

TRACY AND UNICORN

EPISODE 1: "TRACY AND UNICORN"

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COLD OPEN

EXT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

A small hipster coffee shop in Calgary.

TRACY (30s, endearingly awkward) arrives on a bike. She locks it up and hurries inside. We hold the shot just long enough for things to get uncomfortable. A little longer... there we go. Now a bit more.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

A small line waits to order. The barista, HENRY (30s) is handsome in a rugged, going-nowhere kind of way. Like a poet with a gym-membership.

Tracy takes off her bike helmet, a prominent sticker on the helmet shows a UNICORN. She watches Henry with anticipation. A woman arrives behind her.

TRACY

Don't talk to me until I've had my
coffee, am I right?

The WOMAN looks around as if to say "who the fuck talks in a coffee line?" - Nevertheless, Tracy persists.

TRACY (CONT'D)

And Henry, the barista?
(points to Henry)
He's so great. We have a routine. I
say, "The usual, Henry!" Then Henry
says--

HENRY

(annoyed)
Next! Please. Come on.

Tracy is horribly bashful. Like her body is wearing mittens.

TRACY

Hi. I'm the usual?

HENRY

You're what?

TRACY

A small drip.

HENRY
Your name?

TRACY
(sensing an opening)
It's Tracy. I've been here before.
I made you cupcakes one time?

Henry writes "STACY" on a cup in marker and hands it off.

TRACY (CONT'D)
Actually, my name is--

HENRY
Next!

Tracy steps aside. She watches Henry flirt with the next girl in line. She sighs.

OTHER BARISTA
Stacy! A small drip named Stacy!

TRACY
That's me.
(then sadly)
I'm Stacy.

Tracy gets her coffee and then turns, walking towards the door.

Then someone bumps into her and the coffee just spills all over Tracy's shirt. Tracy stops and dies a little bit inside.

Tracy stares. And we stare back.

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

TITLE: "TRACY AND UNICORN"

END COLD OPEN

ACT ONEINT. THE BOOKSHELF USED BOOKS - DAY

Tracy stacks used books on a shelf at work, still upset from her morning. She talks with her co-worker, JANICE (late 20's).

Janice is a modern new-age type who reads pseudo-science health websites and Harry Potter slash-fiction, but also she has a biology degree, which I guess makes it okay?

TRACY

My one chance to talk to Henry, and
I blew it! I'm such a loser.

Janice is reading news on her phone and only half listening.

JANICE

(not listening)
Right. Totally.

A few customers lurk in the aisles browsing and scratching. Janice keeps scrolling her news-feed.

TRACY

I just think we have a connection.
And he's so deep. One time, I saw
him wearing a shirt that said "Just
Do It" and I was all, "Yes. I
should." But then I didn't.

Tracy looks up. Janice is just scrolling on her phone.

JANICE

I hate when that happens.

TRACY

Janice? Are you listening to me?

JANICE

(clearly not listening)
Have you seen the news? I swear--
It's like the world's been
possessed.

Janice holds out her phone.

JANICE (CONT'D)

Wolves attacking people, that comic book convention turned into a blood bath. Random people just keep going missing.

Janice scrolls a news article. "ATTRACTIVE WOMAN GOES MISSING, MEDIA PAYS ATTENTION."

JANICE (CONT'D)

Just think. One night you're alone in your apartment and then-- poof, gone. You disappear-- Like magic.

TRACY

I don't think anyone would even notice if I disappeared. I mean, really-- My sister unfriended me. My dad moved to Nova Scotia without telling me. My bank thought I was dead. Even those rats from NIMH don't ask for my help any more.

(then)

I just want to be happy.

Janice watches her, vaguely bored. Then a thought occurs.

JANICE

You know what? I was looking in the occult section yesterday for sexy devil pictures, and I saw a book that might help you.

Janice pulls up a small book. It looks old, maybe 1930s?

JANICE (CONT'D)

It's a magic book that *guarantees* happiness.

Tracy takes the book. It almost vibrates with excitement. The cover reads: "MAGIC SPELLS FOR THE SAD AND ALONE."

TRACY

(disbelieving)

Magic? You know there's no such thing--

JANICE

I know. But maybe you need this. Don't be like that missing woman. Don't just disappear.

(then, the closer)

Go make it happen.

Tracy frowns and takes the magic book.

INT. TRACY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Tracy sits at a small table in her small apartment with far too many motivational posters on the wall. She is eating pizza and browsing her phone.

