure he's been dead for years.

Carol lunges at Eli -- Darius holds her back.

DARIUS  
Carol. Easy.

Carol points to Ashley in her car.

CAROL  
My baby's innocence died today.

RADLEY  
Just a misunderstanding, Carol.  
Come in for a coffee? We can chat --

CAROL  
I know what goes on in there.

Carol huffs at Eli's "Intense Hammer Rage" metal band tee.

CAROL (CONT'D)  
Bad things. Ungodly things. Ever  
since you slithered back into town  
from the hell you crawled out of --

ELI  
What, Ottawa? --

CAROL  
A whole lotta pets got butchered. I  
suppose that's a coincidence?

DARIUS  
There's quite a history of pet  
mutilations in Medford. We've been  
looking into it for years. But I'll  
be darned if we can't figure it  
out. I guess we'll never know.

Carol glares.

DARIUS (CONT'D)  
Since that's settled, I'd love to  
hear all your thoughts on this.

Darius pulls out a brochure of Kirby's Mill.

DARIUS (CONT'D)  
Whattaya think of Kirby's Mill as a  
wedding location? Perfect right?

Eli, Radley and Carol stare. Coy, Darius pockets the brochure.

DARIUS (CONT'D)  
I'll keep researching.

ELI  
The invitation's still open, Carol.  
Come on in... We've got an  
extensive section on witches.

CAROL  
The Lord's gonna rip you to shreds,  
like you did to my dog!

ELI  
(turns serious)  
Shreds?... You happen to see claw  
marks at the scene? Hoof prints?

CAROL  
What?

ELI  
Mind if we take a look at your dead  
dog? I mean what's left of it.

Carol launches herself at Eli -- Darius catches her.

CAROL  
I won't rest until the entire  
county knows what you've done.

Darius guides a kicking and screaming Carol to her car.

CAROL (CONT'D)  
Satanists! Lowlifes!...  
(struggling for an insult)  
Bozos!

EXT./INT. FRAN'S CAR - MORNING

The sky-blue WMED building -- Medford's local TV network.  
Fran's Volkswagen Beetle rumbles into the parking lot.

She kills the engine. Finds a CD labeled "RELAX FRAN". Slides  
it in the deck. Panpipes play. She immediately ejects it.

WOOSH -- Fran jolts as her raptor-like co-worker, JOELLE (21), breathes on the driver's window.

FRAN  
Joelle...

JOELLE  
Today's the day!

Fran nudges out of the car with her purse. Heads for the WMED building. Joelle trots by her side.

JOELLE (CONT'D)  
Two editorial assistants vying for the same job. The scrappy young upstart versus the veteran who's tried to make it as a reporter so *many* times.

Fran wants to rip off Joelle's face. Smiles. Walks faster.

INT. TV STUDIO NEWSROOM - MINUTES LATER

Fran carves a path through her buzzing CO-WORKERS and finds a big bunch of birthday balloons on her desk.

Fran's desk phone flashes. She hits play:

JOY & CLEM (V.O.)  
(voice message)  
Happy 28th birthday, Frangipani.  
See you tonight.

A long silence.

JOY (V.O.)  
It's Mom!

CLEM (V.O.)  
And Dad!

Fran shifts the balloons. Recoils to see Joelle in her chair.

JOELLE  
Wow, 28. When I turned 21 I was like, holy shit, I've only got five TV years left. The industry's so tough on women. I mean, look at *this* guy.

Joelle points to GREG (40s), the baggy-suited news editor. A goatee hanging off his chin like an afterthought.

JOELLE (CONT'D)  
He just loves pitting women against  
each other. Like, whoever gets the  
role, it's a win for intelligent  
women like us, right?

Joelle reads the card on the balloon gift:

JOELLE (CONT'D)  
To my finance?

FRAN  
It says fiancé.

JOELLE  
(seething jealousy)  
You? You're engaged?  
(catches herself)  
Congrats! So happy for you.

Joelle crushes Fran in an awkward hug.

JOELLE (CONT'D)  
Look at us, just two gals both  
hungry for that big break -- well  
not that hungry.

Joelle pats Fran's belly. Fran swipes her hand away.

