

when a title card is noted, it will play **over black** and look like:



"PILOT"

written
by

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COLD OPEN

TITLE CARD: July 18, 1982
Roseville, California

EXT. COIN CHEAP LAUNDROMAT - DAY

A young BOY and GIRL- siblings- bounce a racquet ball off the back wall. The girl races to swat the ball and the boy snatches it away, smirking. Daring her to challenge him.

BOY

I'm the most fastest boy at school.

GIRL

So.

BOY

So I could throw this ball through these whole bricks if I wanted to-

GIRL

So.

Their MOTHER pokes her head out the door for a look. Smiles.

BOY

...I know something you don't even.

The girl shrugs. Doesn't care. He raises his chin, proud-

BOY (cont'd)

"Fuck."

He's never said this words before. She decides he shouldn't.

GIRL

I'll tell mom you said that.

BOY

So. Watch- this..!

He rears his hand back and throws the ball as hard as he can-
The ball careens off the wall and sails across the parking lot-

ON THE BALL

It bounces and rolls between the bars of a fence that separates the laundromat from a neighboring storage unit.

ON THE BOY

The boy's face is pressed between the bars of the fence, staring.

The ball has settled beside a storage unit with the roll-up door open about a foot, everything behind it lost in darkness. An olive green, 1965 FORD FALCON is parked beside it.

His sister's behind him, watching. He gives the bars a little tug.

BOY

I could pull these apart. Easy.

GIRL

No you couldn't.

BOY

Could, just don't feel like it-

He feels like scrambling over the fence to get the ball, though he's not very good at it. He very nearly falls and ends up scraping a deep cut into his arm as he jumps over.

ON THE BOY

He SEETHES, his eyes watering with pain. He sniffs it up and-

EXT. ROLL-UP STORAGE - CONTINUOUS

He stops. Someone is standing inside the unit, only the bottom of their corduroy pants and old Converse showing.

GIRL (O.S.)

...hurry up and just get it!

He jumps, turning quickly to yell at her and cover his fear-

BOY

I am- shut up!

When he looks back at the open unit, the feet are gone.

GIRL (O.S.)

I'm telling--- mom!

The boy ignores her, swallowing... he ducks to look inside the unit- darkness. Satisfied, he reaches for the ball and-

VOICE/MALE (O.S.)

Cut that arm pretty good.

A hand grabs him around the wrist- it's the guy with the Converse and corduroys. The boy is stuck, his wound exposed.

BOY
Stop it- let go!

VOICE/MALE (O.S.)
I'm hungry.

BOY
...are you- you're a vampire?

VOICE/MALE (O.S.)
Ain't I allowed to be?

The boy tries to pull away, but the man holds him in place. Hard.

BOY
Yeah, but monsters aren't allowed to hurt us- mom said- you're hurting me-

VOICE/MALE (O.S.)
Fuck your mom-

The door rolls up to reveal- a sallow-looking man- a VAMPIRE- with deep-set features and way too many teeth, all of them sharp.

VAMPIRE
-fuck all of you.

INT. COIN CHEAP LAUNDROMAT

The mother is talking to her daughter, barely listening when- the BOY'S SCREAM ECHOES THROUGH THE OPEN DOOR. She races out-

As she stops and opens her mouth to scream, a loud, PUNK ROCK VOCAL howls and cedes to the grim back-beat of a PUNK ROCK SONG.

CUT TO BLACK. As the SONG continues to vamp-

TITLE CARD: Kid wasn't lying-

TITLE CARD: Monsters weren't allowed to hurt humans.

TITLE CARD: So a civil war followed, one v. the others.

TITLE CARD: The monsters lost.

TITLE CARD: The ones allowed to live were sent to Area 33.

END COLD OPEN

ACT ONE

TITLE CARD: **MONSTER TOWN**

CLOSE ON A RAGGED TEVA SHOE

Ghostly little toes tap along to the PUNK SONG, now muted, as if through a wall. Everything is lit by a blue, pre-dawn light.

EXT. SUBURBAN ROOFTOP - PRE-DAWN

From behind, a slight man- ANTON- slouches in a ragged lawn chair, his head keeping time with his feet on the shingled roof. He is bald, or nearly there. Tufts and wisps. Neglect.

In the distance- a high, haunting wall- lights and wire on top. Like a prison. It's a horrible view at the very least.

ON ANTON

He could be fifty, he could be five hundred. He *should* be in a hospital. His face is sallow, his lids heavy. He's gone...

