

TEEN SPIRIT

**versus
the L.A.P.D.**

and Other Fascists

Jarred Hodgdon

www.jarred-hodgdon.com

Jarrhod@gmail.com

"He alone who owns the youth, gains the future."

- Adolph Hitler

FADE IN:

INT. JACKIE'S KITCHEN - DAY

CLANG, CLANG, CLANG - a spoon swirls creamer into coffee.

JACKIE JONES (82, white) grabs up the mug. A spry old timer in a fuzzy green sweater. His home is kept neat yet unadorned. He heads into the -

LIVING ROOM

- plops into the couch. Slurps the brew and sets the mug down.

On the coffee table sits THE BELL - or DIE GLOCKE. It takes up a square foot, with a metallic cubed frame and a clear space to show the contained inner object of convex shape. Made of bluish, phosphorescent hued metal. Strange thing.

Jackie reveres it.

He picks up a item that looks like a conductor baton but with a chubby end. He TAPS the butt of the wand on the table then gently strikes the Bell - a HIGH PITCHED SUBTLE HUM rings out. He glides the tip of the wand up and down the Bell to shape the SOUND.

PPFT- A spritz of haze and light pops into the air out of the Bell. A misty and hologram like cloud field forms in the air.

Jackie closes his eyes in a meditative manner.

Light moves into the shapes of forms and patterns like abstract blots of rich paint.

Jackie's eyes open and he looks upon the mist as the image becomes clearer - a YOUNG TEENAGE GIRL in a bedroom. Jackie watches the unclear and sketch like form.

INSERT - In the haze the girl can be seen to be scribbling in a textbook. She X's out the eyes of an image of Margaret Thatcher. She writes the A symbol for anarchy over a picture of Ronald Reagan.

Jackie is interested.

He sets down the wand, picks up the coffee and takes a sip. The hazy Bell vision fades away.

INT. MYRNA'S ROOM - DAY

Orange hued sunlight invades MYRNA MAKI'S (17, white/asian) eight by ten teenage hovel. Rock, rap and cartoon posters obscure most of her childhood Alice in Wonderland mural. A small plastic TV on the dresser plays a music video - SMELLS LIKE TEEN SPIRIT.

She is unaware she has been watched by the old man.

Myrna ignores the TV and bops her head to the music from her Walkman. Her hair is poorly half-shaved and her baggy, mismatched clothes mark her as either cool or a total spazz.

SUPER - San Fernando Valley, Summer 1992

Myrna dumps the contents of her backpack onto the bed. A smashed sandwich, crumpled papers, a worn paperback of Master and Margarita. She snatches up her Lisa Frank style binder, turns up her lower lip, disgusted by the psychedelic kittens on the cover.

MYRNA

Nope.

She frisbees it towards the trash bin next to the door. It misses and crashes to the floor as the door OPENS and SAMANTHA MAKI (39), an aging adult film actress, enters. Uncombed hair, she wears a XXL sleeping shirt.

SAMANTHA

Hey. Watch it.

MYRNA

Sorry.

SAMANTHA

Your favorite binder?!

Myrna nods her head towards the binder on the floor.

MYRNA

Years ago, Mom. I don't like cutesy kittens and kiddie shit anymore. I've been... disillusioned.

SAMANTHA

Oh, okay.
(noticing)
Goin' somewhere?

MYRNA

Jamming with Cal. Out of your way so you can shoot your movie.

SAMANTHA

That was just that once. And it'll never be again.

Samantha pulls bills from her pocket, drops them on the bed.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

Come back with some smokes?

Myrna stands. Throws the cash and a sweater in the backpack.

MYRNA

Still not eighteen yet, Mom.

A hat, comics and rock magazines are thrown in the bag.

SAMANTHA

Most spots don't care. Go into one of the ghetto stores.

MYRNA

God. Enough with the coded racism.

SAMANTHA

Okay, smart-ass. Just get em please.

Myrna shoves past her Mom and leaves.

EXT. JACKIE'S HOUSE - DAY

A two bedroom suburban home, yard overgrown with burnt weeds and unmatched paint peeling from the stucco facade.

Four NWA-light HOOLIGANS, sneak across the lawn. Led by WICK (17, black) and ROY (16, black) - followed by DEEP-VOICE (17, black) and LANKY (17, black).

WICK

Old man must be dead. Ain't seen him come out in a minute.

DEEP VOICE

If not, we could put a mark on that weird muthafucka.

WICK

We'll see 'bout that.

ROY

I'll hang back, keep an eye.

WICK
Fuck that, soldier. C'mon, then.

Wick leads Roy and the others around to the side-yard fence. Wick tries to reach over to get the latch on a door - can't reach.

WICK (CONT'D)
(to Roy)
You up, baby gangsta.

Wick indicates to hop over the fence with a head nod.

ROY
What? Naw, man.

WICK
Trick, quit playin.

Wick clasps his hands to boost Roy. Roy hesitates, but gives in and takes the step up. Awkward fumbling around, then Roy tumbles over the top of the fence.

The fence divides the other three from Roy.

WICK (CONT'D)
Let us in, G.

Roy fumbles with the locked gate handle.

ROY
I'm tryin', yo.

A cord of fishing line wraps around Roy's neck - fists pull the hoodlum back further into the yard.

The attacker is Jackie. The old man chokes out Roy.

WICK
Ay, Roy?! The fucks goin on?

Roy CHOKES as the old man drops his fishing line and SLAPS the teenager in the face.

WICK (CONT'D)
Fuck this.

Wick gets a boost up and struggles to jump the fence.

Jackie SPITS in Roy's face.

JACKIE
 Little punk shit.
 (in German)
 Drecksneger!

Wick hangs at the top of the fence and catches view of Jackie frothing over Roy.

WICK
 The fuck is this old man?!

Wick HOLLERS - tries to thrust his weight over the fence. Jackie turns his crazed gaze towards Wick and starts heading straight towards the fence.

Wick is poised to pounce off the top of the fence, Jackie grabs sharp meat prongs off a barbecue and charges.

WICK (CONT'D)
 Oh shit!

Wick recoils and jumps back into the front yard.

Jackie thrusts his skewer - punctures through the fence.

WICK (CONT'D)
 Gaw' damn that's a crazy fuckin'
 old man.

LANKY HOOLIGAN
 Yo, B, the fuck is this?!

Deep Voice hops up trying to catch view of Roy.

WICK
 (yelling over fence)
 Sit tight, yo. Lemme think how bad
 I'm 'bout to fuck this old man up.

Wick catches his breath as the three stand by.

CREAK - SLAM - The front door to the house opens.

Jackie strides business-like around the corner and right up to the three thugs. Leading ahead of him is the Luger he has pointed straight at Wick. The teenage goons freeze in place.

A stare of fear and malice between Jackie and Wick.

Jackie moves his gun slightly to the left and -

BANG!

The gunshot blows a hole right in his fence. A moment of shock. Wick and his friends bolt off.

We hear their retreating CURSES as they run away at breakneck speed. Jackie calmly walks back into his house.

EXT. JACKIE'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

After a CLICK, Jackie's gate swings open. The old man pushes a wheelbarrow out with Roy inside. He rolls the kid across his lawn and out to the street gutter.

Tipping it over, he dumps Roy into the street.

Roy stirs, but is still out from his beating.

Jackie leans in close to Roy's face.

JACKIE

Get away from here before I show
you the kind of man I am.

Jackie wheels his wheelbarrow back into his yard. Closes the gate behind him.

We see the bullet hole in the fence. A twinkle of mystical light, then it disappears.

EXT. CONVENIENCE STORE - LATE

Myrna leans against the wall of the 7-11 like store, sipping a slushy. A beater car pulls up in front of her. The ignition turns off, the door opens and a kid exits. The clean cut, straight-laced kid sidles up to her. This is CAL (16, white).

CAL

Hey.

Without turning her head or making eye contact, Myrna nods an acknowledgement.

MYRNA

S'up.

She kicks up her fluorescent green skateboard, takes it in hand and starts walking away. Cal chases after her, heading down the strip mall sidewalk in tar melting heat.

CAL

I thought you wanted me to pick you
up?

MYRNA

I said meet me here. No mention of a car.

CAL

Well, can we just - ?

MYRNA

- No, dude. I'm off motor travel. Hello? Global Warming?!

Myrna drops her skateboard to the sidewalk and kicks off, yells back:

MYRNA (CONT'D)

(mocking)

I'll beat you there.

The sound of Myrna's WHEELS on pavement as she departs. Cal halts and watches her go- looks deflated.

EXT. CAL'S DRIVEWAY - LATER

Cal leans against the trunk of his car. He is joined by TYRONE (17, black), a perpetually unimpressed kid with a high top fade, sitting on the car trunk.

Preceded by the sound of her WHEELS, Myrna arrives.

MYRNA

S'up, 'Roni.

TYRONE

Yo.

They high five. Cal shrugs and leads the group into the garage.

INT. CAL'S GARAGE - MOMENTS LATER

A CRAPPY SONG banged out by the teenagers . Myrna on guitar, Cal on drums, Tyrone behind a keyboard.

This garage is their spot - band posters, soda cans, a carom table hanging on the wall.

Myrna frustrates at the CRUMMY sound. Darts her eyes at her friends. Waves her arms to get their attention.

MYRNA

Halt! Stop!

CAL

Hey.

MYRNA

We SUCK, you tit-heads. Are you okay with that?!

CAL

We don't suck.

MYRNA

We're shit.

TYRONE

We're alright.

MYRNA

Are we better than Nirvana?

CAL

No way. Nirvana's the shit.

MYRNA

No. Nirvana is shit. They're hacks. And we're not even good as them.

CAL

They're not hacks.

TYRONE

Nirvana's legit.

CAL

Who's better then? Lemme guess. Sonic Youth?

MYRNA

Yeah, Sonic Youth.

TYRONE

Sonic Youth's cool.

CAL

You always gotta go on about Sonic Youth, or anything else obscure.

MYRNA

They're not obscure, they're important. You're just dumb.

CAL

Whatever.

MYRNA

Yeah whatever. They did it better
and a long time before Nirvana!

Cal tightens the head on his cymbal and pouts. Ignores Myrna.

TYRONE

They're both cool, good bands. They
toured together. It's not like an
either or situation.

MYRNA

Your heads aren't in it today. Just
go play Nintendo.

CAL

Naw. We can practice.

Tyrone throws his hands up and shakes his head.

TYRONE

I'm down. Jamming, Nintendo.
Whatever.

MYRNA

Cal. You're being a little bitch,
just cause I wouldn't bang you at
prom.

CAL

(to Tyrone)
That's not true!
(to Myrna)
Just forget about the whole thing!

MYRNA

But you deserve to do it on your
prom. It was dumb of me to think
you wanted just a friend there-

CAL

-Hey! Shut up-

MYRNA

- You're just not man enough to be
just friends with a chick!

CAL

Shut up! Do you really want me to
say what really happened?!

Tyrone averts his eyes and starts to WHISTLE. Myrna takes up
her guitar and changes the subject.

MYRNA

We gonna do this or what?

Cal fiddles with his drumsticks.

CAL

You're a jerk.

SCWWEREAU! Myrna wails a note from her guitar.

Myrna strumps a three chord progression, argues through the GUITAR. She mean mugs Tyrone.

She turns her head slowly - glares at Cal.

MYRNA

(yells over guitar)

This is the last summer we have before the last year of school. I am not going back there as a meek, footnote, loser. We can't be in this garage still this time next year.

Cal hits the DRUMS, tries to pick up the beat.

MYRNA (CONT'D)

No! Not yet.

He stops.

MYRNA (CONT'D)

We sound like shit and that isn't good enough for me. If you're about playing Nintendo, go do that. I'll do this and run laps around you weak-ass losers.

Tyrone CHUCKLES.

TYRONE

Thanks, coach.

Myrna sticks her tongue out and raspberries Tyrone. Cal counts them in with TICK TICK TICK of his sticks, The friends jump back into a crummy, teenage, garage band TUNE.

INT. POLICE STATION HALLWAY - DAY

The morning hustle ensues, OFFICERS in blue pass with efficient haste. Guns on hips, coffee's in hand.

OFFICER NAT ALVERSON (27, black) waits outside an office door, marked Sergeant Tom Davis. SERGEANT TOM DAVIS (56, white) approaches with cup of coffee in hand. Not acknowledging Nat, he unlocks, opens his door and enters.

SERGEANT DAVIS
C'mon in.

INT. DAVIS'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Nat sits across the desk of his superior. The Sergeant looks down and reads the newspaper on his desk.

SERGEANT DAVIS
No go, kiddo.

NAT
What's my next actionable step? I want that transfer.

SERGEANT DAVIS
Not the time.

NAT
You commended my report from May.

SERGEANT DAVIS
I didn't read your report. I praised everyone's report. We're running on fumes. Any idea how much paper the riots generated? This ain't a book club.

NAT
I just think the people of the South Bureau could use a few more officers that look like them.

SERGEANT DAVIS
That kind of thinking is more in line with my position, Officer.

Nat's pride is hurt. The Sergeant looks up at him.

SERGEANT DAVIS (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
I might look like I only see things black and white but when I look at you, all I see it green...
(explaining)
Inexperience, not money.

NAT
Got it.

SERGEANT DAVIS

Stick with our Valley Bureau for now. But hey, Smith's out this week, I'll move you to car thirty-seven.

NAT

Super. Strip malls and bus brawls.

SERGEANT DAVIS

School's out. You might see action.

NAT

Respectfully, Sir. I'm not here for action. Just want to do good work, whatever that may take.

SERGEANT DAVIS

That's fine, Officer. You'll learn that this job tells you just what kind of man it needs you to be. But I want you to hold on to that spirit.

NAT

Ra ra, Sergeant.

Davis examines Nat, wondering how rhetorical he was.

INT/EXT. CAL'S GARAGE - DAY

With the garage door open for all the neighborhood to hear the CLAMOR, Cal, Myrna and Tyrone jam.

The MUSIC sucks, but Tyrone and Cal have their eyes closed - sway their heads as if they hear something else.

Myrna bashes at her guitar, seemingly as an afterthought, as she studies her friends with a glare. She knows they suck, but they are clearly clueless. Her eyes follow as an OLD MAN walks feebly down the sidewalk outside.

Myrna's eyes focus, just as the man realizes he is observed. This is Jackie, but he seems hunched, slower and more feeble.

As the JAMMING continues, Jackie pivots and slowly walks up the driveway towards Myrna and her band.

With their eyes still connected, Myrna's GUITAR NOTES start to sour, her playing grinds to a halt. Cal and Tyrone get the hint and stop playing.

Jackie reaches the threshold of the garage.

CAL
Hey, What happened we were - ?

Cal notices Jackie - flinches.

Tyrone notices Jackie - double-takes.

Jackie straightens his posture, stands in the entrance to the garage.

MYRNA
(timid, snark)
Too loud for you, neighbor?

JACKIE
What's that? I don't hear anything.

MYRNA
What is it then, old guy?

Jackie enters, walks towards Myrna. Looks all around. His concern and interest directed right at Myrna. Stopping a step in front of her, he studies her face.

JACKIE
I was looking for someone. You look like you know her.

Tyrone and Cal share a look of concern.

CAL
Sir? You need help?

Jackie waves the boys off without turning his head. His intense eyes locked on Myrna.

JACKIE
Come to my house, I got something for her. You can pass it along.

Cal steps out from behind his drums, heads to the door connecting to the house.

CAL
Mister, do you have someone we can call?

A beat passes as Myrna and Jackie stare at each other.

JACKIE
No.

CAL
I'm calling 911.

JACKIE
I can leave.

MYRNA
(to Cal)
Just hold on a sec!

JACKIE
(sotto, to Myrna)
I have a secret I can't hold on to.
I need you to come and get it to
her.

Jackie leans in and whispers in Myrna's ear. Her eyes dart about, her nerves on edge.

Cal and Tyrone share a look - creeped out.

Jackie turns and shuffles away. Myrna calls to his back.

MYRNA
Why me?

JACKIE
She played music too.

They watch Jackie go, waiting long enough to ensure he's gone. The friends are left confused.

CAL
That guys crazy. Let's call for
help.

TYRONE
Naw. Just an old pervert. Creepy,
molester for sure.

CAL
What'd he say to you?

Myrna looks at Cal - thinks.

EXT. VICTORY BLVD - EVENING

The sun sets, traffic HUMS by the strip mall storefronts. Nat exits his squad car and walks a beat. An OLD MAN carries groceries, PEOPLE wait at a bus stop - no one notices Nat.

Nat stops next to a parking meter, his gaze lands about twenty-five feet ahead on a group of TEENAGERS.

We see it is Roy, Wick and their crew. Their BOISTEROUS VOICES cut through - audible as WALLA.

