

**TRACY AND UNICORN**

EPISODE 2: "TRACY AND FRIENDSHIP"

written by

Jason Filiatrault

Draft: Oct. 2019

**COLD OPEN**

**INT. ITALIAN RESTAURANT - NIGHT**

A small Italian restaurant. It's dark and cozy.

TRACY is sitting at a table in the corner, furiously dowsing her pasta with pepper.

UNICORN (O.S.)  
Whoa... take it easy with the pepper.

Tracy looks over. Pressed into the corner, is UNICORN.

UNICORN  
I've been holding in a fart for ten minutes and that shit ain't helping.

For those of you who missed the first episode, Unicorn is a literal talking unicorn. He's a full on horse with a horn and white fur and a rainbow coloured mane and tail.

TRACY  
(whisper)  
Would you be quiet?

UNICORN  
What? No one can see me, or hear me.  
I can be as loud as I want.  
(then, loudly)  
LA-LA-LA-LA-LA!

TRACY  
(whisper)  
I can hear you! And I don't want to.

UNICORN  
Why? Is it because you're on the most awkward first date in history.

Tracy sighs. Then, for the first time we cut out to reveal that Tracy is sitting across from HENRY BARISTA - her dream-guy from the pilot. Henry smiles, blissfully unaware.

UNICORN (cont'd)  
This guy looks like an idiot. I bet he's one of those conspiracy assholes, who posts on reddit about all-meat diets and never masturbating. Ask him if he masturbates.

Tracy drops her fork loudly in frustration. Henry looks up.

HENRY  
Everything okay?

TRACY  
Yes. Just... needs more pepper.

Tracy grabs the pepper and starts to shake it again.

UNICORN  
Ugh, this is painful. Just give him a hand job and we can go get ice cream.

TRACY  
So-- Henry, do you... like to travel?

UNICORN  
(mocking Tracy)  
Do you like to travel?

HENRY  
Nah, I don't really go on airplanes because I'm not vaccinated.

TRACY  
Why aren't you--?

UNICORN  
--Wait for it...

HENRY  
Because that's how the government installs mind control chips that give you autism.

UNICORN  
Boom! There it is!

HENRY  
Also, planes are a myth because the Earth is flat.

Tracy slams the pepper down and it FLIES UP. Then-- Unicorn SNEEZES loudly and then FARTS and then GLITTER CLOUDS OUT OF HIS ASS into the corner and showers down over the table.

Silence follows as Tracy just sighs. How can this be her life? Henry notices nothing. He eats a glittery ravioli.

And then BIG LETTERS fill the frame. It's a title--

TITLE: "TRACY AND UNICORN"

HENRY (cont'd)  
So, what do you think? You wanna go back to my place?

**END COLD OPEN**

**ACT ONE****EXT. TRACY'S HOUSE - MORNING**

Morning establish. Tracy's house is PDC (pretty darn cute). We hear Tracy, in PRELAP.

TRACY (PRELAP)  
That was literally the worst date of  
my entire life!

**INT. TRACY'S HOUSE - DAY**

Inside, Tracy is cooking breakfast (pancakes?) While Unicorn looks out the window.

TRACY  
And that includes the married guy who  
brought me home to meet his wife.  
(then)  
She was not threatened, at all.

Unicorn looks up. Somehow he pulls earbuds from his ears.

UNICORN  
Sorry, I didn't hear what you said.  
Have you ever listened to a podcast?  
I think we should make one.

Tracy turns on Unicorn. Her house is adorably decorated, with lots of motivational posters featuring cute animals that tend to relate to our stories.

TRACY  
And you! You were no help. You're  
supposed to make my life better, not  
just make jokes and fart glitter.

UNICORN  
You wish that was glitter.  
(moving on)  
And so what? That guy was a nut-case.  
I can't believe you dumped Carl for  
him.

TRACY  
I didn't dump Carl! Carl was a serial  
killer that you told me to murder so  
I could get a date with Henry!  
(MORE)

TRACY (cont'd)

(then)

And his name was Charles. I think.  
Anyway, the point is, I thought Henry  
was the one. And now he's just an  
idiot, and it's all your fault.

UNICORN

How is this my fault? I'm like a  
pizza delivery guy. You can't blame  
me just because you asked for  
something disgusting like ham and  
pineapple.

Tracy flips a pancake, not happy.

TRACY

Ham and pineapple is delicious.

UNICORN

Fuck you it is.

TRACY

Why do you have to be so mean? Why  
can't you just be a friend?

UNICORN

Because I'm not your friend. I'm an  
inter-dimensional being who grants  
wishes in exchange for murders. So,  
unless you want to wish for a best  
friend to help you kill someone, I  
can't help.

TRACY

No. No way. I'm not killing anyone  
just so you can give me the worst  
friend in the world. Forget it. I  
don't need your help. I can get a  
friend on my own.

UNICORN

Good.

TRACY

Fine.

UNICORN

Great!

TRACY

Coolio!

UNICORN

I'm gonna go build a podcast studio!

Unicorn walks away. Tracy takes an angry bite of a pancake.

CUT TO:

**INT. THE BOOKSHELF USED BOOKS - DAY**

Behind the bookstore counter, JANICE (Tracy's co-worker) is counting coins. Tracy talks across the counter. Janice keeps losing count and blaming Tracy silently.

