

UNFILMED CINEMA

3 Screenplays by

Ryan Bartek

FADE IN:

World has changed, and so has cinema. In the age before 2020, it was considered suicide of property to release, for free, one's full screenplay -- let alone 3 in their entirety, all at once, in a single frantic go.

Here are 3 films meant for "The World Before," as we may soon call it. All were written slowly, in piecemeal through the years -- from the late 1990s onward. Many would have worked very well in their respective times -- the world of 2019, let alone of 2020 or after?

These works were shopped around and met surprising enthusiasm from key people -- more than this author was expecting to receive. The answer was the same, through Hollywood & the Indies -- they liked the stuff, wanted to see future works, but the one in question wasn't their gamble. So the author put them "on the backburner."

All of these films were intended to be directed, if need be, by the author (in stripped down, low budget form). However as is the curse with writing -- what you see in your head does not always translate to another, and what another producer may assume a massively expensive shoot, the author already has mapped out like a Tromaville production, an Italian Mad Max knock-off, a shoe-string budget, take no prisoners assault of poverty & DV cams.

The films in question are "Crimson Atlas" - a hyperkinetic, Vampiric Zombie Apocalypse Tale of Terror; the absurd and zany action-comedy-martial arts epic URBAN DOJO & the clever kitchen comedy "EMPLOYEES OF THE WEEK," about one young man's attempt to escape to Portland, only to be entrapped by the most bizarre workplace of misfit cooks ever concocted.

So here are all of these 3 films, for any & all to enjoy. Better they exist from mind to mind, so no third party (or producer nor director) can mangle them. This way, my faults are of my own disembowelment. Like it or don't.

Ryan Bartek ; 4.27.2020

FADE TO BLACK

Kitchen work is a funny occupation; spectacularly absurd, in fact, for "the rookie" or "newbie." As a profession, restaurant workers are widely reputed to be some of the strangest fringe oddballs in the workforce.

Why? Well, the fact that no college degree is necessary for a "foot in the door," so to speak -- usually that first gig is a result of an employers desperation to fill a staffing vacancy. Anyone can literally walk off the street, by & large, and find some basic position.

The world behind those swinging kitcehn doors is known in the industry as the "Back of House" -- forever populated by charismatic, fast-talking individuals, many of whom speak succinct "Americanese" -- that slang-filled speech of the lower class, fueled by pop culture references, playful jabs, "smack-talking" and creative imagination.

EMPLOYEES OF THE WEEK sets out to represent these remarkable specimens of humanity in the most honest way possible - the non-stop banter and low-brow humor of minimum wage cooks, with totally realistic interactions, while being placed in the zaniest, most dysfunctional kitchen of all time.

This scrrenplay is the journey of a 20 something Midwestern everyman looking to re-start his boring Midwestern life in the fabled grandeur of Portland, Oregon.

Thinks quickly go to hell, and after having his escape attempt ruined -- left penniless, homeless & horrifically in debt on the streets of Portland -- our beleaguered protagonist finds himself gainfully employed by the most ridiculous restarant of all time.

SAurrounded by half-mad, fast talkin' co-workers & a number of bizarre plots surrounding the restaruant, we watch the wild journey build in its stressful momentum, as if one long joke endlessly heaping atop itself.

This screenplay was inspired by every restaruant the author ever worked, plus all the Misfit Cooks met along the way.

Completed October 2015, this script slowly gestated from 2004 onwards as a creative extension of films like CLERKS, 40 YEAR OLD VIRGIN & the Tarantino vignette in FOUR ROOMS.

EMPLOYEES OF THE WEEK

Screenplay by Ryan Bartek

Fade in:

EST. OREGON FOREST - DAWN

The sun rises over deep wilderness, misty atmosphere retreating as foresty dew sparkles lush Pacific fauna.

EXT. MT. HOOD HIGHWAY - DAWN

Morning traffic zooms through scenic Mt. Hood...

EXT. HIGHWAY DITCH - DAWN

Foliage rustles and an exhausted hitchhiker stumbles out - JOSH, an average white male in his mid 20's.

Struggling through bushes, pricklers and thorns, he lugs a heavy, overstuffed military-grade backpack up an incline.

EXT. MT HOOD HIGHWAY - DAWN

Emerging onto the highway shoulder, cars zoom by...

Close on Josh as he pulls a cardboard sign from his travelpack and unfolds it: "PORTLAND, OR -- SMILE!!"

Josh sticks out his thumb and bears the sign.

EXT. SKY - DAY

Hours later -- the sun is bright, hot & blue-skies blazing.

EXT. MT HOOD HIGHWAY - DAY

Josh is slumped beside the road, sweating bullets.

He pulls out a water jug and lifts it halfway to his lips -- the bottom falls out for no reason and all water's lost.

Josh glares at its evaporation on steamy blacktop.

Frustrated, he looks to the heavens as if 'Why Me?'

A car finally pulls over...

Josh leaps up and runs to it, huffing and puffing as he drops his travelpack and stumbles, landing on his face.

The car window rolls down:

PASSENGER

Hey buddy... FUCK YOU!!! Hahaha...

The Passenger flips a middle finger as the car speeds away.

Josh sighs while in the b.g. another car stops.

HONK -- Josh swings his head towards the sound.

EXT. CAR - DAY

JIM, the Driver, waves.

EXT. MT HOOD HIGHWAY - DAY

Josh runs up and hops into the backseat.

INT. CAR BACKSEAT

Josh buckles his seatbelt.

JIM

Wow man, you look like you've been
out there for quite some time.
Lookin' hungry dude.

JOSH

I'm always hungry, haha.

Josh pulls out a beef jerky bag and nibbles.

JOSH (CONT'D)

I was making good time, but then
everything started dragging. It
took a week just to escape Idaho.

JIM

That's a lot of time spent hanging
with potatoes.

JOSH

Yeah man, it sucked.

JIM

They don't even got a football
team, do they?

JOSH

The land the major leagues forgot
-- if that don't speak volumes,
don't know what does. I mean, I'm
not a sports guy, but damn.

JIM

What kids do out there anyway,
stand around and watch corn?

JOSH

Kind of, I guess. Just be cold and
bored, and into it snowing in
August, I guess.

JIM

How long you been--

JOSH

Two weeks. Came out of Walnut.

JIM

You came out of a walnut?

JOSH

Yeah, wah-wah-wah-waaaaaah. No, no,
it's just a little city in Iowa.

JIM

Never heard of it.

JOSH

No reason to. It's like Idaho,
except we watch corn grow instead
of yams. Way west of Des Moines.

JIM

So you're doing the Kerouac thing
then?

JOSH

Some shit like that. More like...
Henry Miller, that's a writer
there. Kerouac was kinda boozy and
depressing... You know, people say
(MORE)

JOSH (cont'd)
blasphemy, people give it like the
holy book treatment, but there
really ain't much going on in On
The Road. I mean, he just kinda
explains things explosively. All
they really do is drive around,
having anticlimaxes.

JIM
Well, isn't that the truth of life?
No closure and constant randomness?

JOSH
Yeah, true, but it still drives me
crazy. I like having a proper
ending, some properly wrapped up
Hollywood tale. Who really wants to
sit through some movie or book that
just runs you in manic, confused
circles? With some dude just
getting his head beat in by life.

JIM
Not into dark ass drama's then?

JOSH
Dude, I like crap like 'Kingpin.'
Or, like, 'Freddy Got Fingered.'
That's a masterpiece there. I am so
cool with 'Snakes on a Plane.'

JIM
(Laughs)
So no super spiritual, road-atlas
mega quest for you then, huh sir?

JOSH
Kind of, you know, but, uh...
Really man, I'm just another guy
like so many others. Everyone knows
that Portland Oregon is 'The Spot'
now. Everyone's moving out here.
And, shit man, I just hit 22. I've
been livin' in Walnut my whole
life. Dude, it fuckin' sucks.

JIM

Yeah man, no doubt. Leavin' family back home?

JOSH

Yeah, they get it though. I didn't have the guts to tell 'em I'd be hitchhiking though. That's scare the shit out my mom, for sure.

JIM

Yeah, same here. I traveled a bit when younger. It's kind of a test.

JOSH

Absolutely -- it is a test... And it's on fumes. I feel kinda bad lying to my folks, telling 'em I saved way more cash then I got. Sold 'em some bullshit about renting motels in advance every night, cheap internet deals. They can barely navigate their TV, so they don't know shit anyway.

JIM

Well keep your cool, get a job fast, n' things'll work--

JOSH

Yeah, I'm hittin' the ground runnin'. No going back.

JIM

'N I bet you got some chick from online waiting for you, don'tcha?

JOSH

Nah, unfortunately--

JIM

Maybe some fattie on OkCupid? With selfies from like 10 years ago, and like, 8 marriages and 5 kids.

JOSH

Sorry to say, but my love life is like the drummer from Spinal Tap.

JIM

HA! That's a great reference!

JOSH

Thanks, been meaning to use that awhile now, haha... But, nah man, love is not my lucky ordeal.

JIM

But do you got enough to coast on? Shit's expensive these days.

JOSH

Well... it was a now or never thing. Live a little, or die trying... But yeah, ok, this part sucks -- my last bank deposit -- like \$700 cash, serious, \$700 bucks -- the ATM glitched and never recorded the god damn deposit!

JIM

What!?

JOSH

Yeah, and when I disputed it, the bank said their security cams were just for show! Like, fake cams just to please their insurer. No record of any kind that I was there - nothing. \$700 bucks of sober, slow boring ass nights stayed at home. All of it, just gone. Fuckers.

JIM

Damn kid...

JOSH

I ended up hittin' the road with \$300 bucks.

JIM

Man, that's chump change. And
you're just gonna dive into PDX?

JOSH

Man... I'll be some broke ass dude
no matter where I am. Might as well
be Portland. Soon as I get there,
I'm applying for every job I see.

JIM

Well... it's Portland, Just don't
show up to work drunk and you'll be
fine. You can be stoned to the
point where your eyes are a
strawberry daiquiri, whatever, but
just don't Vodka wobble.

JOSH

Ha! Well, you know what they say?
The place where the young go to
retire -- and keep it weird.

Jim's eyes squint with rage; he drives a moment in silence.

JIM

So, uh... Was you, uh, coming here
-- did you make your decision based
on that, uh, you know, that show?

JOSH

What, the skit show?

JIM

Yeah... That one.

JOSH

Um, it's alright.

JIM

More then alright, or just alright?

JOSH

I mean, yeah, I think it's funny.
Some part of me was inspired, I
(MORE)

JOSH (cont'd)
guess. Maybe a little.. I don't get
what you're getting at here.

JIM
Hold on, hold on...

EXT. HIGHWAY SHOULDER - DAY

Jim pulls off, parks -- and gets out the car silently.

Josh is confused as he watches Jim almost robotically walk
around the front of his car, around to the passenger door.

Jim stands there crazy eyed, then sternly points at Josh.

JIM
(angry)
Get the fuck out of my car.

JOSH
(stunned)
Um, what?

JIM
You fuckin' heard me! Get your shit
and get out of the fuckin' car!

Josh hurriedly grabs his belongings and exits.

Jim aggressively shoves him with one hand.

JIM
Think you can just slide right in
and steal my town, huh?

JOSH
Whoa man, why you trippin--

Jim, wide-eyed & advancing...

JIM
Oh I'm trippin alright, maggot. All
you motherfuckers -- come here n'
steal our jobs n' style n' turn it
all into some fake ass movie set

He shoves Josh again...

JIM

Turn our home into some fucked up
cardboard cut out on the ruins of
the real Portland...

And again...

JIM

You wanna live a skit show? You
wanna put a bird on it, huh weasel?

JOSH

Come on man, you can't be serious.

And again...

JIM

Couch surf some fraud hippy
collective in Southeast with a
buncha dready drainbow bums?

JOSH

Dude--

JIM

(angry)

GIVE ME YOUR PANTS!!!

JOSH

Um... What?

JIM

(super angry)

I SAID GIVE ME YOUR PANTS!!!

Jim throws Josh to the ground and tugs his pants off.

Josh thrashes helplessly, overpowered by enraged strength.

Jim rips them off his legs and clutches them like rags.

JIM

STAY OUT OF PORTLAND SCUMBAG!!

Jim steals the jeans, hops in his car and drives off.

Josh chases him in his underwear...

JOSH
MY WALLET!! YOU FUCKER!!!

Jim tosses the wallet out as he speeds off.

Josh rushes up, grabs and opens it -- his cash is stolen!

JOSH
(defeated)
Every last dime...

Josh realizes he has no pants either.

JOSH (CONT'D)
Fuck me.

EXT. GAS STATION - DAY

An OLD MAN is checking oil levels on his car.

Josh approaches in his tighty whities and travel-pack.

JOSH
Excuse me sir...

The Old Man turns, flabbergasted.

JOSH (CONT'D)
Well, I'd say 'I know what this
looks like,' but even I'm not sure
what this looks like...

He glares confused while reaching for some oily old jeans.

He hands them to Josh.

OLD MAN
Should do 'ya just fine. Come on
kid. I'll get ya where yer goin'.

INT. CAR - DAY - DRIVING

Josh is in passenger, sleeping with his head against the window as the scenery whizzes by.

EXT. FREEWAY - DAY

They zoom past a sign: "Portland 55 Miles."

EST. PORTLAND - DAY

BEGIN MAIN TITLES.

Portland is revealed in montage -- the MAX Train gliding by, people at food carts, pedestrians wandering streets, druggy punk rockers begging for money on the curb.

EXT. DOWNTOWN PORTLAND STREET - DAY

The Old Man's car pulls to the side -- Josh hops out, his wallet accidentally falling to the ground.

Josh leans in and shakes the driver's hand.

The car drives away and Josh, 'big city eyed', wanders into Downtown Portland entranced -- in the b.g. a STREET PERSON snatches up his wallet and darts off silently.

EXT. DOWNTOWN PORTLAND STREET - DAY

Josh turns a corner and spots an avergae white male hipster 20 something eating a wild, over-the-top looking donut.

JOSH

Hey dude -- you get that at Hoodoo
Donuts?? Been waiting soooo long.

HIPSTER

Yeah bro -- line starts over there.

The hipster points to a ridiculously long line of tourists awaiting pastries -- it wraps around 8 city blocks!

FADE TO BLACK:

TEN HOURS LATER

FADE UP:

EXT. HOODOO DONUTS - NIGHT

Josh is waititng in line, surrounded by Japanese tourists.

INT. HOODOO DONUTS

Josh's P.O.V. views an assortment of over-the-top donut creations slowly spinning inside a glass case.

EXT. HOODOO DONUTS - NIGHT

Close on Josh's eyes, hungry and salivating.

EXT. HOODOO DONUTS - NIGHT

A hairy & shirtless DOORMAN in a top hat booms loudly:

DOORMAN

Neeeeeeeext...

Josh, as if in love, reaches for his wallet -- and frowns.

JOSH

Fuuuuuuuuuuuck meeeeeeee...

FADE TO BLACK:

THUNDER crashes, rain pours.

FADE UP:

EXT. STORE FRONT - NIGHT

Josh is beneath a store front, shivering in a wet blanket.

An INSANE METH ADDICT walks by, ranting to thin air:

INSANE METH ADDICT

Ain't my fault yer a hypnotic
hypochondriac! All them accolades
n' certificates thinkin' you better
then everyone! Well people who live
in rock houses shouldn't throw
glass stones! Bamboozlin Buster!

Insane Meth Addict notices and yells at Josh:

INSANE METH ADDICT

Quit acting so superior!!! What the
hell I tell ya? SHARKS DON'T FUCK
WITH TWO DICKS!!!

JOSH

Um... Ok.

INSANE METH ADDICT
(Proud)

EXACTLY! So admit yer damn defeat
n' stop ruining it for all of us!!

The tweaker wanders off making weird chirping noises...

Josh spots an "Employment Seeker" newspaper box closeby.

EXT. DOWNTOWN PORTLAND STREET - NIGHT

He heads into the rain, shivering and blanketed --
desperately, he swings open the box and grabs an issue.