GREG (O.S.)  
Gross!

Fran whips around. Greg's standing there, holding a Polaroid  
of the bloodied remains of Carol's dog.

GREG (CONT'D)  
Another dismembered pet. It'll take  
an assload of bleach to clean that.  
(notices the balloons)  
Ah Fran, see the cake I made you?

Greg points to a pathetic creamed cake near the copier.

FRAN  
Thanks Greg... Appreciate it.

GREG  
I left it out overnight, so maybe  
eat it soonish.

Greg gives the dog photo to Joelle.

GREG (CONT'D)

Word has it, the Barker Brothers are involved. Lisa called in sick. Joelle, think you can handle a live cross for the 11am update?

JOELLE

One final chance to show my on-location skills before you decide who gets the reporter gig?... OK.

Joelle looks ecstatic. Fran feels her chance slipping away.

FRAN

I was tight with Eli back in school. Maybe he'd open up --

Greg snatches the Polaroid from Joelle and gives it to Fran.

GREG

Perfect. It's yours. Push the Satan-worship angle. Maybe it'll be the next West Memphis Three... Oh man, that'd be fuckin' awesome.

Joelle looks gutted. Begs Greg:

JOELLE

But *I'm* working on the pet deaths.

GREG

Sweet. You can assist Fran.

Greg strolls off. Joelle fumes. Fran gathers her purse.

FRAN

Meet you at the van.

INT. TV STUDIO RESTROOM - MOMENTS LATER

At the mirror, Fran checks her teeth. Nothing freakish. Joelle appears in the reflection as Fran washes her hands.

FRAN

You considered wearing a bell?

JOELLE

After the camera test, I really felt sorry for you, and for the interviewee, when you puked on him.

FRAN

That's not what happened!

JOELLE

Just helping you see the funny side. Anxiety's the worst.

Mad, Fran turns the water off. The faucet crushes in her hand.

Joelle gasps at Fran's bizarre strength.

FRAN

Weird. Must be rusted.

Fran drops the cracked faucet into the basin. Water SPURTS from the broken spout onto Fran's face.

Joelle barely hides her glee.

INT. BOOKSTORE - MORNING

Among eccentric books and wares, Fran reads notes, preparing for the live-cross. Her "Rachel" hair ruined from the water.

Eli stretches to show off his biceps but reveals his belly.

ELI

All these years, you've probably been thinking what it would've been like if we stayed together.

FRAN

Never crossed my mind --

ELI

Probably been wondering what I've been doing all this time.

FRAN

Nope --

ELI

Traveling the globe. Meeting gurus. Working on my body and soul. I read The Celestine Prophecy. Twice.

Fran notices an eerie old book in a locked glass cabinet. A picture of the Jersey Devil etched on its cover.

FRAN

What's that?

ELI

Some ancient shit about the Jersey Devil. The definitive text, according to Rads.

Radley steps in front of the cabinet, protective.

RADLEY  
It's not for sale.

Joelle appears behind Fran.

JOELLE  
You're on in thirty seconds. Let me  
know if you need to barf.

Joelle holds up a cup. Fran yanks Eli and slips past her.

EXT. BOOKSTORE - MOMENTS LATER

Townsfolk watch a nervous Fran interviewing Eli.

FRAN  
I'm here with, uh, store owner Eli  
Barker... I understand you're a bit  
unpopular with the neighbors?

ELI  
Not at all.

From the crowd, Carol yells:

CAROL  
You suck from Satan's poisoned teat!

ELI  
(smiles through it)  
Jersey has a history of myths and  
spooky stuff. Our shop's just  
celebrating that. Some folks might  
not like what we're doing. They  
might wonder why we spelled magic  
with a K --

FRAN  
Why?

ELI  
It looks cool... Look, all I'm  
saying is, those people worried  
about our shop should just come by  
and check us out. They might find  
something they like.  
(winks at Fran)  
You might find something you like.

FRAN  
 (ignoring his advances)  
 There have been allegations of  
 Satanism --

ELI  
 (laughs)  
 Satanism? We're just regular Jersey  
 boys. We're into normal stuff, like  
 Jesus and pork roll. And Bon Jovi.

FRAN  
 What do you know about the  
 dismembered pets?