TRACY

Janice, we're friends, right?

Janice looks up. What an odd way to start a conversation.

JANICE

Honestly? I think of us more like "work mistresses." The way I see it, other people basically don't exist if I'm not around.

TRACY

But, you tried to help me. You gave me this book!

Tracy holds up a BOOK. It's the magic book from whence she summoned Unicorn. That's right, I said "whence." I'm fancy.

JANICE

Yeah, I gave you that book so you could help yourself.

Tracy sets it down, Janice looks it over. "MAGIC SPELLS FOR THE SAD AND ALONE."

JANICE (cont'd)

Look, I'll keep your spare keys and water your plants or whatever, but I'm not the kind of person you call to help get rid of a dead body.

TRACY

Is that what you think friends do?

JANICE

What else is there?

Tracy leans against the counter, sad.

TRACY

How about sharing clothes? Or going to the movies?

(MORE)

TRACY (cont'd)  
 Who tells the waiter it's your  
 birthday so you get free cake without  
 asking for it?

JANICE  
 What can I say? I'm a lone wolf.

TRACY  
 Well, I'm not a wolf. I'm a sheep.  
 One time my dad even shaved my head  
 to make wool.  
 (then, realizing)  
 Or maybe I had lice and he was lying  
 so I didn't feel bad. Aw.

JANICE  
 What about your childhood friends?  
 Why not call them? Do a reunion.

Tracy shakes her head.

TRACY  
 I only had one friend at school. Kira  
 Schmeikle.

JANICE  
 And what happened to Carrie Smeagol?

TRACY  
 (avoiding)  
 We had a falling out, it was a long  
 time ago. It doesn't matter.

Janice sighs, feeling for Tracy.

JANICE  
 Well, then maybe it's time you got  
 back out there. Try a book club, or a  
 sports team... take a class.  
 (then)  
 You can do this.

Tracy nods, believing in herself.

TRACY  
 You're right. I can do this.  
 (then)  
 I can make new friends.

**INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY**

Tracy sits down with a GROUP OF WOMEN, all her own age. All  
 seem like cool hipster people. They like things.

TRACY

Hi! I'm Tracy, I'm thirty years old. I accidentally got a bachelors degree in philosophy because I misspelled psychology on an application form and was too polite to correct anyone, so now I work in a used book store.

Tracy takes a breath. This is going well.

TRACY (cont'd)

I'm single, I live alone-- pretty much, and last week I stabbed a man to death with a cheese knife, but it's okay, because he turned out to be a serial killer.

TRACY (cont'd)

(little bit more)

Oh, and I'm currently taking applications for a best friend, so if anyone is interested, just raise your hand!

Tracy waits. The women stare at her.

TRACY (cont'd)

Anyone?

This goes on for a long, long long time.

Tracy remains hopeful.

CUT TO:

**INT. TRACY'S HOUSE - DAY**

Tracy comes in to find Unicorn standing at a desk with a microphone and computer set up to record a podcast. It's a running thing.

TRACY

Okay, I've decided. I need your help. I want a best friend.

Unicorn looks back, seemingly annoyed.

UNICORN

Do you mind? Didn't you see the light?

Tracy looks up to a RED LIGHT on the wall and a sign that says "QUIET WHEN LIGHT ON."



TRACY

What? No. Why is that there? Who installed it? What are you doing?

UNICORN

I'm recording my podcast. It's called "Unicornicopea."

TRACY

Really? Is that final, or can you still change--

UNICORN

Shut up. What do you want?

TRACY

Oh! Right. So, I've been considering your proposition, and after weighing the pros and cons and mulling it over, I think I've come a--

UNICORN

Oh my God I am so bored!

TRACY

I want your help.  
(then)  
I want a best friend.

Unicorn sighs. Looks her over.

UNICORN

You know the deal, right? The only way I grant a wish is if--

TRACY

I kill someone. I know. But, I thought about that, and you said the people I have to kill are always evil, and last time Carl turned out to be a serial killer--

UNICORN

(off "Carl")  
Charles.

TRACY

--Right, Charles, anyway, so I figure, what's the harm in making a wish so long as I'm fighting the forces of darkness, right? It's still easier than actually meeting people.

Unicorn considers it.

UNICORN

You have to say the words. It's like a contract, you have to say "I wish..." and then I tell you who to kill. So if you're sure about this--

TRACY

(formal, serious)

Unicorn, I wish I had a best friend.

UNICORN

Okay then. Now here's your target.

Unicorn bends down and comes back up with a MANILLA FOLDER in his mouth. Tracy takes the folder, amazed.

TRACY

Where do the folders come from?

UNICORN

What part of magic inter-dimensional unicorn do you not understand? Just open the file and let's get murdering.

Tracy sits down on the coffee table. She looks at the file, hesitates-- maybe a pang of regret-- and then opens it.

Inside, we find some papers full of information and a PHOTOGRAPH of a blonde woman about Tracy's age. She's smiling and seems like one of those perfectly happy jerks.

Tracy is SHOCKED TO FUCK.

TRACY

Oh my God! I know her!

Unicorn looks down.

TRACY (cont'd)

That's Kira Schmeikle.

(then)

She was my last best friend.