Close on the newspaper print -- page after page turns, yet
there are only blank squares where job ads should be. On the
final page a bold black headline: "Special Editorial."

His eyes scroll down to an even bigger, bolder, blacker
headline: "Seriously, everyone is fucked. I Quit. -Editor."

As Josh stares blankly at the paper, a HOMELESS MAN in the
b.g. quietly steals Josh's travel-pack and runs off.

Josh turns around to realize the theft.

Pathetic & freezing, he returns to the store front,

JOSH
Great, fuckin' great... Now what?

An imposing POLICE OFFICER walks up in a body length poncho.

POLICE OFFICER
Hey there son, how's it going?

JOSH
Kinda shitty, to be honest with ya.
Lost my wallet, my travel-pack's
been stolen. Got nowhere to go, no
cash, no food... Shit sucks dude.

POLICE OFFICER
Hmm... That's too bad. Did they get
your ID too?

JOSH

No, I was lucky -- I still got my Social Security card and ID here in my front pocket. Never travel where you can lose it all, you know?

POLICE OFFICER

Great, very smart. But, as you know, that blanket right there is a standing structure.

The cop flashes his badge then whips out a notepad.

JOSH

(confused)

Um... Ready for my statement?

The cop laughs.

POLICE OFFICER

No, no -- here's a ticket for \$700 dollars. Now give me that evidence and hand me your license.

JOSH

What?!?

POLICE OFFICER

Sorry kid, that's the law -- no standing structures in this town.

JOSH

Say what!?!

POLICE OFFICER

Oh you know it, don't lie -- that right there is a house. It's a illegal to just show up and build a house in front of some business, just cause you feel like it.

JOSH

For God's sake it's a blanket man.

POLICE OFFICER

Not says our Police Departments
Special Housing Outreach Community
Service Committee.

JOSH

What?!?

POLICE OFFICER

Yes, City Council voted 49 to 1 our
new homeless restructuring program
-- the only legal standing
structure are those giant metal
crates down at the shipyard. If you
want to be legally homeless, you
need to report to them. But just be
up early, cause if you oversleep
you might get cargo hauled to Hong
Kong. Happens all the time.

JOSH

What are you, shipping sleeping
homeless people off to China?

POLICE OFFICER

Oops.

JOSH

What!?! This is insane.

POLICE OFFICER

No, it's cross cultural outreach.
And it's really not our fault if
our security guys forget to unlock
them padlocks to the cargo crates
in the morning. Don't want no
vanished Bridge Critters now, do
we? But don't worry, it only takes
a few months to manually swim back.

The cop snatches the blanket.

POLICE OFFICER (CONT'D)

As for this, you're free to pick it
up in 2 months -- provided you pay
the negligent structure fee.

JOSH

ARE YOU SERIOUS!?! I'm freezing out here, I'm soaking! You can't just--

POLICE OFFICER

Hey now, don't get lippy. Hand me that ID...

Josh hands his ID over...

JOSH

Look, sir, please -- I'm really trying to make it here. I'm not a drug addict or a bum, I'm not--

POLICE OFFICER

I'm out here every night. I see another blanket, it's \$1400. You don't pay that in 1 month, the fine increases \$200 bucks. No payment in 2 months, we suspend your license. Don't pay in 3, it's time served -- and forced reimbursement for housing you. And also, just so you know, it's illegal to feed the homeless -- which means you.

JOSH

What? You mean I can't feed myself, because I'm homeless?!?

POLICE OFFICER

Exactly. The homeless feeding themselves is still feeding the homeless. Don't let me catch you.

JOSH

This is insane!!

POLICE OFFICER

Blah, blah, blah, yakity smackity. Welcome to Portland kid.

The cop hands Josh the ticket, then walks O.S.

EXT. WATERFRONT PARK - DAY

An exhausted & distraught Josh sits on the park lawn, observing young couples, joggers, street kids selling weed.

The crazy meth head walks by, ranting gibberish:

METH ADDICT

Bowling shoes? Screw that, I need
sponge bubbles n squirrel nuts...

Josh sighs.

JOSH

What the hell I do now?

A male voice comes from O.S.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

Hey you -- lucky contestant.

Josh turns and views REF -- a wide-eyed, manic white male in his late 20's. Ref wears a Detroit Tigers ball cap.

REF

Wanna smoke this jibber?

JOSH

Shit man, I would, but I'm looking
for work. Don't wanna piss dirty.

REF

(perplexed)

In Portland?

JOSH

Well, I know it's West Coast, but--

REF

Man, this is a bar town, and if you
haven't noticed, you can buy weed
all over the fuckin' place. No one
tests for shit.

JOSH

I just don't wanna fuck up any opportunity that might come. I've already been up n' down half of downtown. Ain't shit.

REF

Well, have you--

JOSH

Up at the library, spent 2 hours searching online. It's a wasteland. I got some kitchen experience, but they all want, like, 5 years or they won't even talk to you!

REF

The problem is you don't know anyone. That's how this city works. The rich kids come here to play the part, but the desperate freaks own this city. All of us are like refugees from some shit-ass part of America. It's tooth and nail -- anything not to go back. But newbies are on silent probation from the entire population. That's just what's up. And if we don't like you, you get run out.

JOSH

I get that -- but I'm honestly legit. I'm here to actually do something good. I want to network ambitious people, you know? I'm not some asshole paying \$300 to sit at the VIP strip club, you know?

REF

Ok, I got it, I got it. Myself? Same shit. No going back for me. I bolted on the Midwest years ago.

JOSH

Whereabouts?

REF

Michigan. But not even Detroit,
nothing even that cool. A little
Nowhere town. Just stuck there,
endless fucking snow and asshole
cops and everyone on probation
forever, broke and freezing and no
busses. Then I said Fuck This n'
bolted outta there at 22. Been all
over the USA, n' ended up here.

JOSH

Is Portland really the best of
what's out there?

REF

Yeah, for sure. Seattle is over.
San Fran is crazy expensive. LA is
a shit hole. San Deigo's crap.

JOSH

Well, I'd take any over Iowa.

REF

Ouch.

JOSH

Walnut.

REF

No thanks, not hungry.

JOSH

That's the town I'm from, I mean.

REF

I know... that was the joke.

JOSH

The what? What joke?

REF

Captain Clever, can you answer 3
questions?

JOSH

Um, ok.

REF

Ever had food poisoning so bad you vomited out your ass 3 days straight?

JOSH

Yes -- it was the worst god damn thing I ever experienced.

REF

What is bleach used for?

JOSH

Preventing food poisoning.

REF

Snitches get stitches.

JOSH

Huh?

REF

Snitches get stitches.

JOSH

I don't get it.

REF

SAY IT!

JOSH

SNITCHES GET STITCHES!!

REF

When is it ok to call the police?

JOSH

NEVER!

REF

If someone gave you food poisoning, would you lay the motherfucker out?

JOSH

SIR YES SIR!

Ref's eyes gleam with hushed violence...

REF

What do you think of that show? You know, the sketch show. That one.

JOSH

I think it fucking sucks.

Ref flashes a wide grin.

REF

Ok then...

Ref lights the joint, takes a puff, and passes it.

Josh stares at the burning ember.

JOSH

Man... There goes the 401k.

REF

Ain't no such thing. We all work until we die.

Josh grabs it and takes a puff.

REF

You dig Frank Zappa?

JOSH

Weasels Ripped My Flesh rules.

REF

Alright, you're hired.

Josh coughs & looks to Ref with red eyes.

JOSH

Where?

Through Josh's stoned vision Ref appears towering, echo effect booming alongside his altered, deity-like voice.

REF

THE ISLAND OF MISFIT COOKS!!!

JOSH

Ok great! I got experience!!

REF

How much?

JOSH

How much ya want?

Ref laughs then straightens up...

REF

Alright, look -- one of our full time guys quit. Just freaked out n' took a jet to Manila to bang a buncha Phillipino hookers. We need a solid tuesday thru friday, 8 to 4. But you gotta show up tomorrow morn n' talk to Crustie The Hutt.

JOSH

Sounds gnarly. Like, both in a rad skater way and totally revolting.

REF

Yeah man, he's all fucked up and gross. Like, soul-shatteringly ugly. Ever seen pus turn black? Permanent secretion dude. It's fuckin' weird. But then it hardens, you know, and he looks totally like Hedora the Smog Monster.

JOSH

Say what? Is that The Boss?

REF

Yeah man, totally. He's like Medusa, but crunchy and slug like.

JOSH

Fuck man.

REF

Loooooong story. But don't fret, I'll be the intermediate. I'm kinda like the kitchen manager though I refuse to have the title. Let some other idiot be the salary dude who takes all the flack. I just pretend I don't run everything and schedule the workers and order all Sysco. And, point is -- easy street. Quick cash, zero hustle.

JOSH

Sounds good.

REF

Tomorrow is Sunday, the day we're closed. I clean the place like a janitor for extra cash. So it'll just be me n' bossman. I also work mondays and the big Fridays we do.

JOSH

Cool, cool. What is the name of--

REF

Blitzers. It's a shitty, dead end sports bar. It's always dead, there is zero business except for one monthly Friday rush. We get hit by coal miners coming out of the depths of the earth to eat like starving cavemen and then again descend into their murky abyss.

JOSH

Fucking freaky.

REF

These dudes are deeply Cthonic too. Tye thinks they have something to do with Hollow Earth, but he's a conspiracy freak, you know?

JOSH

He's a Chemtrail ranter?

REF

HA! Neither of us really know if that's for real or not, but we sure do love the idea of it. Makes shit all John Carpenter and what not. Tye, he handles Tuesdays. So all you gotta do is stop by tomorrow, enjoy a Monday off, then on we go.

JOSH

How many other cooks work there?

REF

Good question -- no idea. Like, literally. I wish I even knew. Shit's Guinness Records' worthy...

JOSH

Huh?

REF

You'll see... Just, here, jot this down real quick... I got a pen.

Ref fishes in his coat for a pen while Josh pulls notepad.

REF (CONT'D)

Alright, here -- 4832 Plank Street.

JOSH

(laughing)

So when I walk to work I'm literally walking the plank?

REF

More so then you can possibly realize or imagine. But I love it.

Ref hands Josh the joint and walks away...

JOSH

Thank you, thank you! And what is your name!!

REF

Who gives a fuck?

JOSH

How much am I getting paid?

REF

Who gives a fuck?

JOSH

(shouting)

I do!

Ref keeps walking...

REF

(shouting)

LIAR!

Ref walks O.S.

Josh hits the joint once more and smiles.

POLICE OFFICER (O.S.)

You again!

The cop from last night walks up.

JOSH

Oh... Hello, officer...

POLICE OFFICER

Smoking weed in the park are we?

JOSH

But it's Portland, it's legal!

POLICE OFFICER

Only behind closed doors, in special City Council voted marijuana tents which you, the smoker, are entitled to purchase by law. And you, sir, are blatantly blazing ganja in a public park.

JOSH

Aaaahhh man.

POLICE OFFICER

I know, I know, harshing your
mellow and whatnot.

The cop hands him a ticket.

POLICE OFFICER (CONT'D)

Here you go, \$600 dollars.

JOSH

Serious?!?

POLICE OFFICER

Oh yeah, and this one too...

He slips Josh yet another citation.

POLICE OFFICER (CONT'D)

Don't worry, it's only \$25 -- you
can't smoke cigarettes in any City
Park now -- same day weed was
legalized! Gotta love City Council.

JOSH

What??

POLICE OFFICER

That, sir, in your hand -- that's
called a spliff. It is a finely
rolled marriage of cannibas and
tobacco, hence a spliff. So yes,
you also qualify for the tobacco
fine. And this ticket, it's a
little different, even though it's
\$25 bucks, if you don't pay it, we
cancel your driver's license and
revoke your US Passport, working in
concert with Department of Homeland
Security to prevent your travel to
any foreign state.

JOSH

That's extortion! That's like
National house arrest!

POLICE OFFICER

No, it's democratic procedure. You vote your officials in, and they do what's best. And our system really is the best -- for the public, for everyone. Just feel lucky I didn't catch you feeding yourself -- another \$1000 ticket there Buster. So keep on movin' n' spread the word to your girlfriend Gypsy and her precious dog Karma too.

JOSH

Yeah, and our friends Drainbow Moonbeam and Harlot Sunshine and Dreddy McMuffelson, Right?

POLICE OFFICER

Right. But lucky you -- the big newspaper made some real stink with our policies, no thanks to social justice warrior snowflake editors. Championing the cause of little Alley Urchins like yourself. Well there lucky luck luckerson -- if you come up with proof of employment and bring it into the station by Friday 5pm, we'll drop \$500 off what you now owe us. The rest, see your ass in court.

Josh looks at the fistful of tickets.

JOSH

Man...

POLICE OFFICER

Yes sir, that is me. The Man. Don't forget it... Later bud!

The cop walks away whistling as thunder crashes O.S.

Josh looks to the sky with agony.

EXT. STORE FRONT - NIGHT

Again raining hard, with Josh under the same store front. A dry blanket is next to him, and he eyes it angrily.

The awful cop walks by...

POLICE OFFICER

Gettin' the right idea, kid. Maybe
there's hope after all. Keep dry!

He saunters off, laughing maniacally...

EXT. HOMELESS SHELTER - MORNING

Josh stands in line awaiting food, clothes, etc.

INT. HOMELESS SHELTER CAFETERIA

Josh eats breakfast at the homeless feed, off a paper plate with plastic fork, surrounded by rough, desperate people.

INT. HOMELESS SHELTER SHOWER

Josh showers in a tiny prison-like room, breathing in steam.

EXT. HOMELESS SHELTER - MORNING

Josh exits the shelter with new clothes and travel pack.

EXT. BUS STOP - MORNING

Josh looks at the address Ref gave him.

The bus pulls up...

EXT. STREET - MORNING

...and pulls away as Josh walks down a new street,

EXT. 82ND AVE - MORNING

Josh turns a corner and emerges onto rougher NE 82nd Ave.

EXT. 82ND AVE - MORNING

Josh gazes about used car lots, barb wire fences, pot holes, liquor stores, hookers, tweakers, undesirables.

EXT. INDUSTRIAL SECTION - MORNING

He wanders into an industrial section and walks past a long stretch of abandoned, quiet and sketchy buildings.

EXT. INDUSTRIAL SECTION PARKING LOT - MORNING

At the edge of a parking lot he climbs through a fence hole.

EXT. ROAD - MORNING

Josh emerges on a road with no traffic or businesses.

He notices a small street -- tiny, pathetic and painted on rotting white wood: "BLITZERS // THIS WAY --->"

EST. BLITZERS - MORNING

Josh shuffles towards a restaurant with no distinguishing features to suggest it is a restaurant whatsoever.

EXT. BLITZERS REAR - MORNING

Josh walks to the back entrance and buzzes an intercom.

A metallic gurgle replies, like a moaning, robotic zombie.

INTERCOM

Bluuuuugggggghhhhhguuurggggllllle.

The back door flings open -- Ref pops out.

REF

Oh hey, hey -- wrong one!

Ref buzzes the same intercom.

REF (CONT'D)

Sorry 'bout that Sonny, the kid
don't know no better.

Ref pulls Josh inside by the sleeve.

INT. KITCHEN

Both enter a small kitchen with old equipment.

REF

Hey kid -- Josh, right?

JOSH

Yeah, and you are...

REF

Ref.

JOSH

Like Referee? Raphael?

REF

You see a red bandana over my eyes?
You see a painting chamber?

JOSH

Ok then, like the Ref. That's
actually kinda tight, haha.

REF

Well, I handle things. I'm a magic
man of many vocations.

JOSH

Ok Ref, then, uh, where do we
start? Who is Crustie the---

Ref bursts out laughing, putting his hand to Josh's mouth.

REF

Ah shit, shh shh... His name, his
name is Sonny, it's Sonny. But
you'll never see him, he's always
in his office.

JOSH

Is he a shut-in or something? Like
a Howard Hughes?

