

MY ROOMMATE, THE CHOSEN ONE - EPISODES 1.3

written by

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FADE IN

INT. TRISTAN/CHRIS'S ROOM - DAY

TRISTAN is laying on his bed, tossing a glowing orb to himself as CHRIS sits at his desk turned towards Tristan.

An open book rests on Chris's desk. Myriad papers and trinkets litter Tristan's desk on the other side of the room.

CHRIS

Have you ever wondered if everyone has a foil?

TRISTAN

What, like a nemesis?

CHRIS

Yeah, an evil twin, or just someone who's exactly like you, but somehow still the complete opposite.

TRISTAN

Definitely. I had lessons in soothsaying. Free will is basically a myth, and everyone has an evil clone waiting to be fought.

(sighing fondly)

Somewhere out there is a blue-haired girl who's gonna' trap my soul in a bottle and then sell it to gremlins.

CHRIS

You sound a little too happy about that idea...

TRISTAN

Oh, speaking of trapping people, don't forget about the class you agreed to come to today.

CHRIS

I know, I know. I'm also doing some volunteer work in a couple hours.

TRISTAN

Remember to bring a copy of *Nothing You Know is Real*, and *Firefighters Run the Government*.

Tristan holds up a book depicting bipedal, gray aliens shaking hands with a man in a dark suit and sunglasses in front of the white house with a "SOLD" sign on the lawn.

He follows that with a book depicting a firefighter smirking malevolently above what appears to be a congressional meeting as a smaller, foreground graphic.

Chris tries not to look offended.

CHRIS

I thought Ms. Schwartz only taught history.

TRISTAN

(a little mockingly)  
*The Psychohistory of Modern American Conspiracies.*

CHRIS

(sighing)  
Swear to me that we won't get stuck in any crazy nonsense all day.

Tristan holds up a cluster of three shrunken heads.

TRISTAN

I swear on Uthula, Kalun'quin, and Vessir that we'll have you back in time for your charity thing.

CHRIS

That is not normal. Nothing you do is normal.

Tristan looks at his shrunken heads.

TRISTAN

This is considered sacred...

CHRIS

Is your shrunken head supposed to be drooling blood? It uh... it's not... alive, is it?

TRISTAN

(panicked)  
Wait, is it a full moon tonight?

CHRIS

No..?

TRISTAN  
Oh good. This is something else;  
I'll be back in a second.

Tristan exits to the bathroom, holding the shrunken heads,  
which drip a few small drops of blood on the way.

Several, empty seconds later, a horrible ghostly explosion is  
heard as phantasmic outlines erupt from the bathroom, passing  
into the ceiling. A haunting voice calls from the shapes.

UTHULA  
(loud, but fading quickly)  
UTHULA!!

TRISTAN (O.S.)  
Problem solved!

Chris stares at the bathroom, mouth agape.

CHRIS  
*Why is any of this a thing?!*

SLAM TO BLACK.

BEGIN TITLES

SUPER: "Episode 3: Bound by Fate"

INT. MS. SCHWARTZ'S CLASSROOM - DAY

Chairs are arranged in a semi-circle facing towards the  
middle/front of a classroom.

MS. SCHWARTZ, a svelte, older woman with a beautiful dress,  
librarian glasses, and stern disposition, is standing in  
front of a screen pulled down at the blackboard.

A complex diagram is visible on the screen, appearing to  
suggest a link between the city's water supply and a list of  
US presidents who have been assassinated.

Tristan and Chris are in attendance. Tristan looks a little  
bored, while Chris seems immersed in the lesson.

Ms. Schwartz taps an image of a water bottle on-screen.

MS. SCHWARTZ  
... Which is exactly why when you  
drink *anything* but rainwater, you  
are playing *right* into their hands.  
(MORE)

MS. SCHWARTZ (CONT'D)  
With that in mind, fire hydrants  
were obviously designed to help  
spread the tainted water.

Chris scribbles notes furiously.

CHRIS  
(to himself)  
I had no idea..!

Chris raises his hand excitedly, wiggling it in the air until  
Ms. Schwartz notices him.

MS. SCHWARTZ  
Oh, one of the Uninitiated! Yes?

CHRIS  
So, if the water from the reservoir  
makes children more susceptible to  
mind control, where does the  
brainwashing happen? Schools?  
(gasps)  
Or is it in vaccines?

MS. SCHWARTZ  
Oh, nononono, my poor, stupid boy.  
Vaccines prevent diseases; everyone  
knows that. The brainwashing itself  
occurs in your local grocery store,  
but more on that in a moment.

A knock is heard at the door, which promptly opens, showing  
an ADMINISTRATIVE ATTENDANT, a taller woman in a pencil skirt  
holding a small note. She glances around the room briefly.

Tristan sighs and begins packing his belongings as he expects  
to be ushered out of the classroom.

The Administrative Attendant looks at the card in her hand.

