

PUDGE PATROL

Written by

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INT. NONDESCRIPT DARK SPACE - NIGHT

Two TEENAGE GIRLS (LIBBY and ASTRID) are covered head to toe in a red, gooey, glowing disgusting gelatinous material. So covered that they'd be pretty unrecognizable in a lineup.

One of them reaches purposefully into the open chest cavity of a GIANT MONSTER BEING. She is neck deep in monster guts, rooting around. WET, SLOPPY SQUISHING SOUNDS ensue.

She picks up a banana-shaped organ and holds it up for her friend, trying not to inhale or look too closely.

LIBBY

Gross! Is this it? It has those
fuzzy swirly thingies.

Astrid looks at the organ and compares it against a chart.

ASTRID

Fascinating extracellular matrix.
But I don't think so. It's
supposed to be more dick-shaped.

Beat.

ASTRID (CONT'D)

Ohhhh, you know what? I think
"Tonton" basically means tongue.
(beat)
So. Yeah, just rip out his tongue.

LIBBY

Just?

ASTRID

Here, I'll do it.

Astrid shoves her hands into the monster's gullet as Libby peels her hands out of the gooey abdomen.

ASTRID (CONT'D)

Got it!

They drop the tongue into a GLOWING COLLECTION DEVICE.

ASTRID (CONT'D)

Look on the bright side, only 13
more of these and we can close the
portal...

LIBBY

Great. Just in time for Formal.

The monster's GIGANTIC eyes flip open, and the girls SCREAM!

TITLE CARD: "Three Days Ago..."

EXT. COPPERS COVE - GOLDEN HOUR

The sun is setting on Coppers Cove, Ohio, a peculiar, complicated place full of secrets. It has all the ingredients of an idyllic and safe small town, but there's something sinister brewing underneath.

EXT. SUBURBAN SKY - NIGHT

A very full, very pink moon...

THEN - SCRIBBLED ACROSS THE SCREEN: SUNDAY

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

A clean quiet car... No sounds of squishing. Only the sexy dulcet tones of *Wicked Game* by Chris Isaac drift into the air from the dashboard iPhone, as...

LIBBY, 16, romantic, emotional and fat with a "pretty face," drives the car while wearing homemade night vision goggles.

LIBBY

This song makes me want to write
poetry in a field of daffodils.

ASTRID, 16, feisty and fat with a "pretty intense sex drive," rides shotgun, also wearing homemade night vision goggles.

ASTRID

This song makes me want to dry hump
in the back of a pickup truck at
Burger King.

They look at each other, goggle-eyed, and crack up laughing.

SMASH CUT TITLE: PUDGE PATROL

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

Ace of Base plays on the radio. It might be 2020, but these girls have tastes that skew way 90s.

They pass PROMISE ACADEMY HIGH SCHOOL, which Astrid FLIPS OFF.

Astrid grabs a thick spiral notebook labeled "Operation: What Cool Kids Do At Night."

ASTRID
(scanning through)
So, to conclude the research from
last night, dance clubs are over
but video arcades are happening.

They pass OUR LADY OF THE LAKE CHURCH, and both SHUDDER.

LIBBY
Confirmed.

Libby turns on a cookie-cutter street lined with upper middle class suburban homes and parks. Patrol time.

ASTRID
Great. New Pudge Patrol mission,
commencing now.

They strap on their binocular masks.

Libby stares into a house on the left side of the street.

Astrid peers intensely into a goth bedroom on the right side of the street.

ASTRID (CONT'D)
Jackpot.

LIBBY
You got him?

ASTRID
Okay well I can't see *him*, but I'm
pretty sure I see an upside down
cross. SO hot.
(beat)
Affirmative. It's definitely his
room. I spy a Billie Eilish
poster. Assuming that's a band?
Maybe we should give him a listen?

LIBBY
Adding to the list.

ASTRID
Ohmygod ohmygod, the subject is in
frame! Hello, Sparrow.

SPARROW, 17, a studly brooding goth teen steps into frame.

ASTRID (CONT'D)
 God he looks *good*.
 (beat)
 Yeah that's right, baby, you
 stretch that sexy bod.
 (beat)
 Yeah. You rub on that stomach.
 Just a real slow, gentle rub.
 (beat)
 You gonna take those itchy pants
 off for mama?

LIBBY
 Jesus Christ.

ASTRID
 Oh please, like you wouldn't hit it.

LIBBY
 You know I'm saving myself for my
 soulmate.
 (beat)
 Can we focus on the cultural task
 at hand please? See any, like,
 movie posters? Books?

ASTRID
 It's really hard to see but I think
 I see an iguana cage?
 (beat)
 How about bitchface Candace?
 Anything good? Because I can't
 imagine anything better than this
 sexy brooding bastard.

Through Libby's binoculars we see Candace's yard.

LIBBY
 Not sure. Something weird is afoot
 at the Queen C-Bomb's. Her back
 gate is open and it never is.

Libby scans over to CANDACE in her bedroom, head mean girl,
 beautiful, sexy and effortlessly cool.

LIBBY (CONT'D)
 God I bet she can eat whateh- what
 was that?!

Astrid quickly turns her binoculars to Candace's house.

ASTRID
 What am I looking at?

LIBBY
It looked like someone was sneaking
around in the backyard.

A DARK FIGURE emerges from Candace's back gate and creeps down the street toward a nondescript grey SUV and disappears into the night.

The girls tear their binocular masks off and look at each other, eyes wide.

ASTRID
That ain't Tate's car.

Astrid jumps out to get a closer look, spots something on the ground, picks it up. Runs back to car.

Astrid holds up a POLAROID. It's an artsy, topless photo of Candace, hands over her boobs.

LIBBY
Whoa.

ASTRID
Uh, this is hella weird.

LIBBY
Correct.

ASTRID
You drive, I'll record.

They look at each other excitedly as they drive off. This MUST be documented. This is their favorite part.

Both girls start thinking out loud, not speaking TO each other, just more AT each other. Very stream of consciousness, but this is how they do it. Astrid scribbles every word.

ASTRID (CONT'D)
Desert Blue, possibly slate grey
4Runner.
(beat)
More of a light concrete. The
color of a box of Bareskin Trojans.
(beat)
Crumpled Polaroid found at the
scene. Possibly a clue?

LIBBY
Slouching adult male, 6'2, hunched
shoulders. Seemed sad. Thoughtful.
(beat)
(MORE)

LIBBY (CONT'D)
 Why was he sneaking out of Candace's house? Who are you, Mr. Man?

ASTRID
 Candace. Cheating on sexy boyf, Tate?

Libby pulls into her driveway.

LIBBY
 Standby.

As they exit the car the CAMERA PANS TO:

The ABNORMALLY LARGE PINK MOON.

INT. LIBBY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The girls creep into Libby's room, careful not to wake her parents.

INT. LIBBY'S BEDROOM, AKA PUDGE PATROL HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

This is not the room of a cool kid. The walls are covered in dated bands and TV show posters, mostly *Alias*, Detective Olivia Benson from *SVU*, *Xena*, and *Buffy the Vampire Slayer*. There are bookshelves full of their old notebooks and trunks full of Astrid's spy and science lab equipment since she can't keep it at her house. There are also rows of health and diet books. This is their sanctuary.

A sign sits center stage on the wall. It reads **PUDGE PATROL**. They own this title, but no one else is allowed to use it.

Libby sits on the floor, Astrid falls into the beanbag chair.

Libby grabs the notebook, her turn to write.

LIBBY
 Proceed.

Back to their 'talking AT each other.'

ASTRID
 Sparrow. Objectively the most attractive guy in 11th grade. Chiseled abdomen. 6-pack. Nay, 9-pack. Trying something new with his luscious locks, shinier than usual. Auburn chest hair scattered in between two *heaving* and defined -

LIBBY
 (interrupting)
 Yeah I think we're done here.

Astrid laughs and hits play on some Billie Eilish as Libby assesses their notes. They nailed it.

LIBBY (CONT'D)
 (re: the music)
 Huh. Not sure I get it, but okay.
 You really think us blasting music
 like this in college is actually
 gonna make people want to hang out
 with us?

ASTRID
 I mean, it might? Kids today!
 (serious)
 I dunno, Libs. Thought the whole
 point was to figure out how to
 blend in and not be so "us."

LIBBY
 But I love us.

ASTRID
 Just like I love Sparrow's creamy-
 white translucent skin?
 (off Libby's look)
 I love us too, Libs.

Astrid clicks around on her laptop.

ASTRID (CONT'D)
 Ummm, you have to feed iguanas *live*
 crickets... Which could be
 scientifically interesting so
 therefore cool?

