

Kryptoverse: The Mad Rascals

by

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Draft #1

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EXT. DIRT ROAD- NIGHT

FOG SWELLS- leading an empty road into darkness. It's raining- wait- no, it isn't, but yet everything is somehow wet like it is- like it had been for some time.

The eerie sounds of 'the Monkey God' plays as the audience is left staring at the unsettling road for a few beats. In the distance- the first glimmer of light is seen which appears to be a kerosene lantern.

Carrying it- a figure which appears to be in worn out sailor garment that is covered by a rain jacket to shield from the no rain. He makes his way down the road slowly- as if he has nowhere to be. As he makes little progress he crosses a tree- a beat- then he gets stopped by an unknown metal object that flails in front of him and clings to it.

The man remains- unmoved.

The object? It is revealed to be a metal playing card, an ace of clubs, edges freshly sharpened as if they were planning on being thrown. A match is lit off camera, as a second bit of light is revealed as a man, the one who presumably threw the card, lights his cigar.

WHISKY NICK, bold and big enough to intimidate anyone, takes a toke of his cigar and holds and tensions halt for a moment.

SAILOR

You're lost.

WHISKY NICK

I am exactly where I need to be.
At least I am about to be.

SAILOR

Well then. You are not lost, you
are gone.

WHISKY NICK

And why is that?

SAILOR

No sane man travels this path.

WHISKY NICK

What about a virtuous one?

The sailor doesn't respond- instead he decides to keep walking, leaving Nick STRANDED with his thoughts.

Nick turns and stares down the road, he doesn't break and continues on his path.

SAILOR (O.C.)
 What man curses himself to the
 Gallows for eternity?

Whisky Nick ignores him and smiles, then looks down for a beat. In a split second, he reaches into his poncho and grabs another metal throwing card. Without hesitation, he turns and throws it into the chest of the Sailor- who instead of walking along his path- was right behind Nick- clearly moments away from killing him. (The monkey god- 4:08 is perfect for this)

He also looks much different than the last time we saw him- he resembles more of a demon than a sailor. Whatever this being is collapses to the ground right at Nick's feet. Nick grabs the sailor's lantern and turns-

back to his path, now with light. His smile has dissipated, he is back to work.

WHISKY NICK (TO HIMSELF)
 The one who has nothing to lose.

He walks into the fog and disappears into the dark.

FADE TO BLACK.

SUPER: THE MAD RASCALS

Over the super- Robert Johnson's 'Me and the Devil Blues' plays in the distance, like it's being performed.

FADE TO:

EXT. OUTSIDE THE GALLOWES- NIGHT

Whisky Nick first lays his eyes upon the castle-esc yet haunting sight that is the Gallows. Torches are lit as PLAGUE DOCTORS, otherwise known as the Gatherers, walk around the edges as if they are patrolling. The music continues, however it's muffled, like its coming from inside the complex.

Whisky Nick crouches into the bushes so he can examine the area.

NOLE: WIDE SHOT OF THE GALLOWES

Nick takes a sigh to help build up courage- and begins to approach the building.

As he gets closer to the drawbridge- he can't help but look up at the doctors on the walls- for some reason they have yet to notice him.

Nick continues as the song gets louder. He makes his way into the dark brick tunnel. Behind him but out of focus, a plague doctor covers his exit.

Once he clears the walkway- he has finally made it into the gallows. There to greet him is the source of the music he's been hearing. ROBERT JOHNSON, sits on a crate lit by torches while he sings a ditty to liven up the hopelessness of the place- he is unsuccessful. His eyes read nothing but fear and sadness. Nick walks up to him. There are other people in the distance- other lost souls- however nobody engages with him.

WHISKY NICK

Excuse me, is this the Gallows?

He doesn't stop singing. Nick thinks it peculiar but keeps asking questions.

WHISKY NICK

You see a man that goes by the name Tay Han around here? Word is he was sent here for his part in creating Gravatox.

All around him are THE GATHERERS who finally turn to him after hearing him say that name. The Gatherers are the controllers of the Marsh. He turns to look around and notices for the first time that he is starting to become cornered. The smoke follows them as Nick runs out of options and now vision.

WHISKY NICK

Hey fellas, just here for a minute- get something I'm looking for and I'll be on my way. Everyone wins.

He backs up to Robert.

WHISKY NICK

Well- I guess except you guys... but... uh...

(beat)

So- uh- yeah- does anyone know where he would be?

ST CATHERINE (O.C.)

Oh fuck it.

The sound of the voice comes from an unknown location- so everyone looks around for its source.