ADMINISTRATIVE ATTENDANT  
Gwynevere? Gwynevere Marrell?

Tristan sits motionless, a hand wrapped around his backpack,  
staring at GWYNEVERE MARRELL, who has stood up.

Gwynevere is a tall girl with straight, dark hair and a bit  
of purple dyed in it. She seems confident and put together.

Gwynevere approaches the Administrative Attendant, listening  
as the woman whispers something to her. They exit together.

Tristan continues to stare at the door, unmoving.

Chris has noticed Tristan as several uncomfortable beats pass by, all sound drowned out by Tristan's focus.

INT. CAFETERIA - DAY

Tristan is staring blankly forward exactly as he was, still lost in thought.

CHRIS  
(voice regaining focus)  
Tristan. Tristan!

Tristan regains awareness in the cafeteria, sitting across from Chris. A large tray full of beans rests in front of Tristan while Chris chews on a sandwich, looking concerned.

The two are at an unpopulated table in an otherwise crowded room. Tristan's eyes light up.

TRISTAN  
More..!

CHRIS  
Yeah, you already spent five bucks on extra servings of beans. The guy wouldn't let you get more. He said it'd be a health code violation.

Tristan looks at his plate for the first time, grimacing.

TRISTAN  
I don't even like beans...  
(excited)  
Not that. You saw her, right?

CHRIS  
Ms. Schwartz? Yeah, that dress was sick. Really brings out her hair. I wanna' know the designer too.

TRISTAN  
(losing some excitement)  
Wait, what?

CHRIS  
(nonchalantly)  
I like fashion; don't judge.

TRISTAN  
That new girl, Gwynevere. She was called to the office, not me.

CHRIS

So..?

TRISTAN

It's supposed to be me. No one from my classes ever gets called to the office but me.

(irritated)

And it's always some life-changing, world-saving bunk.

CHRIS

You can't be serious. Not *everything* happens to you...

Tristan pulls a book out of his backpack.

TRISTAN

Hemingway's zombie literally wrote a book about it.

Tristan hands Chris a book titled *Everything Happens to Him*. It depicts Tristan, horseback with a bald eagle on his head.

A caption reads "The center of every party and the VIP of every meeting." Chris turns it over. A small picture of a zombified, old man giving a thumbs-up sits in the corner.

CHRIS

Is this an elaborate prank? I feel like I should know better, but this is too stupid not to be a prank...

TRISTAN

(ignoring him)

I need to meet her. Maybe she's cursed like me?

Chris hands the book back to Tristan.

CHRIS

You and I have very different ideas about what a curse is...

TRISTAN

I gotta' figure out what her schedule's like.

CHRIS

(sighing)

As a matter of fact, she just started volunteering at the same soup kitchen as me.

(MORE)

CHRIS (CONT'D)

I have no idea if she's working today, but I'll be heading there in about an hour.

Tristan stands up to leave.

TRISTAN

Well, then I guess I'm gonna' go check out the soup kitchen.

CHRIS

And do what, *spy* on her?

Tristan stares blankly at Chris.

TRISTAN

Well, it sounds bad when you say it *that* way...

CHRIS

(incredulous)

What way were you gonna' say it?!

Tristan stares blankly at Chris again.

TRISTAN

...Aggressively investigate?

Chris stands up and begins organizing both food trays.

CHRIS

That's creepy. You're creepy. I'm leaving.

TRISTAN

But if you don't go with me, who will be there to offer sagely, moral advice?

CHRIS

We both know you wouldn't listen.

TRISTAN

True. But you have nothing better to do in the meantime, so...

CHRIS

Ugh. Fine. But just for the record, I'm morally opposed to what you're doing for, like, a dozen reasons.

Tristan begins walking toward the exit.



TRISTAN  
Your concerns are noted and ignored

INT. TRISTAN/CHRIS'S ROOM - DAY

SCRAMBLES is sitting at Chris's desk, clumsily reading *Quantum Physics for Dogs* with his inadequate, dog paws.

SCRAMBLES  
Remarkable...

He pauses and stares thoughtfully toward the window.

SCRAMBLES (CONT'D)  
Sentience is truly a delight. Not too long ago, all I'd want to do is eat, defecate, and lay in the sun.

Scrambles turns back to his book.

SCRAMBLES (CONT'D)  
Yes, the world is my oyster and knowledge is my ambition. For what nobler purpose can there be than...

Scrambles stares back at a sunbeam below the window, his brow furrowed. He returns to his book.

SCRAMBLES (CONT'D)  
...The acquisition of knowledge so that I may better assist in the spiritual growth of my young wards. For, when they succeed... I... I...

Multiple beads of sweat trickle down Scrambles' head. He turns back to the sunbeam, a desperate look on his face.

SCRAMBLES (CONT'D)  
I have to lay in that sunbeam...

Scrambles slips around, trying to gracefully dismount from the chair. He tumbles to the ground, walking dutifully towards the stretch of sunlight under the window.