Beat as they look at each other. No way.

Astrid puts on rubber gloves from her pocket and pulls the crumpled Polaroid from her bag.

ASTRID (CONT'D)
 I'm gonna pull prints off this
 tomorrow, just in case.

LIBBY
 Good call.

Astrid places the Polaroid into their PATROL TROPHY BOX, a box of 'evidence' labeled "Trophies" and completely hidden in the back of Libby's closet.

Astrid rifles through the box, picks up something shiny-

ASTRID

Awww, Sparrow's first nipple ring.

A sudden interloper in their safe space: KAITLIN, Libby's little sister, 12-going-on-40, a lanky, know-it-all tween, wearing a Bluetooth earpiece.

KAITLIN

You know, Sparrow's going to the party tonight.

LIBBY

Kaitlin! Get out of my roo--

ASTRID

(hormones in full effect)
What party tonight?

KAITLIN

The party at Tate's.

LIBBY

How do you know this, you're 12?

KAITLIN

(shrugs)
I'm connected.

LIBBY

But it's a Sunday night!

KAITLIN

(shrugs)
It's what the cool kids are doing.

CUT TO:

EXT. TATE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The sounds of a kickin' suburban house party are in full effect.

Astrid scopes the house eagerly. Libby doesn't look convinced.

ASTRID

And here we are! And Sparrow's in there, and I look fly as hell. And I KNOW there's some hunnies in there dying to get a piece of your jelly.

LIBBY

I don't know.

ASTRID

I DO know.

This makes Libby laugh.

INT. TATE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Everything looks expensive, cold grey tones. No parents in sight.

They slowly step inside, looking at each other like, "Omg we're doing this!"

VALERIE, 16, drama club, wiping tears from her eyes, hands the girls cups.

VALERIE

(to the girls, thru tears)

Oh, hey guys! Out on a Sunday.
Rock and roll, ladies.

ASTRID

Thanks!

LIBBY

Uhh, are you-

VALERIE

For the millionth time I'm not
crying! It's allergies!!

Candace and her boyfriend, TATE, 16, dreamy soccer stud, are weirdly feeling each other's butts, UNDER their jeans. Tate stumbles drunkenly. Astrid STARES at them as they walk past.

ASTRID

They're totally having sex, right?
I hate that he's so hot. I bet his
butt feels like a hard dinner roll
or like the curve of a ripe plum or
maybe two peeled honeydew melons.

Candace is aware Astrid is staring.

CANDACE

What're you staring at, FatAsstrid?

Libby WINCES for her friend.

TATE

(old-fashioned bow)

Make way! Pudge Patrol, coming
through.

A few kids laugh. Libby and Astrid are immediately deflated.

ASTRID

Blow it off. Let's just keep going.

The girls head into the -

LIVING ROOM

The girls awkwardly stand in a sea of cliques. Astrid nervously chugs her beer. Libby stares blankly at hers. Sparrow sips a beer in the corner. Astrid and Sparrow lock eyes for a (lusty, was it?) split-second.

ASTRID (CONT'D)

I swear to God he just looked at me.

Libby gives her friend an encouraging mini high-five.

Candace and Tate are quietly arguing. We can't hear it yet.

KITCHEN

Candace is visibly upset, Tate is visibly drunk.

CANDACE

It's not my fault my mom won't let me go to Formal.

TATE

Since when do you do what she says?

CANDACE

I don't. I'm just trying to keep the peace so I can get her to let me go to LA this summer.

TATE

And if you stayed, you'd be stuck with me. I get it.

CANDACE

That's not what I said!

TATE

Whatever. You should just leave town. I mean why even stay. You wanna start a new life, go.

CANDACE

You're being such an asshole.

Tate storms off.

Libby is accidentally staring at Candace.

CANDACE (CONT'D)
Why do you guys keep staring at me?

LIBBY
Nothing, I just, I-- Are you okay?

CANDACE
Gross.

Libby watches Candace leave, then-

LIBBY
Can we just go home?

ASTRID
Sure, they are officially killing
my Sparrow-boner.

The Girls head out to-

FRONT PORCH

Tate is drunk, sitting on the steps.

TATE
(slurring a little)
What're you looking at. Stupid spying
creepers. Why do you even do that?
(beat)
And why are you even here? I
didn't invite you.

ASTRID
Don't worry about it, we're outa here.

The girls turn to leave but he keeps at it.

TATE
I mean, look at you. You should do
us all a favor and just stay in
your little weird patrol car and
never come out.

ASTRID
You're a monster.

TATE
(laughing)
Oh yeah? Check out a mirror.

INT. LIBBY'S CAR - A LITTLE LATER

Libby is wiping away tears. Astrid looks FURIOUS.

ASTRID

I hate that asshole. I wish he'd
just evaporate.

LIBBY

Goddammit, I'm so sick of being
treated like we're sub-human.

Astrid grabs her hand and gives it a squeeze.

ASTRID

Me too.

(beat)

But you know we're not, right?
We're awesome. Maybe they're the
sub-humans and we're the normal
ones.

LIBBY

But what he said...about the mirror.
Are we really that gross? Is that
really how everyone sees us?

ASTRID

No. Why? Just because we have a few
extra luscious curves? And weird *fun*
extracurriculars? No no no no no. I
refuse to let some idiot chodebag
tell us who we are. He doesn't even
know us. And what, he gets to be a
total dick to us because his butt is
hard and he kicks a ball around a
field? What is that even?

Beat.

LIBBY

You know what might make us feel
better?

EXT. LIBBY'S BACKYARD - LATER

The girls sit in Libby's backyard. Eerie sounds of owls and
bats echo. A GIANT PINK MOON and a WEIRD GLOW fill the sky.

In between them: the Trophy Box. Libby grabs an item labeled
"TATE'S HACKY SACK" from the box.

LIBBY
Let's burn the bitch.

ASTRID
Whoa! I'm liking this fury.

Libby grabs a copper ashtray, sets the Hacky sack inside. She sprinkles some dirt on for good measure. Astrid appreciates the pomp and circumstance, and so plucks a nearby flower, and scatters the petals over the Hacky sack and dirt.

Libby places a piece of bark on top of the pile and looks at Astrid. They nod, satisfied. Libby strikes a match, tosses it onto the "sacrifice."

It LIGHTS UP in a FIREY BLAZE.

They start relishing in the ritualism of it all. They look at each other with wild excited eyes.

Libby stands up and starts spinning.

LIBBY
We want you all to just disappear!

Astrid jumps up and starts spinning too.

ASTRID
Oooh yeah.
(beat)
We want Tate to just evaporate!

Now they're really feelin' it- they act out all their "instructions."

LIBBY
Now raise your hands up and make
sea kelp arms! Here, grab my hands!

She does.

LIBBY (CONT'D)
Now lean back!

ASTRID
Now stare up at the moon and howl!

They HOWL the fuck out of it. Releasing all their hard-won fury into the night sky.

LIBBY
And now say "We want you all to
evaporate."

ASTRID

And on the count of three say it
backwards!

LIBBY

1, 2, 3 -

They laugh at the ridiculousness of it all as they awkwardly
stumble through saying it backwards.

LIBBY AND ASTRID

Etaropave...ot...lla...ouy...tnaw
...ew?

A LOUD BOOM as a LIGHTNING BOLT lights up the night sky,
breaking their ritual vibe. A crazy-looking MASS OF SPIKEY
CLOUDS comes into view and a WEIRD MAGENTA GLOW takes over.
It doesn't look natural. At all.

Astrid and Libby look at each other.

LIBBY

Weird.

ASTRID

Yeah, cool coincidence.

Astrid notices the time. It's 10:15pm.

ASTRID (CONT'D)

Shit! Curfew!

INT. LIBBY'S CAR - LATER

Libby stops the car at Astrid's house, Astrid jumps out.

ASTRID

Thanks, pal. I feel so much better!

LIBBY

Me too! That was so fun.

As Libby drives away we CLOSE UP ON a GLOWING BLOB OF RED GOO
being sucked down a drainage grate as a MONSTER HAND WITH LONG
CLAWLIKE FINGERNAILS closes the grate behind it, disappearing
out of sight.

EXT. BUS DEPOT - NIGHT

A CRYING WOMAN, 30s, sits on a bus stop bench by herself,
quietly sniffing.

Just as she starts to pull a tissue from her purse, she is WHISKED from the bench into thin air, her orphaned tissue floating in the wind.

INT. ASTRID'S HOUSE - SAME

Astrid creeps up the stairs, passing the dozens of crosses and Jesus statues that line the hallway.

TV is blaring from her parents' bedroom.