This proves useless as after a moment the voice jumps down in the middle and grabs Whisky Nick and YANKS him out of the fray of the gatherers. They quickly DART into an alleyway before anyone knows what happened. The figure is dressed in a cloak and hood and therefore remains unknown.

After a beat- the gatherers look around and decide not to pursue her- and instead go back to their posts, leaving Robert Johnson, who continues to play his blues for us for a beat.

EXT. ALLEYWAY- CONTINUOUS

St. Cat and Whisky Nick swiftly make their way down a corridor and turn a corner to start approaching an opening.

ST CATHERINE

You idiot.

WHISKY NICK

Who the hell are you?

They stop mid run.

WHISKY NICK

What?

ST CATHERINE

God could you look anymore dumb?

WHISKY NICK

That- that was rude.

She swings off her cape, revealing ST CATHERINE, a nun that now looks decrepit and tired. She grabs Nick's hat and swings the cloak around him, hiding him at least a little bit.

ST CATHERINE

Wear this for now.

WHISKY NICK

Won't they just notice you?

ST CATHERINE

At least I'm supposed to be here.
You ready?

WHISKY NICK
(confused)
For what?

Before he can finish his thought, they walk out of the alleyway and back into danger. They are at a new part of the gallows and slowly approach a brick house- candle lit and door cracked.

The plague doctors all start noticing.

Before it's too late- they swing open the door and go straight into the building.

INT. RASCAL'S HOLDING ROOM- CONTINUOUS

Cat drops a bunch of booze onto the table in the middle, which she was presumably stealing from elsewhere in the Gallows.

ST CATHERINE
You shouldn't have come here.

The room is decorated like a civil war bedroom- with shitty bunk beds and a singular table in the center. Also in the room, a random jail cell in the corner- holding someone unknown.

WHISKY NICK
Why'd you save me?

ST CATHERINE
Save? Buddy you are far from saved.

Nick sits down at the table- Cat at the other end.

WHISKY NICK
The name is-

She cuts him off.

ST CATHERINE
No names here. People don't tend stick around very long.

WHISKY NICK
Okay- do you know why I am here?

ST CATHERINE

I am not helping you any more-
it's a miracle I saved you in the
first place. And Nigel is not
going to be happy you're here.

WHISKY NICK

Nigel?

Someone opens the door mid sentence. NIGEL, dressed up in
an old medieval Jesters costume worn out like he's been
wearing it for eternity, along with a staff to accompany
it, walks in.

NIGEL THE JESTER

Whoa Cat people are freaking out
apparently some guy-

He notices Nick.

NIGEL THE JESTER

No. NO. No. Cat get him out of
here.

Nigel holds up his staff like he is about to force Nick to
leave, Nick is unfazed. St Cat stands up to physically stop
him.

WHISKY NICK

I am not leaving until I get what
I came here for.

NIGEL THE JESTER

(upset)

Well then go fucking get it-
(holds his hand out)
I'm Nigel by the way.

Nick is confused at his drastic change in energy. He
doesn't shake it.

Cat turns to Nigel.

ST CATHERINE

He's looking for Tay Han.

Nick is listening in.

WHISKY NICK

Yeah- you guys know him?

They look irritated at the mention of the name.

NIGEL THE JESTER

Yeah- we knew him.

Saint Cat sits back down- while Nigel walks over to a 1920s vintage record payer and whines it up-

playing 'JEEPERS CREEPERS' by Paul Whiteman's Swing Wing.

Saint Catherine rolls her eyes. For the first time- the voice in the jail cell is heard.

ANDREW JACKSON (O.C.)

(stern)

Turn that garbage off.

(mutters to himself for a beat)

The figure who barked that order is still not revealed.

NIGEL THE JESTER

No it's the new hip music out- can you at least try and get with the times.

Nick subtly shakes his head- disagreeing but also not having the energy to start an argument. Nigel sits down next to Cat- physically tearing the room in half.

NIGEL THE JESTER

What kind of man dies on purpose to get here?

WHISKY NICK

I didn't die. I got here on my own.

They look at each other in awe, like what he said shattered their worlds.

ST CATHERINE

How?

He holds up an old journal made of cow leather that reads- TAY HAN.

WHISKY NICK

This mixed with a few of my own ideas.

Cat lunges to grab it but he holds it back from her.

WHISKY NICK

I promise you this: I got here, I
can get us out, help me and I'll
take you guys with me.

Saint Cat isn't fully buying it, however Nigel is sold
already- he's already visibly getting extinct.

ST CATHERINE

(straight face)

That's all we've ever wanted. I
saved you once- if what you are
saying is true we can keep you
alive here.