Pawing at it tentatively, and making several laps around it. He eventually flops down.

SCRAMBLES (CONT'D)  
Oh my! Yes, this is delightful!

A few seconds later, a thick cloud passes over the sun, blocking the light. Scrambles's eyes open widely in horror.

SCRAMBLES (CONT'D)  
(weakly)  
Noooooooo...

EXT. SYRACUSE STREETS - DAY

Chris walks next to Tristan. They pass through a relatively bustling city, passing storefronts, parked cars, etc.

Tristan is agitated, reaching into his magic sandwich bag for a sandwich, absently chewing on it and talking to himself.

TRISTAN  
(chewing, talking low)  
A clone? No, we're not similar enough... What if she's from a mirror dimension?

CHRIS  
Will you please calm down? You're making me nervous; I've never seen you act like *this*.

Chris gestures broadly at Tristan.

TRISTAN  
How can you expect me to be calm when there's someone else out there with my curse? Do you think she got it from a witch? Be honest.

CHRIS  
She was called to the office. *One time!* And why would I think she got witch powers?

TRISTAN  
I'm just in uncharted waters here. I won't rule anything out.

Chris looks at his phone.

CHRIS  
I missed a call from my boss. I wonder what's up.

Chris begins to compose a text. As he does, the two pass by a tall tree with a cat stuck in one of the branches.

Tristan notices and gazes at it with no visible emotion. Chris fails to notice as he types on his phone.

TRISTAN  
Maybe the kitchen exploded?

CHRIS  
You're not helping.

TRISTAN  
I'm just sayin'- wherever I go,  
weird junk happens. If she's the  
same way, it might've gotten taken  
over by weasels.

CHRIS  
That sounds... unlikely.

TRISTAN  
Five bucks says they installed a  
weasel monarchy.

The pair round a corner with the soup kitchen in view.

The owner of the soup kitchen, MARCO RUBEN, is a portly,  
grizzled man in a greasy apron with a Brooklyn accent.

Marco is talking with a BUSINESSMAN and a BUSINESSWOMAN in  
nice, but dusty suits, with sunken, greyish facial features.

Chris hurries ahead of Tristan.

CHRIS  
Mr. Ruben! Is everything alright?

TRISTAN  
(shouting)  
If it's the Weasel King, you owe me  
five bucks!

MARCO  
Chris? Deez dirtbags are trying to  
buy the kitchen!

BUSINESSWOMAN  
As I said before, the payment we're  
offering should be *more* than  
sufficient to--

MARCO  
It ain't about da money and you  
know it. I've seen your boss,  
skulkin' around town, gettin' too  
close to people down on their luck,  
like he feeds on misery. I don't  
want nothin' to do with dat.

The Businessman and Businesswoman exchange looks.

BUSINESSMAN

Surely you can agree that an  
amicable exchange would be--

MARCO

Get outta' here! If I catch you two  
sniffin' around this place again,  
I'll introduce you to my bat.

The Businessman and Businesswoman exchange another look.

BUSINESSWOMAN

We'll be back soon.

The two bow slightly in unison and exit. They look like  
mirror images as they disappear in sync into an alley.

MARCO

Friggin' business ghouls. Sorry  
Chris, I'm closin' her down for a  
bit. I need to cool off so'z I  
don't say nothin' I regret. Come  
back in a half hour, yeah?

Marco turns and begins walking without waiting for a reply.

CHRIS

Why would they want the kitchen?

TRISTAN

(impatiently)  
Business ghouls.

CHRIS

I'm sorry?

TRISTAN

(sighing)  
Business ghouls. They cause  
financial ruin and then feed off  
the misery. Your boss laid it out  
pretty well.

CHRIS

Well, is there anything we can do  
to stop them?

Tristan looks around briefly.

TRISTAN

That girl's not here... We've got a  
half hour to kill, right? I think  
we can swing that.

Tristan starts heading across the street without looking  
either way. Chris follows him a moment later after glancing  
at both sides of the street.

CHRIS

Where are we going exactly?

TRISTAN

Store. Gonna' need some lamb meat  
if we wanna' do this right.

Chris stops dead in his tracks.

CHRIS

Some *what*?

INT. TRISTAN/CHRIS'S ROOM - DAY

Scrambles lays in a pool of light, dissatisfied.

Scrambles eyes a desk lamp that he had turned on and directed  
toward the ground. He slumps his face into the carpet.

The window reveals a still-cloudy sky.

SCRAMBLES

It's just not the same...

Scrambles sits motionless for several seconds before his head  
shoots up and his eyes grow.

SCRAMBLES (CONT'D)

Scrambles, you genius!

(pausing)

I hate that name so very much...

Scrambles scurries to Chris's desk and starts pawing at a  
stack of papers and flyers, dragging a pile onto the ground.

He pulls one flyer out of the mess. His tail starts wagging.  
The flyer reads "Come to the Science Lab! We're experimenting  
with solar radiation all week!"