NEWSCASTER (O.S.)
Coppers Cove residents are
hunkering down as a surprise storm
is set to hit our sleepy town...

Astrid tiptoes to her bedroom, creaks open the door and -

ASTRID'S MOM JANET
Nothing good happens after ten,
Astrid.

Astrid's Mom JANET stands in the dark hallway, arms crossed.

ASTRID
(as her door closes)
Good doesn't even *start* til ten,
Mom!

Janet makes the sign of the cross.

EXT. STREET BY BRIGHTON CREEK TRAIL - NIGHT

Tate wanders drunkenly down the dark road, tears in his eyes.

TATE
(drunken mumble)
...stupid Candace...just gonna be
alone...

He looks up at the weirdly colored sky. WTF. He sees a SHADOWY FIGURE up ahead. The Shadowy Figure heads into Brighton Creek Trail.

Tate stops, getting his bearings. Which way is home?

Then, Tate hears a voice calling him from the trail. A low, hard to make out voice.

He follows the voice into the trail.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

SCRIBBLED ACROSS THE SCREEN: MONDAY

EXT. ESTABLISHING SHOTS OF COPPERS COVE - NEXT MORNING

The sky remains an odd shade of magenta. We see tree-lined streets with similar houses, the church from last night, and the high school: Promise Academy.

INT. LIBBY'S BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Libby stands at her sink, staring at herself in the mirror, wipes a bead of sweat from her forehead. Turns to go and, feeling a little woozy, braces herself against the wall.

The weird lightning flashes again, and she YELPS as she SIMULTANEOUSLY gets a sharp Charley horse in her leg.

LIBBY
Ouch! What the?

INT. ASTRID'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Astrid sits up in bed, clearly smelling something sour. News blares from the other room, as usual.

NEWSCASTER (O.S.)
Local Crime Stoppers reported a
missing woman, last seen crying at
the city central bus station...

Astrid closes her bedroom door, holds her nose, grimaces.

ASTRID
(to herself)
Yikes, Mom, what grossness are you
cooking?

INT. PROMISE ACADEMY HIGH SCHOOL - MORNING

Establishing shots of Promise Academy. A private charter school that functions like a hippie Montessori. The lines between teacher and student are blurry.

A group of GRUNGY KIDS sits in a circle, meditating near a sign-up sheet to learn how to grow your own hemp.

A banner reads: "Proudly Cell Phone Free Since 2017"

SOCCKER JOCKS kick around a vegan leather ball.

A sign for something called GATEWAY TO GOD - YOUTH GROUP.
Sign says: "Bracelet making tonight!" Several WELL-GROOMED
KIDS high five, "Amen, broseph."

ASTRID

If my mom pitches Gateway to God to
me one more time...

LIBBY

Ugh, sorry, dude.

TWO RANDOM STONERS wander past Libby and Astrid-

STONER 1

You see that weird round crazy
lightning last night? Looked fake.

STONER 2

Dude, I thought I was just stoned.

Libby clocks this, a little concerned. Astrid disregards.

INT. PROMISE ACADEMY AUDITORIUM - CONTINUOUS

RAJ VARSHIDI, 50s, Indian, wants badly to be liked, stands at
the podium, teachers behind him. He starts snapping his
fingers, kids join in. This is how this school quiets down.

VARSHIDI

Good morning, Honey Badgers! A
couple big announcements this A.M!
First of all, the big event you've
all been waiting for... Midterms!
(waiting for laughs)
JK, gang! The Soccer Formal!
Without further ado... Michelle!

MICHELLE, 27, hot teacher who still shops at Forever 21,
GRABS the mic. She fluffs her hair, notices she's wearing the
same dress as Candace, and subtly boosts her cleave.

MICHELLE

Soccer Formal tix are offish' on
sale. There's a sign-up sheet
outside my classroom. I'll be
announcing the Formal theme later
this week, so make sure you write
in a suggestion. And make them good
this year, for once.

VARSHIDI

Yes, m'aam! And finally, a word
from our sponsors...Please welcome:
Badgers alumni, Dance Sponsors, and
owners of Sun Buns Tanning!

NIGEL, 40s, trying but failing to look expensive, and GRANT,
30s, walking money, take to the podium.

NIGEL

Hey Badge--

GRANT

Actually, I'm the owner and my
brother's only the manager.

NIGEL

I run operations, but anyway- Hey
Badgers. We're offering a student
discount until the Formal. Just
flash your school ID. And the Honey
Badger sign.

Libby leans over to Astrid.

LIBBY

I know it's cliché, but I really
want to go to the dance.

ASTRID

Me too, girl. Worst comes to worst,
I'll be your date.

LIBBY

What?? You? With moi? I'd be honored!

Libby notices Varshidi's been suddenly beckoned to the corner
by SIMONE SPILLER, 20s, Kristen Schaal type.

VARSHIDI

Counselor Simone, please go ahead.

Varshidi nods as Simone steps up to the microphone...

SIMONE

Guys, it's probably nothing. But
the police got a call from Tate
Vanderberg's father. Tate appears
to be missing this morning.

(quieting the murmurs)

He probably just left early for
soccer practice- but has anyone
seen him today?

Everyone turns to Candace, who shakes her head. Libby and Astrid look at each other like "weird."

EGGS, 17, a nerdy guy, on the spectrum, raises his hand and stands to speak.

EGGS

It's statistically nearly impossible to find a missing person after 72 hours. If a person has been missing for 7 years in most states, they can be legally declared deceased--

VARSHIDI

OK! Thanks, Eggs, he's probably fine, but you know, if you see something--

INSANE THUNDER cracks from outside, and Libby YELPS loudly - another simultaneous Charley horse. All eyes, embarrassingly, on her.

LIBBY

Sorry! Nothing! Sorry.

Bell RINGS.

Kids file out to class. Michelle joins the soccer jocks, joking around like she's one of them.

Candace shuffles toward the door, dialing her phone...

TATE'S VOICEMAIL

You've reached the Tatemeister, you lucky s.o.b....You know what to do...Unless you're a dumbass.

CANDACE

Tate? Where the hell are you!?

INT. DARK NONDESCRIPT ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The space is so dark you can barely tell it's some sort of cavernous tunnel. Tate sits bound to a chair behind a locked holding cell. Tied up next to him: the Crying Woman from the bus stop. In the background, the faint sounds of... German techno music? And drink shakers?

Both seem to be under a spell and both have a steady stream of tears running down their faces, directly into a GIANT FANCY MARTINI GLASS under each chair.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY

Kids flood the hallways heading to first period.

ASTRID

What was that outburst? You okay?

LIBBY

This is going to sound crazy, but
(beat)

Every time the lightning flashes, I
get a spasm in my leg.

They overhear Valerie gossiping with a couple THEATER KIDS.

THEATER GAL

Where do you think Tate is?

VALERIE

He was pretty wasted. I bet he
passed out behind Arby's again.

Valerie SNEEZES and wipes allergy tears from her eyes.

VALERIE (CONT'D)

Damn allergies.

THEATER GUY

I mean, he's kind of a dick, so who
knows what he got himself into. I
bet he has a sidepiece in the city.

THEATER GAL

I heard he was legit crying when he
disappeared from his own party.

Libby elbows Astrid, half-joking.

LIBBY

You don't think we did that, right?

ASTRID

Ha, I wish we had the power to make
assholes disappear!

INT. SCIENCE CLASS - DAY

Pretty high-tech for high school. Each desk has a full lab
set. Libby and Astrid take their seats.

FRANK FRICK, 30s, nerdy and loveable, notices a large jar set
up on a desk with the sign, "Mr. Frick Date Fund."

FRICK

Very funny, guys. I don't need a date fund.

(patting the fancy piece of equipment on his desk)

Already got a hot date with my new fave portable Bunsen Burner, Bunny!

GROANS from students. Frick laughs.

FRICK (CONT'D)

If any of you touch her, I am not responsible for my actions, capiche? She was a gift from my friend
(whispered)
At NASA.

Astrid starts setting up their lab.

ASTRID

Omg, what is that smell? Horseradish?

LIBBY

I don't smell anything.

ASTRID

You don't!? How?

Eggs eagerly shoots his hand up into the air.

EGGS

Hey, Mr. Frick, Mr. Frick!

MR. FRICK

Yes, Eggs.

EGGS

Mr. Frick, how come the storm clouds today don't look anything like standard Cumulonimbus clouds?

ASTRID

It's probably because the thermal rose so quickly.

Another FLASH and Libby YELPS again, manages to stifle it.

ASTRID (CONT'D)

Seriously, what is going on with you?

LIBBY

I don't know!