Actually, he's high. Lethally so. His sleeve is pulled up on one side, his bicep tied off and his forearm ripped with scabs and ugly punctures. Track marks. In his other hand-

The needle, its contents in his body. The backside is tipped with a fan of red bristles... it's a tranquilizer dart. For animals. *Holy shit*. This sort of thing could kill a normal man.

Anton smiles, lost in a haze, his rhythm autonomous- he sings along to the SONG, the real vocalist like a barking dog-

*"Ain't no one livin' feelin' great 'bout un/
dead- dead- dead..."*

INT. HENRY'S BEDROOM

This is the source of the MUSIC, the song blasting the lights on the low-grade stereo system straight to red.

The room is a mess, the mark of a maniac par excellence. Torn magazine photos, leftovers, VHS tapes, clothes- *wadded-tissues*.

Steam wafts from the bathroom door as someone emerges-

HENRY (16). Pumping a fist to the beat and spitting the lyrics with admirable fury. He's scrawny, an obvious relation to the man on the roof. Still- his eyes are cold- a young John Hawkes.

He's in a towel and shadow-fighting, his chest and back marred with odd scratches and scars. He pulls a blade out of his rancid, wooden desktop and spins it... this kid is scary.

*"Sunlight sink'a lowlife stab a stake in his/
bed- bed- bed..."*

He picks a pair of pants off the floor- SNIFFS them. Acceptable. He looks like he means to pull his towel off and change but-

Henry turns to the camera, his only companion in town-

HENRY

Not while you're looking. Perv.

EXT. ROOFTOP

Anton slips deeper into the muted, MACHINE GUN-BEAT.

INT. HENRY'S BEDROOM

He's in his pants and a favored, ratty shirt- *Ghostbusters*. He ducks beside his bed, pulling a backpack from underneath it-

Inside: a long-handled bolt cutter, its handles hacked short. So a short-handled bolt cutter, I guess. Pliers. Wooden stakes. Walkman. Spraypaint. Snacks. Clothes. He looks up, his knife aimed-

HENRY

(to the camera)

You talk, you die. For real.

*"Fuck Lugosi get a jump on them freaks in/
stead- stead- stead..."*

EXT. ROOFTOP

Tears streak Anton's face as he sings, a nervous knee tapping way too fast for anything good to come of this. The lyrics continue-

*"Chin high strike first fast and/
last- last- last..."*

INT. KITCHEN

Henry bobs his head, his backpack on. He picks at a bowl of half-spilled cereal and looks out the window as the sun rises-

*"Chase 'em out send 'em back box 'em up just/
kill- kill- kill..."*

EXT. ROOFTOP

Anton springs to his feet, lit by the sun from bald head to sandled-toe. He WHISTLES with a blast of ecstasy and fear as-

ANTON
I'm so sorry..!

His entire body bursts into flames.

*"Yell your truth on a roof when you got a big/
kill- kill- kill..."*

INT. KITCHEN

Henry, still eating, freezes as- the smoke detector SCREAMS-
The MUSIC STOPS ABRUPTLY as Henry jumps up from his seat.

EXT. BACKYARD

Henry scrambles between half-dead bushes to fetch a hose.

ON THE EDGE OF THE ROOF

The top of a rickety wooden ladder BANGS against the gutter of this house, this retro, stucco pile-of-shit. Henry pops up-

Flames reflect on his face and surrounding tiles... his anxiousness turns to anger as he pulls on the gushing hose.

The sound of SPRAYING WATER and HISSING, STEAMED HEAT-

ANTON (V.O.)
I was fine- it was- it was an
accident. I just didn't...

EXT. BACKYARD

Beneath the shade of an awning, Anton drips with water, his clothing scorches to ruin... his skin, too. It's horrible to look at, a literal miracle he's alive and breathing.

Henry drops the hose and throws a bath towel at his face.

HENRY
(to the camera)
One thing a vampire has to worry
about. One. The sun. And this guy-

Anton inspects his wounds- he seems confused, a few steps behind.

ANTON

...something is wrong with me.

He finally acknowledges his dad, speaking to him as if a boy.

HENRY

No shit. You're a monster.

This man- his dad- a **vampire**- blinks like a scolded dog.

ANTON

That's not a nice word.

Henry stalks off, done with this whole thing.

HENRY (O.S.)

(to the camera as he goes)

I'm not a nice boy.

INT. HILL HOUSE - GARAGE - DAY

Anton's hid behind a giant gardening hat, bulky cover-up sunglasses, a handkerchief across his mouth, a turtleneck beneath it and two, pink gardening gloves to complete his daylight attire.

HONK-HONK! Anton clenches his jaw and-

He climbs inside a battered 1990 Ford Aeorostar, the hood spotty with oxidization damage. Henry sits at the wheel and checks behind them- the garage is open, yellow daylight blazing.