Tracy is on Tinder, swiping left. Each guy less appealing than the last. She looks up, frustrated, and opens the MAGIC BOOK that Janice gave her.

The book is old, the writing odd - with curious drawings as like a child's book from the depression, but grim and scary.

As Tracy reads, a drop of pizza sauce falls on her phone.

TRACY

Shoot, dammit. Not again.

Tracy grabs her napkin and wipes the screen, accidentally swiping right on a guy's picture. She freezes. Oh shit!

TRACY (CONT'D)

Oh, no. Oh, crap.

A MESSAGE POPS UP from "CHARLES". His picture shows him in a toque, holding an axe. His message is SHOWN FLOATING ABOVE THE PHONE as his VOICE TALKS...

CHARLES (V.O.)

Hi! Wanna grab a drink? Let's make it happen! Eggplant.

The MESSAGE ON SCREEN ends with an eggplant emoji.

Tracy looks at the words... "make it happen!" She bites her pizza, and looks at the book Janice gave her.

Well okay then.

INT. LOUD BAR - NIGHT

Tracy walks into A RATHER LOUD BAR in what she considers to be appropriate date clothes - a sweatshirt with an owl on it and a jean skirt over some colourful leggings.

She scans the bar and finds CHARLES (30s). He waves. They both have to kind of yell over the music.

CHARLES

Tracy. Hi!

Charles is appealing, but mild. Like a salsa from the 80s.

TRACY

Sorry I'm late, I had to text my mom that I got here safe and wasn't murdered. Y'know, because of the patriarchy?

CHARLES

When I told my mother I was going on an internet date, she said you were probably a serial killer. Drink?

Tracy looks at the BARTENDER.

TRACY

Strawberry daiquiri?
 (then back)
 I've never killed anyone in my life. Except one time in college.
 (as explanation)
 I was volunteering at a soup kitchen and someone choked on a carrot that I cut up too big.

CHARLES

It's nice that you volunteer. Most people are so shallow these days.

The drink arrives. Quick, I know.

TRACY

I think that the world is only as good as we make it.

CHARLES

That's really deep.

TRACY

I read it on a box of inspirational tampons.

CHARLES

Cool. So you want to go have sex?

Tracy is a little confused. She must have heard wrong.

TRACY

Sorry, it sounded like you asked if I wanted sex.

CHARLES

Yeah. I live around the corner.
What's your policy on boob stuff?

TRACY

Why would I have sex with you? I
don't even know you!

CHARLES

If you're not into it that's cool,
but I got another girl meeting me
here in like, ten minutes, so you
should probably go. Also, I'm not
paying for your drink.

TRACY

Another girl? I thought this was a
date!

CHARLES

And I thought you'd come home with
me. Now we're both disappointed.

Tracy stands up, furious and righteous.

TRACY

You know what? I wish I was a
serial killer.

Charles is not bothered. Tracy slaps five dollars down.

TRACY (CONT'D)

Here's for my stupid drink.

CHARLES

That daiquiri cost sixteen dollars.

TRACY

What?!

The bartender returns.

TRACY (CONT'D)

Sorry, I need the card machine.

The bartender sighs and goes to get it. Tracy is left
awkwardly. Charles watches her.

CHARLES

You should try Apple Pay. I can do
it with my watch. It's super easy.

Tracy keeps waiting. This is awful.

CHARLES (CONT'D)
Just like, BOOP, and it's paid. So
convenient.

INT. TRACY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Tracy stands in her kitchen, eating ice cream over the sink, very unhappy with the day. She looks at her reflection in the dark window over the sink.

Then, in the quiet, a SHUFFLING SOUND stops Tracy cold. SHHHHHHHICK. She turns. But nothing moves.

The sound again... SHHHHHHHICK. The room is still. Tracy has a spoonful of ice cream while hesitating.

And then a SUDDEN SHUFFLE AND... THUD!

Tracy jumps up, drops her ice cream in the sink, spoon aloft as a weapon.

She looks around the edge of the table and finds...

The book Janice gave her is on the floor - open to a spell:

"SUMMONING FOR ETERNAL HAPPINESS"

Tracy picks it up and reads.

TRACY
A spell to improve your life.
(shrugging)
Huh.

INT. TRACY'S SPARE ROOM - NIGHT

A rug is pulled away, revealing an aging wood floor.

Tracy has the book in one hand, a piece of chalk in the other.

Tracy draws a pentagram on the floor... and some hearts around it... then a smiley face. Like a teenager's notebook.

Tracy compares her drawing to the book. Identical.

Candles are lit and placed around the pentagram.

