

FADE IN:

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY

TIFF, a thin, goth chick in a black skirt and sneakers opens her locker. The locker is decorated in the typical edgy and ironic iconography of a 12-14 year-old girl.

Tiff builds a cumbersome stack of textbooks and shoulders her locker shut. A group of chatty girls in makeup stroll by and knock into Tiff hard enough that she drops her books.

Tiff raises an eyebrow, kneels down and gathers her things.

A slender foot brings down a fashionable sandal on a book after Tiff grabs it. Tiff glares up.

MOLLY, a popular, curvy piece of work sneers down at Tiff.

MOLLY

Oh, Tiffany! I'm so sorry! I didn't see you there!

TIFF

It's Tiff.

Tiff yanks her book out from under Molly's foot. Molly stumbles back. LEAH, one of Molly's groupies, gasps.

LEAH

Oooo, girl! Molly, you gonna stand for that?

Tiff looks over the text book. There's a footprint on the cover. Molly struts back up to Tiff and pokes her in the chest.

MOLLY

You think you can get away with that? I could've fell down and cracked open my head!

TIFF

That would be a tragedy.

Molly growls as she gets right in Tiff's face.

MOLLY

Alright, I've tried to be nice. I can be your friend, or I can be a bit-

Tiff slaps Molly across the face as hard as she can with the shoe-print side of her textbook. Molly flies screaming into the lockers.

Tiff looks over her textbook again. The shoeprint is mostly gone but now the cover is bent.

Tiff turns to see Molly wearing the face of a rabid animal. Molly screams as she tackles Tiff and yanks on her hair.

INT. PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - DAY

Tiff sits with one leg crossed over the other, her posture perfect and not a hair out of place. Molly sits a few feet to her right.

Molly has a blackeye, a fat lip, a tuft of hair missing, and her clothes are ripped. Molly wears the expression of someone that's stared into the abyss.

PRINCIPAL GOADE, a man in his forties with short hair and a mustache, flicks his glance back and forth between the two.

PRINCIPAL GOADE

This can't happen.

MOLLY

SHE'S A MONSTER!

PRINCIPAL GOADE

Tiffany, why did you attack Molly?

Tiff crosses her arms, raises an eyebrow and shakes her head.

A SECRETARY peeps her head in.

SECRETARY

Uh, sir? Tiffany's mother is here.

Tiff's MOM peaks in from behind the secretary. She's covered in strange feather and crystal jewelry. She wears a tie-dyed shirt and a matching headband.

TIFF'S MOM

Oh my goodness. I came as soon as I could. What happened?

Tiff's Mom looks to Tiff, to Molly, and back to Tiff.

TIFF'S MOM (CONT'D)

Oh, Tiffy-baby, way to harsh the mellow.

EXT. TIFF'S MOM'S HIPPIE VAN - DAY

Tiff's Mom drives as Tiff stares out the passenger window. The van has colorful curtains on the windows, tasseled seat cushions and a dream catcher swinging from the rearview window. Tiff's Mom taps on the steering wheel.

TIFF'S MOM

You know I love you.

Tiff remains quiet.

TIFF'S MOM (CONT'D)

I did my best to raise you with
peace and love.

Tiff's eyes narrow.

TIFF

We were supposed to make that turn.
Today is my piano lesson.

Tiff's Mom can't look her in the eye while she talks.

TIFF'S MOM

Your Principal and I don't think
violent little girls get to go to
piano practice.

Tiff Turns to her mother, enraged.

TIFF

No! You can't do this! That's like
the one thing in life that I
actually get out of bed for! What
does Principal Goade know, anyway?
I didn't even start that fight!

TIFF'S MOM

Well you sure finished it. You
know, there are other ways to
resolve issues like that. You're
such a sharp girl...

TIFF

Mom, where are we going?

TIFF'S MOM

You're going to spend some time
with Grandma Suzie.

Tiff's eyes get wide.

TIFF
Mom, no, please! Grandma is even
weirder than you are!

TIFF'S MOM
I'm sorry, hun.

EXT. GRANDMA'S FRONT LAWN - DAY

Tiff and her mom stand at the street before a building that bears a closer resemblance to a haunted cottage than to normal house.

A single dark cloud floats over to house, rumbling ferociously and casting the house in darkness. The sky everywhere else around the house is perfectly blue and sunny.

TIFF
I'm guessing this is the last time
you'll see me?

TIFF'S MOM
You think I won't come back to pick
you up?

TIFF
I think I won't survive long enough
to get picked up.

Lightning strikes a bent-up antennae on the roof and a dull yellow light glows from behind the thick, discolored windows.

TIFF (CONT'D)
(Turns to her mom)
You sure I can't just say I'm sorry
or something? Mom?

Tiff's mom has already darted back into her car and drives away.

TIFF (CONT'D)
Oh, come on!

The front door creaks open and the lights flicker. Tiff bites her bottom lip before squaring her shoulders and walking to the front door.

TIFF (CONT'D)
Granny Sue? You home?

GRANNY SUE (O.S.)
Aahhhhh Haaaa haha!

As GRANNY SUE cackles, light flashes from a room down the hall, revealing a tall, witchy shadow with erratic hair and a long nose.

TIFF

Granny?

Tiff peeks into the room and Granny Sue is revealed. Her long spindly shadow is a lie. She is so short, she'd barely come up to Tiff's waist. She stands on a stool trying to maneuver a mixer that's nearly as big as she is into a huge black cauldron.