We push in on Tracy's face as she holds up the photo.

UNICORN

Wow. That's good drama. You should be on my podcast.

**END OF ACT ONE**

**ACT TWO****INT. TRACY'S HOUSE - DAY**

Tracy is still holding the folder and looking at her former friend's picture. She can't believe it.

TRACY

The year was 1999...

UNICORN

Why are you talking like that?

TRACY

Shush up. I'm flashbacking.

**INT. MIDDLE SCHOOL HALLWAY, 1999 - DAY**

The year that Prince told us to party like.

11 YEAR OLD TRACY walks down the hall with a blonde girl -  
11 YEAR OLD KIRA. They both have MATCHING HAIR SCRUNCHIES.

TRACY (V.O.)

It was the happiest time of my life,  
and Kira Schmeikle was my best friend  
in the whole world.

INT. MIDDLE SCHOOL HALLWAY, 1999 - MONTAGE

Little Tracy and Little Kira do things together at school.

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

We shared everything - Lunch,  
homework, a Tamagotchi named Buffy.  
And then, one day--

**INT. MIDDLE SCHOOL CLASS, 1999 - DAY**

Little Tracy looks sad at her desk. OTHER KIDS LAUGH and point at her. A pile of KLEENEX is on the desk.

TRACY (V.O.)

Someone started a rumour that I  
stuffed my training bra with Kleenex.  
Kids made fun of me. They called me  
booger-boobs.

UNICORN (V.O.)

Ha! That's hilarious.

Little Tracy wipes her tears with one of the Kleenex.

TRACY (V.O.)  
I thought my life was over.

**INT. MIDDLE SCHOOL HALLWAY, 1999 - DAY**

We watch Little Tracy standing alone in the hallway. She looks betrayed and sad and angry. All those kid feelings.

TRACY (V.O.)  
But the worst part was, when Kira heard the rumour...

We spin around and find LITTLE KIRA laughing with NEW FRIENDS. She pulls out her friendship scrunchie and tosses it.

TRACY (V.O.) (cont'd)  
She stopped being my friend...

The scrunchie lands at Tracy's feet - only this time, IT'S ADULT TRACY STANDING THERE (in Little Tracy-style clothes).

Little Kira and her new friends walk past Tracy, bumping into her like tough gang members. Ruuuuuude.

TRACY (V.O.) (cont'd)  
And then she ditched me for some cool girls who were all named Madison.

Tracy crouches down and picks up the scrunchie.

**INT. TRACY'S HOUSE - DAY**

Tracy is holding that same scrunchie because TV magic. She looks from it to Unicorn, the folder on her lap.

TRACY  
It was the last time I ever had a best friend, and the last time I spoke to Kira Schmeikle.

UNICORN  
Well, maybe this is your chance to put the past behind you. Settle your differences. Bury the hatchet.

Tracy looks up. Does Unicorn care?

UNICORN (cont'd)  
I mean that literally. You have to  
kill her. You should use an axe.

Tracy looks back at the folder. Well... shit.

CUT TO:

**EXT. OLD FOLKS HOME - DAY**

Tracy (wearing the scrunchie from the last scene) and Unicorn stand outside a charming OLD FOLKS HOME. Standard institution with some flowers. Unicorn seems... dubious? Can a horse look dubious?

UNICORN  
You sure this is where she works?

TRACY  
No doubt. I tracked her down on  
Instagram. I found out everything  
about her. She was top of her class  
at nursing college. Her mom is  
recovering from breast cancer,  
hashtag blessed, and last year she  
took a trip to Cancun.

(then)  
She also has a side business selling  
essential oils. Want to know what  
it's called.

UNICORN  
Absolutely not.

Unicorn heads for the doors before Tracy can say more words.

TRACY  
(then, quiet)  
It's called Heaven Scents.

Tracy follows and hurries to catch up to Unicorn.

CUT TO:

**EXT. ACROSS THE STREET FROM THE OLD FOLKS HOME - DAY**

We watch Tracy head for the doors to the seniors home, and quickly realize that WE'RE WATCHING THROUGH A CAMERA LENS!

Someone is watching Tracy. There's a WHEEZING BREATH, and then the SOUND OF AN INHALER.

Then the SHUTTER SNAPS and a photo is taken, and then another - telephoto shots of Tracy entering the old folks home.

How sinister...

CUT TO:

**INT. OLD FOLKS HOME, LOBBY - DAY**

Tracy and Unicorn are staring at a row of PLAQUES for EMPLOYEE OF THE MONTH. Every photo is of KIRA SCHMEIKLE.

UNICORN

Holy shit, would you look at this girl? She's like the Florence Nightingale of nursing.

Some other photos show Kira helping seniors or playing with them or hanging out. Tracy doesn't get it.

NURSE NOT KIRA (O.S.)

Can I help you?

Tracy turns to spot a NURSE (NOT KIRA) smiling.

TRACY

Um, yes. I'm looking for Kira Schmeikle? I'm a friend from school.

NURSE NOT KIRA

(checks time)

Hmm, four PM, she's probably in the common room. But be careful, it's Jello jigglers day, and some of those older folks can still throw.

Tracy nods. She and Unicorn head down the hall.

TRACY

Are you absolutely sure that Kira is definitely evil? Because these seniors seem pretty happy.

