

BAD LUCK BOY



“BAD LUCK BOY”

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25 Pages

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Page One

1/ Opening distant shot of an empty beach. Granger and his sheepdog, Lucky can be seen playing together along the shore.

NO DIALOGUE

2/ Shot of Granger calling out for Lucky. They sit together on a towel laid messily in the sand, reflecting on the day. Granger's arm rests around his companion.

NO DIALOGUE

3/ Close on Lucky quickly finding a perfect stick and nudging it into the boy's side.

NO DIALOGUE

4/ Shot of Granger's arm held up high, throwing the stick back into the water for Lucky to fetch. The sun is setting and everything around them is glowing, serene, and quiet.

NO DIALOGUE

5/ Shot of ripples in the water, reflecting the pink sky.

NO DIALOGUE

Page Two

FLASHBACK: THE INCIDENT

1/ Shot of Granger walking home along lush neighborhood pathways. He is brought to a halt when he sees a group of older boys from school harassing a stray puppy down a narrow alleyway. The four of them poke and pull at the puppy as it struggles to get away. They're as bulky and menacing as eleven-year-old boys can be. Within the group of misfits, their leader stands taller than the rest, his white shirt is tucked neatly into blue jeans, wearing a cool brown jacket on top. He flips a butterfly knife around in his left hand and wears clunky boots that add a couple inches to his height. The rest of the boys that instinctively surround him sheepishly wear their school uniform: a simple white button up and straight grey pants, like they're supposed to.

NO DIALOGUE

2/ Close on the tallest bully getting hit on the back of the head with a stick.

NO DIALOGUE

3/ Perspective switches to Granger standing at the rescue, his arm held high from throwing the stick (parallel to sunset panel). At nine-and-a-half, he's the shortest kid in his class, but right now he couldn't care less. Pushing his puffed hair out of his eyes, Granger reveals a determined expression resting in his furrowed brows.

GRANGER : Leave him alone.

4/ Cut back to the troublemakers that give a simple, quick glance to one another before aiming their attention at Granger instead. The puppy scurries off into nearby bushes.

NO DIALOGUE

5/ Overhead angle shot of the boys taunting and bothering Granger; they tower over him. He tries to dodge them but ultimately is kicked and beaten to the ground until he has no chance of fighting back.

NO DIALOGUE

6/ Pull back to see Granger lying in the fetal position on the concrete ground. The bullies are quick to scoff and leave him there alone. The group of boys laugh as they skip home down the street.

BULLY #2 : That'll teach 'em, eh?

Page Three

1/ Close on Granger bleeding and bruised from the beating. He lets out a big sigh as the world around him is spinning.

NO DIALOGUE

2/ Once the group clears out, the puppy comes back to Granger's side and begins to lick his face, pulling him back into consciousness.

NO DIALOGUE

3/ Shot of Granger sitting up to inspect the puppy, relieved they both made it out alive. He assesses the dog's wounds, watching as he visibly shakes from the cold. Granger's leg is also a bit mangled from being kicked, but he doesn't stop to think about his own pain.

GRANGER : Lucky for you that I came along, huh boy?

4/ Granger wraps the stray dog in his sweatshirt and places him in a half-zipped backpack to carry him home unsuspectingly.

GRANGER : We just can't tell Mom, okay?

PUPPY : Arf!

Page Four

1/ Shortly before arriving, Granger stumbles across the same group of boys as before, tagging buildings with spray paint as they're moseying home. He ducks behind a tall bush to avoid them but isn't fast enough to miss their gaze.

BULLY #1 : Look who it is, boys.

GRANGER : Shit...

2/ Shot of the boys running back over to Granger. The guy in front is relentless to finish this fight. He quickly raises his fists to hurt Granger some more. The sun is close to fully setting and the neighborhood seems quiet for the night. No one will be coming to help him.

PUPPY : *Barking continuously*

3/ Close on the lead bully's face, a menacing smile cast in shadow.

BULLY #1 : Oh yeah, my mutt!

4/ As he leans over to rip the backpack from Granger's reach, Granger lifts his arms in defense. There is a growing flash of light around him.

NO DIALOGUE

5/ Close shot of Granger blinded by light, using his arms to block the bright rays.

NO DIALOGUE

6/ White background, a single wooden pencil falling.