EXT. SYRACUSE STREETS - DAY

Tristan is walking quickly with a brown bag in one hand.

Chris lags just behind him looking much less sure of the situation. The pair are heading towards the soup kitchen.

CHRIS

Please tell me we're not going to  
throw meat at those office zombies.

TRISTAN

(correcting him)  
Business ghouls. You use lamb to  
appease their hunger, and they'll  
go away for a couple weeks.

CHRIS

Is there a more permanent option?

Tristan stops briefly to eye Chris, measuring him up.

TRISTAN

Murder?

CHRIS

(aghast)  
What?! We can't do that!

TRISTAN

(thoughtfully)  
No, you're right, business ghouls  
are already undead. So, this is the  
best plan we've got for now. We  
don't have the time for anything  
more elaborate anyway.

CHRIS

(resigned)  
It doesn't feel like much of a plan

Tristan and Chris stop in front of the soup kitchen door.

Tristan peers through a window at the business ghouls who  
have returned and appear to be talking on the inside.

TRISTAN

Maybe not, but they always work out

Tristan opens the bag briefly to check the contents before  
returning to the door. Tristan sticks his foot up.

EXT. ADMINISTRATION LAWN - DAY

Scrambles sits in front of a campus directory cork board. His  
brow is furrowed, straining to read the map.

SCRAMBLES

Curse my tiny stature!

Scrambles looks around and spots a pair of students, JEFF and LENNY, walking by. Scrambles steadies himself.

SCRAMBLES (CONT'D)

Excuse me, gentlemen. Can you  
direct me towards the science hall?

Jeff stops, staring at Scrambles in shock. Lenny seems absently paying attention to the rest of the environment.

JEFF

Uh... I-it's over there...

Jeff shakily points towards a nearby building.

SCRAMBLES

Ah, excellent! Your assistance is  
much appreciated!

Scrambles strolls confidently in the direction of the science building. Jeff resumes walking, still staring at Scrambles.

JEFF

Dude, what was in those berries..?

LENNY

(distantly)

It's cool. The nurse said we might  
have some mild hallucinations. Just  
relax, it'll all be worth it.

JEFF

Look man, I thought getting gills  
would be cool too, but this is  
maybe a little too weird for me...

LENNY

Stop worrying.

JEFF

Bro, I just gave directions to a  
talking tree...

Jeff finally turns towards Lenny. Lenny appears to be a talking tree himself.

LENNY

Yo, I'm pretty sure that was a  
muskrat. Muskrats can talk, right?

Jeff's eyes are wide with curiosity. He reaches a hand up to touch the "leaves" on Lenny's branches.

Jeff is just caressing Lenny's dreadlocks. Lenny giggles.

JEFF  
(very impressed)  
Wooooaaaaah...

INT. GWYNEVERE/STACEY'S ROOM - EARLIER THAT DAY

SUPER: 30 Minutes Earlier

Gwynevere is reading in her chair, as STACEY, her roommate, is half-laying-down on her bed, writing in a notebook.

The layout is similar to Tristan and Chris's room in reverse. Gwynevere's side is immaculate, while Stacey's side is a mess of papers, supplies, and books haphazardly strewn about.

Stacey is a shorter girl with curled, dark brown hair and a punkish outfit. She has a light, cockney accent.

STACEY  
(absentmindedly)  
So what did they pull you in for?

GWYNEVERE  
They wanted to ask about tuition again, Stacey. Three times they've done it! I just want to catch up to everyone and learn.

STACEY  
(concerned)  
Did the check bounce or sumfin'?

GWYNEVERE  
Oh, no, my mother never believed in banks. I paid with these.

Gwynevere tosses Stacey a gold coin that looks like a Spanish doubloon. Stacey turns the coin over, looking carefully.

STACEY  
(shocked)  
I know your family's loaded and all, but how d'you go around paying people in gold? Who does that?

GWYNEVERE  
(wincing)  
Is it really that weird?



STACEY

Sweetie, every single thing about you is weird. Half the foods you cook are made with ingredients I can't even pronounce. You speak- what- eight languages? Oh, and I love Mr. Jeffers, but a trained koala? Not. Normal.

MR. JEFFERS waddles out of the bathroom wearing a small suit and holding a piece of eucalyptus in his hands.

He makes a small squeak while climbing onto Stacey's bed, slumping against her spare pillow and munching on his food.

Stacey pats his head affectionately.

GWYNEVERE

I've never really lived with normal people before. It's already been a week, but I'm *still* trying to get used to the routines and rules.

STACEY

Did I tell you the day you moved in, my last roommate up and decided that she wanted to go off to fight in the war?

GWYNEVERE

(shocked)

You mean with the flaming--

STACEY

--I know, right? She said sumfin' about it being her destiny, packed her stuff, and walked out. The dean showed up a few hours later with you, which is perfect, because we hadn't seen each other since classes started!