Glitter is dusted across the space.

Small stuffed toy animals are placed at the points.

Tracy steps into centre of the pentagram, book in hand. She takes a deep breath... last chance to back out.

But something pushes her forward. Tracy reads from the pages.

TRACY
Majestica, fortuna, parabilay,
trotsky.

As Tracy recites the incantation the LIGHTS FLICKER, WIND BLOWS from nowhere, there is LIGHTNING, HOWLING SOUNDS, and a glowing RAINBOW LIGHT emanates from the floor.

Tracy raises her hands, expecting... something.

But then-- it stops. And there is just Tracy, alone.

TRACY (CONT'D)
Well... fudge.

INT. TRACY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Tracy climbs into bed, setting the magic book on her bedside table. She looks at it a moment while reaching for the light.

TRACY
I guess there really is no such
thing as magic.

Tracy turns off the light and rolls over.

But in the dark... The book. Begins. To glow.

CUT TO:

INT. TRACY'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Tracy's ALARM GOES OFF with a BEEP BEEP BEEP, and Tracy wakes up slowly but surely. She reaches over to turn off the alarm - pausing as she sees something... unusual.

A WHITE UNICORN IS STANDING IN HER BEDROOM.

It's not animated, or a trick. There is a white horse, with a rainbow coloured mane and tail, and a single fucking horn, and it's in her bedroom.

Then the UNICORN speaks... with a very human voice.

UNICORN

Hey. Quick question. Do you have
any apples? Because I am starving
as fuck.

Tracy stares for a moment and then-- SCREAMS.

TRACY

AHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!

END ACT ONE

ACT TWOINT. TRACY'S KITCHEN - DAY

Tracy is sitting at her kitchen table, pale and terrified, sipping a trembling cup of coffee. She stares across the table in complete and total fear.

Across the table, taking up most of the room, is Unicorn.

As we've established, Unicorn is a full on fucking horse with a pastel rainbow coloured mane and tail, and also has a single horn. Also, Unicorn can talk.

UNICORN

So do you own this place, or--

Tracy SCREAMS loudly. Unicorn stops talking.

UNICORN (CONT'D)

Are you renting?

Tracy SCREAMS again. Unicorn stares for a moment.

UNICORN (CONT'D)

Clock--

(SCREAM)

Umbrella.

(SCREAM)

Nipple.

Tracy SCREAMS again.

UNICORN (CONT'D)

Will you stop that!? I get it!
You're freaking out!

Tracy takes a breath. Calm.

TRACY

What-- what are you?

UNICORN

I'm a unicorn.

TRACY

Unicorn's aren't real.

UNICORN

You know that's offensive, right? I don't conjure you out of nowhere and tell you you're not real.

(MORE)

UNICORN (CONT'D)

It's racist is what that is. You're a goddam racist.

TRACY

Did you say "conjure?"

(then)

Do you mean the spell from last night?

UNICORN

Well, obviously I didn't crawl in through a fucking window!

Unicorn tries to turn around, knocking a shelf off the wall.

UNICORN (CONT'D)

Look, can we go outside?

EXT. STREET - DAY

Tracy walks with Unicorn. Anyone passing by seems not to notice anything strange.

TRACY

So, I really cast a spell and made you appear? Like magic?

UNICORN

It's a bit more complicated. The spell opens an inter-dimensional rift that pulls me through... which is annoying, because I had stuff planned.

TRACY

What kind of stuff?

UNICORN

Just stuff, all right? I have many varied interests. And what do you care? You summoned me, I'm a unicorn, I'm here to make your life better. End of story.

TRACY

Make it better how?

UNICORN

Like, tell me something you want.

TRACY

(considering)

I want... some ice cream.

UNICORN

That's it? A unicorn offers you anything in the universe you say ice cream?

TRACY

(shrugging)

I like ice cream.

UNICORN

Okay, way to think small. Here--

Unicorn looks back as AN ICE CREAM TRUCK pulls around the corner, MUSIC PLAYING. Tracy looks at Unicorn, amazed.

EXT. ICE CREAM TRUCK - DAY

The ICE CREAM VENDOR hands Tracy an ice cream cone.

ICE CREAM VENDOR

That's three dollars.

Tracy looks at Unicorn expectantly.

UNICORN

What? Do you see a wallet? I'm a unicorn, we don't have money.

Tracy sighs and starts looking for change.

TRACY

What is it with guys these days?

EXT. SMALL FARMERS MARKET - DAY

Unicorn stands near Tracy outside near some fruit and vegetable sellers. He looks over some apples while Tracy eats her ice cream. She looks around.