REF

Yeah, sorta. But hideously deformed
-- and kept alive by machines. He
got melted by a tsunami of fryer
oil. He's a fuckin' crispy critter.

JOSH

Whoa!

REF

Yeah dude, he's all fucked up.

JOSH

Gross!

REF

And in the summer, he won't pay for Air Conditioning, and he looks like a smooshed booger on a sauna floor.

JOSH

Ugh--

REF

Yeah, sometimes I even puke. Still! But you'll steer clear-a Sonny. It's myself and Blatty that deal with him direct... But yeah, anyway, Sonny is a hypochondriac, in addition to being a vaguely microwaved pepperjack slice. And he's got nervous sweating fits, he gets all gooey... looks---

JOSH

Dear lord--

REF

--like undercooked bacon. Floppy & drippy, but genetically spliced with an aquatic sea sponge.

JOSH

Ugh--

REF

Like mountainous dew on a lump of gooey brown sugar.

Josh pukes into the garbage can.

REF

Ah, sorry kid. I--

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK on the back door, Ref answers.

EXT. BLITZERS REAR

It's TULLY -- a tired, hungry, dirty man in ripped clothes.

TULLY

Ref! I'm so glad you're here man. I appreciate this opportunity--

REF

Oh, uh, hey... uh, Tully right?

TULLY

Yeah, Tully, that's my name.

REF

Yeah, uh, sorry man, this kid kinda showed up first. I really, uh, didn't think you were gonna come. So, uh, we kinda hired him. Sorry.

Tully unravels...

TULLY

But, but... Pleeeeeease. I've sought work 7 months now. I must never return to Cleveland. Don't make me go back -- please, anything but Ohio. Please, the Portland dream, this is my only hope to stay--

Ref slams the door in Tully's face & locks it.

INT. KITCHEN

REF

Not that I enjoy being an asshole, but I really don't know what to do with that guy right now. You know, when you smoke like I do, you make promises you'd normally keep but, hey, tough shit. I know, I'm fuckin' terrible. But, anyway -- congratulations sir, once again...

Ref points to Josh dramatically...

REF (CONT'D)

Early bird gets the worm.

JOSH

Yeah man, appreciated. But this Sonny guy, I'm real curious--

REF

Ok, so Sonny is OCD as fuck. He had this obsession with disposing the fryer grease immediately, but only in equally portioned egg shaped jugs painted lavender on the 2nd sunday of 3 consecutive months.

JOSH

What?

REF

Exactly. But fry oil safety -- you never fucking carry a burning hot vat of 400 degree oil down a flight of stairs. You let it fucking cool down to room temp, and then if you splash it you don't disfigure yourself or anyone else.

JOSH

That's common sense.

REF

Oh but not to these dumbfuck managers. They can't just figure it out. They just cannot ever fucking figure it out. It's so stupid and senseless and dangerous. And I've seen dozens of guys melted like they survived Hiroshima.

JOSH

Agreed -- any boss that makes a cook do this is a piece of shit.

REF

Safety first, every time.

JOSH

As it should be.

REF

Well, Sonny gets it now. He had to be consumed by Melting Liquid Soybean Death to get it through his head. But the truth was, it had nothing to do with logic, it was a again his OCD. Sonny is a freak, and he just couldn't stand the idea of hot grease slowly eroding his giant stainless steel pot. He was determined to milk a few more months of use out of that June 5th 2378 expiration date.

JOSH

Cheap is one thing, senseless is another.

REF

Well, he does plan to have his head frozen and all his pack-rat hording stored. He's paid off this deep earth vault until 2,492 just to be sure. It's why we're struggling here at Blitzler's -- he blew all his savings on this future resurrection. We're scraping by on dimes. But over a number of centuries, Sonny shall rise again.

JOSH

That doesn't make any sense.

REF

No it absolutely does not. We all know this. And so did Reyes, who told Sonny 'fuck you, I'm not taking that shit down those stairs for 9 bucks an hour.' He flipped out & fired him, then in a hyper ventilating rage Sonny took the boiling vat of death down those
(MORE)

REF (cont'd)
rickety stairs himself. He slipped
and... became whatever he is today.

JOSH
A hideous troll-thing in the
basement, secluded in darkness,
pissing in mason jars?

REF
Like morning dew on a lump of brown
sugar... N' Blatty empties the jars

JOSH
Who's Blatty?

REF
He lives upstairs -- the bartender
and Sonny's caretaker. He's like
the worst human ever. Most people
quit 'cause his body odor alone.

JOSH
One dirty dude, huh?

REF
No, not exactly -- he reeks like
the most terrible gay sex ever.

JOSH
Aaaahh!

REF
Like, jungle ball sweat and latex,
that pierced rectum stench. I mean,
don't get me wrong. I'm no
homophobe -- I don't give a shit.
This guy, this Blatty -- he's like
a villain from a '70's John Waters
film. He is beyond the worst
stereotype you can imagine, and
utterly villainous and conniving in
every way.

JOSH
Does he got a crew of stinkers?

REF

Hell no -- every gay guy hates him.
Even the nicest, happy happy twink
in Portland runs from his
horridness. He is a troll.

JOSH

Well, I was wondering when the bad
part of the job would come up.

REF

Oh it is bad, but don't you worry
-- us workers will shield you from
the worst onslaught of this
revolting, inconceivable man.

JOSH

Well... I don't really understand
why such a bizarre sounding,
unpopular guy would be the
bartender of a sports bar.

REF

Excellent observation! See, it's a
terrible thing. Sonny is also gay
too. Blatty is his live-in partner,
but all he's doing is waiting for
him to die so he can escape with
all the money. But I'm the only one
he knows he blew it all on the year
2,492. Blatty still doesn't know
he's gotta get his head frozen
alongside him in dream stasis a few
millennia. With virtual reality,
they will be hooked together in the
sexual dreamscape. It's called
"Deep Wet Sleep Therapy Mergence."

JOSH

Centuries of psychosexual sex with
Blobby McBlobberson? For nickels?

REF

Yes! And I so don't ever want him
to know! He so deserves it. And
(MORE)

REF (cont'd)
complications, you know. Sonny
could go any minute. He'll just
have to chop off his head right
then and there, so says the will.
Blatty is totally fucking him for
nickels. But what Blatty really
thinks is that once Sonny is gone,
he'll fire us all, sells this place
and retire to Key West by 29.

JOSH
Should I worry about him?

REF
No he doesn't give a fuck
whatsoever. He just wants to do...
All the weird shit he does. So long
as he thinks your straight, you're
immune. And don't try to talk about
horror movies, because you'll just
want to punch him in the face.

A strange THUNK rattles the cabinet beneath the sink.

Ref and Josh rush over to it...

REF
DAMN IT DENNIS!!!

Ref whips open the cabinet and DENNIS -- a strange, small
man -- is scraping mold off a pipe. He has freaky eyes, bad
teeth and a fuzzy black uni-brow.

DENNIS
Jus' collecting muh mold spores.

REF
I told you no! You can't be in here
off the clock! Now get out, get the
fuck out or you're only getting 5
minutes on your next paycheck!

Like a strange monkey creature Dennis scuttles from his
hiding space, crawling up the sink to the window. He turns
and hisses at Ref with his methy bad teeth...

Ref charges towards him -- while preoccupied none notice the faint gunshot coming O.S. from the parking lot.

Dennis hops out the window, running off...

DENNIS (O.S.)

You can't fire me!! You can't--

Ref spins around then shouts upward, as if to God:

REF

This job would be great if it
wasn't for all the fucking
employees!!

Ref, to Josh...

REF (CONT'D)

That lil' critter, he just keeps
sneaking back on in. It's infinite.

JOSH

That guy actually works here?

REF

Yeah, one of, um, I think, 150+
employees now.

JOSH

WHAT?!?

REF

Yeah. Thing is, well the first part
of it -- after the accident, Sonny
hired a special unit just to change
the fryer oil, monitor it safely
for 3.7258 weeks at a time -- you
know, just so it doesn't get hot
again and spontaneously combust
somehow, which is also, you know,
one of Sonny's biggest phobias
about himself. He's a totally
immersed in his genetic makeup. He
wants to catalogue every sequence
of DNA, all the mathematical data,
just to have it properly

(MORE)

REF (cont'd)
highlighted in blue, pink and
yellow highlighter pen.

JOSH
Damn dude.

REF
He's had guys working around the
clock on this, dozens of techs in
and out all day, but he had found
them after posting on Craigslist --
some conman got a buncha buddies
together, bought some cheap
uniforms at Goodwill. Just faked
it. Raked like \$20 grand out him.
Fuckers' just skinnin' & grinnin'.

JOSH
Fuckin' thieves.

REF
Yeah, and since Sonny has this ego
where he can never admit he's
wrong, he fooled himself into
believing Blatty was a former pro
DNA sequencing tech. And then he
got, like, the worst 30% of our
entire reservoir of Misfit Cooks on
his team. It's a sick balance of
power game. I fight the evil forces
of Blatty, it's like 30% to 30%
split of cook allegiance. The other
40% of dudes that work here...
Neither of us know what to do with.
They cling on cause--

JOSH
Just wait, wait. Why does Blatty
hate you so much?

REF
Cause I won't fuck him.

JOSH

Ew... Did he, like, get you a job here cause he thought you were, uh, cute or whatever? And he thought he could maybe score?

REF

Exactly. And he chased me around like Trump would a secretary. Until I totally won over Sonny one day, just out the blue. I got lucky -- was wearin' a sweater knitted in Madagascar while Jupiter was in harmony with Saturn on the 8th moon of his 2nd cousin Frederick's 38th anniversary cucumber farm purchase.

JOSH

Shit, that's lottery.

REF

Yeah, and -- alright, so we're fully staffed with all kinds of mentally unstable people cause anytime a new hire can't hang, whether insane or totally incompetent, they just get moved to 10 minute shifts, one every 2 weeks. This way, Sonny never has to pay unemployment.

JOSH

That's just absurd!

REF

No shit! And it's not even the law! He just brainwashed himself that this was happening, cause he stared too long at an avocado grown 3.46289 kilometers north of the equator, at unsettling longitude.

JOSH

So we're fully staffed with the mentally unstable to mountainous, biblical proportions?

REF

Yup yup. And the misfit cooks of this Portland are ripe, oh yes they are. No one will hire any of these people anywhere, and we end up hiring all of them. And, uh, also, on the down-low -- we're being used for Witness Relocation -- Feds' putting guys on paper, you know?

JOSH

Whoa!

REF

Yeah man, quiet & off the grid. Another thing -- most our employees are starved, broke ass folks. Sonny dishes out like 200 paychecks at once, and they all line up around the block waiting. His brilliant scam is telling them all to be there at a certain time, but always 'fumbling it.' That way the long line of hungry people stand 3 hours in the sun before getting paid. And since Sonny processes his checks through the Central Bank of Uganda to save 2.48765 cents per check, only we at Blitzers can actually cash them, with our special Ugandan currency trade permit. So everyone here cashes their checks all at once, this is our cash cow dinner rush, and this is the only way we are able to pay any of these people in the first place.

JOSH

Plus an onslaught of coal miners.

REF

Bingo!

JOSH

It makes no sense.

REF

No it does not, you are correct sir
-- no question about it.

SLOB PRATHER, a lazy, slow, half-stoned guy enters.

REF

And here's another one now.

Slob Prather acknowledges Ref.

SLOB PRATHER

Hey now.

REF

Aaaaah shit, Slob Prather. Comin'
to milk your 10?

Slob Prather clocks in.

SLOB PRATHER

I'm just gonna stand here n'
Prather around.

REF

Yes. Yes, of course you will.

Ref turns to Josh, ignoring Prather.

REF (CONT'D)

Anyway, don't let anyone on about
the witness relocation shit, 'cause
mobsters are all over the place
lookin' to whack your co-workers.
Who knows what the fuck is really
going on. Stay out their shit.

A TRANSPORTER in uniform walks in the back door...

TRANSPORTER

Oh hey guys, I'm here

REF

And you are...

TRANSPORTER

I'm here to collect that box under the stairs -- the one that says 'Arctic Exploration 1885' on it.

REF

Didn't someone get that last week?

TRANSPORTER

No, our guys just keep quitting mid shift and leaving the van here. Weird, huh? No respect. Oh well, off to go see whats in it...

REF

Knock yourself out bud.

Ref again turns his attention to Josh.

REF

So as I was sayin'--

The intercom buzzes and Sonny's gurgle crackles out.

Ref listens intently then decodes it to Josh:

REF

It's ok -- I speak Sonny. And yeah, ok, you got the job. But he says you gotta go, right now, this instant, cause your aglets might contain a rare neolithic pollen.

JOSH

What the fuck is an aglet?

REF

I'm not sure... Some kinda omelette, I'd guess. It's never a good call to eat eggs around Sonny. He fears protein. But, uh, anyway -- come back Tuesday and work with Tye. Wednesday with Lenny. Dwayne and Junebug on Thursday, then all of us together this Friday, which is gonna be insane -- payday and miner malarky, all at once.

JOSH
Sounds like fun.

REF
Just don't show up drunk.

EXT. BLITZERS REAR - DAY

Josh exits the rear door, great weight lifted.

EXT. BLITZERS PARKING LOT - DAY

Grinning, he walks away -- past the dead body of Tully in the b.g., a gunshot suicide beside the dumpster.

EXT. 82ND AVE - DAY

Josh is again walking down 82nd Ave.

He pauses then gleefully pulls out a marijuana joint -- he swiftly lights it up, puffs, exhales, smiles...

Sunny, Josh crosses the road...

SCREEEEEEEECH wail tires slamming on brakes -- Josh is hit dead on, flies through the air and smashes to the ground.

Dumbfounded, he spits a tooth and passes out.

INT. AMBULANCE

Josh is being rushed to the ER.

INT. HOSPITAL

A head-banded Josh wobbles before a HOSPITAL RECEPTIONIST.

She hands him a bill:

HOSPITAL RECEPTIONIST
And here is your bill for \$3,782.

EXT. PHARMACY/CONVENIENCE STORE - NIGHT

Josh is outside a pharmacy, begging for money.

An OLDER WOMAN walks by...

JOSH

Excuse me maam, I got hit by a car,
and all I need is \$7 more bucks to
fill my painkiller prescription.

She ignores him like trash and walks inside.

Josh grimaces in pain.

An AVERAGE MALE walks up.

JOSH

Sir, could I get your help? I need
\$7 bucks. I got hit by a car and
need Vicodin or I'm gonna die here.

AVERAGE MALE

And help a junkie? Lying fuck. Get
out of my Portland, fuckin' loser.

A HEAVY METAL GUY walks by in a leather jacket.

JOSH

Hey dude, I got hit by a car, and
all I need is \$7 bucks--

He ignores him as well.

A wiry, neurotic 20-something PUNK ROCKER approaches.

PUNK ROCKER

Hey man, I got you covered.

INT. BLITZERS REAR - MORNING

Josh knocks the rear door.

TYE, a 20 something black male, answers.

TYE

So you must be Josh.

Tye lets him in -- they shake hands...

Tye notices how beat up Josh is.

TYE

Daaaamn, you're all fucked up.

JOSH

Yeah dude, I got hit by a car. And it took 10 hours to scrape up \$12 bucks outside CVS for Vicodin. I cracked 3 ribs, spit a tooth, and my body is hamburger. But these painkillers are doin' the trick, lemme tell ya. Zero sleep, but no worries -- I'm here to work. I'll wobble all that's needed kind sir.

TYE

Alright, alright -- shit happens. I just thought maybe you were into some brutal ass S&M or something.

JOSH

Well, it's a bucket list thing.

TYE

Ha! Save it for a coked out orgy -- today we'll be gentle. Don't stress -- it's all prep. We need-ta stockade for friday, which's gonna be fuckin' insane.

JOSH

I heard, Ref told me all about it. You wanna jump right on it then?

TYE

Fuck no! We still got 10 minutes before Blatty's gross ass wakes up n' shits the place all up. We're gonna slip out back real quick n' smoke some of this fine ass, dank-ass, perfect 10 kryptonite.

