

STRANGER THINGS EPISODE 4: LATCHKEEPERS

By

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(StrangerThings.tv)

Second Draft

This file contains additional notes from director Earl
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FADE IN:

DRAWER POV: Two men stare down at the camera, which is looking up through a small, rectangular depression that breaks waist-length with the pair looming over it.

KALYPTO is a younger, unkempt man with jaded eyes and a bored expression. He wears shabby clothes and cultivates a permanent five o'clock shadow to go with his shaggy, uncombed hair.

WILSON is a middle-aged thug. His expression as he stares down at the mystery depression is bewildered.

WILSON

That has got to be the single weirdest freaking thing I have ever seen in my life. I mean, seriously. That beats the hell out of David Copperfield.



KALYPTO

Yeah, I can see you're absolutely filled with childlike wonderment. Can we hurry this along? New Zealand's playing for their second World Cup in an hour. I don't want to miss the first scrum.

WILSON

Scrum? Is that like a curse?

KALYPTO

No. It's rugby.

WILSON

You watch rugby?

KALYPTO

What about it?

WILSON

Nothing. It's just. That's so . . . normal. I mean--

KALYPTO

Normal? What exactly do I look like to you?

WILSON

No, it's just that I thought . . .

KALYPTO

What?

WILSON
Well. That you, you're like--

KALYPTO
Spit it out.

WILSON
. . . a demon?

KALYPTO
Just make your deposit, man.

WILSON
Sorry.

KALYPTO
Yeah.

Wilson carefully places a bulging velvet sack inside the depression. His expression turns apprehensive.

WILSON
It's not going to evaporate in there or anything. You're sure? There's, like, a half-a-million dollars sitting in that bag, my friend.

Kalypto reaches inside his shirt. He pulls out a necklace hidden beneath it. Keys dangle from the chain, keys of varying sizes and description. He detaches one and hands it to Wilson.

KALYPTO
Hold onto this key. When you need me again, it'll know. And don't worry so much. There's nothing in this world that can screw with my mojo. Okay?

Wilson examines the key, then stares back down at the depression.

WILSON
I don't see a lock here.

KALYPTO
Does this seem like the time to be so literal?

WILSON
Well, I guess not, but--

KALYPTO

Think of it as a charm, if that helps you.

WILSON

Yeah, all right. Cool.

COP (O.C.)

You two! Freeze! Police!



Kalypto and Wilson turn away, toward the voice.

CUT TO:

EXT. INDUSTRIAL ROAD - CONTINUOUS

The two stand in the middle of a long, deserted road surrounded by warehouses. There is nothing between or in front of them. Whatever they were peering inside of, whatever Wilson placed the sack into, it has apparently disappeared into thin air.

KALYPTO (V.O.)

My name is Kalypto. I open drawers.

(beat)

It's a lot more complicated than it sounds.

FADE TO:

STRANGER THINGS TITLE SEQUENCE

CUT TO:

MONTAGE

Everyday drawers are opened. Desk drawers, chest of drawers, file cabinets, a cold storage drawer in a morgue, a public storage unit, etc..

KALYPTO (V.O.)

It's just a simple concept taken to a very complex extreme, that's all. I'm not a magician, or some kind of warlock. I don't know what the hell I am anymore, really, other than I'm not mortal.

INT. SQUAD CAR - DAY

Kalypto sits, hands cuffed behind his back, in the back of a police squad car as it speeds through the city streets.

KALYPTO (V.O.)

I've been around a long time. And as long as I've been around, I've been an opener. Maybe you've always been able to play the violin. Or maybe you've always been able to make weird noises with your mouth. Whatever.

Kalypto shifts. He uses his teeth to pull the necklace he wears out from under his shirt. He bites down on a small one, not unlike a handcuff key, and detaches it from the necklace. He cranes his neck and drops it over his shoulder and behind his back. Catching it, he frees one of his hands, slowly and as quietly as he can.

Kalypto removes his necklace. He sorts through his pockets for various personal effects.

The squad car slows to a halt. ANGLE through the windshield. The traffic light at an intersection turns red. Outside, we see a DISTINCTIVE SIGN or ADVERTISEMENT (we'll come back to this.)

KALYPTO (V.O.) (CONT'D)

The point is, there are these small empty pockets in space and time, and I've always had the ability to open and close them.

He waves his hand deftly. A black, paper-thin slate unfurls above his lap, seemingly from thin air. It is a small horizontal rectangle that remains there, perfectly suspended.

Kalypto has opened a drawer.

He drops his personal effects. They tumble into the blackness of the slate, but do not fall through the bottom and come out the other side. With another wave of his hand, the slate furls back into nothingness, closing the drawer.

Kalypto slips his hands behind his back and re-cuffs them. The squad car rolls on.