UNICORN

Are you kidding? Look at how wrinkly they are? Are they dehydrated? And why do they all have white hair? Who scared them? That guy's in a wheelchair! Who broke his leg?

TRACY

What? No. They're just old.

UNICORN

Oh, right. I keep forgetting you're not immortal.

They turn a corner and head into--

**INT. OLD FOLKS HOME, COMMON AREA - DAY**

The common room. Seniors gather to talk, play cards, watch television, get angry at things, compare grandchildren, etc. Tracy looks over at Unicorn.

UNICORN

Look, her name's on the file, she has to die. I don't make the rules. Do you want a best friend or not?

Tracy relents. Fine, whatever.

TRACY

I'm going to go ask around. You stay here, and don't cause any trouble.

UNICORN

How about I'm ten thousand years old so don't treat me like a fucking child.

(then)

Oooh! Jello! Tracy! I want Jello!

(then)

Never mind. It's lime. It's disgusting.

He looks to a passing SENIOR, speaking even though he knows they can't hear him. Just wants to hear his own voice.

UNICORN (cont'd)

Hey. You wanna be on my podcast?

Across the room, Tracy looks for Kira. As she spins slowly to take in the room, she backs into a cart full of medicine.

KIRA (O.S.)

Can you give me a hand?

Tracy turns around and finds--

KIRA SCHMEIKLE (Tracy's Age). Kira is the nicest-looking person. She's in scrubs and handing out medicine.

KIRA

Yeah. You. Just pass me that bandage when I ask.

Tracy picks up a bandage from on top of a tray holding 12 small vials

of liquid medicine. Kira, meanwhile, turns to a lovely older woman (GLADYS).

KIRA (cont'd)  
Gladys? It's time for a shot.

Kira pulls one of the vials from the tray and preps an injection. Gladys holds up her arm.

KIRA (cont'd)  
Thatta girl. Now, on the count of three. One, two... three.

Kira stabs the syringe and Gladys winces. Tracy looks away.

KIRA (cont'd)  
There. That wasn't so bad.  
(to Tracy)  
Bandage?

Tracy hands it over. Kira puts the bandage on Gladys. She looks back to Tracy.

KIRA (cont'd)  
Thanks. You just helped make someone's life a little better.

Tracy smiles. But Kira's face drains. Her eyes go wide.

KIRA (cont'd)  
Tracy Bird? From West Dover Elementary? Is that you!?

Tracy raises a hand. Kira stares like she's seen a ghost.

TRACY  
(awkward)  
Kira... Hey, girl! What a-- strange coincidence.

Kira suddenly turns sad. She grabs Tracy and hugs her tight.

KIRA  
(almost crying)  
I am so sorry for the way I treated you in grade six. Tracy, you were my best friend and I never should have believed those stupid rumours.  
(then)  
Can you ever forgive me?



Tracy stares for a moment and then... she smiles.

TRACY  
Of course I can.

Kira smiles big and hugs Tracy again. Tracy leans into it.

CUT TO:

**INT. THE BOOKSHELF, AISLE - DAY**

The MAGIC BOOK that Tracy brought back is sitting on a pile of books, all of which are on a cart.

Janice is in the stacks, filing books on the shelves, relaxed and happy. Just on the edge of our perception--

The book moves. Janice looks up and around. It's a spooky moment. You're scared. Just a little. Silence.

Janice goes back to work. We move closer-- and then-- THUMP!

JANICE  
Hello?

**INT. THE BOOKSHELF USED BOOKS - CONTINUOUS**

Janice peers out toward the checkout counter where MARY (manager and boss) is reading some rather erotic fiction.

JANICE  
Hey, Mary? Did you hear something?

Mary looks up. Shakes her head slowly. Janice looks back down the aisle. Creepy.

**INT. THE BOOKSHELF, AISLE - CONTINUOUS**

Janice notices a book on the floor. She bends down and comes back up with the magic book that Tracy brought back.

Weird. She starts looking through it, flipping randomly and then something catches her eye. She stops.

Uh oh. We look and see the pages of the book have been written on-- scribbled with red ink by hand.

It's some serial killer shit. Like ranting words and symbols about KILLING, MURDER, DEATH, STAB, KILL, KILL, KILL...

And the word UNICORN.

There are symbols as well. Skulls and snakes and demons and weird creepy shit I can't even imagine.

We're talking like, super unsettling shit. Like, True Detective season one. Janice is worried.

JANICE

Good lord... Tracy. What did you do?

CUT TO:

**INT. KIRA'S OFFICE - DAY**

The door reads; "KIRA SCHMEIKLE: HEAD NURSE"

Kira and Tracy are having Jello and LAUGHING together in Kira's office. It's a nice companionable moment.

KIRA

And then, the doctor says-- "If it wasn't for you, I'd really be talking out of my ass!"

They laugh again. You had to be there. Kira sighs. Tracy looks around the walls - awards, certificates, photos.

TRACY

I can't believe how amazing you turned out. I mean, the awards and the honorary degree-- and, is that the key to the city?

Kira looks. It's a big key shaped thing in a frame.

KIRA

(no biggie)

Yeah. Fun fact? It's actually just a Toblerone with a handle. But it still opens a ton of cool stuff.