TRACY

Why is everyone acting normal? It's like people can't see you.

UNICORN

They can't. Only you can see me. And babies. It's an innocent perception thing, don't worry about it.

Tracy touches his fur.

TRACY

But you're here, I can feel you.

UNICORN

I told you don't worry about it!
Look, you can see me, touch me,
whatever - because you summoned me.
You're like, my-- partner.

Tracy guess that makes sense. She moves along to a new stall.

TRACY

So is there a limit to what I get?
Is it like, three wishes, or can I
get more? If I wish for more wishes
is that cheating?

UNICORN

Jeeze, you ask a lot of questions.

TRACY

I'm sorry! I don't know the rules.

Unicorn knocks over some crates of produce. He doesn't care.

UNICORN

I don't have rules, I'm an
enchanted being. I make things
happen.

TRACY

Right, like I ask for ice cream,
but I still have to pay for it?

UNICORN

I provide opportunity, okay? I put
you in a position to get what you
want. After that, it's on you.

TRACY

And what do you expect in return?

UNICORN

Really? I have to do the whole
explain the rules thing? Fine. Come
with me.

Unicorn starts trotting off, knocking over some pineapples.

UNICORN (CONT'D)

Fuck you, pineapples.

EXT. FARMERS MARKET PARKING LOT - DAY

In the parking lot, Unicorn and Tracy talk.

UNICORN

Here's the deal. I make your life better, and in return, you do what I ask.

TRACY

Like I work for you? I'm your employee?

UNICORN

Yeah, I'll get Linda in H.R. to set up your Blue Cross. No, you're not an employee. It's a barter system. You get something, but you have to give something back. Nothing comes free, right?

TRACY

I have to give you money?

UNICORN

Seriously? I literally shit gold. I don't want your spare change. Do you know how disgusting money is? It's gross. And you all put it in your pockets and touch your faces.

TRACY

Okay! So what do I have to do?

UNICORN

It's nothing really, it's just-- I mean, I wouldn't even mention it, but legally, I sort of have to.

TRACY

Is it bad?

UNICORN

No! Just-- You get good things, but the universe has to balance the good with something... less good.

TRACY

That sounds bad.

UNICORN

It's not. Mostly. Okay, look, in exchange for granting you wishes, you have to do certain jobs for me.

TRACY
What kind of jobs?

UNICORN
(laying it all out)
You have to murder people.

Tracy stares for a moment, and then just RUNS AWAY.

EXT. THE BOOKSHELF USED BOOKS - DAY

Tracy runs up to the bookstore, stops to catch her breath, and heads inside.

INT. THE BOOKSHELF USED BOOKS - DAY

Janice is on the store computer - the SCREEN shows news about the missing woman from before: "OTHER LESS ATTRACTIVE WOMAN MAY ALSO BE MISSING!" A picture of a woman is shown.

Tracy rushes in and heads for Janice.

JANICE
Oh hey. Why are you all sweaty? Did you finally start exercising?

TRACY
Shut your mouth, shut it. It's real, Janice! It's mommy-fudging real!

JANICE
What are you talking about?

Tracy pulls Janice into an empty aisle, lowering her voice.

TRACY
That book! The magic book you gave me! It worked.

JANICE
What do you mean, "it worked"?

Tracy holds up the magic book from home.

TRACY
I did the spell, okay, and then... I saw something.

JANICE
Like what? Did you see a penis?

TRACY

Ew, what? No. Look, it doesn't matter what I saw, the point is, I think it's dangerous.

JANICE

Penises can be dangerous.

TRACY

I didn't see a penis!

JANICE

Okay, I'm getting bored now.

TRACY

I just, what do you know about the book? Did you use it? Did you ever hear of a magical being showing up and trying to grant wishes?

JANICE

So your problem is you think someone is trying to give you stuff?

TRACY

Yes... sort of. Is that crazy?

JANICE

I mean, I don't want to say yes, but-- Look, either way, you're getting out, and you're thinking positive.

TRACY

But, what if it's real? What if I end up doing something bad?

JANICE

Dude, if it's real, then you have to go with it, because these are forces way out of your control.

(then)

And... if it's not real, then you don't have to worry, because it's all make believe.

And then the BELLS OVER THE DOOR JINGLE and Henry, the coffee hunk, enters. He starts browsing a nearby shelf of books.

JANICE (CONT'D)

Just ask yourself, if you really could have anything you want.