NO DIALOGUE

7/ Shot of pencil hitting the ground.

PENCIL : *CLINK*

Page Five

1/ Shot of Granger looking around, ashamed. The light has cleared and the bully standing in front of him is nowhere to be seen.

GRANGER : No. Did I...-

2/ The three remaining bullies look around at each other in shock, searching high and low for their friend. They can't believe their eyes. The rumors are true, they realize.

BULLY #3 : Hey man, where'd he go? Is this a joke?"

BULLY #2 : Are you some kind of witch? Freak.

3/ Shot of Granger picking up the pencil that's fallen by his feet. He tries giving it to one of the lead bully's accomplices, but none of them move. He points to the guy in the middle, with the pencil in hand.

GRANGER : You didn't have to piss yourself,

4/ Close on Bully #2's wet-stained pants.

NO DIALOGUE

5/ Shot of Granger nudging the stunned boy to grab the mysterious pencil. As they stare at him wide-eyed, Granger's facial expression is blank, and he stares at the ground. He knows this judgement all too well.

GRANGER : Give it a few hours... he'll be fine.

6/ The three boys look at each other in horror and quickly turn to run home. Granger sighs, kicking an empty can as he walks slowly down the curbside.

NO DIALOGUE

Page Six

PRESENT DAY

1/ Granger and Lucky finish up their day at the beach. Their sandy towel is rolled up and Granger's small, red cooler is packed and ready to carry home. Granger looks up at the sky, stuck in his daydreaming reflections.

GRANGER : You've grown a lot since then, eh Lucky? I guess we both have.
I just wish my odds would've gotten better since then.

2/ Close on Granger face, the sky reflected in his eyes.

GRANGER : ...Oh well, let's go home. Mom's probably got dinner waiting.

3/ Close on Lucky licking his lips, more than ready for a plentiful bowl of food.

LUCKY : Arf!

4/ Wide shot of Granger and Lucky walking up a hill to the lit house at the top. The leading row of houses are attentively decorated to embrace the spookiness of the season. In the brisk chill of autumn air, the grass cracks with frost. Smoke rises gently from Granger's chimney, showing warmth straight ahead. Still, the boy and his dog would rather take their time getting back, enjoying every ounce of their daily exploration together.

NO DIALOGUE

Page Seven

1/ Shot of Granger sitting at the dinner table, while his little sister, Jane, helps their mom set the cutlery. Granger's father sits at the head placement, paying attention to his newspaper and nothing else.

NO DIALOGUE

2/ As soon as Granger's plate of food is placed in front of him, he sneakily feeds a piece of chicken to the dog who's waiting patiently under the table. Granger's arm is lowered as inconspicuously as possible, so to not get caught.

NO DIALOGUE

3/ Shot of Granger's father giving a side-eyed look of disappointment. He slaps his paper down on the table.

FATHER : The dog shouldn't be at the table, Granger. How many times will I repeat myself to you?

4/ Low angle shot of Lucky looking up at Granger's angry father while he drags him by the collar into the backyard.

NO DIALOGUE

5/ Shot of Granger looking bummed out, his elbows on the table and head in his hands. He lazily lifts a fork full of mashed potatoes to his mouth, wishing his companion could've stayed inside, too.

NO DIALOGUE

Page Eight

1/ Panel of Granger's father settling back in his chair. He picks up the newspaper to resume a peaceful dinner, smiling at his daughter as her enthusiasm about Halloween night grows. Jane (8), with long blonde braids flying around her head as she jumps with excitement, clearly can't wait to get going. Granger looks at her with judgement.

FATHER : How's your costume coming along kiddo, you ready?

JANE : It's perfect! Can we go already? We're losing time!

2/ Panel of Granger slumped even lower in his seat, trying to escape the inevitable conversation coming. His eyes shift to the side, hoping the attention stays on his sister.

NO DIALOGUE

3/ Back to Jane, antsy in her chair. Their mother lays a delicate hand on her shoulder, in attempt to calm the buzzing girl down and reaffirm tonight's rules.

MOM : Please tell me you're not gonna get as much candy as you did last time, Jane.

4/ Close on Jane's foot smacking on top of the kitchen table.