Nat takes a few backwards steps, walks into a liquor store.

INT. SPEEDY LIQUOR - CONTINUOUS

The door CHIMES, and the ARMENIAN SHOPKEEPER looks up at Nat from the other side of the counter.

Nat pulls a can of Slice from a cooler and a pack of Jumpin' Jack Dorito's off the shelf. He sets them on the counter, tries to make eye contact with teller who avoids his eyes.

NAT
(annoyed)
How's the neighborhood today?

Nat puts his cash on the counter, Shopkeeper nabs it.

SHOPKEEPER
Fine. Fine.

Nat hands him his information card.

NAT
New beat for me. Need anything,
just give me a call.

Shopkeeper accepts it - sets it down. He finally gives the officer his attention.

SHOPKEEPER
And then what?

NAT
Then I'll come and then I'll help.

SHOPKEEPER
Okay. Some kids came through here
an hour ago, snatched up wine
coolers and walked right out.

NAT
Can I take a report on that?

SHOPKEEPER
Will you investigate? Will they
come back and smash my windows if
you do?

NAT
What'd they look like?

SHOPKEEPER

Shit-heads.

NAT

Approximate ages? Height? Clothes?
What color were they?

Shopkeeper TSKS. He looks towards the door.

SHOPKEEPER

Take a guess, man.

Nat looks out the window, sees Wick's crew on the corner across the street.

EXT. TUJUNGA AVE - SAME

Myrna kicks pavement - accelerates down the center of the street on her skateboard. Cal and Tyrone weave behind her in wave patterns on their BMX bikes.

MYRNA

Guys, here's where I split.

CAL

No way. You're gonna do something dangerous.

TYRONE

Yeah, if you're getting into trouble, count me in.

MYRNA

Whatever.

EXT. VICTORY BLVD - SAME

At the corner near the convenience store, Roy, Wick and their crew drink wine coolers near a payphone. Roy, bruised and battered sits in a lawn chair while Wick holds court.

WICK

Old man pulls a gun on me? And my boys? He's lucky we didn't come strapped.

ROY

Just forget about it.

WICK

Fuck naw, we goin' back there. Geezer ain't gonna chump us.

Roy is discouraged.

DEEP VOICE

Just tell me where to line up, I'm
a soldier.

Wick nods his head - thinks.

WICK

No point in restin'. Let's click up
an roll back. Finish the dude.

Roy rubs his head.

ROY

Just shut up. It ain't worth it.
He's a dumb ol' guy.

WICK

He punked you, baby G! If you stand
for that, how are we s'posed to
rep you? Our unit been skatin' as
is. We ain't fin to be the crew
that got rolled by some old ass
honkey!

NAT

Hello, Gentlemen.

The crew's pow-wow circle is broken. Wick subtly flinches and everyone turns to see Nat approach.

Roy shields his battered face. The hoodlums casually hide or set down their booze. Wick rubs his hands together. Someone mutters "POPO".

WICK

S'up, Officer.

Nat enters their circle - examines each face.

NAT

Boys-

WICK

-Ain't boys. 'Specially not to you,
brotha.

Nat beams Wick a smart smile and a sharp glare.

NAT

What're you young men up to?

WICK

Nothin'.

Wick turns to his crew, they nod their heads in agreement.

DEEP VOICE

Ain't doin' shit.

NAT

I took a report on some shoplifting
in this area. You guys seen
anything suspicious?

Nat looks at a drink on the sidewalk.

Nat's eyes find and connect with Wick's.

WICK

What's this about?

Nat thinks - looks past Wick to see Roy sitting in the lawn
chair. He moves to address him.

NAT

Young man?

Roy tilts his head but hesitates to respond.

NAT (CONT'D)

Young man. Are you awake?

ROY

Yes. Yessir.

NAT

Everything all right?

WICK

He's cool. Back off him.

Nat coolly turns his attention back to Wick.

EXT. TWO BLOCKS AWAY - SAME

Off the side streets, Myrna kicks pavement for more speed,
trying to lose her friends.

She makes a last-second move, jetting across the street past
an oncoming Toyota Corolla and ollie's onto a sidewalk.

The car HONKS and SCREECHES to a stop.

Cal and Tyrone skid to a stop on the opposite sidewalk. They react to their departing friend.

Myrna glances back and kicks harder.

EXT. VICTORY BLVD - SAME

Nat inches closer to Roy. He's aware of the other teenagers that circle around him with imposing posture.

NAT
Hey kid, can I get a better look at
your face?

ROY
I'm cool. Everything's aight.

WICK
Leave him 'lone, man.

NAT
You're hurt. Let me help you.

ROY
I'm cool! Leave it.

Nat begrudgingly accepts.

Wick tracks Nat with his eyes as he backs away.

NAT
Toss the open containers, boys.

WICK
Ain't our shit, brotha.

Nat ignores the comment and extends an olive branch.

NAT
You need anything, you can call us,
okay?

Wick's crew ignores the gesture and glare back. Except Roy. Nat briefly catches Roy's glance as he looks over from his seat behind his friends. His eyes transmit fear.

Nat turns his back to the teenagers to walk back to his car--
-Myrna flies by on her skateboard.

A slight jump of shock belies Nat's cool.

Wick CHUCKLES at the sight and smacks Lanky's arm in amusement.

NAT (CONT'D)
 (towards Myrna)
 Helmet, young lady!

Nat continues down the sidewalk as Wick and his boys regroup.

WICK
 Okay then. We fin to do this shit.

In the background Tyrone and Cal ride by on their bikes.

Wick strides to the payphone, dials, then throws in coins.

ROY
 I'm out, Wick. Goin' home.

As the phone line RINGS, Wick turns menacingly toward Roy.

WICK
 Fuck that, baby soldier. We gonna smoke that old man right now.

Roy struggles to find composure.

WICK (CONT'D)
 (in phone)
 S'up, Dru. We need a banger an some straps out here. It's 'bout to go down right now.

EXT. JACKIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Tyrone and Cal pump their pedals as they approach Jackie's house. They halt at the front lawn of the home - PANTING.

CAL
 You sure you saw her stop here?

TYRONE
 Yup. I'm the one with good eyesight, right?

CAL
 Better than mine.

TYRONE
 Cool. Then trust me, or start wearing your glasses.

CAL
They make me look like a dweeb.

TYRONE
Yeah, well.

CAL
C'mon then.

Cal walks his bike towards the door, Tyrone follows.

They ditch the bikes near the porch.

CAL (CONT'D)
(whispering)
I don't see her.

TYRONE
(whispering)
This is for sure that old dudes
house.

Cal tiptoes to the front door, considers the doorbell. He tries to listen for any sound at all from inside but backs off and turns to Tyrone.

CAL
The windows. Maybe we'll see
something.

INT. JACKIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Myrna sits in an easy-chair across from the couch. Her eyes inspect the room. She rubs her knee from nerves.

Jackie enters from the hall, carries the Bell.

JACKIE
Here it is, right here.

Jackie sets the Bell on the coffee table, falls back into the couch and beams a grin.

JACKIE (CONT'D)
How ya like them apples?

Myrna smirks.

MYRNA
Some knickknack, Jack.

Jackie gestures a presentational motion with his hands.

JACKIE
Die Glocke.

MYRNA
(unimpressed)
Cool. Who am I supposed to give
this to again?

Jackie looks off, thinks.

JACKIE
This? This is for you.

MYRNA
But you said-

JACKIE
-That's right. You wouldn't have
come if I told you it was for you.

MYRNA
Yeah.

JACKIE
But also. It didn't have to be for
you. Don't feel too special, child.

MYRNA
Sure. No problem there.

They nod heads at each other. Jackie happy. Myrna confused.

MYRNA (CONT'D)
So. Can I take the thingy and go?
Oh! And maybe I could bum smokes?

JACKIE
Let me just show you how it works.

Jackie leans over to grab the wand.

JACKIE (CONT'D)
Just a prelude. You can figure out
the rest.

With a small dash of fanfare, Jackie wraps the Bell.

PONG

A faint otherworldly TONE is emitted. Energy ripples out from
the cube, small waves subtly push out and briefly bend space.

Myrna notices.

Jackie smiles at Myrna as he sets down the wand. Jackie concentrates -- his gun appears suspended in the Bell space -- he gingerly grabs it.

He points the gun right against his temple - pulls the trigger.

BANG

Smoke dissipates, crystalline structures jut out from the back of his head. They glisten with light, seem to vibrate like fat strings from a enchanted harp. The old man appears fine otherwise.

Shock consumes Myrna's face. Jackie LAUGHS.

MYRNA

Shit.

JACKIE

Scheisse? Yeah.

MYRNA

How'd you do that?

Jackie's eyes shoot sideways in consideration.

JACKIE

Fantasies can leave from this machine. There is more inside.

Myrna breathes heavy.

INT./EXT. NAT'S PATROL CAR (PARKED) - NIGHT

WHIR-WHIZ - Nat turns the car radio dial. It lands on a male voice, thick with rage.

TALK HOST (V.O.)

-These riots weren't caused by the Rodney King verdict. They were the result of lawless looters! Government entitlements, crack dens run by welfare hens. A generation of wannabe mobsters that throws a tantrum when they don't get what they want from Uncle Mammy Sam...

Lights out. Nat keeps a low profile, squints his eyes, watching Roy, Wick and crew at the corner.

A beat up OLDSMOBILE accelerates from the other direction, pulls a U-Turn, tires SQUEAL. It halts at the curb.

A large O.G., ENDO HAN (45) hops out of the drivers side, nods his head to the teenagers, then ambles away on foot.

Wick and crew pile in the car. Roy lags.

The others pressure Roy with, "C'MON" and "GET THE FUCK IN!" Nat takes notice as Roy reluctantly slips into the backseat.

Wick at the wheel, the car PEELS OUT and rounds a corner.

Nat puts his hand to the ignition key. Taps it a few times, TURNS his engine. Headlights on. Calm. Cool.

He turns into traffic and drives down Victory Boulevard.

Upon reaching the corner where Wick had taken the turn, Nat peers down the street. The taillights from Wick's car are about two hundred feet away.

CLICK - headlight's off. Nat makes a right turn and follows.

EXT. JACKIE'S HOUSE - SAME

Cal and Tyrone slink around to the left front side of Jackie's house, reach a window adjacent to the living room.

Cal halts, looks to Tyrone. Tyrone pushes past.

TYRONE

C'mon, dude.

He peers through the window. Blinds open just enough to catch a glimpse inside the living room.

Cal cautiously raises his head up as well to spy the action inside.

INTERCUT WITH

INT. JACKIE'S HOUSE - SAME

Two sets of eyes, visible through gaps in the blinds, strain to focus on Jackie's living room. A moment of adjustment, then the kid's eyes go wide with shock.

Extending out around the Bell is a clear orb field. Jackie and Myrna share control over the glowing field, stretching their hands out, up against it. They create pulsations in the translucent, jellyfish like, hazy air.

Jackie and Myrna's faces are frozen in twisted, wild and wide open grimaces. Hair rising with static electricity.

WHOMP WHOMP WHOMP

A slight charged vibration to the room. On a shelf, a Norman Rockwell porcelaine figurine, "The Toymaker", shakes.

The area around their orb field has swirling colors and visuals. Like a faint hologram, sense can be made of the images appearing between Jackie and Myrna.

INSERT FLASHES OF SHOTS:

Rows of boots march over cool, grey concrete. CLICK CLICK

A hand WHACKS, GYRDA'S (15) ear. YOUNG JACKIE (32) seethes over her with rage.

A black, crisp and heavy woolen jacket is slipped into by taught arms. The shoulder reveals a red swastika insignia.

Young Jackie looks from a picture of Hitler on the wall to his daughter cowering under the bed. His WIFE (32) yells at his back.

BOOM. RATTLE. Boards shake. Paint and wall spackle reign down within the small home.

Avro Lancaster bombers ROAR overhead. Opening their belly to release fat bombs.

Gyrda peeks through a bedroom door. Jackie sets the Bell down on the kitchen table. Jackie pushes back his wife, who fights, tries to stop him.

WHOMP WHOMP WHOMP

The Bell spins, RATTLES, and explodes air and particles all around it.

Gyrda's eyes go wide. Her mother claws her own face in a frantic, fretful motion. Jackie's body is stiff, his head slowly turns to meet the eyes of his daughter.

Her eyes. Fear.

BACK TO SCENE

Cal and Tyrone - mesmerized.

Tyrone shakes it off, pulls away - drags Cal away too.

END INTERCUT

INT./EXT. WICK'S OLDSMOBILE - NIGHT

Wick's leg jams down to accelerate, the Old's TEARS down the street. GANGSTER RAP on the radio. The crew stares ahead.

Roy grinds his jaw. Nerves.

Wick yanks a M1911 Handgun from under the seat and hands it back to Deep Voice who sits in the back next to Roy.

WICK

Show that lil' bitch how to use it.

Roy BREATHESES, glances at the gun.

EXT. JACKIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Cal and Tyrone hesitate at the door. Tyrone communicates "C'mon" with a wide-eyed gesture.

Tyrone moves to open the front door, but Cal brushes past and turns the knob.

Unlocked. They look to each other and shove through.

INT. JACKIE'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Cal and Tyrone rush in, fighting against the Bell's FORCE.

Jackie notices, he GASPS and CHOKES, his visions and emergence in the Bells force breaks prematurely.

Myrna's face twists up - she collapses to the floor.

Cal and Tyrone move in to help, Jackie advances towards them.

SUCK - SCHWOOP

Air folds into the Bell, the room returns to a normal state, except for a slight dust in the air.

Cal and Tyrone take an arm each to help Myrna up. Her eyes flutter. Dazed, yet coming to consciousness.

Jackie is on the group, he swings at Tyrone and just misses.

Jackie turns to Cal and WHOOP - boxes his ears.

CAL

YEA-OOW!

Cal loses balance and lets Myrna loose. As he loses his balance she finds hers.

A foothold on reality, Myrna looks to Jackie. She's confused as he spits rage at her friends.

JACKIE

I only wanted her here! Not
goddamned Buckwheat and Alfalfa.

MYRNA

It's cool. They're alright.

JACKIE

No! It has to be you alone. They
will gum it all up.

Jackie turns to pick up the Bell, Myrna moves in and grabs his shoulder. Cal and Tyrone inch in for backup.

MYRNA

I get it, dude. This is some really
cool shit, just for special people.

Jackie HUFFS, disappointed by Myrna.

MYRNA (CONT'D)

You're like ashamed or scared or
something. You don't have to worry
about us. I got this.
(to her friends)
We're cool. Right?

Myrna looks at her pals for assurance. Tyrone nods his head.

CAL

No. We're not cool and this guy is
a nut. Let's go!

Cal reaches for Myrna's arm, she twists and deflects.

Jackie looks intently as the teens turn their attention on one another. He sets the Bell down and sits on the couch.

Myrna and Cal face off.

MYRNA

Did you see what this thing did?!
He taught me how to use it. We
could do anything with this!

CAL

What'd he show you? Cause what we
saw was pretty messed up!

TYRONE

I'm behind you with the band and tryin' to get on MTV, but I draw the line at freaky Nazi mess.

MYRNA

This is like an LSD trip without the LSD.

CAL

Yeah. That's not good.

TYRONE

Dude! What was with the Nazi shit?!

JACKIE

(to Myrna)

I showed you a trick. You don't know the half of what it could do. What's inside it.

TYRONE

Dude, are you a Nazi? Are we really playing nice with grandpa Hitler right here?

JACKIE

Through a window there is another world. The Bell was born from it.

CAL

It's like secret Nazi technology. I read a book on that crap.

TYRONE

I saw something like this on Unsolved Mysteries.

Jackie doesn't confirm or deny. Stares at Myrna.

MYRNA

Cool.

CAL

No! Not cool.

TYRONE

But how's it work?

JACKIE

It doesn't. It was to be the Wunderwaffe. Wonder weapon.

MYRNA
Totally rad, and it works.

JACKIE
German engineering. It may be the
fastest and sleekest, but hard to
understand under the hood.

Myrna ventures to explain to Cal and Tyrone.

MYRNA
It can project, like shared
hallucinations. Only not just that.
I saw that it is so much more.

Myrna is worked up. Cal and Tyrone pass a worried glance.

MYRNA (CONT'D)
It's like the holodeck and-and the
Force. The Force! Dude, we have the
Force here!

BANG - CRASH

Jackie's smoking gun. A shattered window.

JACKIE
This gun is the real one.

Myrna's face - *oh shit*.

Jackie points the barrel of the gun at Myrna. The teenagers
are afraid.

INT./EXT. NAT'S PATROL CAR - SAME

Nat stares intently, follows the Old's. Red taillights
visible up ahead on the narrow unlit block.

