

Wexler and V enter a diner.

WEXLER

See her?

V.

Think so. Blonde over by the plate glass window. Looks like she's lived five lifetimes before twenty-five. What are you thinking?

WEXLER

I've got a Glibgab spell tatted inside my lower lip if we need it. Shouldn't be too hard some useful info out of her. Looks like she's covering that whole area. Let's go grab a seat.

Emily Randall APPROACHES.

EMILY

Welcome to Small Rock and Roll. My name is Emily and I'll be your roadie today.

WEXLER

Roadie?

EMILY

It's what we call serving staff.

V.

That's not vaguely demeaning at all.

EMILY

We all gotta put food on the table somehow.

(beat)

Would y'all like some appetizers to get you started? We got Tina Turner taters. A lot of bang for your buck. If you're not in the mood for appetizers, we got a special on Ballroom Blitz burrito.

WEXLER

Coffee's fine.

V.

Steak, bloody as it comes.

WEXLER

She'll do a coffee too. We don't plan on being here for too long.

Emily LEAVES.

V.

Dick move, Wexler. Real dick move.

WEXLER

Can't have you turning into a canine on me.

V.

That's not how lycanthropy works. You know that.

WEXLER

I'm teasing. I'm teasing. You got your nullifiers?

V.

I'm not a child, Wexler. You think I want to be stuck as an oversized drooling dog?

Emily RETURNS

EMILY

Here's your coffee. Feels like we don't see many business people around these parts. What's in the briefcase? Important papers and stuff?

V FIDGETS with the latches.

V.

Magical concoctions that prevent me from turning into a werewolf and ripping my partner's head off.

WEXLER

You're Emily Randall, yes?

EMILY

Uh, yes. I'm sorry, do I know you? Small Rock's a small town and I don't think we've met.

V.

We would like to ask you a few questions about some recent disappearances here in Small Rock.

EMILY

I'm sorry, I don't know what you're talking about. I have to get back to work.

WEXLER

The house on Ferret Drive. Know about it?

The magical tattoo CHARGES.

EMILY

Please, what's that sound?

WEXLER

Do you feel just how heavy all those secrets you've been carrying around with you are? Can't you practically hear the pattern telling you to unburden yourself?

EMILY

What's happening to me?

WEXLER

If you've got a break, take it. If not, say you're sick. Else you'll be spilling your guts about everything from your bed wetting days to the deepest shames you felt in high school.

(beat)

We'll be on the alley.

0102 EXT. ALLEY - DAY

0102

V.

Hear that?

A cat MEWOS.

WEXLER

(chuckling)

Just a cat.

(beat)

Sometimes I wonder if I'm going to hell.

Wexler LIGHTS UP.

V.

Because of the spell? It's the lesser evil.

WEXLER

A lesser evil is still evil, no?

V.

Wexler, my mother was evil. Deeply, truly evil. Which she did...

WEXLER

I was there. Sometimes I just wish there was another way. A cleaner way. Michael would skin me alive to hear me talk like this.

V.

This is the cleaner way. The Magi think they use the Gloom, but I swear the Gloom is using them. Imagomancy is the only magic in the world that remains uncorrupted. You should consider yourself lucky you can use it. I'd give anything to...

WEXLER

Christ, I thought I sounded like Michael's parrot. Still, you're not wrong. I'm just rambling, I guess. Speaking of Michael, did you catch any info about the sort of investigation he went on?

V.

No, you know nobody talks to me. I didn't hear shit.

WEXLER

Strange.

V.

Most things involving the Gloom are.

WEXLER

Still, I wonder.

Emily APPROACHES, ranting.

WEXLER (cont'd)

Hell, here comes our girl. Howdy.

EMILY

The first time I had sex was with Hugh Gunderson in the back of his cramped two-door Ford.

(MORE)

EMILY (cont'd)

There was a wrestling magazine with macho man Randy Savage on the floorboard that I could not stop staring at and thinking, my God, that is a sweaty man. In the 10th grade, I cheated off of Alice Griswold's history test, and when the teacher asked us about having the exact same score, I claimed she'd stolen my answers. Michaela Vanderburg gave me my first joint at summer camp near Lake Travis, and I ended up that I knocked the lamp over and burnt down half the cabin.