: *BANG*

5/ Pull out to see Jane standing like a superhero, with one foot on her chair and the other on the table. Her chest is puffed, with one arm resting on her hip and the right one in the sky, ready for liftoff.

JANE : What else would you expect from WONDER WOMAN?

6/ Shot of Granger looking up at his sister, currently towering above him on the kitchen table. He moves his plate of food over in disgust. Their mother shakes a finger at Jane to get down while accidentally cracking a smile.

MOTHER : Okay, well... you might be an Amazon tonight, but you won't be at the dinner table. Get down please.

GRANGER : For real, God.

Page Nine

1/ Shot of Jane scowling at her brother from across the table.

JANE : Shut up Granger, do you even have a costume?

2/ Granger hits himself in the face with the palm of his hand – here it comes. His parents glance at one another before directing the attention to their son.

FATHER : Right, did you manage to make a Halloween outfit for once?

3/ Close on Granger's dead stare.

GRANGER : No, I'm not going tonight.

4/ Pull out to see a shot of Jane with her arms thrown up into the air. Their parents rush to quiet her blunt tone, but their facial expressions make the pity they feel for Granger palpable. They know she's right.

JANE : Duh, I knew it. It doesn't need to be Halloween for him to scare people away, he's a Grimy Granger monster already!

5/ Close up of Jane leaning across the table with her fingers smushed into her face, creating a ghastly look. She continuously mocks her brother until his blank expression turns to anger.

NO DIALOGUE

6/ Close on Granger's face again, now angry and determined.

NO DIALOGUE

Page Ten

1/ Granger quickly stands up and shoves his hand into a bowl of mashed potatoes. He grabs a fistful, ready to go.

NO DIALOGUE

2/ Close on a handful of mashed potatoes flying above the table.

NO DIALOGUE

3/ Pan to Jane's face, she's horrified. When the potatoes are close to contact, the food transforms into a live squid in front of her eyes. The squid immediately grapples Jane's face, not letting go.

NO DIALOGUE

4/ Pull back to see Jane fallen sideways off her chair, clawing at the squid still fighting her face. There is ink all over the crisp kitchen set, staining the entire dining room. Granger sits wide-eyed across from what he's created as his parents throw their hands to their head in disbelief.

FATHER : GRANGER!

Page Eleven

1/ Granger's father leaps across the table to pull the squid off his daughter's face. He chops a direct point of its neck to immediately kill the creature, rendering it white and motionless. He moves quickly, like he's dealt with this before.

FATHER (to himself) : This again...?

2/ Above angle shot of Granger, his eyes are sincerely apologetic. In the frame, his father's hand can be seen scolding Granger, the other tightened in an aggravated fist.

FATHER : We told you not to use it in the house!

GRANGER : I didn't mean to, Dad... I'm sorry.

3/ Close on his father's face. He looks defeated by the odds his son faces.

FATHER : I know you didn't.

4/ Pan back to Jane, she's crying and covered in ink on the floor. Her knee is bleeding from the fall. With a look of disgust aimed at her brother, she runs up the stairs to wash up, bawling the entire way. Granger sits silently, aware of his wrongdoings.

NO DIALOGUE.

5/ Still slumped in his chair, too frozen to move, Granger's mother puts her hand on his shoulder, trying to ease the tension.

MOM : Granger honey, I'll clean up from dinner, don't worry. If you're not coming out with us tonight, I'd like you to go get your homework finished upstairs, please.

6/ Wide shot of the family's dining room. Granger lifts his head with hope, while his father still glares at him sideways. Mom stands between them, mediating the tension.

GRANGER : Can Lucky come up?

FATHER : That damn dog is still dirty from wherever you took him earlier. You can wait to bathe him once you're done. Now go.

7/ Low angle shot looking up the stairs. Granger walks up slowly, moping. He has a long night ahead.

GRANGER : Fine.

8/ Quick shot of Granger pausing at the top of the stairs, as soon as he's out of sight. He knows there's a conversation to be had now.

NO DIALOGUE

Page Twelve

1/ With a moment of silence, the parents wait until the kids have cleared to begin their chat. They whisper closely to each other, but louder than they think.

FATHER : There has to be a cure, Alice, doesn't there?

MOM : Hah, after last time? He was two months old when this started, there's nothing we can do. It's him. How do you explain bringing your baby to a checkup and leaving with threats like that...?