She drops the mixer into the vat and falls in along with it. Tiff rushes in, worried.

TIFF (CONT'D)

Granny!

GRANNY SUE

WEEEEEEEEEEEE!!!!

Tiff gets splattered with whatever substance is in the cauldron as Granny Sue bursts up to the surface riding the mixer like a jet ski.

Tiff simmers with goth rage as she plucks Granny out of the cauldron with one hand. Granny Sue notices Tiff and speaks like nothing out of the ordinary is happening.

GRANNY SUE (CONT'D)

Oh, Tina, dear. I didn't hear you come in.

TIFF

It's Tiff, Grandma.

GRANNY SUE

I knew that. I'm making some of my famous gingerbread cookies!

TIFF

It's May!

GRANNY SUE

I don't know anyone named May! Are you saying you don't want the cookies, Tabitha?

TIFF

It's Tiff. And I'm a pre-teen! I don't need cookies.

Tiff looks down to her clothes. She's still covered in cookie batter.

TIFF (CONT'D)
If anything, I need to change.

GRANNY SUE
Well, we all get a little
disappointed in who we are
sometimes.

Tiff drops Granny Sue, who splats on the floor before bouncing back up to tend to the cauldron.

TIFF
Granny, where is your laundry room?

GRANNY SUE
Washer is in the basement, Matilda.

TIFF
Are you even trying?

GRANNY SUE
It has a "T" in it, right?

Tiff grumbles off to the hall. Granny Sue throws a big honking switch on the wall akin to an old Frankenstein movie and bolts of electricity arc to the cauldron.

Tiff finds a door in the hallway and swings it open, revealing creaky wooden stairs leading down into darkness.

TIFF
I'm gonna get eaten by rats.

Tiff pulls out her phone and uses it to light her way down into the basement. She makes it down to the floor when a one-eyed cat blasts his way out of nowhere and up the steps.

Tiff shrieks and tosses her phone. It lands behind the dryer.

TIFF (CONT'D)
Oh come on! Granny!

GRANNY SUE
(From right beside her)
What?

TIFF
AAAAhhhh! How long have you been
there?!

GRANNY SUE

Danielle, it is too dark down here!
Let me light a candle.

Granny Sue strikes a match and the flame leaps onto a huge, dusty gate decorated with demonic iconography. The gate lights up like a shrine. Holes that look like evil eyes light up the darkness. Within the portal, a film like that of a bubble wand flickers.

TIFF

What is that thing!?

GRANNY SUE

That's the washer and dryer,
they're a little old.

Tiff freezes for a moment as her brain churns. Sitting beside the giant flaming monument sits a beat-up washer and dryer. Tiff looks down at herself.

TIFF

No, not those, the big flaming
thing next to the washer and dryer.
Grandma, the cookie dough is baking
because the heat!

Granny Sue breaks a hunk of cookie off Tiff's skirt and starts munching.

GRANNY SUE

Hmm. Not bad, Phil.

TIFF

Phil?

GRANNY SUE

Oh, right, you're a girl.

Tiff shakes off the now cooked cookie like a dog.

TIFF

What is this thing?

GRANNY SUE

It's a doorway to the hot place
where bad people go.

TIFF

You made a portal to Hell?

Granny chucks a bar of soap straight into Tiff's mouth.

GRANNY SUE

We don't use that language here,
young lady.

Tiff spits out the bar of bubbling soap.

TIFF

Why do you have a portal to He-...
Heck?

GRANNY SUE

I had to do something with your
grandfather. He was such a pain in
my rump!

The portal crackles and glows. Wind rushes from the gate as a massive being with distorted limbs flies out. The creature is a demon by the name of FACADE. He stands between 20 and 25 feet tall. His chest, forearms and shoulders are inhumanely huge while his waist and legs are slender.



His tiny head sprouting from his hulking neck looks toward Tiff and Granny Sue. He has no eyes, but four insectoid appendages split off the sides of his face as he roars at them.

Tiff picks up Granny Sue by the head and runs for the stairs.

TIFF

Aaaaahhhh! Granny, what is that thing?

GRANNY SUE

Well, it sure ain't your Grandfather. My husband never had sexy muscles like that.

TIFF

Eww! What's wrong with you?

Tiff makes it up the stairs with Granny Sue under her arm. A ding rings from the kitchen.