The radio CRACKLES.

DISPATCH
Officer, what's your twenty?

NAT
Uh. Possible code purple. Stand-by.

DISPATCH
Where you at, Nat?

NAT
Hold on a minute.

Nat GASES a little, moves closer towards the Oldsmobile.

DISPATCH
I got a fifty-one at the orange
line. Can you take it? I have to
code you somewhere.

Nat CLICKS off the radio.

NAT
(sotto)
A drunk. At the bus. Damn it all.

Nat CLICKS the radio.

NAT (CONT'D)
Ten-four. I'll take it, on the way.

CLICK - radio out.

Nat pulls over in order to turn around. Before making the
maneuver he takes one last look ahead towards the Oldsmobile.

ON WICK'S CAR IN FRONT OF JACKIE'S HOUSE

The gang pulls to the curb, Wick and Lanky get out.

Wick looks through the backseat window, Lanky gets back into
the car behind the driver seat. Wick BANGS on the window.

WICK
Roy! C'mon, homie!

Roy gets out of the back. Wick throws an arm around him and
drags him along.

In Roy's hand - the gun.

Nat sees it - *something is going down.*

INT./EXT. JACKIE'S HOUSE -SAME

Jackie aims the gun at Myrna.

TYRONE
Don't do it.

CAL
What do you want with her? What
does that thing have to do with
her?

JACKIE

(to Myrna)

I could have lost myself with this power, but I lost someone else. I thought, maybe you could help.

MYRNA

So what? We saw what it can do. You'd kill us for that?

JACKIE

I barely know a thing about "Die Glocke". You think you know? The evil that is said to have been done by men like me? This would be worse.

Troubled, Jackie grinds his jaw.

Left ajar, the front door swings open and BANGS against the wall. Roy and Wick rush through. Wick shoves Roy in the back, Roy holds the gun in front of him, wobbly with nerves.

Cal and Tyrone back away.

Jackie's moves his gun. Points it at the two hoodlums.

Roy is afraid but has his gun trained on Jackie.

WICK

The fuck? Is this the Mickey Mouse Club in here? Shoot him, Roy.

Roy is frozen. Jackie knows he won't go through with it. Jackie develops a possessed grin.

WICK (CONT'D)

Gimme that!

Wick slams Roy in the back. Through a fluid motion he relieves the gun from Roy, takes it in his own hand, and keeps it pointed at Jackie.

POP!

ON ROY - a spray of blood comes off his back - smoke in the air. The kid buckles and collapses to the floor.

Smoke from a gun - Nat's gun.

The Officer is in the room.

Shocked reactions all around. But not from Jackie, who smiles knowingly.

Nat has a brief moment of surprise but takes control.

NAT
Weapons down! Everyone on the
ground! Hands up!

Cal and Tyrone quickly drop. Myrna follows.

EXT. JACKIE'S HOUSE - SAME

Nat's squad car is out front, lights flash. TIRES SQUEAL and peel out as the rest of Wick's crew flee in the Oldsmobile.

INT. JACKIE'S HOUSE -SAME

Wick looks at his friend, rage in his eyes. Gun in hand, but pointed down. He slowly moves towards the ground.

NAT
Drop the weapon! Now!
(to Jackie)
You too.

Jackie plays the part of a feeble old man, motions to set the gun on the coffee table.

On the floor next to Roy, Myrna looks the kid in the eyes. Roy grimaces in pain, with moments left to live.

Myrna looks at the Bell.

NAT (CONT'D)
Fast! Everyone down now.

Jackie grabs the wand. WHAP - strikes the Bell.

WHOMP WHOP WHOMP

Air is cut with pulsating waves and light.

Nat is distracted. Wick hops up, gun in hand.

Nat charges. POW. Wick's gun goes off but the shot misses. NAT tackles WICK, knocks the gun loose.

Myrna's up. She motions C'mon to Cal and Tyrone. They get up.

Myrna gets a hand around Roy. With her help, Roy rises.

Myrna looks with wild intensity at the Bell.

WHOMP WHOMP WHOMP - energy of the Bell forms an egg-shell aura around Myrna.

Myrna looks at Roy's back. Roy grimaces as his wound heals.

Jackie is pleased and surprised at this.

Nat wrestles with Wick, get's him face down, closes handcuffs around his wrists.

Holding eye contact with Jackie, Myrna scoops up the Bell and wand.

Jackie looks her up and down.

Myrna backs away towards the back door. She BUSTS out of the room.

Jackie LAUGHS. Cal and Tyrone look towards each other - *What the hell do we do now?!*

Nat rises off of Wick and turns towards Cal and Tyrone. The room returns to normalcy.

NAT (CONT'D)
Where'd the girl go?!

Cal and Tyrone look towards the back door and burst out.

Nat stomps, CURSES. Turns to Wick.

NAT (CONT'D)
(to Wick)
Stay there.
(to Jackie)
You too.

Wick bangs his head on the carpet. Jackie's glance follows Nat as he leaves out the back door.

EXT. JACKIE'S BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS

Nat arrives on the back porch, sees Myrna's crew several yards away.

The teens watch as Myrna adjusts the wave field around the Bell, now set on the back lawn.

NAT
Freeze! Everyone down, NOW!

Tyrone and Cal put their hands up, Roy hustles to his knees.

Myrna shoots a look to Nat. Her head swivels to look at a trash sack. She WHIPS her head around, the bag flies into the air, BURSTS open and releases waves of leaves.

A wall of garden trimmings blocks Myrna and company from Nat. Myrna yanks Roy up and holds the Bell like a football.

Myrna pushes Roy through the gate to a back alley.

CAL

Tyrone. Let her go, she's crazy.

TYRONE

With a cop and a Nazi back here? No way!

Cal relents and joins Tyrone to follow Myrna.

Nat is confused by the leafy, briar patch like obstacle that blocks off the yard.

He bolts to try to move around with no luck.

He confidently runs head first into the waste. It is as impossibly thick as it is tall and wide.

Thrashing and shoving against the jungle of leaves, Nat BURSTS through the other side, falls upon the lawn, recovers and jumps up.

Nat regains his bearings and bolts into the alley.

EXT. ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

Looking both ways, Nat sees the kids about one-hundred feet away to his left. Cal and Tyrone tail Myrna and Roy, the orb field dances around them - enchanted luminance in their air.

Nat tears towards them, draws his weapon.

Myrna turns back, sees Nat approach in the narrow alley.

MYRNA

Aw, c'mon!

She hustles, encourages her crew to follow.

The teenagers lose ground. Nat gains on them.

CAL

Myrna! We didn't do anything, just stop!

TYRONE

Yeah and Rodney King probably said
the same thing.

Roy glances back at Tyrone, smirks at the remark.

Myrna and friends reach a brick wall. End of the alleyway.

Myrna skids on her sneakers to a halt. The crew stops.

Myrna concentrates on the Bell to figure a way out.

Nat pushes pavement, closing in on the group.

Myrna slams the Bell with the wand in successive blows -

WHOMP WHOP WHOMP

Violent force exits the Bell. A cyclone grows.

Nat is slowed by the translucent waves of energy.

BANG - WHAP WHOMP WHOMP

Myrna slams on the Bell, creating bursts of power. Streams
of color gush out through the orb.

Nat's eyes water, the figures of the teenagers can barely be
made out through the maelstrom.

GRINDING METALLIC WIND DRIVEN BONE CRUSHING NOISE

Fear, concern, and wonder register in the faces of the
others, but Myrna is entranced.

Myrna throws the Bell towards the brick wall. The Bell flies
away from her as though magnetically drawn to the wall.

SNAP HISS CRACK SHWOOOP

The Bell is gone, its force dissipates. A black hole appears
on the wall, it swirls and ripples like a thick tar pond.

Amazed, Myrna puts her hands out. Her finger nears the gooey
fluid, it pulls away slightly from the wall - the substance
drawn to her.

The other teenagers are shocked.

CAL

Why'd you do that?

MYRNA

It felt right.

CAL
How'd you heal the gunshot?

MYRNA
This thing is like a game that
teaches you how to play it.

ROY
Like the first level of
Wolfenstein.

The others register surprise at Roy's casual camaraderie.

MYRNA
Yeah.

Black globs reach off the wall towards them, they back away.

TYRONE
This is some crazy shit.

CAL
Let's get away from this.

Nat approaches cautiously, holds his gun at his side.

NAT
Stop, young lady.

Myrna is enamored by the black goo.

NAT (CONT'D)
Stop right there. Everyone. Take a
step towards me.

Roy puts his hands in the air, looks straight at Nat.

ROY
I didn't want none this. Arrest me.

Nat looks at Roy.

Myrna glances away from the wall, sees that Roy is taking
paces away and towards the officer.

MYRNA
No!

She jumps towards Roy, grabs him by the neck of his shirt.

Yank. In a confident gesture, Myrna pulls Roy and throws him
through the wall.

GLOOMP - The goo envelops Roy and digests him.

CAL

No!

Nat aims at Myrna.

TYRONE

What the hell, Myrna?! Chill out.

NAT

Down! Now! Right now!

Myrna smirks, holds eye contact with Nat. She pounds the wall with the butt of her fist.

FLOOSH. Goo reaches out from the wall. Two giant, slug like forms reach out and pour themselves around Cal and Tyrone.

AWFUL SOUNDS, like a walrus eating a bowl of mayonnaise.

The goo sheathes the two teens.

FLASH SHLOOMP SUCK - They are pulled into the wall.

Nat charges towards Myrna, gun drawn.

NAT (CONT'D)

Dammit.

He nears. Myrna stares him down. Wide eyes, crazed grin.

MYRNA

Fuck the police.

She throws her arms with a *what* gesture. The vortex goo envelops Myrna. She disappears into the black substance.

SHLUMP - As she goes the black portal goes as well.

SLAM - Nat collides with the wall and tumbles to the ground.

PING - the Bell and wand reappear on the ground next to Nat.

INT. BELL REALM - LIGHT

Infinite white landscape. Oversized gears and knobs dot the surroundings - sparse objects that appear illustrated.

A barrage of hip-hop and pop MUSIC plays - it sounds like several records of the Nineties slammed together.

Appearing spaced-out, Cal, Tyrone and Roy dangle in the air as if by strings- their limbs flail in an involuntary dance.

Costumed in harem pants and colorful graphic tank tops. Buggy eyes and gaping open mouths- alive but under a spell.

Roy blinks his eyes open. CHOKE. GURGLE. Failing attempts to speak, and call out.

Myrna sits unconcious on a stool, but with excellent posture.

A luminescent horn sized object is being drilled into her head, right where the third eye would be.

JASMINE, a stout, wide-faced RUSSIAN BLUE CAT of proper proportions, floats in a bipedal stance in front of Myrna.

She's pushes the horn in Myrna's forehead.

Jasmine sports glistening costume jewelry - rings on her furry yet human like fingers, jelly sandals, bracelets on her tail, and a jeweled tiara. A kaleidoscope of rainbow hues cycle through her bright enchanted eyes as she bores into Myrna's head with the horn.

Behind, Myrna's friends continue their odd, gyrating dance.

Roy SPUTTERS, strains to say something as he observes what is happening to Myrna. Despite his pained expression, his body keeps dancing.

Myrna's eyes flutter open -

A blast of white light briefly encompasses everything.

Myrna comes to, light fluorescent tones fill in the empty white surroundings. Glistening multipack highlighter like colors shimmer and move in hazy clouds.

Myrna's eyes widen at the sight of Jasmine.

SLAP - Myrna swipes the cat away.

GREAWR - Jasmine howls.

MYRNA
What the hell?!

Myrna pulls at the horn that juts out of her forehead.

Jasmine rebounds. SWIPE, SWIPE, SWAT! Claws at Myrna - half menacing, half playful.

JASMINE

Y' hit me!? You wanna go, bitch?

MYRNA

AHHH! Don't talk to me cat!

Myrna bucks her Doc Martin in the air, poised to kick.

MYRNA (CONT'D)

You're a cat?! You can't talk!

UNGH. Myrna frets, yanking at the horn.

JASMINE

You made me a frickin' cat!

MYRNA

No I didn't!

JASMINE

Did so!

Jasmine gets up in Myrna's face - SNARLS.

Myrna SCREAMS, picks up Jasmine and throws her.

REOWRRR - the cat wails as she flies backwards.

In Myrna's frantic moves to pull out the horn, her head twists and she spots her dancing friends.

MYRNA

Ew! They look straight out of an MC Hammer video.

Roy, widens his eyes and struggles once more to talk. A huge lump makes its way up his throat, through his mouth -

PUKE - Roy vomits a bile of rainbow, sparkly glitter.

ROY

Help me? Please.

Claws out, Jasmine cautiously returns.

Myrna's frenzy subsides, her PANTING wains, she shares a look with Roy. She jolts and pivots towards Jasmine.

JASMINE

You rang the Bell. You came here.

Myrna glares at her.

JASMINE (CONT'D)

I had to tap you to access symbolic images from your subconscious just to remap this realm, make it palatable to your smush brain.

MYRNA

(re: horn)

And that's this thing?

JASMINE

Yup. Like a unicorn right, kid?

MYRNA

But unicorns aren't real.

JASMINE

Doesn't matter. Just a symbol.

MYRNA

But I hate unicorns. And I hate cute cats too!

Jasmine shrugs. Myrna points to the pile of glitter puke.

MYRNA (CONT'D)

I hate sparkly, glitter and popular MTV shit music! I wouldn't create a terrible place like this.

JASMINE

Then you are having a strong emotional response to this imagery?

MYRNA

Hell yeah I am!

(thinks)

Oh. That's the point isn't it?

JASMINE

(sarcastic)

For some reason I couldn't imagine, your negative emotions expressed themselves a bit stronger.

MYRNA

Argh! Even my fantasy world sucks. Just get them down then.

Myrna points to her dancing pals. Jasmine considers.

JASMINE

Nah. You do it. Call it training.

Myrna rears her boot up, threatening to kick.

MYRNA

I made this world didn't I?

JASMINE

You're the guest. I'm the
hospitality bureau.

Myrna brings her boot down. Softens.

MYRNA

Okay, cat. So. Training?

JASMINE

You're not the only ones here. And,
full disclosure, I have competing
allegiances. It'll be a fight, so
you might learn a little about how
to operate here.

MYRNA

Seriously? ...Fine.

Myrna stares at her hands, makes a bread kneading motion.
Light forms at her fingertips.

Jasmine smirks.

Myrna points her fingers towards her gyrating crew, throws a
"jazz hands" gesture.

Sparkly rainbow light flies from her fingertips towards them.
It is inconsistent, falters - light waxing and waning.

Roy grimaces as light covers and fills him.

ROY

Ah! Careful.

Myrna is concentrating but pauses to glare at Jasmine.

MYRNA

Really? Rainbows?

JASMINE

Your subconscious, sister.

Myrna glowers.

INT. JACKIE'S HOUSE - SAME

Nat BURSTS through the back door into the living room.

PANTING. Sweaty. His gun still drawn. The Bell under his arm.

NAT
Stop! Down!

Nat waves his gun around the room. Jackie and Wick are gone. His heart races, he touches his temple, unsure of his sanity. He points his gun again.

NAT (CONT'D)
You! Stop. Down on the ground.

He drops the gun downwards towards his hip, hits his head - *he's lost them.*

NAT (CONT'D)
Shit!...Shit, shit, shit.

CRACKLE - his hip radio.

DISPATCH
Nat, Your twenty? Officers arrived at your code. Where are you?

NAT
Shit!

BLEDEW DOOP - Nat clicks the radio.

NAT (CONT'D)
Ten-four. Uh. Damnit, man. Personal. Take me out.

DISPATCH
What?! Nat, I gotta report this. C'mon just--

NAT
--Just gimme a minute, man.

Nat turns down the audio on his radio, mutes dispatch. He surveys Jackie's living room - *wonders what to do.*

INT. BELL REALM - SAME

Cal and Tyrone wake up, still suspended next to Roy. Myrna shoots rainbow rays at them through her fingers.

PUKE - glitter bile tumbles from their mouths.

CAL
Hey! No! Help me?!

TYRONE
Nasty! Glitter in my mouth?!

ROY
Just gimme down!

Myrna's efforts continue. Struggling against invisible shackles, the guys emerge from a creamy white chrysalis.

PLOP - they fall several feet to the ground, right on top of their piles of glittery puke and vomit. The boys GRUNT.

Cal tries to stand up but slips and falls in the mess again.

CAL
Myrna?! You have a horn!

TYRONE
Um. That's a cat right there!

Tyrone points to Jasmine. Through clumsy struggle each kid is able to stand, covered in slick rainbow glitter.

ROY
It gets crazier.

CAL
Yeah, like you were shot and now you're talking to me?!