Tye pulls out a marijuana bud with glistening crystals.

TYE

Shit makes ya salivate, huh.

JOSH

I kinda just wanna eat a box of it like popcorn at a movie theatre.

Tye points to a garbage can.

TYE

Grab that.

EXT. BLITZERS DUMPSTER AREA - MORNING

Josh heaves the trash into the dumpster as Tye loads a pipe.

TYE

What did Ref tell you about Blatty?

JOSH

He said he was, like, the worst guy ever. And that he smelled.

TYE

He just don't smell -- dudes' the fuckin' Bog of Eternal Stench.

JOSH

Ugh.

TYE

He thinks hormones -- like, of the slimy sexy sweat variety -- are the finest bombshit cologne. Every weekend he flies to another city on Sonny's money, has non stop bath house sex, then flies right back.

JOSH

Ah!

TYE

His return flights have grounded planes. And he never bathes either, he just won't shower. Fuckin' claims it's his unique gay pride. But he just stanks like the lowest rung of Dante's queer inferno.

JOSH

Holy fuckin' hellshit!

TYE

I'm no homophobe either. I got gay friends all over the place. All my ex girlfriends are bi women who hate men, but they love the shit outta me. Why? Cause I hate jealous boyfriend bullshit. Cause I'm fuckin' gentle. I'm a motherfucking sweetheart. Patriarchy ain't gettin' no Playa's pussy. Smash that shit dude, flood the estrogen.

JOSH

I'll just try my best to--

TYE

Jus' tell Blatty whatever he wants to hear. But never, ever let 'em know if you've ever, uh, you know, been around the block, or whatever.

JOSH

You mean, like, uh-- oh! Ha! No, no -- I'm not gay, not at all.

TYE

Ok, just sayin'. Whatever. It's Portland, you never know. People are very experimental. Anyway, reason I tell you is 'cause Blatty is a freakish ego maniac. N' if he ever finds out some dude he thinks is cute has at any time in their entire life made it with another dude, he gets crazy ass OCD like Sonny. He becomes obsessed with seduction, as if Lex Luthor battling Superman. He will become the Joker to your Batman, stalking you with misplaced affection and grimy psychosexual fantasies. He becomes obsessed, psychotically so, because he must constantly reinforce the grotesque delusion that he is the hottest piece of ass

(MORE)

TYE (cont'd)
in Oregon. And when people deny him, he becomes very emotional. He lurks upon his victim such as the wind, a vague shape in shadows, loving from afar, retreating to his bedroom to smash mirrors and throw rolling floor tantrums & screaming fits like a 4 year old Victorian aristocrat. He goes bananas.

JOSH
Man... You get along with him ok?

TYE
Never says shit to me. I think he's scared of black people.

JOSH
Is he racist, or?

TYE
No, not racist, just...

Tye grins mischievously...

TYE
If I give him a mean stare, and stand upright, and threatening, like this...

Tye assumes a heavy breathing, intense eyed posture.

TYE (CONT'D)
Then he gets all weird.

Tye relaxes.

TYE
It's my impression of the gang leader from The Warriors. You know, the guy with the aviator glasses who has, like, an army of ninja black panthers? And the whole movie it just keeps cutting to him looking pissed, with this eerie,
(MORE)

TYE (cont'd)
dissonant, 'I'm a scary ass
motherfucking black man' music?

Josh laughs hard.

JOSH
Yeah, yeah...

TYE
Yeah man, that's my scary black
dude impression.

Tye resumes his scary posture, then relaxes.

TYE (CONT'D)
It's fun to fuck with people.

Tye lights up the bowl and passes it to Josh. Josh takes a
hit and returns it to Tye.

JOSH
Are most the other cooks chill?

Tye hits the bowl and passes it...

TYE
Shit, it's all about interaction.
Crazy fucks don't bother me. I just
avoid people. We'll have a buncha
10 minuters in today -- best to
ignore them. But Lenny you're with
tomorrow, and Dwayne Thursday,
who's cool. Lenny and Ref, they're
both speed talkers. Same sort of
guys, but always at each others
throats. Someone says somethin'
wrong and their fragile truce
breaks. They fight a few weeks then
trade punk & metal records again.

Josh passes the bowl, Tye hits it...

JOSH
What's Dwayne like?

TYE

The Man. He's one of the most badass chefs in Portland. He's from New Orleans, but we always joke with him about being an alien. He loves aliens. And we had this acid-headed dishwasher who freaked out n' quit mid-shift sayin' Dwayne changed into a reptilian while building a Club Sandwich.

Josh laughs as he takes the pipe.

TYE (CONT'D)

Remember what I said about not letting Blatty know anything? Ref made the drunken mistake of admitting he'd gotten a blowjob from a Romanian tranny. And worse, Ref added that even though he was shitfaced hammered when it happened -- he really didn't mind. He was cool with it, whatever. It happened, like, as a weird part of his tale of some wild, wasted night in Europe. But the second Blatty knew Ref enjoyed that nob slobbin', Blatty went shitballs for him.

JOSH

Blatty was that delusional?

TYE

Yes -- and fell madly in love.

JOSH

Oh no, poor Ref.

TYE

It was fuckin' gruesome. After months upon months of solid NO NO NOs, Blatty degenerated into a 7th grade middle schoolgirl, wallowing in Shakespearean misery. And still, to this day, he just will not stop.

(MORE)

TYE (cont'd)

Every day, all the time, he always hits on Ref. And thing is, Ref is kind of a psycho. But he doesn't hit little girly gay guys. If it was anyone else, Ref would've broken their jaw by now. He's nuts.

JOSH

Good to know.

TYE

But it's also important to know the history. Here's where it gets real fucked up. Ever heard of The Beaverton Butcher?

JOSH

The Serial Killer???

TYE

Yeah, then you already know half of the tale. Here's the real shit -- so Blatty had an identical twin named Splatty. And whenever Blatty wanted a day off at work, he'd have Splatty fill in. Since they were both twins, they were both essentially the same horrific man. And both excessively flaming. And both were madly in love with Ref, because they knew he got sucked off by a Romanian tranny while heavily intoxicated. So one day, Splatty's psychotic obsession with Ref boils over. He deludes himself into believing that the true way to capture Ref's his heart is through transgender pill therapy.

JOSH

Whoa.

TYE

Yeah -- dude becomes a girl, goes into hiding while becoming a girl, to soon re-emerge and attempt to seduce Ref, as if a new person, as if he just wouldn't figure it out.

JOSH

Creepy.

TYE

And then Splatty goes in for the kill, and is all like 'hey SexyBoy' in a red dress, and Ref immediately realizes what's up, and he vomits everywhere, just pukes everywhere, and then Splatty freaks out and starts goin' 'but, but... I don't want to be a girl, I don't want...' and then freaks out making these awful noises, like a beached walrus that's been hit by a jeep, and then he -- sorry, SHE -- blubbers in anguish and runs off, disappearing into the blackness of night.

JOSH

Fucking hell.

TYE

Splatty snaps -- he starts -- um, excuse me -- SHE starts to methodically stalk and kill all of these guys that look exactly like Ref. Like, as an axe murderer.

JOSH

DAMN!

TYE

So finally, one day, Splatty goes in for the kill. As Ref is walking to the bus stop, Splatty comes charging from behind -- in the same red dress in which he -- excuse me, SHE -- was spurned.

EXT. STREET - DAY - FLASHBACK

Ref is walking down the street on a bright, sunny day.

The transgender SPLATTY in a shoddy red dress quietly runs towards him from behind, knife drawn, eyes mad, charging for violence as if a deranged, bloodthirsty cult member.

SCREEEEEEEEEECH a car hits the breaks...

Close on Splatty's awful last expression...

INT. BLITZERS KITCHEN - MORNING

Tye and Josh continue rambling...

TYE

Splatty died on impact, leaving the
corpses of 22 Ref look a-likes
shoved in HER crawlspace.

JOSH

And Ref just hasn't fucking quit?

TYE

Dude wants his schedule.

JOSH

Do you just work one day?

TYE

I clock in today, then don't clock
out until Friday. And I get paid 38
hours a week.

JOSH

They never notice?

TYE

Sonny has. But Sonny is insane and
stricken with one weakness --
Cornflower Blue. The computer
system puts a little color default
tab on each employee profile. Well,
Sonny won't ever open my profile.
Because mine is randomly Cornflower
(MORE)

TYE (cont'd)

Blue. And he forbids Blatty to open it, because somehow this will make him think of the floral decorations on his Aunt Maude's curtain hamper.

JOSH

What?

TYE

Oh he's got all sorts of weird shit. He has serious problems with corn cobs. If you set 'em outside his door, he won't traverse the line. It's like garlic n' Nosferatu

JOSH

Should I just stop asking questions?

TYE

Yeah probably.

INT. BLATTY'S BEDROOM - MORNING

An oversize alarm clock rings oversize bells...

BLATTY leaps from beneath the covers of his bed into the center of the room. Flamboyantly, he stretches. Skinny, pale and white, this scrawny hairball is wearing a 1930's styled night cap & gown -- his beard also has a night gown. He is like an overly dramatic theatre actor playing 1950's Disney villain crossed with a pompous Victorian butler.

BLATTY

World, I awake -- embrace me!!

Blatty swooshes off his nightgown in one cartoony movement, revealing his overly hairy, skinny, pale body in a speedo.

BLATTY

Ooooooh Portland, do you know what day it is? The Rose City Beeeeeeard contest! Are you ready for meeeee?

Blatty jumps before his mirror.

BLATTY

Mirror, mirror on the wall, who--

The mirror shatters.

BLATTY

Ooooooh drats, I must get another.
The 8th one this month already!!

He picks a shard of the broken mirror off the ground and
inspects himself in it...

BLATTY

Beard Trophy, you shall be mine...

Blatty pulls the silly beard gown off, revealing his brown
beard all curled up with pomade -- each has a colored bow
fastened to them. One has a Christmas Tree Ornament.

BLATTY (CONT'D)

Mooooooooooooohahahahahahahahaha...

INT. BLITZERS KITCHEN - MORNING

GEORGE, a cook, stands zombie-like & drooling with a giant
gash on his scalp. His skull is partially cracked and brain
slightly exposed; poorly sewn stitches hold it together.

Josh gazes with repulsion and confusion.

TYE

You can say whatever you want, but
he won't hear ya. George here was
one of our best dishwashers, until
the accident.

JOSH

What the fuck happened?

TYE

Went to Cancun on Vacation. Flew
off a jet ski. Nailed some coral.

JOSH

Damn!

TYE

Since they couldn't find his ID, he
was dumped at the cheapest surgeon.
And now? Even Sonny has a hard time
lookin' at 'em.

JOSH

That's just terrible man.

TYE

Yeah, but life is cruel, you know,
so -- oh shit, oh gross!!

Tye runs up to George...

TYE

Ah shit buddy, shit...

Tye inspects George's wound -- maggot infested!

TYE

(queasy)

Uh, George buddy, why don't you
just take today off, huh?

GEORGE

Beeeeoooouuaggghhhhhggg...

George grins and walks O.S...

Tye, to Josh:

TYE

You don't even want to know.

Josh sniffs the air, detecting an unpleasant stench.

JOSH

Dear god! What is that foul odor??

TYE

Prepare yourself... He comes.

JOSH

Where?

Josh looks around and realizes Tye is gone.

Blatty bursts into the room, his ridiculous Salvador Dali meets Dr Seuss beard jingling about, dressed up in an Old West meets steam punk business suit complete with top hat.

Josh gulps his adams apple.

Blatty sees this, and gives him a very lusty, mysteriously gay expression, like Tom Cruise in Interview w/ The Vampire.

BLATTY

So you must be the new guy?

JOSH

Um... Yeah. I'm, uh, Josh.

BLATTY

You look like a traveler,
someone... New. Someone... Fresh.

JOSH

Uh, kinda...

BLATTY

Want to know a secret?

JOSH

Uh, sure...

BLATTY

I like to travel too. I secretly
hitchhike all over and never tell
anyone. It's a secret life.

JOSH

Oh, ok, that's kind of cool. Where,
uh, where do you like to go?

BLATTY

See, the secret is... The secret --
I don't hitchhike to cities. I
hitchhike to rest stations. And
truck stops... Do you hitchhike to
trucker stops, when no one else is
watching too, lil' boo brother?

JOSH

Uh, um, no, uh -- I usually just travel with my girlfriend.

Blatty loses all interest...

BLATTY

Oh... Well, I'm sure she's quite lovely. Anyway, I'm off to the beard competition today. In about 20 minutes I'm flipping our 'ON' sign 'OFF.' You're the only one here, and I sucked a golf ball through Sonny's hose, so he'll be sleeping the next 23 hours because of my world class vacuum session. So if any customer should dare arrive, do not answer the door.

JOSH

Yeah, but I'm not alone. Tye is also here, somewhere.

Blatty gets his nervous of black people thing going.

BLATTY

Tye? Why I didn't think, I didn't... But, but... He won't let me leave! I must go to the Beard Competition. I can't miss it, I just can't -- I can't, I can't...

Tye walks up behind Blatty.

TYE

Yo, what's up.

Blatty stiffens up, gets serious and professional.

BLATTY

Oh, uh, I... I was just hoping to, uh, get out of here early today--

JOSH

He was going to shut off the sign and take off. He said tell all customers we were closed.

Tye looks to Blatty and does his angry black guy posture.

Blatty cowardly scampers away to the dining room.

Tye turns to Josh and smiles.

TYE

Told ya.

JOSH

Hey, um, before we go any further,
can I check my email on the work
computer? I totally spaced it, but
I was talking to this girl on--

TYE

Online dating site?

JOSH

No, I mean, yeah -- but this chick,
she sounded cool. Real cute too.

TYE

Yeah but there's always a catch 22.

JOSH

Yeah, freaks and weirdos, I know.
But I got a good feeling... Say, is
it OK if I stash my pack downstairs
tonight? I don't want it to ruin my
luck with the lady. Not every chick
is a hobosexual, you know?

TYE

What's that?

JOSH

Grown women who fuck hobo's and
crusty punk rock travelers.

TYE

HA! Cougar-rific!

JOSH

No really, it's this whole subgenre
of sexual subculture -- business
(MORE)

JOSH (cont'd)
 women making 3 figures, who roll
 around in Porsches picking up
 street kids and trainhoppers.

TYE
 For reals?

JOSH
 Yeah, they just fuck 'em silly and
 send them on their way. Cause they
 all wanted the bad boy in high
 school and never quite got it. It's
 like this secret MILF club. N' some
 go wild for it. Halfway to
 Portland, I totally nailed this
 corporate VIP type.

TYE
 Ooooooh, damn.

JOSH
 The next traveler kid, I told him
 what happened. Told me 'that's
 HoboSexuality' for you.

INT. BLITZERS DINING ROOM

Blatty is angrily folding napkins around silverware.

BLATTY
 (muttering)
 That damn Tye, that scoundrel,
 thinks he can tell me what to do.
 He doesn't know what it takes to
 keep this place going. He's never
 sucked on lumps of moistened
 charcoal to secure his meal. He
 doesn't know what it's like
 slipping a charred pencil up your
 patoot for 5 million buck-a-roos.

An AVERAGE GAY MAN in khakis and polo shirt enters through
 the front door and approaches Blatty

AVERAGE GAY MAN

Excuse me, could I please use the restroom?

BLATTY

(sassy)

Sorry, we're not open. And that's that.

AVERAGE GAY MAN

Um, well, the sign says open.

BLATTY

(pissy)

No it's not, that's a lie.

AVERAGE GAY MAN

It's a lie?

BLATTY

Yeah, it's a lie.

AVERAGE GAY MAN

Look, let me be honest, I'm really about to go in my pants. Can I just tip you or something?

BLATTY

No you can't, cause we're not open.

AVERAGE GAY MAN

Look, seriously, how much do you want? I'll just give you \$20 or something. I'm really about to shit my pants here. This hurts.

BLATTY

No chance, no how.