GRANNY SUE

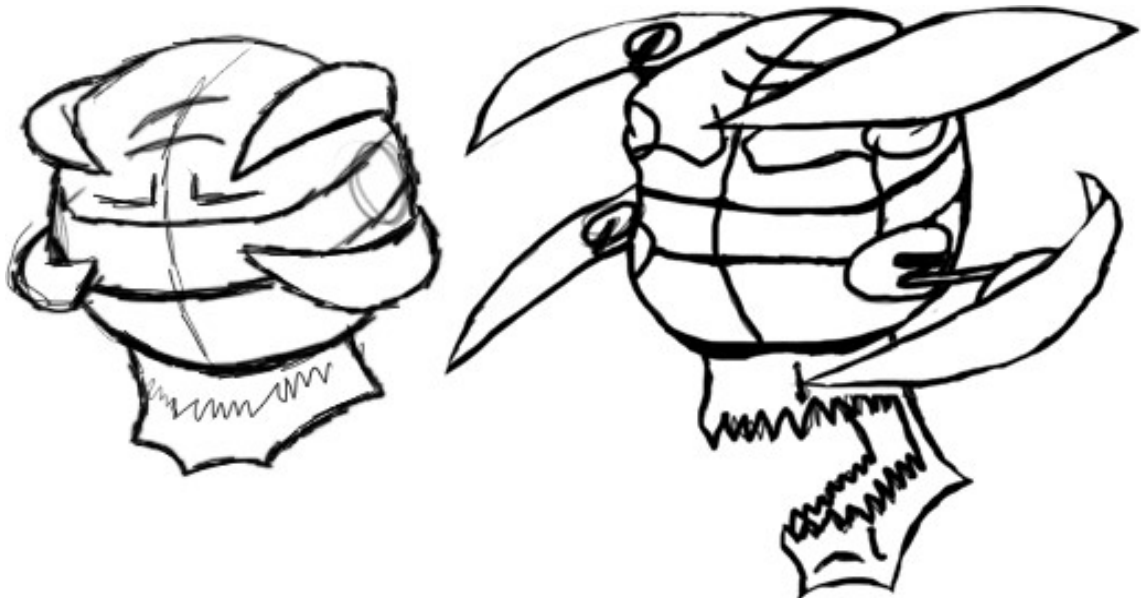
Ooooo! Cookies are done!

Granny Sue hops out of Tiff's grasp and waddles to the kitchen. Thud. A shadow falls over Tiff. She looks up. The massive Demon Facade looms over her.

TIFF

Oh, forget it!

Tiff Stomps on Facade's toe and then does a jumping kick in which she flips through the air. She nails Facade in the jaw and he crumples to the floor in a fetal position.



FACADE

OW! What was that for?

TIFF
 You can talk?

Tiff lunges at Facade and grabs him by the collar.

TIFF (CONT'D)
 What the Hell are you?

FACADE
 I'm sorry! My name is Facade!

TIFF
 Hell... You came from Hell! Are you
 a demon?

FACADE
 Yes, yes, now please don't beat me
 up!

GRANNY SUE (O.S.)
 You get back here!

An army of living Gingerbread men run screaming from the kitchen as Granny Sue comes running after them with a pair of tongs and a ceramic bowl.

GRANNY SUE (CONT'D)
 Oh, Tammy, you brought a friend!
 Let's get them some tea and
 cookies!

INT. GRANNY SUE'S LIVINGROOM - DAY

Facade sits crammed onto the couch. Tiff sits on a chair across from him glaring. Granny appears with a baking tray.

GRANNY SUE
 Oh, dears, sorry for the wait. I
 hope you like frosting!

The living gingerbread men struggle on the tray, held down by ropes, chains and other restraints made of frosting.

Facade lifts a cookie in his terrifying claws and looks at it closely, perplexed. He glances over to Tiff. Tiff's eyes burn threw him as she bites off the head of a crying gingerbread man.

Facade drops his cookie. Granny Sue presents him a tray with three tea cups sitting upon it.

FACADE
 Uhhmmm, thank you.

Pilot

Facade takes a tea cup and Granny Sue fills it.

TIFF

Oh, come on! Granny Sue, that thing
came from Hell!

A fresh bar of soap launches into her mouth. Tiff scowls.

GRANNY SUE

Language, dear!

TIFF

Grandma, it's like twenty feet tall
and has no eyes.

Tiff gets another bar of soap.

GRANNY SUE

That's racist!

Facade sips his tea.

FACADE

Could I get a splash of cream?

GRANNY SUE

Of course, dear.

Granny gives Facade some cream. Tiff burns red with
indignation.

FACADE

Thank you. This is lovely.

GRANNY SUE

Anytime, deary. Tippy-teetoe, what
is this strapping young man's name?

TIFF

Tippy what?

Facade bows forward.

FACADE

I'm known as Facade. I'm a demon
from Hell.

Granny Sue lobs a bar of soap into Facade's mouth. He is
startled, confused, and then accidentally swallows the whole
bar and hiccups up a soap bubble.

FACADE (CONT'D)

My apologies.

Facade lifts a struggling cookie and mindlessly dunks it into his tea.

FACADE (CONT'D)

If I may ask, why do you have a portal to He- my home?

TIFF

Shouldn't we be the ones asking questions? And what kind of name is Facade?

Granny Sue tilts her head and smiles as Facade nibbles on his suffering cookie.

GRANNY SUE

Oh, Tiffany, isn't it lovely to have a tea party. It's almost like you're a little kid again.

TIFF

Granny?

And just like that, Granny Sue is a nut again.

GRANNY SUE

Oh, Taylor, you should take a picture with your fancy phone! You and I never have fun like this anymore!

Tiff rubs her chin for a moment, glances to Facade, and back to Granny, then stands. She makes her way back to the basement.

TIFF

Hey Facade, don't go eating my grandma. She's way past her date and she'll go straight to your thighs.

Facade scratches his head as he goes to take another sip of his tea. He finds his cup empty and Granny Sue excitedly fills it again.

INT. GRANNY SUE'S BASEMENT - NIGHT

Tiff hesitantly creeps around the basement. The gateway to Hell illuminates the whole basement. Tiff chews her lip.

TIFF

Okay, think. What was that personal assistant's name? Uhh... Hey Haily!

Tiff's phone glows from between the dryer and a few boxes.