TRACY

Wow. You're like, a real hero.

KIRA

Please, I'm just a nurse. But, if saving fourteen lives in the last three years makes me a hero, then I'm guilty as charged.

Tracy smiles. Kira reaches out, takes her hand.

KIRA (cont'd)

And I'm also guilty of being a bad friend. I never should have believed that rumour. I don't even know who started it. It was all so silly.

Tracy pushes the apology away like smoke.

TRACY

It's fine. Really. It's in the past.

KIRA

Well, we're friends now. That's all that matters.

TRACY

Friends? You mean it?

Kira smiles, and reaches out, taking the scrunchie from Tracy's hair. She puts her own hair up in the scrunchie.

KIRA

Best friends.

Tracy can't believe it. But-- shit, what about Unicorn?

And then-- AN ALARM sounds from the PA.

NURSE NOT KIRA (SPEAKER)

Code blue in the commons. Code blue in the commons.

Kira looks down from the speaker with a serious face.

KIRA

Not on my watch.

Suddenly, Kira LEAPS over the desk like a cat and Tracy watches as she rushes out the door. Excitement!

**INT. OLD FOLKS HOME, COMMON AREA - DAY**

Out in the common area, Gladys is down and having some kind of seizure or attack. A few seniors are around, worried. The other nurse looks helpless.

KIRA

Clear a path!

Like a goddam hero, Kira rushes up. She kneels down. Tracy looks over her shoulder, terrified on her behalf.

KIRA (cont'd)  
Gladys! Can you hear me?

But Gladys is too far gone. Kira starts doing some chest compression. It's all very quick. Light slaps. Flashlight in her eyes.

KIRA (cont'd)  
Call an ambulance!  
(back to Gladys)  
Gladys? Don't you die on me! You here  
me, Gladys? Don't you--

Then Kira stops. Gladys slumps.

KIRA (cont'd)  
She died on me.  
(then)  
I told her not to do that.

Tracy watches, in awe. She's amazed. Kira comforts and hugs a few seniors. Then Unicorn wanders in behind Tracy.

UNICORN  
Hey. What did I miss?

Tracy looks back, all sad. Unicorn looks down.

UNICORN (cont'd)  
Did you kill that old lady?

**EXT. OLD FOLKS HOME - EVENING**

Outside, Tracy is recovering, but upset. She's sitting on a bench while Unicorn looks down at her.

TRACY  
I'm telling you! She's not evil! I  
watched her try and save that woman's  
life. And she's got a dozen awards  
and she's basically a saint.  
(then)  
Plus... She's my friend.

Unicorn shakes his head.

UNICORN  
Are you fucking kidding me? Listen to  
yourself. You don't want to murder  
someone just because she's your  
"friend." That's insane.

TRACY

No! Look, what if-- what if you got the file mixed up? What if there was like, a snafu?

UNICORN

We don't make snafus. Now just go back in there, kill that beloved nurse, and let's get out of here.

TRACY

Why?! You tell me! Why does it have to be her?

Unicorn sighs. Fine.

UNICORN

Fine. You want to know everything?  
(she does)  
These aren't just random targets, okay? It's not a game. These people, the ones you have to kill? They are... DEMONS.

Tracy stares blankly.

TRACY

Like, metaphorically?

UNICORN

Oh my God, I can't believe you're making me do exposition.

(then)

There is a barrier between your dimension and mine. And sometimes, evil demons escape from my side over here, and take over human bodies. And my job is to come through and kill them.

Tracy is slowly piecing it together.

TRACY

So you're... like an inter-dimensional bounty hunter?

UNICORN

Yes! Exactly. Only I can't interact with your dimension, I can't kill them myself, so I need people like you to do it for me.

TRACY

And in exchange for killing these demons from another dimension, I get wishes?

UNICORN

There. See? Was that so frigging hard? Okay, so now you know everything, what say we get back in there and kill, kill, kill!

Tracy looks like she's almost coming around, and then...

TRACY

No. Kira can't be a demon.

UNICORN

(deflating)

Seriously? What the fuck?

Tracy stands up, defiant.

TRACY

She's nice! She helps people. And she's the only friend I've ever had!

(then, deciding)

And I don't want to lose her.

Tracy walks off and Unicorn fumes.

UNICORN

That's fine! I don't care. I'll find a way to kill her by myself! And then you can be friends with a dead body. Like Weekend At Bernie's!

(then)

That's right! I've seen Weekend At Bernie's. Because my dimension still has video stores!

**INT. TRACY'S HOUSE - EVENING**

Tracy's door opens slowly and Janice pulls a set of keys from the knob. She looks around.

JANICE

Hello? Tracy?

Janice move in more fully. She looks around.

JANICE (cont'd)

It's Janice. From work? I used your spare key, I hope that's okay.

No reply. She might be alone.

Janice has the MAGIC BOOK with her. She looks around the house. Nothing seems that strange.

Janice opens the fridge. A shit load of apples, but nothing too weird. She pulls out a juice box.

She looks in on the spare room. A mattress on the floor. Janice sips from the juice box.

Janice moves through the living room and stops. There's a FILE FOLDER on the coffee table.

Janice sets the book down and with no little trepidation, she opens the file. Inside is photo of Kira. Her name, place of work, etc...