FATHER : He sneezed, and the doctor gained 50 pounds on the spot. Had to talk our way out of that one like her third chin was there all along!

2/ Close on Alice, Granger's mother. She feels the need to smile, though a stream of tears falls down her face.

MOM : No one will take him in after that. She made sure of it.
It's up to us now, but I'm not sure there's anything else
we can do.

3/ Panel of Granger's parents hugging, supporting each other through the chaos their family has endured for years.

FATHER : We got this.

4/ Granger's father lifts his coffee cup. He straightens his posture and readies himself for the night ahead.

FATHER : Now, if I'm to have energy for that little goofball of ours
tonight, I'll need another coffee. Mind pouring me one?
Granger's odds swapped the sugar for salt earlier.

5/ Final shot of the concerned parents looking at each other, tense as ever. Alice's mouth is pursed as she tries to defend her son, knowing how difficult it has become.

MOM : He said he didn't mean to-

FATHER : He always says that.

6/ With Granger's parents murmuring about his wellbeing downstairs, the perspective switches back to Granger, who has been listening the whole time. He looks blankly at the ground, without making a peep of noise.

NO DIALOGUE

Page Thirteen

1/ Wide shot of Granger's room; it looks like an explorer's paradise in here. Maps are spread across the walls, even onto the ceiling. A large, antique globe sits on an iron stand beside his desk, glowing orange. On his corkboard, a bucket list of future dreams is pinned securely with a bright yellow pin, surrounded by inspirational superheroes, magazine cutouts of current events, and a picture of Lucky when he was a puppy. Granger sits at his desk, watching the door to make sure he's alone.

NO DIALOGUE

2/ Shot of Granger reaching for a shoebox far under his desk.

NO DIALOGUE

3/ Close on the open shoe box, a black journal with an upside-down horseshoe on the front is placed inside.

NO DIALOGUE

4/ First person POV of journal, Granger opens to a page that is already half full of dated entries. The page is titled "Odds." He scans the entries on the page:

March 2/97: "Glitter poured from faucet"

July 14/97: "Exploding yogurt containers"

October 31/97: "Sugar to salt – 2"

etc.

5/ Zoom crop of Granger adding a checkmark beside "*Squid Transformation*," as gifted by the current odds of the day.

NO DIALOGUE

6/ Granger closes his journal and lets out a big sigh. He piles textbooks in a high stack on his desk and gets going on his work for the night. In that instant, Granger hears his family preparing to leave for trick-or-treating, his sister's annoyingly giddy laugh echoing.

JANE (O.S) : CANDY!!!

7/ Perspective switches to the rest of the family about to head out the door. Jane is fully decked out in her Wonder Woman costume, and their mother and father wear a simple mask and cape to suit the festivities. They shout goodbye to Granger from the bottom of the stairs.

MOM : See you in a few hours, Granger, we're heading out now.

FATHER : I want that dog clean before I get home!

Page Fourteen

1/ Granger looks out his bedroom window to make sure his family is gone.

NO DIALOGUE

2/ Quick shot of Granger running to the back door to let Lucky inside as soon as the house is finally empty again.

GRANGER : C'mon boy!

3/ When Granger hears nothing, his face instantly looks alarmed. Lucky always listens. He throws his slippers on and heads out the back door, into the yard.

GRANGER : Lucky?

4/ Close on the back gate swaying open.

NO DIALOGUE

5/ Close on Granger's face of horror.

GRANGER : No...

6/ Granger runs to the gate, knowing well that this can't be any good. He finds a note attached to the wooden panels and plucks it off with a look of confusion.

NO DIALOGUE

7/ Close on note

NOTE: *"WE HAVE THE DOG. COME GET HIM... COME ALONE. MEET AT THE PIT."*

8/ A bead of sweat drips down Granger's face. He crumples the note in his hand, his other hand clutching his chest.

NO DIALOGUE

9/ In that moment, Granger feels something happening. He looks down and *POOF*

NO DIALOGUE

10/ Close on Granger's feet, his slippers have disappeared from existence right from under him, his bare feet now muddy from the backyard dirt.

11/ Granger rolling his eyes.

GRANGER : Typical.

Page Fifteen

1/ Shot of Granger running through the kitchen and into the living room, leaving tracks of mud all along the floor.

