

DARK ALLEY

Written by
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EXT. DARKE ALLEY PARKING LOT - DAY

We PUSH IN on an 80's era BOWLING ALLEY. The parking lot is mostly empty. A TRUCK is parked out front with beer cans tied to the bumper. "Just Married" is written on the back window.

INT. DARKE ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

TERRY DARKE (24, too smart for this town) sits at the bar, lost in thought, with his younger bother NED DARKE, (18 going on 14, blissfully ignorant). They're both wearing cheap rented tuxedos.

NED

I can't believe you're married bro.

TERRY

That makes two of us.

NED

Now you get to put your ding-dong in her hoo-ha whenever you want.

TERRY

(regretfully)

That was never really an issue with Suzy.

NED

Ooh, dad said he's finally promoting me to pin jockey. In a couple years, he may even put me on wax patrol!

TERRY

(suddenly intense)

Ned, you listen to me like you've never listened to me before.

Ned cups his ears, literally listening differently than he ever has before.

TERRY (CONT'D)

Forget those pins. Forget this alley. Forget us! You get your ass out of here the first chance you get and never look back.

NED

(earnest)

I couldn't do that to Dad, Terry. You know he really needs someone here that he doesn't have to pay.

SLIDER

I thought that was me.

The bar tender, **SLIDER**, (20's, African American, over it) hands Terry and Ned a Beer and Shirley Temple.

TERRY

There's a whole world out there,
Ned, just waiting for you to
discover! Don't let Dad get his
hooks in you like he did me. This
alley, this town... it'll just suck
you dry.

SUZY DARKE, (21, attractive, wild) stumbles into the bar,
wearing a very tacky wedding dress.

SUZY

(clearly drunk)
Ooooh, I like the sound of that!

She takes a big swig out of a champagne bottle.

TERRY

Suzy! What the hell? Why are you
drinking?!

Suzy smooshes her finger on his mouth.

SUZY

Shhhh..... so loud.

TERRY

(sotto)
Suzy. The baby.

SUZY

Oh. Yeah. Baby... I guess now that
we're married, I can tell you
anything, right?
(whispers)
I'm not totally, one hundred
percent, technically... with child.

TERRY

... what?

SUZY

(petting his face)
Your dad said if I wanted to land
you, I had to sweeten the pot. But
don't worry hubby bubby. We're
booked at the Howard Johnsons ALL
weekend.

(MORE)

SUZY (CONT'D)

We'll get a baby up in here. After
a little ass play of course.

Terry and Ned's dad, BIG LEO DARKE, (43, good ol' boy, alpha male) struts into the scene.

BIG LEO

Terry, I need you to mail off those
bills and fix lane seven's ball
return before your honeymoon.

Terry sits in stunned silence. After a beat, Terry gets up
and makes a bee line for the exit.

SUZY/BIG LEO

Terry?

As Terry exits the alley, he passes a MYSTERIOUS MAN, in all
black walking in. His face is concealed in shadow.

MYSTERY MAN

(deep otherworldly voice)
I bring a message of ill tidings.

BIG LEO

Sorry fella, alley's closed.
Private event.

MYSTERY MAN

As sunrise dims to darkness, this
town shall bear witness to a
supernatural event horizon that
will bring into existence all manor
of mythological beast, culminating
in an unholy war that shall end all
life on this planet.

Big Leo walks up to the Mystery Man. A long beat.

BIG LEO

What part of "private event" did
you not understand?

MYSTERY MAN

(dire)
Prepare thineselves for the end
of...

Big Leo closes the door in the Mystery Man's face.

BIG LEO

Goddamn Jehovah's Witnesses.

SHOW INTRO

TITLE CARD: "6 years later"

EXT. TEXAS RURAL COUNTRY ROAD - DUSK

Terry drives down a beautiful rural Texas road, with the bright orange sun beaming. His bumper displays stickers of all the places he's visited on his adventures.

As he passes, "Welcome to Rorrim, TX" sign, the weather instantly turns dark and forboding.

Terry slows as he approaches a **DEPUTY** directing traffic around a large hole in the road.

TERRY
(shakes his head)
They STILL haven't fixed that damn
pothole?

As Terry passes it, we see a HUGE DEMONIC CREATURE emerge from the hell mouth opening, swallowing the policeman whole.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - CONTINUOUS

We see TWO CUTE LITTLE GIRLS in matching blue dresses standing behind a lemonade stand. Terry waves and drives by. The girls smile revealing fangs. The pitcher of lemonade is actually blood. Their sign reads, "Freshly Drained"

EXT. DOWNTOWN AREA - CONTINUOUS

Terry passes by some signs for local businesses - "Bob's Funeral Parlor" "Buck's Reanimation Boutique" "Pete's Re-Funeral Parlor."