ELI  
 Fran. We're entrepreneurs who saw  
 an opportunity in the promising  
 bookstore industry. Who doesn't  
 love bookstores? I mean, it's not  
 like people'll stop goin' to them.

Fran notices her mic hand. A DEMONIC CLAW grows where her  
 index fingernail should be. She switches hands. Tenses up.

FRAN  
 Uhm... So, uh, how many books do  
 you have?

INTERCUT - EXT. BOOKSTORE / INT. TV STUDIO CONTROL BOOTH

Greg, wearing a clunky headset, looks at Fran on the monitor:

GREG  
 The hell are you doing, Fran?

Sweat rolls down Fran's agitated face.

ELI  
 Uh... a few thousand, I guess.

FRAN  
 Wow. Sounds amazing. There's  
 nothing freaky going on here. Back  
 to you Barb and Bill.

Fran hides her claw. Drops the mic. Darts out of shot. Eli  
 looks down the lens, awkwardly.

INT. TV STUDIO SET - SAME TIME

BARB and BILL, two tanned mid-morning hosts, exchange a look.

BARB

Fran Knight with that... report.  
Police are yet to comment on the  
spate of pet killings in the  
Medford area... Coming up, rapper  
MC Hammer has filed for bankruptcy.

BILL

Turns out he's not Too Legit To  
Quit.

Barb fake-laughs. She hates him.

EXT. BOOKSTORE - SAME TIME

Fran jumps in a WMED NEWS van -- the engine roars to life.

Enjoying Fran's meltdown, Joelle calls out:

JOELLE

I'm sure this won't affect Greg's  
decision!

Fran speeds past a smirking Joelle and a confused Eli.

EXT./INT. VAN - CONTINUOUS

Wheezing in panic, Fran swerves around street corners. She  
hits the brakes -- the van SPINS OUT.

She looks at her hands: clawless. Is she losing her mind?

Up ahead on the pavement, a man walks a German Shepherd.

The car phone RINGS, startling Fran. She answers it.

FRAN

Greg, I can explain!

INTERCUT - INT. VAN / INT. TV STUDIO CONTROL BOOTH

On the phone, Greg looks irate.

GREG

Great. 'Cause I was about to offer  
Joelle the permanent job. Then I  
thought, Fran's a pro. She'll have  
a reason for that major screw-up.

FRAN

Yeah, it's a funny story --

Fran spots a woman leaving a coffee shop, scoffing cake.

FRAN (CONT'D)  
 Your cake! It made me sick. Really  
 sick. Explosive diarrhea sick.  
 (regrets saying that)  
 Yep, just gushing out.

She regrets saying that too.

GREG  
 That happens to me. Weak gut. My  
 advice: chew Imodiums like M&Ms.  
 Haven't had a dump this week, and I  
 feel goddamn great.

FRAN  
 Thanks?... I'll try that.

Fran ends the call. Buries her head in her hands.

The German Shepherd JUMPS at the driver's window -- goes  
 ballistic at Fran. The man struggles to pull his dog away.

EXT. BOOKSTORE - LATER THAT DAY

Radley looks out the store window. Sweating bullets.

Eli emerges from a basement hatch behind the counter. Spreads  
 out a town map dotted in red crosses. Radley slams the hatch.

RADLEY  
 Christ -- stop leaving it open.

ELI  
 Relax, bro. No one will find out.

Eli marks a cross on the map.

ELI (CONT'D)  
 There. I've marked all the pet  
 slaughters. We'll start at Carol's.

RADLEY  
 We can't take this up with her!

ELI  
 We're not.

Radley exhales.

ELI (CONT'D)

You are. You're gonna lay on the famous Barker-boy charm while I'll take a look around.

RADLEY

No way. Carol hates us.

ELI

What makes you say that?

Through the window: Carol collects a passer-by's signature.

RADLEY

She started a petition!

ELI

Don't sell yourself short. You're a hunk. Like an older, nerdier JTT.

Radley blushes, falling prey to Eli's manipulation.

ELI (CONT'D)

If I wasn't your brother...

RADLEY

Gross.

ELI

Just sayin' dude. Look you wanna go down in the history books or what?