WEXLER

Mild as far as most sins go.

V.

Start talking about the house on Ferret Drive.

EMILY

It's a drug house. We got a bad painkiller problem out here, which means we got a bad heroin problem, too. I used to go there. Why can't I stop talking? It's like the words are sliding off my tongue, and I can't keep them in. I told one of the patrons he reeked of cheese whiz and middle-aged despair.

She EATS a page of paper.

WEXLER

Slipping your mouth full of paper isn't going to help. It'll be easier if you just let it all out. I know this isn't fair, what we're doing to you, but we aren't exactly in the business of fair.

She SPITS.

EMILY

I used, but I've been clean for a year. Got into Narcotics Anonymous, you know? Got a job. Miss Bostwick, she runs Small Rock and Roll. She took a chance, and I'm clean, and I got a job now. Most people don't pay attention to the house.

(MORE)

EMILY (cont'd)

Don't pay attention to it or outright ignore it. I spent so much time there, high off my ass. After I got clean, I went back occasionally. My sponsor hated me for that, said I'd backslide. I didn't. I went back because my girlfriend Celeste was still hooked on the horse. I'd bring her stuff.

V.

Stuff being?

EMILY

Nothing like that. Just leftovers from the kitchen. We throw out a lot of food. Most restaurants do, and you'll get fired if you take any. Miss Bostwick, though? God bless her. She lets me take some home.

V.

So one night, you took Celeste some leftovers. Let me guess, something happened to her?

EMILY

That's right. How'd you know?

V.

I've read a detective novel or two. Big Raymond Chandler fan.

EMILY

It was worse than that. I pulled into the vacant lot two blocks down. He didn't want to risk my sponsor seeing me in the vicinity, you know? So I'm taking the leftovers and trying to hustle so they don't get cold. About a block away, I see a truck. I don't recognize parked in the driveway. Fucking nobody parks in that driveway, right? Help people believe the house is empty, even if people don't really believe it. I heard some noises from the inside, so I crept until I could get a good look through the kitchen window. On the way, I heard a loud thump, and by the time I could look in, I saw a guy dragging Celeste out the back door.

WEXLER

You get a good look at the guy? Or the truck?

EMILY

Fuck no. It was pitch black, and the only light was from the dude's flashlight. I know who it was, though. He was talking, telling her to shut the fuck up. I recognized the voice.

WEXLER

And?

EMILY

And it's that troglodyte Llewellyn Gunderson. I swear to God it is. I'd know his voice anywhere. Like I said, I had relations with his brother back in high school. Look, y'all, I really don't want to talk about this.

V.

We could leave and you could go back to blathering your sexcapades to your clientele.

EMILY

No!

V.

Didn't think so. If it was so dark, how'd you know it was Celeste you took?

EMILY

Cause me and Celeste always joked about being clockwork crackheads. The joke didn't quite work because we were into downers, but I knew her schedule. Plus, I went back a few times and she ain't never showed again. I'm no detective, but I passed first grade math and I know how to add one and one.

WEXLER

Clearly you didn't go to the police.

EMILY

Clearly you ain't from around here because I did, and the police didn't give two flying fucks.

(MORE)

EMILY (cont'd)

More interested in writng speeding tickets for revenue than they are about, and I quote, some junkie whores. She wasn't a junkie whore, you know? She was my friend.

WEXLER

What did you do after the cops turned you away?

EMILY

Prayed. No shit. I put my hands together and prayed with tears in my eyes that Celeste would be okay. I don't believe in God, so it sounds pretty fucking stupid, but it put a small part of me at ease. I take what I can get nowadays. That was about a month ago. I went back. Sometimes saw the truck out there, sometimes not. There ain't as many folks in that house now, though. That's for sure. Llewellyn's snatching up Small Rock's addicts, and I can't help but think I'd be gone too.

V.

What do you think, Wexler? Head out to the house on Ferret Drive? See if there's anything that can point us to this guy?

EMILY

I know where he lives.

WEXLER

Because of your boyfriend, Hugh, with the Randy Savage magazine?

EMILY

Yeah. Their daddy had built a big-ass barn in the clearing behind their trailer. Nicer than the trailer, honestly. Used to keep a few horses in there, but I think they couldn't afford them after a while and had to sell them off along with the neighboring pasture. All they have now is the sticks.