GWYNEVERE

I'm think I got stuck in a time vortex the first month of school...

STACEY

But that's what's so great about you, love. You're *fun*. We never would've been friends if I didn't enjoy watchin' Pandora's Box explode around you at all times.

GWYNEVERE  
(thoughtfully)  
You know, my family used to own the  
real Pandora's Box. We had to give  
it to a museum after the thing with  
the fish-people in Boston.

Stacey stands up, laughing and shaking her head.

STACEY  
Only you, love.

GWYNEVERE  
(frustrated)  
What? Don't laugh! Hundreds of  
people died that day!

Stacey checks her watch and then heads for the door.

STACEY  
(ignoring Gwynevere)  
We have to be at the kitchen in a  
bit. Come Gwyny, there's hungry  
mouths to feed.

Gwynevere hurriedly stands to follow Stacey out the door.

GWYNEVERE  
The army blockaded the entire city!  
It's illegal to fish there now!

Gwynevere turns to Mr. Jeffers on her way out.

GWYNEVERE (CONT'D)  
Take care of the place while we're  
gone!

The door slams behind Gwynevere. Mr. Jeffers squeaks and  
munches on his eucalyptus snack without moving.

The door opens a crack with Gwynevere's head peeking in.

GWYNEVERE (CONT'D)  
And no fires this time!

The door slams shut again.

Mr. Jeffers is sitting in the same spot, a box of matches in  
between his hands, with a match pressed against the box.

He slowly lowers the match and makes a sad squeak.

INT. SCIENCE HALL - DAY

Scrambles sits outside of a laboratory room, the door to which is propped open by a microscope.

Inside the room, there's a glass containment unit with a radiation lamp on the ceiling at the center of the unit.

A warning sign on the unit states "WARNING: Active Radiation. DO NOT EXPOSE SKIN OR TEETH" with a picture of a stick-figure disintegrating from the waist up.

Scrambles spots the lamp and the words "active radiation," his eyes lighting up.

He walks into the containment unit, tail wagging quickly. A nearby SCIENTIST at a console spots Scrambles. The Scientist is tall, wearing glasses and her hair in a tight bun.

SCIENTIST

Hey! How'd a dog get in there?!  
Quick, get him out!

INT. SCIENCE HALL - SECONDS LATER

Scrambles sits in front of the now-closed door to the laboratory environment, looking irritated.

He spots an air vent nearby.

SCRAMBLES

The sun has not yet set on this  
ill-conceived plan...

Scrambles bites the air vent cover, forcing it off before crawling inside.

INT. RADIATION LAB - DAY

The Scientist stands next to her ASSISTANT.

The Assistant is holding a clipboard, recording data on it, while the Scientist looks at the console.

The ceiling above them emits several thumping, scratching, metal sounds.

With a final 'bang' as a vent pops open, Scrambles plummets onto the Assistant, who utters a short cry, both of them crashing to the ground.

INT. SCIENCE HALL - SECONDS LATER

Scrambles is displeased, sitting next to the Assistant in front of the still-closed door to the laboratory environment.

The Assistant has a bandage on his head and is equally upset.

ASSISTANT

The first time the professor trusts  
me to help with experiments and now  
I'm just a dogsitter! Thanks a lot.

Scrambles looks at the Assistant, sighing in penitence.

SCRAMBLES (V.O.)

(thinking)

I shouldn't abuse the sacred duty  
I've been given. My powers serve a  
higher purpose, and I don't want to  
make life more complicated for  
Tristan or Chris...

Scrambles looks at the containment unit and the lamp within.

SCRAMBLES

I'll give you three wishes if you  
let me in to see that lamp.

The Assistant jumps, looking astonished at Scrambles.

ASSISTANT

Y-you can t-talk..?!

SCRAMBLES

(hurriedly)

Yes yes, I'm a magic dog, and I can  
grant you wishes, but *only* if you  
help me get to that lamp!

ASSISTANT

But... that's a radiation lamp. Why  
would a genie dog want to get  
zapped by a radiation lamp?

SCRAMBLES

(tantalizingly)

Let *me* worry about the "why." You  
just think about what you want to  
wish for.

ASSISTANT

A-any three wishes? A-at all?

SCRAMBLES  
 (non-committally)  
 Yeah, sure.

The Assistant looks towards the Scientist and back to Scrambles several times in mental agony.

ASSISTANT  
 Okay, I'll get the professor out of the room for you.

SCRAMBLES  
 I'll need at least five minutes.

ASSISTANT  
 (incredulously)  
 Five mi--

The Assistant facepalms and takes a deep breath.

ASSISTANT (CONT'D)  
 Alright. Five minutes. Then wishes.

Scrambles offers an unconvincing smile and thumbs up.

The Assistant opens the door and strides over to the Scientist. A bead of sweat forms on Scrambles' head.

Scrambles eyes the radiation lamp. He sees sparkles floating around it. Scrambles nods to himself.

