

"THE BLOODLINE GANG"

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THE NOT-SO-SUPERVILLAINS

EPISODE 104

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SHR PROJECT
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EXT. EL DIABLO MIDDLE SCHOOL - DAY - TO ESTABLISH

Another morning at our school for aspiring chaos agents.

LUTHER (O.S.)
Uh... Fred, what are you doing?

INT. ASSISTED SCHEMING CLASSROOM - MORNING

FRED, VERNA and LUTHER are at their desks.

Fred CLUTCHES A PENCIL between his teeth. He leans over the desk, struggling to scribble letters into a periodic table.

FRED
(teeth clenched)
Finishing my homework.

VERNA
Wouldn't it be easier to use your
hands?

FRED
I can't.

Fred raises his hands to reveal PRESS-ON TALONS affixed - quite sloppily - to the ends of his fingers.

FRED (CONT'D)
Press-On Talons. I did them myself!

Fred does a thumbs up, but two of his fake talons FALL OFF.

VERNA
They're upside down.

Fred scrambles to fix the talons. It's not going well.

LUTHER
Why do you need fake talons?

FRED
My grandfather is visiting. He says
you can't be a *real* devil without
big sharp talons.

LUTHER
What? You're a *great* demon! You're
so friendly, honest and kind--
(seeing Fred's reaction)
I'm not helping, am I.

Fred looks at his pathetic press on talons and sighs.

FRED

My mom and dad have talons. My little sister's are sharpest of all. But I got plain old fingernails. I feel like a mutant - and not in a good way!

Fred gestures and another fake talon flies--

MS. MENACE ducks the projectile with one of her eyeballs as she enters the classroom.

MS. MENACE

Good morning, my misguided miscreants. Let's dig in to today's topic: *genetics*!

Ms. Menace turns to the BLACKBOARD.

MS. MENACE (CONT'D)

Each one of you inherited a unique blend of your parents' physical traits. For instance, both my parents were fashion models, which is why I am considered the perfect specimen of beauty on my planet.

FRED, LUTHER and VERNA react with mild surprise.

MS. MENACE (CONT'D)

Consider eye color. On my planet, maroon eyes like mine are a dominant trait, marked with a capital "D." Sparkling golden eyes are a recessive trait, marked with a small "r."

VERNA

There are creatures on your planet with *sparkling golden eyes*?!

MS. MENACE

Yes. Isn't that *disgusting*? Thankfully, recessive traits are always hidden if there is one dominant gene in the pair.

LUTHER

So a person needs two recessive genes, one from each parent, for the recessive trait to appear?

MS. MENACE

Right. You seem to have the recessive gene for kindness.

LUTHER

I don't think that's a thing.

VERNA

Fred, are there other demons that have fingernails instead of talons?

FRED

A few. They're the only ones who can play stringed instruments.

VERNA

So -- maybe the demons in your family have a recessive gene for fingernails!

LUTHER

And you got one from each parent!

Fred looks skeptical...

FRED

I don't know... And how could we find out?

LUTHER

Haven't there been Mid-Evils at El Diablo for a hundred years?

FRED

Two hundred.

VERNA

Then there will be pictures of them in the old yearbooks!

MS. MENACE

Sounds like the *perfect* genetic research project.

The kids nod in agreement.

MS. MENACE (CONT'D)

Well what are you waiting for?

(pointing)

Go!

INT. THE EL DIABLO SCHOOL LIBRARY - DAY

Verna, Luther Fred walk through a MAZE OF BOOK STACKS.

LUTHER
This library is huge!

VERNA
I found my favorite vegan cookbook
here. It was written by a demon.

FRED
Really? What's it called?

VERNA
Cooking With Seitan.

A LIBRARIAN turns to face them, revealing the face of a SNAKE
WITH A FORKED TONGUE--

LIBRARIAN
Sssshhhhhhhssssssss.

LUTHER
(whispering)
Excuse us! Where are the yearbooks?

The library points to her left, deeper into the stacks.

LIBRARIAN
Perhaps in aisle Ssssssss.

Fred, Verna, and Luther look down the row and notice that the
aisles are labeled "S," "SS," "SSS," and so on.

CUT TO:

SEVERAL EL DIABLO YEARBOOKS OPEN ON A DESK. We are--

INT. DEEPER IN THE LIBRARY STACKS - DAY

Fred, Luther and Verna have raided the shelves and now have
several yearbooks open to their class picture pages.

VERNA
This school has so many famous
alumni!

FRED
(inspecting a class photo)
The Boogie Man went here? No way!

Verna notices that LUTHER looks troubled.

VERNA

You okay?