Henry stretches for a book, shirt rising, revealing abs and hips and Tracy watches with scandalous intensity.

JANICE (CONT'D)
If you could change your life for
the better...

Tracy watches Henry and thinks maybe this is worth a shot.

JANICE (CONT'D)
Why not take the chance?

INT. TRACY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Unicorn is sitting in Tracy's apartment watching TV. Pretty much everything has been knocked over; chairs, tables, etc. Unicorn looks up as Tracy enters.

UNICORN
Your wifi is acting weird.

TRACY
Tell me more.

UNICORN
More what?

TRACY
How does it work? Who do I kill?
Why do they have to die? How do you
make me happy? Do you really poop
gold?

UNICORN
(trying to calm her)
Whooooooooaaaa. One at a time.

TRACY
Just-- tell me the rules.

UNICORN
Okay, okay, let me get up.

He struggles to get up. Tracy comes over to help.

EXT. TRACY'S APARTMENT BUILDING, COURTYARD - DAY

In the courtyard of her building, Tracy stands with Unicorn.

UNICORN

Here's the deal: You kill the people I tell you to kill, and I grant you wishes. Simple as that.

TRACY

But who do I have to kill? And why? Are they evil? Are they all Hitler?

UNICORN

How could they *all* be Hitler? Just trust me. I won't tell you to kill anyone who doesn't deserve to die. These are very evil people, and you are doing the world a favour.

TRACY

How do you know they're evil?

UNICORN

Because I'm a magic fucking unicorn!

(then)

Look, if you don't want to make a wish, that's fine, but I've got a job to do, so how about you--

TRACY

I want to go on a date with this guy from my coffee shop. His name is Henry. He's very cute.

UNICORN

You want to trade a murder... for one date with a guy who makes coffee for a living?

TRACY

Did you hear the part where I said he's very cute?

UNICORN

Okay... interesting choice. One date for one death.

TRACY

Wait-- First I want to know who I have to kill.

UNICORN

Easy. No prob.

Unicorn bends down and raises his head back up with a folder pierced on his horn.

UNICORN (CONT'D)
You have to kill this man.

Tracy takes the folder, opens it. Inside is a photo of CHARLES - her awful Tinder date. OMG!

TRACY
I have to kill Charles?

UNICORN
Is that his name?

TRACY
Yes.

UNICORN
Then yeah, you have to kill Carl.

TRACY
Charles.

UNICORN
What did I say?

TRACY
Carl.

UNICORN
And what is it?

TRACY
Charles.

UNICORN
Well whatever. Just kill him.

INT. HARDWARE STORE - DAY

Unicorn follows Tracy around the store as she gets supplies.

UNICORN
Get some duct tape. You need that.

Unicorn knocks over a display. He ignores it.

UNICORN (CONT'D)
And rope, you should have rope.

TRACY
But why Charles? What did he do?

UNICORN

He's an asshole, what do you care?
 (points with horn)
 Plastic sheeting. Get some. You'll
 thank me later.

TRACY

But, I mean, what did he do? Or is
 it a future thing? Will he do
 something awful in the future? Can
 you see the future?

UNICORN

Look, it's best not to think about
 it too much, okay? Let me worry
 about the morality. All you have to
 know is, he's a bad person, and
 you're a good person. That's it.

(beat)

What's that stuff that dissolves
 bodies? Lye! Get some lye! You can
 dissolve this fucker.

TRACY

And what are the odds that my
 Tinder date would be the one?
 That's weird right? It feels weird.
 But, I guess that's magic.

They pass by a DAD and his BABY. The baby points at Unicorn
 and makes a face. Unicorn looks at it.

UNICORN

What are you looking at? Idiot.

The baby starts crying and the DAD looks around.

INT. HARDWARE STORE, CASHIER - DAY

Tracy piles items in front of a bored CASHIER. Lye, a shovel,
 rope, duct-tape, plastic, saw, hammer.

CASHIER

(suspicious)

Is... this everything?

UNICORN

And Smarties. Get some candy.

She reaches and grabs the chocolate, adds it to the pile.

TRACY

I'll take this too.

UNICORN

You'll have to feed them to me by hand though.

INT. TRACY'S KITCHEN - EVENING

Tracy is back on her phone, on Tinder, with Unicorn looking over her shoulder. She finds Charles' profile.

UNICORN

There, now you just make a date.

TRACY

What do I say though? "Can you come over so I can kill you?"

UNICORN

I mean, I wouldn't open with that, but who knows what shit guys are into these days.

Tracy ponders... and then starts typing.