V.

Bet those ponies made them popular with all the girls.

EMILY

A real pussy magnet. I'll write down the directions for you if you want to go talk to him. The cops don't give a shit, but there's clearly something real strange about you two. Maybe you can make some headway in finding her.

(beat)

I did go out there once to confront him. Heard some noises when I pulled up to his trailer. Weren't loud, but I pulled a fucking U in left. I know they were coming from that barn. I beg Celeste's forgiveness every night, but there's something not right.

Wexler's magic SHIMMERS as he dispells the Glibglab.

WEXLER

Thank you, Miss Randall. My turn to repay the favor. Sorry for the inconvenience.

EMILY

What happened to me?

V.

What do you mean, what happened to you? We had some questions. You decided to be quite forthcoming with your personal life.

EMILY

No, no. You did something to me. Some kind of... I don't know what. I'll tell.

V.

Tell who? Far as most people are concerned, we don't exist.

WEXLER

And anyone who believes we exist quite often wishes that we didn't.

EMILY

Who are you two?

WEXLER

Ma'am, you wouldn't believe us if we told you.

0103 INT. CAR - DUSK

0103

Driving on a rough road. Wexler hits a pothole.

V.

Pay the fuck attention.

WEXLER

What do you want me to do? Mario Kart power slider on the potholes? Your, uh, your stuff okay?

V.

The juice is fine. The fuck did you learn to drive? Missus' Peregrine's Hhome for Wall-eyed children?

WEXLER

You can't do that.

V.

Do what?

WEXLER

Mock wall-eyed children.

V.

I'm not mocking wall-eyed children. I'm mocking the fact you drive like a sloth is slow dicking you in the eyes.

The vehicle STOPS.

WEXLER

Thank you for that striking image. That it?

V.

You see any other meth-chic trailers around here?

WEXLER

When we get back to the Madhouse, remind me to ask Solomon for a Tongue-Crimp tat.

V.

You'd grow bored without my razor wit.

WEXLER

(MORE)

WEXLER (cont'd)

Your wit couldn't cut boiled butter.
What I'd really grow is some goddamn
sense and get out of this game
altogether.

V.

You wouldn't, would you?

They get OUT.

WEXLER

No, I wouldn't. Hard to step back
into the light once your eyes have
adjusted to the dark. You ready?

V.

This one should do the trick if he
bolts. What about you?

WEXLER

Limb lock on the left arm if he makes
any quick moves. Emily's will offered
more resistance than I anticipated,
so the Glibgab is exhausted. Don't
expect any easy answers out of him.

V.

Limb lock? I'm still not totally
familiar with the different
Imagomancy spells.

WEXLER

Straightens the bones out. You can
push the spell to break the limb if
you need to, but that isn't playing
nice.

V.

How did it feel getting inked on?

WEXLER

Like Solomon was pulling every muscle
fiber in my arm, tight as a piano
string. I never get used to it. I
swear to God, I thought my arm was
gonna snap apart. Glib gab wasn't
much better.

V.

They make the ink with Creep parts?

WEXLER

Mostly. I don't know all the details.

(MORE)

WEXLER (cont'd)

Part of me doesn't want to. But don't worry, V. You're our special little exception to the rule.

V.

How comforting.

They WALK UP to the trailer.

V. (cont'd)

I don't like the smell of this place. There's definitely Gloom at work here. It smells like blood. Blood and... another kind of blood. Like if blood was milk and could go bad. Smells... chunky.

WEXLER

Thank you for yet another vivid image. I don't know if I've ever used the word chunky to describe a smell before.

V.

Thank my mother. She's the one who saw fit to 'enhance' me. Think this guy's a threat?

WEXLER

He's been snatching up people doped out of their minds in the middle of the night. He's an opportunist, not a hunter. And if he was a Magi, he'd be way fucking smarter than operating like this. If this asshole turns out to be a real threat, I'll eat a handful of worms.

V.

He turns out to be a real threat, and those worms will be eating both of us.

WEXLER

Ain't gonna happen, V. Ain't gonna happen.

The screen door FLIES open.

LEWELLYN

The fuck are you doing on my property?

WEXLER

Evening, sir. You Llewellyn Gunderson?