KALYPTO (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 And as far as I or anyone else
 knows, that's my purpose. For
 whatever it's worth. Which ain't
 much, believe me.

All the drawers and cabinets that were pulled open are closed
 in the same order, each SLAMMING home with authority.

END MONTAGE ON SLAMMING JAIL CELL BARS

INT. JAIL CELL - DAY


Kalypto sits, looking too tired to be pissed.

GUARD
 You got anybody you can call?

KALYPTO
 Nobody I want to admit this to.

CUT TO:


INT. JAIL CELL - NIGHT

Kalypto sits alone in a drab county holding cell, lost in
 thought. It's been hours. 

PAN (O.C.)
 The being who opens Universal
 drawers trapped in a man-made box.
 Oh, the irony.

Kalypto looks up. Standing outside the bars is PAN, male,
 around the same age as Kalypto. Unlike Kalypto, however, Pan
 is well-groomed and impressively attired. He wears a large
 medallion around his neck on a platinum chain.

As the camera pans, Pan is suddenly inside the cell with
 Kalypto.

PAN (CONT'D)
 (looking around inside)
 I don't know. The neighborhood
 isn't that good, but I guess you
 can't beat the rent. 

KALYPTO
 How did you know I was here, Pan?

PAN

Oh, everyone knows, Kal.

KALYPTO

Everyone? What the hell, Pan? You guys can traverse the celestial veil, travel to dimensions beyond Human imagining, and yet you got nothing better to do than sit around bagging on me?

PAN

What can I say? This world is a dreary one. And yet here we are confined, seeking entertainment as we can.

KALYPTO

Yeah, I know. You've got to walk your beat. That's one thing we all have in common.

PAN

So you want me to get you out of here?

KALYPTO

What will it cost me?

Pan laughs.

PAN

If I need to squirrel something away, I'll call you.

KALYPTO

Go to hell.

PAN

We can, if you want.

Pan smiles mischievously.

INT. CORRIDOR - LATER


A portly GUARD trudges up the corridor of the cell block, checking each cell through its door. Halfway through his rounds he stops, performing a double take through one door in particular.

Kalypto's cell is empty.

The guard gets on his radio.

GUARD
Uh . . . I got problem on six.

EXT. SIDEWALK - NIGHT


We see the DISTINCTIVE SIGN from before. 

PAN (V.O.)
Might I make an observation?

KALYPTO (V.O.)
No.

PAN (V.O.)
I feel springing your lower-echelon
ass from the hoosegow entitles me.

Pan and Kalypto enter the frame, already talking.

KALYPTO
(sarcastic)
Really? You feel entitled? You're a
door opener and you feel entitled.
That's . . . that is shocking. I'm
 shocked. An arc-lancer with a sense
of entitlement. Now I've truly seen
everything.

Kalypto moves away, his back to Pan. He looks around, and
WAVES a HAND. A drawer slowly opens in front of him.

KALYPTO (CONT'D)
Make your damn observation already.

Kalypto dips his hand inside, and pulls out his necklace of
keys.


PAN
You're not happy. You're
discontent. There's a deep-seeded
misery within you that has extended
to all things Kalypto.
(beat)
You're freaking depressed, is what
I'm saying.

Pan waves a hand, and a tiny white hole tears in the space
above his hand - a little rubber ball drops into his palm.

KALYPTO

You open a door to my soul, or something?

As Pan talks, he tosses the ball lightly away from him: as it gets further away, it disappears into another tiny white portal. After a moment, another portal opens, and the ball flies out toward him.

He's playing catch with himself. 

PAN

No, it's more your secondhand clothes, poor sense of personal hygiene, and choice of companionship. Present company excluded, obviously.

KALYPTO

That was out of my hands. I was doing what I'm supposed to do.

PAN

Please.

Pan tosses the ball, and it disappears for good.

PAN (CONT'D)

You were caught stashing stolen goods from a jewelry heist, for god's sake. It belittles us all.

KALYPTO

Look, we were dealt different astral hands here, all right? You open doorways to other worlds. I open drawers. The only people who need drawers opened are people with something to hide. It's not like I have a choice of clientele. This isn't a business. I go where I'm needed. And if you haven't noticed, this world hasn't exactly become less jaded with age. Secrets, lies, stolen shit. It's piling up out there.

PAN

Those are limitations you're imposing upon yourself, my friend. You used to be fun, you know that? Way back when. It was all a game. Cosmic hide-and-seek.

Another of Pan's tiny portals appears over Kalypto, and the tiny rubber ball drops into his hand. Kalypto looks at it, hands it back to Pan.

KALYPTO
The game got old, Pan.

PAN
Well, you were tolerable to hang
out with, at least.