JANICE (cont'd)  
Kira Schmeikle... Oh shit! Carrie  
Smeagol!

And then Janice spies a stamp at the bottom of the photo. The stamp reads: "TARGET."

JANICE (cont'd)  
What the fuck is going on?

Janice raises the juice box and SLURRRRRRRRP. Finishes it.

CUT TO:

**INT. OLD FOLKS HOME, COMMON AREA - EVENING**

Tracy is back in the common area looking for Kira. No sign of her. Unicorn is following close.

UNICORN  
So tell me this. Does every old  
person on Earth have to go to jail,  
or did these people do something?

TRACY  
It's not a jail. And why are you even  
following me?

UNICORN  
I told you, I'm going to kill your  
friend Kira and send her demon ass  
back home.  
(then)  
If we can find her. Where'd she go?

Tracy looks around. Good question. She spies an OLDER WOMAN seated alone. Tracy approaches, sits.

TRACY

Excuse me? I'm looking for Kira? The nurse? Is she around?

The woman smiles. She should have a name... how about, EDNA.

EDNA

Oh, Kira... such a nice girl.

Tracy looks back at Unicorn, like "See?"

UNICORN

What does she know? She's a hundred years old. She probably thinks that chair is a nice girl too.

Tracy smiles at Edna.

TRACY

You like Kira, don't you?

EDNA

Oh yes. She's always so quick to come help when one of us gets sick.

(then)

Why, just last week two people had seizures, and Kira was right there to help. It's almost like she knew something would happen.

Unicorn perks up at this. Interesting...

TRACY

What do you mean she knew?

EDNA

Oh, just that she's always ready to save the day. I swear she must have been on the news at least ten times for saving someone's life. She really is inspiring.

Unicorn smiles. Tracy is getting a sneaking suspicion.

UNICORN

Well, I don't know about you, but I'm definitely feeling inspired.

Tracy looks back. Damn it.



INT. KIRA'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Tracy opens the door to Kira's office and finds it empty. No sign of her. Unicorn pushes in past Tracy, knocking shit off the walls and bumping into things.

TRACY  
Would you be careful?

UNICORN  
I'm trying, but this office is tiny!  
So don't body shame me for not  
fitting into your bullshit world.

Tracy looks around. Photos, trophies... newspaper clippings.

UNICORN (cont'd)  
Man, this chick loves getting  
attention.

TRACY  
She's proud of her accomplishments,  
there's nothing wrong with...

Tracy stops. She's found a tray of medicine vials.

The tray has 12 INDIVIDUAL SPOTS for little vials of medicine. They look exactly like the vial she used to give Gladys a shot before Gladys died. There's two empty slots.

Tracy looks picks up a vial. The label reads... "VITAMIN B."

UNICORN  
What's that?

Tracy turns THE VIAL and in the light we see the LABEL IS PEELING... Tracy pulls at the corner, and we discover--

It's a FAKE LABEL! Tracy pulls the fake label off and finds the real name of the drug... BUPROPION.

TRACY  
(quiet shock)  
It's Bupropion.

UNICORN  
Right. I knew that.  
(then)  
What's-- Blue-scorpion?

TRACY  
It's an anti-depressant.  
(MORE)

TRACY (cont'd)

(then)

But in higher doses, it can cause seizures... and even death.

UNICORN

And why do you know about an anti-depressant?

TRACY

I know a lot of things.

Tracy is reading the CLIPPINGS AROUND THE ROOM, mind racing.

"NURSE SAVES SENIOR FROM SEIZURE!"

"LOCAL HERO SAVES THE DAY!"

"NURSE KIRA DOES IT AGAIN!"

And then... "SENIOR DIES FROM SEIZURE. NURSE TRIED TO HELP."

If we were lame enough to do a dolly-zoom on Tracy, this is where we'd do it. She has just put the pieces together.

TRACY (cont'd)

Oh no... Unicorn, I think--

(gulp)

I think Kira's been giving these people seizures and then saving them for the attention.

UNICORN

I hate to say I told you so... but--

Behind them a HAND REACHES in through a crack in the open door. The door starts to open slowly with a CREAK.

UNICORN (cont'd)

You should have killed her when you had the chance.

Someone is coming!

**END OF ACT TWO**

**ACT THREE****INT. KIRA'S OFFICE - NIGHT**

Back in that office.

The door CREAKS open. A hand enters and then--

Tracy hears something move behind her-- she turns, and GASPS!

TRACY

Janice?!

Twist, right?

The lights come on. Janice stands there.

JANICE

There you are! I've been looking all over this place.

TRACY

How did you find me?

JANICE

I found a file at your house. The address is inside.

Janice holds up the folder containing the Kira photo.

JANICE (cont'd)

Tracy, what the hell is going on?

Tracy struggles for an answer while Unicorn looks around behind her.

TRACY

It's a little hard to explain.

JANICE

Well try! I looked through that magic book and someone wrote a lot of weird stuff in there. Like serial killer stuff.

UNICORN

Um, Tracy?

TRACY

I know, and I know what this looks like, but I swear there's a reason.

UNICORN

How many vials are supposed to be here?

Tracy glances back, and then at Janice.

TRACY

So, okay, you know how you gave me that book, well the thing is, I did one of the spells and--

UNICORN

Tracy!