WHISKY NICK

Now

(beat)

Where exactly is here?

The voice from the cell chimes in again.

ANDREW JACKSON (O.C.)

The edge of the world.

WHISKY NICK

What does that even mean? You're
great by the way.

Nicks biting sarcasm does not effect Andrew, he doesn't
respond.

NIGEL THE JESTER

Ignore him- he doesn't talk much.

ST CATHERINE

(indifferent)

You might know him- seventh
American president Andrew Jackson.

Nick is surprised.

WHISKY NICK

Why is he in a cage?

NIGEL THE JESTER

He locks himself in there mate.
The man is unhinged- he'll kill
anything- that cell is the only
reason he isn't in the marsh right
now.

ST CATHERINE

That's what this place does to you- it traps you. On edge all day everyday and with no hope of ever making it out, that's why he just
(a beat)
Sits there.

NIGEL THE JESTER

Not exactly earth- but not exactly the underworld either.

ST CATHERINE

You shouldn't have come here if you didn't know what you were getting into.

WHISKY NICK

I know everything I need to. Things are bad up top- real bad.
(beat)
I had no other choice.

ST CATHERINE

Well now you're somewhere much worse. The Gallows. A place for condemned souls.

WHISKY NICK

How many souls are here?

ST CATHERINE

Whose to say?

NIGEL THE JESTER

Ten thousand- ten million.

ST CATHERINE

These corridors go on forever- you're lucky I found you- if you kept running you would've been always running through Gallows- lost for eternity.

He looks down- deep in thought.

ST CATHERINE

It's run by a man called the Marshal of the Gallows- Pope Sylvester II- and his army of condemned plague doctors.

BROLL- SHOT OF THE POPE FROM BEHIND OVER HER LINE- MAKES HIM LOOK MENACING AND MYSTERIOUS

NIGEL THE JESTER
 - if they catch you at the wrong
 time- or saying something you're
 not suppose to-

ST CATHERINE
 -They take you to the marsh.

WHISKY NICK
 (confused)
 The marsh?

NIGEL THE JESTER
 No one knows what's there- all we
 know is no one comes back- once
 the gatherers take you there.
 That's it.

Nick stands up.

WHISKY NICK
 Tell me right now that's not where
 Tay Han is?

They all sit there in silence.

He snatches his notebook from the table and turns to storm
 out, leaving the rascals alone with their thoughts.

EXT. SPIRE TOP- LATER

Whisky Nick sits alone at the top of a spire- contemplating
 whilst holding Tay Han's journal open. 'The Prowler' by
 Bohren plays under the brutality of Nick's situation.

THE JOURNAL READS: HOW TO GET OUT OF THE GALLOWS

But the page is blank- and it is revealed that Tay Han
 never developed a plan on exiting, and neither does Nick.

He stares longingly out at the ocean- as if he's looking
 for something, anything- a light or a ship- but the
 emptiness is bone chilling.

He looks down at the journal, he is not satisfied and is
 visibly perplexed by it. He looks back out at the ocean,
 this time he has let his thoughts run astray. It is
 revealed that St Cat stands behind him at the entrance to
 the spire- watching him think.

Whisky Nick doesn't turn to look.

WHISKY NICK

If you knew how bad it was up there you'd understand.

ST CATHERINE

You know there is no problem that can magically be solved by Tay Han.

She comes and sits next to him- they overlook the universe.

WHISKY NICK

How would you know? Tay Han was my hero. He was the strongest leader I had ever met.

ST CATHERINE

I know more about him than you think.

WHISKY NICK

Tell me...

ST CATHERINE (CONT'D)

It's not a very heroic story. Tay Han was suppose to be our savior too. He led us on a team called the mad Rascals.

'MISERERE MEI, DUES' begins to slowly play- with dark ambiance added underneath as the montage begins.

INT. HALL- NIGHT

Beautifully shot Renaissance painting-esc slow motion plays over her story. Never more than one shot for each beat.

This on includes a bunch of silhouetted masked figures breaking into a building. One of them is presumably Tay Han- one of the figures walks up and it is confirmed.

ST CATHERINE (CONT'D)

We liberated soul after soul here in the Gallows and kept the people free.

FADE TO:

EXT. GALLOW WALLS- NIGHT

Tay Han is on the walls- about to leave-

ST CATHERINE

But we misjudged him- as soon as the Gatherers were about to figure us out- he showed his true personality- a coward. He tried to break from the walls.

FADE TO:

INT. POPES THROWN ROOM- DAY

These shots are also all beautiful and picture esc.

Tay Han sits on his knees in front of the marshal, on the verge of tears.