HAILY
How can I sell your data?

TIFF
There you are!

Tiff dashes over, reaches down and scoops up her phone. Sitting on the surface is a small creature that's all mouth and no eyes.



Tiff's eyes open wide. She puts the phone back down, blinks, and picks the phone up again. She stares at the baby-gerbil-sized creature and sighs.

TIFF (CONT'D)
Facade!!!!

INT. GRANNY SUE'S LIVINGROOM - NIGHT

Facade munches on a praying cookie.

FACADE

Suzanne, dear, you MUST give me the recipe for these things!

GRANNY SUE

I don't know, Facade. It is my own recipe.

FACADE

Oh, you minx! What is your secret?

TIFF (O.S.)

Facade!!!!

Facade's shoulders droop.

FACADE

What did I do now?

GRANNY SUE

Don't worry, too much. That kid's always mad about something.

Tiff blows into the livingroom and dangles her phone in front of Facade's face. PANIC, the tiny demon on Tiff's phone, hangs on for dear life.

FACADE

Oh, goodness! Hello, little Panic.

TIFF

Cut the act! Is this another demon?

Granny Sue rescues Panic and holds him like a small bird. Facade shrinks down into the couch and cowers.

FACADE

Cut the act! My entire existence is an act! I am Facade!

TIFF

What does Facade even mean?

HAILY

Looking up Facade. False appearance. Putting up an emotional front.

Tiff forces herself into Facade's face. Panic shivers. Granny Sue tries to console the tiny demon.

TIFF

So you're faking it! What are you hiding?

FACADE

Fear. I wear a mask to try and pretend I'm not afraid and that I fit in.

TIFF

And how am I supposed to believe that if your entire identity is built around lying!

GRANNY SUE

Uhh, Tiff dear, the little one really doesn't like the yelling.

Tiff spins around to bark at Granny Sue.

TIFF

Why are you okay with all this! There are literal demons in your house and you're having tea with them!

FACADE

Uhh, little angry girl with a hundred names, you should really be careful around that demon. Panic gets nervous really easy.

Panic starts shaking. Granny Sue tries to stroke his little head.

TIFF

Oh, I'm sorry! I wouldn't want to upset a DEMON with a name like PANIC!

As Tiff shouts, Panic leaps out of Granny Sue's grasp and grows to the size of a rabbit. He scrambles beneath the coffee table. Tiff shrieks.

TIFF (CONT'D)

What's it doing?!

Panic grows again to the size of a dog and flips the table, sending him running in circles as he freaks out.

FACADE

Uhh, Taylor, you really need to calm down!

TIFF

MY NAME IS TIFFANY!

Panic undulates until he's the size of a horse. He tries to run, but keeps bumping into things, getting more distressed with each passing second. Finally, he bursts through a wall and rushes out of the house.

Panic continues to run, bumping into parked cars and setting off car alarms.

Tiff, Facade, and Granny Sue stand in the livingroom, stunned.

FACADE

This is bad.

GRANNY SUE

Does anyone else feel a draft?

EXT. GRANNY SUE'S STREET - NIGHT

Panic rushes into an intersection and nearly gets hit by a car. The car honks at him and he shakes manically as he grows a little bigger and bounds away.

Granny Sue, Tiff, and Facade give chase in Granny Sue's convertible.

TIFF

How big can that thing get?!

FACADE

Panic has no limit. We have to end this or else we'll lose control!

Once they get close enough, Facade leaps out of the back and rushes towards Panic. He moves with inhuman speed, his legs shattering the concrete as he blasts toward his fellow demon.

FACADE (CONT'D)

Panic! It's okay! It's me!

Facade makes it to Panic. Panic stands taller than a semitruck and nearly as long. Facade stops in front of Panic and spreads his massive arms.

Panic rams into Facade but Facade grabs Panic by his massive head. Facade's talons sink deep into the pavement as he takes in Panic's momentum.

Panic freezes, heaving in fear. Facade strokes Panic's head.

FACADE (CONT'D)

Shush, shush, shush. It's okay little guy.

Pilot

Panic lets out a soft whine and slowly shrinks a little. Before Panic shrinks to the size of an SUV, Sirens ring out a street away and arrive on the scene.

DARRYL and FRED are two middle-aged, slightly out-of-shape cops driving their squad car.

DARRYL

Why are we getting calls about wild animals in the street, now? This has never been a problem before.

FRED

Well, there were a couple calls and the people sounded pretty scared. We gotta take stuff like this seriously-eeeeEEE!

Fred screams as he sees Facade and Panic.

DARRYL

What on God's green Earth are those things?!

Darryl simultaneously slams on the breaks and mashes the squad car's horn. Panic shakes and suddenly grows even bigger than he had been before.

FACADE

No! I can't lose you now! Focus on me!

Facade turns to the cop car, extends the claws off his face and roars at the cop car.

DARRYL

Oh Hell, no.

Darryl draws his pistol and starts firing. A shot hits one of the appendages on Facade's face and Facade collapses on his back.

Panic screams in horror.