Libby looks toward the windows: The clouds are TOTALLY UNNATURAL spikey balls, and the sky is a color definitely not usually found in nature...

INT. PHOTOGRAPHY CLASSROOM - SAME

Students set up their photography projects on the display wall.

Libby stands at the window, adjusting a camera lens while focusing outside. Something GIANT rustles in the trees. She pauses, zooms in closer and...it's gone. HMM, creepy.

The teacher, JONAS, late 30s, man bun, tinkers at his desk. Candace approaches him.

CANDACE

Thank you again for last night.

JONAS

No sweat. Just keep it on the DL, please. They're in the back.

Candace grabs a stack of racy photos of herself from the back closet, shoves them in folders.

Libby watches the exchange, whispering into her tiny recorder.

LIBBY

I think I know whose Blue 4-Runner was at Candace's last night. And I am shocked to my core.

EGGS

What are you doing?

LIBBY

(startled)

Jesus. Nothing, Eggs. Mind your beeswax.

Libby analyzes Candace's shots of Tate on the display wall. Then secretly pulls out her recorder.

Candace clocks Libby's recorder. Libby clocks Candace clocking her.

LIBBY (CONT'D)

Cool photo.

Candace totally ignores her, turns back to her desk. Libby rolls her eyes. This bitch.

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY OUTSIDE MICHELLE'S CLASSROOM - DAY

Astrid watches Sparrow stare at the sign on Michelle's door, *"Soccer Formal Committee. Sign up here! No Nerds. JK LOL."* He signs up. Astrid immediately takes the last spot.

INT. CAFETERIA - DAY

It's pizza day. Libby and Astrid wait in line.

LIBBY
I definitely saw rustling in the woods, though.

ASTRID
(laughing)
Did you fall asleep watching Twilight Zone again?

RUDE KID cuts in front of them.

RUDE KID
Gotta get a jump on the pepperoni before Pudge Patrol cleans it out.

Several kids laugh. Libby's face goes BEET red. Astrid rolls her eyes at Rude Kid, grabs their slices to go.

ASTRID
Come on, let's get outta here.

INT. SCHOOL BATHROOM - DAY

The girls are huddled into a stall munching on pizza. This is their office and secret lunch room.

ASTRID
It's like, get some new material already.

LIBBY
I just wish it didn't sting every time.

ASTRID
I know. Okay, so, what do you want to do tonight? Some light breaking and entering, perhaps?

The bathroom door OPENS and we hear the unmistakable CLICKS of Michelle shoes. She's with her shadow, Counselor Simone.

Libby and Astrid freeze as Michelle and Simone pee.

MICHELLE

I hope Tate's okay. He's obvi my
ideal court king for Formal!

SIMONE

So I have some goss. I could get
into so much trouble for this and
the hubs could get fired-

MICHELLE

(manipulative AF)

Oooh dish. Pinky swear I won't say
anything. You know you're my bff-
esty. 4L.

SIMONE

(blushing and flattered)

I know. Apparently a few officers
got called to Brighton Creek Trail.
They found Tate's school ID... But
no sign of him. It's like he
"evaporated" or something.

Michelle and Simone leave just as another MAGENTA LIGHTNING
CRACK illuminates the already bright sky and Libby YELPS.

LIBBY

Holy shit, Astrid. *"Evaporated?"*

ASTRID

Libs, it's a common word, a coincidence!
Speaking of, you gotta stop with the
psychosomatic guilt yelps.

LIBBY

They're not psychosomatic and they
hurt like hell.

(beat)

You don't feel weird at all?

ASTRID

No. I mean, the smell of breakfast
made me extra nauseated this
morning, but what else is new?

LIBBY

What about science class? Horseradish?

ASTRID

(deflecting)

We didn't do anything. We burned a
Hacky sack, we danced around in the
yard and yelled some stuff into the
universe. People do it all the time.

LIBBY
 (raising an eyebrow)
 Can we just go check it out
 tonight? For science?

EXT. SCHOOL PARKING LOT - AFTER SCHOOL

Kids fight through the storm to get into cars and busses.

Candace, holding a FOLDER, follows Several Kids into A BIG WHITE VAN labeled: "GATEWAY TO GOD." Candace's Mom CHRISTINE, early 40s Tracy Flick type, loads the van. She wears a bracelet that reads, 'What Would CHRISTine Do?'

CHRISTINE
 Now who here pissed off God today
 and made him cry?

She laughs at her own joke and adjusts her hair.

CANDACE
 (rolling her eyes)
 Mom.

CHRISTINE
 What's in the portfolio? Those
 better not be the modeling photos I
 told you not to take.

CANDACE
 No. It's homework.

Christine closes the van doors and spots a poster: "Soccer Formal Tickets On Sale Now!" She makes sure no one is looking, RIPS the poster off the wall. She adjusts her pearls and SMILES, jumping into the driver's seat.

EXT. PROMISE ACADEMY BACK PARKING LOT - LITTLE LATER

Valerie SNEEZES as she leans against the brick wall by the school theater exit. She's totally alone, smoking a cig and wiping her consistently watery eyes.

She sneezes again. The lot is empty.

She hears a NOISE off to the side like NAILS ON A CHALKBOARD, turns to look and is CONFRONTED BY A LARGE BEING WE CAN'T SEE. Eyes wide, she's TERRIFIED. And locked in a trance.

LOW SCARY RASPY VOICE (O.S.)
 Hello Valerie. Alone again. Like
 always.

(MORE)

LOW SCARY RASPY VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 A shame that your dramatic and
 annoying personality pushes
 everyone away. A shame that you
 have no one. No one at all.

Tears start STREAMING down her cheeks. Two LARGE BEASTLY
 HANDS with LONG CLAWS extend out toward her face.

LOW SCARY RASPY VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 I could drink you right up. In
 fact, I think I will.

A LONG DISGUSTING TONGUE SLOBBERS over her cheeks, licking
 her tears, leaving a trail of RED GLOWING GOO.

She falls to the ground, unconscious, and is DRAGGED AWAY.

INT. LIBBY'S HOUSE - DINNER

Libby and Astrid chow down with Libby's parents and siblings,
 PAM (MOM), late 40s, wearing RN scrubs, HEIDI (MA), late 40s,
 and sister Kaitlin. Little brother JOEY, 5, makes a mess.

Libby, Astrid and Kaitlin scarf their food.

PAM (MOM)
 Where's the fire, girls?

LIBBY
 Mega homework. Mega test. Mega
 patrol.

KAITLIN
 Mega dorks.
 (to Mom)
 I have a critical conference call
 at 8.

PAM (MOM)
 Well don't give yourselves gas.

	LIBBY	KAITLIN
Mom!		Gross.

HEIDI (MA)
 (to Kaitlin)
 Lights out at 9. Including critical
 conference calls.
 (to Libby and Astrid)
 And you two, be careful!

LIBBY

Ma, it's fine, nothing *that* crazy
ever happens here.

INT. DARK NONDESCRIPT SPACE - NIGHT

Tate and Crying Woman watch as an unconscious body is dragged
into the lair. We see it's Valerie.

TECHNO MUSIC and PARTY LIGHTS are in full swing. Tate and
Crying Woman both have tears streaming down their faces and
into their martini glasses.

TATE

Why can't I stop crying?

CRYING WOMAN

I don't know. I can't either.

(through nonstop tears)

Why am I weirdly attracted to the
hideous monster thing? I know he's
disgusting, but is he also kinda...
sexy? No, not sexy. Dangerous.
Dangerous like a sexy daddy. Who
deals party drugs. Like Predator
with extra long claws and a sexy
Timothy Olyphant vibe, right?

TATE

(through tears)

Gross but yes exactly.

An IMPOSING FIGURE pops in, looming over them...

And then turning, we finally see it. The TEARJERKER!

It is otherworldly, a monster not of this Earth. It stands
tall over them, SCARY AS HELL. But also kinda sexy.

TEARJERKER

You've never been more right, my
babies. And I'll tell you why you
can't stop crying...

(beat)

Because you're excellent party guests!

They're both like WTF?

He reaches a 12-inch claw fingernail under Tate's chair and
stirs the tear-martini, then licks off a delicious taste.

TEARJERKER (CONT'D)

Almost ready...

EXT. BRIGHTON CREEK TRAIL - NIGHT

Libby and Astrid tiptoe from the car toward the trail entrance. They poke around the caution tape.

ASTRID
What exactly are we looking for?

LIBBY
Not sure. But I think that flag
marks where Tate's ID was found...

They tiptoe closer to the YELLOW FLAG marker...

The girls realize they're crouched in a puddle of RED GOO. It looks thick like gelatinous phlegm. Libby has to cover her mouth to stop from gagging. Her leg spasms.