NO DIALOGUE

2/ Shot of Granger running up the stairs to his room, as fast as he can, tracking a mess everywhere he steps.

NO DIALOGUE

3/ Shot of Granger tripping over his own feet as he gallops into his room.

NO DIALOGUE

4/ Close on Granger stopping dead in front of his closet door. While pausing for a moment, he takes a breath.

GRANGER : For him.

5/ Granger opens the door, revealing a homemade superhero costume on a hanger hidden behind regular clothes. The panel details the costume: a black morphsuit with an upside-down horseshoe centered on the front. The material is stretched over bulky hockey pads for added support, and sports a long, red cape to complete the look.

CUT TO BLACK

Page Sixteen

1/ Close up of bike wheels spinning rapidly on a dark, misty night.

NO DIALOGUE

2/ Close up of Granger's red cape flapping in the wind.

NO DIALOGUE

3/ Close up of Granger's face, a line of smeared black face paint across his eyes, resembling an eye mask.

NO DIALOGUE

4/ Pull back to see Granger and his surroundings. He is ripping down the steepest neighborhood hill on his rusted bike, knuckles white from gripping the cold handlebars. Tears are flowing back from his eyes due to the wind, leaving trails of makeup bleeding down his cheekbones. Small children in costumes walk past him, unaware of the severity of his situation and excited for tonight's treats.

GRANGER : I'm coming to get you, boy.

5/ Long panel of the bottom of the suburb, lights are brightly lit with Halloween decorations all along the street. Jack-o-lanterns sit proudly on everyone's front porch. Families plentifully fill the streets to trick-or-treat with their young ones. Jane, Granger's sister, can be seen happily skipping off a porch with a fresh treat.

NO DIALOGUE

6/ Closer panel of Jane moving onto the next house with her parents close by.

NO DIALOGUE

7/ Pan out to see the entire street view. Across the street from Jane, under a flashing streetlight, the quick flash of Granger's cape is seen flapping in the wind. He's able to zip by his family undetected, hastily making it out of the suburb and toward the quarry pit.

NO DIALOGUE

8/ Close-up on sign

CAPTION : AUBREY'S QUARRY STRAIGHT AHEAD

9/ Zoom out to Granger rocketing past the sign on his bike, making quick work.

NO DIALOGUE

Page Seventeen

1/ Perspective shifts back to the group of boys from the flashback. They look different now, especially all done up in their costumes. They're all a bit taller, and three of them are dressed like a skeleton, a mummy, and a vampire. They're already starting to eat the candy from their pillowcases. The fourth boy, the leader, leans on top of a makeshift cage that Lucky is trapped inside of. He isn't wearing much of a costume, just the same shirt tucked into jeans as usual.

SKELETON : Yawn, I'm bored of this. I should be gettin' candy right now. How do I know the kid's even gonna show up?

MUMMY : Aren't you a bit old to be collecting candy with a bunch of babies and their parents?

VAMPIRE : Says the guy covered in toilet paper...

2/ Shot of the boy dressed as a mummy throwing the lollipop he's currently sucking on at the ground. He lunges at the vampire, trying to have a go at him. The vampire can't help but snicker as he runs in circles, away from his angry comrade.

MUMMY : I'll knock those phony teeth right out of your stupid face!

VAMPIRE : I'd like to see you try!

3/ Shot of the boy dressed as a skeleton breaking up the fight. He's laughing, but growingly annoyed at the increasing tension, too.

SKELETON : Woah, woah, woah, save it for the kid, guys. That is, if he's coming... right Spud? Is he?

4/ Shot of Spud, the leader, staring straight ahead. He is devising a plan in his head. He flips a butterfly knife around in his left hand as he thinks.

SPUD : Shut the hell up. All of you. He'll be here. He turned me into a fucking pencil over this mutt.

5/ Close-up of Spud's face casted in shadow, his rage visible. His costumed accomplices try hard not to whisper and giggle at him in the background.

NO DIALOGUE

Page Eighteen

1/ Transition to panel of Granger's bike skidding to a halt across loose rubble.

NO DIALOGUE

2/ Panel of Spud's face in darkness, smiling.

SPUD : What did I tell you?