LUTHER

Yeah. It's just... every so often I see a kid who looks out of place at this school. A regular person.

ON THE 1983 YEARBOOK: Luther points to a red-headed freckled seventh grade boy in preppy clothes.

LUTHER (CONT'D)

But by graduation... they've always gone to the dark side.

Luther sets the 1984 YEARBOOK next to it. The freckled boy is gone, replaced by a sneering MUTANT in preppy clothes.

FRED

Whoa! That dude did the 80s right. He was preppy and gnarly!

Fred laughs, but Verna sees that it's not a joke to Luther.

VERNA

Just because it happened to him, it doesn't mean it will for you. No one's future is set in stone.

Luther looks skeptical. Before he can respond, FRED turns the page and lights up--

FRED

You guys -- I found something!

CUT TO:

EXT. FRED'S HOUSE - SUBURBAN STREET - EVENING - TO ESTABLISH

An unremarkable house in suburbia, with one notable exception: there are raging FLAMES visible in every window.

INT. DINING ROOM OF FRED'S HOUSE - SAME

Verna and Luther are guests at dinner with Fred's family of DEMONS: his father ALISTAIR, his mother MALENA, his sister NEVEAH, and Fred's grandfather PAIMON. All of them are demons, but Paimon is the gnarliest looking.

Fires are actively raging around the dinner table, but magically, it doesn't seem to affect anyone.

LUTHER

Thank you for having us. You have a lovely home.

VERNA

It's very... Warm.

MALENA

We love hosting students from El Diablo, isn't that right, Dad?

Paimon grunts, looking at Verna and Luther with suspicion.

PAIMON

Sometimes I think that school has gone soft. A vampire eating tofu... and this kid looks completely *harmless*.

ALISTAIR

Ha ha, Don't mind him, kids! Hey, I've got an idea! How'd you like to get A pluses without studying? All it will cost is your *souls*.

MALENA

Darling. You promised you wouldn't take your work home with you.

Fred looks at the pile of roasted flesh on his plate.

FRED

Mom, could I have a fork please?

PAIMON

Demons don't use *FORKS*!

Paimon uses a TALON to spear a chunk of steaming meat.

MALENA

Dad. Don't start.

PAIMON

Real demons have talons.

Verna and Luther give Fred an encouraging NOD. He stands up--

FRED

I *am* a real demon, Grandpa! And I'm not the first one in our family with fingernails, either!

PAIMON growls in protest, steam coming out of his ears. But Fred stands his ground, pulling a YEARBOOK out of his cape.

FRED (CONT'D)

Great-Grandma Azareth, El Diablo
Class of '39. She was a majorette
in the marching band. No talons!

Fred shows off the photo of AZARETH: a peppy demon in a sequined outfit, holding a baton in an outstretched hand -
FINGERNAILS AND ALL. Paimon scoffs, incredulous--

PAIMON

That's--

ALASTAIR

My grandmother.

Alastair gives Paimon a warning look. They're like two pit bulls in a stare down. Fred tries to lower the tension.

FRED

Talons are a dominant trait in our family. But we have a recessive gene for fingernails.

LUTHER

Fred has fingernails because he has two recessive genes -- one from each parent.

MALENA

Wait. Dad -- that means fingernails run in our family too!

PAIMON

(stricken)

It's true. Your Aunt Jezebel had them. Dad made her wear fake press on talons. It was *horrible*.

He turns to Fred with a look of new resolve.

PAIMON (CONT'D)

Fred... I'm proud that you're my grand-devil, fingernails and all.

Fred gives Paimon a HUG. Paimon immediately tenses up.

PAIMON (CONT'D)

Not crazy about hugs though.

FRED

No hugs. Got it.

EXT. FRONT STOOP OF FRED'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Fred sees Verna and Luther out.

FRED

Thanks, guys. I feel much better!

VERNA

Thanks for bringing us to meet your family.

LUTHER

Yeah. They're really... terrifying.

FRED

(proudly)

Thanks.

EXT. SIDEWALK - NIGHT

Luther and Verna walk home, walking past street signs labeled "SEVENTH CIRCLE," "SIXTH CIRCLE," and so on.

LUTHER

It's crazy that so much of who we are comes from our genes. I wonder what recessive traits I have.

VERNA

Why? Are you worried that something evil is hidden in your DNA?

LUTHER

Maybe. But who knows - maybe there are good traits hidden inside of you. Maybe we aren't so different after all.

Luther looks around, realizing Verna has DISAPPEARED from his side. He turns, confused, and then looks up and SPOTS--

A BAT, flying away in silhouette against the FULL MOON.

LUTHER (CONT'D)

Or.... Maybe not.

IRIS OUT on the full moon.