TRACY

Want to meet up? Eggplant.

UNICORN

You're not supposed to type "eggplant," dummy. Use the emoji.

TRACY

Right. Why is that?

UNICORN

Because it looks like a dick. Seriously, how do you function?

TRACY

Ohhhhh. Okay, now I see it. They're not usually purple.

UNICORN

Maybe not in your dimension.

Charles' icon shows TYPING, and then a message.

CHARLES (V.O.)

Sure thing! Fist, fist, pointy finger, okay sign, water drops.

As before, Charles' text shows up with appropriate emojis. It heavily implies a hand job and sex and an abstract male orgasm. Tracy reads it. Unicorn laughs.

UNICORN

Ha! The water is spooge. That's hilarious.

TRACY

It's disgusting.

UNICORN

Don't worry. He'll be dead soon.

INT. TRACY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Later on, Tracy - in a dress - brings wine to Charles.

CHARLES

Hey, thanks. And thanks for inviting me over.

TRACY

It's fine, I just didn't realize what your expectations were.

CHARLES

Honestly? It's just been so long since I actually talked to a girl that-- I guess I forgot what it was like to get to know someone. I mean, the last woman I had a crush on turned out to be my boss cat-fishing me, so--

Tracy shuts him up with a kiss. And as it lingers, Tracy reaches back... finding a KNIFE hidden beside her on the sofa. Charles breaks the kiss.

CHARLES (CONT'D)

You're sweet. I wish I could take you home and keep you forever.

Tracy stops. This moment of genuine tenderness has made her question things. She puts the knife back.

TRACY

Will you excuse me?

INT. TRACY'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

Tracy is squeezed in her bathroom with Unicorn.

UNICORN

What the hell are you doing? Kill him already! Stab stab!

TRACY

I can't do it! He's too nice.

UNICORN

He's fucking evil. Trust me. I'm a unicorn. Now slit his throat!

TRACY

No! I don't want to kill people! I don't care if you grant wishes.

UNICORN

Are you shitting me? You think I wanted this? Like I was sitting around just hoping some pathetic LOSER would summon me across space and time and not do a damn thing I say?

TRACY

Hey! I am not pathetic.

UNICORN

Of course you are. You just can't see it.

In the awkwardness following this mean statement, Unicorn SHITS OUT A LITERAL LUMP OF GOLD. It hits off the edge of the tub and lands on the floor. Tracy looks at it and back.

TRACY

I wish I'd never met you.

She turns and storms out.

INT. TRACY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Tracy comes back from the bathroom, smoothing down her dress.

TRACY

Sorry about that, so where were--

She stops, finding Charles *holding the hidden knife...* and an axe... the plastic sheeting and lye and a bottle of rat poison are arrayed at his feet.

CHARLES

Were-- Were you going to kill me?

Tracy stares, not sure of what to say for a very.

Long.

Time.

And then a bit longer...

TRACY

No?

EXT. TRACY'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Tracy is put into a POLICE CAR by an OFFICER. Charles watches from nearby.

OFFICER

Watch your head.

TRACY

It's a misunderstanding!

The door shuts and Tracy is left in the car looking out.

TRACY (CONT'D)

I just want to be happy!

Unicorn stands on her lawn, he shakes his head sadly.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREEINT. POLICE STATION, HOLDING CELLS - NIGHT

A jail-cell door slides open with a CLANG, and Tracy walks out, being led by the officer who arrested her.

OFFICER
This way, ma'am.

INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Tracy is led out to the discharge desk. The officer hands over some forms and a pen.

OFFICER
Just sign right here.

Tracy is very confused.

TRACY
Wait, are you-- What's going on here?

OFFICER
Turns out it's not illegal for a woman to keep a knife close-by during a blind date.
(then)
In fact, the city put out a pamphlet recommending it.

The officer hands Tracy a pamphlet with the title; "A KNIFE OR YOUR LIFE: DATING IN THE MODERN AGE."

Tracy frowns.

TRACY
Well that seems a little extreme, I mean not all men--

OFFICER
(cutting her off)
Okay, you're free to go. Stay out of trouble.

Tracy frowns and takes the pamphlet and the brown paper bag with her stuff.

INT. TRACY'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Tracy enters and looks around her apartment. There's evidence that the police searched the place - drawers rifled. Tracy moves slowly through.

TRACY
Hello? Unicorn?

She explores from room to room... but Unicorn is gone.

INT. TRACY'S BEDROOM - DAY

SAD MONTAGE MUSIC STARTS...

Tracy tosses the duvet on her bed.