EXT. CONVENIENCE STORE - CONTINUOUS

Terry pulls into a small convenience store, The Ale Inn.

INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - CONTINUOUS

Terry walks in and notices a CASHIER behind the counter. He's too busy scanning over a Maxim to look up. Terry sneaks up.

TERRY
GIVE ME YOUR MONEY!

The cashier lets out a HIGH PITCHED SCREAM and falls out of his chair, spilling his dip cup on himself.

TERRY (CONT'D)
(laughing)
Oh shit! Sorry Frank.

Frank looks up. His scowl instantly brightens.

FRANK
Holy hell. Terry!!

Frank gives Terry a big, awkward, over the counter hug.

FRANK (CONT'D)
Dude. Where you been? You just up
and vanished on our asses.

TERRY
I know, I'm a jerk. I should have
said goodbye.

FRANK
I figured you got sucked into a
wormhole or somethin'.

TERRY
Ha. Nothing that crazy. Just had to
work some stuff out.

FRANK
Is it worked out?

TERRY
It's getting there. Actually, I'm
only here for a couple days... You
know, for the funeral.

FRANK
Who croaked?

TERRY
Sorry, I figured word would have
traveled by now. Big Leo died.

FRANK
(genuinely shocked)
Oh no. I'm so sorry to hear, Terry.

TERRY
Dad was trying to break up a fight
in some fast-food restaurant and...
he was stabbed in the neck.

FRANK
Wow. Just like that dude in "Stand
By Me."

TERRY

Oh yeah. I guess so. Anyway, it hasn't really hit me yet, you know? I'm sure it'll all come crashing in once I get to the alley.

(a beat)

So... does Suzy still work there?

FRANK

Oh yeah, she's *real* popular.

TERRY

Ugh, I haven't even talked to her since I bolted. How's she doing?

FRANK

She's been keeping herself busy.

TERRY

That's good to hear. Well, I gotta get going.

Terry puts his bottle of water and chips on the counter.

FRANK

On the house bro.

TERRY

Thanks man. I didn't think I'd ever say this, but it's nice to be back.

FRANK

The place has really changed a lot since you left.

TERRY

Ha. Right. This town is like a mosquito frozen in amber. It'll never change.

Terry walks to the exit but stops dead in his tracks.

TERRY (CONT'D)

Oh. My. God. It HAS changed. You moved the condom rack to the other corner.

FRANK

Haha. Good seeing you bud!

Terry leaves the store. It is revealed that Frank has a strange ALIEN BEING sucking on the back of his head. It momentarily detaches to talk to him.

ALIEN
Who the hell was that?

FRANK
(defensive)
That was Terry. I have other
friends okay? Lay off me man!

EXT. DARKE ALLEY PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Terry pulls into a nearly full parking lot.

TERRY
Dang. Alley's hopping tonight.

INT. DARKE ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

Terry walks into the crowded bowling alley. As he looks around, the memories come flooding back.

NED (O.S.)
Terry!

Terry looks over to see his brother, all grown up. Ned is as manic and excited as a puppy.

TERRY
There's my baby bro.

Terry gives Ned a big, consoling hug.

TERRY (CONT'D)
How you doing buddy? Look at you. So grown up! Are you sure you're Ned? I barely recognize ya.

NED
You should see my balls.

TERRY
Yep, you're my brother.

NED
You wanna see how good I am at bowling now? I was two strikes away from my first turkey last night!

TERRY
You're... in *really* good spirits considering the situation.

NED

You must be talking about the rate hike for Netflix. Yeah it sucks, but it's a necessary evil for them to provide us with such a high level of unique and original programming.

TERRY

I was talking about--

SLIDER (O.S.)

Terry!

Angle on Slider behind the bar. His attire has upgraded.

TERRY

Slider, hey man. Looking sharp!

SLIDER

Great to see ya, it's been forever. Let me get you a beer. You're going to love it! We serve it cold now.

Slider pours a beer and puts it on the bar. Terry sips it.

TERRY

Mmm. So much better than room temperature.

SLIDER

Right? Oh wait! Let me get you some beer nuts.

TERRY

Nuts? I see you waited for me to leave to class up the joint.

Slider ducks behind the bar to scrounge for nuts. A moment later, an African American puppet, **MUFFIN MCSTUFFIN**, pops up.

MCSTUFFIN

Hiya Terry! It's so nice to finally meet you.

TERRY

(uneasily playing along)
Oh... drinks and a show. Uh, nice to meet you too, Slider.