3/ Crop panel of baseball bat being lifted from the ground beside Lucky's makeshift cage. Spud anchors the bat over his shoulder.

NO DIALOGUE

4/ Wide panel side view of Spud and his gang approaching Granger. Granger is standing half off his bike and panting from the long journey here.

LUCKY : Arf! Arf!

5/ Shot of Granger firmly standing his ground. He can't help but to wipe the tears flowing from his eyes. He is visibly shaken.

GRANGER : What did you do with him? Give me my dog, he doesn't deserve this!

6/ Spud's grin spans ear to ear. He hovers directly over Granger. The rest of his goons stand back for moral support.

SPUD : You humiliated me. My boys didn't stop 'til they found you after that. You're gonna regret it all now.

7/ Granger drops his bike to the ground and raises his fists. He's prepared for a fight. The boys close in on Granger, surrounding him.

NO DIALOGUE

8/ Over the shoulder shot of Spud clearly dodging the first punch Granger throws. His face still holds a menacing smile.

NO DIALOGUE

9/ Spud cracks up with the base end of his bat, smashing Granger in the chin and causing him to fall to his knees.

GRANGER : Please...

10/ Final page shot of Spud's steel-toed boot kicking Granger in the chest, pushing him roughly into the ground. Spud hovers over Granger for what feels like the millionth time.

SPUD : Looks like your luck's run out, hey Freak?

Page Nineteen

1/ Granger assesses what's around him and quickly grabs for his helmet, making sure to properly time his counterattack. With force, Granger swings the helmet off the ground towards Spud's head.

NO DIALOGUE

2/ Close on mid-swing of helmet. As it moves through the air, the molecules begin to twist and transform like before. A bright light flashes as the shapes morph into one another.

NO DIALOGUE

3/ What was once a regular-grade helmet collides with Spud's head – except now, it's a large cast-iron pan.

PAN : *WHAM*

4/ Wide shot of Spud stumbling back, holding his head. Granger makes it back to his feet, gripping the iron pan tightly.

GRANGER : You're wrong. I like my odds.

Page Twenty

1/ Granger throws the pan at Spud, to which he quickly dodges yet again.

NO DIALOGUE

2/ Quick shot of Granger's fist immediately connecting with Spud's face, following closely behind the dodged pan. He never saw the second shot coming.

NO DIALOGUE

3/ With the crack of Granger's bloodied knuckles, Spud falls to the ground, bleeding out of his now broken nose.

SPUD : You little...

4/ Cut to Spud's crew in the background, mocking their leader through chuckles.

MUMMY : Damn, Spud. Getting your ass handed to you by a kid over there!

5/ Shot of Spud standing up, taller than before. Blood has completely stained his crisp, white shirt, but he isn't phased by any of that.

SPUD : I told you to shut up.

6/ High angle shot of Spud standing over Granger, threatening his life. Overwhelmed with his rage, the bully picks up his baseball bat from the ground beside him and raises it directly above Granger's head.

NO DIALOGUE

7/ Close on Spud's face, there is blood trickling down his mouth and chin. His eyes are black with anger.

SPUD : You and your dog are dead.

8/ Pull out to see Spud mid-swing. Granger is beneath him with his eyes closed tightly, hands clasped together, and nothing else. He is completely at Spud's mercy.

NO DIALOGUE

Page Twenty-One

1/ Panel of all white, a flash of something, we don't know.

NO DIALOGUE

2/ Very zoomed out overhead view of Aubrey's Quarry. The ground has gained new cracks, shaking all the boys beneath their feet. There is smoke everywhere after the light flash, and the fight is immediately stopped in its tracks.

SPUD : What's the deal?

3/ Shot of the smoke clearing along the sides of the frame, to reveal a massive grizzly bear standing in front of Granger's current enemy. Everyone is frozen in fear.

NO DIALOGUE

Page Twenty-Two

1/ In an instant, the savage animal is charging at Spud, taking a hasty swing at him with a giant, blood-hungry paw. With just enough time to dodge the attack, Spud jumps from direct view of the bear, letting the beast destroy Lucky's current prison with its fierce swing, instead.

NO DIALOGUE

2/ Panel of Lucky escaping his holding, he wasn't hurt by the paw's blow. He scurries to shelter.