LEWELLYN

Well, considering you just come rolling up on me in the middle of the fucking night, why don't you do the honors first?

WEXLER

I'm Evan Wexler. This is my partner, Veronica Gage.

LEWELLYN

Wexler and Gage. What kind of dumbass names are those? You got Mulder and fucking Scully hanging out in the back of that hoopty there?

V.

Good to see you at least have network television all the way out here to balance out all the crystal meth and cousin-fucking.

WEXLER

Gage--

LEWELLYN

Who are you calling a cousin-fucker?

WEXLER

I think we got off on the wrong foot. Why don't we try again?

LEWELLYN

Well, why don't you tell me what you want before I go get my pistol and start exercising my Second Amendment rights?

WEXLER

We were just wondering if you've been in Small Rock recently.

V.

You might have heard of it.

LEWELLYN

Yeah, of course I heard of it. I work most days at a machine shop off of 1st and Pyle.

WEXLER

That happened to your left hand there? Looks like a nasty injury.

LEWELLYN

That's mighty white of you to come out all this way to check on my health. I'm afraid I don't know you.
(suspicious)
You two police?

WEXLER

Concerned citizens. What are you doing up this late at night?

LEWELLYN

Getting harassed by assholes showing up at my doorstep, apparently.

V.

This is pointless. Llewellyn, you been out to Ferret Drive recently?

LEWELLYN

I don't have any reason to go to that junky hive.

WEXLER

Couldn't say anything about a drug house.

LEWELLYN

Oh, you think you're slick. Everybody knows the house on Ferret Drive. And everybody knows to stay the fuck away.

WEXLER

That's the thing. People have been staying away, including several long-term occupants. Any idea why?

LEWELLYN

Small Rocks, wayward souls are getting clean. Motherfucking miracle, isn't it?

V.

I believe in a lot of strange things. Miracles aren't one of them.

WEXLER

I have to agree with my partner here.
I find it awfully strange that
Celeste Davis, along with a few
others, have completely vanished.
Poof, just like magic.

(beat)

You believe in magic, Llewellyn?

LEWELLYN

If you two makin' my free time vanish
into thin air counts, then yeah, I
do.

V.

Let's cut the bullshit. Someone knows
you've been snatching up people that
nobody would miss. Except someone did
miss Celes.

LEWELLYN

I'm gonna call the police.

WEXLER

What were you doing out there,
Llewellyn? Collecting fresh bodies
for a Corpsecaller? Peeling muscles
for Fleshcarvers? Stealing blood for
Hemomancy?

LEWELLYN

You calling me a homo?

V.

Hemo, Jethro. Blood magic. I can
smell the blood in the air, like
pennies in a furnace.

WEXLER

We know the Gloom is present here.

V.

My partner is being too diplomatic,
so I'll put it like this: listen, you
dumb bastard. Whatever you're
dabbling in, you're well past the
point of badges and Miranda rights.
If you think we give a shit about the
police, then you really have no idea
who you're dealing with.

WEXLER

You don't fit the profile for a Magi.
You stumble across something strange?

(MORE)

WEXLER (cont'd)
Some kind of device, or tool, or
book? Seems a bit too out of the
ordinary.

LEWELLYN
I don't have nothing to say.

V.
Keep playing dumb, and I'm going to
hit you in the head until you no
longer have to pretend to be an
idiot.

LEWELLYN
Just leave us alone.

WEXLER
Us? Where's your brother, Llewellyn?

LEWELLYN
You'll hurt him.

WEXLER
Llewellyn? Let's see your brother.

LEWELLYN
I want you to promise you won't hurt
him. It's not his fault what happened
to him. Yeah, you know what? I'll
show you. One second. Let me go get
my boots on.

Llewellyn GOES INSIDE.

V.
Like hell he is. We should go snatch
him.

WEXLER
Think he'll run?

V.
If he does, I'll just get planet
Earth on his ass. And here we have a
white trash male hiding among his
natural habitat of empty Miller High
Life bottles, running from one very
pissed off werewolf. Sheesh. I'll
stick to leg breaking, I guess.

WEXLER
It'd be less painful for all
involved.

V.

So just what is the Gloom Watcher?

WEXLER

Nobody knows.

V.

You aren't curious?