FRED

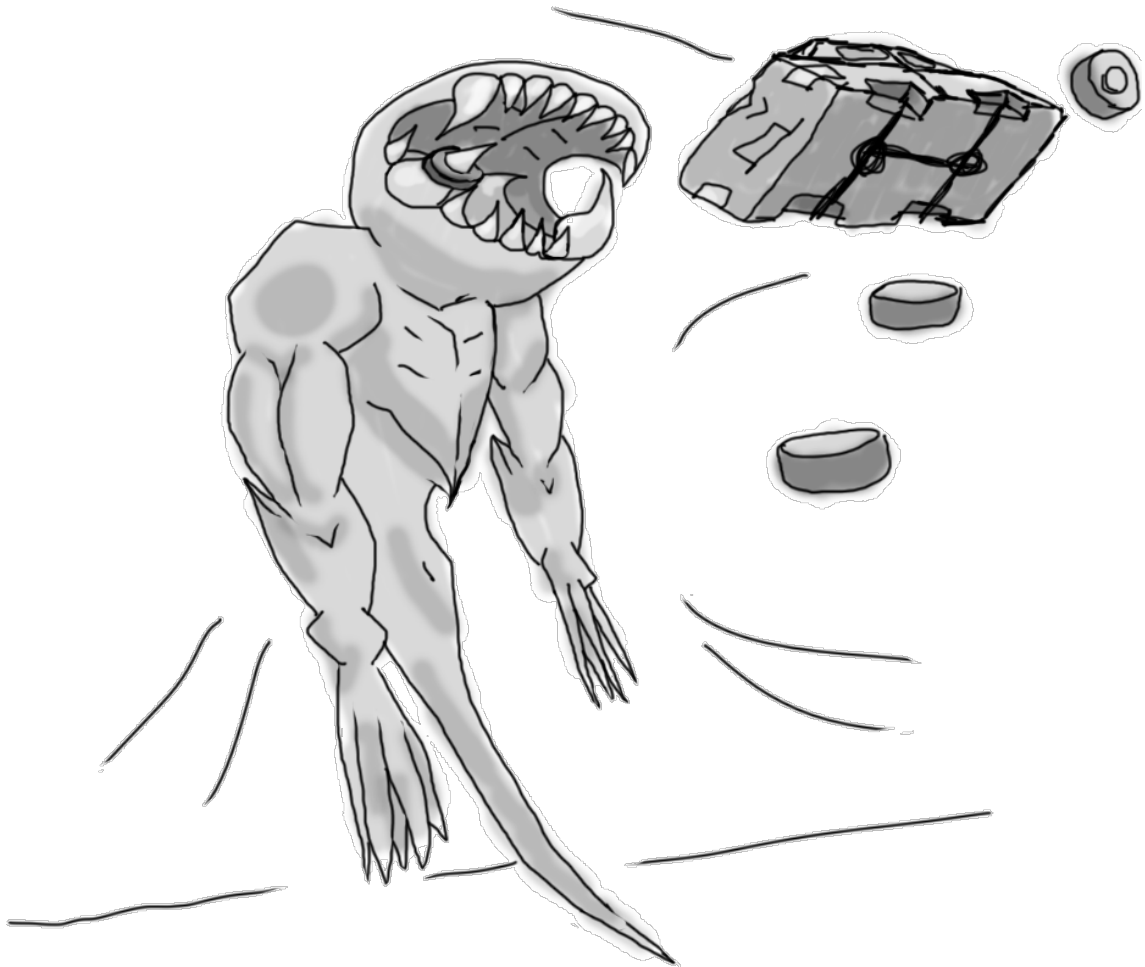
Darryl, I'm radio-ing reinforcements. I don't think bullets will stop the big one.

DARRYL

Only one way to find out.

Darryl fires a few rounds into Panic, to which the Demon shrieks and charges the squad car.

Darryl and Fred dive from the car as Panic chomps down on the front of the police car and flips it into the air, wheels and parts fly everywhere.



A few parts off the bottom of the car come down and knock out Darryl.

FRED
Darryl, no!

Panic, now bigger than ever, bounds deeper into the city as Granny Sue and Tiff pull up to Facade. Tiff sneaks out of the car, stealing glances over towards the cops.

TIFF
Granny, I think we're in over our heads, now.

GRANNY SUE
Nonsense!

Granny Sue waddles up to Facade's face. Facade groans.

FACADE

Oww, I'm gonna be feeling that for days.

TIFF

You're still alive?

Facade rubs his head as he flexes his jaws and head appendages.

FACADE

Demons don't die, Tiffany. We just suffer. Right now, we have more pressing matters. We have to get Panic back.

Facade stands and stumbles into the back of Granny Sue's convertible.

TIFF

Facade, this can't be our problem anymore! The cops already called in reinforcements. There's no telling what they're going to hit Panic with. He's gone!

Facade swallows hard and shakes his head.

FACADE

You really don't seem to understand how large a demon like Panic can get. Now, don't get me wrong, Panic is my friend, and I want to get him back, but this isn't about saving him anymore. If Panic is allowed to grow unchecked, he will consume your entire world.

GRANNY SUE

Deary me! It seems we haven't a moment to waste!

Granny Sue hits a button on her dashboard and the back of her convertible erupts in flames. Telescopic wing fold out of the sides of the car as it lifts into the sky.

Tiff stares at the ground below them. She falls back and sinks into the passenger seat.

TIFF

Jesus, Granny, what did you put in those cookies?

A fresh bar of soap materializes in Tiff's mouth.

EXT. EDGE OF THE CITY - NIGHT

Military helicopters strafe through the night sky, shining spotlights at a Panic that now stands at least four stories tall. A machine gun from an attack-copter rattles through the inky black sky. Bullets patter against the ground and Panic's side.