LIBBY (CONT'D)
Ouch, my leg again! What is this
stuff?

ASTRID
(sniffing)
I honestly have no idea.

LIBBY
It's disgusting. So squishy.

Astrid sniffs around some more.

ASTRID
Smells almost like burnt pickles.

LIBBY
I think my leg's reacting to it.

Libby and Astrid dig around the caution tape with sticks. Something shiny GLEAMS under a leaf pile. Libby leans down.

LIBBY (CONT'D)
Um, Astrid, I got something!!

Astrid comes running over, leans to get a better look.

ASTRID
Is that a broken fingernail?
(beat, huh?)
A 12-inch long broken fingernail?

Astrid holds up a slightly curved, 12-inch long hybrid between a claw and a perfectly manicured nail.

LIBBY
 Looks like it?
 (more hesitation)
 Bag it up?

Girls hear rustling and heavy breathing in the bushes. They look at each other. They're in the clearing, nowhere to hide.

LIBBY (CONT'D)
 (beat, weakly)
 Hello...?

More rustling from the bushes. And GROWLING. They look at each other, TERRIFIED and then -

A DARK HOODED FIGURE steps out from behind the trees.

Girls SCREAM. And faint.

EXT. BRIGHTON CREEK TRAIL - LATER

Libby and Astrid wake up to CU on Dark Hooded Figure as he SLOWLY REMOVES HIS HOOD and -

He's HOT AF.

ASTRID
 Oh shit, I'm gonna die at the hands
 of a hottie with a body.

Dark Hooded Figure laughs.

DARK HOODED FIGURE
 Relax, I'm not gonna kill you. I'm
 actually here to save you from the
 thing that *wants* to kill you.
 So...you're welcome.

LIBBY
 Wait, what?

ASTRID
 Who the hell are you and what do you
 mean **THING THAT WANTS TO KILL US???**

DARK HOODED FIGURE
 Okay so, I'm Brutus. So, long
 story short, a portal to another
 dimension was opened up. A really
 bad, end of the world kind of
 dimension. Monsters. Bad guys.
 You know, like in the movies.
 (MORE)

DARK HOODED FIGURE (CONT'D)
 Thing is, it didn't just open up by
 itself.

Libby and Astrid look at each other.

BRUTUS
 Turns out, the portal opened
 because of...you.

ASTRID
 What?

LIBBY
 (to Astrid)
 I told you!!!

BRUTUS
 Remember that spell you did?
 (beat)
 You know, when you were standing
 7.2349567 feet away from each
 other, the copper, the fir tree
 bark, and then, the piece de
 resistance. You said, "Etaropave...
 ot... lla... ouy... tnaw ...ew."
 and well, in Monster, that loosely
 translates to, "Open the portal."

LIBBY
 (in shocked autopilot)
 It sounds much prettier when you
 pronounce it.

BRUTUS
 You really should have known better
 than to do all that on the 3rd
 Sunday of the 9th month during a
 pink moon, when Uranus was circling
 the wolf rays.

He looks at them like, duh.

BRUTUS (CONT'D)
 Anyway, because YOU opened it, YOU
are the ONLY ones who can close it,
 or else humanity sorta disappears.
 No biggie.

Libby and Astrid exchange a look.

LIBBY
 (stunned)
 We were just messing around! It was all
 fake! We were just blowing off steam!

BRUTUS

B-T-dubs, who hurt you? The portal you opened is no joke and very hard to access. Must be a lot of pain swirling around you guys.

Libby and Astrid exchange another look.

ASTRID

Why should we believe you?

BRUTUS

Ugh, fine. Proof. I hate this part. Really messes up my faux hawk.

ALLOFASUDDEN, a GLOWING horn sprouts out of his forehead.

Girls' mouths HANG OPEN.

BRUTUS (CONT'D)

I know. Not a good look.

ASTRID

Nice special effects makeup, tell Tate or Candace or whoever to kiss my fat ass. We'll never ever go to one of their parties again. They win. Come on, Libby, let's go. This dude's psycho.

The girls turn to leave. Libby's unsure, but starts walking with her friend...

BRUTUS

(stopping them briefly)

Look, I can't force you to stay. Special rule number 6795C. But, the thing that has your friend is called a TEARJERKER and it targets anyone crying. The sadder you are, the more it wants you.

(tossing Libby a PAMPHLET)

It will say to you the deep dark thing you fear the most. And you really should...

They're already running back to Libby's car.

BRUTUS (CONT'D)

...know that your friend only has about 26 hours left.

EXT. O'MALLEY'S PIZZERIA - NIGHT

Nigel from Sun Buns sits somberly at an outdoor table as he shoves a pizza slice into his mouth, then wipes a tear.

WAITER

You okay, Bro? Pizza isn't *that* bad, is it?

INT. CHURCH REC ROOM - NIGHT

Christine supervises as a group of kids organize piles of her "What Would CHRISTine Do" bracelets.

CHRISTINE

Speaking of sin, let's talk about the upcoming fertile ground for sin: the Soccer Formal.

Kids look around at each other, a few GROANS.

CHRISTINE (CONT'D)

Don't think I wasn't young once. We all know what happens at these things and I'm here to ask you, what would you rather have inside you? The lord's light or the devil's penis?

A few kids laugh.

CANDACE

Jesus, Mom.

CHRISTINE

Exactly. Jesus. Now if you'll excuse me, I'm gonna go refill the punch.

INT. CHURCH MUD ROOM - SAME

Christine snoops through Candace's backpack, finds her photos. Sexy influencer/*Maxim Mag* style shots. She holds her hand up-

CHRISTINE

I knew it! Lord, why have you forsaken me? Send me an angel of mercy to vanquish the devil teacher Jonas who took these disgusting photos. Before he becomes a worse influence on my precious daughter.

INT. LIBBY'S BEDROOM - LATER

Both Astrid and Libby are blank-faced, laying on Libby's bed, staring up at the ceiling. Libby clutches the PAMPHLET.

ASTRID

That couldn't have been for real,
right? Someone's screwing with us,
right? Who do you think it is?

LIBBY

I honestly don't know what to think.

ASTRID

What does it say again?

LIBBY

*Rule 7.85b, closing the portal-
Collect the following 13 body
parts: a krivack from a Klorfus, an
eyeball from a Memoragatu, the glog
from a Slim-- and a bunch of other
words I don't understand.*

Libby starts pacing, they're each having their own convo.

ASTRID

Candace? Tate, even? Did someone
see us in the yard last night? Are
we not the only ones with night
vision binocular masks??

LIBBY

What does this stuff even mean?

ASTRID

Definitely not Sparrow, of course.
(beat)

There must be a logical explanation
for this. There always is.

Beat as they resume talking TO each other.

LIBBY

Also...a horn...came out of his head.

ASTRID

Yeah, there is that. At first I
thought maybe it was a Pilar cyst.
But those don't present like that.

Storm is ramping up outside.

LIBBY

What if, he *was* telling the truth?

ASTRID

But what about science?

LIBBY

But what about...everything else?

Beat.

ASTRID

Then that would mean....there are actually monsters in Coppers Cove and it's all our fault.

LIBBY

And if that's true, then something called a Tearjerker is eating people's tears and he's holding Tate hostage. And if it's all our fault, and somehow Tate has been... um... taken...or hurt, then I guess...we need to stop people from crying....and...

ASTRID

(beat)

Sonofabitch. We gotta find that asshole. How else will we know?

LIGHTNING STRIKES and for a second, as Libby grabs her leg, the whole sky is illuminated, then goes PITCH BLACK.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

SCRIBBLED ACROSS THE SCREEN: TUESDAY

EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - MORNING

It's a beautiful morning, birds chirping, sky back to normal.

INT. ASTRID'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Astrid stares at her reflection.

ASTRID

It's just a normal school day. Like
ANY other day...Absolutely nothing
insane happened last night.

She opens the blinds, looks out the window at the blue sky.

ASTRID (CONT'D)

See! Normal.

From her parents bedroom she can hear the news-

NEWSCASTER (O.S.)

Local police are searching for a
man, last seen yesterday evening,
crying at O'Malley's Pizza...

ASTRID

Well, shit.

INT. LIBBY'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Libby stares at her reflection. And the Buffy poster over her
shoulder.

LIBBY

I'm a monster hunter. What? I opened
a portal. What? Of monsters. WHAT?

EXT. SCHOOL PARKING LOT - MORNING

Kids unload from buses as SOMETHING WATCHES THEM from the
woods. Astrid and Libby overhear a couple Theater Kids:

THEATER GAL

Has anyone seen Valerie?