ST CATHERINE

Nigel was there that day- and had to watch him as get got banished to the Marsh.

Tay Han gets walked out on his knees and Nigel can't even bear to watch as he exits forever.

SHOT OF NIGEL LOOKING UP AT THE HEAVENS- BEHIND HIM SMOKE AND A BEAUTIFUL MOSAIC WINDOW.

ST CATHERINE

For eternity.

BACK TO:

EXT. TOWER TOP-CONTINUOUS

They continue to watch the horizon.

ST CATHERINE

This place is unforgiving. You don't survive here very long if you have any shred of hope.

Nick nods.

ST CATHERINE

So maybe stop ignoring your destiny- coming here instead of facing your problems was a mistake.

WHISKY NICK

That's our difference, I live off of shreds of hope.

ST CATHERINE
Well then god save us.

Nick turns to the stars.

WHISKY NICK
He won't have to- we can save us
ourselves.

A few beats of silence. Cat observes him for a few moments. St Cat looks at Nick with something, hope, maybe? But for the first time she actually sees something in him- but it is unsure what. The mood has become dour, and Nick tries to change the subject.

WHISKY NICK
Have you guys just been laying low
since?

ST CATHERINE
Trying- Nigel performs to the
Marshal every night so he was able
to cut a deal to save us. one
person in existence actually
thinks Nigel is funny and it's the
marshal- go figure.

A moment of silence as they admire the beauty around them. To the left of the ocean lays a dark and mysterious forest- the marsh.

Nick is almost drawn to its mysterious nature. After a few beats of peace- the aggressive panting of Nigel erupts from the staircase as he explodes onto the roof.

They turn to look at him.

ST CATHERINE
What is it?

NIGEL THE JESTER
They're here.

They both look at Nick.

CUT TO:

INT. RASCAL'S HOLDING ROOM- CONTINUOUS

The gatherers bust into the candle lit room. All that is seen is Cat and Nigel playing poker with disgusting old cards. The 1920s music is low but there to try and keep things calm and normal.

They direct their attention to the gatherers.

ST CATHERINE

Well this is a nice surprise.

NIGEL THE JESTER

I was just with the Marshal- did he not like my set tonight?

GATHERER

Nobody likes your sets- dude.

NIGEL THE JESTER

(in awe)
that was rude.

The gatherers don't respond- instead one sits down while the other one barrels through the house- looking.

GATHERER

Where is the fugitive?

The Cyrpt- by Jerry Goldsmith eerily creeps in as the other gatherer scavenges the premises.

NOLE- THE SHOTS OF ST CAT AND THE GATHERER GET REALLY CLOSE UP AS THE STAKES RISE

ST CATHERINE

If you're just gonna be sitting here while your buddy does all the work- how about a quick game of cards?

The gatherer nods. St Cat refuses to break eye contact- so that he doesn't start to look around the room.

ST CATHERINE

Nigel will deal.

Nigel starts to shuffle an old deck of cards- then starts to deal them out. Meanwhile-

In Andrew Jackson's jail cell it is slowly revealed that Whisky Nick is sitting right next to Andrew Jackson- easy to not notice if you aren't looking closely. He has four metal throwing cards ready to go as he tries his hardest to not breathe too loudly.

ST CATHERINE

(casual)
So- slow night?

St Cat looks at her hand- it's amazing. She waits and contemplates her best move. In the moments of waiting- the gatherer looks up at the cell.

GATHERER 1
Hey check that-

In a split second- Cat yells in order to stop him.

ST CATHERINE
Fuck I fold- this hand sucked.

He returns to the game. He laughs.

GATHERER 1
Probably a good idea! I'm
(bragging)
Very good.

Gatherer 2 starts to head over to cell anyways as music starts to build. He notices the lock on the door is off- and the door is just merely closed- at this moment Andrew and Nick notice too. The view of Andrew starts to change as the gatherer starts to notice something peeking out.

An arm? A jacket? He can't quite make it out. As suspicions rise Cat is still focused on distracting the one gatherer.

THE SHOTS ARE INSANELY CLOSE TO THEIR EYES NOW AS TENSIONS RISE.

In the cell- Andrew sits completely still- but his eyes dart around in the absolute manic horror only a lunatic could adequately accomplish.

Nigel quickly realizes what's occurring and in a split moment grabs his scepter from the floor and uses it to throw across the room while the gatherer and Cat still glare at each other.

The other gatherer turns his attention and makes his way there instead.

Nick breaths and the tension is gone. However- Andrew Jackson doesn't seem calm- something is wrong. He still darts his eyes around with so much paranoia Nick grows uncertain.