HENRY

Hands.

ANTON

What?

HENRY

Hands.

FROM ABOVE

The van backs out of the garage, slipping from shadow to light- over the bumper, the roof, the windshield- Anton SCREAMS-

INSIDE THE VAN

Anton hunches across his exposed wrists, both of them smoking.

HENRY
Why weren't you in your coffin?

ANTON
...I couldn't sleep.

HENRY
You look like a burnt ball sack.

Anton sips a plastic bottle, an RX label on the side: HILL, ANTON:
PLASMA SUPPLEMENT. The contents are pink and barely liquid.

HENRY (cont'd)
Can you not drink that stuff in here?

ANTON
You want me to suck your blood instead?

HENRY
(to the camera)
He hasn't drank blood since- I don't
know. Way before me. That's why he has
that *stuff*. Smells like fish dicks.

Anton slides down in his seat.

HENRY (cont'd)
What are you doing?

Anton nods out the window- a boy, ARBO- a plant elemental that
looks like Groot, but born from a nightmare, holds hand with-

JON, a shadow phantom. He's like a ghost, only dark, all his
features like a photo negative. He's also got a hole in his gut.

ANTON
(sotto)
They called me after you attacked him.

Henry sits at the stop sign beside the two boys. Staring.
The two boys glare back, this moment thick with tension.

ANTON (cont'd)
(sotto)
Henry- enough with the stop- go...

HENRY
I told him to leave me alone.

Henry accelerates- slowly- the boys framed in his sideview.

Outside the window, "small-town Americana" rolls by. If "small-town
Americana" was thrown down stairs and held together with tape.

HENRY (cont'd)
Don't talk shit, don't get shit.

ANTON
Oh, that's rich- how *macho*.

HENRY
He called you a pussy.

Anton looks at his son, ire hid behind his ridiculous attire.

ANTON
Don't use that word.

HENRY
I didn't. *He* did.

The car slips into an awkward silence.

HENRY (cont'd)
(to the camera)
Vampires like, invented orgies- this guy gets ticklish over the word "pussy."
(nods to father)
Dude was some kind of badass, like way before me. Before his fuckin' Texas or whatever. I don't know- I never seen it.

OUTSIDE THE VAN

They roll through Main Street, passing a row of sad-looking shops: barber, thrift shop, groceries, hardware- diner-

An ELDERLY FAUN- a half-goat, half-humanoid- walks outside, full on food and leaning on her cane. She looks at the van as it rolls by and her eyes harden... she spits.

INSIDE THE VAN

Henry rolls a hearty nod her way, a warm look on his face- and a middle finger in the air to pair with her morning.

HENRY
(to the camera)
That was a faun back there. She sucks.

A BIGFOOT family walks their dog- father, mother and over-sized son, LEMMY(16). He leads the dog, smiling and walking on his toes. He is a low-functioning autistic, every emotion pure.

HENRY
 (to the camera)
 Those are bigfeet.

HONK-HONK! Lemmy HOWLS at the car in perfect mimicry of its horn.

HENRY
 (to the camera)
 They suck, too.

ANTON
 Can you not..?!

Henry pulls a cassette out of the cup holder and pushes it into the stereo. The galloping PUNK SONG punctuates their dialogue-

HENRY
 (to the camera)
 Everyone here sucks. That's the point.

ANTON
 Slow down.

HENRY
 (to the camera)
 That's why they're alive- none of them fought, but all of them bitch.

ANTON
 Henry.

HENRY
 (to the camera)
 They hate him because he could have won their war and didn't. They hate me-

The van SCRAPES sparks across the top of a speedbump and plows straight through a FAMILY OF GHOSTLY, MEDIEVAL FARMERS-

HENRY
 (to the camera)
 -because I'm the reason why.

ANTON
 Henry! What the hell..!

Anton turns around- behind them, the rattled ghosts slowly begin to re-assimilate their many dispatched body parts.

HENRY
 They're already dead.

ANTON
 Undead! Your disrespect lately is-
 (MORE)

ANTON (cont'd)
 (punches the cassette out)
 Up to here..!

His hand is near the roof, his burnt wrists exposed. Henry notices and Anton pulls his sleeves over the wounds immediately.

ANTON (cont'd)
 I'm fine. I'm just old.

HENRY
 (to the camera)
 He's like four-hundred something...
 he's supposed to heal, though. Fast.

Anton shakes his bottled plasma supplement, most of it gone.

ANTON
 It might be the new plasma supplements-

HENRY
 Jesus Christ, Dad-

Anton winces like a tooth's been pulled. *Jesus hurts.*

ANTON
 -you know what..?!