TRACY

What?! I'm trying to have a conversation!

UNICORN

There's two vials missing.

Unicorn is looking at the tray - there's two empty spaces. Tracy looks as well. Janice is weirded out.

JANICE

Who are you talking to?

TRACY

One vial for Gladys earlier... and one for-- Oh no.

UNICORN

She gonna try again.

Tracy looks back at Janice. Real panic.

TRACY

There's no time to explain, but there's a nurse in this building about to poison someone.

Janice looks down, then holds up the photo of Kira.

JANICE

Does she look like this?

TRACY

Yeah.

JANICE

Well, okay then. Let's go stop her.

Tracy smiles, grateful, as she and Janice head out the door. Unicorn is very pleased.

UNICORN  
I'm really looking forward to this  
murder!

**INT. OLD FOLKS HOME, VARIOUS - NIGHT**

In a few fun/scary moments, we watch Tracy and Janice and Unicorn all search through dark halls for Kira.

**INT. OLD FOLKS HOME, COMMON AREA - NIGHT**

Unicorn searches through the common area, finding only a bowl of fruit. He takes an apple and eats it.

**INT. OLD FOLKS HOME, SENIOR'S ROOM - NIGHT**

Tracy peeks in on one senior's room and just sees an old person standing facing a corner. Spooky AF. Tracy backs out.

**INT. OLD FOLKS HOME, OTHER SENIOR'S ROOM - NIGHT**

Janice looks in on another room and finds TWO SENIORS MAKING OUT. Things start to get hot and heavy. Janice watches a bit more. She's into it.

**INT. OLD FOLKS HOME, HALLWAY - NIGHT**

Tracy moves down a hall and stops short - spotting something on the floor.

We cut to a scrunchie - huge in the frame - and then Tracy picking it up. Tracy looks it over - and then to the open door next to her.

With a determined face, Tracy puts her hair up in the scrunchie and heads inside.

**INT. OLD FOLKS HOME, EDNA'S ROOM - NIGHT**

Inside the room, Kira Schmeikle is preparing a syringe with the missing bupropion vial.

She looks down and we see Edna - the senior that Tracy was talking to earlier. Edna is asleep with a sleep-apnea mask on. The machine WHIRRS. Kira smiles.

We slide off Kira's face to find Tracy in the doorway.

TRACY

Get away from her, you bitch.

Kira looks back. Sees Tracy and smiles.

KIRA

Tracy! I'm so glad to see you.

(then)

I just have to give Edna a shot, and then how about we go get a margarita?

TRACY

I know what you've been doing, Kira. I know what's in that syringe.

KIRA

What are you talking about? It's just vitamins. It's fine. Watch--

Kira moves again to inject Edna and Tracy GRABS HER WRIST.

TRACY

You're killing these people!

Kira smiles, totally convinced she is right.

KIRA

What? No. I'm saving them!

TRACY

That's a lie! You're overdosing them with anti-depressants!

KIRA

No... it's medicine! I'm helping. I'm a good person. I won a medal!

TRACY

You're inducing seizures for attention!

KIRA

Fine! So what if I was? Without me they'd just die alone, meaningless. I give them a chance at fame. I give them an opportunity to be remembered. I'm giving their lives purpose!

TRACY

You're a monster!

KIRA

I'm a hero! And you won't stop me.

Suddenly, Kira makes a move and-- IT'S FIGHT TIME!

Kira punches Tracy and Tracy hits her back. The SYRINGE goes skittering across the floor.

Kira and Tracy fight against Edna's sleeping form while Edna snores into her apnea machine, blissfully unaware.

Kira pins Tracy down on top of Edna, shaking her comically. Tracy kicks Kira back and they tumble to the floor.

Kira finds the syringe. She holds it up ready to inject Tracy.

KIRA (cont'd)  
It didn't have to be like this,  
Tracy. We could have been friends.

TRACY  
I don't want a friend like you!

Tracy PUNCHES Kira right in the chest-- and feels something soft. She pauses. Kira stops short as if caught.

TRACY (cont'd)  
(suddenly realizing)  
You bitch!

Tracy reaches into Kira's scrubs and A BUNCH OF KLEENEX falls out. Kira seems briefly embarrassed.

TRACY (cont'd)  
It was you! You're the one who was  
stuffing her bra! You started that  
rumour!

KIRA  
Yes, fine! It was me! People got  
suspicious and I had to blame it on  
someone!

TRACY  
But why are you still doing it?

KIRA  
Because it makes me feel confident!  
And I have allergies. It's just  
easier to keep tissues nearby and-- I  
don't have to explain myself to you!

Seizing the moment, Kira pushes Tracy back against Edna and pins her down. She readies the syringe--

KIRA (cont'd)  
 Now, close your eyes. This won't hurt  
 a bit. In one... two...

Kira raises the syringe. Tracy sees it drip menacingly.

JANICE (O.S.)  
 No!

Both Tracy and Kira look over sharply, to see Janice  
 standing in the doorway with Unicorn.

Kira is distracted just long enough for Tracy to--

WHUMP! Tracy rabbit-punches Kira in the throat. Kira GASPS  
 and the syringe flies up, twisting in the air.

And just like that-- Tracy grabs the syringe out of mid-air  
 and STABS IT HOME into Kira's neck.