AVERAGE GAY MAN

Look, this is ridiculous. I'm not some vagrant or something. I'm not trying to shoot dope in your toilet. Look at me, look at you -- we are both clearly gay men. I'm
(MORE)

AVERAGE GAY MAN (cont'd)
just like a normal guy and you, um,
are obviously concerned with
uniqueness. It's nepotism, sure,
but can't you just hook me up for
that reason alone? Can't you just
fake the queer secret handshake?

Blatty points to the exit.

BLATTY
Take your ass to Jack In The Box.

The average gay man sighs, looking into Blatty's criminal
face and cold, terrible eyes. The gay guy rolls his eyes.

AVERAGE GAY MAN
Oh fuck it...

He swiftly pulls down his pants, turns and shits on Blatty
-- feces exploding like a giant popping balloon filled with
brown pudding. It sprays all over his whacky suit, all over
the silverware, all over his Medusa-hair bow-tied beard.

INT. BLITZERS KITCHEN - MORNING

Tye rants at Josh:

TYE
...but don't worry about
Doehahnyos. It's not contagious.
He's just ballooned all strange
looking 'cause he started doing
shit tons of steroids to try and
impress the ladies but didn't know
you had to work out too, and do it
a certain way. He just puffed up,
like a flabby Michelin Man.

JOSH
Poor guy!

TYE
What can I say? And then there's
Andre, this strange dude from
Philly. He was suicidal, you know
(MORE)

TYE (cont'd)

-- real depressed. He wanted to die, and ate bottles of pills. He didn't realize he grabbed the wrong ones from his fathers cabinet, and downed 2 months of Viagra. He tried to get out of work, and Ref flipped. He slapped him like a lil' bitch and made him duct-tape his boner to his leg through one of our friday rushes. Another 10 minuter.

JOSH

Ref don't fuck around, do he?

TYE

Hell no! And he's serious about his metal too. Don't ever touch that radio if he's running lead, no matter how loud that solo shredding satan screaming shit is in your ear. Deprive that man of Bathory, and he'll motherfuckin' stab you.

JOSH

It's ok, I like metal -- everyone in Iowa listens to some metal.

TYE

Yeah, but I'm talking crazy ass Polish death metal shit. One time, I stopped by his house, and he had all these freaky dudes together, all wearing black, and they were chanting 'His name is Vincent McCallister, his name is Vincent McCallister' over n' over. An' I asked, who the fuck is Vincent McCallister? An' he laughed at me, said don't worry about it. Really, some metal is cool, but most the time, I don't understand the lyrics. I don't get it. What's the point if you ain't hear it? And I said that to Ref, n' he was

(MORE)

TYE (cont'd)
like, 'who gives a fuck what they're
saying?' Alright Chief.

JOSH
Well he seems cool regardless.

TYE
Oh yeah, Ref is--

Another TRANSPORTER in uniform walks in the back door...

TRANSPORTER 2
Oh hey guys, I'm here

TYE
And you are...

TRANSPORTER 2
I'm here to collect that box under
the stairs that says 'Arctic
Exploration 1885' on it.

TYE
Didn't someone get that last week?

TRANSPORTER 2
No, they just keep quitting and
leaving the van here. Weird, huh? I
mean, it's not that bad a job. Oh
well, off to go see whats in it...

TYE
Yeah dude, all you.

Tye again turns his attention to Josh.

TYE
Anyway, like I was sayin -- Ref is
cool. Everyone is cool, really --
except for maybe like 80 of the
employees. And, you know, Blatty n'
his pal Frobo.

JOSH
Sounds like a creeper.

TYE

Ooooooh boy, you nailed it.

JOSH

What, is he like some creepy little
orcish dude that hangs out with
Blatty? And they are like nasty gay
hobbits each stinkin' like unwashed
dirty sex? And hooking their fuzzy
bodies together like pubic velkro?

TYE

Right on the money playa...

JOSH

Oh gross.

The back door opens O.S. -- Tye turns his attention...

TYE

Speak of the devil.

FROBO (O.S.)

Heeeeeey guys!

FROBO walks on screen -- a tiny, hairy little guy dressed
like one of the Mario Brothers with a floppy hat and two big
poofy oversized buttons where the overalls connect. His pant
legs are rolled to show off his pink knee-high socks.

FROBO

Where is my honey buncha Blatty bo
Batty today?

Blatty bursts into the kitchen, covered in feces.

BLATTY

Oh my beloved Frobo, you wouldn't
believe my morning.

FROBO

What's wrong petunia?

BLATTY

This terrible man came in and shit
all over me for no reason at all.

(MORE)

BLATTY (cont'd)

This is horrible -- I must wash my collected man-sex scent off after so many months of hard earned stickiness. I will miss the lingering scent of Braaaaaaaad. Oh boo hoo, boo hoo hoo...

FROBO

It's ok my honeydoozer, I love you any way you smell. Come here and rub your sewerage all over me.

The two embrace, hugging passionately, longingly.

Blatty weeps while Josh and Tye look mortified.

Blatty stops weeping, then begins laughing chipmunk-like into Frobo's shoulder. He playfully gives Frobo an eskimo nose kiss, both of them giggling like school girls and whimsically smearing the feces over each other romantically.

Tye is petrified...

Josh powerfully vomits...

EXT. 82ND AVE - NIGHT

Josh is waiting on the side of the road.

A car pulls up and the passenger door swings open -- SADIQUE, an attractive blonde woman in her 20's, sits in driver. She motions for Josh to hop on in...

SADIQUE

Wow, you really are banged up!

JOSH

Yeah, I really did get hit by a car! It wasn't a joke, haha.

Josh jumps in the car, and the two dart off.

INT. SADIQUE'S CAR - NIGHT - DRIVING

Sadique wears heavy eyeliner, the shadows giving her a sultry, sorceress air.

SADIQUE

Damn, look at that bruise on your head. That one...

Sadique pushes her finger into it hard, Josh flinches.

SADIQUE (CONT'D)

It looks like Africa.

JOSH

Ah man, it's gross, I'm sorry, I told you I'm kinda--

SADIQUE

No, no... It's kinda hot.

JOSH

Really?

SADIQUE

Kinda looks like... Hmmm.

JOSH

What?

Sadique pauses, biting her lip seductively.

SADIQUE

Kinda hot, really. Like... I could picture you as a motorcycle rebel that got in a switchblade fight after a game of chicken. But you ditched your blades n' went mano-e-mano. An you kicked his ass.

Josh grins in a shy, boyish way.

JOSH

Yeah?

SADIQUE

Yeah...

Sadique again bites her lip, pauses, then speaks:

SADIQUE (CONT'D)

And you were the one who won,
because your heart was golden,
unlike that grimy Born Loser.

JOSH

Ha! Wow, uh... That's a fetish. Big
ol' thing for James Dean, huh?

SADIQUE

Ooooh, absolutely. But, like, the
big scary biker you were fighting
was a young Lee Marvin, and he
cracked you with a monkey wrench.

Sadique runs her finger across the bruise.

SADIQUE (CONT'D)

And that's your battle damage.

JOSH

If you wish, I guess. I'm just
happy you don't think I got beat
with the ugly stick, haha.

SADIQUE

Oh no, not at all Josh. I think
you're very cute...

JOSH

And I'm not going to argue with you
or try to convince you otherwise...

Both laugh.

SADIQUE

And charming.

JOSH

Well, I try.

SADIQUE

Just a little?

JOSH

Just a little.

SADIQUE

And how's that working out for ya?

JOSH

What?

SADIQUE

Being charming?

Close on Sadique's enchanting eyes...

Josh gulps his throat...

JOSH

Well, hopefully you can tell me.

SADIQUE

Hmmm... So boyish and shy. Well, it isn't always that a girl meets a young man so charming on the Craigslist NSA board... As I said, I like to be... discreet.

Josh smiles.

JOSH

Well that's what the NSA forum is all about -- No Strings Attached.

SADIQUE

Exactly, and this is the best part. Because I'm not looking for romance, just someone to play along. Do you play, Josh?

Josh smiles...

JOSH

Any day, any way...

EXT. 82ND AVE - NIGHT

The car veers off of 82nd Ave and into a dark parking lot.

Sadique pulls under a tree, and shuts off her headlights.

INT. SADIQUE'S CAR - NIGHT

She turns to Josh with a heavily seductive glare, then turns cold, business-like, and matter of fact...

SADIQUE

Good. Because I like boys who play along. So let me be direct with you, clear fucking cut -- I don't want a boyfriend. I don't want to call you in the morning. I don't care about you tending to my feelings, or even being concerned with them. I don't want you posting my picture on Facebook. Never, ever will I hold your hand in public or meet your parents. What I want is secrecy. You help me, I help you. Someone who'll take it as it is and not question it. And keep their mouth fucking shut. And in return, for respecting this confidential agreement, I will fuck your god damn face off every night until I've had my fill. And then what happens is I send you packing, whenever the fuck I feel like it. Sorry, there are many cocks in this world, and I don't want the same life-size artificial intelligence vibrator forever. So get over it, right now -- get the fuck over it. Put it out your head. And when I split, there is no appeal process. You don't get to leave whiny emo messages on my phone or text me bullshit about your feelings. This is about sex. This is about fucking, and nothing more. I'm looking to put a pillow over your head and pretend your just one big spasming muscle. And you gotta decide this shit right now, this second -- are you gonna hammer my god damn pussy like a god damn man

(MORE)

SADIQUE (cont'd)
or be a little fucking bitch about
it, 'cause I can drive off right
fuckin' now, because there is
another guy across town right now
waiting on my phone call. So what's
up kid -- you gonna fuck me like
the fate of humanity depended on
it? Or are you gonna scamper off
down 82nd Ave alone tonight,
whimpering like a little bitch?

JOSH
(stunned)
Sure... Sounds great.

Sadique arches her brow darkly...

Josh takes it as a sexual cue:

JOSH (CONT'D)
What I meant was... Yes Maam.

Sadique grins maniacally.

SADIQUE
I knew you'd see it my way... So
Josh... now that we got that all
sorted out... I wanted to let you
know, since this a business
arrangement and not a date, that,
well, I'm a very experimental girl.

JOSH
You are, now?

SADIQUE
Yes, and I like to... Take things
further and further, incrementally.

JOSH
Ooooh... Like how?

SADIQUE
Well... I like my leather. I love
leather and I like boys who play
along. Do you play along, Josh?

Josh gulps his Josh's apple...

JOSH

Of course.

SADIQUE

Good... Because that's how I get my fun. I'll start easy on you, slow.

JOSH

Ok... I mean, kink is classy, haha.

SADIQUE

That's what I love to hear -- an open mind is the best mind.

EST. MOTEL - NIGHT

Sadique pulls into a motel parking lot.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Sadique flips on the light as both enter.

She sets a leather bag on bed, then heads into the bathroom.

SADIQUE

You probably want to tell me where you're from, your personality...

Josh fidgets with the motel coffee maker...

SADIQUE (CONT'D)

But this would ruin my fantasy. See, I like to pretend you are whatever I imagine. Think of it as... an erotic dress-up.

Josh opens the leather bag -- filled with bondage gear, butt plugs, vibrators, masks, a tazer.

Sadique comes at Josh from the bathroom fast.

SADIQUE

Look up.

Josh looks upward.

Sadique stabs Josh's arm with a pin-prick.

JOSH

Ouch! What the fuck??

SADIQUE

Relax, it's an HIV test.

JOSH

You could've said something...

Close on the test, which changes it's PH color.

SADIQUE

(concerned)

Oh shit...

Sadique is wide-eyed...

Josh is paranoid, jittery...

JOSH

What, what?

Sadique turns to him with watery, emphatic eyes...

Josh sweats bullets...

Sadique grins demonically and insanely cackles...

SADIQUE

Just fuckin' with you... Little
worm on a big fucking hook.

Josh stands stiff, dead-panned, unsure how to proceed.

She points to his crotch.

SADIQUE

Drop your pants, close your eyes,
put your hands behind your back.
And do exactly the fuck I tell you.

In a cartoon-like whirl he submits to all demands.

Sadique slowly walks up, runs her fingers across his neck,
blows softly on his neck, has him trembling.

She pulls black handcuffs from O.S. and snaps them on him.

She pulls a leather collar with metal rings from the bag and fastens it on his neck. She grabs the leash and tugs.

SADIQUE

I don't play no 'Walk The Dog'
honey. I play 'Call The Vet.'

JOSH

(confused)

What?

Sadique yanks the leash and throws Josh around the room mercilessly, exhibiting almost superhuman power.

Sadique laughs crazily while Josh screams -- tossed around, crashing into tables, the mattress, the TV stand...

Sadique throws him on the bed.

SADIQUE

Get your ass up -- ASS UP!!

The blindfolded Josh does, as if a subservient hostage.

JOSH

SAFE WORD, SAFE WORD!!

SADIQUE

I DON'T BELIEVE IN SAFE WORDS!!!

She reaches into her leather bag as Josh squirms...

Josh rubs his face on the bed, slipping off the blindfold.

SADIQUE (O.S.)

Horse, Horse, Mr. Ed, Mr. Ed!!

He finds himself looking into a mirror -- Sadique is behind him in the reflection, gripping a dirty carrot with the wilted green still attached.

Josh spins his body off the mattress...

Sadique tumbles to the floor alongside him...

Sadique falls O.S. and Josh hits the ground hard and silly.

He falls over twice again when struggling to escape.

EXT. MOTEL - NIGHT

The motel room door flings open -- Josh falls backwards to the ground from O.S., having opened it with handcuffs on.

His pants around his ankles, he runs away hobbling.

Once Josh is O.S., Sadique emerges from the doorway:

SADIQUE

WHO TAUGHT YOU HOW TO FUCK?!?

EXT. PORTLAND SKYLINE - DAWN

The sun rises over Portland, bright and shiny.

EXT. BLITZERS DUMPSTER AREA - MORNING

Josh is sleeping atop cardboard beside a dumpster.

He groggily awakes to discover broken handcuffs are attached to his wrists, snapped chains dangling.

He sniffs a rotten odor and scowls.

Hungover Josh struggles up, kicking away his emptied wine.

He pulls out the medication bottle and chews 3 painpills.

As he leaves the dumpster area, Tully's decomposing corpse is clearly in the b.g., buzzing with flies.

He walks to Blitzer's rear entrance, spotting an old truck beneath a shady tree. TOM DODGE -- a creepy balding man in his late 50's -- glares at him, stroking a sleeping cat. Emotionally destitute, this balding man looks miserable.

INT. BLITZERS KITCHEN - MORNING

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK at the back door.

The punk rocker who gave Josh money at the pharmacy answers -- LENNY; a skinny, wiry white male in his late 20s. He's high strung, quick-witted and fast-talking.

LENNY

Well I'll be damned.

JOSH

Nooooooo shit.

LENNY

Got any more of them pills?

JOSH

Yeah.

LENNY

Quick.

Josh hands him 3 and Lenny chews them like candy.

LENNY

Mmm, mmm, mmm... Just like
Flintstone Chewables.

JOSH

Yeah, fuck our livers.

Lenny laughs in heckle-like bursts, as if a gremlin.

LENNY

Get our wobble on, why not?

JOSH

Yeah, why not? Small world buddy.
I'm stoked to find out you're the
mysterious Lenny.

LENNY

And vice versa, good sir.

JOSH

Then there must be a purpose that
we met, I try never--

LENNY

Nah, that's bullshit. God is dead
and you know it.

JOSH

(stunned)

Whoa, that's blunt.

LENNY

Well, are you offended?

JOSH

No, not necessarily. Not really.

LENNY

Good, cause every day I work, I'm gonna talk shit on Jesus. On Buddha, or Vishnu, or Tupac, or whoever the fuck I feel like. Because that's what's up.

JOSH

Well, I won't be offended. I don't care. I think the entire world is insane, and I'm not smart enough to even comprehend what God is or what that even means. I'm just here man. I just exist, you know, and I try not to be an asshole. And I usually don't talk about religion or politics at work. Terrible idea.