WHISKY NICK
(WHISPERED)
Uh- buddy? You alright?

Andrew glares to the door lock- which is still off. He is thinking about something. He then darts over to nick- who sits next to the key- opened with a lock.

WHISKY NICK

I don't know what you're thinking
man- but please do-

Outside the cell- The gatherer walks up to the other and he gets ready to get up and leave. St Cat is visibly relieved.

That was a close one- but everything seems to be returning to normal. Wait-

Andrew jumps out of his seat and kicks the jail door open- he then points two old century style revolvers out and fires.

Everyone SPRINGS into action. St Cat pulls a knife that's strapped to her ankle and stabs it through the gatherers hand- trapping him to the table. Nigel jumps over the table to get to his scepter.

The two gatherers have their chests EXPLODED by the gun shots and begin to hiss. Gatherer 2 falls back to the wall but then gets up to approach Andrew.

WHISKY NICK

Fuck it.

Whisky Nick explodes from the cell too- cards at the ready.

WHISKY NICK

Mr. President- DUCK!

As Jackson is reloading his guns painstakingly- he drops to his knees to make room for Nick. Nick throws the cards into the demon one by one- gatherer 1 flails trying to free himself from the table but is unsuccessful with Cat holding it in. While she's doing this she is also fielding attacks from him.

ST CATHERINE

Code Freebird!

Nigel jumps behind the gatherer and holds him with his scepter from attacking Nick.

NIGEL THE JESTER

What? No. We can't

ST CATHERINE

We can't stop them.

ANDREW JACKSON

Oh yeah?

He stands up and re-fires both of his guns- both hitting and doing nothing. He then throws one of the guns at his head- then runs and hits him with the other. This breaks him free and causes him to turn and swat at Nigel- scratching his face and throwing him to the corner.

NIGEL THE JESTER

Okay fine- lets go.

While holding the knife- Cat jumps around and kicks the other gather- grabbing his attention.

Nigel runs over to Nick and Andrew and grabs their shoulders.

NIGEL THE JESTER

Time to go.

WHISKY NICK

But what about-

He starts shoving at them.

NIGEL THE JESTER

-No time- let's go.

They kick open the door and retreat into the darkness- Nigel stops after they disappear and turns for one more second.

NIGEL THE JESTER

We'll come back for you.

Nigel disappears into the night- leaving St Cat.

THEY DART THROUGH CORRIDOR AND CORRIDOR- THE MAZE SECTION LOCATED ON THE WEST SIDE OF FORT CLINCH WOULD WORK.

WHISKY NICK

Why the fuck did we leave her?

ANDREW JACKSON

Yeah I had that.

NIGEL THE JESTER

Shut the hell up- you are operation freebird.

NIGEL THE JESTER

Listen- we need a place where we can develop a plan- she's the strongest of us- she'll have the strongest fighting chance. And then we'll have until her meeting with the marshal to get her.

Nick nods-

They continue deeper into the complex.

FADE TO:

EXT. BOTTOM OF THE GALLOWS WALLS- LATER

Our three heroes sit around a CIRCLE of dirt which is lantern lit- well Andrew and Nigel at least- Nick paces behind them. Nigel looks down and out and Andrew looks crazy- same old same old.

NIGEL THE JESTER

I'll be honest- could have gone better.

WHISKY NICK

How are you not freaking out right now?

Nigel shrugs.

NIGEL THE JESTER

I'm kind of just the joke guy.

WHISKY NICK

You have literally yet to make a single joke.

NIGEL THE JESTER

(offended)

Hey.

WHISKY NICK

Okay I'm sorry.

NIGEL THE JESTER

(completely fine)

No you're right.

WHISKY NICK

Andrew you got anything?

NIGEL THE JESTER
 You seriously asking him for
 advice? After the shit he pulled?

WHISKY NICK
 Hey he was president for some-
 (BEAT)
 amount of time.

Andrew looks up to correct him.

ANDREW JACKSON
 (proud)
 18 years.

WHISKY NICK
 Definitely not right.

NIGEL THE JESTER
 Listen we got nothing- I'll tell
 you any information you need to
 know but we are fresh out of
 ideas.

Nick is visibly upset by this.

WHISKY NICK
 Well we just need a plan for
 getting to the Marsh if that's
 where Tay is.

Nigel for the first time is jarred by Nick as this
 irritates him.

NIGEL THE JESTER
 What the hell are you talking
 about?

WHISKY NICK
 What?

NIGEL THE JESTER
 I don't know why you want this guy
 so bad but he abandoned us. Cat
 just sacrificed herself. We need
 to save her.