WEXLER

My curiosity does not weigh my sense of duty. If the nature of the Gloom Watcher becomes essential to containing the Gloom, I'll worry about it then. For now, I'll stick to the Tasks at hand. Why are you so interested in the Gloom Watcher all of a sudden?

V.

I'm not. Just killing time. Speaking of time, it's been a little bit since we heard from our friend. A bit quiet in there, you think?

WEXLER

Uh-huh. Time to roll up the sleeves.

Wexler WALKS UP.

WEXLER (cont'd)

Lewellyn? You in there?

V.

Down!

Three SHOTS tear through the door. Lewellyn BARGES out.

LEWELLYN

Get the fuck back! Hands up! Hands up! Wait, what in the hell is that moving on your arm?

Wexler CHANNELS the Limblock.

WEXLER

A trick I keep up my sleeve.

It FIRES, breaking Lewellyn's arm.

LEWELLYN

Ah, God, my hand! Fuck! God damn it!

He RUNS off.

WEXLER

He's getting away.

V SIFTS through her briefcase.

V.

Shit, some of the vials are broken.
Where are you? Where are you?

WEXLER

I'm never gonna get tired of seeing a
werewolf in yoga pants.

V.

I like Lycra. It's got some real
stretch. You can tell the guy who
wrote The Hulk never had to deal with
the fallout of your legs ripping
through your pants. Bottoms up.

She CHUGS one of her potions, MORPHING into her wolf form.

WEXLER

Well, go fetch.

(V.O.)

And off she went, tearing through the
night. I followed shortly thereafter,
making sure to collect Ellen's
revolver and her briefcase. After a
little trek down the dirt road, I
came across the wolfish form of V.
Her massive jaws clenched around
Lewellyn's pantleg, shaking it. Just
beyond them, a large barn stood,
looking as if it had been years since
I'd ever seen it in any TLC.

LEWELLYN

Holy shit, get it off of me!

WEXLER

Oh, that smell.

(beat)

V, barn's closed up. I don't have a
lockpick.

V SNARLS.

WEXLER (cont'd)

All right, the Nullifier.

He OPENS the briefcase, POURS the Nullifier into her mouth.

(MORE)

WEXLER (cont'd)

Stop barking at me. There you go.
Open wide.

V TRANSFORMS back.

V.

Ugh, here we go again. Wexler, you
check it out. And I think I'm gonna
lose my lunch.

WEXLER

You only had coffee.

V.

Well, it's about to come back out,
decaf. If you don't mind, my change
of clothes, please. And no looking.

WEXLER

I'm not looking.

LEWELLYN

You two are insane. Absolutely
insane.

WEXLER

Nice pistol, Lewellyn. Trusty a five-
shooter. Don't see many of them
anymore. Still has two bullets in it.
Why don't you lend us a hand and open
this here lock?

LEWELLYN

You won't shoot me.

WEXLER

Open the door.

LEWELLYN

No. I know you didn't have the--

Wexler PISTOL WHIPS Lewellyn

WEXLER

I'm not fucking around, Llewellyn.
Open the lock or I'm gonna slam your
face into it into one of them breaks.

LEWELLYN

Goddamn.
(beat)
Goddamn.

Lewellyn OPENS the door.

WEXLER

You don't seem too bothered by this.

LEWELLYN

You get used to the smell after a while.

WEXLER

Hit the lights.

WEXLER (V.O.)

I've seen some fucked up scenes in my day. But it never gets any easier. Bones with little scraps of flesh still clinging to them littered the barn floor. The buzz of flies sounded like a runaway buzzsaw. The stench so pungent I could taste it on the back of my taste buds. At the far end of the barn, one of the lights was flickering. In the strobe, I could make out a mangled corpse. No doubt one of Llewellyn's latest kidnappings. Beyond that, there was something chained up. Two Milwaukee electric chain hoists on either side kept the massive creature's arms pulled taut in a mad parody of crucifixion. It noticed us. One eye was the size of a tea saucer, shot through with streaks of watery red and septic brown. Bits of bone protruded through the creature's flesh like rocks jutting out of an ocean. The electric hoist groaned. Held. He looked at me and gave me a bear-trapped smile full of jagged brown teeth. Views from his gums running down his chin.

HUGH

Lewellyn?