MCSTUFFIN

I'm not Slider. I'm Muuffin McStuffin, bar-back from the magical land of bubble gum trees and vodka rivers.

TERRY

Not really working for me. Puppets
always kinda of creeped me out.

MCSTUFFIN

You know what's creepy, good sir?
Your intolerance. I bid you ado.

The puppet disappears behind the bar in a huff and Slider
pops back up, handing Terry a bowl of beer nuts.

SLIDER

There you go!

TERRY

Love your nuts but not sure about
the puppet thing.

SLIDER

Oh, you mean McStuffin? People love
that guy.

TERRY

Puppets at the bar might attract a
bunch of kids, and I'm pretty sure
kids at the bar is illegal or
something.

SLIDER

If you're worried about kids, you
need to get rid of that video game
over there.

Angle on an old school Arcade Game, "RAINBOW HUG PATROL."

TERRY

What, Rainbow Hug Patrol? It's
video game about hugging people.
What's the big deal?

NED

It's possessed.

Terry looks at the game. A patron is playing it.

We see the game is an old school 8-bit video game with a guy
just hugging people. The "Hug Timer" expires, and we hear...

VIDEO GAME

Game over, you lose...
(evil voice)
Your soul.

Terry turns back around and looks at Slider.

TERRY

Looks like it's working fine to me.

Behind Terry a scary looking DEMON HAND grabs the guy playing the game and pulls him into the game cabinet.

TERRY (CONT'D)

If it's a problem just unplug it.

SLIDER

(scared)

Seriously?

Angle on the plug for the video games. Scary music hit plays as we see the plug is a hideous looking pulsating blob of claws and slime.

As Terry sips his beer, he notices a weird looking TEEN WOLF walking by.

TERRY

Fucking hipsters, they're everywhere.

SUZY (O.S.)

Well, well, whose this tall glass of hunk smoothie?

Terry turns to see Suzy. She is no longer the fresh faced young girl he left. She's clearly been... enjoying herself.

TERRY

(awkwardly)

Oh, hi, uh, Suzy. You look great, good to, uh, see you.

SUZY

Wow, handsome and psychic, how'd you know my name big boy? Are you the guy who goes through my trash every morning?

TERRY

It's me, Terry.

(no reaction)

We got married because you told me you were pregnant, but you weren't?

SUZY

Sounds like me, but it's not ringing any bells. So you're saying you were married?

TERRY

Yes, to you.

SUZY

Ugh, damaged goods, I rescind my sexual advances. In other news, who's that sexy beast at the end of the bar?

ANGLE on a SWEATY GUY sitting alone. He looks super shifty.

SLIDER

Dunno, I've never seen him before.

SUZY

Mamma wants to ride on that greasy slip and slide.

NED

Does anyone want to see how many peanuts I can fit in my mouth? I bet I can get like 56.

SLIDER

Why don't we make this more interesting.

Slider lights the bowl of peanuts on fire.

NED

That *is* more interesting. Terry, you keep count.

Terry covers the flaming bowl of peanuts with an empty metal beer bucket.

TERRY

Guys, it really feels like you're all avoiding the elephant in the room.

SUZY

What, the Netflix price hike?

SLIDER

If you want cinema quality serialized programming, you gots ta pay.

TERRY

(frustrated)

No! The fact that dad's dead.

SUZY/SLIDER/NED

What? Big Leo's dead! When did that happen? Why! He was so young and so angry?!?!

TERRY

Ned, you e-mailed me and said dad was dead!

BIG LEO (O.S.)

I e-mailed you Terry.

Terry turns to see Big Leo, very much alive. Ned screams.

NED

Zombie!

BIG LEO

I'm not a zombie, Ned.

NED

Ghost?

BIG LEO

Not a ghost either. I'm not dead in anyway. Well, maybe just a tad on the inside.

Terry shakes his head, disgusted.

TERRY

Do you know how many people I told about my dad getting stabbed at a fast food restaurant and dying a hero?

SLIDER

Like the dude in Stand By Me?

BIG LEO

Best movie ever.

TERRY

I told *everyone!* Because for the first time in my life, my dad thought about someone else other than *himself*. I was proud to be your son for a change. What the hell is wrong with you?

BIG LEO

I got a letter from IRS. We're being audited. I needed your help.

TERRY

What?! I *never* would have come home if I knew that's why you wanted me.

BIG LEO

Well duh son, that's why I told you I was dead. And to be honest I wasn't 100% sure that would get you back either.

Terry is momentarily distracted as a bowling team of FOUR DRACULAS walks past.

TERRY

Is there a comic book convention in town or something?

BIG LEO

Forget them. A bunch of blood thirsty monsters ain't nothing compared to the IRS. Focus up.