LENNY

Yeah, I got you. It gets people in trouble. But I'm me, you see, and this is, as you know...

EPIC echo on Lenny's booming, enhanced voice...

LENNY

THE ISLAND OF MISFIT COOKS!!

Lenny relaxes, then talks normal again...

LENNY

So yeah, we're gonna have a lot of prep today, it's a heavy load...

Josh interjects:

JOSH

Hey, before we start though -- I really need to get something taken care of -- I really need an
(MORE)

JOSH (cont'd)
employer letter that says I now
work here. I have to bring it to
the courthouse by Friday or I'm
charged a ridiculous fee.

LENNY
Yeah, sure, we'll get to that in a
sec. Just wait until Sonny is up n'
running, we will sort it out...

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK -- Lenny answers the back door: it's Ref.

REF
Thangarian CuntMaggot.

LENNY
Nipple Nibblin' NerfHerder.

REF
Kajick-Dick Slick McRimLicker.

LENNY
Desperate Down Syndrome Bukkaki-er.

Ref grimaces, pauses, then admits defeat.

REF
I'll man up -- you win. This round,
at least. But tomorrow, victory
shall avenge me.

Lenny, triumphant:

LENNY
Damn straight it will. Or might.
And I... I shall be prepared.

Lenny shuts the door and walks back to Josh.

Josh is staring off into space, zoned out, wobbly from the
painpills. He doesn't quite notice Lenny.

Lenny snaps his fingers to Josh's ear, popping his trance.

LENNY

Hey wake up, wake up... Man you
look high... But not high enough.

EXT. BLITZERS REAR - MORNING

Lenny and Josh pass a bowl of fine cannibas.

JOSH

Ok, so what I don't get here -- I
mean, with Blatty as bartender and
all -- don't people think its a gay
bar? Like, it's supposed to attract
a manly sports bar type clientèle,
but Blatty is thrown out there as
the public relations centerpiece?
He's the face of the business?

LENNY

Yeah.

JOSH

How does it make money?

LENNY

It doesn't. See, no one wants to
deal with Blatty, that's true. He
is entrenched in that position by
force of Herculean will. He's gone
at it life or death. It's his way
of keeping complete control over
Sonny. He lives here, he works
here, he rides Sonny's browning
stalagtite just waiting for the
abominable creature to die.

JOSH

And so long as we work here, we are
stuck with him forever.

LENNY

Unfortunately, yes. However,
something quite amazing did just
happen. For whatever reason, the
final bit of logic left in Sonny's
(MORE)

LENNY (cont'd)
skull did the right thing. He's
running a little coup on Blatty,
since Friday was booked up for the
Pups N Handlers gathering.

JOSH
What's that?

LENNY
You don't even wanna know. But it's
them added with paycheck day PLUS
the Miners, all oozing forth from
the earth as they do.

JOSH
Heavy.

LENNY
Yeah, there's no way Blatty could
do it alone. So he took Ref's
suggestion and hired this new
chick, just for this day. She's
going to be hostess slash waitress.

JOSH
Did you meet her?

LENNY
No -- I guess it's one of Ref's
ex-girlfriends. And he's one fucked
up dude and he's dated a lot of
weird, fucked up chicks. He likes
it when they make voodoo dolls out
of him and shit.

JOSH
Well, she can't be that bad --
doesn't seem like--

LENNY
Don't matter -- Blatty's ego is
gonna explode. Remember that puffed
up dude from 'Big Trouble In Little
China?' He's gonna just pop like
(MORE)

LENNY (cont'd)
hot air and ground sausage. Just
jealous Blatty chunks, erupting
everywhere. And the #1 reason it's
happening is 'cause Ref showed
Sonny the negative Yelp reviews.

JOSH
We have Yelp reviews? I thought no
one knew this place even existed.

LENNY
They don't. Ref wrote all of 'em
himself through, like, 30 different
IPs. Dude's had enough and wants to
push Blatty to resignation.

JOSH
Ref man, he's so weirdly intense.

LENNY
Relentless, too. He's also straight
up psychotic. You know, I bear his
wraith at times -- all his crazy.

INT. BLITZERS KITCHEN - FLASHBACK

An unhinged Ref is shouting at a cringing, frozen Lenny.

REF
This is not the fucking Millennium
Falcon, and I am not Chewbacca! Got
it motherfucker!?! You are not Han
Solo, and I am not fuckin' Chewie!!
Got that!?! You fuckin' got it!?!?

INT. BLITZERS KITCHEN - MORNING

Back to present, Lenny looks disturbed by remembrance.

LENNY
It's like he wants to take a hammer
to people so bad sometimes...

Lenny stares off into the distance with contemplation.

INT. BLITZERS KITCHEN - FLASHBACK

Ref holds the back of Lenny's neck, crazily gripping it, forcing him to gaze downwards at a vat of boiling fryer oil. A single red apple floats, bubbling and sizzling.

REF

(breathing heavy)

Come on Lenny, bob for it... bob.

LENNY

(meek)

You're scaring me.

Ref laughs crazily, breathing hard through his nostrils, still gripping Lenny's neck, face beat red, eyes crazy.

INT. BLITZERS KITCHEN - MORNING

Back to current...

LENNY

Ref -- he's scary. And then he just stops. He gets cool again, like nothing happened. No thought of others, no accountability -- one day he wants to trade records with you -- the next fuckin' stab you.

JOSH

You ever seen him get violent?

LENNY

I saw him throw a guy to the wall by his neck -- threatened to slit the dude's throat for trash-talking Iron Savior.

JOSH

Who the fuck is Iron Savior?

LENNY

Some goofy ass 80's sounding German power metal shit.

JOSH

That does sound goofy.

LENNY

Yeah, well -- not to him. And Blatty is pure sonic torture for Ref, cause all the dude plays in the dining room is Nickelback and Creed -- all from a playlist entitled 'Reffie', all songs chosen to lyrically broadcast & define his undying love for beloved Ref.

JOSH

Ugh!

LENNY

Anytime "Let The Bodies Hit The Floor" come on, Ref vomits.

Blatty flamboyantly bursts into the room in a spandex outfit befitting of a 1980's personal fitness trainer.

BLATTY

Woo hoo -- wee hee -- let's all take acid and frolic through the forest naked. Let's do it guys, come on, come on, whoop-dee-doo!

Blatty skips and frolics O.S.

LENNY

Dude's got every Hinder album on vinyl. Every Good Charlotte shirt.

JOSH

Wow, that sucks!

LENNY

And he likes the worst movies ever -- thinks he's like this die-hard, spot-on horror movie critic.

JOSH

I'm scared to even hear it.

LENNY

He thinks the Nightmare remake with Jackie Earl Haley is better than all of the originals combined.

JOSH

Better than 'Dream Warriors?!?'

LENNY

Exactly!

JOSH

Heresy!

LENNY

And he has a poster of Nicholas Cage's 'Wicker Man' in his room.

JOSH

Ouch! That hurts.

LENNY

Wanna hear some painful shit? Dude admitted it was Nicholas Cage, all wife-beatered out in 'Con Air', was what sexually turned him onto men.

JOSH

EEEEEEWWWWW!!! GROSS!!!

LENNY

And he has, like, this Cage Rage tattoo, on his inner thigh--

JOSH

YUCK, DUDE!!!

Ref, shouting from outside the window:

REF (O.S.)

He says 'Island of Dr. Moreau' was Val Kilmer's finest moment!!

LENNY

And he thinks David Lynch sucks, and Bill Murray isn't funny. So--

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK at the back door & Lenny answers.

CHEMICAL ALI -- an arabic man in his late 50's -- enters and swiftly proceeds down the flight of basement stairs.

LENNY

So, uh, you know about the FBI
witness relocation thing?

JOSH

Maybe.

LENNY

Well, it's not true. And neither do
we hide CIA assets on our premises.

JOSH

Like that creeper out in the truck?

LENNY

No, that's Old Tom Dodge. That
other guy, that's Chemical Ali.

JOSH

Sounds like one bad motherfucker.

LENNY

Baddest ass fucking dishwasher in
Portland. He ain't no 10 minuter.
He works our crazy Fridays.

JOSH

Pretty fast?

LENNY

He's gotta be -- he lives on his
toes. He's always thinkin'
someone's gonna come roaring
through that back door for revenge.
Carries a fuckin' machine gun in
his trunk everywhere he goes.

JOSH

Well, what was he, a mobster?

LENNY

No, homeboy was military for Saddam Hussein. Dude's a dish washin' machine. Never said shit. So one day, I asked him, n' he's like...

INT. BLITZERS KITCHEN - FLASHBACK

Through Lenny's P.O.V. Chemical Ali is ranting...

CHEMICAL ALI

You think the USA is shit? For 15 years I worked for the worst government in the world! I worked for Saddam Hussein. And every day, for 15 years, I would stand in trainyard, and cargo train would pull up, and train open and men, women, children even -- all dissidents -- it was my job to mow them down with machine gun. All day, every day -- open train, kill everyone, dump in mass grave. And behind me, a man with gun at my head. If I do not kill these people, he kill me. I do this all day, every day, for 15 years!!

INT. BLITZERS KITCHEN - MORNING

Back to present, with Lenny and Josh.

JOSH

Well then, who's that truck lurker?

LENNY

That's Old Tom Dodge. He actually had your schedule a few guys ago. He got demoted to 10 minute dishwasher. He lives out there.

JOSH

In that truck?

LENNY

Yeah, and we never make him leave cause it's funny. We all look out that window, and no matter how bad our day is going, we peer out and say 'at least we're not him.'

JOSH

I'm glad I'm not him.

LENNY

Who isn't?

JOSH

But his cat lives in the car too?

LENNY

Yeah, and he came storming in one day, freaking out, because his cat just wasn't moving. It was... flaccid, just laying there. You could move it around, like a squishy gel-filled heating pad.

JOSH

A ruptured organ? Or--

LENNY

He rushed it to the vet -- and they said the cat was clinically depressed! Tom Dodge had caused it to give up on life! Just by hanging out with it all the time!

JOSH

Wow, what was the cure?

LENNY

Move out the fucking truck! But he didn't. So all day, he tries to resuscitate this cat petting it, trying to make it purr. But his only love, this cat -- it rejects him totally. It just wants to die.

JOSH

Oh man, that's just... Sounds like how a cat would react to Blatty.

LENNY

No -- all of Blatty's pets lunge to their death from his window.

JOSH

Holy shit!

LENNY

So Blatty started collecting plants. But one time I found a tiny cracked pot on the pavement of a miniature, hand-held cactus. Blatty had no idea what happened, how it could have just fallen out the ledge of his window. But I swear, that plant must've wantonly leapt to it's death. He sucks so bad he superhumanly triggers cactuses from Death Valley to commit suicide.

JOSH

Dear lord!

A third TRANSPORTER in uniform walks in the back door...

TRANSPORTER 3

Oh hey guys, I'm here.

LENNY

And you are...

TRANSPORTER 3

I'm here to collect that box under the stairs that says 'Arctic Exploration 1885' on it.

LENNY

Didn't someone get that last week?

TRANSPORTER 3

No, they just keep quitting and leaving the van here. Weird, huh? I mean, it's not that bad a job. Oh well, off to go see whats in it...

LENNY

Knock yourself out buddy, with alla the fists in the whole wide world.

The third Transporter walks O.S.

Lenny turns to Josh:

LENNY

This place would be great if it weren't for all the f'n employees.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Josh slams down an emptied shot glass on the bar top.

JOSH

Ooooh that burns so good.

Lenny slugs a shot...

LENNY

Fiery hooch!

The two readjust...

JOSH

So, it's cool if I crash tonight? I really just need a couch and rest.

LENNY

No worries, no worries. Just wanted to explain a lil' somethin' about the next 2 dudes you work with.

JOSH

Are they all fucked up?

LENNY

No, they're cool, but... One is a psychedelic shaman and the other... Well... You know how we, um, AHEM, do NOT employ CIA assets and etc? Well, neither do we hide interstellar refugees for MIB's.

JOSH

What, haha, you sayin' they aliens?

LENNY

Maybe, maybe not... But they love talkin' 'bout aliens. Junebug is like Dwayne's personal dishwasher. He follows him kitchen to kitchen. He also is his personal drug dealer, and they do shit tons of acid. Dwayne was an LSD virgin until this past year, and he's gone apeshit. He loves to fry.

JOSH

Is Junebug unhinged?

LENNY

Ref thinks he's perfectly normal, but Junebug freaks me out way more than Ref. You know, Ref is like a psycho heavy metal guy -- Junebug is... Like one of those festie types from Burning Man, SlabTown, or those fucked up European techno festivals. Dudes that have smoked so much DMT that their physical bodies are now warping. They are turning into, like, Pharaoh people, cause Rameses and all them smoked this shit every day too, made outta lotus leaves. Found vials on mummies n' shit, you know? It's how they talked to the gods.

JOSH

And Junebug talks to gods, plural?

LENNY

Oh yeah, and sometimes he does lots of acid in one week, and he thinks he is a god. But he usually does more acid and snaps out of his perma trip, forgetting he was stuck in one, and never believing people when they tell him this. And he's always talking this Buddhist stuff, but really it's just a gobbly gook mess of psychedelic mumbo-jumbo.

JOSH

He's harmless though, right?

LENNY

Yeah, totally. And so is Dwayne... But, you know, Dwayne n the aliens.

JOSH

Yeah?

LENNY

One time, and I swear this is true -- I swear it wasn't an acid flashback... Wait, let me back it up. So there was this dishwasher, another 10 minuter -- Redwoods Steve. A dozen years ago, Stevie absorbed a sheet of acid by accident. Then he got lost in the Redwoods of NorCal for a week.

JOSH

Dude!

LENNY

So now all he sees are trees everywhere. He's always lost in the dark, panicking at his primal core. So one day, this guy looks over at Dwayne, and then he just freaks and runs out the back door screaming. He just charges off, terrified. And they find him a week later in Mount
(MORE)

LENNY (cont'd)
Hood, naked, totally unhinged,
living like Rambo in trees. And
when they put him in the nuthouse,
he kept saying Dwayne changed form,
like his hologram suit glitched,
and became Reptilian for 3 seconds.

JOSH
Like an Annunaki?

LENNY
Exactly! So this guy becomes like a
permanent in-joke. And we all talk
shit. Then one day, I look over at
Dwayne when he ain't lookin', and I
saw him stick out his tongue...
Like a lizard tongue, real quick.
Like a frog that ate a fly, then
back in, like a slurping snake.

JOSH
Ah give me a break.

LENNY
No -- I saw it, I saw it... I
swear. But, you know... He's cool.
Even if he really is an alien, he's
still cool with me. Even Annunaki
gotta pay their bills.

A sharp, angry voice bursts from O.S.:

ANGRY VOICE (O.S.)
Hey brother!

The pair turn to view HOGLAN -- a scrawny white guy with a
bleached blonde Fu Manchu goatee and sandy blonde hair
pulled behind a bright yellow bandana.

LENNY
Well if it ain't Hulk Hoglan.

HOGLAN
You think you guys can fire me?!?

LENNY

Damn straight -- and we did.

HOGLAN

Unfair, brother!

LENNY

Well, maybe if you weren't such a
fucking asshole to everyone, it
woulda never came to it.

Josh points to Hoglan.

JOSH

Who is this joke?

LENNY

The dude you stole your job from.

Hoglan gets in Josh's face like a dramatic pro wrestler.

HOGLAN

Is that so, brother??

Josh tugs on Hoglan's Fu Manchu, mocking him.

JOSH

Toot Toot!

Hoglan punches Josh in the face.

JOSH

Ah! What the fuck!?!?!

Hulk Hoglan backs up and raises his fists.

HOGLAN

These pythons gonna finish you off!

Josh touches his swelled lip.

JOSH

I'm not gonna fight you in this--

Hoglan punches him again.

Josh squares off -- the two circle each other...

Hoglan lands a blow...

Josh swings & misses...

Hoglan cracks him again...

LENNY

Get 'em Josh -- get 'em!!