WEXLER

Jesus fucking Christ. You've been keeping an A-bomb for a goddamn house pet. You poor bastard.

HUGH

More food?

WEXLER

Not this time, buddy.

(MORE)

WEXLER (cont'd)
Hey, Gage! We've got an Abom.

V is SICK.

V.
(nauseous)
I'll be right--.

WEXLER
Well, she's not going to be much
help.

LEWELLYN
You can't hurt him!

WEXLER
What happened?

V.
Hang on. I'm here. I'm here. Just had
to lighten the... Whoa. What the
fuck?

WEXLER
Easy, Gage. Don't get too close.

V.
He's wrapped tight. It takes sudden
force to break out and he's got no
leverage. Llewellyn, what happened
here?

LEWELLYN
I... I don't know. We were riding in
the truck one day when Hugh rear-
ended some out-of-towner. Hugh
exchanged info with the lady. I swear
nothing stood out about her other
than the fact she looked old as shit.

WEXLER
You probably just didn't know what to
look for. Most of the Magi know how
to conceal the damage the Gloom does
to them.

LEWELLYN
Well, afterwards, they shook hands
and I saw you and went. The lady gave
me a wink. I didn't understand. I
just thought she was trying to be
quirky.

(MORE)

LEWELLYN (cont'd)

Hugh got back in the car and I saw she cut him a little with her nails. In the days after that, Hugh started changing.

HUGH

So hungry.

LEWELLYN

His limbs got all long and muscular. His jaws started protruding and he drooled a lot more. One day, he snapped. Chewed off two of my fingers. I got the gun. There was still just enough of him left in there to understand what a gun is. He stared dead at me with that big eye. His mouth just chewing on my fingers like baby carrots. That dime-sized pupil was just drilling a hole into me. I could see hunger in his eyes. He wanted to eat me whole. But Hugh were still in there too. I took him here and I secured it. I swear to God. He let me do it because he knew he would hurt me if he didn't go along with it. Days went by. He wouldn't eat anything I brought him. It didn't take long to figure out what he wanted.

WEXLER

So you kidnapped Celeste.

LEWELLYN

The fuck was I supposed to do? Let my brother starve? You know what we've been through together? What our father did to us? Yeah, I kept my baby brother fed. Fed him just like our folks when he was real young.

HUGH

Choo Choo!

LEWELLYN

That's right, Huey. Here comes the aeroplane.

HUGH

Wee!

V.

This is sick.

WEXLER

Llewellyn, we have to take measures.
I'm calling back to Madhouse. They'll
send a crew out to contain this...
Your brother.

LEWELLYN

Will they fix him? I asked, will they
fix him? You. You're a monster. But
you look human. Can't you put it back
together the right way?

V.

I'm one of the lucky ones. Possibly
the only lucky one. This? I'm sorry,
Llewellyn. It's too late.

LEWELLYN

That so?

Llewellyn goes for the gun.

WEXLER

Let go, dipshit. Someone's gonna get
shot.

LEWELLYN

Give me that fucking gun. Hughie, we
got a two-fer. You're gonna eat good
tonight.

HUGH

So good!

A gunshot. One of the chains SNAP.

WEXLER

Oh, fuck. One of the hoist chains
broke. Wexler, he's got a free arm.
It all happened in the blink of an
eye. The right chain broken, he
grabbed the other chain with his now
free hand. He tore the hoist from its
fastenings, turning it into a massive
flail. V hit Llewellyn in the ear
before pulling him off of me, just as
the metal body of the hoist came
hurtling at us. Llewellyn dazed and
off balance, staggered in the path of
the hoist. Llewellyn collapsed, his
body twitching as if he just grabbed
a downed power line. Hugh howled in
frustration before yanking the chain
back, his gaze fixated on V.

(MORE)

WEXLER (cont'd)

As he wound up for the next throw, I could feel my heartbeat pulsing through my limbs, drumming in my ears. One shot left. I didn't have an Eagleeye tat to improve my aim or a Slugslog to buy me more time. All I had was years and years of Madhouse training from my mentor, Michael. I put a bead on Hugh, put my finger on the trigger, and put a bullet straight through his massive glistening eye.

V.

Shit, that was sloppy.

WEXLER

We handled it.

V.