TERRY

(resigned)

Fine. Let me see this goddamn audit letter.

Big Leo hands Terry and unopened envelope.

TERRY (CONT'D)

You haven't even opened it, dad.

BIG LEO

I'm not much of a reader son, you know that.

TERRY

So you had me come all the way home on a hunch that you *might* be getting audited? That is a perfect example of why I left in the first place. What makes you think this is even bad news?

BIG LEO

Cause I ain't paid taxes since you left.

TERRY

That was six years ago! Shit dad, what were you thinking?

BIG LEO

Taxes were your thing, in a way this is all your fault.

A well groomed MAN IN A SUIT, (50's) walks into the bowling alley. He's carrying a BRIEFCASE. He surveys the alley and its strange clientele. The group eyes him suspiciously.

BIG LEO (CONT'D)
You looking for someone?

SUIT
Are you the owner of this establishment?

BIG LEO
Who's asking?

A heavily tattooed and pierced tribal elder walks by.

SUIT
(little confused)
I'm sorry. Was that a witch doctor?

NED
No silly. That's Billy! He's a witch accountant.

TERRY
I think there might be a costume party in town. Is there something you need, sir?

SUIT
I need to tell you that you're all in danger of losing this bowling alley.

Muffin' McStuffin puppet pops up behind Big Leo's shoulder.

MUFFIN MCSTUFFIN
Uh Oh!

Terry pushes the puppet back down.

TERRY
Cut it out Slider.
(then, to Suit)
Could you excuse us for just a minute?

Big Leo and Terry walk about 4 feet away, get into a huddle.

BIG LEO
(whispering)
That guy's IRS! What the hell are we gonna do?

Ned giggles.

TERRY
Why are you laughing?

NED
He's got irritable bowel syndrome.

TERRY
No, those aren't even the right letters. Why are you whispering?

NED
Because you're whispering.

TERRY
That's because we're talking about the IRS agent.

Suzy joins the huddle and whispers.

SUZY
Who's the suit?

NED
IRS agent. And he could shit his pants at any moment.

SUZY
Cool. So, I'm about to close the deal on sauna balls over there.

ANGLE on the SWEATY GUY at the bar. He's practically drenched in sweat now.

SUZY (CONT'D)
How do I look?

BIG LEO
Like a whore.

SUZY
Awesome, wish me luck.

Suzy peels out of the huddle.

BIG LEO
Whores don't need luck.

TERRY
Dad. IRS. Audit. Focus. I need you to buy me some time.

BIG LEO

Five minutes? Ten minutes? Twelve minutes and thrity two seconds? Be specific.

TERRY

I've got six years of taxes I need go through! Just keep him busy!

BIG LEO

(annoyed)

Okay Terry. I'll keep him busy for an unspecified amount of time.

NED

Great! And since he has IBS he probably wants to hit the head. I better make sure there's plenty of TP, or we could have one of those Willy Wonka rivers in the men's room.

Ned peels out of the huddle.

INT. DARK ALLEY BAR AREA - LATER

Sweaty Guy sits alone at the bar. He watches A FEMALE BOWLER as she orders food from Slider.

FEMALE BOWLER

Can I get a pitcher for lane five?

SLIDER

One *COLD* pitcher of beer, coming up!

SWEATY GUY

(timidly)

So... You come here often?

FEMALE BOWLER

(disinterested)

Ah, sometimes?

She walks off. Sweaty Guy sighs and looks down at his beer.

SUZY (O.S.)

I'm here all the time, big guy.

Sweaty guys turns to find Suzy hovering right next to him.

SUZY (CONT'D)

This seat taken?

SWEATY GUY

...I guess not.

McStuffin pops up from behind the bar.

MCSTUFFIN

Can I interest you two lovebirds in today's special? A whisky shot with a rainbow chaser?

SUZY

(sotto, annoyed)

Piss off. You're cock-blocking me.

In a huff, the puppet disappears behind the bar.

SUZY (CONT'D)

So, you're super sweaty, did you just work out or something?

SWEATY GUY

Please don't take this the wrong way, but are you a prostitute?

SUZY

No, but that is so sweet.

SWEATY GUY

I'm not here to hook up, if that's what you're looking for.

SUZY

Knows what he wants and isn't afraid to say to it. That's hot. Most people these days would rather hide behind some fake user name while they hashtag their vapid opinions in total anonymity. I hate that human interaction has all but disappeared. It's like people have forgotten how to just be social, or even read social cues. Which reminds me, do you ever just wanna be spanked?

INT. PINSETTER BACK ROOM - LATER

Terry enters the automated pinsetter room behind the alley. This was Terry's office when he worked here. Wishful travel posters of faraway lands and exotic destinations cover the walls. Terry notices something and his face drops.