RADLEY

Yes. But I also want to run a thriving specialist bookstore.

ELI

You can do both. It's the 90s.

EXT. CLEM & JOY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Fran exits her VW. Heads to a small church-turned-hippy home. Wind chimes. Tibetan prayer flags. Awful garden sculptures.

Fran treads on something on the ground. She picks up a bloody collar with a "BEETHOVEN" tag -- that's odd.

A SPINE-CHILLING SCREAM from inside the house.

FRAN

Mom!

She crams the collar in her purse -- races to the front door.

INT. CLEM & JOY'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Under birthday decorations, JOY (50) has her pants down, sweating, groaning, bent over a table.

Taking her from behind: A HIDEOUS HOOFED WINGED BEAST.

FRAN

MOM!

The beast turns. Fran grabs a sculpture -- smashes its head.

BEAST

(weirdly human voice)

OWW!

Joy yanks up her fisherman's pants.

JOY

Clem! You OK?

The beast morphs. Body hair shortens. Limbs return to human length. Wings retract into its back.

CLEM

So *that* hurt.

Fran brandishes the sculpture at him. Trembling.

FRAN

What the fuck is happening? What is that thing?!

CLEM (50s) is now a pear-shaped naked man with a headache.

FRAN (CONT'D)

Dad?... Ew!

Joy strips off a tablecloth. Clem ties it around his waist.

CLEM

It's OK. We can explain.

JOY

It's the only way I can climax.

FRAN

Jesus!

JOY

When I met your father, it was a different time. We were hippies. Inter-species love wasn't as frowned upon.

Fran stifles vomit.

CLEM

You've probably been experiencing a few weird changes, right?

FRAN

I'm not *that!* I'm not a demon.

CLEM

(laughs)

No pumpkin, not many demons around here. A few vengeful ghosts. A coven of teenage witches. There was a sasquatch in '87. A family across town foolishly adopted him.

JOY

Nice guy. A real dummy though.

FRAN

The hell you talking about?

CLEM

Just saying. It's Medford. Strange stuff happens here.

FRAN

(to Joy)

So my life is ruined because you fucked a goat?

JOY

Technically sweetie, your dad's a Jersey Devil.

FRAN

They're just stories to scare kids.

CLEM

Actually, there's a few of us. How you suppose a wiry fella like Springsteen has the endurance to play four hour stadium shows?

FRAN

(struggling to process it)

Then why's it only happening now?

Clem points to a framed skyscape -- a painted version of the opening shot. Clem points out Saturn.

CLEM

It's your Saturn return. When you turn 28, Saturn's in the same part of the sky it was in at your birth. It's a time of reckoning. You find out who you truly are. I'm sure we told you?... Joy, didn't we?

Joy thinks on it.

FRAN

You didn't! I think I'd remember.

JOY

Well... Happy birthday!

BANG -- Joy pops a party popper. Fran bats away the streamers. Sees a bowl of dried mushrooms.

FRAN

You're on shrooms!

CLEM

That doesn't make it less true.

Fran wheezes. Her hand sprouts haggard claws.

FRAN

This is not happening.

CLEM

Gotta stay calm, or you won't be able to control it when you go full devil. You could be down at the diner chowing on a hoagie and BAM -- release the beast!

FRAN

Stay calm? Real easy, Dad!

JOY

It's not all bad. Guess who'll be able to open jars like a champ?

Fran throws her mom a look.

JOY (CONT'D)

How about some birthday cake?

Joy and Clem move into the kitchenette.

CLEM

I think she's handling it well.

The front door BANGS -- Fran has gone.

Clem sighs. Grabs his shirt and coat.

EXT. CAROL'S HOUSE - DUSK

A fist knocks the front door. Carol answers -- upset to see:

RADLEY

Wait! You gotta look at this.

Radley holds up a photo: it's Eli on his truck's hood. Shirt undone. Gut out. A rifle between his legs, phallus-like.

CAROL

Get that filth out of my face!

Carol tries to shut the door -- Radley catches it.

RADLEY

Eli and I were hunting in the Pine Barrens when your dog was killed. Check the date stamp.

Carol squints at the date on the photo. Suspicious.