KALYPTO
Yeah, well.

One of the keys on Kalypto's necklace begins to glow.

PAN
You're being summoned.

KALYPTO
No shit.

Pan turns and strides away.

KALYPTO (CONT'D)
Pan!

Pan stops, turns.

KALYPTO (CONT'D)
...Thanks for getting me out.

Pan grins, drops into an overly-low bow.

Light FLASHES on Kalypto's face, and when it recedes -

PAN IS GONE.

But in that same burst of light: the rubber ball BOUNCES
across the street, rolls and hits Kalypto's feet.

KALYPTO (CONT'D)
...You flashy bastard.

EXT. CHEAP MOTEL - NIGHT

Kalypto walks across the pavement, looking for the right
door. He holds the key as a sort of subtle divining rod.

Turns left - turns more right, and stops in front of a door.
Knocks.

The door is ripped open.

WILSON

Hey!

Wilson stands, nude but for a towel wrapped around his waist. He is just out of the shower, cast in the light from an open motel room door.

WILSON (CONT'D)

What took you so long, man? I've been working that key mojo you gave me for like an hour. C'mon in here. Quick.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Wilson enters, followed by Kalypto. The room is disheveled. Empty liquor bottles and strewn clothes, both male and female, litter the furniture. The bed's sheets and comforter are piled high atop the mattress.

KALYPTO

How did you get out of jail so fast?

As Wilson answers, he goes back into the bathroom.

WILSON

Hey, I could ask you the same question, right? Me, I had the law firm of Goldman, Goldberg, and Green on retainer. Now, I'm not one to pigeonhole an entire culture, you understand, but leave it to a trio of Jews to get you bail with a half a dozen priors in your jacket. Know what I'm saying?

Wilson re-enters, wearing a pair of sweat pants and an old T-shirt.

KALYPTO

That's one way to do it, I suppose.
(beat)
So. You rang.

WILSON

Yeah, I got a different kind of stash job for you.

(MORE)

WILSON (CONT'D)

Nothing you haven't done a million times, I'm plenty sure, but this is all new to me.

KALYPTO

What are you talking about?

Wilson grabs a handful of the comforter and tears it away with all the flourish of a magician pulling a tablecloth from beneath a china setting.

A FEMININE HAND

with long, manicured fingernails falls over the edge of the mattress. BLOOD, rich, red, and arterial, has spread to the four corners of the bedsheet. The body soaking in it possessed pleasing curves and a mess of blonde curls. The woman must have been very attractive before she was butchered.

WILSON

Meet Lila. I need you to stash her for me.



ACT ONE BREAK

INT. WILSON'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Blood pools around LILA'S dead body.

Kalypto is livid. His initial shock quickly mutates into horror.

KALYPTO

What have you done?

WILSON

What I think every man really wants to do when a relationship ends badly.

(beat)

Maybe I went overboard. But there were special circumstances in this case.

KALYPTO

What the hell are you talking about? Why?

WILSON

Bitch dined me. She was the only one who knew about our meeting.

KALYPTO

What did you do?

WILSON

Well, I didn't end things amicably,
that's for damn sure.

Wilson lies down on the bed beside Lila, completely undisturbed by her condition. He angles his face close to hers.

WILSON (CONT'D)

I probably could've let that go.
But she wouldn't even say she was
sorry. Just kept denying it. I
can't abide people who won't admit
their mistakes. Especially women.
Drives me nuts. You know what I'm
saying?

Kalypto, meanwhile, has regained some composure.

KALYPTO

I guess so.

Wilson stands.

WILSON

So, listen, at first I was thinking
you could sock this bad boy away
for me.

Wilson opens one of the motel room's dresser drawers and removes a bloody knife store at the bottom of a clear plastic bag. He holds it up in front of Kalypto.

WILSON (CONT'D)

Hard to make any kind of solid case
with no murder weapon, right? But
then when I really started kicking
it around, it occurred to me . . .
why not just stash the bitch's
body, the sheets, the whole fucking
mattress if necessary. You can open
a drawer big enough for me, right?

The words don't seem to be registering with Kalypto, almost as if he can't quite force the concepts they express into the receptors of his mind.

WILSON (CONT'D)

You all right there? Can you do
that?

KALYPTO

What?

WILSON

Stash the body in one of your little dead pockets? Only this would be a big dead pocket. Emphasis on big and dead.

KALYPTO

You want me to open a drawer . . . for what? For her body? For a person?

WILSON

Yeah. Is that a problem?

KALYPTO

I . . .

WILSON

What's wrong? Don't tell me this is your first stiff?

KALYPTO

I've seen death. Centuries of it. But what you're asking me here isn't . . . that's not my purpose. I don't contribute.

