

*The Porch Room presents*

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# *Broken Sky*

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EPISODE ONE: THE HOUSE OF EVERYONE

By

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THE  
PORCH  
ROOM

BROKEN SKY

EPISODE 1: THE HOUSE OF EVERYONE

EXT. PENNSYLVANIA (?)

The sky is fractured, split into shades of red and green, sharply delineated. A hole opens up into outer space, like a patch of night in broad daylight. A shadowy creature the size of a whale swims through a cloud.

There is a car wreck in the valley. HERO, clad in black, lies face down in front of it, tossed through the windshield. A sword is stuck in the ground a few feet away.

The Three Sisters, GUARDIAN, SILENCE, and THE OLD WOMAN, stare down at the wreck. All three bear staves: a quarterstaff, a scythe, and a gnarled walking stick.

KAYA, Guardian's wolfhound, looks up to her for guidance.

GUARDIAN  
Kaya-friend. Go.

Kaya trots over to the body of HERO. She nuzzles him gently.

In his hand, he clutches a piece of torn parchment paper. A single word reads EVERYONE.

Hero is suddenly a blur of movement, springing from the ground to the sword, now holding the dog at arms length with the weapon.

Kaya growls at him.

GUARDIAN  
Heel!

The Three Sisters are suddenly surrounding Hero. His eyes dart from one to the other, paranoid, sickly.

He pulls a hybrid pistol from his overcoat: an automatic with a smashed laser sight. Hero aims at Kaya and pulls the trigger. SNAP. Misfire. The trigger breaks; the gun is destroyed.

Guardian plants her quarterstaff between Hero and Kaya, and Hero parries with his blade. He steps back nimbly to avoid a blow to the head, but when he puts weight on his leg, it CRUNCHES audibly, breaking.

Hero cries out in pain. The Old Woman approaches him.

OLD WOMAN  
 Hero. Stop this nonsense.

Hero flails out with the sword, cleaving her walking stick in half. A flash of fire erupts from the severed ends, and the Old Woman stumbles.

Hero tries to regain his footing, but he clutches his chest: his ribs are broken. He falls onto all fours.

Silence stands over him. He looks up into her cowl. A deathly white face grins and puts a finger to shrunken lips.

SILENCE  
 Shhh.

OLD WOMAN  
 Stop.

Hero looks to the ground and vomits up blood.  
 Black.

OLD WOMAN  
 Wardancer. Demon man. Get up.

Smack smack. Hero is slapped briskly across the face twice.

HERO  
 Mom. Let me sleep.

GUARDIAN (O.S.)  
 Some warrior.

Fade to black.

Hero wakes. He is in a small hut. Soft morning light pours over his face. He lies on a cot. Through the window, he can see Guardian engaged in morning exercises with her staff.

Across the way, Silence spins black and red thread. She snips off short and long pieces. The scrape of the shears unnerves Hero.

HERO (V.O.)  
 What is this place?

OLD WOMAN (V.O.)  
 A place to heal.

The Old Woman sits by Hero's cot. She holds the halves of her staff.

HERO  
I'm fine.

OLD WOMAN  
Your leg and ribs are broken. Your  
left lung has collapsed.

HERO  
Sounds final.

OLD WOMAN  
No. Nothing here is final.

As if to prove it, she fits the two halves of the staff together, runs her hands along the cracks, and the staff becomes whole again.

OLD WOMAN  
Life here is a full circle, and we  
the drivers of the wheel. We found  
you, our little lost sheep, and we  
will set you on your path again.

HERO  
So you're. God?

The Old Woman mulls that over, bemused.

OLD WOMAN  
Something like that.

Hero looks out the window. A flock of black geese hits on e of the lines in the sky: they refract, as if passing behind a glass of water. When they arrive on the other side, they are white swans.

HERO  
How did I get here?

EXT. THE HUT - NOON.

Guardian's staff crosses Hero's sword; they prepare to spar.

Hero, with dizzying speed, withdraws his sword, slams it into Guardian's staff three times in two seconds.

Guardian allows his momentum to carry him forward, gives him an easy smack on the ass with the staff, and flings him face-first into the dirt.

OLD WOMAN (V.O.)  
What do you remember?

HERO (V.O.)  
The crash.

EXT. THE VALLEY

The three sisters stand behind Hero, who looks down into the valley at the wrecked car.

OLD WOMAN (V.O.)  
What about it?

HERO (V.O.)  
Just the crash. Glass. Noise.  
Crunch.

The Old Woman scrutinizes him.

OLD WOMAN  
What ran you off the road?

HERO  
I ran over a demon.

EXT. ROAD NIGHT

Hero peers in vain through the windshield. The rain pours thick against it. His clothes are different, modern.

Very blurry, in the headlights, a horrible shape THUMPS on the windshield.

EXT. THE VALLEY

OLD WOMAN  
Was this his name?

She hands him the slips of paper with the word EVERYONE. Hero stares at it without recognition.

GUARDIAN  
You're a demon man, aren't you?  
You go looking for the things to  
wipe them out.

OLD WOMAN  
You're starting to remember  
yourself. A demon's name is its  
secret. You can't kill the beast  
until you name it.

HERO  
It told me its name?

GUARDIAN  
He needs more work.

EXT. HUT

Hero fights back against Guardian, more violently, more frustrated. Guardian takes her time, but in the end, he is on the ground, sword flung far to his side. Kaya growls.