RADLEY (CONT'D)

Carol, you know me. We sat next to each other in biology.

CAROL

Biology is an atheist conspiracy against the true word of Jesus.

RADLEY

You're so right. I was telling Eli that the other day.

She glances at the photo, then at Radley. Wavers.

INT. CAROL'S LIVING ROOM - LATER

A cross on the wall bears down on Radley as he sips coffee.

RADLEY

We ought to know the immorality we're fighting. It's why we opened an occult bookstore. Know your enemy, you get me?

CAROL  
 (nods, guilt sets in)  
 Sorry for the petition. And the  
 full-page ad in the Medford Times,  
 the letter to Senator Bradley...

RADLEY  
 You what?... I mean, all good.  
 Look, I know Eli can seem like --

CAROL  
 Satan's gaping butthole?

RADLEY  
 Uh, I guess... But he means well.

Behind Carol through the back window: Eli digs up a grave.

CAROL  
 Want a refill?

RADLEY  
 Uhm...

Carol rises to take the coffee cups to the kitchen.

RADLEY (CONT'D)  
 CAROL!

CAROL  
 What?

From the dirt, Eli yanks out the icky remains of Carol's dog.  
 Radley gulps back disgust.

CAROL (CONT'D)  
 You alright?

Thinking fast, Radley lunges for a kiss -- Carol rears back.

CAROL (CONT'D)  
 Stop -- I'm married?!

He blushes. Leans on the sofa, trying to seduce. Fails badly.

RADLEY  
 Some say I look like JTT.

CAROL  
 I don't know what that is.

RADLEY  
Jonathan Taylor Thomas? Tim "The  
Tool Man" Taylor? Home Improvement?  
(attempts Tim Allen's grunt)  
AEUHHH?... Aeuhh...

Carol has no idea what he means.

ASHLEY (O.S.)  
Mom!

Ashley runs in. Radley welcomes the distraction.

ASHLEY (CONT'D)  
There's a man digging up Beethoven!

Carol spins to the window:

Eli holds Beethoven's corpse. Flashes a guilty smile. Tries to make the situation better -- he pats the dead dog.

Carol glares at Radley who is backing out of the room.

RADLEY  
It's such a funny show. Tim's  
neighbor, right? You never see his  
face.

Carol snatches a fire poker. Furious.

EXT./INT. ELI'S TRUCK - A MOMENT LATER

Frantic, Radley rushes into Eli's truck. Fires it up.

Caked in dirt, Eli runs from the side of the house. Jumps in.

Carol chases them like a God-fearing T-1000 Terminator with a fire poker.

CAROL  
Get your necrobestyality Satan cult  
out of my home!

Radley burns rubber. Eli buckles up.

RADLEY  
Know how much trouble we're in?

ELI  
It's worth it. Whatever tore her  
dog to shreds wasn't human.

RADLEY

How do you know that?

Eli holds up a monstrous claw. Grins ear-to-ear.

INT. DIVE BAR - NIGHT

Fran drowns her sorrows. The barkeep pours her another vodka. A few stools down, a disgusting thickset DRUNK ogles Fran.

DRUNK

Are you a library book? 'Cause...  
 (forgets the second part of  
 the pickup line)  
 I, uh... wanna fuck you.

Confused and repulsed, Fran swivels from him. She jolts to see Joelle sitting beside her.

JOELLE

Chin up. You get another chance at the job. Greg's taking another day to decide.

FRAN

Whu?

JOELLE

He feels so bad his cake made you sick. He's such a decent guy. I mean after I told him how tough it is for you, considering your mental impediments. But that doesn't stop you from trying hard. As a fellow woman in media, I so admire that.

The booze rises to Fran's throat. She stumbles past Joelle.

JOELLE (CONT'D)

Frannie, your Kmart purse?

Joelle holds up Fran's purse. But Fran's out the door.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

An abnormal amount of vomit launches from Fran's mouth onto the wall. She wipes her lips.

The drunk from the bar has followed her out.

DRUNK

Hey honey. How 'bout I replenish  
you with some of my own liquid?

Unzips his pants.

DRUNK (CONT'D)

We don't hafta kiss if you're  
worried about your breath.