SCRAMBLES  
 I must see this through. Nothing matters but the mission.

Scrambles' face grows darker.

SCRAMBLES (CONT'D)  
**Nothing.**

The Assistant has led the Scientist into a nearby room and closed the door. Scrambles pushes into the containment unit.

EXT. SYRACUSE STREETS - DAY

Gwynevere and Stacey walk through a relatively bustling city, passing storefronts, parked cars, and typical urban scenery.

GWYNEVERE  
 So, after we're done at the kitchen, I was thinking about taking another crack at that puzzle box.

STACEY

The one your gran left you? What d'you think's inside?

GWYNEVERE

Secret research or something. She was always doing weird experiments looking for the "secret to immortality." She spent a lot of time with lobsters and cockroaches. Like, an *unhealthy* amount of time.

STACEY

What would be a healthy amount of time to spend with cockroaches..?

GWYNEVERE

Point taken. Either way, I feel like I need to figure it out. Honor her memory and all that, y'know?

STACEY

(soberly)

Not really... I don't exactly have any family worth honoring...

GWYNEVERE

Oh, I'm so sorry Stacey! I didn't mean to bring up--

STACEY

Let's talk about sumfin' else, yah?

Stacey and Gwynevere are rounding a corner when they see a tall tree with a cat on one of its branches. Gwynevere stops.

GWYNEVERE

A kitty! Lemme' help you get down!

Stacey looks up, craning her neck to get a good angle. As Gwynevere looks around the tree for a way to climb it.

STACEY

Aww, the poor thing. I'm surprised you saw it!

GWYNEVERE

Yeah, I had bionic eyes implanted when I was a kid.

STACEY

Is that the weirdest thing I'm going to learn today?

GWYNEVERE

I mean... it depends on how weird  
you think *this* is.

Gwynevere takes a small pouch from her belt, kneeling and reaching into it, she sprinkles some dust on her shoes.

She stands back up and lifts her legs slightly one by one, tapping the toes into the ground twice.

Gwynevere promptly starts floating upward towards the cat.

As Gwynevere reaches the branch and grabs hold of it, the cat nonchalantly climbs onto her outstretched hand, up her arm, and lays down across her shoulders.

Gwynevere taps her shoes against the tree twice, before she begins descending back to the ground.

STACEY

C'mon, now you're just showing off.

GWYNEVERE

I'd rather have found a ladder.

Gwynevere places the cat on the ground, and it dashes off around a corner and up another tree out of their sight.

STACEY

(excited/insistent)

Ooh! Can you make me fly too?

Gwynevere points down at her shoes after removing them. They promptly start melting into a pasty sludge.

GWYNEVERE

(with an air of authority)

Magic must be used responsibly.

STACEY

Okay, but if you put that on your bare feet would those melt off too?

GWYNEVERE

(thoughtfully)

I'm gonna' say 'yes.'

Stacey stares at the melted shoes for a beat.

STACEY

Is it crazy that I still wanna try?

Gwynevere raises an eyebrow at Stacey and walks away.

STACEY (CONT'D)

What? Feet are overrated!

Gwynevere and Stacey laugh as they approach the entrance to the soup kitchen. The door is ajar slightly. They walk in.

INT. SOUP KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Gwynevere and Stacey walk into the dining area, slowing as they see the Businessman crouching atop a dining table.

His jaw is unhinged as he sucks in a pale blue, ethereal mist from the air around him. Stacey looks perturbed.

STACEY

Well... This is new...

The Businessman turns abruptly toward them, hissing. He appears less human than earlier.

BUSINESSMAN

What business have you here?

GWYNEVERE

(cautiously)

We work here. What's a business ghoul doing here?

BUSINESSMAN

We have... recently acquired this establishment, and we will feed to bursting from the sweet suffering.

STACEY

Nononono- Mr. Ruben wouldn't sell this place, and we don't put up with creepy suits.

Stacey cracks her knuckles, walking towards the Businessman, who backs up on the table, hissing again.

STACEY (CONT'D)

Where's Marco?

The Businesswoman rises from the ground in front of the office at the back of the room. The Businessman slides from the table beside her.

BUSINESSWOMAN

He and Mr. Griswald are finalizing the exchange.

BUSINESSMAN

He and Mr. Griswald are finalizing the exchange.



GWYNEVERE  
(irritated)  
Alright, take me to them.

The Businesswoman and Businessman cackle in sync.

The Businessman leans towards Gwynevere, a forked tongue snaking out of his mouth at her.

BUSINESSMAN  
Little girl, why would we--

STACEY  
--Listen up, gruesome.

Stacey reaches in front of Gwynevere, grabbing the Businessman's tongue with her left hand, taking the levitation powder from Gwynevere's belt with her right hand.

She dabs the pouch forward, pouring several pinches of dust onto the Businessman's tongue, which immediately begins floating towards the ceiling, dragging him with it.