Henry slams on the breaks and SMACKS his dad's head on the dash.

EXT. ACADEMY 33 - DAY

The van is stopped on the edge of the K-12 school. Aside from the structure at its center- the office, nurse's room, a small library- the rest is just sad, drab portables. And a heavy gate.

ANTON (O.S.)
 I have tried, as hard as I can...

MONSTER CHILDREN walk along the sidewalk, glaring at the van- GNOMES and LEPRECHAUNS and HARPIES and GHOULS- I know it's a lot, but for now just know they're odd and sad-looking. Poor.

INSIDE THE VAN

HENRY
 (to the camera)
 That's literally his one fucking job-

ANTON
 -and what do I get in return? Henry!

Henry turns, eyes wet with adrenaline and rage. He's ready-

HENRY

You know the vampire that started the war?

ANTON

No! How could you even ask me that-

HENRY

Why do I have to stay here?

ANTON

It's complicated.

HENRY

My side won! You're a monster, I'm-

ANTON

Change your direction, you hear me?

HENRY

...where's mom? She outside? She *alive*?

Anton looks away, a topic completely off limits.

HENRY (cont'd)

Not even on my birthday, huh?

Anton slumps- he totally forgot. Beside him, Henry climbs out.

OUTSIDE THE VAN

Anton rolls down the window manually- he pulls his glasses off and lowers his handkerchief, his face spreading with a raging sun-rash almost immediately. He calls to his son-

ANTON

Let me make it up to you..!

He stops and turns to face his father one last time.

HENRY

Finish the job, then. On the roof.

(off Anton's confusion)

You want to make it up to me? Die.

ANTON

(stumbling)

...what? That was an accident, I-

HENRY

If you don't, I will.

ANTON

Because I forgot your birthday..?

HENRY

Because *everything!* I'm stuck in this place because of you- because of some kind of deal you made, because-

ANTON

Because your mom didn't want you!

It sits in the air like a slap in the face... finally... Henry turns and marches silently towards school. Anton watches him go, then he slides to the driver's side and PUTTERS off.

EXT. ACADEMY 33 - DAY

COACH, a barrel-chested centaur- human on top, horse on the bottom- stands at the open gate as the monster children enter, a clipboard in his hands. As Henry approaches, he blocks him-

COACH

You going to start anything today?

Henry gives him a look and shoulders right on past him.

COACH (cont'd)

Henry, I asked you-

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

Henry is surrounded by MONSTER CHILDREN, the sorest of thumbs.

VOICE/TEACHER (O.S.)

-a question. You going to answer it?

All the children are looking at him, Henry's hard, cold eyes fixed towards the front of the room and the teacher standing there.

HENRY

...I have to go to the bathroom.

VOICE/TEACHER (O.S.)

You *just* got in here. Go before class-

The kids GIGGLE at him.

HENRY

I need to go now.

VOICE/TEACHER (O.S.)

You can wait. Now- I asked if you-

BEKKAH, a gnome- knee-high, tall, red hat, dirty sweatpants and a vintage "I Don't Do Mornings" t-shirt- chimes in-

BEKKAH

He's probably going to- don't humans
always shit their pants or something?

VOICE/TEACHER (O.S.)

Bekkah, come on- hey! Enough-

As the kids start to pile on around Bekkah and bury Henry,
Henry grabs his backpack and sets off for the door.

BEKKAH

He definitely shit his pants! Oh my
God- I can smell it!

In the back of the room, Henry passes-

Arbo, the plant-looking kid and his shadow phantom boyfriend,
Jon. Arbo tracks Henry as he pushes out the door... a burst
of daylight and then- it closes, the human boy gone.

VOICE/TEACHER (O.S.)

Okay, enough- just let it go, he
doesn't matter. Bekkah- enough.

The class quiets down, everything back to normal. Except for
Arbo, who hasn't stopped looking at the door. He raises a hand-

VOICE/TEACHER (O.S.) (cont'd)

Yes, Arbo?

His voice sounds like a rickety gate, blown apart in a storm.

ARBO

I need to use the restroom, too.

As the teacher SIGHS and the kids burst with LAUGHTER-

INT. BATHROOM

Arbo teeters into the room, as if hunting for someone. He
goes to a stall- above the toilet, a small, rectangular
window. He goes to the toilet and... stands atop it. Outside-

In the distance, across an overgrown field- Henry CLIPS a
final bit of fencing with his bolt-cutters and peels it back
to slip between the bars. He escapes to a creek and- runs.

A moment, then- Arbo GRUNTS and hoists himself through the window.

END ACT ONE