Myrna kind of enjoys her friends losing their shit.

Cal puts his hands up to shield Jasmine from his view, steps forward.

CAL (CONT'D)
I can't even deal with a bipedal cat right now. Tell me what the hell's going on!

MYRNA
She's just like, a other dimensional being or something. She looks like a cat so we can understand her cause we are-

Jasmine steps up.

JASMINE

-Stop! I tell it better. You arrived here through a device that exists in your dimension of space that transports you to this realm which is otherwise outside your normal sensory experience. It is casually referred to as the Bell and came into existence accidentally through experimentation with-

TYRONE

-Hold it! Nazi experiments?!

JASMINE

Nazi? Are they the Aryans?

MYRNA

Almost exclusively.

JASMINE

Then, yes. And I think they hate that term. Might piss them off.

Jasmine thinks.

JASMINE (CONT'D)

That could be good. Think about calling them that. But the Bell. What did they think would happen when mixing helium, a centrifuge and the spontaneous discovery of anti-matter?

CAL

I can't be in here with Nazis.

JASMINE

This club ain't exclusive, kid. And you might just meet the VIP's soon.

The gang look to each other with dread.

TYRONE

Where's a Nazi?! Fuck this.

MYRNA

I didn't have any Nazis in my subconscious! I don't have strong feelings towards Nazis.

CAL
(shocked)
You don't?

MYRNA
Well no I mean, the Holocaust was horrible and I hate Nazis and all but I never like, think about them much.

TYRONE
Until today.

CAL
You know. That old guy.

TYRONE
And you kinda liked him.

ROY
(to Jasmine)
Can we do that magic like she did ?

JASMINE
No.

CAL
C'mon. Let's leave.

JASMINE
No.

MYRNA
Why are there Nazis here and where are they?

JASMINE
This place wasn't empty when you arrived. And they're not going to like the redecorating you've done.

ROY
So, like, their set and ran this spot and we're trespassing?

Jasmine looks to Roy.

JASMINE
Sorta. One of them will be especially peeved. She still has some hold over this realm.

CAL
Let's just find a way out before
they find us.

MYRNA
No.

CAL
What. You wanna get murdered by the
Third Reich?

MYRNA
Y'know how long it took me to learn
to bash out a few crummy chords
together on a guitar?... Look.

A brush of her hand through the air and a sparkly twinkle to her fingers. Myrna uses her power to tussle Cal's hair.

Cal reaches up to fix it and WHOOMP, Myrna pantises him.

Cal pulls them up. Tyrone CHUCKLES.

MYRNA (CONT'D)
It took me no time to get the hang
of this. I gotta see how far I can
take it.

ROY
(to Jasmine)
Cat. I don't even know these
people. Lemme go. Please.

MYRNA
Haven't you listened, kid? I'm the
one with the power.

SHUMP - Myrna thrusts an air pocket that send Roy backwards.

MYRNA (CONT'D)
You look like a bass player. And we
need one.

TYRONE
Why's he look like a bass player?

A nod of her head and a translucent bass appears around Roy. His hands and fingers are then forced into playing position.

More twinkling of her fingers, rainbows fly out and POP - Cal now sits behind a drum kit and Tyrone behind his keyboard.

A SNAP of her fingers and Myrna has a guitar.

JASMINE

This is one way to test your
powers. A dumb way.

CHINGA SLASH BAP BOW - Myrna CLAMORS away on her guitar.
Shoots laser rainbows off her horn to make her friends play.

EXT. JACKIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Nat rushes out of Jackie's home, catches a view of taillights
driving away. He jumps into his squad car.

INT./EXT. NAT'S PATROL CAR - CONTINUOUS

WROOOOOO - Lights and sirens up. Nat GUNS the engine.

He quickly closes in on the OLD STATION WAGON.

NAT

(through speaker)

Pull over.

Jackie's station wagon accelerates down the narrow street.

Nat is determined. Catching up, he does a PIT maneuver.

The station wagon swings and SCREECHES.

Another pit maneuver and the car loses control, SLAMS into
parked vehicles, ping-ponging between the two sides of the
street and SMASHING into cars.

Jackie's vehicle SLAMS its hood into a parked van.

Nat BRAKES to a halt and jumps out of the squad car.

Jackie leaps from the drivers seat of the station wagon,
blood streams down his forehead. He charges at Nat.

Nat outmatches the old man. Grabs him at the elbow, twists
his arm back and forces Jackie to the ground.

The back-door of the station wagon swings open and Wick busts
out, running away from Jackie and Nat.

Nat spots him and quickly handcuffs Jackie. He sprints off
towards Wick.

EXT. PURPLE HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Wick BUSTS through low chain-link fence into a backyard.

Nat is close behind, passes into the yard. Flashlight in one hand, gun drawn in the other.

NAT
Freeze, asshole! Freeze!

Wick throws his hands up, light shining in his eyes.

EXT. STREET AT JACKIE'S PATROL CAR - SAME

Jackie, cuffed, has taken the Bell from the squad car. He huddles next to it on the sidewalk. He clumsily holds the wand in his cuffed hands and WHOMPS the Bell.

WHAPS it again, then on the third strike - WHOMP WHOMP WHOMP

Nat returns, guiding Wick, now in handcuffs.

NAT
No! Stop!

Jackie hits the Bell - WHAP WHAP WHAP.

Jackie grimaces, the growing orb of light swirling around the Bell darkens and morphs into ooey-goey blackness.

Nat draws out his gun - *points it at Jackie?* No - his arm moves - POW POW POW. He fires directly into the black goo, which absorbs the bullets as it grows larger.

Jackie looks into the black mass fearfully.

JACKIE
I'm sorry, Gryda.

He grimaces and rolls his body halfway into the goop. The Bell mass vibrates wildly, its HUM reaches a higher pitch.

WICK
What the hell?! Don't throw me into that shit.

NAT
Shut up!

Nat studies the gyrating black blob and contemplates reaching in to pull out Jackie's form. As he hesitates the mass vibrates and HUMS.

NAT (CONT'D)
Damn!

WICK

The fuck is this?! Lemme go, man.

Nat holsters his gun.

Wick looks at Nat's gun - *thinks about jumping the officer*.
Nat catches this and the two size each other up.

SHLUAP!

Jackie emerges from the goo. The Bell sucks into itself, the wand on the sidewalk. The black vortex disappears.

JACKIE

I can't do it.
(in German)
I am a coward.

Nat runs over, grabs the Bell and steps away from Jackie.

INT. BELL REALM - SAME

Myrna and her crew play a TUNE. It's a GRUNGE type art-rock song. The song is recognizable as one they were playing in the garage earlier, but it doesn't suck now.

Jasmine sways and dances.

The realm loses its plain white emptiness. The space expands, the ground is a multicolored grassy phosphorescence, roads are present that are paved with shimmering rainbows.

Myrna glances around as the haze dissipates and the psychedelic pop-art terrain sharpens.

Stealing her attention, Cal fumbles a drum fill. Myrna shoots rainbow beams at him from her eyes and he finds the BEAT.

JASMINE

Do you find that exercising control
over others is a responsible use of
power?

MYRNA

You told me to figure it out so
shut up and keep dancing.

In the distance a YOUNG WOMAN approaches, emerging from glistening haze. Myrna notices her, steels her eyes.

It's Gyrda, Jackie's daughter, unaged since the Bell vision. She wears smart and prim Nazi era German style clothes- wool, grey and sharp. Flanking and following are fifteen SS and NAZI OFFICERS.

Realm colors grey under their feet, each STOMP STOMP CLICK CLACK sends ripples of high contrast, black and white cold hues into the realm.

MYRNA (CONT'D)
(to her band)
Stop!

Music SHAMBLES and continues. Myrna shoots rainbow rays from her eyes that BLEW PEW and disappear her pals instruments.

CLICK CLACK CLOMP STOMP

JASMINE
Warned ya.

The Nazis near. Cal, Tyrone and Roy notice them.

MYRNA
Great. Here comes the old tenants.

CAL
Nazis?!

TYRONE
Oh hell no!

ROY
Man, I don't want nuthin' to do
with all this.

Gyrda connects eyes with Myrna from far off.

MYRNA
What do I do? Fight them? Blast 'em
with rainbows?

JASMINE
Now you want my help! A minute ago
you just wanted me to dance.

MYRNA
You're supposed to teach me!

JASMINE
I tried, kid. Geez! Ya think I
wanna go back to her?! Shucks, I
hope she don't recognize me.

Jasmine extends her arms out and gives herself a glance over.

MYRNA
Hard to miss a cat.

JASMINE
I looked way different to her. Like
a giant ram or goat thingy.

Tyrone glares at Jasmine.

CLICK CLOP

Gyrda and the Nazis are upon them - Cal twitches in fear as Tyrone and Roy back away apprehensively. Each Nazi and SS officer has sewn up mouths and blood red eyes.

Gyrda only speaks German throughout.

GYRDA
You are destroying my homeland?

MYRNA
We don't want any trouble, we come
in peace.

Myrna balls her fists, takes on a defensive posture.

GYRDA
(disgusted)
Amerikanisch?!

Gyrda angers - does a heil gesture and shoots sharp silver lines out of her hands.

Myrna and company duck to avoid the rays.

The rays zap the colorful landscape of Myrna's creation and replace the dreamlike foliage and rainbows with grey buildings and sidewalks - round playful curves become sharp angles.

Gyrda is serious.

MYRNA
What's she doing?

JASMINE
She doesn't like what you've done
with the place.

The new buildings don't stick around, they dissolve into colorful foliage and rainbows once more.

As Gyrda tries to zap more, her powers dissipate, diminishing SPARKS fly from her fingers and sputter out.

GYRDA

Damn!

JASMINE

Her powers are fading. She ain't gonna be happy.

GYRDA

You!

Gyrda recognizes Jasmine, the cat MEEPS - *she's found out.*

JASMINE

(in German)

I go where the job takes me. Arbeit macht frie and all that jazz.

Gyrda trains her angry eyes on Myrna. With a heil gesture she points to an SS OFFICER - BODO EWERS (50). His eyes dissolve to steel blue, his mouth is untied.

BODO

Heil, Blockleiter!

Bodo snaps to, submitting to Gyrda.

JASMINE

We have American pigs here, find out what they want.

Bodo speaks English. CLICKS his heels and spins to the teens.

BODO

You are in the new motherland. Identify yourselves.

CAL

Cal here, Sir.

Myrna shoots him a look - *shut up!*

TYRONE

I don't have to tell a Nazi shit!

Roy looks to Tyrone, emboldened.

ROY

Yeah!

MYRNA

Hey shut up, guys.

GYRDA

I will have them lined up and shot.

BODO

Identify yourselves or you will be summarily shot.

GYRDA

Draw your weapons. We will kill them and take back my power.

(to Jasmine)

I'll do what I should have long ago and put this traitor down.

Nazi officers unholster and direct guns towards Myrna's crew.

Cal drops to the ground and covers his head.

MYRNA

(to Jasmine)

What other powers do I have? What else can I do?

JASMINE

Dunno, kid. You should sort that out though.

Gyrda pulls out a MAUSER pistol and FIRES.

SPLAT - Roy is wounded and crumples to the ground, SCREAMING as he goes down.

Myrna, Cal and Tyrone all react.

TYRONE

No! Ain't the little brother had enough.

MYRNA

That does it!

Myrna SHOOTS blasts of rainbows at the Nazis. They are covered in glistening, glittery rays of light.

The Nazi officers react with GIGGLES. Tickled by the rainbows rays.

Cal looks back and forth between Myrna and the Nazis.

GYRDA

(through tickles)

Shoot them!

BODO
 (through tickles)
 Stop this! You will all be killed.

The Nazis begin to point and FIRE their weapons.

POW POW PEW POW - The bullets fly in blasts of smoke but soon
 slew within the light of the rainbows.

Bullets POP like firecrackers. Fizzling splashes of glitter.

Cal and Tyrone flinch, but relax as Myrna handles the
 onslaught. Jasmine looks to Myrna with a flash of pride.

Aggressively firing rainbows, light pours from Myrna's hands
 and eyes towards the Nazis.

MYRNA
 Really? I can't kill these racist
 shitheads!?

Roy rises, rubs his shoulder. He flicks off what had been the
 bullet - black goop.

MYRNA (CONT'D)
 You're okay?!

JASMINE
 Any firepower they have comes from
 what little ability Gyrda has left
 to harness power.

Myrna delights at this, LAUGHING.

MYRNA
 So we got these Nazi turds!

The Nazi officers charge towards Myrna and friends.

JASMINE
 They're still some of the most
 battle hardened monsters from one
 of the most evil regimes from the
 history of your plane of existence.

The teenagers react.

GYRDA
 Forget your guns. Wring their
 necks! Steal the life from them.

CAL
 Shit. Let's run guys.

Myrna struggles to hold the Nazis back, strains to fire rainbows. The Nazis get close, light washes over and around them - *swimming upstream*.

MYRNA
What do I do?

GYRDA
The traitor first!

Bodo breaks through, clasps Jasmine by the neck.

JASMINE
REOWRRRR!
(choking)
Something! Do something!

Myrna darts her eyes around, closes them in thought.

MYRNA
(sotto)
Something. Do something.

A CLASP of a thunder like sound, a WHINNY rings out.

A GIANT UNICORN arrives. CRASHES down, hooves SMASH into the Nazis. The creature is winged and horselike yet distinct, with glistening feather like textured skin.

Jasmine is freed by the attack.

Unicorn looks back towards Myrna, happily searching for approval.

Myrna looks into the creatures eyes with disappointment.

MYRNA (CONT'D)
Dammit. Really?

Unicorn lays a wing out like a ramp. Myrna runs onto its back.

MYRNA (CONT'D)
Argh. Fine!

She mounts the majestic animal. Unicorn bucks up on its hind legs and takes a leap into flight.

Gyrda and the surrounding Nazi officers look up in amazement.

GYRDA
Forget her. Kill the rest.

The Nazis approach the trans-dimensional cat and teenagers.

Having reversed course, the Unicorn bares down on the Nazis, SMASHES into the group.

BONE CRUNCHING SOUNDS - a few of the Officers are crushed to death by the force of the beast.

TYRONE

Oh snaps!

The winged beast rears back again, SLAMS its front hooves down upon a Nazis' head - BOOM BOOM BOOM.

Myrna rides the creature, bouncing about on its back, clinging on for dear life - *shocked by the violence*.

A few Nazis back away from the horror, others lie dead.

Gyrda looks on. She connects eyes with Bodo.

Jasmine hops up onto the Unicorn. Cal observes and runs to mount the creature as well.

CAL

(to Tyrone and Roy)

C'mon!

Unicorn turns her head, sees the kids approaching, holds out a wing for them to mount.

Everyone fits snug together upon Unicorn. The beast bucks back and with a flap of its wings takes flight.

Jasmine leans into Myrna's ear.

JASMINE

You could easily finish them
y'know?

MYRNA

Running away is good enough for
now. Besides, I don't think I'm in
control.

Unicorn looks back and connects eyes with Myrna, not agreeing or disagreeing - *a puppy dog looking for approval*.

EXT. REALM SKY - MOMENTS LATER

Unicorn glides across the sky, cutting through and around rainbows and glistening rays of light. The gang hangs on.

Expansive terrain passes underneath. Fantastical waterways, beautiful grassy hills.

Remnants of the stark Nazi like structures left by Myrna evolve into playful landscape as the crew flies by.

The teenagers rubberneck with amazed expressions.

ROY

What're you gonna name her?

Myrna regards Roy.

MYRNA

I may have dreamed her up, but I don't have to name her.

CAL

What about Uno?

MYRNA

Fine. Whatever.

TYRONE

She's a he.

CAL

I think Unicorns are girls usually.

TYRONE

Fine. She has a huge dick though.

We see that Tyrone is correct.

Jasmine LAUGHS. Myrna glares at her.

MYRNA

How do I park this bitch?

Unicorn circles over a patch of land.

INT/EXT. NAT'S PATROL CAR - NIGHT

Nat's in the front, Jackie and Wick cuffed in back.

WICK

Get me away from this ol' busta! I ain't got nothin' to do with him.

Nat considers.

TIME CUT

Nat continues to pilot the vehicle, Wick rides next to him. Jackie, with forlorn expression, is frozen in the backseat.

NAT
Why'd you break into his house?

WICK
I didn't break in, he let me in.

NAT
If you don't have anything to do with him, why'd he let you in?

WICK
Man, I'm tryin' to sell some candy for the boys and girls club. Why you following me for anyhow?

NAT
Lemme see the candy.

Wick pulls out a Snickers bar. Nat snatches it.

WICK
Hey, man, shit! That's for my college fund.