NO DIALOGUE

3/ Without hesitation, Spud cracks the bear over the head with his bat. His face shows a moment of gratification.

NO DIALOGUE

4/ Spud quickly realizes his attack on the grizzly did nothing other than fuel the beast's aggression. He throws the bat, running for his life towards a cliff-face. The bear follows quickly on his tracks.

SPUD : H-HOW?

5/ Cut to the rest of the bullies cowering in fear behind a boulder. They cling to each other with no desire to reveal themselves in order to help Spud.

MUMMY : Is that a bear?!

SKELETON : Even worse... it's a grizzly. We gotta go!

6/ Wide shot of the three costumed bullies running as fast as they can out of the quarry while the bear is distracted with Spud. They trip over themselves as their costumes fall apart and slow them down amidst the rush.

NO DIALOGUE

7/ Shot of Spud looking down from his position on the cliff. He's climbed as fast and high as he can, but the bear is still making quick ground to catch him. His foot slips as he stares down the most horrifying predator he's ever had to face as a twelve-year-old.

NO DIALOGUE

8/ Medium shot of Granger grabbing his head, unaware of what to do as he looks at his surroundings and its viable options.

GRANGER (to himself) : Oh no, no. I didn't mean to. I didn't mean to. I didn't mean to.

Page Twenty-Three

1/ Granger, without hesitation, chases down Spud and the giant grizzly bear up ahead of him. He whips his cast-iron pan at the mammal's large head, shifting its attention to him instead of Spud.

SPUD : Freak, what are you doing?

2/ Granger quickly clasps his hands together, trying once more for odds to fix this situation. He focuses on containing and stopping the grizzly at all costs.

GRANGER (V.O) : I don't wanna hurt anyone anymore. This has to stop. I can do it this time. I'm the only one who can.

3/ Shot of Granger with his hands still clasped together. There are tears rolling down his face, he's never had to contain something like this before. All he knows is that he can't let go. His hands push together firmly as he yells with all his might, aiming his energy straight towards the grizzly.

NO DIALOGUE

4/ Shot of a swarm of wasps emerging from a bright light.

NO DIALOGUE

5/ Wider shot of the wasps swarming the bear's head, stinging and attacking the beast that's been terrorizing Spud. The bears swats at the bugs, but ultimately must retreat, running into the darkness of the woods just outside the quarry.

NO DIALOGUE

Page Twenty-Four

1/ Close on Spud, his feet are pulled in as high as they can be while he clings to a fingerhold in the cliffside. His clothes are tattered and torn from the fight, but he is ultimately unharmed. Still, he's weeping like an absolute baby.

NO DIALOGUE

2/ Throughout the chaos, there is a faint barking that can be heard in the distance. Granger smiles, knowing that Lucky is okay. His body instantly looks more relaxed. In that instant of clarity, the wasps too disappear with a *POOF* from existence.

GRANGER : (Impressed) Huh.

3/ Switch angles to show Spud sliding back to the ground into a dusty pile of rocks. His face is stuck in utter disbelief.

NO DIALOGUE

4/ Looking around to see Granger standing not too far ahead of him, Spud scurries to his feet to run away. He books it out of the quarry screaming, not looking back once after all he's seen tonight.

NO DIALOGUE

5/ Granger holds his composure until he knows he's alone. With his eyes rolling back, he passes out from exhaustion onto the cold rubble.

NO DIALOGUE

FADE TO BLACK

Page Twenty-Five

FLASHBACK (#1)

1/ Panel of a beaten-up younger Granger laying on the sidewalk with a bloodied face. A puppy licks his wounds and gently pushes him to wake up. He's starting to see light.

NO DIALOGUE

PRESENT DAY

2/ Granger awakes to his now much bigger dog, Lucky, safe and licking his face, just like that day. His bike lays near him, completely crushed from the bear.

NO DIALOGUE

3/ With help from Lucky, Granger pulls himself up, his costume covered in blood and dirt. Lucky picks up a piece of wrapped Halloween candy and drop it into his owner's hand.

NO DIALOGUE

4/ Knowing that he'll have a lot of explaining to do when he gets home, Granger does the best he can to dust off his tattered clothes. Regardless of the odds he'll face, he can't help but smile.

GRANGER : I always knew you were my charm. Let's go, Lucky.

END.