TERRY

You've got to be kidding me.

Off Terry's look, we ANGLE ON his old desk, covered in a mountain of unopened bills and IRS notices.

INT. DARK ALLEY FRONT COUNTER.

Big Leo approaches the Suit with two beers.

BIG LEO
Sorry to keep ya. Leo Darke.

He offers the Suit a beer.

SUIT
I don't drink on the job. Jessie DeFalco.

BIG LEO
Swedish?

JESSIE
No.

An awkward beat. Big Leo downs one of the beers.

BIG LEO
So, you wanna go toss some balls?
On the house of course.

JESSIE
I'm not in the mood to play games,
Mr Darke. And after you see what's
in this briefcase, you won't be in
the mood either.

Terry runs up.

TERRY
(to Jessie)
Excuse me. We... have a pin emergency.

Terry pulls Big Leo aside.

BIG LEO
That was fast.

TERRY
No. There's no way in hell I'm
getting through that stack tonight.

BIG LEO
Man, you got soft.

TERRY

You haven't opened a single letter since I left! I found a donation request to elect John McCain.

BIG LEO

Dodged a bullet there.

TERRY

Let me just explain the situation to this IRS guy. I'll take the blame. Maybe I can talk him into letting us go on a payment plan or something.

BIG LEO

No no no, Terry this is my mess, I'll take care of it.

Big Leo turns to Jessie.

BIG LEO (CONT'D)

How about we talk about this upstairs in my office, Jessie.

As Terry starts to follow them, LEO gently puts his hand on his son's shoulder.

BIG LEO (CONT'D)

I got this. Let me make you proud.

TERRY

(touched)

I guess I was wrong. Some things really *have* changed around here.

Big Leo leads Jessie upstairs. As Terry looks at his father with rare admiration, Ned runs up with an arm full of TP.

NED

(yelling at Leo)

Dad! I wouldn't walk behind him on the stairs if I were you!

Terry looks at Ned and just shakes his head.

INT. BAR DARK ALLEY AREA

Suzy is now sitting uncomfortably close to Sweaty Guy, blowing in his ear.

SWEATY GUY

Look, nothing personal, but I'm getting over a bad break up, okay?

(MORE)

SWEATY GUY (CONT'D)

I just want to have a drink by myself if you don't mind.

SUZY

You know what helps me get over an ex? Random hook ups with people in the service industry.

McStuffin pops up again.

MCSTUFFIN

Who wants to learn about good touch and bad touch?

Suzy grabs the puppet pulling him right up to her face.

SUZY

If you don't cut the shit, you're going to be crapping googly eyes and pipe cleaners for the next week.

As Suzy threatens McStuffin, Sweaty Guy suddenly notices someone entering the alley. He watches nervously.

ANGLE ON: FRONT DESK - DEPUTY KOPIERA, (30's, kinda goofy looking for a cop), walks into the alley and approaches Ned and Terry.

DEPUTY

Happy Friday, Ned.

NED

Hey Deputy Kopiera! Oh, I want you to meet my brother, Terry.

DEPUTY

Well well well. The prodigal son returns. It's great to finally put a face to all the tall tales.

TERRY

Tall tales are my dad's speciality. Nice to meet you Deputy. What brings you in?

DEPUTY

Oh, just a little end of the week unwind.

TERRY

I'm sure you had your hands full with all the crazies in costumes.

DEPUTY

Actually it's been a much quieter than usual. Yep, not a whole lot going on except for the possible serial killer in town.

TERRY

What?

DEPUTY

I should have eased into that a little better. Don't worry, we've got everything under control. Anyhoo, you should come by the station sometime. I'd be happy to fill you in on Rorrim. A lot has changed a lot since you left.

Terry spots something in the distance. His face drops.

TERRY

(pissed)

Not a damn thing's changed.

INT. ARCADE - MOMENTS LATER

Big Leo is playing air hockey with a kid. Terry speeds walks up.

TERRY

What are you doing!?

BIG LEO

Schooling this millennial.

(scores)

Boom! Feel the heat, mustache!

TERRY

What about the IRS guy?! You said you were going to handle it!

BIG LEO

(distracted by the game)

Huh? Oh. I did.

Frustrated, Terry snatches the puck and tosses it.

TERRY

What did you do?

INT. OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Terry and Big Leo stand in front of small security monitor. Big Leo flips a switch. We see the IRS agent in a tiny room, tied to a chair and blindfolded.

BIG LEO
See? Handled.

TERRY
Holy shit dad! What the hell is that!

BIG LEO
You know how terrorist's hide out in the woods?