Fran turns. Eyes glow red. Horns sprout. She towers over him.  
A guttural ROAR. She's absolutely terrifying.

But the drunk laughs.

DRUNK (CONT'D)

Damn girl, you looked better from  
behind.

The drunk GASPS -- SPUTTERS.

Fran looks down at her arm elbow-deep inside the drunk's gut.  
Her claws burst out his back.

FRAN

Oh god...

Fran rips her hand from his abdomen. Gore spills everywhere.

The drunk collapses. Dead.

Fran freezes in shock.

Unbeknownst to Fran: at the end of the alley, ZACH, the apple-  
stealing teen from earlier, on his bike, looks on, petrified.

EXT./INT. ELI'S TRUCK - SAME TIME

Radley drives. Eli marks his map. Both dirty. Radley clocks  
the rearview: a bloody tarp covers lumps in the truck's tray.

RADLEY

What's next?

Eli points to "CLEM & JOY'S CYBER CAFE."

ELI

Four skinned cats. Found over there  
last year.

RADLEY

Oh come on. What kind of evidence  
will be still left at the scene?

ELI  
What's your plan? Wait until we  
stumble upon the Jersey Devil?

Zach cycles onto the road -- Radley SLAMS the brakes --  
misses Zach by a hair. Horrified, Zach points to the alley.

ZACH  
The Devil! I saw the Devil!

Eli and Radley swap a glance.

ELI  
Awesome plan, bro.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - CONTINUOUS

Fran crouches at the disemboweled drunk, hopelessly trying to  
stop the blood with her massive beast hands.

Tires SQUEAL -- Fran scurries to hide the body under trash.

Headlights come for her -- she ducks in a door alcove.

In the truck's tray, Eli aims a tranquilizer.

ELI  
I see you, you bastard!

THWIT -- a tranquilizer dart skims Fran's ear.

The truck's tarp blows off, momentarily stopping Eli from  
reloading. A half dozen animal carcasses at his feet.

This is Fran's chance -- she flees through the alleyway.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - LATER

Fran dashes down the road -- glances over her shoulder. Feels  
her clothes tearing -- her body still changing shape.

She tries to calm down. Breathes deep.

From nowhere, Eli's truck ROARS -- hunting her.

Fran scrambles for the darkness of the Pine Barrens.

EXT./INT. ELI'S TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

The truck skids -- hurtling into the forest -- Eli, in the  
back, barely holds on, drops the tranquilizer over the side.

ELI  
Fuck a shoe.

Eli's on all fours. Animal carcasses slide. He finds a gym bag under the gore. Unzips it. Reveals a shotgun. Loads.

EXT. FOREST - SAME

Fran darts through the trees. Frantic.

A GUNSHOT blasts a branch, inches from her.

She dives behind a felled tree.

The truck pursues. Its searchlight scans. Eli reloads.

Behind the tree, scales form on Fran's terrified face.

HARD CUT TO:

INT. GAS STATION RESTROOM - NIGHT

Fran's Jersey Devil reflection stuns her -- the door bangs.

It BANGS harder.

Fran trembles -- unsure of what to do.

The door BUSTS open.

Eli steps in, aiming his shotgun. Radley, behind him -- Fran has disappeared. Eli kicks in the cubicle. Nothing.

RADLEY  
You sure it went in here?

ELI  
I can smell it.

Flat against the ceiling, Fran in Jersey Devil-form, hovers.

SLOW-MOTION: Eli and Radley look up...

THWIT-THWIT -- Eli and Radley are shot. They crumble to the floor. Tranquilizer darts spear their necks.

FRAN  
Dad?

Clem holds Eli's tranquilizer.

CLEM  
Hiya pumpkin.

Fran morphs into human-form -- which means:

FRAN  
Ah, shit.

She crashes to the floor.

Fran's mortified to realize her torn clothes barely cover her. Looking away, Clem laughs. He wraps his coat around her.

CLEM  
I stash outfits all around town,  
for moments like these.

On her knees, Fran bursts into tears.

CLEM (CONT'D)  
Relax. You had a teensy Jersey  
Devil freakout. How bad can it be?

FRAN  
It's bad. It's so bad.