TRACY  
 Three.

Janice is stunned. Holy shit.

Tracy plunges down. Kira gasps-- and then--

A seizure takes hold of Kira. Tracy watches as Kira's face  
 writhes and grimaces and then-- just for a flash-- Kira's  
 face suddenly looks DEMONIC. Her eyes black. She smiles.

DEMON KIRA  
 You can't stop us all, Tracy Bird.

And then-- Kira dies... her face back to normal.

Tracy looks down, relieved but shaken by what she saw.  
 Janice steps into the room - shaken and amazed.

JANICE  
 Is she really dead?

Tracy looks up. Unicorn is closer. He looks at Kira.

UNICORN  
 I was gonna help, but I saw you had  
 it under control, so-- team effort  
 right? You and me? We did it. Yay!

Tracy gets up and Janice looks at her like she's half super-  
 hero, half monster.

JANICE  
 Tracy... what the hell is going on?



Tracy nods, catching her breath.

TRACY

The truth... is...

(then)

I used a magic spell to summon a unicorn from another dimension who grants me wishes if I help him kill demons who look like people.

Janice stares at her. Unicorn looks impressed.

UNICORN

Wow. Big swing.

And then Janice slowly nods.

JANICE

So... what did you wish for?

TRACY

What?

JANICE

You said you get wishes for killing people, so what did you wish for?

TRACY

I wanted a best friend.

Janice looks at the situation.

JANICE

Like, the kind of friend who would help you get rid of a dead body?

Tracy laughs and nods.

TRACY

Something like that.

JANICE

Well, then I'd say you got your wish.

Tracy smiles, Janice smiles. Edna keeps sleeping.

UNICORN

Hey. How about you braid each other's hair after we dump this body?

Tracy sighs. Fine. They start pulling Kira's body out into the hall. They bump her head hard on the door jamb.

**END OF ACT THREE**

## TAG

EXT. OLD FOLKS HOME, BACK PARKING LOT - NIGHT

In the dark behind the old folks home, Tracy and Janice work to open up a dumpster and then lift Kira's body up and inside. Unicorn watches and Janice asks questions...

JANICE

So is the Unicorn with us right now?

TRACY

Yes. He's here.

JANICE

Why can't I see him?

UNICORN

Man, when she starts talkin' she doesn't shut up, does she?

TRACY

(ignoring Unicorn)

He says it's a perception thing.

UNICORN

Just tell her it's magic.

TRACY

(to Janice)

I don't think he understands it.

UNICORN

I do so understand. I understand everything. I'm a genius where I come from. I'm like the Stephen Hawking of my dimension.

(then)

Only, I don't look like if Bill Gates fucked a shopping cart.

Tracy looks back.

TRACY

Whoa! That is super offensive!

UNICORN

Oh, I'm sorry, was that too harsh? Did I shock your delicate sensibilities? Well good. I'm edgy. I'm provocative.

JANICE

What did he say?

TRACY  
Nothing. Just a bad joke.

UNICORN  
You're a bad joke.

Meanwhile...

**EXT. ACROSS THE STREET FROM THEM - NIGHT**

Lurking in the dark, watching Tracy and Janice is that same CREEPY CAMERA POV that we saw earlier outside the bookstore.

JANICE  
How bad?

TRACY  
Pretty bad.

UNICORN  
I'm gonna put that joke in my  
podcast, and then you'll see.

The camera POV SNAPS A PHOTO and we hear the WHEEZING BREATH.

TRACY  
Please don't start a podcast.

JANICE  
Oooh, I love podcasts. Does he have a  
podcast? What's it called?

UNICORN  
Unicornicopea.

TRACY  
Nothing. Don't worry about it.

Another photo SNAPS and we watch as Tracy and Janice dump Kira into the dumpster with finality.

CUT TO:

**INT. MYSTERY ROOM - LATER**

In a darkroom somewhere, later that night, a MAN takes a hit off an INHALER and we meet... GORMAN BURKE (30s).

Gorman seems like a man who spends too much time talking to his cat about things that annoy him.

He holds up a PRINTED PHOTO of Tracy and Janice dumping Kira's body. As Gorman looks at the photo, we spin around him, taking in the room.

One wall is covered in newspaper clippings and printouts - all related to deaths and murders and tragedy.

All over the clipping are WORDS, writing in a mad red scrawl... JUST LIKE JANICE SAW IN THE MAGIC BOOK.

On a TV, a video is playing - the VIDEO shows Tracy from the other week - on the news after she killed Charles.

Another corner is filled with scans from the magic book, with red yarn tying things to other things. With old wood cut drawings of demons and daggers. More writing. More serial-killer vibes.

It's a full on conspiracy board!

Gorman puts the photo of Tracy and Janice up on the board...

And then he takes a red marker and draws on one of the photos of them dumping the dead Kiara.

In the end, we reveal what he's drawn.

It's a drawing of A UNICORN! Right where Unicorn was standing! (Unicorn isn't in the photo - but Gorman knows he was there.)

Gorman steps back and grins like the Cheshire cat.

GORMAN  
You can run, Unicorn...  
(then)  
But you can't hide.

And just to drive shit home, Gorman pins the photo to the wall-- with a KNIFE!

**END OF EPISODE**