THEATER GUY
No, she wasn't on the bus.

LIBBY
Oh no, her allergies. It got Val!

INT. SCIENCE CLASS - DAY

Astrid hesitates, then approaches Mr. Frick at his desk as he polishes his "Bunny" Bunsen Burner.

ASTRID
Weird question.

MR. FRICK
Remember, there are-

ASTRID
No weird questions, right... Is there any chance monsters exist and there's one that eats tears?

MR. FRICK
Ha! I needed a good laugh this morning. Where do you get this stuff?

INT. PHOTOGRAPHY CLASSROOM - MORNING

Libby studies her patrol journal at her desk, "subtly" examines the Tate photo across the room, and then takes more notes.

CANDACE
You know you're not as subtle as you think you are.

LIBBY
(startled, then)
Oh, you're talking to me now?

CANDACE
I never didn't talk to you.

LIBBY
Uh, mmmkay.
(beat, getting her nerve)
Ever since you got cool and I got fat, we haven't exactly been buddies.

CANDACE
You're the one who ditched me for Astrid in 5th grade, remember?

Beat as they both awkwardly let those barbs land.

CANDACE (CONT'D)
So...do you...have any leads?

LIBBY
Um. Let's say, tbd.
(beat)
Have you heard *anything* from him?

CANDACE
You tell me, you're the creeper
stalking everyone all the time, right?

Libby turns back around.

LIBBY
Right. Cool, have a nice life.

CANDACE
Sorry.
(beat)
No offense.
(beat)
You know, I only said the Pudge
Patrol thing to Tate once as a
joke. I didn't think he would
spread it.

LIBBY
Am I supposed to say "thank you?"

CANDACE
I guess not.

LIBBY
So, your jerk boyfriend? Have you
heard from him or what?

CANDACE
No, nothing.

LIBBY
Crap.

CANDACE
(beat)
He's not always an asshole, you know.
(beat)
Unlike me.

Beat. They share a small smirk.

INT. NONDESCRIPT SCARY SPACE - CONTINUOUS

Tate, Valerie, Nigel, and Crying Woman are tied to chairs. A GIANT MARTINI GLASS under each one. Disco lights swirl above.

Tearjerker dances as he finishes strapping Nigel into his chair, pepperoni stuck to Nigel's shirt.

TEARJERKER

Damn I love these sweet beats.

NIGEL

Where am I?

TEARJERKER

At the party, baby.

(baby voice)

Aww, is Nigel sad because he'll never be as rich and powerful as his little brother Granty-poo?

NIGEL

Wha-wha-what are you-

Tearjerker GRABS Nigel by the face, gets thisclose. We see the horror in Nigel's eyes.

TEARJERKER

It's no use. I know you. And I know you'll always be in his shadow. Always wanting what you'll never be good enough to have.

Tears start STREAMING down Nigel's face.

TEARJERKER (CONT'D)

Speaking of wanting things!

Tearjerker steps back, suddenly lighthearted AF.

TEARJERKER (CONT'D)

I know you're not quite ready yet, but daddy wants a Teartini...

He walks back and forth between the victims, evaluating...

TEARJERKER (CONT'D)

Hmmm, which one....

He grabs the martini glass underneath the Crying Woman, stirs it with his long fingernail, then takes a taste.

TEARJERKER (CONT'D)

This'll do.

Just as the criers breath a sigh of relief, Tearjerker JABS two fingernails into Crying Woman's eyes, and plucks them out. Plops them into the Teartini.

TEARJERKER (CONT'D)

Perfect.

The rest of them SCREAM.

INT. MICHELLE'S CLASSROOM - DAY

Students make giant tissue paper balls. Astrid runs in, sits right across from Sparrow, who looks supremely bored.

MICHELLE

(scanning the crowd)

Those of you here because you care about the Formal, welcome. Those of you here because of Varshidi's detention, I'll give you a chance.

(beat)

But if you beef up my dance, I'll end you, got it? Lookin at you, Sparrow.

Sparrow HUFFS and puts sunglasses on.

ASTRID

Oh shit, tears??

(beat, to Sparrow)

Yo, she didn't mean anything by it.

(beat)

Are you crying under there? Stop crying. It probably doesn't matter, but maybe it does? So stop! Just in case.

Sparrow stares at her, intrigued. Clearly not crying.

SPARROW

You're a weird girl.

Astrid puts her head on her desk.

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - LIBBY'S LOCKER - DAY

Libby works on her locker combo as Astrid approaches.

ASTRID

Well, I think my Sparrow deflowering dreams are done forever. But I do think I maybe saved his life, so there's that...

LIBBY
Oh no! And cool?
(beat)
So I talked to Candace and kinda
resolved some stuff.

ASTRID
Ew, you talked to princess turd vomit?
How was that?

LIBBY
Fine.

ASTRID
Fine? That's it?

LIBBY
Yeah, it was fine. Cleared some
stuff up. Fine.

ASTRID
What's that face?

LIBBY
What face?

Libby opens her locker, GASPS and immediately slams it shut.
She takes a second look and closes the locker more quietly.

LIBBY (CONT'D)
(beat)
Um.. there's a weird, glowing...
vibrating...orb?...in there?

Astrid peeks in at what looks like a Bop-It floating within a
glowing gaseous sphere.

ASTRID
Goddammit, Unicorn Boy. Way to
pile it on. Can't we just quietly
ignore this all away?

LIBBY
I don't think so.

ASTRID
Like we need another reason for
everyone to think we're freakshows.

MEAN KID WALKING BY
You are freakshows.

As Libby stares at the Orb, a tiny compartment opens and a
teeny tiny doll-sized note falls out. Astrid grabs it-

ASTRID
 (reading)
*Hello monster hunters-- Jesus--
 Use me to hold the 13 body parts
 needed to close the portal.*

Beat as Astrid and Libby exchange a worried glance.

ASTRID (CONT'D)
*Step 1: retrieve the Tonton from
 the Tearjerker. And if you haven't
 figured it out yet- follow your
 nose...and leg... AKA your new
 monster tracker superpowers!*
 (beat)
 Seriously? These are the powers we
 get?

Libby picks up the Orb, turning it in her hands.

LIBBY
 How does this work?

Libby hits a button. A RED BEAM shoots out, landing on a FLY.
 ALLOFASUDDEN, the fly GLOWS and grows to hamster size.

From the recoil, she hits another button. A BLUE BEAM zaps a
 trashcan, making it DISAPPEAR.

They look at each other in SHOCK as the FLY ZOOMS out a window.

ASTRID
 I think you hit the wrong buttons.
 Time for some recon.

Libby nods in agreement. Astrid shoves the Orb into her bag.

EXT. STREETS OF COPPERS COVE - DAY

Libby and Astrid wander around town based on leg and nose
 flashes. Using their journals to cross reference.

MONTAGE: TOWN SQUARE

ASTRID
 What does your leg say?

LIBBY
 I don't know! What does your nose say?

SUBURBAN STREET

LIBBY (CONT'D)
Cold, cold, warm, warmer, hot, hot.

ASTRID
Same! Man, these are the lamest
supernatural powers ever.

THE PARK

LIBBY
Ouch! Ow!!! Definitely this way.

They see a kid fall off his bike and cry. Astrid runs up-

ASTRID
You better GROW A PAIR AND STOP
CRYING, BUCKO!

Kid is like WTF, but it makes him stop.

SIDEWALK OUTSIDE SUN BUNS TANNING

Libby grabs her leg in pain.

LIBBY
Okay well not sure why, but we
gotta go in here.

ASTRID
(sniffing)
Yeah I'm getting that same burnt
vinegar smell. Let's do it.

INT. SUN BUNS TANNING SALON - LATER

Douchey fluorescent signs and aggressive lotion displays.
Think Miami Beach in the 80s. Grant sets up for the day.

Libby and Astrid walk in. Astrid clears her throat.

ASTRID
Hello, we'd like to order two tans
please.

GRANT
Are you here from the high school?

The girls SIGH and reluctantly make the chomping Badger sign.

Grant hands them each a towel.

GRANT (CONT'D)
Rooms C and D.

INT. BACK HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Libby and Astrid slink down the hallway, examining.

LIBBY

Check things out, meet back in ten?

Thumbs up from Astrid. They peel off into separate rooms.

INTERCUT BETWEEN:

ASTRID'S TANNING ROOM

Astrid SNIFFS around, nada. Trail's gone cold. Sees some suntan lotions. Looks at the tanning machine. Hmm.

ASTRID

When in Rome.

She strips down, puts on earbuds, gets into the tanning bed.