Josh slugs Hoglan in the face...

Hoglan stumbles back...

Josh lunges like a rabid wolverine...

Lenny casually sips his drink at the bar...

The BARTENDER walks up to Lenny, commenting on the fight:

BARTENDER

Bloody good show, don't you agree?

Lenny again sips his drink.

LENNY

Marvelous.

Josh walks back with bloody knuckles, then slams his beer.

JOSH

I needed that.

LENNY

You know, I don't condone violence.

JOSH

Either Do I... But some assholes --
they just got it coming.

EXT. BLITZERS PARKING LOT - MORNING

Josh strolls through the Parking lot...

Old Tom Dodge gives an creepy glare from inside his truck,
then sniffs a pair of grimy, feces-stained panties. An
electrical chord runs from his truck to inside Blitzers.

EXT. BLITZERS REAR - MORNING

JUNEBUG stands outside -- a bushy haired, wide-eyed, ever-ecstatic looking male in his early 20s.

JOSH

Hi -- you Junebug?

JUNEBUG

My Krishna name is
June-nuh-boog-wuh. That's just what
Lenny started callin' me... I'm not
quite fond of it, but it stuck.

JOSH

How about JB?

JUNEBUG

That's perfectly acceptable...

The pair shake hands...

JUNEBUG (CON'T)

What's up with the hand? I mean, it
looks beat to shit.

JOSH

I think... I think I broke a
knuckle. Last night, I... kinda
beat the crap outta this guy --
wait, you know him -- Hoglan!

JUNEBUG

Yeah, I know 'em. FUCK that guy.

JOSH

We had a fist fight in the bar.

JUNEBUG

Noooooo shit! Duking it out Hulk
Hoglan!? Fuck yeah dude, that guy
is a sack of tapeworm strudel
dogshit -- he is an A-1 fuck.

JOSH

Fuck yeah! I laid his dumb ass out.

JUNEBUG

Man! Grand slammin for the team!
Fuckin' appreciated. I used to
fuck with that guy so hardcore. One
time, like a year ago, the douche
took off on vacation. And I knew
right where he lived. So knowing
his house would be locked up tight,
and wanting to mind-fuck this guy
-- I'm thinking, I'm thinking --
then BAM -- freeze my own piss!
I'll icicle my own urine, like, in
one of those super-thin, chinsy-ass
aluminum pie pans. And then just
stick it in the freezer overnight,
so it's like a circular disc of
frozen piss, like a yellow frisbee.
And then at like 3am, sneak up like
a ninja and just fling it through
his mail slot. So that way, when he
returns from vacation,
everything'll be locked -- he'll
totally think someone broke in JUST
to piss on the carpet.

JOSH

Hahaha!!!

JUNEBUG

No forced entry, no vandalism, no
theft -- just a reverse burglar
leaving instead of taking --
leavin', you know, a giant
stank-ass puddle of stale, rotting
piss. And no fucking idea how it
happened, ever, just haunted for
life, drivin' himself fuckin' crazy
tryin' to figure it out, forever.

JOSH

That's diabolically brilliant.

JUNEBUG

Just payin' it forward.

INT. BLITZERS KITCHEN - MORNING

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK on the back door. DWAYNE -- a short white male in his late 20s answers.

DWAYNE
(Louisiana accent)
Junebug!

JUNEBUG
Hey Dwayne -- this is the newbie.

DWAYNE
Josh, huh?

Dwayne shakes Josh's hand.

DWAYNE (CON'T)
Ref told me good things.

Junebug walks O.S.

JOSH
Cool, cool -- where should we
start? You got a prep list, or--

DWAYNE
It's a big one, long ass gruelin'
day. I been here like an hour n'
I'm already over it. Let's just
chill and chat for a sec.

JOSH
I like your thinking

DWAYNE
So do I.

Junebug returns...

JUNEBUG
Ah dude, we actually gotta work
with Dodge today.

DWAYNE
Ah man, his 10 minutes are due?

JUNEBUG

Maybe we'll get Lucky and his cat's rejection will have driven him to suicide. Finally, he'll just die.

DWAYNE

(like a Ringmaster)

Old Chicken Hands Tom.

Junebug, to Josh:

JUNEBUG

Ever shit yourself half to death from food poisoning?

JOSH

Horribly.

JUNEBUG

Then beware Ol' Chicken Hands Tom. Latex gloves gives him a rash, and Oregon law favors worker safety. But as you'd suspect, Sonny can't buy anything but latex gloves cause the color yellow might be a turnip's favorite salamander oozing. Or whatever.

DWAYNE

So Tommy Dodge never wears gloves, and never fills a bleach bucket, never wipes his hands -- he gives everyone food poisoning cause he dips his hands in that pink chicken slime and doesn't wash them, just keeps slopping salmonella goo good over everything on the line. Just crusts it on fucking everything.

JUNEBUG

So now when he comes in, we have him only prep chicken. It's like an in-joke, but gnarly, but he did it all to himself, so fuck him anyway. But having him just cut chicken --

(MORE)

JUNEBUG (cont'd)
this was, he only food poisons
himself. And that's what he does
every week. All the time.

DWAYNE
For real though, he wrecks himself
in 10 minutes, then spends a week
out back vomiting and shitting
constantly for a week. And he can't
hold down an apartment, and lives
in that truck, so he just shits and
pukes himself half to death in
those bushes out back, behind that
tree. And in the heat of August...

JUNEBUG
We call 'em Black Plague Tom.

DWAYNE
Yeah dude, Bubonic Dodge.

JUNEBUG
Shit starts stinkin'.

JOSH
Man, that's one loser right there.

DWAYNE
Biiiiiig loser.

JUNEBUG
Absolutely unpitiful loser.

DWAYNE
And whenever he use the toilet,
clogs the shit out it wit' shit.

JUNEBUG
Yeah, it's fucking gnar. His is a
stench of endless ass. Anytime we
let him in here to work, he always
takes a long ass crap right after.

DWAYNE
Never heard of a 'courtesy flush.'

JUNEBUG

Never.

DWAYNE

I mean, it ain't hard -- if you take a gigantic, gelatinous mountain-like shit, flush it right away. Remove the stink from the fuckin' air fast as possible. And THEN proceed to wipe your ass.

JUNEBUG

EXACTLY -- it's not rocket science. If you crap Mt Everest, and you waste an entire roll of toilet paper obsessively wiping your ass clean, and you just drop it on top of Mt Fuji, it's gonna fuckin' plug every time. And poop is gonna overflow everywhere, all into the dining room.

DWAYNE

Which is what dumbass does, always

JUNEBUG

No want wants to eat here, cause the carpeting smells like a ruptured sewer main. This dude, he is a tyrant of endless ass.

JOSH

Dude, that's so gross, just so gnar, what a fuckin... Oh wait, wait, hey before I forget -- I need employment verification from Sonny. Like a slip of paper that says I work here and an autograph. If I don't get it to court by Friday, I'm fucked. I keep forgetting it.

DWAYNE

Ok, ok, we'll get to that, no worries, chill. Firs -- we smoke.

EXT. BLITZERS REAR - MORNING

Junebug, Josh and Dwayne pass a marijuana pipe.

Josh points to the chord running to Tom's truck.

JOSH

What's up with the chord?

JUNEBUG

He snuck a land-line into the building through the basement window -- his own hacked rotary.

JOSH

And no one has disconnected it?

DWAYNE

Hell no, that shit's hilarious. It's like a zoo exhibit of a rare creature absolutely stunning in its pathetic-ness. He's like a myth.

JUNEBUG

Never before has such an ugly souled man gotten his just fate.

DWAYNE

We like to just let him do it, cause it helps us feel uplifted -- a certain sort of pride in life, in work, that no matter how bad life gets, we are not him.

JUNEBUG

He's a symbolic charm of no equal.

DWAYNE

Like a rare opal, sparkling...

JUNEBUG

Exotic and impossible to define...

JOSH

You think he's an alien?

Dwayne gives Josh a secretive look.

DWAYNE

What you know about aliens, boy?

A 4th TRANSPORTER in uniform walks up to them.

TRANSPORTER 4

Oh hey guys, I'm here.

JUNEBUG

And you are...

TRANSPORTER 4

I'm here to collect that box under the stairs that says 'Arctic Exploration 1885' on it.

DWAYNE

Didn't someone get that last week?

JOSH

Didn't someone get that yesterday?

TRANSPORTER 4

No, they just keep quitting and leaving the van here. Weird, huh? Oh well, off to see whats in it...

Transporter 4 walks into Blitzers through the back kitchen door. Dwayne again turns his attention to Josh.

DWAYNE

What you know about the InterGalactic Federation?

JOSH

Well, lots of stuff. N' Lenny totally thinks you're an alien.

Junebug and Dwayne laugh.

DWAYNE

Is that so? Well whatta ya think -- us Reptilians gotta pay rent too!

Dwayne laughs harder.

DWAYNE (CONT'D)

Just cause I'm your boss on paper
don' mean I'm an overlord
whip-cracker from the mothership.
Planet X's got it's service
industry class too!

An O.S. female voice gets louder as she approaches.

FEMALE (O.S.)

You actually have 200 items on the
menu? And every beer is \$8? Fuckin'
serious?! I know it's an extra cash
once a month gig, but--

Sadique and Ref both enter, Ref following her.

Josh stiffens.

Dwayne checks her out.

Sadique sees Josh and abruptly stops talking.

Ref, calming Sadique:

REF

It's cool, you know -- you can be
drunk as you want n' you won't fuck
it all up. Snort all the coke you
want, whatever. Just take the tips
and run. No harm, no foul.

Ref notices Sadique and Josh exchanging glances.

REF (CONT'D)

You guys know each other?

SADIQUE

Nope... No clue.

Josh shakes Sadique's hand, feigning ignorance.

JOSH

Hi, I'm Josh.

Ref, to Sadique:

REF

(impatient)

So you want the gig or not? If not
I gotta make some calls ASAP.

SADIQUE

(grumpy)

...it's fine.

REF

Just once, at least? Cool?

SADIQUE

This one time, just for you.

REF

Thanks sweetheart. You know I love
you to death, even when you wanna
decapitate me. I was thinkin'--

The two walk O.S., voices trailing off.

REF

We should swing by Carlos' house,
he's got all this rad...

Josh exhales, secretly weirded out.

JOSH

Ah shit... Shit.

Dwayne walks up.

DWAYNE

Lovely, ain't she?

Blatty storms in with angry, stomping feet.

BLATTY

OUTRAGEOUS! THIS IS OUTRAGEOUS! A
POISONED ARROW THROUGH MY SOUL!!
I'VE NEVER BEEN SO BETRAYED!!!
CURSE YOU SONNY!!!

Blatty erupts in nonsensical tears.

BLATTY (CONT'D)

Ooooh boo hoo -- oooooh boo hoo...

Blatty runs O.S. pathetically, flinging arms...

Junebug, to Josh:

JUNEBUG

Now's the time to strike. I'm so totally gonna frozen pee his living room while he's hyperventilating down by the riverbank! But first, I gotta eat all of this acid.

Motions to Josh like Dr Jekyll becoming Hyde.

JUNEBUG (CON'T)

Here, want some?

Junebug pulls out a sheet of acid.

JOSH

Ah dude, I'm cool, I---

JUNEBUG

Bodacious! More for me!

Junebug scrunches the sheet of LSD into a tiny balls, then begins chewing on it, licking his hands for residue.

JOSH

Whoa dude, isn't that a bit much??

JUNEBUG

It's fucking great!

Junebug darts O.S., leaving to who knows where.

Josh is alone, unsure what to do.

Sadique re-appears -- with hurricane force she slaps Josh hard -- 4 times -- SLAP SLAP SLAP SLAP.

SADIQUE

Never forget -- you are MY BITCH.

She zooms O.S. as if a cartoon while Josh is dazed.

A random 10 minute employee pops his head from around the corner -- a California surfer type with a nametag 'PHIL.'

Phil, to Josh:

PHIL
(surfer accent)
Whoa-ho-ho-ho duuuuuuuuuuuuuude.

Phil zips behind the corner like a cartoon and vanishes.

Josh wobbles silently, in exhausted deadpan.

INT. DARK CHAMBER

A shrouded witch-like Blatty is eerily lit by candles.

BLATTY
Ooooh Sonny, the mistake you have made -- allowing that thieving whore to steal my precious shift! Without that newfangled cash, I can never put the down-payment on my vintage Victorian butt plug collection! Precious artifacts, gone to waste! To another Ebay user! Curses! Drats! Sonny, you beached boogered whale -- only with your death shall I inherit your fortune. The world'll be rid of this shithole bar and all its Misfit cooks. Soon I'll fire the whole lot of 'em, all at once. Like a vengeful god I shall expel them from paradise with the greatest of satisfaction -- push all those dirty, deadweight stoner bums into the street. Let them beg downtown like cockroach people! Let 'em all be fined for feeding themselves, and jailed for neglecting their tickets! For tomorrow, my dearest Sonny -- I suck your jerky raisen cock to death! And gargle your jizz so hot, your goddamn heart explodes. And then I shall be triumphant! Mooo haha hahahahh!!

Blatty, cackling, mischievously rubs his hands together.

BLATTY

You cooks think you can sabotage
me? Well, we'll see about that. Two
can play at this game. More like
several hundred can play!

He pulls out a phone book and slams it on the table, turning
it open to a random page.

BLATTY

So many numbers, so many options,
so many nonsense deliveries...

Blatty whips out his cell phone, dials and calls.

BLATTY

Hello, Taxidermy service? Yes, I
need a delivery at 12:30pm...

EXT. PORTLAND HILL - NIGHT

Josh is under moonlight, on a hill overlooking Portland.

JOSH

Dear Portland... I've come so
far... Only to have the shit kicked
out of me, repeatedly... I ask
myself, why? Why me? But it is
because I know you are a city of
cold, brotherly love -- you're
forging me a warrior. You are
pummeling me now so that I will
never forget what I endured to
attain you. Portland, by my bride.
It is you I seek to marry. Please
grant me the strength to make it
through this next day and---

CAW of ravens above -- an enormous glob of birdshit splashes
Josh square in the face, dripping down his features.

Josh sighs beneath the bright, pale moon...

EXT. BLITZERS - MORNING

Josh approaches Blitzers. A massive single-file line of employees wrap around the building, awaiting paychecks.

A car full of obvious MOBSTERS in suits cruise by, casing the joint for Witness Relocation people.

EXT. BLITZERS REAR - MORNING

Josh approaches a marijuana smoking circle consisting of Ref, Dwayne, Tye and Lenny. Dwayne notices him first...

DWAYNE

Yo Josh -- it's pay day!!

REF

Yeah, it's when Dwayne here sends
loot back to his homies on Nibiru.

Dwayne, to Josh:

DWAYNE

My homies? No way -- just mah' boy.
The kiddo gets the absolute finest
in intergalactic gamer-tainment.
Gotta spoil 'em right, no?

Ref, to Dwayne:

REF

Yeah, but you still ain't got 'em
River City Ransom yet, have you?

DWAYNE

Oh like he's gonna dig some archaic
shit like that. You're parents
press Pong on you much?

REF

Come on dude, ya can't beat Contra.

DWAYNE

Lotsa games since 1992 dude.

REF

No time for that shit man, no time.

Tye, to Josh:

TYE

Hey, anyone text you about Junebug?

JOSH

No, what's up?

Tye, to Lenny:

TYE

You wanna tell him?

Lenny obliges:

LENNY

You know how Junebug got really into that 'Altered States' movie? And started doing sense-deprivation floating tank shit? Like, for extreme meditation?

JOSH

No, actually I have not.

LENNY

Yeah, well, surprise surprise -- he's been doing these dark floating sessions -- they go on for 12 hours each. It does shit to people, kinda like with back-hooks & suspension.

TYE

Really weird ass shit to the mind.

REF

Yeah, just fuckin' strange.

LENNY

It's been making him weirder then usual. And, you know, causing him to do waaay more acid then usual.

JOSH

So what, did he... He ate that whole sheet and went floating?