NAT
It's evidence. You shoplifted from Speedy's Liquor.

WICK
Psh, it's for a good cause.

NAT
Ethics 101, punk.

Nat peels the wrapper, takes a bite of the candy bar.

Wick reacts and the two look at each other. Jackie MOANS from the back.

JACKIE
(in German)
I have no motherland. I abandoned my daughter. I'm worthless, scum!

Wick is frustrated.

WICK
Am I under arrest or what?

Nat thinks hard.

NAT
What do you think I can do about this?

Nat blows frustrated air out of his mouth.

NAT (CONT'D)

I damn sure can't put a report out on this. And we have to keep the old guy away from that thing.

WICK

But are you gonna report that you shot my boy or what?!

NAT

C'mon! You saw that girl heal him like it was nothing. And you didn't even see the half of it!

Nat squeezes the steering wheel.

NAT (CONT'D)

No. You saw enough. There's something messed up behind all this and it has something to do with that thing.

(re: Bell)

You're gonna play along with me, kid while I figure this out.

Wick shakes his head.

WICK

(sarcastic deferential)

Course I am, Officer. Anything you say, Sir.

Nat glares at him and CLICKS his radio.

DISPATCH

(through radio)

Alverson. There you are! Your twenty?!

NAT

Had an impromptu wellness check on an at risk youth.

Nat glares at Wick.

NAT (CONT'D)

Looks like my samaritanism could bring us some actionables. I'm going to bring him in and have a pow-wow.

DISPATCH

Nat. You left me with that call.
You-

NAT

-You covered me.

DISPATCH

Yeah. I did but-

NAT

-Thanks.

DISPATCH

You better not pull this shit
again...

Nat holsters the radio, all while staring at Wick.

WICK

I ain't no snitch man. I don't know
shit bout-

NAT

-Just shut up. I bought us time. If
you don't know enough to see I'm as
scared and lost as you, then we
really are screwed.

Wick swallows, regards the officer.

EXT. REALM MESA - NIGHT

The air is a thick purplish hue with prismatic stars and a
full, humongous moon that moves across the sky.

Roy, Cal, Tyrone, Myrna and Jasmine sit around a campfire
that dances in sparkly, neon colors. A light show.

MYRNA

(frustrated)

Why did a fire even appear? It's
not cold or even dark.

CAL

It's perfect out here.

The fire POPS and food floats out like embers- pizza,
hamburgers and tacos drift up into the sky.

TYRONE

Yes!

The boys all grab something to nosh on, even Jasmine hops up and snags a hamburger. They dig in.

ROY
I was starvin'.

TYRONE
Not gonna eat, Myrna?

CAL
Aren't you hungry?

MYRNA
Of course I'm hungry. That's probably why this food started magically floating out the fire.
(to Jasmine)
Isn't it?

Jasmine is gnawing on food and excitedly nods "yes".

MYRNA (CONT'D)
You guys think you can trust this?

JASMINE
You can trust it.

MYRNA
Why should I trust you?

JASMINE
(through a bite)
I dunno. Don't if ya don't wanna.

Myrna smacks a taco out of Cal's hands, then smacks a slice of pizza away from Tyrone. Then she glares at Roy as he is about to take a bite of taco, she hesitates at smacking his.

MYRNA
Do whatever you like I guess, kid.

Myrna turns to look at Cal and Tyrone.

MYRNA (CONT'D)
Don't get comfortable with this place, we have to figure a way out.

JASMINE
Geez, you sound like the other boss girl.

MYRNA

If this is all from my subconscious, why can't I change it? Why a Unicorn when I would have preferred like a gargoyle beast, or King Kong or something?

JASMINE

The road map was already set. The web and language, created. It's like the dimension and layer of the universe you came from. You think blue is just blue because that's the way it is? It's an array of symbols agreed upon by your kind billions of years ago! Like everything else it gets more complex and intricate over time, but the basic patterns were decided and set in place. When you arrived here and took over, you created this place in an instant.

TYRONE

A big bang.

CAL

Yeah, like a big bang.

MYRNA

(profound)

I'm a God.

JASMINE

Wow. Don't get too excited.

Myrna digests her thoughts, comes to her senses.

MYRNA

Fine. I want to get out of here.

TYRONE

Yeah, when's the last level? How do we beat this game?

JASMINE

That's what that other kid, Gyrda, has been obsessed over since she arrived.

MYRNA

How long have they been stuck here?

JASMINE

Time is tricky here, but basically since their clothes were in style.

CAL

The Nazi getups?!

ROY

That was like hundreds of years ago?!

Heads turn towards Roy.

TYRONE

Pretty close to it.

Myrna has a hundred yard stare directed at the fire. Cal and Tyrone notice, then the boys look at each other worriedly.

Myrna kicks the fire - BEWSH! A rainbow flies out from the embers before the fire settles back down to normal.

MYRNA

No! We're not spending the rest of our lives here.

CAL

Hey! Cool it!

MYRNA

You! Shut up. We need to raise some hell and get the hell out of here.

(to Jasmine)

How?!

Jasmine stops chewing, and merely shrugs at Myrna.

Myrna furls her brow and generates a rainbow beam that shoots around Jasmine's neck and chokes the cat.

Jasmine wriggles around and fumbles out from the beam, collapsing to the ground with a REOWRRR!

MYRNA (CONT'D)

What's the connection here guys?
It's this little bitch here. How do we know she isn't the one running the show and holding us hostage?

TYRONE

Why would she give you the magic then?

CAL

And you brought us here! She's just been trying to help and you've been sass talking her the whole time!

MYRNA

Ever heard the saying "bigger cages longer chains" ? She gives us a little control and all of a sudden we're happy little canaries.

Jasmine makes a comical WHISTLE, briefly capturing the groups attention in an attempt to lighten the mood.

JASMINE

I'd hoped you'd be cooler than the other one. I think you're worse.

Myrna's eyes blaze with angry rainbows, she gets up in Jasmine's face.

MYRNA

You drill this horn into my head but I'm supposedly the boss around here?! Then there's Nazis and rainbows and colorful kiddie bullshit. I'm clearly not the boss. So guess what? I QUIT!

JASMINE

To continue your analogy, I'm just a regional trainer, compelled to help with what and how I can. Based on my experiences I wish I could kick all you bloody skin sacks out and lock the door behind you.

Myrna struggles to remove the horn.

MYRNA

Where'd that flying rat go?

She searches around for Unicorn.

MYRNA (CONT'D)

I am not going to sit around and Kumbaya as if this is okay.

Concerned, Cal steps up to Myrna, poised to assert himself.

CAL

Just calm down. We'll all help. But we need to eat, we need to sleep.

MYRNA

There's no time for your
complacent, laissez faire attitude
right now, Cal.

Tyrone steps up as Roy and Jasmine watch.

TYRONE

Just lay off him.

MYRNA

Great, you too?!
(looks around)
Stupid unicorn! Where are you?

CAL

It's not smart to just run off. We
gotta stick together.

MYRNA

Is it? Cause you guys are always
with me right?

CAL

Yes, actually.

MYRNA

But on your terms and that's the
problem right there. I didn't tell
you to follow me to the old man's
house. All I ever asked you to do
is pick up your instruments to
practice once in awhile and not
sound like shitty amateurs. You
can't do that but you can follow me
and bring along cops and robbers
with you to boot!

TYRONE

That was a coincidence actually.

Cal frowns.

MYRNA

What's even in this for you,
Tyrone? I mean I understand you
Cal.

Myrna looks right into Cal's eyes, ready to tear him down.

MYRNA (CONT'D)

I'm the only girl that ever paid
you attention right?

(MORE)

MYRNA (CONT'D)

Without me you'd probably be happy hitting a stupid tambourine in the marching band. I shouldn't have ever given you a shot. It's plain that you'd always just see me as some adolescent sex challenge. You'd hold out on your absent chance that I could EVER see you like that and hold me back all along the way... Poser.

Cal's eyes wet, holding back tears. Tyrone steps in.

TYRONE

He hasn't ever been anything less than the best friend you don't deserve. You can't just go on playing people like puppets-

ROY

-Hey!

Heads turn back towards Roy.

ROY (CONT'D)

C'mon. This. This is just stupid!

MYRNA

Yeah, you're right.

Myrna, two fingers in mouth, WHISTLES. She is annoyed when a POGO BALL appears instead of Unicorn.

MYRNA (CONT'D)

Uh. Whatever! I'm done with this shit.

She bounces a few times then blasts off into the sky, leaving a rainbow trail behind her.

Roy TSKS, his face showing angered emotion.

Tyrone notices and motions to him - *c'mon*.

They amble away, leaving Jasmine to stare at a dejected Cal.

JASMINE

Yeah. So that was rough. But she was pretty on point, huh? Right?

Cal tries to ignore the cat.

INT. NAT'S STUDIO APARTMENT - NIGHT

Jackie has a thousand yard stare - CA-CHICK

His hands are cuffed to the refrigerator handle by Nat.

NAT

We can't just stroll into the station with an old man like you. Not until we get more info and can figure this thing out.

Nat walks away from the fridge, Wick stands by and stares.

NAT (CONT'D)

Maybe by morning you'll have something to tell me.

Wick opens the fridge.

KNOCK - The door lightly hits against Jackie's head as Wick pushes the man away to get into the fridge.

Nat turns around to see Wick pull out and CRACK open a canned beer. SLURP.

NAT (CONT'D)

Get that off your breath!

Nat snatches the beer away from Wick.

EXT. REALM MESA - NIGHT

Cal walks away from the campfire, ambling into a forest of trees sprouting lollipops and candies.

Tyrone and Roy converse next to the fire, sitting on a pink inflatable air couch. In the background Jasmine juggles tennis balls that leave trails of rainbow glitter.

ROY

You actually listen to her? She just boss you around like that?

TYRONE

She's alright. Gets angry, but she's sorta a mad genius.

ROY

She played us like puppets. It was kinda cool but I don't know nothin' 'bout music.

TYRONE

Yeah, I barely do either, but she cares. And makes me want to.

Tyrone stares into the fire.

ROY

I got someone like her. I don't want to follow him no more. I don't know where to go.

TYRONE

Does he have something to do with you bein' at that old Nazis' house?

Roy and Tyrone look at each other.

EXT. POLICE STATION PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Nat walks, a box under one arm, dragging Wick by the other.

WICK

I told you we was just tryin' a sell candy, man.

Wick pulls his arm free, rubs his wrist.

WICK (CONT'D)

Damn. Shit still hurts from the cuffs. Now I'm 'spose pretend we all friends an shit?!

Nat stops him in his tracks, looks pleadingly.

NAT

Put it this way. You have immunity now. No more ego's. You're not going to get in trouble, let's just work this out together. Play possum, pretend you're a good little herb. We're buying time to figure this out. Together.

WICK

I ain't no snitch.

NAT

You saw most of what happened back there. If you want to get your friend out of this thing...

(indicates to box)

...you'd be wise to help me.

WICK

Negro, for all I know you merked my boy. I'm not tryin' a think about all that weird shit.

Nat looks towards the station, frustrated.

NAT

Well, you're going in with me. Follow or be led in cuffs. Up to you.

Nat turns from Wick and resumes walking towards the station.

WICK

Shit.

Wick punches the air then moves to catch up to Nat.

EXT. BELL REALM - LIGHT

In a haze of prismatic light, Myrna seethes with balled fists. Her perceptive eyes scan all around.

She executes karate like motions. Each motion accompanied by an aggressive YELP or RE-ARGH. Fits of anger.

She walks through the haze which dissipates around her, revealing a mini, pink bricked princess castle. Myrna pounds at the walls of the twenty foot by twenty foot structure.

MYRNA

No! No princess shit!

She pulls down the drawbridge violently. Throwing punches at it and trying to rip it off of the structure. Her fists BLAST out shafts of rainbow light.

She smashes at the wooden ramp, pulling off pieces and tossing them into the bubbly, purple water filled moat. She flails at the structure - brimming with rage.

MYRNA (CONT'D)

AHHHH!!

She spins away and runs back into the rainbow nothingness.

Tearing through a grassy meadow, she shoots rainbows from her horn and throws beams of light from her fists.

She strikes a large butterfly. Explodes a rainbow with another. Knocks over a doe eyed cow with a flying kick.

MYRNA (CONT'D)
 I will get out of this Rainbow
 Brite, Lisa Frank holocaust!

Her voice ECHOES and reflects back through the mist, gaining speed and flying away from Myrna through the prismatic showers of colors in the rainbow realm to arrive:

AT GYRDA

Gyrda lays against grey concrete rubble. A handful of Nazis stand by recuperating. A lost remnant of Gyrda's reign, a burnt and torn swastika banner lies nearby.

Gyrda fumes, pensive eyes reveal her mind is scheming.

We hear the SCREAMS and YELPS of Myrna not too far off.

Gyrda hears Myrna's cries - listens intently.

AT MYRNA

Cal arrives at the crest of a hilltop above Myrna's location. He slyly peers over, sees Myrna, concern in his eyes.

CRYING, she punches and throws sparkling, violent rainbows. They explode in the air like fireworks.

INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Nat walks, nods to a OLDER DETECTIVE sitting at their desk as he passes. Wick keeps pace following - he's nervous.

NAT
 (whispering)
 Remember, you're a goodie two shoes
 Boys and Girls Club hood nerd.

WICK
 (whispering)
 I look like a nerd to you?

NAT
 Maybe. Just try.

They approach a desk cluster where a PETER HOLMSTEAD (white, 55) chats up two FEMALE OFFICERS. The group sizes up Nat and Wick as they pass.

NAT (CONT'D)
 Hey, hey. Evening, Sirs.

PETER HOLMSTEAD
A little far off the range, ain't
ya officer?

NAT
Just pulling in to have a chat with
a future leader of America. Mind if
I take it into the break room?

Nat halts before passing the officers, turns to address them.

NAT (CONT'D)
Since you seem to be taking lunch
out here.

The others smirk, but Peter is annoyed. Nat turns to continue
away from them, but before he can leave -

PETER HOLMSTEAD
What's in the box?

NAT
Candy.
(indicates to Wick)
The kids selling em for the Boys
and Girls club... got a dollar?

Peter and the others seem to think about it.

PETER
Maybe on your way out.

Nat walks away, Wick shoots an angry glance back at Peter.

INT. POLICE STATION BREAK ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Wick rifles through the fridge in the dingy break room. Nat
opens the box, looks at the Bell and wand. Wick returns, sits
down to eat a peanut butter and jelly sandwich.

NAT
The hell am I gonna do with this
thing? And with you?

WICK
I got a brotha that could proolly
turn a buck on that.

NAT
This thing healed a gunshot wound
on your friend.

WICK
You shot him.

NAT
I came in and you were about to shoot what looked like a nice ordinary old man.

WICK
A nice white old man.

NAT
I chased those kids and they escaped right inside this thing.

WICK
Escaped or got eaten? Killed? Or they some genies in a bottle?

Nat sits down across from Wick.

NAT
I dunno actually. But we gotta figure out before I have to explain why and under what circumstances I discharged my weapon and a bunch of kids went missing.

WICK
Sounds like your problem. You were the one who bust into an old man's house and shot at a bunch of good kids selling candy.

Wick smirks at Nat. Nat bristles and stretches his hand out.

NAT
I got a weapon in your possession too. You can either help me try to figure all this out, or I come up with a nice story about you.

Wick shakes his head, CHUCKLES-*not surprised a cop would lie.*

WICK
Alright, I'll play this game with you for a bit. Why you bein' such a punk round them crackers anyhow?

NAT
You think the police aren't too fond of you?
(grimace)
(MORE)

NAT (CONT'D)

How do you think they feel about me?

WICK

Don't be such an Uncle Tom 'round them then.

NAT

I decided I don't want to believe the place this world has put us in. If we refuse to see it, maybe we can make that world disappear.

Nat studies Wick's eyes - *can he get through to him ?*

WICK

Aight. Oprah.

Nope. Nat continues in acquiescence.

NAT

Corny, I know. Be the change you want to see in the world.

Wick PSHHS and shakes his head.

NAT (CONT'D)

Okay. So the worlds a toilet and treats us like we're the waste. But we proceed ahead like we got a shot against being flushed. Okay?

Wicks sighs acceptance. The two make a functioning truce.

The door OPENS. Seargent Davis enters.

NAT (CONT'D)

Davis, Seargent.

Nat rises, blocks the view of the box and the Bell.

Davis cranes his neck slightly - takes interest in Wick.

DAVIS

Officer, I believe you had an assignment tonight?

NAT

Sir, yes. I engaged this youth and found need to council him. Community engagement. A ride along of sorts.

DAVIS

Come with me, Nat. Illuminate me on the particulars of the situation.

(to Wick)

Sit tight, kid. The officer will give you a ride home shortly.