Panic roars and turns to snarl at the copters.

Granny Sue's flying convertible screams by an attack copter and Panic only to plant itself firmly in the side of a strip mall down the street.

Tiff throws up over the side of the car.

TIFF

Granny, where did you learn to fly?

GRANNY SUE

I'm self taught!

TIFF

You don't say.

Facade rises out of the back seat, wobbling like a drunk.

FACADE

I think I'll walk next time, if
it's all the same to you, dear.

Facade proceeds to fall face-first out of the convertible and into the strip mall. He lands in the lady's lingerie. Tiff parkours down the walls as Granny Sue floats down with the aid of an umbrella sporting a small propeller on top.

Facade stands, a pink thong clinging to his face. He flares out his head appendages in frustration, but the panties stay put.

TIFF

Wow Facade, didn't know you were
into that.

Facade tears off the thong.

FACADE

I'm not!

TIFF

I didn't know demons could blush.

FACADE

Suzanne, please help me get your granddaughter back on task.

GRANNY SUE

I don't even wear bloomers.

Tiff frowns and Facade slumps his shoulders.

TIFF

This never happened.

FACADE

Agreed.

Facade and Tiff leave the clothing department. Granny Sue stays behind for a beat.

GRANNY SUE

I should get some soap while I'm here.

INT. STRIP MALL - NIGHT

Facade finds a map of the store. He rubs his chin.

FACADE

We have to get close enough to Panic to calm him down, but as big as he is now, he'd crush us.

TIFF

We're gonna need to get higher if we want any hope of him noticing us.

Facade gazes upward.

FACADE

We need to go up.

TIFF

There've got to be stairs around here somewhere.

FACADE

We still need to attract him to this building.

TIFF

Well, you seem to be a wealth of information. How do we get Panic's attention?

FACADE

Panic loves s'mores!

TIFF

What?

FACADE

Yeah, Panic loves s'mores. If we can grab a camping stove, some marshmallows and some sticks, then he'd definitely come running!

Beat.

TIFF

You know what, yeah. Sure. Makes sense. I'll just talk about it with my therapist, later. I gotta wake up from this at some point.

FACADE

Great, so did you happen to bring some money? I'd pay, but you know... Just got here, not a citizen or a human, no pants...

Tiff sighs.

TIFF

Maybe the world getting eaten by a giant demon wouldn't be so bad.

INT. CHECKOUT - NIGHT

An awkward teenage CASHIER looks to Tiff, to Facade, and back to Tiff. He rings up a bag of marshmallows, a camping stove, a box of matches, and three roasting skewers.

Tiff grabs two of the skewers.

TIFF

Why did you grab three of these?

FACADE

I thought you'd want to roast your own marshmallows.

Tiff's eye twitches. The building shakes as the madness rages outside.

CASHIER

That'll be \$12.37.

Tiff glares at Facade as she takes out her wallet and slams it on the counter. The cashier counts out the change as Facade squirms uncomfortably.

FACADE

What did I do now?

INT. STAIRCASE - NIGHT

Tiff marches up the stairs with Facade following sheepishly behind her. He carries the plastic grocery bags and keeps looking over all the Do Not Enter signs plastered on the walls.

FACADE

Uhh, Tiffany, I don't think we're supposed to be up here.

They make it to a door at the top of the staircase. A big sign reading something to the effect of "No one on the roof" is plastered to the door. Tiff tries to open the door only to find it locked.

Facade nervously taps to tips of his index claws together.

FACADE (CONT'D)

Oh, whelp, guess we can't get on the roof. It was a good idea but-

Tiff forces open the metal door with a single solid kick. Facade's mouth falls open as Tiff strides onto the roof.

Tiff walks out to the edge of the roof and looks out towards Panic. Panic now towers over every building on the street. Tanks and other military vehicles tear through the streets toward Panic-zilla.

Facade takes the camping stove out of the grocery bag and begins reading the label.

FACADE (CONT'D)

Let's see... Flammable, poisonous, fire-hazard, caution...

Tiff snatches the camp stove out of Facade's grasp, bites the cap off, and sets the wick ablaze.

FACADE (CONT'D)

Or don't read the instructions, I guess.