INT. TRACY'S BATHROOM - DAY

Tracy sits on the toilet, peeing. She finds a GOLD SCRAPE on the tub where Unicorn's poop hit. She rubs at it curiously.

INT. TRACY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Tracy goes through and starts putting all the murder equipment in a trash bag. She looks up, remembering...

INT. HARDWARE STORE - FLASHBACK

Tracy stands with Unicorn holding up a BIG KNIFE. She pretends to stab the air like a serial killer. Unicorn LAUGHS. Tracy laughs too.

Their eyes meet... The MUSIC gets sexy.

INT. TRACY'S KITCHEN - DAY

Tracy empties a bag of apples into the trash, and remembers.

INT. TRACY'S KITCHEN - FLASHBACK

Tracy and Unicorn re-enact a sort of sexy "9 1/2 Weeks" sensuous feeding scene with an open fridge door and everything. Tracy feeds Unicorn an apple, caressing his face... and then they kiss! It's really very, very sexy.

INT. TRACY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Tracy shakes away the fantasy and picks up the MAGIC SPELL BOOK. She looks at it sadly, and then puts it into the trash.

Tracy looks at a motivational poster... a bunny with a parrot. The caption says; "IT'S NEVER TOO LATE TO SAY SORRY!"

Tracy thinks about that. About her life and the past few days. She makes a decision.

PRELAP: A DOORBELL RINGS.

EXT. CHARLES' HOUSE - DAY

Charles opens the door and finds Tracy holding a food-basket with a sign that reads "I'M SORRY!" There's some fruit and cheese and a nice board and knife.

CHARLES

No! I told them you were crazy!
I'll call the police, I swear--

TRACY

Please, I just-- I want to
apologize.
(beat)
I want to be... friends.

Charles relaxes slightly. He decides to let her in.

INT. CHARLES' HOUSE - DAY

Inside, Charles' house is decorated as if an old lady lives there. Tracy walks in, looking at doilies and porcelain cats and paintings of big-eyed children.

TRACY

Your place is... nice.

Charles looks back, moving a little into shadow. He smiles.

CHARLES

It's my mom's. I'll make some tea.

Charles goes through to the kitchen - sounds of tea-making follow. Tracy looks about, sets the fruit basket on the coffee table. She sits and calls out.

TRACY

Anyway, I wanted to say I was
wrong.

(MORE)

TRACY (CONT'D)

This-- friend of mine, they told me you were bad, but-- they were wrong. And I should trust my instincts.

Charles returns with two mugs. He sets one down.

CHARLES

People are always underestimating me. They think I'm a jerk, or I'm weird, or weak. But they're wrong.

TRACY

Most people don't even think about me at all.

(beat)

Where is your mom?

CHARLES

She's dead. Try your tea.

Tracy picks up her tea. And then she hears a THUMPING SOUND.

TRACY

She's dead? But I thought--

(off the noise)

Did you hear that?

CHARLES

I didn't hear anything.

Tracy starts to get a bad feeling about this. She looks at the tea. It's a bit foamy. The THUMPING SOUNDS AGAIN.

TRACY

Is someone else here?

Unseen by Tracy, Charles reaches behind a cabinet near the door he's at. He grabs hold of something... a baseball bat.

CHARLES

There's no one. Drink your tea.

TRACY

I don't like tea.

Tracy sets the cup down defiantly. Charles raises the bat.

CHARLES

That's too bad. It would have been easier.

Suddenly, Charles RUNS AT TRACY WITH THE BAT! She dodges at first, makes it to front the door, but finds it LOCKED!

Tracy pounds at the door, tries to unlock it - but no luck. Charles swings the bat and Tracy dodges the blow and hurries back toward the coffee table.

Tracy falls over the table, the fruit and cheese basket tumbling over her.

TRACY

Why are you doing this?

CHARLES

Tracy, Tracy, Tracy. It's not you... It's me!

Tracy starts throwing fruit at him, and then cheese. Charles stalks forward-- Tracy scrambles back as Charles closes in...

TRACY

No! Please! I don't want to disappear! I want to be happy!

And then, with one last step - Charles slips on a pear and falls forward. Tracy grabs the CHEESE KNIFE, and CHARLES FALLS ON THE BLADE!

Tracy finds the knife stabbed into his chest.

Charles dies looking into her eyes. Blood dripping down her hand and wrist.

Tracy gasps, holding back a scream as she pushes Charles off her. And she hears the THUMPING SOUND.