We could have bit the big one.

WEXLER

We handled it. Well, same shit, different toilet. I'll call Vasquez. She'll get Joy and Hope to bring the Meat wagon and haul Hugh here back to the Madhouse and we'll meet them back there. One second.

Wexler CALLS Vasquez.

WEXLER (cont'd)

Vasquez, it's Wexler out at Small Rock. Everything's been sorted. Send cleanup before this Creep rots.

VASQUEZ

So it's dead?

WEXLER

Things got messy.

VASQUEZ

We aren't exactly the Ghostbusters rolling around in the Ecto-1.

VASQUEZ (cont'd)

Aren't you just a ray of sunshine?

WEXLER

Focused through a magnifying lens to set shit on fire.

V.

What was that?

WEXLER

Nothing. You still there, boss?

VASQUEZ

Wexler, there's no easy way of putting this.

WEXLER

What?

VASQUEZ

It's Michael. He didn't make it back from the last assignment.

WEXLER

Jesus, what happened?

VASQUEZ

We aren't quite sure yet. We recovered his partner.

WEXLER

Lily Thomas? Right, but something's wrong with her. We have her in one of the Baths, but every attempt to wake her has failed. It's pretty likely we won't have a clue until she stirs.

(beat)

Again, Wexler. Evan, I'm sorry. We'll see you back at the Madhouse.

HANG UP.

VASQUEZ

Evan, I'm-

WEXLER

Let's just go. Wait. What's that?

V.

Hmm. A wallet. Can't blame Llewellyn for not wanting to fish it out of Hugh's tattered pants. Let's see. A group photo. Crumpled. There's Hugh hugging Emily. At least, I think it's him. There's Llewellyn. And a girl I don't recognize.

WEXLER

Hmm. Let's get. There's one stop we should make first, though.

0104 INT. DINER - NIGHT

0104

Wexler and V enter.

EMILY

Dammit, I thought I locked the door.
We're closed. Oh.

WEXLER

We won't be long.

V.

Found this. Figured you might want
it.

EMILY

What? Where? No, I don't want to
know. Everything's so upside down.
Those days seem so far away now.
Like watching an old life vanish in
the rear view of a speeding car.

WEXLER

The girl in Llewellyn's arms. It's
Celes. Isn't it?

EMILY

Yeah.

V.

You could have mentioned that.

EMILY

What for? I told you where Llewellyn
lived. I didn't see any reason to
bring it up. Sometimes it just hurts
to think about a time when nothing
hurt you, you know?

V.

I wish I did.

EMILY

Please leave. I need to be alone, and
closing's the best time for that.

They start to go.

EMILY (cont'd)

Wait. I just want to say thank you.
If you're ever passing through Small
Rock in need of a hot cup of coffee,
you know where to come.

WEXLER

Might take you up on that someday.
Take care, Emily.

0105 INT. CAR - NIGHT

0105

V.

You thinking about Michael?

WEXLER

What else? Something's wrong, V.

V.

This is a dangerous line of work.

WEXLER

Michael was a dangerous man. I've seen that man walk away from some of the most dangerous Creeps with barely a scratch on him. Creeps that would have shredded a lesser Imagomancer to pieces. A Magi did it. I know it.

V.

Somebody wants a war with Madhouse. They'd have to be insane.

WEXLER

Your mother was a magi Fleshcarver. Was she anything but insane?

V.

Hm.

WEXLER

Thought so.

WEXLER (V.O.)

As we drove away, the ordeal with Hugh and Llewellyn was already fading fast from my mind. Michael had saved my life from the Creeps, given me the skills and the power to kill the very creatures that had slaughtered my family. A Magi was behind this. It had to be so. The Magi at fault was attempting to disrupt the fragile peace, formerly known as the Pact of Porcelain, that kept the Imagomancers, the Magi, and the Creeps in a state of moderate paranoia instead of full-blown magical warfare.

(MORE)

WEXLER (V.O.) (cont'd)

The Madhouse and its allies kept tabs on the Magi. The Magi kept their experiments and rituals to themselves. And everybody kept the Creep presence as in the shadows as possible. Until now. I swore I'd find his killer and bring them to justice. I thought it'd be straightforward. Just a line from A to B. From victim to killer. I couldn't have been more wrong.