WILSON

Whatever, man. There's gotta be a first time for everything. Can you accommodate me here or not?

KALYPTO

I can't--

WILSON

You know, man, I've got to be honest with you here. Your whole demeanor is starting to worry me. I mean, at this point, where we're at now, you've really only got two choices. You're either an accomplice or a witness.

Wilson opens the bag, reaching inside and withdrawing the knife. He examines it meaningfully and then points its razor tip at Kalypto.

WILSON (CONT'D)

I'm pretty sure you're close enough to immortal that taking you out would be tough. But you are flesh and blood. And that means you feel pain the same as Lila there did. You know what I'm saying?

KALYPTO

Yes. I just need to work out the logistics. It's a tall order. You know?

Wilson seems placated. He slips the knife back inside the plastic bag.

WILSON

Yeah, sure, no problem. Just, you know, she ain't getting any fresher and check-out is at noon tomorrow, so let's make this thing happen soon, all right?

KALYPTO

I hear you.

WILSON

Good deal. You're my man. Or whatever you are. You know.

Kalypto only nods.

EXT. MOTEL PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

Kalypto exits Wilson's motel room. He half-staggers, aimless and disoriented, for a few feet and then abruptly VOMITS.

As he stumbles off, we enter the motel WINDOW of the next room over -

CUT TO:

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Cartoons play silently on the shoddy television set of a cheaply-furnished motel room. ALAN FEATHERSTONE, early-to-mid-thirties, kneels in front of his son, SETH, who is slight and perhaps eleven years old.

ALAN

Do you remember the story of
Abraham and Isaac, Seth?



Seth doesn't answer his father. His attention is drawn instead to the open bathroom door of the motel room. Nothing is visible inside but the sink, mirror, the curtained tub, and other fixtures. Yet Seth's expression is one of dread.

ALAN (CONT'D)

Hey. Seth. Look at me, buddy.
(angrily)
Look at me, Seth!

Seth looks at his father. Alan forces a calm back over himself.

ALAN (CONT'D)

Do you remember the story of
Abraham and Isaac? From Sunday
school, when you were smaller?

SETH

Yes, sir.

ALAN

Good. That's good. Can you tell it
to me?

SETH

Isaac was Abraham's son. And God
told Abraham to take him to a
mountain. As a burnt offering. But
Abraham didn't want to do it.



ALAN

That's right. Because he loved
Isaac. He loved his boy, his only
son, more than anything in the
world. Just like I do. So what
happened then?

SETH

Abraham took Isaac to the mountain,
to kill him. But the Angel of the
Lord appeared and told him not to.
Because he knew then Abraham loved
the Lord. And they killed a ram
instead.

ALAN

Yes. The Lord gave Abraham a ram to
sacrifice in place of Isaac.

(MORE)

ALAN (CONT'D)

Because he knew Abraham's love for him was so great. But the sacrifice had to be made. That's what fathers do. And sometimes it's not easy. Sometimes God doesn't give you a ram.

We move inside the bathroom, past the curtain of the shower. LISA FEATHERSTONE is bound and gagged and curled up at the bottom of the tub. Her wrists are tied together, as are her ankles. She struggles against the nylon cord binding them, but it holds firm.

ALAN (CONT'D)



I know you love Mom. I love Mom, too. But she's sick, Seth. Her soul is sick. And she's forcing me to make a big sacrifice so you and I can be together. She's forcing me. One day you'll understand that. I promise.

Giving up on trying to free herself with sheer force, Lisa strains her neck above the rim of the tub and searches the confines of the bathroom frantically with her eyes. They settle on the mirror hanging above the sink. She stares at it meaningfully for several moments, then looks at the door. A plan has formulated behind her eyes.

Shifting her weight, she struggles to get up to her knees while not making any noise. Stretching her body over the edge of the tub, she extends her bound arms toward the door, directly behind Alan. Finally reaching it, she quickly shuts the door and depresses the knob's cheap locking mechanism.

The sound of it SLAMMING home draws Alan's attention sharply.

ALAN (CONT'D)

(to Seth)

You stand right here. Don't move a muscle. You hear me?

Alan stands and walks to the door of the bathroom. He tries the knob with no success.

ALAN (CONT'D)

Lisa! Unlock the door, honey. Don't do this now.

On the other side of the door, Lisa flops roughly over the tub's edge onto the floor. Winching, she grips the edge of the sink and uses it to boost herself up to a standing position. Balancing carefully with her ankles still tied together, she pulls a fresh towel from the motel rack.

Alan begins POUNDING on the other side of the door.

ALAN (CONT'D)

Lisa, open this door right now!

Lisa wraps the towel tightly around her hands. Bracing herself, she SMASHES the mirror above the sink with her linked fists. It SHATTERS, raining jagged pieces into the basin below.