NAT

Sir.

Sergeant Davis leaves. Nat looks with concern at the Bell.

Wick smirks up at Nat.

Nat quickly snatches up the wand off the table and pockets it, smirks right back at Wick.

WICK

Git, boy.

Nat shoots him a steely look, follows out of the break room.

EXT. BELL REALM - LIGHT

Myrna SCREAMS, throws volley after volley of rainbow light.

A futile effort, her pained HOLLERING is filled with rage.

Pixie dust hangs in the air, shafts of light glisten.

Cal cautiously approaches. Step-by-step he nears his friend.

He reaches out a hand and clasps her shoulder.

YEAHUGH!

Myrna throws a final explosive ball of rainbow lights and thrusts her face towards Cal. She sweats profusely, PANTS and seethes behind gritted teeth.

Myrna connects eyes pleadingly with Cal, realizes her vulnerability, changes her composure. She creases her brows with anger and shoots rainbows from her horn, at Cal.

ZZZZTTT - Cal's head turns into a cupcake.

Cal YELPS a mouthless SCREAM that sounds like someone with a mouthful of cake.

Myrna again ZAPS Cal with a rainbow from her eyes and -

POOT! He becomes a huge penguin. Though a penguin he also wears a tuxedo and tries to pivot and waddle away from her.

ZZZT! She zaps him again, his body returns but now he has the head of a pony with colorful rainbow hair.

REOWRRRR! Cal whinnies. He tries to run away.

Myrna stumbles and gives halfhearted chase. She yanks on Cal's mane and pulls him towards her.

Tears begin to well in her eyes, she spins the boy around and shakes him. Face-to-face, she continues to shake Cal, his pony eyes wet.

Myrna shoves Cal down to the ground, a bed of dandelions crop up to cushion his fall.

POP - the pony head disappears and he becomes himself.

Myrna looks down upon Cal, shame visible on her face.

MYRNA
I'm sorry, Cal.

CAL
It's. It's okay.

MYRNA
I wanna go home.

CAL
Me too.

MYRNA
We have to kill the cat.

CAL
I dunno, Myrna.

Myrna tries to convince him with her eyes.

CAL (CONT'D)
I don't want to be in love with you.

Myrna opens her mouth, expects a reply to come.

GYRDA (O.S.)
(in German)
Hello. It's me. Don't hurt me.

Myrna flinches and turns towards the misty haze outside her and Cal's circle.

Gyrda's form appears as she emerges from the fog.

Myrna puts a hand out as if to attack. Gyrda puts her hands up with deference and caution.

GYRDA (CONT'D)
 (in German)
 Listen to me. The stupid American
 can't be bothered to learn German.

Myrna holds her hands up to indicate for Gyrda to hold back.

MYRNA
 What do I do, Cal?

CAL
 I don't know. I was sorta just
 hopin' you'd kill her but I don't
 wanna be an accomplice!

GYRDA
 Have some spine, kill me!

Myrna WHISTLES.

MYRNA
 C'mon boy! Maybe our Unicorn can
 come back and take care of this.

CAL
 Maybe if you had named her.

Gyrda struggles, spitting GERMAN WORDS at them.

CAL (CONT'D)
 Maybe you can do something. So we
 understand her!

MYRNA
 Fine!

Myrna makes a trying sound, GNEAUGH, as she stares at her hands. They light up with a glistening power charge.

Gyrda sees the hands and delights.

MYRNA (CONT'D)
 Okay hands. Universal translator
 mode. Please don't kill her.

Myrna hesitantly shoots her hands - PLOOP PEW

Two bulbous light ball shots fire from Myrna and smack Gyrda in the face. Gyrda stumbles a bit but stays on her feet.

GYRDA
 (in English)
 Yes! Kill me! Sweet death! It
 tickles. Hit me again. Do it!

Cal and Myrna look to each other with surprise - *it worked.*

Disappointment flashes on Gyrda's face.

GYRDA (CONT'D)
 I'm still alive. Hit me again.
 C'mon, hit me!

A worried look comes over the German child.

MYRNA
 Kid. Can't we all just get along?

GYRDA
 No...
 (surprised)
 You speak German?!

| | | | |
|-----|-------|-------|-----|
| | MYRNA | | CAL |
| No. | | Nope. | |

GYRDA
 Shit!

MYRNA
 Scheisse.

Gyrda puts her hand to her mouth in disgust that the English language has come out of it. The group squares off- *what now?*

INT. POLICE STATION HALLWAY - NIGHT

Sergeant Davis stands in close quarters with Officer Nat.

DAVIS
 I know you fancy yourself the Jesse
 Jackson of the LAPD, but the only
 racial injustice goin' on around
 here is that you haven't been shit
 canned precisely because of the
 color of your skin.

Nat strains to stay composed.

DAVIS (CONT'D)
 Were you white, and pullin' in
 these piss poor numbers, missing
 quotas?

(MORE)

DAVIS (CONT'D)

You'd be civilian real quick. Your blackness and the worlds conviction that LAPD might as well stand for KKK is the reason you still got a badge.

Nat fumes.

INT. POLICE STATION BREAK ROOM - SAME

Wick looks at the door and then looks at the Bell. He reaches over, picks up a pen. Looks from pen to Bell - Bell to pen.

PING

He taps the Bell lightly. Nothing happens.

PING PING PING

Three taps and nothing happens - SIGH.

TWEEDLE EEDLE EEE - TWEEDLE EEDLE EEE

Wick retrieves his ringing, vibrating pager from his waist-

He silences and reads it : "423"

A flash of worry, he looks to the Bell, an idea strikes.

INT. BELL REALM - LIGHT

Facing off - Myrna, Gyrda and Cal reckon with each other.

GYRDA

You have to kill me.

MYRNA

C'mon... you're just a kid.

Gyrda P'SHAWS.

GYRDA

Nothing changes here, I don't age. It's a world that bends to my will with no opposition. Until now.

MYRNA

Let's figure out an escape.

GYRDA

I have tried. I remember little of my father, my mother, and my homeland. I remember enough just to believe it was real. Enough details remain so that I can believe the recollections of my men.

CAL

Fifty years.

Myrna shoots Cal a look, Gyrda appears inquisitive.

CAL (CONT'D)

Looking at your clothes, the swastikas? You're Nazis. You must've been in here like fifty years, that's about how long ago the war ended.

Myrna appears to hesitate at the sharing of info.

GYRDA

Fifty years? Bodo had told me he is thirty-five. Fifty? That long?!

CAL

Did you know that old Nazi guy?

MYRNA

Cal.

CAL

The one who gave us the Bell?

MYRNA

Cal!

Gyrda excites at the word "Bell".

GYRDA

My father.

Cal and Myrna shock.

GYRDA (CONT'D)

Oh God, no. Don't tell me you fucking Americans won!?

Gyrda turns away from the two in shock.

GYRDA (CONT'D)

(to herself)

No wonder father never rescued me.

MYRNA
 (to Cal)
 Jackie put her in here.

CAL
 You think that's why he was so
 creepy and wanted you?

MYRNA
 I think he needed my help. To save
 her or something.

Myrna realizes. SNAPS her fingers. Gyrda MUMBLES to herself
 in the background.

MYRNA (CONT'D)
 He knew I could get her out if I
 came in and worked with her.

Cal looks towards Gyrda's back as the young German works
 herself into a manic RAMBLING frenzy.

CAL
 (unsure)
 Work with the Hitler youth?

MYRNA
 She's just a little kid. And sugar
 can turn even the worst apple into
 a delicious pie.

A moment passes between Cal and Myrna as they make eye
 contact in reconciliation.

In hysterics, Gyrda twirls around, hands out like claws and
 squares off with Cal and Myrna.

GYRDA
 That traitor pussycat I had for a
 father! He hid the Bell and used it
 against his own men and daughter.

Gyrda charges up towards the two and gets up in Myrna's face.

GYRDA (CONT'D)
 His cowardly act turned the Reich's
 greatest weapon against itself and
 you Americans defeated Fuhrer! I
 will KILL YOU!

Gyrda pounces, throwing her hands around Myrna's throat.

Myrna's eyes go wide - Cal jumps back in fear and surprise.

GLACK GURGGLE - Myrna chokes and struggles.

Cal tries to jump in and intercede.

CAL
No! Don't!

Gyrda bears her teeth, SNARLS at Cal and he backs off.

CAL (CONT'D)
Stop her, Myrna!

Gyrda's hand clenches down Myrna's arms flail in the air.

Tears well, fluorescent and glowing fluid appears at the edges of Myrna's wet eyes. Myrna's face swells and purples.

The fingertips of her outstretched hands begin to glow, building luminance and vibrating.

Cal breaks down - CRYING OUT for his friend.

Gyrda is delighted. She scowls with mad, intense glee.

Too close for direct attack, Myrna shoots a thick and giant rainbow from her hands, piercing the sky and illuminating the surroundings in brilliant, cascading colors - SCHWOOMP.

Gyrda squints her eyes - *confident she will finish this.*

Myrna suffers, but her tearful eyes focus high in the air on a rainbow she created. The jagged endpoint of the rainbow becomes visible high up in the sky. As she focuses, its head begins to U-Turn and point back towards the ground. Myrna strains, the point of the rainbow becomes sharp, vibrates and-

SCHPLEW - It flies back towards the ground and -

FLOOMP - The rainbow hooks Gyrda in the back like a fish.

YEAUGH - Gyrda YELPS and is elevated fifteen feet in the air above Cal and Myrna. The kid dangles like an ornament in a Christmas tree.

Myrna CHOKES and COUGHS, swallows for air and recuperates. Cal runs up and hugs her as she hits the ground on her knees.

A few moments of composing herself then Myrna rises and walks circles around Gyrda, staring up at her with rage.

Myrna puts her palm out and generates a marble like orb of swirling light.

She chucks it at the child. It knocks her in the head with a PING. Gyrda twirls in a few circles from her mooring like a tetherball.

MYRNA
Stupid, fascist!

Gyrda twirls slowly around in upside down suspension. Her eyes wide-open, she keeps Myrna in her sights with wild bewilderment. The teens glare at each other.

Gyrda opens her mouth to SCREAM! It is loud, cuts through the Bell zone. It ECHOES back towards them.

Myrna and Cal share a quick, worried glance.

Gyrda SUCKS air in and lets out in two successive SCREAMS.

Myrna rears back and hurls a projectile towards the kid.

FLOOMP - Gyrda's mouth is covered and she is silenced by a puffy sticker of a doe eyed puppy dog.

This surprises Gyrda, and Myrna too.

EXT. POLICE STATION HALLWAY - NIGHT

Davis follows Nat back towards the breakroom.

DAVIS
You got grave shifts rest of this week for this. Get that kid home.

The two stop in front of the door.

NAT
Yes, Sir. Anything else?

We can see a strange pulsating light subtly dimming and rising through the frosted window of the breakroom door.

DAVIS
You're a cop. Keep thinking you're a social worker and you'll end up as one.

Davis raises a brow as though he made a profound statement.

INT. POLICE STATION BREAK ROOM - SAME

Wick's pager is set atop the Bell. As it rings and vibrates, pulsations of waves and light emanate. A force grows.

BZZ BZZZ BZZZ - WHOMP WHOMP WHOMP

Wick leans against the wall. Holds a telephone receiver, amazed at the sight of the Bell.

The door OPENS. Nat enters but immediately halts in the door frame, seeing that the Bell is activated.

NAT

Whoa!

Wick looks from the Bell to Nat - a *showdown*. Nat unbuckles the holster to his gun - his hand hovers above it.

WICK

I gotta get outta here. I ain't gettin' locked up.

Davis rushes in, sidles up to Nat. Gun drawn.

Wick worries.

DAVIS

Turn off the toy and get your hands in the air!

Nat looks over - *oh shit*.

Wick takes a step forward, putting himself within the gyrating air of the Bell force field.

He stretches a hand out and - SCHLOOMP -

Davis's gun flies from out of his hand and into Wick's. Wick's eyes delight.

Wick takes aim with the gun - POW POW!

He shoots Davis . The officer YELPS, crumples to the ground.

Nat pulls out his weapon to fire back. Wick looks at him.

WICK

Don't even think it!

Wick jerks his body forward with a threatening motion. The Bell field sends a force wave out towards the officer, knocks Nat backwards and out of the room.

WICK (CONT'D)

That honkey ain't worth it, brotha.
He was fin to kill me.

The force around the Bell weakens, with the gun still pointed at Nat, Wick dials his pager from the phone.

The BZZ BZZ BZZZ vibration starts again and re-ignites the force around the Bell.

Wick looks at the swirling colors and visuals in the air. He catches a few glimpses of vague imagery:

INSERT

Roy and Tyrone determinately walking through the Bell realm, side-by-side. The image pulls back to reveal the mosaic multicolored landscape they traverse. Behind them the remaining living Nazis stealthily pursue the two teenagers.

BACK TO SCENE

Wick squints his eyes, observing the goings on in the realm.

He crosses towards the door and steps over the (perhaps) dead body of Davis. He thrusts his gun towards Nat.

WICK (CONT'D)

My boy's in there. Gimme that stick.

Nat puts a defensive hand up.

NAT

Hey! Let's do this smart. First, he needs medical attention.

Nat nods to Davis.

WICK

He's a dead pig and you fin to be too if you don't gimme that shit.

Wick is excited. Nat tries to lower his voice and de-escalate things.

NAT

We don't know what we're messing with here. Let's be smart. We can fix all of this together.

The two study each other's eyes with uncertainty.

INT. BELL REALM -LIGHT

Cal and Myrna pace around Gyrda as she dangles.

CAL
 (whispering)
 Maybe just do it? Kill her?

Myrna glares at Cal.

CAL (CONT'D)
 I mean. She tried to kill you? We
 need less to worry about right now.

MYRNA
 I have to think.

Myrna juts a hand up to the sky - shoots a blast of light -
 SHLOMP - her guitar flies into her hands.

CHCK CHK CHK CHK WAH WHOP

She starts aggressively strumming CHORDS.

AT TYRONE AND ROY

Nearby, Tyrone and Roy trod along the open plane of
 luminescent colored path.

The not too far-off sound of GUITAR can be heard.

TYRONE
 Hear that?

Roy HMPHS.

TYRONE (CONT'D)
 We were headed the right direction.

ROY
 Every way I've ever gone turns out
 to be the wrong direction. No
 matter what I try.

TYRONE
 Sometimes there is no right way,
 right choice or whatever. When I
 don't know which way to go, I just
 follow friends. Have some company,
 y'know?

ROY
 My friends ain't good company. I
 don't have the choice to follow.
 I'm straight up bein' led.

TYRONE

You can just hang with us then, k?

Roy kicks a crystal up ahead a few paces in frustration.

ROY

Maybe. I ain't playin' guitar
though.

A FEW HUNDRED FEET BEHIND THEM

The pack of Nazis is in pursuit, CLOMPING along in unison.

IN THE SKY ABOVE

Jasmine soars over a purple hued sky with cotton candy like pink clouds.

She looks down upon the Nazis approaching Tyrone and Roy. A playful smile creeps onto her face.

Jasmine dips to her left Cloud cover clears, she slows and glides to a stop. Light washes over her as she is inside the rainbow of Myrna's creation. She peers down upon the teens.

Myrna GRINDS away at the guitar, Cal YELLS at her, trying to break her out of her music induced hypnotic state.

Jasmine becomes serious.

EXT. POLICE STATION PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Jackie emerges from the shadows of a tree lined meridian at the perimeter of the police station parking lot. He clutches his weapon, the fridge handle he is still cuffed to.

He spots a window and sees the flickering, waning and growing pulsations of light appearing from within the room.

His eyes show recognition - *he knows the Bell is active.*

INT. BELL REALM - LIGHT

Myrna is angrily hypnotized - zones out as she plays GUITAR.

A stable rhythm, sparse and atmospheric. A translucent, bubble like orb field grows around her and Cal.

Outside the field, space bends and thrusts outwards towards the sky. Gyrda worries as she twirls from the force wind created by the GUITAR playing.

IN THE SKY

Jasmine's fur and whiskers are tickled and blown. The cat observes the light of the rainbow shaft swaying with the force Myrna creates. The rainbow sheds glittery sparkles.

ON THE GROUND

Cal looks down at his shoes. His laces vibrate, the colorful mosaic paved landscape shakes and ripples, the ground moves.

CAL

You have to stop playing! Something is going wrong!

Myrna CHUG CHUG CHUGS on her chord and slows her tempo down until it stops. She slowly turns her head towards Cal and her composure becomes somewhat present. They lock eyes grimly.

MYRNA

Outside. The thingy sounded like...

She makes a WHOMP WHOMP WHOMP type sound with her mouth.