WHISKY NICK
 Dude I just met you guys- I have a
 task at hand. I need to execute
 it.

NIGEL THE JESTER

Well I'll tell you this- Cat was ten times better than Tay Han ever was. She would have never left us.

(beat)

She was right- your obsession isn't going to solve anything. I have no idea why she saved you we were doing fine.

He turns to walk away.

ADD NIGEL CALLING NICK OUT ON LYING ABOUT A WAY OUT

WHISKY NICK

Where are you going?

NIGEL THE JESTER

To break Cat out, like I promised.

WHISKY NICK

How am I suppose to get to the Marsh?

NIGEL THE JESTER

You're an idiot- take him-

He motions to Andrew.

NIGEL THE JESTER (CONT'D)

-He's bloody been there.

Nick looks surprised down to Andrew as Nigel continues storming off.

WHISKY NICK

I thought no one had been back from the marsh?

ANDREW JACKSON

I wasn't banished there- I tried to escape by running through it.

WHISKY NICK

And?

ANDREW JACKSON

The worst thing I had ever seen; nothing but bones and dust. Ran aimlessly until I came across the marshal who was banishing someone- they knocked me out and brought me back- I've been locked in the cage ever since.

A beat as Nick thinks

ANDREW JACKSON

That was two hundred years ago- I
have no idea how to get there.

Nick grows irritated.

WHISKY NICK

Where is this marshal?

Nick turns to start walking out- still listening for
Andrews response but clearly not taking him with him.

ANDREW JACKSON

His cathedral is right at the
entrance.

Nick nods and exits without him. Leaving just Andrew all
alone along the Gallows wall. He looks along it to see the
entrance that Nick entered from. He takes a big swig from
the bottle he snagged from the holding cell and drunkingly
stumbles towards it.

Once he reaches it he looks out at the exit- a long hallway
than a jungle. He turns to see no one is watching- he
smiles and begins to run out- making the same mistake he
just talked about.

CUT TO:

INT. JAIL CELL- NIGHT

Cat sits in the cell- playing with her knife in the stone
floor.

After a few beats you see Nigel just outside listening
through a hole in the wall which leads straight to her
cell- this surprises her.

She is not thrilled to see him.

ST CATHERINE

You dumbass- what are you doing
here?

NIGEL THE JESTER

Listen, Nick is trying to banish
himself to the Marsh- without him
I'm all that's left to make sure
you don't go too.

ST CATHERINE

What? You can't let him do that
you fool.

NIGEL THE JESTER

Why not?

ST CATHERINE

That's our only chance at
escaping.

NIGEL THE JESTER

No. He was lying. He was a hack-
just like Tay.

ST CATHERINE

He was no hack. He was our only
chance.

NIGEL THE JESTER

Why do you believe him- why did
you save him?

ST CATHERINE

It's just a feeling.

Another man chimes in from another cell- the voice sounds
old and senile.

MAN

That's called hope.

Cat snaps at him.

ST CATHERINE

Jesus have you listening this
whole time? We have a thing going
on piss off.

MAN

I fought the Byzantines.

ST CATHERINE

(irritated)
Jesus enough I don't care.

She turns back. London is Waiting by Austin Wintery begins
to play.

NIGEL THE JESTER

Okay- so how should I get you out
of here so we can go stop Nick
before it's too late?

ST CATHERINE

Well- you have to get the key from
the gatherer outside.

She lights up with a plan (right as Marital Sabotage by
Hans Zimmer plays)

CUT TO:

EXT. OUTSIDE CATHEDRAL- CONTINUOUS

The song Continues as Whisky Nick creeps around the side to
peer at the front entrance- where he sees two Gatherers. He
cracks his neck then walks out in front of them with his
hands up.

Music cuts.

WHISKY NICK

How are we, fellas?

They begin to hiss.

BACK TO:

INT. JAIL CELL- NIGHT

NOLE IS WRITING THIS SCENE LEAVE ME ALONE. BASICALLY NIGEL
AND CAT BREAK OUT OF JAIL TO SAVE NICK.

INT. CATHEDRAL- CONTINUOUS

The two gatherers drag him into an empty cathedral- which
in the way back- on the sage and in a throne- proudly sits
the marshal. This is the first time Nick is laying eyes on
the him... POPE SYLVESTER II- one of the most corrupt popes
who ever lived. This man radiates power and wickedness.

Nick falls at the footsteps- and looks up at him.

POPE SYLVESTER

Well well well- this is the man
who's started the ruckus.

Nick doesn't respond.

POPE SYLVESTER (CONT'D)

I knew my men would capture you-
it was only a matter of time.