EXT. VALLEY

OLD WOMAN  
A demon's secret name is its  
defense. Only an insurmountable  
foe would willingly give up its  
name to a hunter of demons.

HERO  
How did I get its name?

GUARDIAN  
This one was easy. This was your  
demon.

Hero looks carefully at the paper. Along the torn edge is the small stroke of a pen. It fascinates him.

QUICK CUTS:

Silence SNIPS another black thread.

The Old Woman rolls mulled wine around in a glass.

Guardian strikes Hero down again.

Silence lays the threads out, side by side.

The Old Woman swallows her wine.

Guardian drives down a crushing blow. Hero catches the blow with his sword, defending himself nicely. He pushes her off. She relaxes, holds her staff parallel to the ground, and bows slightly.

Hero reads the piece of paper in the waning daylight:  
EVERYONE.

HERO  
 He didn't die in the accident. I'm  
 going to kill him.

The Old Woman looks to Guardian. They exchange no noticeable expressions.

OLD WOMAN  
 We'll take you to him.

EXT. THE HOUSE OF EVERYONE - DUSK

Hero follows the sisters through the woods to the ruins of what must have once been a majestic house.

GUARDIAN  
 You want to face your demon,  
 wardancer, this is where you'll  
 find it.

OLD WOMAN  
 Though you might consider taking  
 more time to heal.

Hero pays no attention. He is searching through the underbrush.

He finds what he is looking for: an iron door in the ground.

OLD WOMAN  
 Hero.

Hero looks back one last time. The sisters appear to be a quarter mile behind him, but the old woman's voice is as clear as if she were right next to him.

OLD WOMAN  
 Do you remember all the demons you  
 have killed?

HERO  
 Seventy three.

OLD WOMAN  
 In that house is your demon.  
 Unhealed, you will not stand  
 against it.

Hero turns away and pulls open the door.

Stone steps down, and darkness. He looks back. The sisters are gone.

He heads down the steps.

INT. THE HOUSE OF EVERYONE

The house is fully formed and furnished on the inside. It appears to be a modern, suburban house basement.

Hero tries the lights, but they do not work.

He goes up the stairs.

The light is dying, but there is enough sunlight pouring through the window to see. The street outside is suburban. Kaya sits patiently on the opposite sidewalk, a dead animal in her jaws.

Hero finds the sight disturbing. He moves into the kitchen.

A thick stew is boiling on the stove. In the darkness, it is so brown it appears almost red. Hero looks into the pot.

Something moves behind him, shuffling.

Outside, a car engine struggles to turn over.

He opens another door. There is pitch darkness beyond, but deep within the darkness, there is a light, and within the light, he and LIZ are sitting.

They are inside the car. They are screaming at each other, though the sound of it is not audible above a whisper.

They are beyond argument. These are two human beings ready to murder each other.

Hero closes the door. He moves up the stairs to the next story.

Something moves in the kitchen once he is gone.

On the top level, Hero is faced with a series of doors. He opens one.

It is a bathroom. Liz sits on the floor, face down in the toilet.

He opens another.

A bedroom. Liz is asleep in the bed. Hero sits at a computer, typing furiously with one hand. He is typing over and over: xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx. The title of the masterpiece is NOT MY FAULT.

In his other hand is a pistol, not his laser sighted hybrid, but a good old fashioned .22. He spins the chamber with his thumb.

The Hero in the doorway hears the shuffling behind him. Liz is gone from the toilet. Behind the shower curtain, shapes move.

SHAPES

(whispering)

your fault you took bitch crazy  
stupid why the long face dog crap  
ass kicking all comes down to  
people so stupid

He thrusts the curtains apart. There is nothing there.

He heads back down the stairs, confused.

The first level is full of phantoms. They are dark shapes, slowly moving people, faces obscured in shadow. He draws his sword and tries to fight, but as he moves forward, the ghosts are gone like air, behind him, more seem to fill the space. The more he moves, the more shapes fill the room, yet none approach him, and he cannot advance on them.

The silence is becoming oppressive.

The red brown stew boils over.

Hero is beginning to crack.

He moves quickly to the staircase back to the basement. Kaya is gone from the front window. The daylight is on the verge of being snuffed out.

He finds that he cannot go back to the basement. The entire room is filled with shadows, an army of forms.

HERO

I am a demon man. You are my  
demon.

EVERYONE

I KNOW YOU, HERO.

The voice is a thousand whispers. A wind rises from the basement. It grows in intensity, and suddenly, the sounds become a scene to Hero:

EXT. ROAD NIGHT

Hero is screaming at Liz. He is not watching the road.

The speedometer reaches 90.

The demon appears through the rain in the road.

It is an old man, caught by surprise by the car flying around the bend.

Liz screams and points.

Hero looks at the last second, just in time to see as he hits the old man, his demon.

INT. THE HOUSE OF EVERYONE

Hero is trembling, but speaks boldly to the darkness.

HERO

Your name is Everyone.

The wind whistles again. A scrap of paper flies from the darkness like an arrow. Hero snatches it up and looks at it.

EVERYONE

MY NAME IS EVERYONE ELSE.

Hero pulls up his paper, and fits it together with the new paper. Together, they read EVERYONE ELSE.

Hero's eyes grow wide as the numerous shapes within the darkness begin to shuffle up toward him.

He turns back through the kitchen, but the dark forms are everywhere.

He drops the first few with his sword, but there are too many. They crush him between them.

Darkness.