TERRY
No dad, because that is something you made up!

BIG LEO
You need to watch more cable news. Anyway, I thought if we ever caught one, we could beat-- I mean get information out of 'em.

Big Leo talks into a microphone. His voice is processed to sound like Jigsaw from the Saw movies.

BIG LEO (CONT'D)
(jigsaw voice)
Mr. Defalco, it's time to answer for your sins.

JESSIE
What? Where am I? Help! Help...

TERRY
Dad, you're crazy.

BIG LEO
Crazy about this country.

TERRY
He's not a terrorist! He's an IRS agent!

BIG LEO
Who wants to shut down the bowling alley. If that happens, we're all goners. Not just you and me. The entire planet is screwed.

TERRY

What the hell are you talking about?

BIG LEO

I'm sure you've noticed, but a lot has changed here since you've been gone.

TERRY

I noticed a lot of people like telling me that.

Big Leo takes a cigar out of his pocket and offers it to Terry.

BIG LEO

You may want to sit down for this.

TERRY

(impatiently)
Just talk already.

Leo shrugs and lights his cigar. The lights start to dim in the room.

BIG LEO

This town is the nexus for a supernatural event horizon that was supposed to bring about the end to all life on this planet in an unholy war between all manor of mythological beasts.

Terry swats Big Leo's hand from the dimmer switch and turns the lights back up.

TERRY

Uh huh. Sure.

BIG LEO

The day after you left, things got a little... strange. Every creature you ever read about or imagined just appeared. It was a real shit show for a while... till they discovered bowling. They're freaking nuts about it. I'm talking league play, custom balls, monogrammed shirts, the whole nine yards. It pretty much chilled them the hell out. So for the past six years, we've basically had our finger in the dam of planetary annihilation. As long as we're open for business, the rest of the world is too.

A long beat.

TERRY

When I heard you had died, I was so... sad. Sad that my very first emotion was relief. It was finally over. The lies, the manipulation, the grip that you had on me. I went half way across the world, and I still felt it. But most of all, I was relieved that Ned may finally have a chance at a life.

BIG LEO

Son--

TERRY

Here's what's gonna happen. I'm going downstairs to talk to the deputy. You're going to untie that poor man and escort him to us. Hopefully we can all laugh about this, or at the very least have you arrested. Everybody wins.

Big Leo takes a deep, ponderous drag of his cigar. Terry grabs the microphone.

TERRY (CONT'D)

(jigsaw voice)

Don't worry sir, this will all be over soon.

The IRS guy starts screaming in fear.

BIG LEO

That voice changer makes everything you say sound scary.

TERRY

(jigsaw voice)

You won't be here much longer, I promise.

(off microphone)

That didn't sound good either, did it?

BIG LEO

Nope.

As Leo's cigar smoke fills the room, a beeping noise is heard coming from Jessie's briefcase on the desk.

BIG LEO (CONT'D)
It's a bomb! See? I knew he was a
terrorist!

Big Leo hits the floor. Terry opens the briefcase.

TERRY
Congratulations dad, you kidnapped
a smoke alarm salesman.

ANGLE ON a SMOKE ALARM beeping in the briefcase.

INT. BOWLING ALLEY

Ned and the Deputy chat as they make their way towards the
bar.

NED
So what does this killer have
against cereal?

DEPUTY
I believe you've stumbled upon a
homonym, Ned. No, the kind of
serial killer I'm talking about is
a person, usually Caucasian, who
ritualistically murders three or
more people, typically in service
of abnormal psychological and
sexual gratification. The killer
typically only kills one person a
month, with cooling off periods
between each act of violence.

NED
Huh. Not so scary when you put it
that way.

They reach the bar. At the end of the bar, the Sweaty Guy
shifts uneasily in his bar stool as Suzy adjusts her cleavage.

DEPUTY
He was supposedly seen in this
area, Ned, so keep your eyes peeled
for any suspicious persons.

Sweaty Guy panics and shoves a gun in Suzy's back.

SUZY
Whoa tiger, is that a gun in your
pocket or are you just happy...

Suzy glances down and sees the gun.

SUZY (CONT'D)
 ...and its a gun. Great.

SWEATY GUY
 (whispering to Suzy)
 Act natural and don't get cute.

SUZY
 (sotto)
 Cute-er!

The Deputy notices Suzy.

DEPUTY
 Howdy Suzy! How's your Friday
 treating ya?

Sweaty Guy pokes her with his gun.

SUZY
 Just talking with a new customer I
 just met, and I'm standing really,
 really close to him, because it's
 chilly in here tonight.

Suzy is motioning toward the Sweaty Guy with her eyes. She is trying to tell Ned and Agent Freeman about the gun. She looks crazy.