MYRNA (CONT'D)

Hmmm. Something like this...

She plays a series of notes high on the fret of the top E string of the guitar to try and approximate the song. As she plays it more it sounds as though REVERB and low end is added to the mix, sounding closer to the Bell noise.

Cal's eyes become curious. As she plays, the winds die down and the orb around her and Cal fades.

Cal SIGHS relief at the calm.

MYRNA (CONT'D)

But that's not what I was doing a minute ago.

A trickster grin grows on Myrna's face, Cal reacts - *uh oh*.

MYRNA (CONT'D)

Every pole has its polar.

Myrna jams on a scale and moves up the fretboard, finds the chord that creates a perfectly dissonant, oppositional sound.

BLARGH. It sounds nasty.

Myrna beams. She likes it.

BLAM BLARCH BLAM - she jams on this note.

FORCEFUL WINDS flare up again, but light and the visual spectrum of the space they are in distorts.

Like a fun house mirror, visual lines point from high in the sky and flex down towards Myrna's guitar.

Off several yards, Roy and Tyrone arrive over a crest. They shock at the sight of Cal, Myrna and Gyrda.

TYRONE

C'mon!

Cal and Tyrone run towards their friends.

Myrna sees them.

MYRNA

Guys, back me up.

She clenches her face. A complement of music gear appears.

IN THE SKY

Jasmine notices the distortions of space, sees matter being sucked up into the force that surrounds Myrna and her guitar.

JASMINE

No! She's gonna break all my stuff!

Jasmine puts her fist out in a Superman like flying gesture and pitches down towards the crew. She has to fight against a strong counter current and is slow to gain distance.

ON THE GROUND

The Nazis rise above the outlying edge and push forward towards the teenagers.

MYRNA

See them?
(re: Nazis)
You with me?

CAL

Fine!

Myrna's crew gets in band mode - Cal on drums, Tyrone on keys. They play on their own this time, coming up with a groove that counters Myrna's CHUGGING chords.

Tyrone looks to Roy.

TYRONE

You in? We won't bite.

A bass appears, straps itself around Roy.

ROY

Fine. I suck, man, but I'll try.

He fumbles around, creating crummy NOTES.

Myrna LAUGHS towards Roy with satisfaction.

INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Wick has his gun trained on Nat, the wand in his other hand. He stands near the Bell, positioned to strike it.

NAT

Stop this now, there's still time.

Wick SMACKS the Bell - WHOMP WHOMP WHOMP. Ripples and reverberation of air push off of it.

NAT (CONT'D)

(more emphatic)

You don't want to be a killer. A
cop killer.

WHOMP WHOMP WHOMP - Wick smacks the Bell again and again and again. A faint sound of MYRNA'S SONG wafts through.

WICK

I am a killa.

NAT

These white people are going to
kill you, you stupid dumb punk!
Where you think this will get you?

WICK

They ain't gonna catch me, trick!

BAM - Wick wallops the Bell harder.

The waves of light and air coming out expand. A stable field forms. MUSIC comes through louder and more clear.

A visual connection is established.

HALLWAY

The other present officers have arrived - Peter and a few other BLUE UNIFORMS cautiously approach.

Nat sees them slinking up with guns drawn.

The wake of the magic waves wash out, wisps of air carry glimmering light into the hallway.

Nat flashes Peter a look that says "back".

Peter nods and indicates to the other officers to back up.

INT. POLICE STATION ENTRYWAY - SAME

Jackie enters the police station. The lobby is locked off the main station. Glassed windows offer a view of the interior.

Behind the glass stands, YOUNG DESK ATTENDANT, who peers around the corner looking towards the commotion. OTHERWORLDLY SWOOSHING SOUNDS. Charged air that RATTLES the surroundings.

Jackie sees an attendants desk bell.

He looks down at it, swirls his finger around it in a teasing manner. He cracks a smile and looks up towards the back of the occupied Attendant.

JACKIE

Excuse me.

The Attendant barely turns around.

DESK ATTENDANT

Yeah. Just a second.

JACKIE

I need help.

DESK ATTENDANT

(not looking)

Just a minute. Please wait, Sir.

The power of the Bell expands, light ripples into the lobby.

Jackie traces his finger around the desk bell. It HUMS. Waves of light and glittery air are drawn to his hand and bell.

The glass partition between him and the station VIBRATES.

Hairs on Jackie's arm, hand and head raise.

His eyes go wild. He leans forward, planting his gaze on the glass - *full of Bell power*.

SHATTER- The glass splits and falls straight down.

Attendant turns around in shock. Jackie reaches over through the broken glass to unlock a door.

DESK ATTENDANT (CONT'D)

Hey!

Bell power continues to swirl around Jackie's hand.

Attendant reaches to un-holster her gun.

Jackie raises a hand up. Steels himself.

Desk Attendant lunges forward but SHLOOMP.

Jackie's extends his arm as a vision forms within his hand.
The fridge handle morphs to appear as his Luger.

Desk Attendant's eyes catch sight of the hand and gun.

Desk Attendant cowers back and raises her hands in the air.
Jackie waves the gun - *back, down.*

Jackie continues through towards the hall.

OFFICE AREA

Hiding behind desks, Peter and the cops take a defensive position.

PETER

(into radio)

All units. Shots fired, North
Hollywood Bureau. Officer down.

The radio crackles back at him - "WHAT?!" - "PETER, THIS FOR REAL?!" Peter takes the radio, clicks it off, throws it down.

PETER (CONT'D)

Shit!

Jackie shuffles past the officers and down the hall. Peter does a double take, surprised.

PETER (CONT'D)

Hey! Hey, you! Stop, old man!

Peter rises up to follow Jackie, approaching from behind in the hallway. Powerful gusts of propelled air and shimmering light push down through the hall from the break room.

PETER (CONT'D)

Hands on your head, stop right there!

Peter has a gun pointed towards Jackie's back. Jackie slowly turns around.

Jackie's face - *maniacal and twisted*. Eyes alive with fiery light. Mouth open with a crazed, possessed expression.

PETER (CONT'D)

Down! Now!

SMACK - Jackie clobbers Peter with the refrigerator handle.

INT. BELL REALM - SAME

Gyrda dangles, struggles as the DRONING SONG continues. Gyrda sees her Nazi officers arrive.

GYRDA

Here! Get them!

The Nazis look to each other, and spot their leader. They begin to charge, daggers in hand and fists out.

Cal notices them, throws a drumstick at Myrna - BOP! It smacks her in the head.

She turns around angered, but Cal, keeping the beat with one stick, nods his head towards the ensuing herd. A new drumstick magically appears in his hand.

Myrna pivots her body. SNARLS. Guns her attention at the charging Nazis.

BLAMP BLARGH BLAMP BLAMP - Her guitar screams.

Waves of electrified light flare towards the Nazis. They part and dig-in to hold ground against the current.

SWOOSH

Jasmine flies in and comes to a landing in between the Nazis and Myrna. Her paws outstretch, she does some "abra cadabra" motions through the air. This collects the waves of light air and energy, to create a bubble around her to absorb power.

Myrna shocks.

Gyrda, from her dangling perch, takes interest.

Myrna doubles down on her chords CHURG CHURG CHURG - her band sounds good and hammers away.

JASMINE

Stop, kid. You'll destroy this whole place!

Myrna momentarily considers.

She looks at Cal, at Tyrone, at Roy. They look to her, scared, but determined and following her lead.

JASMINE (CONT'D)
We'll be ripped to nothingness.

Myrna looks up at Gyrda, the Nazi kid has expectant eyes. Scared maybe.

CHURG CHA CHICK CHURG - Myrna answers with her guitar.

MYRNA
Better to be gone forever than to
share a hellscape of rainbows and
glitter with a talking cat and the
Shirley Temple of the Third Reich!

She looks back to her band.

MYRNA (CONT'D)
C'mon!

Myrna SLAMS her guitar, moving into a bridge in the music. The band finds a GROOVE RHYTHM while she goes into a SOLO.

The bubble around Jasmine begins to deflate and look sweaty, like an old balloon.

The force emitted by the band's energy is too strong for encroaching Nazis, they lean in with their fists outstretched.

Gyrda looks worried.

JASMINE
Kid, you're gonna spoil the game
before you even learn the rules.

MYRNA
Forget your games, pussy. I gotta
get my Mom a pack of smokes!

Myrna screams - YEEAAHHHH! SLAMS her guitar.

A huge force of power flies away from Myrna and her crew.

Gyrda is blown back into the air and launched out of sight.

Nazis tumble back, somersaults and skids across the terrain.

Jasmine holds her ground, hair blown tight back - looks skinnier, like a cat after a bath. Her perplexed expression-
Curious? Frightened? Impressed?

Terrain is shaking, cracking, ripping at the seams. Shafts of neon light cut across the landscape, glitter filled florescent haze fogs the air.

Joining the CACOPHANY of ROCK MUSIC is the Bell TONE, INCREASING IN PITCH. It harmonizes with the MUSIC.

A glowing seam in the fantasy sky rips. Hot pink lava drips and pours, rains from the sky.

Nazis are pelted. YEARGH - they scream from skin burns.

JASMINE
(blazing eyes)
I warned you! Look what you're doing!?

A chubby raindrop hits Cal's cymbal and dissolves right through it. He frightens and YELPS.

CAL
Myrna?!

She turns around, sees the smouldering cymbal, dripping with hot pink ooze.

Jasmine charges towards Myrna and leaps to tackle her, but a huge glob of ooze nearly takes out Myrna.

She notices that the cat saved her, Jasmine sits on her chest as they lie on the ground. Myrna looks into the cats large eyes with uncertainty.

JASMINE
This'll all fall down on us.

Myrna is confused. The Bell CHIME continue's.

Roy and Tyrone look at each other, they alone are hold the MUSIC together. The gash in the sky continues to grow - Myrna looks up to see -

Wick's giant head! He peers through the slit like a God.

Roy looks up with worry at Wick who looks right at him.

INT. POLICE STATION BREAK ROOM - SAME

Wick is delighted by what he sees. Still pointing the gun at Nat, he looks into the haze and visions swirling around the Bell on the table.

NAT
Get away from it! Drop your weapon
and come here!

Wick is mesmerized.

Nat sees an opportunity to strike back at the kid, he bucks forward, prepares to leap.

We see Jackie in the background, absorbing the energy emanating into the hallway from the Bell. An egg like aura shores up around him.

EXT. POLICE STATION - SAME

A dozen or so POLICE OFFICERS huddle outside the doors of the station with guns drawn. A few peer through the doors.

Two more SQUAD CARS pull up at the front of the station, OFFICERS hop out to join.

INT. POLICE STATION BREAK ROOM -SAME

Nat is about to leap into the towards Wick when his attention is drawn to Jackie.

Jackie flexes his way out of his eggshell force-field. His eyes ZAP with electrical power, energy emanates off of him.

Nat is knocked to the ground by electrical charges.

Jackie walks purposefully towards the Bell. Nat reaches up.

NAT
Stop.

Jackie's boot steps on Nat's arm. Nat YELPS!

Wick is focused on the Bell, looks down at Myrna's group.

The Bell sound and MUSIC still ring in the air. The Bell fissures, shows signs of duress.

INT. BELL REALM - SAME

Myrna rises, gives a sign to Cal to keep drumming.

MYRNA
You won't trap me here, cat. I'm
done with all this shit.

She throws her guitar strap over her shoulder.

MYRNA (CONT'D)

Done with the glitter and rainbows.
Look at this place, and yourself. I
don't care what dimension you come
from or what coat of paint you slap
up. You've been hiding Nazis,
bitch!

BLADOW - She slams the guitar and strikes a chord.

Jasmine is thrown back.

Several yards off, the cat gets up to her feet. Stunned.

With a grimace, Myrna blinks her eyes and thinks.

She uses her power to create a bucket above Jasmine. With a head nod the bucket pours water down on Jasmine's head.

REAOWR - The cat loses all composure and lashes its claws out towards the girl. Soaked, Jasmine bears her teeth and looks up at the tear in the realm.

Bigger now, Wick looms above them. The details of the police station are clearer. Color has faded from the sky, saturation and details of the Bell realm diminish.

Jasmine deduces then decides. She reaches to the air and unzips an invisible zipper.

It reveals another world beyond the Bell realm, which looks like a black nothingness.

JASMINE

You and your small minded moralism
and judgments. Congrats, kiddo. You
just destroyed your wildest hopes
and dreams.

A pause between them as they look into each others eyes.
Myrna is momentarily touched by regret. But -

BLAM

Myrna bangs out a chord on the guitar, sticks her tongue out and raspberries the cat.

Jasmine jumps through the portal to another dimension and closes the zipper up behind her.

The realm SHAKES as if in the midst of an earthquake.

The NOISE of music blending with the Bell RATTLE rises.

Nazis are yanked into the air towards the opening.

Myrna, Cal, Tyrone and Roy have their clothes and hair pulled up. A tremendous force yanks on them.

Roy looks up fearfully to sees Wick's demented smile.

ROY

No! I wanna stay here!

Cal and Tyrone look compassionately at Roy.

INT. POLICE STATION BREAK ROOM -SAME

Jackie seemingly lunges towards Wick, which shocks the kid out of his Bell trance. Wick bucks back to shield himself from a potential blow. Instead-

Jackie brings his hands down upon the Bell.

DONG WHOMP WHOMP WHOMP DONG

The final blow that sends the parallel ecosystem into collapse. The Bell cracks and EXPLODES in vivid light, losing its physical shape and form.

Jackie bathes in the light of it - Wick falls down.

The faces of Nazis, Gyrda and Myrna's crew swirl in the light, warp and expand - an undulating funhouse mirror.

Wick's eyes tear from the intensity, he grows fearful.

Across the room, Nat notices. He slinks towards the kid.

JACKIE

Gyrda? Gyrda! Es tut mir Leid.

THWACK! Nat fists Wick's head. The kid passes out and Nat reaches over to take the gun.

EXT. POLICE STATION - SAME

Dozens of OFFICERS swarm through the doors.

INT. POLICE STATION BREAK ROOM - SAME

Nazis fly out of the Bell realm fissure. They pinwheel through the air.

Their landings terminate by CRASHING into the wall or each other. A Nazi collides with Jackie. A dogpile of humans collects on the ground.

INT. POLICE STATION HALLWAY -SAME

Officers swarm down the hallway. Peter joins them, tries to maintain a leadership posture.

PETER

What took ya so long? This way!

Officers draw guns as they hustle towards the break room.

IN BREAK ROOM

Nat shocks as Nazis rise to their feet, dust themselves off.

Jackie stands within the MAELSTROM of the Bell as it evacuates energy.

JACKIE

(into the Bell realm)

Eile!

Cops pour into the room. Surprised looks as Nazis and the police force of the 1992 L.A.P.D. see each other. After flashes of horror and recognition, battle skirmishes begin.

Cops draw guns, YELLING - "FREEZE/GET DOWN ON THE GROUND/NOBODY MOVE!"

Jackie pivots around - hair feral, face twisted.

JACKIE (CONT'D)

Fuck you, Sheiss-Ami!

He thrusts his arms out - energy flies from his hands.

BRZZPT - The guns EXPLODE in the hands of the cops.

Jackie's attention turns to Nat.

ZZTTTT - He blasts the cop with a burst of energy that slams him against a wall and knocks him out.

INT. BELL REALM - SAME

Myrna, Cal, Roy and Tyrone cling hard to their instruments which have taken root. Their limbs are pulled up towards the sky by the tremendous VACUUM. They SCREAM towards each other to be heard.

MYRNA

Let go guys! We're getting outta here.

CAL

It could kill us!

TYRONE

Look at the kid, we can't leave him.

Roy clings to his bass, the neck of it driven hard into the ground. He looks shell shocked.

INT. POLICE STATION BREAK ROOM - SAME

A fist fight between cops and Nazis. Old fashioned and fairly evenly matched.

Thick knuckles connect to faces.

ONE OFFICER pulls out a taser. Jackie sees this and shoots energy from his eyes to ZAP it out of her hand.

A SHORT OFFICER has their Taser out and BZZZRRRPPP - gets a Nazi right in the ribs. The Nazi shakes wildly and falls to their knees. Another OFFICER knees him right in the head.

A MOUSTACHED NAZI pulls out a dagger and lunges towards and AGILE COP that jumps and dodges the blade. The Nazi instead lunges to his right and stabs a DIFFERENT COP in the back.

Wick comes to on the ground and is surprised by the melee. He looks at Jackie who enjoys the scene.

The Agile Cop retaliates and PUNCHES Moustache Nazi in the teeth. Moustache Nazi falls back - gets POUNCED ON by THREE COPS throwing PUNCHES and KICKS.

Jackie doesn't like this - shoots electricity bolts from his hands that knock the cops back.