The sound only enrages Alan.

ALAN (CONT'D)

What the hell are you doing, Lisa?
What is that? Dammit, unlock this
door! Unlock it now!

Lisa selects a long, pointed piece of broken mirror and uses it to hurriedly cut the bonds around her ankles and wrists. Free of them, she yanks the gag from her mouth.

Seth has crept from the bed, behind his father.

ALAN (CONT'D)

I told you not to move!

Seth freezes: fear and tears fighting for space on his face.

ALAN (CONT'D)

It's okay, Seth. This'll all be
over in a minute.

Alan BUSTS OPEN the door with one violent kick. He steps inside the bathroom with murderous intent, only to be stabbed in the shoulder by Lisa, striking from a blind corner and wielding her broken piece of mirror like a blade.

Alan HOWLS in pain. He stumbles backward from the bathroom and falls, bleeding in sudden torrents down his shirt.

ALAN (CONT'D)

You bitch! I'm going to kill you -

Lisa darts past him, grabbing Seth by the hand and pulling him frantically out of the motel room.

ALAN (CONT'D)

Dammit, Lisa! Seth, I'm not a bad
man, Seth, I just want to protect
you!

EXT. MOTEL PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Lisa, hand-in-hand with her son, charges out of the motel room and two flee across the parking lot.

A moment later, Alan appears in the doorway, soaked in his own blood and insane with rage. He attempts to run after her, but he's in too much pain. He collapses, SCREAMING the names of his wife and son with the same fury.

INT. BAR - DAY

A key GLOWS on Kalypto's necklace. He drops it on the bar, ignoring it.

KALYPTO

This one wants me to hide a body
for him.

Kalypto and Pan sit at a stained wood bar with tall pints of beer in front of them. Pan drinks heartily while Kalypto merely nurses his.

PAN

As I said before, you sleep with
the pigs, you wake up in shit.



KALYPTO

You said it more poetically last
time.

PAN

Well, it's becoming clear my poetry
is wasted on you. I learn from my
mistakes. Unlike you.

KALYPTO

That's very friendly of you.

PAN

Kal, we're not friends. I talk to
you because it's better than
spending forever not talking at
all. But if you keep it up, I'll
just go disappear and leave you to
your whining.



KALYPTO

Thanks.

Pan downs his drink.

PAN

I'm going to help you. I don't know why, because you don't deserve it, but I'm going to anyway.

KALYPTO

How are you going to help me?

PAN

This is not a problem you can solve with talking. You have to do something.

KALYPTO

Yeah, what do I have to do?

Pan's medallion starts to glow.

PAN

Oh, this is perfect. The timing is too perfect -

(he slides his medallion under his shirt)

You have to take an interest. It isn't going to find you, you have to find it.

KALYPTO

What?

PAN

I'm talking about charity work.

EXT. PARK - SUNSET

Lisa sits beside Seth on a park bench. She surveys their surroundings with constant alarm. She is stroking and fiddling with a talisman much like the one Pan wears.

SETH

It's going to be okay, isn't it? He can get us away, like he did before. Where Dad can't find us this time.

Lisa tries to smile convincingly for her son.

LISA

Yeah, baby, it's going to be okay.

SETH

I should've done something. Back there. I should've protected you.

Lisa consoles him.

LISA

It's not your fault, Seth. None of this is.

Suddenly the wind picks up, blowing through the trees and bushes and tossing the fallen leaves around the bench. Lisa and Seth stand, cautiously, watching the strange happenings.

The ARC begins to open, a curtain of magnificent light ascending from the ground directly in front of them. The ethereal doorway shines. A figure begins to emerge from it. It stands there, arms outstretched ceremoniously, bathed in the arc's radiance.

Lisa and Seth stand in irrepressible awe and dread. Seth, subtly, steps in front of his mother.

Pan steps from it. The top of the arc descends, closing the doorway and snuffing out its light. Kalypto is left there in its wake, standing behind Pan. As Pan moves aside, Lisa spots Kalypto and eyes him suspiciously.

LISA (CONT'D)

(to Pan)

Who is he?

PAN

Oh, just another traveler like yourself, Lisa. There's nothing to fear.

LISA

Nothing to fear? He found us again. Alan. He almost . . . how does he keep following us? You sent us to that . . . other place. And then back here. He won't stop.

PAN

I am not the only being on this plane with my kind of power, Lisa, and your husband is a very determined man. That kind of obsession can bypass many barriers.

LISA

I've given you everything I have to give. And you promised you could get us away from him.

PAN

And I did. Twice. Can you truly rest the blame on my shoulders, Lisa? For this man who is your husband?

LISA

I'm . . . sorry.