He walks down the stairs to him.

POPE SYLVESTER (CONT'D)
 I hope you like it here.
 (beat)
 Although I hope not too much...
 you will be leaving shortly.

Nick leers at the floor- refusing to look at him- but those words do make him smirk.

POPE SYLVESTER (CONT'D)
 You ever hear of the Marsh...?

The pope caresses the side of his face- then scowls.

POPE SYLVESTER (CONT'D)
 You... are... not dead?

Nick gazes back up at him- now frowning in confusion- meeting his eyes for the first time.

The pope looks totally spaced out- this has shattered his world just like it did the Rascals earlier.

POPE SYLVESTER (CONT'D)
 How?

WHISKY NICK
 I don't know what you are talking about.

POPE SYLVESTER
 You can't be here...

The pope turns to think. Nick is confused by the popes behavior.

POPE SYLVESTER (CONT'D)
 Why are you here?

He doesn't say anything.

POPE SYLVESTER (CONT'D)
 You're here to banish me to the underworld. Aren't you?

A beat.

POPE SYLVESTER (CONT'D)
 (Raging)
 AREN'T YOU?

Nick continues to not talk- but finds that very interesting. And in a split second-

NIGEL and CAT barge into the cathedral- the pope turns back to them- stunned. Nick turns and smiles.

ST CATHERINE
Hey, let him go, fuckface.

NIGEL THE JESTER
(Chummy-er)
Hey Sylvester, long time no see.

Sylvester quickly strides up to Nick and lightly touches his forehead with his thumb.

WHISKY NICK
Wait- what are yo-

Before he can even finish talking- the thumb on his forehead makes him vanish mysteriously to-

HE VANISHES- INTO A PORTAL AS HE TELEPORTS.

Just before he appears back- in this moment of teleporting he sees something. He remembers what the marshal said about the underworld-

Then he sees a woman- a demon looking woman.

DEMON WOMAN
(screams)
Help

Then he's back-

BACK TO:

EXT. DIRT ROAD- NIGHT

Nick is back on the dirt road from the opening scene- but this time he faces away- like he leaving the Gallows. He's back at the entrance; he has yet to doom himself and can remake this decision.

He is in awe as he faces the light- which leads back to Scorpion II.

WHISKY NICK
I'm-

He looks at his hands.

WHISKY NICK
-Out.

He thinks for a moment.

He is not happy.

WHISKY NICK

Fuck.

He turns and runs immediately back in.

EXT. SAND DUNES- DAY

The first time we've seen daylight al film- we must be far from the Gallows- but yet everything still feels empty.

The world is even more barren and there is no life in sight.

Out of nowhere- the zero life is disturbed by- Andrew Jackson popping out of the jungle and barreling through the sands aimlessly.

He stops to look up at the sun. Sweating profusely- he looks rough. The blistering heat and dehydration does not deter him from taking another swig of his bottle, which is now nearing completion, as he lets go a chuckle and continues on foot.

After multiple beats of him running through he eventually can't take it anymore and falls to his knees.

ANDREW JACKSON

Ah fuck.

He drops all the way to being passed out. After another few beats of complete silence- the shadow of an unknown figure walks up and shades Andrew from the sun. This figure has a very distinct hat- making him a familiar face.

ANDREW JACKSON doesn't even process it he's so dehydrated.

ANDREW JACKSON

AYE- get the fuck out of here
(mumbles)

I did the trail of tears and saved
the world bitch.

CUT TO:

EXT. GALLOWS- NIGHT

Whisky nick frantically enters the gallows again. This time- he's completely caught off guard by the lack of supervision. There are no Gatherers and no Marshal in sight.

INT. CATHEDRAL- CONTINUOUS

He barges in there- empty. Freaking out at the the lack of Cat and Nigel.

INT. RASCAL'S HOLDING ROOM- CONTINUOUS

He barges in the room they started at next- but this time it isn't empty.

Music starts to build as he looks to see who was once a man he had only read of but now considers a friend.

WHISKY NICK
Mr. President.

Andrew smiles as he sits on the table like he was waiting.

ANDREW JACKSON
Andrew. And I got you your friend.

He motions to Tay Han- who now enters.

TAY HAN
Do we have a Kryptoverse to save?

WHISKY NICK
Not yet, but I have a plan.

CUT TO:

EXT. MARSH- NIGHT

The tables have turned- now Nigel and Cat lay on their knees as they get dragged to the depths of the marsh. they are both guarded by gatherers on each side as the pope escorts them to the darkness. Nigel looks at Cat.

NIGEL THE JESTER
I though you had hope.