CLEM  
You and me, we grow scales and  
wings, and burn shrubs with our  
urine. Big freakin' deal. We all  
have our flaws. Just gotta embrace-

FRAN  
I KILLED A GUY! OK, Dad?

CLEM  
... Oh.

FRAN  
A drunk -- he was harassing me, and  
I snapped... I ripped his guts out.  
It was awful.

Clem helps Fran to her feet.

CLEM  
I remember my first accidental  
disembowelment. Killed my favorite  
shiatsu client. Real sweet dude.

FRAN  
So... *This?* Happens a lot?

CLEM

I probably should've mentioned, you should hunt an animal or two. Weekly. It'll stop the bloodlust.

FRAN

Yeah Dad, you probably should've.

CLEM

But the flying thing's pretty cool?

A MOAN -- Eli and Radley begin to stir.

CLEM (CONT'D)

We better go.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

Fran helps Clem drag the hefty dead drunk up to Clem's Kombi.

CLEM

So I was thinking. Maybe you should try a more chilled career. You could work for us?

FRAN

I'm not working at a yoga cafe.

CLEM

Oh, now it's cyber cafe.

Clem drops the body and pulls out a flier. 90s fonts barf out "CLEM & JOY'S CYBER CAFE." It baffles Fran.

CLEM (CONT'D)

Haven't you heard about the world wide web?

FRAN

Yes, Dad. The internet will revolutionize journalism. Everyone will have the truth at the click of a button.

CLEM

(a beat)

Just saying, you may want to give live TV a rest.

FRAN

You want me to give up everything I've worked for?

Clem and Fran lift the drunk half into the Kombi. The drunk's trousers catch the towbar, revealing an oddly flat penis.

CLEM

Ding-dongs come in all shapes,  
don't they?

Fran sighs. They heave the drunk into the vehicle. Clem shuts the trunk. Fran notices his bandaged finger.

FRAN

So Carol's dog... that was you?

CLEM

I don't know what Carol fed him.  
But I had the runs all yesterday.

FRAN

I found the dog's collar on your  
lawn. Lucky I picked it up...

She pats her shoulder for her purse -- obviously not there. Fran lets out a frustrated groan. Rushes off.

INT. DIVE BAR - MOMENTS LATER

Fran beelines for the barkeep who is cleaning up.

FRAN

Hey, did I happen to leave a --

Joelle appears with Fran's purse. She eyes Fran's odd outfit.

JOELLE

You were in such a rush to go. I  
guess to put on your party clothes?

Fran takes her purse. Looks in it. The dog collar's gone.

JOELLE (CONT'D)

Are you missing something?

Fran spots Joelle's wry smile -- she knows something.

FRAN

No. All good.

Reptilian scales have formed on Fran's hand.

JOELLE

Oh hon. I've got a great  
moisturizer that'll clear that up.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Worried, Clem waits outside his Kombi, checking his watch. Fran dashes into the alley, waving her scaly hand.

FRAN  
I want it gone! How do I cure it?

CLEM  
It's not a cold. This is you now.

Fran looks distraught. Something shifts inside her.

FRAN  
Fuck that.

Hellbent, she jumps in the driver's seat. Clem gets in.

EXT./INT. BOOKSTORE - NIGHT

The bookstore's door handle SNAPS, thanks to Fran's newfound strength. She nods, warming to her powers.

She sneaks inside to the glass cabinet. The Jersey Devil book no longer on display. Shit.

The shriek of truck brakes -- Eli's truck pulls in outside. Fran spots Clem in the Kombi -- fast asleep. Shakes her head.

Eli and Radley hobble out, still woozy from tranq darts. They see the broken door. Eli cocks his rifle. They burst in.

ELI  
Who's here? Show yourself!

Fran gingerly steps out.

ELI (CONT'D)  
Fran?

FRAN  
Just me... I needed a book.

RADLEY  
Couldn't it wait till the morning?  
You broke the door.

FRAN  
Sorry. I'm in desperate need of...  
(grabs the nearest book)  
Everything You Need To Know  
About... Vagina Dentata...

She blushes. Puts the book down as she notices the opened hatch behind the counter leading to the red-lit basement.

FRAN (CONT'D)  
What's down there?