Pan enfolds her in his arms, like a priest, and holds her. His voice is a soft whisper.

PAN

That's all right.

Kalypto has to lean in to hear her soft reply.

LISA

We need to get away from him for good. I'll do anything. Just please help us.

Pan releases her.

PAN

Of course, my dear. Of course I will. Be at this address at midnight tonight. The stroke of, mind you. Not a second before or after. I'll have everything prepared.



Pan gives her a small card. Lisa takes it. She leads Seth off hurriedly. The immortals watch them depart.

KALYPTO

What did I just witness here?

PAN

It's thrilling, isn't it? The desperation. The willingness. The instincts, both maternal and survival. Mortals are such complex and yet utterly predictable creatures.

KALYPTO

That woman was scared out of her mind. And the kid . . . he looked shell shocked.

PAN

Both are entirely warranted. Her husband, the boy's father, is quite mad. Violently abusive, obsessed with them both. Dogged. Equally willing and instinctual. Equally fascinating creature.

KALYPTO

What's your stake in it?

PAN

They may be tiny lives, Kal, but they need my help. And it's something to do. You'll find the years pass faster if you don't spend them thinking about yourself all the time.

KALYPTO

Doesn't it seem like it'd be easier, to be mortal? You could tell yourself there was a reason for it all, if you didn't have to live to see there wasn't one.

PAN

They are worrisome little creatures. But they'll figure themselves out in the end - or they'll die, and then they won't have to worry about it. And neither will we.

Pan shrugs as a key on Kalypto's necklace begins to glow.

KALYPTO

Son of a bitch.

Similarly, Pan's medallion glows.

PAN

(grins)

It never ends. Think about it, Kal. Charity work.

KALYPTO

(studying the glowing key)



I had an offer earlier, and I've been thinking about it ever since. Maybe the only way any of this has a reason, is if it has an end. So, I suppose the question is...do you know if...can we die?

He looks up. Pan is gone.

KALYPTO (CONT'D)

Son of a bitch.

EXT. MOTEL PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Kalypto walks across the dingy parking lot of a motel.

A muffled BLAST draws his attention to one of the motel room doors. An intense WHITE LIGHT suddenly shines through the seams in the door jamb, a light not at all unlike that of the arc Pan opened.

This realization is not lost on Kalypto.

KALYPTO

(to himself)

What the hell . . .

When the light has dissipated, he stealthily approaches the door. MUFFLED VOICES can be heard from inside the room. Kalypto peers through the edge of the window shade.

ANGLE through the window. Pan stands in front of the bed magnanimously, obscuring a figure seated there. He is speechifying. After a moment, he steps aside.

Another man is seated on the foot of the bed. He is shirtless. His wounds have been hastily bandaged.

It is Alan Featherstone.

ACT BREAK

Kalypto presses his ear to the door jamb.

ALAN

I have to find them. Tonight. Wherever they're going. Look at what she did to me! She's got my son!

PAN

I have to say, I'm beginning to seriously question your devotion, Alan.

ALAN

How can you say that? I've been nothing but penitent in your presence!

PAN

I told you, Alan, desire alone doesn't open doors to that which you want most. Doors that traverse all mortal boundaries. Doors to other worlds. It takes total commitment. Total devotion. You had them back in your custody. You'd reached the end of your journey. And you let them slip away. I'm beginning to think my efforts were wasted on your plight.

ALAN

I didn't let them do anything! Look at me!

PAN

What? Do you honestly think losing a few cups of blood and shedding some flesh amounts to a sacrifice? Let alone a sacrifice worthy of the divinity I've bestowed on you? Twice, no less. Do you think these arcs just fall out of my blessed ass, son?

ALAN

Please. I'll do whatever you say.

PAN

You must deliver her to me, Alan. That's the only way now. That's what I require.

ALAN

Whatever it takes. Just help me find my son again. Please help me find him. You're the only one in this world who can help me. I need your grace. Please.

PAN

Deliver her unto me. Make the
sacrifice worthy.

ALAN

I will. Thank you. I won't fail
this time. I swear.

Pan hands him a card like the one he gave Lisa.

PAN

Be there at 12:05 sharp. Not one
minute before or after. Do you
understand?

ALAN

Yes, Lord.

Kalypto stands back from the door, obviously in shock.

The blinding white light of another celestial portal once
again seeps through the motel room door and then dissipates.
Pan has apparently departed.

☞ Kalypto stares down at the door to Wilson's apartment, and
then inside the room. Alan is gone, but on the bed is a
Bible and a wicked-looking knife.