NED
 I never noticed that nervous tick
 before. It's really unattractive.

DEPUTY
 Well, it looks like you two are
 hitting it off, so I'll leave you be.

SUZY
 Yes, but I really should get back to
 my waitressing. You know sometimes
 people think I'm a hostess because
 of my age. I have a real host-age if
 you will. Host-age...

DEPUTY
 Ned's right, you really should get
 that eye looked at, Suzy.

Terry approaches the deputy. Muffin Mcstuffin is behind the bar juggling beer bottles as a group of kids cheer.

TERRY
 (yelling at the puppet)
 Slider cut it out!
 (MORE)

TERRY (CONT'D)
 (addressing the deputy)
 Excuse me, Deputy. I, uh, need to
 report someone, someone very close
 to me...

DEPUTY
 Well, I *am* off duty, but--

A GUNSHOT rings out. The deputy falls dead at Terry's feet.
 The Sweaty Guy grabs Suzy and holds his gun to her head.

SWEATY GUY
 Nobody move or I'll paint the bar
 with this street-walker's insides!

SUZY
 Stop trying to sweet talk me, the
 gun is sort of a deal breaker.

TERRY
 (freaking out)
 Oh my God, I think he's dead!

NED
 Oh he is, but don't worry, he won't
 stain the carpet.

Suddenly, Deputy Kopiera's body vanishes, turning to vapor.

TERRY
 What the f--

DEPUTY (O.S.)
 FREEZE!

ANGLE ON - Deputy Kopiera, holding his revolver to the back
 of Sweaty Guy's head.

DEPUTY (CONT'D)
 Drop the gun and let the lady go.

He drops the gun. Suzy runs into Terry's arms, but Terry
 looks like he's the one that needs holding.

TERRY
 Wait... Is that... He just--

As the Sweaty Guy is getting cuffed, he starts SHAKING
 violently. Suddenly, he CHANGES FORM into a weird looking
 smooth skinned humanoid creature.

TERRY (CONT'D)
 Aghhh! What the hell was that?!

NED

Shape shifter. They get all sweaty when they hold a form too long. You really gotta have strong Kegel muscles for that.

SUZY

Why do all the guys in my life keep using me as a human shield? It's like a vicious cycle.

TERRY

What about the deputy? I saw him--

SLIDER

Get killed, turn to vapor, then come back to life? It's not as cool after like 5 times.

The Female Bowler walks up.

FEMALE BOWLER

Hank?! What the hell are you doing here?!

DEPUTY

You know this man?

FEMALE BOWLER

Unfortunately. I have a restraining order against him. He's not supposed to come within three dimensions of me.

SWEATY GUY

But I love you.

FEMALE BOWLER

We went on one date! Get over it!

DEPUTY

Dang it, I thought I just caught myself the Smoke Alarm Assassin.

TERRY

Wait... What did you say?

DEPUTY

That's what they're calling him. He's a serial killer-arsonist that poses as a smoke alarm salesman. Once he sells you a smoke alarm, he ties you up and sets your place on fire.

NED

That's a terrible nickname, I'd call him Smoke-Alarm-ondo.

DEPUTY

Ooh, I gotta write that down Ned.

TERRY

Deputy... or whatever you are-- I think we found your killer.

INT. OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Terry flips on the monitor. It reveals Big Leo tied to the chair. The serial killer is gone.

TERRY

What the hell!

INT. PANIC ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Everyone runs into the panic room, Terry takes the gag out of Big Leo's mouth.

BIG LEO

I went to untie him, just like you told me to. Then he smacked me over the head with something and the next thing I knew I was tied up.

The serial killer steps into the doorway and holds a gun on everyone inside the panic room.

JESSIE

I usually only kill one victim a month--

DEPUTY

(to Ned)

See?

JESSIE

But I guess I'll have to make an exception in this case.

NED

You'll never get away with this Smoke-Alarm-ondo!

JESSIE

I'm going to lock you idiots in
this room, set this place on fire
and get the hell out of this freak
show town.

Jessie lights a match, tosses it in a box of league t-shirts,
and shuts the door, locking it from the outside. The flames
rise quickly.

Big Leo turns to Terry.

BIG LEO

Well son, this may be the last
chance I have to say this to you...
TOLDJASO!

INT. BOWLING ALLEY - MOMENTS LATER

A ZOMBIE plays the demonically possessed game, Rainbow Hug
Patrol. After losing, we hear the familiar end game phrase.

RAINBOW HUG PATROL

Game over. You lose... Your SOUL!