ST CATHERINE
Hey that guy said it not me.

NIGEL THE JESTER

Well wherever we're going- I'll
see you there.

The pope chimes in.

POPE SYLVESTER

I didn't want to do this. But you
left me no choice. Where will I
get another joke teller.

NIGEL THE JESTER

You can't I'm the funniest jester
this side of limbo.

The pope snickers.

POPE SYLVESTER

See? Even now. Cracking jokes. Now
no more chit chat.

He turns and everyone stops.

POPE SYLVESTER

It's been fun.

Slowly- in the way distance- a noise is heard.

No one can quite figure out what it is- then- after a few
beats- as it gets louder- Cat and Nigel recognize it.

'JEEPERS CREEPERS' plays again as a beacon of hope.

NIGEL THE JESTER

(smiling)

Uh oh.

ST CATHERINE

The son of a bitch came back.

In another split second the song finally reaches it's peak
as a metal card goes flying and stick into. A tree. The
pope turns and looks.

Freaking out he turns to the Gatherers.

POPE SYLVESTER

Stop him!

Nick comes out of nowhere and begins to hand to hand brawl
with the demons.

He starts with the upper hand- and even subdues the pope
for a split second with a kick.

After a few moments- he gets backed down to a kneeling position in between Nigel and Cat.

NIGEL THE JESTER
Hey good work champ.

ST CATHERINE
You are just like Tay Han.

WHISKY NICK
Well
(a beat)
Not exactly.

He looks up and smiles.

WHISKY NICK
I brought backup.

NIGEL THE JESTER
(CONFUSED)
Backup?

After another beat- Andrew Jackson and Tay Han explode onto the scene. They both wield their guns and completely distract the guards for long enough for Whisky Nick to break Nigel and Cat free.

ST CATHERINE
What are you doing you idiot.

WHISKY NICK
Oh you guys missed my discovery-
Sylvester's big secret? He's just
another soul here- he has no
divine power at all.

ST CATHERINE
He's just another soul?

He lights up and quickly jumps into the brawl while Nick throws Nigel his scepter.

NIGEL THE JESTER
So, what's the plan?

WHISKY NICK
Wait fro the right moment, send
him to the marsh.

They turn to join the fight- they see the pope whose back is up to the darkness.

NIGEL THE JESTER

Like that?

Nick shrugs and-

In a singular beat- he walks up and leans back into a kick.

POPE SYLVESTER

Don't do this- don't do-

He kicks him back into the dark- banishing him to the marsh.

The gatherers all watch- unmoved.

GATHERER

We thou-

GATHERER 2

-yeah we thought we was sent by the old gods.

NIGEL THE JESTER

Us too.

They all stand there.

WHISKY NICK

Tay- now what?

TAY HAN

Dude- this was all you- it's your decision.

He thinks.

FADE TO:

EXT. BEACH OUTSIDE GALLOWS- NIGHT

our cast stands on the shore- waiting. Cat and Tay talk.

ST CATHERINE

So that's why you left?

Tay Han nods.

TAY HAN

The only way to figure out how to leave was to wait for the opportunity as an observer.

(MORE)

TAY HAN (CONT'D)

And to let Whisky Nick fulfill his destiny. If I had stayed and tried we all would have been banished.

She nods- then turns to Nick.

ST CATHERINE

Wait- your name is Whisky Nick?

WHISKY NICK

It's a pleasure to meet you.

She smiles.

NIGEL THE JESTER

Now what?

Nick looks out at the water.

WHISKY NICK

It all came together for me.

He looks down at the notebook.

WHISKY NICK (CONT'D)

In my split second journey back to the land of life I passed someone- someone who refused to return here until Sylvester had been defeated. And now that he's gone...

After a moment- a small canoe is revealed out of nowhere- at the helm- Charon, the demon cursed with taking people to and from the underworld.

WHISKY NICK (CONT'D)

She can return.

Nigel, Cat and Andrew stand there in awe.

ANDREW JACKSON

Well I'll be.

NIGEL THE JESTER

I never thought it would happen.

They all get on the boat with the exception of Nick and Tay.

Nick turns to him.

WHISKY NICK

Things are getting bad out there.
We really need a man like you.

TAY HAN

I know you do. I saw what I must
do in my time in banishment. I
will come with you.

Nick nods in excitement.

TAY HAN

But then I must return. My soul
belongs to the Gallows. I just
have some unfinished business.

WHISKY NICK

Unfinished business? With who, one
of the warlords?

He stands there in silence- and after a few beats looks up.

TAY HAN

Gravatox.

CUT TO BLACK