Kalypto backpedals away from the door, numb. He treks slowly
to the center of the parking lot and stares up at the sky, at
the hangman's moon, his dead gaze darting from star to star.
It's as if he is searching for something among the celestial
bodies that define the heavens. ☞

Whatever it is, Kalypto eventually seeks it out. Or it seeks
him out. A new calm washes over him. Perhaps a sudden
catharsis. And it brings tears to his eyes.

EXT. STREET CORNER - MOMENTS LATER

An everyday pay phone. Kalypto walks past it, determined, a
man on a new mission, out of frame. We stay with the corner.
After a moment, he walks back into frame. He to it and takes
the receiver out of its cradle. He dials 9-1-1 and waits for
the operator.

KALYPTO

Yeah. I'm at a motel on the corner
of Babylon and Talmont.

(beat)

That's right.

(MORE)

KALYPTO (CONT'D)

I just heard a woman screaming next door and a man's voice and things breaking. It was horrible. Something bad has happened to her. I think you should send the police. It's room 114.

He starts to hang up the phone - pulls it back again -

KALYPTO (CONT'D)

(improvising terribly)


I think he said his name was Wilson.

He hangs up the phone.

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

Lisa and Seth wait in the darkened heart of a dead end alley.

SETH

It's spooky here. 

LISA


It's all going to be okay, baby. We're leaving this bad place soon. We're going to go somewhere your Dad can't find us.

SETH

He always finds us.

LISA

Not this time. I promise. Okay?

A celestial arc OPENS tall and bright before them, bathing Lisa and Seth in its radiance. Pan steps ceremoniously from the rectangular field of immaculate light. 

Lisa stands to face him, taking Seth's hand in hers once again.

LISA (CONT'D)

Is it time?

PAN

It is.

LISA

He won't be able to follow? You're sure this time?

PAN

Those kind of absolutes don't exist, Lisa. Not in this Universe. Now you and Seth should hurry. The door will close soon.

LISA

Where will it take us?

PAN

Somewhere beautiful. And safe.

KALYPTO (O.S.)

Just like in the brochure, right, Pan?

The three of them turn toward the opening of the alley as Kalypto enters it.

PAN

Kal. What are you doing here?

KALYPTO

Playing the game.

PAN

(to Lisa)

You need to go. Now. I can't keep the arc open much longer.

KALYPTO

What he means to say is that I'm ruining the time table for his rabbit hunt.

PAN

Kal . . .

LISA

(to Pan)

What is he talking about?

KALYPTO

A five minute head start, Lisa. That's what he wanted to give you. Just to make it sporting enough.

LISA

Five minutes? Until what?

KALYPTO

How do you think your husband has been able to follow you and your son wherever these doors take you? Did he acquire a mastery of interdimensional portals overnight?
 (to Pan)
 Is this what you call "charity work"?

PAN

My friend here is confused, Lisa. He's something of a trickster, that's all.

KALYPTO

I'm not the one with the satyr's name, old buddy.

PAN

Kalypto, you're making a terrible mistake. Now why don't you take a deep breath, followed by a few steps back, and we can talk about this later.

KALYPTO

What, over a couple of brews where you tell me how it is? I'm done being comic relief, Pan. You've had enough amusement.

PAN

This isn't about you and your inferiority complex, you twit. It's about this woman and her innocent little boy here. Who are currently running out of time.

KALYPTO

By whose watch, dickhead?

PAN

I'm warning you, Kalypto.

ANGLE ON the street. Alan storms the alley entrance. He spots the small congregation, including Lisa and Seth.

ALAN

Lisa!

All heads turn toward him. Lisa immediately steps in front of Seth.

PAN
 (to Lisa)
 Hurry! Through the door! Now! I'm
 trying to save you and your child,
 you miserable woman! Take him
 through the door!

Lisa looks at him, then at the tall, shining arc.



LISA
 No. No more running.

PAN
 Don't be a damn fool!

LISA
 No!

Pan relents, disappointed. The radiant arc folds in upon
 itself and blinks out.

ALAN
 (to Pan)
 You found them.

LISA
 (to Pan)
 You son-of-a-bitch!

ALAN
 Give him to me, Lisa. Seth, buddy,
 come here.

Seth picks up a piece of discarded wood from the alley.

SETH
 No.

Pan removes himself casually from the situation, leaning
 against the alley wall and shaking his head.

PAN
 What a waste.

ALAN
 Come here, Seth!

SETH
 No!

LISA
 Stay away from us!

ALAN
Give me my son, damn you!

Kalypto steps between Alan and his terrified family.

ALAN (CONT'D)
Who are you?

KALYPTO
Just another celestial hustler.

ALAN
Get out of my way.

KALYPTO
Not angelic enough for you, I
guess.

ALAN
(to Lisa)
Who is he? The new guy you're
screwing?