TIFF

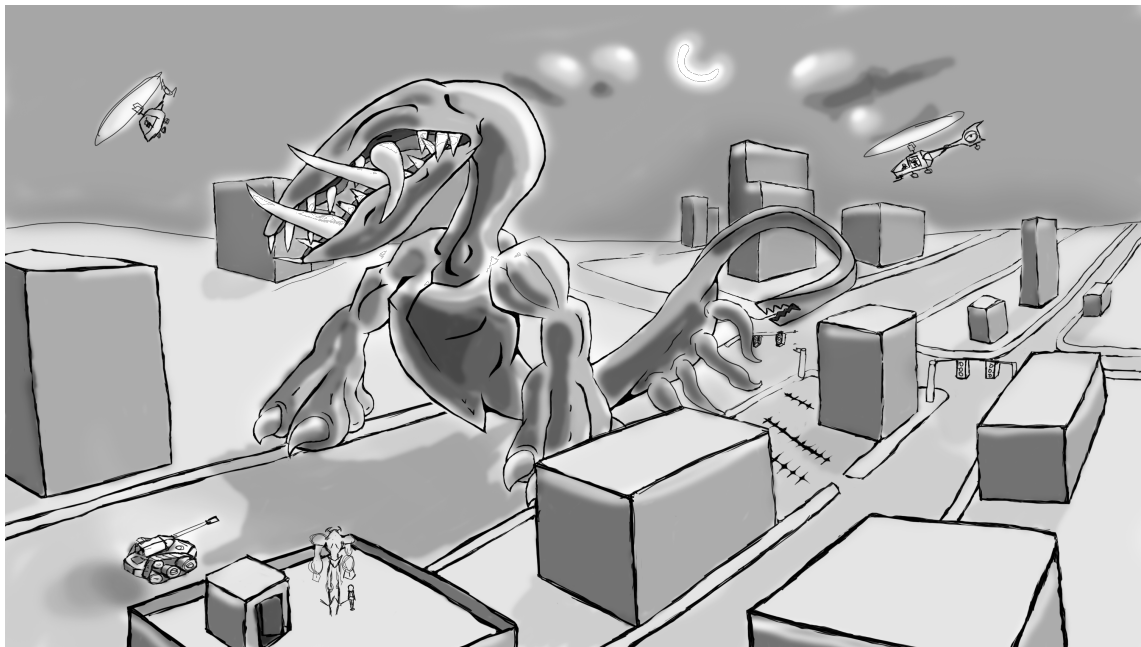
Start cooking a marshmallow.

Facade obeys, clumsily opening the skewer out of it's plastic and then tearing the bag of marshmallows open too exuberantly, sending marshmallows everywhere.

A number of them stick in Tiff's hair. Facade grabs one off Tiff's head as the rest burn up in Tiff's goth rage.

Dunk! The whole city rattles. Panic lifts his now elongated maw to the sky and sniffs deeply. Drool flows like water as he turns towards the store Tiff and Facade stand on.

He slowly lumbers over to them, more of a Godzilla monster than a mere demon at this point. Panic tries to shut his mouth, his jaw trembling and his teeth too gnarly for his mouth to properly shut.



FACADE
He smells it!

TIFF
I wonder if Granny can go to prison
for slipping me drugs.

FACADE
It's okay, Panic! Just come back to
us and everything can go back to
normal.

A tank rolls up from around a corner and takes aim with its barrel.

Pilot

Panic reaches his head over to Facade and Tiff. Facade embraces Panic's muzzle.

FACADE (CONT'D)
It's okay, buddy. I'm okay, you're
okay, everything will be alright.
Now just breathe. Slow and steady.

The tank erupts, firing a massive shell into the side of Panic's throat. Panic rocks with the blast, scraping Tiff off the roof as he screams.

Facade stands in shock for a moment before he drops to his knees.

FACADE (CONT'D)
NOOOOOOO!

Tiff clings to Panic, wedging herself between Panic's uncontrollable fangs to keep from falling as Panic continues to tumble.

Panic wails in agony. The tank takes aim again. Tiff pounds on Panic's head with her fist.

TIFF
Move you idiot! Don't just stand
here and take it!

Panic jolts, moving to avoid the blast and flipping through the air. He sends the tank spinning into the side of a building.

Panic then starts barreling in a new direction.

TIFF (CONT'D)
What the?

FACADE
Tiffany!

Facade sprints, leaping from building top to building top trying to keep up with Panic.

FACADE (CONT'D)
Tiffany! You have to take control!

TIFF
I'm on a giant rampaging monster!
How am I supposed to-

As Tiff yells, Panic turns to Facade and bellows out a massive roar. Facade drops to his knees.

Tiff blinks and runs a hand over Panic's head.

TIFF (CONT'D)
Are you trying to obey me?

Panic stands at attention. Tiff shakes her head.

TIFF (CONT'D)
Calm, uhh, calm thoughts. Lakes,
puppies, man I don't know. I'm
sorry, big guy.

Panic shudders and lowers his head, mimicking Tiff's sad frustration. Something screams by overhead.

FACADE
Tiffany, get off Panic! Get off him
now!

Tiff looks over. Facade is frantic. Then she sees them.

Military jetfighters, shrieking through the sky. Rockets light up beneath the jetfighters' wing, sending the projectiles spiraling toward them.

Tiff ducks down and puts up her arm to cover her face. Panic responds by coiling himself around Tiff's body.

The rockets hit, sending Panic into the side of a tall building.

INT. RUINED MUSIC ROOM - NIGHT

Tiff's eyes flutter open. She lay in a room with a piano. The rest of the room is gone. Panic lay limp, half stuck in the building.

Tiff sits up. She stares at Panic. His whole body begins to tremble and spasm. As Tiff watches, Panic rumbles and his whole body grows longer and thicker. His already long fangs grow longer and split on the ends into numerous mouths.

Panic's jaws crack and split as he becomes less a Godzilla knockoff and more a mythological god hydra.

The jets scream on by again and Panic's newly sentient teeth lunge out to chase after the jets, tucking and weaving through the sky.

Tiff quakes in horror. Sweat causes her makeup to run.

TIFF
You really could swallow the world.

Pilot

Panic screeches. A missile comes careening for the mass of writhing flesh only to be plucked out of the sky by another biting tooth.

TIFF (CONT'D)

And we'd deserve it. We'll start a fight, and you'll finish it.

Tiff stands and limps over to the piano. She takes a seat at the instrument.