STACEY (CONT'D)  
If Gwynevere wants to see your  
boss, you should probably let her.

The Businessman's tongue detaches from his mouth, causing him to fall several feet to the ground. He looks up in horror.

The tongue floats to the ceiling, where it slithers around like a snake for several seconds. The Businessman makes a shocked, upset noise as his tongue starts melting.

He cowers at Stacey with fear. Gwynevere folds her arms.

GWYNEVERE  
Well?

The Businessman and Businesswoman exchange fearful looks before sliding backwards towards the office door, which they open, standing on either side and bowing with subservience.

GWYNEVERE (CONT'D)  
Wait here and make sure these two  
don't do anything. I got this.

Gwynevere walks into the office while Stacey grins at the Businesswoman, tossing the pouch up and down a few times. The Businesswoman shivers and lowers her head further.

INT. SOUP KITCHEN OFFICE - SECONDS LATER

GRISWALD, a tall, gaunt man with a grey face, equally grey hair, and red eyes, wearing sharp, formal attire is sitting in the cushioned office chair behind a desk.

Marco kneels in front of him with a blank expression on his face. A teacup rests on top of Marco's head. A steady stream of blue mist floats from Marco's chest into the teacup.

As Gwynevere enters, Griswald takes a sip from the teacup, placing it back onto Marco's head.

GWYNEVERE

Are you Griswald?

GRISWALD

(bemused)

A child? Are you destitute, young one? Looking to be my next meal?

GWYNEVERE

Nope. I'm here to ask you to leave.

GRISWALD

(laughing)

Why would I do that? This man's economic suffering is... Exquisite.

GWYNEVERE

There's plenty of pain for you to feed on without creating more.

GRISWALD

Perhaps, but Mr. Ruben is tampering with that food source. He must go.

GWYNEVERE

I will do what I must to protect my friends and my new home.

Griswald smirks.

GRISWALD

My child, I could buy you, your friends, and this entire city. I am the CEO of AmeriBank.

(menacingly)

What are you?

Griswald takes another long sip from the tea cup.

Gwynevere pulls out her phone. She taps on the phone several times. Her eyes flit upward.

GWYNEVERE  
You said "Ameribank"?

INT. RADIATION LAB - DAY

Scrambles tentatively approaches the containment unit. He notices a switch on the side of the unit with the same radiation warning sign and "ON/OFF" listed on either side.

Scrambles takes the switch in his mouth, moving it from 'OFF' to 'ON' before nudging the door open with his nose.

A powerful humming noise begins emanating from the containment unit as light fills the area.

Scrambles' tail wags quickly as he steps into the unit, the door closing behind him.

The heat in the air flows over Scrambles. His legs buckle.

SCRAMBLES  
(ecstatic)  
Ah! This was worth every mistake...

The door to the adjoining room begins to open, causing Scrambles to turn his head quickly.

SCIENTIST  
And you turned on the radiation  
lamp before dragging me in here?!  
Tomorrow, we're talking with the  
dean about this.

ASSISTANT  
I-it's not like that! I swear!

The Scientist pushes quickly past the Assistant to flip the switch back to 'OFF'.

The Scientist catches her breath and spots a coatrack standing in the middle of the containment unit.

SCIENTIST  
Wh- why would you put a coatrack in  
there? Is this a prank? It doesn't  
even *make sense*.

ASSISTANT  
I-I... uh...

The Scientist facepalms, shaking her head lightly.

SCIENTIST  
(to herself bitterly)  
This is why I'll never have kids...

INT. SOUP KITCHEN - DAY

The front door bursts open. Tristan is standing, one foot extended in the doorway. Chris stands behind him, worried.

The Businessman and Businesswoman both look up without exiting their bow.

Stacey turns her head to the door. She's sitting in a chair with her legs resting on the back of the Businessman.

STACEY  
Chris! I forgot you were working!

Chris stares blankly at the scene, struggling to process it.

STACEY (CONT'D)  
Oh, uh- So these business jerks--

TRISTAN  
Ghouls.

STACEY  
(irritated)  
--Whatevuh, hoodie.  
They came in harassing Marco. My  
friend's dealing with their boss.

Stacey gestures towards the office door.

CHRIS  
We know how to stop them.

STACEY  
Gwyny can take care of herself.

Tristan starts walking quickly towards the office.

TRISTAN  
She can't handle a ghoul on her  
own. Besides, I have questions--

The office door swings open. Gwynevere walks out calmly with Marco following groggily behind. Marco is holding his head.

CHRIS  
Mr. Ruben! Are you okay?

MARCO

That crazy mook barged back in here  
after we closed up, showed me the  
deed- he bought the whole block!  
Then everything got fuzzy.

GWYNEVERE

He was feeding off the financial  
problems he made for Mr. Ruben.

Gwynevere nods in the direction of the office, where Griswald  
can be seen, a thick stream of blue mist emanating from his  
own body into his own mouth, a glazed look over his eyes.