LIBBY'S TANNING ROOM

Libby starts opening drawers, nada. Then, she doubles over in pain, her leg is throbbing.

HEARS CRYING. Oh shit, it's coming from the next room.

NEXT DOOR TANNING ROOM

Libby enters, entranced as she sees the TEARJERKER, headphones on and bopping his head to the beat, SCRAPE the TEARS of A TANNING WOMAN with his 12-inch CLAW FINGERNAIL and snort it like it's cocaine.

LIBBY GASPS, which STARTLES the Tearjerker.

He turns toward her, delighted.

TEARJERKER

Well look who it is. It's my number one portal-opening party girl.

LIBBY

No..I...

TEARJERKER

I know you're normally not invited to parties...

(beat as Libby reacts)

Oh no, did I hit a nerve?

(excited)

You're not going to cry are you?

Libby starts tearing up. Tearjerker wipes a tear with his CLAW, LICKS IT.

TEARJERKER (CONT'D)
(drug high)
Shit that's good.

LIBBY
(through tears)
Please...

Instantly, the Creature has her in a trance-like state.

TEARJERKER
You don't have to ask me twice.
You know why you're going to be
extra yummy? Because you hate
yourself... Sad tastes good, but
worthless is delicious.

LIBBY
I'm not...

TEARJERKER
Sure you are, gf.

She slumps to the floor, SOBBING, unable to look away.

ASTRID'S ROOM

Astrid jams to relaxing music in her tanning bed, oblivious that her purse is starting to VIBRATE and GLOW.

NEXT DOOR - LIBBY'S ROOM

The Tearjerker takes a GIANT LICK of her tears.

TEARJERKER (CONT'D)
...Just one more taste for daddy
before we get started...

ASTRID'S ROOM

The VIBRATING gets more aggressive and Astrid's tanning bed starts to shake. WTF. She grabs the wildly vibrating Orb from her purse, opens the door and sees CREEPY RED GLOWING LIGHT coming from the hall.

ASTRID
Libby!

LIBBY'S ROOM

Outside the door, Astrid BANGS and screams Libby's name.

But then we're back with Libby - all we hear is Libby breathing as the Tearjerker stares into her eyes, licking her tears.

TEARJERKER

Ready to move the party to my crib?

But then!

Astrid BUSTS into the room with the Orb! She pushes a button - a laser shoots out, EXPLODING THE CREATURE'S TONGUE, which sprays a disproportionate amount of RED GOO directly onto the girls.

The Tanning Woman snaps out of her trance and RUNS out the door.

The Tearjerker's TONGUE starts to regenerate in his mouth, but Astrid has JUST enough time to grab Libby and HAUL ASS.

TANNING SALON LOBBY

Grant looks up just as Astrid and Libby, covered in RED GOO, beeline for the front door. What the?

ASTRID

Lady problems.

LIBBY

Homeopathic tanning lotion.

INT. LIBBY'S CAR - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Both girls are hyperventilating and COVERED IN GOO as Astrid speed-drives them away. Libby is still coming to.

ASTRID

He got away.

LIBBY

You saved my life.

ASTRID

I'm so so sorry. You were right, this shit's real. It's all real. Holy crap I'm so glad you're okay. I was so scared I lost you.

Libby reaches out to squeeze Astrid's hand.

ASTRID (CONT'D)

What...happened in there? You looked...so sad.

LIBBY

(tearing up)

It was awful. He told me the truth...what I already know... That I'm...worthless.

Astrid pulls the car over and looks at her friend.

ASTRID

Libby, you're the farthest thing
from worthless. You're the most
important person in my life.

LIBBY

(in tears)

Why do so many people keep saying
it to me if it's not true?

ASTRID

Because some people are idiots. And
that thing's a monster. And you
were the only person smart enough
to see what was happening. And who
could be worthless with such a
badass leg cramp superpower?

Libby laughs and they hug.

ASTRID (CONT'D)

Now, how do we kill this psycho
buttface monster thing?

Libby pulls the pamphlet from her backpack, scanning.

LIBBY

Okay, 13 monster body parts, place
them in Orb, close the portal,
yada, yada... Tearjerker! Found it,
okay... Listen to this:

(reading)

*Step 1: incapacitate Tearjerker,
cut out his Tonton, Step 2: set him
on fire...*

INT. GIRLS LOCKER ROOM - LATER

Astrid finishes the pamphlet aloud as she and Libby wipe
themselves down with shitty locker room paper towels.

ASTRID

Yep, "*Cut out his Tonton, set him on
fire.*" Cool. Easy peasy. Clear as day.

BRUTUS

I see you found what I left in your
mailbox.

Both girls JUMP. Brutus is suddenly there.

The creepy Giant Fly buzzes in and lands on his shoulder.

ASTRID
It's called a locker. And it's
extremely public.

Brutus hands them a bottle.

BRUTUS
Just came to bring you this. Mix it
with elephant tranquilizer. It'll
knock the Tearjerker right out.

LIBBY
Elephant tranq-?

Astrid nods and winks "got this" at Libby, takes the bottle.

LIBBY (CONT'D)
And, you sure he has Tate? And
Valerie? And those other people
who went missing?

BRUTUS
Yes, but he distills victims for 48
hours before he kills them.
(off their confused look)
To wring as much despair out of
them as possible.
(still confused)
For when he drains and drinks all
their remaining bodily fluids.

ASTRID	LIBBY
(finally understanding)	(finally understanding)
Ah.	Ah.

BRUTUS
So you still have...
(looking at his watch)
8 hours left to get to them.
(beat)
And remember, if you don't get the
Tonton, you can't close the portal
and the world will die. Good luck!

He and the fly both disappear.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Libby and Astrid beeline down the hallway, passing Sparrow.

SPARROW
Astrid.

She stops and turns around. Sparrow looks at her funny.

ASTRID
(OMG)
What?

SPARROW
You have a little something in your
hair...

He gestures toward her hair. She wipes the red goo, mortified.

SPARROW (CONT'D)
Is that, blood?

ASTRID
Um, I think so.

SPARROW
Cool.

She smiles to herself and keeps running.

MONTAGE:

SCIENCE LAB

-Astrid picks the lock on the chem cabinet and mixes Methanol and Propanoyl chloride into the BOTTLE Brutus gave them.

-Astrid runs to Frick's desk, mouths "Sorry" in his direction, shoves his precious PORTABLE BUNSEN BURNER into Libby's backpack. Several kids stare at them like they're freaks.

BIKE RACK OUTSIDE SCHOOL

-Astrid grabs 2 helmets. Libby leaves several notes that say "Will return your helmet, promise. Unless we're dead."

GAS STATION

-Libby fails at looking super nonchalant as she pumps some gasoline into a Super Soaker Water Gun.

LIBBY'S BEDROOM

-They face Libby's mirror, wearing every clothing item they have, for padding. Plus kitchen gloves, stolen bike helmets and each holding a water gun. They look like nerdy badasses.

END MONTAGE.

INT. LIBBY'S BEDROOM - LATER

Libby is digging through her backpack.

ASTRID
Steel dagger.

LIBBY
Check.

ASTRID
Turkey baster.

LIBBY
Check. Last thing on the list.
Think we're finally ready.
(beat)
What if I'm not ready? I honestly
don't know if I can do this, Astrid.

ASTRID
You're stronger than you think.

Kaitlin pops her Blue-toothed head in.

KAITLIN
Heard you and Sparrow had a real
moment today.

LIBBY
How do you-

KAITLIN
I told you, I have eyes everywhere.

EXT. BEHIND THE PET STORE - NIGHT

The girls stand over a drainage grate.

ASTRID
We sure this is it?

LIBBY
Yeah, my leg is killing me.

Astrid deeply SNIFFS around.

ASTRID
Yep, this is the spot. He can douse
himself in all the Drakkar he
wants, I can still smell him.

Libby removes the grate.

LIBBY
I'm scared.

ASTRID
I'm right behind you. You and me,
Libs. We're the only ones who can
save the world. Just us. Kinda
cool when you think about it.

LIBBY
Maybe being us ain't so bad. Pudge
Patrol, armed and ready for mega
ass-kicking.

They strap on their night vision binocular goggles, high
five, then quietly slip under the grate and into the lair.

INT. MONSTER'S LAIR - SAME

Libby and Astrid peer around a wall. They see the victims in the
locked cell crying uncontrollably. Valerie can't stop sneezing.

LIBBY
Val! And, is that the tanning guy?

ASTRID
I think so. Imma get into position.

Libby nods as Astrid hides behind some boxes.

Libby removes her night vision goggles, opens Brutus's bottle
and uses a turkey baster to drip the liquid down her cheeks a
la tears. Then she waltzes out into the lair!