TIFF (CONT'D)

I guess I'm not dreaming, cause not even nightmares go this far. So please, dear Panic. Give us the chance to repent for our transgressions.

The tips of the fangs open their mouths as they close in on a jet, ready to pluck it out of the sky.

Tiff slams the tips of her fingers onto the keys. At the first note, Panic freezes and the jet flies away.

Tiff plays a gentle, somber, soothing rendition of Moonlight Sonata. As she plays, the serpents shrink back into Panic's mouth.

Outside, Facade rushes to another rooftop near Panic. He freezes in place and stares, mouth hanging open, as Panic shrivels up smaller faster than we've seen up to this point.

Before long, Panic isn't much bigger than a horse. He drags himself into the room from which Tiff plays the piano. By the time he makes it to Tiff's side, he's the size of a dog.

He hops up onto Tiff's lap, shrinking down to the size of a kitten. Tiff finishes her song and glances down to find Panic has returned to the size of a baby-gerbil.

Tiff strokes Panic's head with her index finger. Panic grabs her finger and climbs up onto Tiff's shoulder where he proceeds to tuck himself in for a nap.

Facade quietly enters from the gaping hole in the building. He whispers in disbelief.

FACADE

You did it.

The door leading deeper into the ruined building flies open. A squad of armed soldiers rushes in. Facade throws up his arms. Tiff glances out the gaping hole in the building to find the military vehicles closing in around the building.

The squad of soldiers in the room part as a grizzled commander struts in. ALABASTER, a middle-aged, extremely well built man, striped in scars, wearing an eyepatch and a crew cut, scans the room.

Alabaster raises an eyebrow as he studies Tiff.

ALABASTER

A child?

SQUAD SOLDIER

Commander Alabaster! We have reason to believe the monster is on the girl's shoulder!

Alabaster lumbers over to Tiff. Facade shakes. Alabaster turns and studies Facade for a moment, then he turns his attention back to Tiff.

ALABASTER

Well, child, what do you have to say about all this?

SQUAD SOLDIER

Sir, shouldn't we be more concerned with that thing?

The squad soldier points at Facade.

ALABASTER

(Not taking his eyes off Tiff)

That being is all hot air. It is not the primary threat. Will you at least tell me your name, young lady.

TIFF

I go by Tiff.

ALABASTER

Good. I'm Alabaster. So how'd you get mixed up with these odd... beings?

GRANNY SUE (O.S.)

Oh, boy! I'm coming!

All in attendance turn as Granny Sue flies into the hole in the building with her propeller-umbrella.

ALABASTER

Oh no, not you again!

GRANNY SUE

What are you doing bothering my
granddaughter, Jules?

ALABASTER

I go by Alabaster!

Alabaster blinks.

ALABASTER (CONT'D)

Granddaughter?

TIFF

Yeah, sorry. I'm not stoked about
it myself.

Alabaster rubs his temple.

ALABASTER

Suzanne, what have you done this
time?

GRANNY SUE

It's a code 57-1225.

ALABASTER

Living gingerbread men?

GRANNY SUE

Oops, that too, but I meant to say
58-1224.

Alabaster facepalms.

ALABASTER

Unregistered portal to Hell. Of
course.

Granny Sue lobs a bar of soap into Alabaster's mouth.
Alabaster scowls, not bothering to spit out the soap. He
raises a fist and all the troops and military equipment
leave.

Tiff and Facade turn to Granny Sue.

TIFF

What was all that?

GRANNY SUE

Just some drama from the knitting
club. Don't worry about it dear.
Let's head home. I have milk and
eggs in the car!

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY

Tiff stacks her textbooks into a pile. Panic perches on Tiff's shoulder like a small bird.

LEAH

Oh my God! Molly you look gross!

Molly whimpers as Tiff turns toward the commotion. Molly still has a black eye and a bald spot.

MOLLY

I didn't ask to have this happen to me!

LEAH

Yeah, but still. I don't think I can hangout around you right now. Looking at you makes me want to barf.

Panic glances quizzically up at Tiff. Tiff walks over to the two other girls.

TIFF

Well, Leah, you aren't much of a friend, are you?

Molly cowers as Leah balls up her fists.

LEAH

Oh honey, you barking up the wrong tree. I ain't some scared little white girl. I could beat your ass!

Tiff snaps her fingers and Panic lunges off her shoulder, instantly swelling up to the size of a mastiff.

Leah shrieks and Panic roars. Leah runs down the hall. Molly stares at Tiff, confused.

TIFF

It's okay, little guy.

Panic pants happily, wags his tail, and hops back up to Tiff's shoulder, returning to the size of a sparrow. Tiff turns to Molly.

TIFF (CONT'D)

I'm... sorry, Molly. I'm not gonna excuse your rudeness, but I went too far when I beat you up. It won't happen again.

Molly swallow hard and then stands up straight, putting up a front.

MOLLY

I- I don't care. You didn't even hurt me much! I'm tough! I'm tough.

Molly starts to walk away, but whispers over her shoulder before she leaves.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

But, thanks...

Tiff looks to Panic and Panic shrugs.

TIFF

One step at a time, I guess.

INT. GRANNY SUE'S BASEMENT - UNKNOWN

The gate to Hell sits next to the washing machine. Flames still flicker upon it.

Suddenly, the flames burn bigger and brighter as the soap-bubble film flickers in the gate.

What other demons wait to pass through the gate?

To be continued...