The foreboding frame of Bodo Ewers turns around from punching a COP in the face to see Jackie.

Bodo and Jackie look through the battle - lock eyes.

Bodo crosses the room - A KICK to a cop here. A PUNCH to another OFFICER there - until he arrives right up in the face of Jackie.

Jackie sparkles and TINGLES with absorbed energy.

BODO
Johann?! Kameradschafts!

Jackie and Bodo converse in German.

JACKIE
Friend. You haven't changed at all.

BODO
You look old and feeble. Quisling!
You traitor.

JACKIE
Yes. I have been a weak man.

Wick looks up to watch the interaction.

JACKIE (CONT'D)
I had meant to return, to get you
out. Never having the will to do
it, always a better day and
circumstances ahead.

BODO
Not even to save your daughter?!
Your crazy daughter who made play
things of us! Your comrades!

JACKIE
I grew old. And soft. And sorry.

Bodo SPITS. The phlegm hits Wick - Wick seethes.

BODO
Old man, where are our people? The
Frontgemeinschaft?

JACKIE
We lost. You can't beat this world.

BODO
Jedem das Seine!

Bodo thrusts a large dagger towards Jackie's head.

The blade stops an inch short of Jackie's face.

Jackie's force field stops it. Energy CRACKLES. Bodo
clenches his teeth, tries to break through to stab Jackie.

WICK
(to himself)
Gawdamn. These Nazis got me rooting
for pigs.

Wick hops up and POP POP POP - slugs Bodo in the kidney.

Bodo drops the blade and stumbles back with a YEARGH!

Bodo pivots around and squares off against Wick.

WICK (CONT'D)

C'mon you cracker ass, muthafucka!

The Nazi and the Wick start throwing punches at each other.

INT. BELL REALM - SAME

The sky is a window into the police station.

Myrna sees the battle - cops and Nazis fist fighting.

Cal, Tyrone, Roy and Myrna cling to their rooted instruments.

MYRNA

C'mon. They all got out. Just let go and we're free.

Cal and Tyrone look to each other.

CAL

Alright.

MYRNA

On the count of three... One -

TYRONE

- Wait. What about Roy?

They look over and back at the kid.

He shakes his head - "no".

CAL

C'mon. You can do this.

ROY

No! I'm not goin' back up there. Ain't nothin' or nobody there who cares about me.

TYRONE

It's not true. We'll be up there and we're -

BLAST - Myrna ZAPS the bass out of the ground and sends Roy flying up through the sky and out of the portal.

TYRONE (CONT'D)
- your friends.

MYRNA
Well. Let's get up there. One. Two -
Cal and Tyrone ready themselves.

MYRNA (CONT'D)
- Three!

Cal and Tyrone let go with a WHOOOAAAAA and disappear.

But Myrna didn't let go yet.

Gyrda comes into view. She clings to the ground with hands outstretched like claws. She glares at Myrna.

INT. POLICE STATION BREAK ROOM - SAME

Wick and Bodo - arms locked in battle. The older Nazi is more powerful, Wick's arms buckle and bend as Bodo subdues him.

This troubles Jackie - electric zaps fly off him - stuns Bodo and momentarily weakens him.

Bodo turns fearfully to face Jackie. An evil look in Jackie's eyes transmit violent intent.

Jackie concentrates, energy builds up in him, he CRACKLES and glows. His eyes burn red as he glares straight at Bodo.

BODO
Heil, Gyrda.

One final burst of energy charging and BRZP BRZP. Jackie fires on Bodo.

The Nazi SCREAMS - Wick falls back.

SCHLOOMP - Tyrone, Roy and Cal fly out from The Bell realm - CRASH into Bodo and Wick to collide into a dogpile.

Jackie EXHALES and bends over with exhaustion.

Steam rises off of the piled up bodies.

The Bell is unrecognizable and formless. A small portal of light, or slit in reality that hovers above the desk dripping black goo. It falters and flutters, blinking out.

The BATTLE between cops and Nazis continues but the cops are winning.

Jackie surveys the room to see handcuffed and knocked out Nazis lying on the floor. A few that put up a fight are outnumbered.

Jackie peers into the small portal of the Bell that remains to see the faint image of Gyrda faced off with Myrna.

JACKIE
(sotto)
My daughter.

Wick comes to. He sees Bodo's knife on the ground and snatches it up.

Cal, Tyrone and Roy emerge from the dogpile. The suffering body of Bodo comes into view.

SHANK - Wick stabs Bodo in the back. Bodo crumples up dead.

Wick and Roy stare into each others eyes.

Cal reacts to something.

CAL
No!

They shock as they see Jackie with his gun pointed at them.

INT. BELL REALM - SAME

Gyrda claws the ground, crawling towards Myrna.

MYRNA
You have to leave this place.

GYRDA
I will. This land is all yours now.

Gyrda looks to Myrna as the color and luminance leaves the teenager. Her horn turns pale and cracks.

MYRNA
I don't want to hurt you.

Gyrda gets closer.

POWERFUL AIR around them SUCKS and tries to evacuate them.

GYRDA
You won't hurt me.

Myrna's horn is CRACKING and turning to dust, fragments fly off.

GYRDA (CONT'D)
My father left me.

Gyrda gets closer.

GYRDA (CONT'D)
You stole my power.

Gyrda gets face-to-face with Myrna.

MYRNA
The world is nothing like you could
imagine. You can have a life.

GYRDA
No. I have already had too many.

MYRNA
It'll be cool. Trust me.

Gyrda sees the last of Myrna's horn CRACK off and fly away,
disintegrating in the air.

Myrna feels this and touches her forehead - shocked.

GYRDA
(in German)
Great magicians are the best liars.

Myrna looks at Gyrda - *afraid*.

INT. POLICE STATION BREAK ROOM - SAME

The teenage crew waits furtively - Jackie wields a gun.

Jackie moves the gun to his head.

JACKIE
My daughter can't see my weakness.

Cal and the others notice as the remaining light of the Bell
flickers, SPUTTERS and disappears. With the last flash of
light Myrna and Gyrda appear standing side-by-side on the
table. Jackie is oblivious with his back to the table.

Jackie is about to pull the trigger.

MYRNA
A weak ass, Nazi fuck father
would've been better than no dad
you shithead.

Jackie tuns around in shock.

He GASPS - tears form as he locks eyes with Gyrda.

JACKIE

(German)

I'm sorry, little darling. I told myself I was giving you a kingdom.

GYRDA

(German)

My motherland was nothing without my father.

Jackie silently cries.

Myrna jumps off the table.

Cops are delivering a beat-down to the last conscious Nazis.

Myrna reacts to the violence, addresses her crew.

MYRNA

Let's get out of here.

Roy looks around fearfully, catches Wick's eye on him.

Wick grabs his arm.

WICK

(to Roy)

You ran away, right into this bullshit.

ROY

Let go'a me.

Roy pulls his arm free. Wick shoves his chest.

WICK

I ask you to soldier up, you pussy out on me, boy.

ROY

Back off, Wick. We're done.

Cal, Tyrone and Myrna watch.

WICK

Done?!

Wick gets right up in Roy's face.

WICK (CONT'D)

What?!

Wick SLUGS Roy.

MYRNA
Hey!

Wick turns around.

WICK
Yeah?!

MYRNA
Don't fuck with my gang!

Myrna gives the sign then jumps Wick along with Cal and Tyrone. The gangster is easily overcome.

A giant flash of flame interrupts them.

INTERCUT WITH NAT AND PETER

Nat comes to on the floor, shakes off.

He sees the battle of brawling cops and Nazis. Four OFFICERS are punching and kicking a SUFFERING NAZI.

Nat sees Peter kicking the losing Nazi gleefully. He rises and charges at Peter, grabbing the officer by the shoulder.

NAT
The man's beaten. Stand down and read him his rights.

Peter shoots mad eyes at Nat.

PETER
Read the rights? To a fuckin' Nazi that came through a magic portal?!

Nat sees this is strange but nods - "yeah".

PETER (CONT'D)
Fuck that.

Peter turns and kicks the Nazi.

NAT
Hey!

Nat again grabs Peter's shoulder. Peter PUNCHES Nat.

PETER
Fuck off, boy.

Nat pauses. Stands tall and looks at the Nazi on the ground.

NAT

You have a right to remain silent,
anything you say can and will be
used...

Peter looks at Nat quizzically.

A giant flash of flame interrupts them.

INTERCUT WITH GYRDA AND JACKIE

Gyrda jumps off the table and approaches her tearful father.

GYRDA

(German)

I've gotten to know a lot of men
over these years that were just
like you.

As Jackie covers his face, she puts a hand to his arm.

GYRDA (CONT'D)

Crying for a past... I couldn't cry
because all I knew was from hiding
under my mothers dress and a life
of both fearing and longing for a
far away father.

Jackie looks hopefully to Gyrda with wet eyes.

GYRDA (CONT'D)

You left us all in that other
place, told us you'd soon be back.
The other men cried and hoped for
your return... eventually cursing
you. I knew that world. I quickly
ruled that world. Now you take me
from there too.

JACKIE

(German)

You don't know this place. We lost
it all... completely. We are not
the great, master race. I am no
proud German Aryan here. I am poor,
and sad, and sorry.

GYRDA

I think you may have always been
poor and sad and sorry.

Gyrda looks around the room. She looks at the faces of Myrna
and her friends.

GYRDA (CONT'D)
 Maybe, I could master this land
 too.

Gyrda takes the gun from Jackie. She looks at it in her hands with consideration.

She points the gun at her father.

GYRDA (CONT'D)
 Would you like me to help this end
 for you, father?

Jackie looks around, looks at his hands. He sees a nearby electrical outlet.

JACKIE
 Not while I have a little power
 left in me.

He pulls out the wand which glistens and sparkles, powered with faint remaining energy.

END INTERCUTS

BZZT - Jackie shoots the final gasp of energy at the electrical outlet. Sparks fly.

A fireball shoots from the outlet.

Bodo's corpse goes up in flames.

Cal, Tyrone and Myrna react.

Jackie stands but is lit on fire. He turns to Gyrda and smiles.

Gyrda tearfully looks away. Myrna steps up and puts her arms around her.

Cops run from the room. The bodies of dead or dying Nazis catch fire.

The room is up in FLAMES.

Myrna pulls Gyrda out. Cal, Tyrone and Roy follow.

While leaving, Roy looks down at Wick. Wick gathers his strength and stumbles towards the door.

Nat is in the door frame, guiding people out.

NAT
 C'mon!

Wick exits.

Nat sees the Nazi Peter had been beating, burning on the ground. He SCREAMS.

Nat moves to try to help him up but flames flare up.

Nat gives up and flees.

Jackie collapses to the ground and burns to his death amongst the last men of the Third Reich.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SAMANTHA'S ROOM - DAY

Samantha sleeps in her underwear on top of her sheets. The door is open.

Myrna walks in, covered in soot and exhausted.

She stares at her Mom.

MYRNA

What am I gonna do about you?

Samantha stirs awake and looks at Myrna.

SAMANTHA

What the hell happened to you?

Myrna tosses a pack of gum at Samantha.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

I asked for smokes. Yesterday.
Where were you?

MYRNA

A bonfire.

Myrna hugs her Mom.

MYRNA (CONT'D)

You really gotta get your shit
together.

Samantha rolls over to try and sleep.

EXT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Nat looks serious.

The ECHOING, amplified voice of:

WILLIE L. WILLIAMS (O.C.)
This is an active investigation.

Nat stands shoulder to shoulder with other OFFICERS, including Peter Holmstead, behind the Chief of police, WILLIE L. WILLIAMS - at a podium leading a press conference. The North Hollywood Station behind him, much of it is burned.

WILLIE L. WILLIAMS (CONT'D)
At some point before the fire, suspectn, Jackie Jones, was able to enter the station and take hostages. Both officers and civilians. Shots were exchanged, and Sergeant Davis was killed in an apparent act of heroism. In the ensuing engagement which brought down the suspect, a small fire was started. We ask for your patience, as we work with our partners in Federal agency's to fully investigate the matter.

PETER cracks a smile.

INT. SERGEANT HOLMSTEAD'S OFFICE - DAY

Davis's former office - the right side wall is burned.

Peter sits looking satisfied. He adjusts some papers in front of him, smooths his new tie and looks across the desk to Nat.

PETER
Circumstances being what they are, I can't fire you. The federales are sweeping this right under the rug and I think it's safe to say tiptoeing on eggshells over this whole affair is the new status quo. I'm not pleased with the circumstances that afforded me my new position, Officer.

Nat looks serious.

PETER (CONT'D)
Short of putting you in a cell, I'm going to do the next best thing. You're being transferred. Pack up and report to the South Bureau.

Nat hides his surprised delight.

NAT
Yes, Sir.

PETER
No smart comment?

NAT
I respect your position.

PETER
You showed Davis how you respect
this position. Can I trust you to
keep your dumb ass mouth shut?

NAT
I won't say a word about any of the
crazy stuff I saw while you were
hiding behind a desk, Sir.

PETER
That's good. Be safe over there in
the South.

Peter KNOCKS on his desk and points to the door.

Nat rises out of the chair.

NAT
Sergeant. I know you promoted
everyone else's mouths shut. But
what about those kids?

PETER
Let the juvenile delinquents yap.
Who listens to kids anyhow?

The Sergeant has a smug grin. Nat doesn't look so sure.

INT. ENDO HAN'S SPOT - DAY

Wick enters the smoky living room where Endo, Lanky and Deep-Voice hang. Wick is bruised and battered. Endo stands.

ENDO
The fuck were you, baby g?!

WICK
(nervous)
You ain't gon' believe this shit.

ENDO

Better be good muthafucka. You callin' on my crew, my guns and my vehicle.

Wick considers.

WICK

Got picked up by a Dirt Harry ass brother cop. Had to merk some police and light a fire to get the fuck outta there, yo.

Endo sits up in shock.

ENDO

The fuck?! Get the fuck out. I ain't havin' none that cop killin' shit on me?!

Endo shoos Wick, Lanky and Deep-Voice out.

ENDO (CONT'D)

You marked now punk.

Deep Voice and Lanky leave, Endo spins Wick around and SOCKS him in the jaw.

INT. CAL'S GARAGE - DAY

Myrna TUNES her guitar. She turns and looks to Tyrone behind his keys. Roy pops up and throws a bass guitar over his shoulder.

MYRNA

You practice that song?

Roy answers with his bass - BEE - DOO - BA - DA - DOO

TYRONE

Dang, you're picking that up fast.

MYRNA

Yeah. Good job.

ROY

Wouldn't wanna let the gang down.

Smiles all around.

MYRNA

Unlike the others. Where the hell is Cal? ...Cal!

Cal and a GOTH GIRL enter from the house.

CAL
Sorry. Grabbing some drinks.

Cal hands soda's out. Coming into view the goth girl is recognizable as Gyrda.

TYRONE
Tryin' to get Eva Braun alone?

CAL
I'm helping her learn English,
okay?

Gyrda shakes Cal's hand.

GYRDA
S'ank jew, Cal.

Gyrda walks over to Myrna and hugs her affectionately. Myrna is a little surprised and embarrassed.

TYRONE
I think Myrna might be more her
type anyhow.

Roy "WHOO'S".

MYRNA
She's like almost a hundred.

Myrna derides the thought but her smirk belies her as she hugs Gyrda back.

CAL
Well. We know that, but she doesn't
look it.

Myrna checks out Gyrda with interest as Gyrda slides up behind a keyboard.

Cal and Tyrone look at each other, confirming something they suspected about Myrna.

Myrna's composure changes on Gyrda though.

MYRNA
Hey, wait, no. We don't need
another keyboard.

TYRONE
C'mon, let her try.

MYRNA

I told you guys. One set of keys is
The Fall, two is Kraftwerk.

TYRONE

I'll sit this one out. Let her show
you what she can do.

MYRNA

UGH. Fine.

Myrna looks stern.

INT. CAL'S GARAGE - MOMENTS LATER

Everyone is behind their instruments. Cal counts it in with
HIS STICKS.

BANG

The group PLAYS a KICK ASS SONG with Myrna and Gyrda glaring
at each other across their instruments - playful and
friendly.

The KEYS cut through the song with a DIRTY, DARK sound.

Myrna answers back by SHREDDING.

Cal and Roy hold the groove together.

The crew is happy - a band of friends.

A HUM BEGINS. Low at first. It builds. Distortion?

Myrna looks perplexed. She turns to her amp. But -

A zipper in space opens in front of them.

Jasmine hops out, still in the form of a cat.

The music grinds to a halt.

JASMINE

Hey guys! Look! The band's all
together.

Myrna's strikes a SOUR NOTE as her jaw drops.

CUT TO BLACK