The Businessman and Businesswoman peek into the office before  
hissing at the group and disappearing into a shadow.

TRISTAN

(truly surprised)  
What... did you do?

GWYNEVERE

I had my parents buy his company  
and bankrupt it right in front of  
him. He's stuck in a perpetual  
loop, feeding off his own problems.

Chris and Tristan exchange a look. Chris looks at the bag of  
lamb meat that Tristan's holding. The bag is soaking through.

CHRIS

Why didn't you think--

TRISTAN

Sure, lemme' just grab my giant  
pile of money. Why didn't you turn  
into a giant robot to crush them?

Chris shrugs.

CHRIS

Fair enough.

Tristan turns to Gwynevere.

TRISTAN

Alright, who are you and where did  
you learn about business ghouls?

Gwynevere is standing off to the side with Stacey and Marco.  
She doesn't appear to have heard Tristan.

MARCO

I think I'll close up for today. I need ta take a long nap and- I dunno', see a priest or somethin'?

Marco has a thousand-yard-stare for a beat.

MARCO (CONT'D)

Thanks for yer help, kids.

STACEY

Okay, feel better Marco!

GWYNEVERE

Give us a call if they come back!

Stacey and Gwynevere wave at Marco as they walk past Chris and Tristan, still ignoring them.

Tristan's brow is furrowed and his mouth is tightly pursed into a small frown. Tristan starts to follow them.

MARCO

Who'd you bring today, Chris? Does he need a somethin' to eat?

Tristan stops to process the question.

CHRIS

Oh, no, he's not hungry; he's just my roommate.

MARCO

With dat hair? Looks like the kid hasn't showered in weeks.

TRISTAN

I don't trust combs. They steal your hair and then what? What if someone makes a hair-replica of you using combs you've thrown out?

Marco stares at Tristan for a beat.

MARCO

Kid... it's hair.

Tristan looks like he's about to argue back. Chris looks at Tristan, eyebrow raised. Tristan scowls.

TRISTAN

(bitterly)

Whatever. Let's go home.

(MORE)

TRISTAN (CONT'D)  
I'm worried that Scrambles tried to  
make tea and flooded the building.

EXT. CAMPUS LAWN - SUNSET

Chris and Tristan are walking past the buildings on campus.

TRISTAN  
That was all a waste of--

As they pass the back of the science building, a noise  
emanates from the DUMPSTER nearby. A coatrack sticks out of  
the top of the dumpster.

SCRAMBLES (O.S.)  
--Chris? Tristan? Oh thank heavens!

Chris and Tristan look around.

CHRIS  
Scrambles?

SCRAMBLES  
In here! That horrid scientist  
threw me away! Like a sad, middle  
school shop project!

Chris starts climbing the dumpster.

TRISTAN  
(half-heartedly accusatory)  
Scrambles. What were you doing?

Chris is beginning to pull Scrambles from the dumpster as  
Scrambles transforms back into a dog.

SCRAMBLES  
(incredulously)  
Why- the nerve! I'll have you know  
I was minding my own--

The Assistant is sprinting to the dumpster from the building.

ASSISTANT  
(furiously)  
YOU!

SCRAMBLES  
Well, that's not ideal timing.

The Assistant struggles to breathe speaking in gasps.

ASSISTANT  
You... owe me... three... wishes!

CHRIS  
(judgmentally)  
Wishes?

SCRAMBLES  
I *may* have promised some minor  
feats of magic to this--

Scrambles measures up the Assistant.

SCRAMBLES (CONT'D)  
--Lesser sentient labcoat.

Chris lowers Scrambles to the ground and he promptly begins  
hiding behind Chris.

ASSISTANT  
I lost my job for you! I'm not  
leaving until I get my wishes!

Tristan looks down at the bag he's been holding. Tristan  
walks up to the Assistant and shoves the bag into his hands.

ASSISTANT (CONT'D)  
Uh... what's this?

TRISTAN  
Lamb meat. Your wish is lamb meat.  
I encourage you not to harass our  
dog further.

Tristan turns around to walk away.

Scrambles climbs up onto Tristan's shoulder, dangling half in  
front of Tristan's chest and half behind, tail wagging.

Chris shrugs.

CHRIS  
Enjoy your lamb meat!

The Assistant stares dumbfounded ahead for a beat. He looks  
down at the bag, defeated.

ASSISTANT  
But... I'm a vegetarian...

INT. GWYNEVERE/STACEY'S ROOM - NIGHT

ROLL CREDITS



Gwynevere and Stacey are in their room. Gwynevere is at her desk while Stacey lays on her bed, tossing a ball to herself.

STACEY

Hey, have you ever wondered if everyone has an evil twin?

GWYNEVERE

What, like a foil?

STACEY

Yeah, just someone exactly like you or your complete opposite who's destined to change your whole life.

GWYNEVERE

Nnnnope.

FADE OUT