INT. CHARLES' BASEMENT - DAY

Tracy looks around the cement floored basement and hears the THUMPING AGAIN. This time from a metal door set in the wall.

Tracy moves and reaches for the handle... she opens it.

INT. DUNGEON ROOM - DAY

Tracy stands, blood covered and terrified, and looks in on the room. She GASPS.

THE MISSING GIRL, from the news, is chained up. HITTING THE WALL WITH A ROCK.

She looks at Tracy, terrified, and then starts to cry.

Tracy throws up. Like, just a serious unflattering vomit.

The girl stops crying because seeing someone barf is weird.

CUT TO:

INT. TRACY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

A TV is on in the dark, a NEWS REPORT detailing events.

NEWS REPORTER

(on television)

No details yet on *how* the woman discovered the scene, but police report that she was in danger of becoming a victim herself before overcoming the alleged kidnapper.

The TV NEWS CUTS TO FOOTAGE OF TRACY.

EXT. NEWS FOOTAGE OUTSIDE CHARLES' HOUSE - NIGHT

Tracy is surrounded by police lights. Tracy is in shock.

TRACY

(on television)

I, uh, I met him online, and a friend said I should-- anyway, the point is you should always listen to your friends, and Unicorn if you can hear this, I'm sorry!

An OFF-CAMERA REPORTER chimes in.

OFF CAMERA REPORTER

(on television)

Did you say Unicorn?

TRACY

(on television)

No more questions.

BACK IN TRACY'S APARTMENT

The door opens and Tracy enters with the OFFICER who arrested her earlier.

OFFICER

Here you go, miss, and if you have any problems, you give me a call.

He hands her a BUSINESS CARD and leaves. Tracy looks around her place. No Unicorn. This makes her feel just a bit sad.

CUT TO:

EXT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

The next day, Tracy heads into the coffee shop.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Inside the shop, it's quiet. Tracy heads for the counter where Henry works behind the till. He looks up and smiles.

HENRY

Hey-- Tracy, right? Small drip?

TRACY

(shocked)

Yes. Wait, how did you--

HENRY

I bought this book yesterday, and, weirdest thing...

Henry holds up a photo of Tracy - her name written on it.

HENRY (CONT'D)

This picture was inside as a bookmark.

TRACY

That's me... but--

HENRY

Anyway, it's a cute picture.

TRACY

(totally awkward)

Ha! Shut up. You are.

HENRY

And I thought maybe, if you let me keep it, I could buy you dinner?

TRACY

(disbelief)

He did it. Unicorn made it happen.

HENRY

Is that a yes?

TRACY
 Yes! Totally.
 (then)
 I have to go now.

INT. TRACY'S SPARE ROOM - DAY

Tracy pulls the blinds down on the windows in her spare room. She dumps the garbage bag full of magic supplies on the floor.

Quickly, Tracy redraws the pentagram, puts the toys down, lights candles.

Tracy stands in the pentagram. She begins the incantation...

TRACY
 Majestica, fortuna, parabilay,
 trotsky....

Lights begin to flicker, and a wind picks up around her. The pentagram glows with a RAINBOW LIGHT.

And then, as Tracy takes a breath for the next verse - BANG! FLASH! And the whole building seems to SHAKE!

Tracy falls and looks back as the pentagram becomes SWIRLING RAINBOW VORTEX! It starts SUCKING things like a vacuum! Toys, art, clothes, office papers... everything flies into the inter-dimensional rift.

Tracy scrambles away from it, her body being pulled toward the magical gateway... She struggles to her feet and runs!

INT. TRACY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Tracy hurries through her apartment as the building shakes. Pictures fall off the wall, and as she reaches the door it's as if the howling of the universe will tear reality apart.

Tracy gets to the door and holds on to the knob-- but it won't open! She struggles and kicks and then SCREAMS!

And then it all stops. And everything. Is. Calm.

As Tracy catches her breath, a familiar VOICE speaks.

UNICORN (O.S.)
 Hey. You got any apples?

Tracy grins and turns. Unicorn is in her living room.

TRACY
I should have trusted you.

UNICORN
(somehow shrugging)
I'm an asshole. Forget about it.

TRACY
And you're back? For good?

UNICORN
As long as you need me.

Tracy hugs Unicorn around his neck, and he likes it.

UNICORN (CONT'D)
Now what do you say we kill a few
people and get your life on track?

TRACY
I'd like that.

They hug for a beat longer. Then Unicorn shits another lump
of gold onto the floor. It's kind of adorable.

UNICORN
I'm not cleaning that up.

END OF SHOW