The DEMON HAND tries to grab his soul but the un-dead zombie
doesn't have one. After a beat, the Zombie shrugs his bony
shoulders and staggers off.

Just then, Jessie sneaks by on his way to the exit. The DEMON
HAND reaches out and pulls him into the game, screaming.

INT. PANIC ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Smoke begins to fill the room.

DEPUTY

Okay guys, I got a plan. Listen up.

Everyone huddles.

DEPUTY (CONT'D)

After we burn up and die, I'll
regenerate and catch that SOB. I
know what he looks like now!

Everyone's faces drop, except Ned.

NED

That's not a good plan! That's a
GREAT PLAN!

TERRY

Wait! Shhh. Do you hear that?

The sound of a fire extinguisher is heard on the other side of the door.

EVERYONE

Help! Get us out of here! Let us out!

Banging can be heard on the other side. After one last bang, the door slowly opens. Muffin McStuffin pokes his head around the door frame.

MCSTUFFIN

Everyone okay?

TERRY

Slider!

MCSTUFFIN

(pissed)

That's it! I've had it with you! All black guys look alike, is that it?

Slider walks in, both hands visible.

SLIDER

(disappointed)

Thanks for inviting me to the panic room party ya jerks.

McStuffin then slithers into the room, revealing it's full form. It's some weird snake like yarn creature.

MCSTUFFIN

Slider, I appreciate the job as bar back, but I can't work around such racist negativity. I quit.

SLIDER

Damn it, that was the best bar back I've ever had, his body literally soaked up everything I spilled.

McStuffin puts on a hat and slithers away in a huff.

TERRY

I need a very stiff drink.

INT. BAR - LATER

There are policemen taking statements from people.

The Sweaty guy is walked out in handcuffs. Suzy calls out to him.

SUZY

Listen, I feel like we really had something back there, like in the movie Speed. I'll write you erotic e-mails in prison.

SWEATY GUY

Get me away from her.

INT. FRONT COUNTER - CONTINUOUS

Big Leo's head wound is being attended to by a couple EMTs. Terry sits next to him, taking in the Alley and its clientele in a whole different light.

TERRY

This sure beats the world's largest ball of twine.

BIG LEO

Listen son, I know I may not be the best dad on the planet, and I know you feel like I don't appreciate you, but I could really use you back. Ned literally almost kills himself everyday. It's exhausting.

TERRY

I'm glad I left Dad, because it helped me realize just how much my family means to me. I also learned how easy it is to leave, so sticking around isn't as scary to me anymore.

A horrific shrieking banshee floats by in front of Big Leo and Terry.

TERRY (CONT'D)

Now that, that is scary to me.

BIG LEO

Who, Linda? Nah, she's a sweetheart.

Suzy walks up in a very low cut shirt.

SUZY

Does this shirt cover up my chest to much?

(MORE)

SUZY (CONT'D)

I need a meaningless fling to get over that sweaty guy, or thing, or whatever he was.

TERRY

So you don't remember me at all Suzy?

SUZY

Have we met?

TERRY

Your shirt looks very slutty Suzy.

SUZY

Sweet talker, I could learn to love this guy. Whoever he is. Now if you'll excuse me, there's a bachelor party in our event space. I want to see how many tips I can get from them before they realize I'm not the stripper they ordered.

Suzy saunters off. As she walks away we see her look at a heart locket she is wearing around her neck. She opens it up to reveal two pictures of Terry. She closes it and smiles.

BIG LEO

I know this place, this town, is way different than when you left Terry. It takes a bit to get used to but you eventually do. I'll give you as much space as you need.

Terry opens the letter from the IRS and reads it.

TERRY

Dad, the IRS doesn't want to audit us, they owe us like 5 grand.

The Deputy walks up writing in a ticket book.

DEPUTY

Five thousand dollars, that's great. That should just about cover the fine for having underage patrons at your bar.

The deputy writes a ticket and hands it to Terry.

BIG LEO

Dammit!

Ned runs up in a huff.

NED

Another worm hole opened up on lane 27.

Slider runs up in a huff.

SLIDER

The sink in the bar stopped pouring water and now nothing but blood is coming out.

BIG LEO

(looking down the alley)
Looks like the teen vamps are starting shit with the teen wolves again.

Terry takes a breath and takes control.

TERRY

Ned, close the lane and put up a wet floor sign.

NED

On it.

TERRY

Slider, call a plumber and an exorcist, or possibly someone that does both...

SLIDER

Barry.

TERRY

Yes, of course... Barry. Dad, go offer the teens a couple free games and see if they can bowl out their monster teen hormonal angst.

BIG LEO

Will do.

Terry looks around, and takes a deep breath.

TERRY

Like I said, this place never changes.

THE END