LIBBY
(drama like soap opera)
Oh, misery! These tears fall so
freely from all the pain!!!!

TEARJERKER (O.S.)
A surprise guest! Delightful!

ALLOFASUDDEN from behind her- champagne cork POPPING.

TEARJERKER (CONT'D)
When the tears hit your fangs, it's
so good.

Tearjerker slowly approaches Libby. She TREMBLES, locked in
his gaze. She tilts her tear-soaked cheek in his direction.

TEARJERKER (CONT'D)
Perhaps an aperitif before we spar?

Tearjerker extends his giant prehensile tongue and slowly laps her cheeks.

TEARJERKER (CONT'D)
Yum. I'd love to take this to the
next level. But first, a tune...

He clicks a button on his juke box.

German techno fills the space. The Tearjerker starts gyrating and turns to face Libby. Why's he wide awake!?!? And then -

He SLUMPS to the ground with a THUD.

LIBBY
Oh, thank God.

Astrid runs back in.

ASTRID
We gotta work fast.

LIBBY
You go pick the lock, I guess I'll
start dissecting.

Libby kneels down beside the beast and cuts a square open on his chest. She is immediately DOUSED with red goo. She GAGS.

LIBBY (CONT'D)
Astrid, I need your help! I can't
see a thing and I'm totes gonna barf.

Astrid finishes picking the holding cell lock and runs up to a confused and weak Tate.

ASTRID
Quick, we don't have much time.
(pointing)
Exit's that way. I gotta finish this.

Astrid steps over dead Crying Woman and mouths "R.I.P."

INT. LAIR HALLWAY - SAME

Tate, Valerie and Nigel rush down the hallway, their tears finally slowing to a trickle.

INT. MONSTER LAIR - SAME

Astrid, now fully covered in GOO, holds up the Tonton.

ASTRID

Got it!

They drop it into the ORB, which beeps and whirs shut.

ASTRID (CONT'D)

Look on the bright side, only 13
more of these and we can close the
portal...

LIBBY

Great. Just in time for Formal.

**Over the *SLOW, MELANCHOLY Ursine Vulpine cover of Chris
Isaac's Wicked Game:***

The monster's GIGANTIC eyes flip open, and the girls SCREAM!
As his tongue rapidly regenerates:

TEARJERKER

(mumbled and subtitled)

Now why'd you have to go ruin a
perfectly good party?

He BOLTS upright, body and tongue healed. Huge Joker smile.
The girls are FROZEN.

TEARJERKER (CONT'D)

You've made me mad. And do you
know what I do when I get mad?

(beat)

I dance!

He jiggles around for a few seconds.

TEARJERKER (CONT'D)

(patronizing)

And then I dine.

He LUNGES at them, GROWLING and displaying GIANT FANG TEETH.
They all tumble to the floor, the Tearjerker on top of them.
He turns pointedly to Astrid.

TEARJERKER (CONT'D)

I can see why your Mom is so deeply
ashamed of you.

LIBBY

No! Don't listen to him!

Astrid starts to tear up.

TEARJERKER

That's right. Lemme have it. Gimme
your delicious tears, party girls.

He leans in to lap up the tears and -

LIBBY

Wait!

Tearjerker is thrown by her ballsiness and he stops.

LIBBY (CONT'D)

We'll give you what you want, but...
what'll you do when we're dead?
(indicating the cell)
Your second course is ruined.

He turns and is SHOCKED at the empty holding cell, releases
his grip, giving Astrid just enough leeway to scramble away.

He's FURIOUS, lunges back down to Libby's face and -- Astrid
SPRAYS him with the Super Soaker Water Gun full of gasoline.

The spray confuses him long enough that he release his grip
on Libby. He wipes his body, grimacing at the gasoline smell.

TEARJERKER

I dislike this proof.

He then LUNGES FOR ASTRID - But-

Libby SPRAYS FIRE from the Portable Bunsen Burner, and the
Tearjerker BURSTS INTO FLAMES. As he shrinks down, burning
and dying, he CRIES A LOUD DESPERATE WAIL and CLUTCHES his
eyes, crying, finally evaporating into ash.

ASTRID

I've officially decided parties are
overrated.

EXT. PARKING LOT BEHIND PET STORE - SAME

Libby and Astrid are heavy breathing, covered in GOO, laying
next to Tate and a passed-out Valerie.

LIBBY

Where'd the tanning dude go?

TATE

Dunno. He ran off.
(beat)
What happened?

LIBBY

It's a long story. Right now we just need to get you and Val home.

TATE

Who's Val?

ASTRID

(incredulous)

She goes to school with us. She was at your party.

TATE

Really?

LIBBY

Maybe you need to get your head outta your ass.

TATE

I don't really know what to say.

ASTRID

Well you could start by thanking us for drowning in monster guts to save your life. Don't worry, we're not gonna tell anyone. In fact, it's probably a good idea if none of us talk about this...to anyone.

LIBBY

Cover story. Good idea.

TATE

Yeah sure, nobody would believe I spent more than five minutes with you guys anyway. We're cool.

(then)

Also, thanks.

Libby and Astrid share a look: this freakin' guy.

ASTRID

Libby, could you pass me the Orb?

LIBBY

Sure.

Libby passes it to her and "accidentally" hits the button, dissolving a street lamp next to Tate. Who SHRIEKS and JUMPS.

LIBBY (CONT'D)

Whoops.

Libby and Astrid smile at each other.

INT. SCHOOL AUDITORIUM - DAY

Michelle and Varshidi at the podium, leading assembly.

MICHELLE

You guys picked a dumb theme for the dance, even though I asked you not to. So I chose something else. I'm super stoked to announce the new COOL theme...Angels & Demons!

ASTRID

A little on the nose?

Libby laughs.

VARSHIDI

And now, exciting announcement! Drum roll please, I'd like to welcome back to Promise... your favorite Badger... Tate Vanderberg!

Tate comes BURSTING through a sports entrance banner.

VARSHIDI (CONT'D)

Look who's alive, you guys!

Room ERUPTS with clapping, shouting, etc.

KIDS

Speech! Speech! Speech!

Tate reluctantly grabs the mic.

TATE

Uh, thanks guys. Super happy to be back. Yo, reminder to everyone to wear a helmet when you go bouldering!... I do have someone to thank...Couldn't have done it without them....

He looks over at Libby and Astrid, who smile.

TATE (CONT'D)

Candy, baby, will you come up here?

LIBBY

I guess some things never change.

Candace BLUSHES and makes her way to the front, exchanging a subtle glance with Libby as she passes. Astrid clocks this.

ASTRID
 (loaded)
 Well some stuff changes.
 (beat)
 Like, I guess monsters are real.

LIBBY
 Yeah, I guess we're monster hunters
 now. Arguably cooler than iguanas
 and Billy Eilish.

ASTRID
 I'm gonna get so much ass it's
 gonna be freaky.

DUMB KID nearby.

DUMB KID
 You guys are freaky.

ASTRID	LIBBY
Thanks!	Thanks!

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Valerie and Eggs wander by Libby's locker.

VALERIE
 I had the weirdest dream I was in a
 drug den with a sexy monster.

Libby opens her locker, and a note falls out. Revealing a
 sharp WEIRDLY SHAPED SWORD inside.

ASTRID
 Again with the locker, Brutus!?

Libby picks up the note and reads it aloud...

LIBBY
*Dear Hunters, we've had a breach.
 Keep eyes out for a Klorfus: A 999-
 toothed shapeshifter that flips its
 victims inside out. Xoxox, Brutus.*
 (beat)
 He could maybe soften his delivery.

ASTRID
 I think there's a photo on the back.

Libby turns over the note and both girls SCREAM.

END PILOT

TAG

INT. CHURCH REC ROOM - NIGHT

Christine organizes booklets, hears a noise from the chapel.

INT. CHAPEL - DAY

Christine pokes her head inside. It's dark and empty. Hears noise again so she walks in.

CHRISTINE

Hello?

GROWLING from behind a pew.

CHRISTINE (CONT'D)

Jamison if that's you playing
another one of your pranks, I will
be forced to tell your mothe-

Suddenly, Christine sees SOMETHING WE DON'T SEE and drops to her knees, raises her hands up-

CHRISTINE (CONT'D)

Oh mighty lord and savior you have
chosen me!

(beat)

What an...unusual looking angel of
his mercy! Not at all what I
expected but that is the magic of
the lord. Oh heavenly father, you
heard my prayers and are here to
rid me of that evil teacher Jonas.

VOICE (O.S.)

(haunting AF voice)

I am here to serve.

FINIS.