Alan cocks his fist and drops Kalypto with a brutal right hand to the face. Kalypto motions with his hand. A thin black slate appears beside Alan. It is suspended horizontally in midair, waist-level with him. This drawer is tall and wide enough to accommodate a man.

Alan stares into the apparent nothingness.

ALAN (CONT'D)
What the hell is that?

Kalypto picks up a piece of rebar lying on the alley floor and stands.

KALYPTO
It's a coffin in space, asshole.

Alan turns toward him. Kalypto swings the piece of rebar as if he's wielding a folded katana. It strikes Alan across the jaw, sending him sprawling backwards into the seemingly paper-thin depths of the drawer Kalypto has opened. His body does not pass through it. It does not fall from the bottom. Instead, it disappears into the blackness of the slate.


A second later, the slate disappears as well.



Kalypto stares at the space the drawer occupied, a satisfied expression on his face. He's unprepared when Pan grabs him from behind and hurls him to the hard pavement.

He straddles Kalypto's prone form and begins pummeling his face with closed fists.

PAN



You have completely fallen from any form of grace recognizable to our kind, you piddling little box jockey.

KALYPTO

Yeah, I heard all about your goddamn grace. I don't know what we were put here to do anymore, but it's not to run these people around like rats in a maze so we can get off when we're having a slow century.

Kalypto tries to break free of him, but Pan shoves him back down with authority and holds him there.

PAN

You know better than anyone the places I can send you, Kal. I can open the door to endless hells. I can toss your sorry ass into a dimension made of teeth dripping with shit.

KALYPTO

Pan, you're a -

Pan BASHES him in the face again.

PAN

Do you know what you are, Kal? In the rank and file of the Universe, in the pecking order of its locksmiths, you're just a secretary. You file the tiny forgotten things, the useless bullshit that not even the lowliest creatures could possibly have use for. What do you think of that?

Instead of denigrating him, Pan's words seem to inspire Kalypto. His opens his hands, held fast to the filthy ground. A new drawer opens above Pan's head, this one the length and breadth of the man's shoulders. It is not an ordinary, drawer, however. It is a raging wormhole of light that collapses inward.



KALYPTO

I think you're absolutely right,
Pan.

Pan looks up. As he does the drawer implodes, decapitating him. His head is not severed, it is swallowed, disappearing with the drawer. There is no blood, no gore, no apparent wound. It is as if his head and neck have simply been erased from existence.

The summoning charm that hung around his neck drops on Kalypto's chest a moment before Pan's headless corpse collapses on top of him. He rolls it off of himself and sits up. Lisa and Seth are staring at him in abject shock and horror. Seth is crying. Kalypto looks back at them with sorrow and uncertainty.

KALYPTO (CONT'D)

It's okay. It's going to be okay
now. For both of you.

Lisa begins sobbing as well.

LISA

Nothing is okay. It's never going
to be okay.

Kalypto is at a loss. He can only sit there, watching Lisa and Seth hold each other and cry together. He looks at Pan's headless body, blankly at first. Then some sudden meaning, some realization seems to come to him.

KALYPTO

Lisa.

LISA

What?

KALYPTO

Do you . . . believe that . . . do
you that believe a man . . . well,
maybe not a man, but close enough
for our purposes . . . do you
believe he could take all of a
person's pain and darkness and bad
memories, and put them in a tiny
little drawer and shut it tight so
that they could never hurt anyone
again?



LISA

No. But I think the world would be
a much better place if that were
possible.

KALYPTO

Maybe it would be.
(to himself)
Maybe it would be.

FADE TO:

EXT. PUBLIC PARK - DAY

It's the kind of perfect spring day that seems like a dream
or a postcard from Somewhere Else. The sunlight is too
ethereal for the real world, the people too bright and
shining and happy.

Lisa and Seth picnic on the green grass. They are all smiles
and laughter as they enjoy the day. There's no hint of the
violence or terror that has filled their past.

Suddenly, a shadow is cast over the both of them, a man's
shadow, tall and broad through the shoulders. Lisa and Seth
stop what they're doing. They look up.

Alan stands there, looming over the both of them.

He smiles.

Lisa and Seth return the smile. Alan kneels upon the grass
and kisses his wife. Lisa kisses him back, willfully and
enthusiastically. Seth looks on, embarrassed and happy and
not at all afraid. Alan joins his family, and the three
picnic together in peace.

Kalypto sits in the shade under a tall tree, watching them
from a distance. He has cleaned himself up. His hair is
combed. He's clean-shaven. His clothes aren't as ratty or
worn. But more than any of that, his eyes aren't as wearied
anymore. The spectre that haunted his face is gone.

He smiles too.

After a moment more of watching them, Kalypto rises from his
spot beneath the shade of the tree. He lingers, then walks
away, into the sunlight, into a better world.

FADE OUT.