Radley slams the hatch closed.

RADLEY  
Nothing.

ELI  
Well I was gonna wait 'til we caught one before I showed you --

RADLEY  
Don't!

ELI  
Settle, bro. She's cool.

FRAN  
Caught what?

INT. BOOKSTORE BASEMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Fran's mouth gapes at:

Blurred, blown-out photos of the Jersey Devil covering the walls. Fran leans to the photos -- it's her DAD.

RADLEY  
It's nothing. Just a rabid goat.

ELI  
It's the Jersey fuckin' Devil.

FRAN  
(trying to be convincing)  
That's just a hokey myth.

Eli shows her the old Jersey Devil book. Fran takes it.

ELI  
That's what the government wants you to believe. The Jersey Devil is a murderous beast. It eats and fucks everything it sees. It's pure evil. Plus it stinks like shit.

Fran sweats. Covertly sniffs an armpit.

FRAN

But the photos are way blurry.

ELI

Believe it. We nearly had one. Some bastard's out there protectin' it.

He proudly displays his bruised neck.

ELI (CONT'D)

Sonofabitch tranq'ed us.

Fran sees a lab table with chains and sinister medical tools.

FRAN

Wh-what's that for?

ELI

When we catch it, Rads is gonna cut it up. See what makes it tick.

RADLEY

I'm going to conduct experiments to prove what it is. Then we announce it to the scientific community.

Fran backs away. Scared witless.

ELI

Yeah, he's pretty much Scully, and I'm the Mulder. And it's not 'cause of my epic porno collection.

Eli and Radley turn and admire the photos.

ELI (CONT'D)

The reason I wanted to show you all this, Fran -- I'm givin' you the exclusive. It'll make your career. I'm gonna make us famous.

Fran feels something behind her -- her FORKED TAIL extends out. She tries to catch it but it knocks over lab equipment.

The brothers spin -- Fran holds her tail behind her back.

FRAN

Anyhoo. Gotta go. This was great. We should catch up more.

Fran retreats up the stairs, hiding her tail.

ELI  
See how uncomfortable she was?  
She's still mega-horny for me.

RADLEY  
Even if we do catch whatever this  
is, she's not gonna take you back.

ELI  
Shut up! You don't know shit.

INT. CLEM'S KOMBI - NIGHT

Clem drives. Fran reads the rare Jersey Devil book she stole.

CLEM  
Not sure it'll help.

FRAN  
I gotta try.

Clem taps a page in the book.

CLEM  
Oh there's your Grandpa Joe.

FRAN  
Dad, this is serious.

CLEM  
We'll deal with it, pumpkin.

Clem gestures to the dead drunk in the back.

CLEM (CONT'D)  
First, we better deal with him.

EXT. CLEM & JOY'S BACKYARD - NIGHT

Clem and Fran lug the drunk's body into a pigpen. Pigs snort around the body. They start eating it. Fran winces.

FRAN  
So that's why two vegans keep pigs.

CLEM  
Well one part of me is vegan.

Fran smiles. Relief washes over her. Until --

DARIUS (O.S.)  
What's on the menu, guys?



DARIUS (CONT'D)  
 (calling out)  
 JOY!... Or should I say, Mom?

Darius enters the house.

FRAN  
 It's only a matter of time before  
 he finds out. Not to mention the  
 Barker Brothers. And Joelle.

CLEM  
 Take a chill pill. Seriously. I got  
 some expired ludes.

Clem pulls out a bottle of pills. Fran refuses. He pops one.

CLEM (CONT'D)  
 Just as long as nobody else knows.

INT. GAS STATION - NIGHT

Griff flips a door sign to CLOSED. Grabs a bottle of  
 moisturizer from a shelf.

Sits at a security monitor. Unzips his pants. Lathers up.

ON THE MONITOR: a hidden camera in the restroom. Footage  
 skips through men, until a female-figure rushes in.

Griff plays it at normal speed. Leans forward -- leers.

But he turns pale. Greasy hands fumble to hit pause.

GRIFF  
 What in God's name?...

ON THE MONITOR: paused on screen, Fran stares at the mirror.

In JERSEY DEVIL-form.

END OF EPISODE