LENNY

Yeah, and with superhuman strength, he busted outta that tank and ran off into the night butt naked, fused with primal, chaotic power. Just like that neanderthal monkey creature in 'Altered States'.

JOSH

Holy shit! He mutated?!?

TYE

Fuck no -- he just whigged out. And now he's totally fuckin' MIA.

JOSH

Whoa dude!

DWAYNE

But he's done this kind of shit before, so I wouldn't worry too much. Last time, 12 cops tried to take him down, but none of them could. Their tranquilizer guns only had partial effect, and he tore through the paddy wagon like water. He just lunged out, running 45mph down the freeway, leaping down bypasses, onto car hoods...

TYE

...sommer-saulting over high speed metal like Frogger, totally acrobatic. News Media followed live from the chopper, but even they lost track. They never even knew who he was. All the drawings from eye-witnesses -- with his dark, conquering eyes & unshaven face -- children are fucking scared of him dude. Now all over the place, parents are like 'If ya don't do your homework, The Freeway Primate's gonna get ya. He's the new boogeyman dude.

DWAYNE

I even tell my son that shit -- do your homework, cause Daddy works with the Vampire Ape Man.

REF

He's an urban legend now. But the only one's who know, are us. It's up to us to protect him as he slow morphs into this new LSD god-being.

JOSH

Wow! That's intense. You know, regardless, I really like that guy.

REF

Oh yeah, great guy.

TYE

The best.

DWAYNE

Gold standard, through n' through.

A light goes off in Ref's head.

REF

Oh yeah, we got Chemical Ali today, by the way... Um, what are we doing for the special? Dwayne?

Dwayne points to Josh.

DWAYNE

Let's let the newbie decide.

JOSH

I'm down for whatever.

DWAYNE

What, not good at specials?

JOSH

Well, I'd rather--

TYE

All you gotta do is make some
bullshit up. Just give it an exotic
sounding name, and no one knows the
difference or gives a fuck.

REF

Yeah, like Scandinavian Flat Iron.

DWAYNE

Or the Louisiana Tuna Melt.

REF

Portuguese Cordon.

TYE

Or Hiroshima Chicken.

LENNY

The Guatty Grainger.

DWAYNE

What the fuck is a Guatty Grainger?

LENNY

It's from Guatemala. It's bomb.

TYE

Nigga's love my Welsh Hoagie.

Sadique wanders up bright and sunny, unlike herself.

SADIQUE

Hi hi, who's wearing smiles today?

Ref laughs.

REF

Ooooh you lay it on thick.

Sadique relaxes to her usual self.

SADIQUE

Just tell 'em whatever they want to
hear and stab 'em when they whine.

The intercom flicks on, LOUD, catching the attention of the kitchen crew -- and the entire line waiting for paychecks.

Blatty, who accidentally turned on the intercom, is loudly slurping on Sonny's penis -- it sounds like Jabba The Hutt is sexually moaning with throat cancer.

BLATTY (O.S.)

Oooh baby, Sonny baby, pass me that
colostomy bag, I wanna sexy squirt.

Numerous people in line vomit, causing others to vomit.

Ref, to the others:

REF

Inside -- QUICK!!

INT. BLITZERS KITCHEN - MORNING

Ref, Lenny, Dwayne, Josh, Tye and Sadique all run into the kitchen as O.S. more people loudly puke in chain reaction.

Lenny runs up and peeks out a window.

LENNY

Shit's like... a tsunami.

Josh's P.O.V. turns to Sadique, who is behind the rest.

Sadique runs her finger across her throat menacingly.

Ref turns to Sadique, who goes from psycho to smiling.

REF

Come on Sadique, let's get the
dining room all set up.

Ref and Sadique walk O.S.

Chemical Ali walks in the back door.

TYE

Yo Ali -- what up?

Ali points outside, commenting on the vomit smell.

CHEMICAL ALI

It reeks like Kurdish Independence.

INT. BLITZERS DINING ROOM

Ref notices a hand-written note on the counter and examines.

Sadique, to Ref:

SADIQUE

What is it?

REF

Another... love letter from Blatty,
I think... He says... Starts by
calling me beloved, gets real
Aristocratic Frenchy... Yadda,
yadda... ok, now the part where he
emotionally stabs me, trying to
guilt trip me... And... This is
where he regrets the hate he just
projected but doesn't want to
restart the letter, cause it took
him 3 hours of self-torture to get
this far, draining his manic
depression like a leech in some
damp, candle lit chamber. And, ok,
here's the point, and -- oh shit...

SADIQUE

What?

REF

He's not coming in today. In fact,
he quit. Says nobody likes him,
everybody hates him. Worm eatin'.

The reality hits Sadique.

SADIQUE

WAIT, WAIT -- I'M ALONE ON RUSH?!?

REF

Wait, lemme see... Says 'fuck you
Ref, you don't love me, I'm
slob-nobbing Sonny's deep-fried
(MORE)

REF (cont'd)
McDickle on a McStickle for the
rest o' my life, every day, forever
n' ever, ' cause blah blah blah it
could be me but I'm a coward who
won't open my heart to him...

SADIQUE
I HAVE TO CATER 100 ALONE?

REF
Um, more like 200, maybe, but it's
cool, I'll, uh, um--

INT. BLITZERS KITCHEN - MORNING

Dwayne walks to the refrigerated walk-in.

DWAYNE
Alright guys, let's get crackin'.

Dwayne opens the freezer, then slams it. He stares blankly
for a moment before turning his head and speaking.

DWAYNE
No one did prep? At all? Ay any
point, This entire week?

Lenny and Tye look to each other.

TYE
Um, you said teach the newbie the
ropes. So I did. And, ok, I kicked
the can a little...

DWAYNE
Which means Ref kicked the can? And
you did? Then Lenny? And not one of
you bothered to do a single thing?

LENNY
Wait a minute -- you worked
yesterday! Why would you only
notice this now? You're the boss!

DWAYNE

Everyone knows the Head Chef don't do shit! I just cook, you plate & prep & clean. I stand there and get it right every time! That's what I do! I'm master of the flame broil grill son!! That's my function!!

TYE

Fuck, oh fuck.

Ref enters the kitchen...

REF

What's up?

DWAYNE

None of these fools prepped shit.

Lenny, to Ref:

LENNY

Well either did he, all damn day the dip-shit just stood around.

DWAYNE

Watch yer' mouth wanker.

REF

Alright guys -- don't panic. Never panic until there is no other option. Ok, look, the miners and Pups N Handlers will all be here between noon to 1pm... Gives us...

Ref pulls his cell phone and checks the time.

REF (CONT'D)

15 minutes to prep 4 days worth...

BUZZZZZZZZ goes the kitchen printer -- an endless stream of food orders keep coming out, hundreds of them.

All cooks look to each other comically.

ALL COOKS
(screaming)
AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHH!!!!!!!

FADE TO BLACK:

SUPER: 30 MINUTES LATER

FADE UP:

INT. BLITZERS KITCHEN

The cooks are all O.S., yelling at each other. Pots and pans fly through the air, flour flings everywhere.

REF (O.S.)
God damn it Lenny, god damn it!!

LENNY (O.S.)
It's not my fault the turkey's
black, you got the grill too high!

REF (O.S.)
It's lunch meat, you buffoon --
it's already cooked!!

Tye charges through, huffing and puffing, carrying a pot of water that splashes all over him.

TYE
Aaaah it burns! It fuckin' burns!

INT. BLITZERS KITCHEN WORK LINE

The cooks are standing over their respective work areas.

Ref is on fryer, Lenny on flat top grill, Dwayne on Flame-Boiled Grill/Sauté, and Tye building plate set-ups.

The place is a mess -- food's everywhere, meat is burning, ridiculous amounts of trash on the floor and overflowing garbage cans. Vapor from bubbling pots makes it foggy.

Lenny, to Ref:

LENNY
Shut up, professional fry cook!

REF

I choose this way!! I choose
dysfunctional kitchens so I don't
gotta give a shit!! You're the
loser who actually inhabits them!!

LENNY

Fuck you Chewie!!

Ref hollers in rage and attacks Lenny, choking him.

They struggle with each other and tumble O.S.

Dwayne hollers to Tye:

DWAYNE

Tye!! Take this shit over!!!

Josh emerges with prep items, viewing the madness.

A hand grabs his shoulder and squeezes tight.

Junebug is revealed -- wearing a tin-foil head dress,
breathing heavy and strange, with crazy LSD tripping eyes.

JUNEBUG

I am the GodHead.

JOSH

Look, I really need that employee
verification report--

JUNEBUG

Embrace the essence of Changahzzi.

An autistic, overweight black man (TONDA) smashes dishes on
the floor, as if it's a childish game.

DWAYNE

Tonda!! Cut that shit out!!

Tonda laughs at Dwayne.

TONDA

Oh my boss man.

Tonda laughs harder, like a simpleton child, grinning,
slapping his hands together like a seal.

Sadique, from O.S.:

SADIQUE (O.S.)
WILL ANY ONE OF YOU ASSHOLES HELP
ME?? THIS IS FUCKING INSANE!!!

REF (O.S.)
HOLD ON BABY, I'M COMING!!!

Ref charges through the shot and then O.S. again.

Lenny stumbles into our view with a black eye and bruised purple finger print marks on his neck.

LENNY
You guys see that, he, he -- he
just tried to kill me!

Dwayne and Tye are preoccupied shouting at each other.

TYE
I'm sick of getting the blame for
shit like this, own up bossman!

DWAYNE
You don't deep fry corn beef!!

Back to Lenny, looking at the meat slicer and the blocks of uncut cheese & meat awaiting prep.

LENNY
I got it guys!! I got the meat and
cheese -- I got the...

Back to Josh and Junebug...

JUNEBUG
Josh, the first man -- and the last
man. I am proud to walk with you. I
shall teach you the universe beyond
the universe, the sacred ohm of the
infinite, forbidden cosmos.

JOSH
Dude, I just really need that
fucking paper. I don't even care
about this job anymore.

The back door swings open -- in comes an endless parade of ridiculous characters, all announcing their trade one by one -- clowns, rent-a-cops, farmhands, manicurists, prostitutes, jugglers, fire performers, singing costumed Lobster-Grams...

Back to Lenny, pushing it hard at the slicer...

LENNY

(muttering)

I'll cut the meat, I'll cut the
cheese, I'll save the day, I'll...

INT. DINING ROOM HALLWAY

Sadique is yelling at Ref...

SADIQUE

All these miners -- they stink!
They smell like dead manatees!

REF

It's ok, don't worry -- they are
about to get chased off. Pups N'
Handlers will be here any minute.

SADIQUE

What the fuck are they?

REF

No one told you yet?

SADIQUE

What the fuck I get myself into?

REF

Ooh honey, I'm so sorry...

INT. BLITZERS BASEMENT

Josh runs downstairs to Sonny's office. As he bangs on Sonny's door Chemical Ali is in the b.g., putting hand grenades into his locker from a duffelbag.

No answer -- Josh beats on the door harder.

JOSH

Please, sir -- I need my employee
verification paperwork. I need to
take care of this, or I'm doomed.
Please -- I beg you!! Please sir!

The door electronically unlocks, then slowly glides open.

Close on Josh's face, stunned by a bright light from inside.

The shadow of Sonny grows closer, making dying animal
sounds. It grows larger & larger over Josh's face, which
turns from dazed to horrified, then physically revolted...

INT. BLITZERS KITCHEN WORK LINE

Tye, Dwayne, and Ref are again on line, overwhelmed...

Ref, to Lenny at slicer:

REF

Faster ugly -- faster!!

EXT. BLITZERS - DAY

The line of paycheck waiters revolts on the establishment,
beating, scratching & tearing at the building like zombies.

EMPLOYEES

PAY US!! PAY US!!! PAY US!!! PAY--

INT. BLITZERS KITCHEN

Again the intercom buzzes on accidentally -- blaring yet
again the sound of Blatty gobbling up Sonny's penis.

BLATTY (V.O.)

Ooooooh Sonny, suck suck...

Lenny loses his attention -- SLICE -- and cuts off ALL the
fingers on his right hand! They fly all over the place --
rolling under work stations, fridges, trashcans.

Lenny screams as blood sprays everywhere, squirting on
Dwayne & Tye from afar, all over the food, wall & slicer.

Ref runs into the kitchen.

REF

What the fuck just happened!?!

Lenny grips his hand as blood erupts.

LENNY

AAAAAH!!!! AAAAAAAAAAAAAH!!!!!!!

Ref, alarmed, grossed out, panicking:

REF (CONT'D)

Oh shit, shit -- hold it above your
heart! Tye, come here -- Dwayne!!

Tye & Dwayne run up...

Ref, to Tye:

REF

Punch him! Knock him out, fast!

Tye punches Lenny, but not unconscious. Lenny screams more.

DWAYNE

HERE!

Dwayne splashes rubbing alcohol all over the severed finger
nubs as Lenny screams bloody murder.

REF (CONT'D)

Quick, get his fingers!! We need
'em all on ice, fast!!

Tye scrambles on the floor looking for severed digits.

Dwayne, into Lenny's panicking ear:

DWAYNE

Think happy thoughts, think happy--

Dwayne smiles crazy.

DWAYNE

Here's one.

Since no one is watching, Dwayne sticks out his reptilian
tongue and licks Lenny's inner earlobe.

LENNY

AAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!!!

Ref runs up with an ice bowl; Tye tosses 3 fingers into it.

TYE

Got em!

Ref sees the last one...

REF

Over there!

Mold Spore Dennis runs into view. He grabs the severed finger and scuttles to the window like a hobgoblin...

Ref chases after him...

REF

Come back here you little freak!!

Ref chases Dennis, knocking CLOWNS out of his way.

Dennis hisses, hanging partially out the window.

Ref chases him through it; the window to slams shut behind.

Sadique hollers from the dining room hallway...

SADIQUE (O.S.)

GUYS -- GUYS!! THEY'RE HERE! REF!!

REF I'M GONNA FUCKING KILL YOU!!!

INT. BLITZERS KITCHEN

Steady shot on the back kitchen door. Josh falls into frame, tripping from running too fast. He struggles to get up, falls again, then -- clearly gripping his verification -- swings open the back door and runs away, leaving it ajar.

Tye and Dwayne emerge O.S., dragging the panicking Lenny and his ice-bowl fingers out the back door.

TYE

It's ok buddy, we're taking you to the ER right now, I'm drivin you to the hospital, we'll be there in--

Tye, Lenny and Dwayne disappear O.S., leaving it open.

Sadique run into the shot, fleeing the dining room.

SADIQUE

FUCK THIS!!!!

Sadique runs out the back door, finally slamming it shut.

A moment passes; we drift from the back door to the stove top, where 4 gas powered stove burners are turned ON with no pilot light pumping out natural gas at full blast.

INT. BLITZERS KITCHEN - NIGHT

Fast forward 12 hours -- exact same shot, yet night time.

Blatty saunters up from the basement, relaxed, fulfilled, his hair in curlers and wearing a Geisha komono.

BLATTY (V.O.)

And now, my hated Blitzers, Sonny
is finally dead -- a heart attack
from the orgasm that only I,
Blatty-Bo-Batty, could produce. And
now I and my true lover shall
escape PDX forever, and live our
glorious new life in Fraaaaaaaance.

The evil Police Officer who harassed Josh walks up.

POLICE OFFICER

Whew -- you smell that?

BLATTY (V.O.)

What?

POLICE OFFICER

Why, the smella you boo-bear --
your wonderfully delirious man
scent. Lay one on me babycakes.

Blatty and Cop kiss grotesquely.

BLATTY

Everything's ready to go. All we
need to do is alter the report.

ENTER THE URBAN DOJO

Nomadic Disco Warriors, Iron-Fisted Kingpins, Martial Arts Mayhem, Biker Brawlers, drug-fueled Mutant Zombies, loose cannon Cops, Mad Scientists & more Ninja's then can reasonably be counted, URBAN DOJO is an epic monstrosity of an Action-Comedy that comes off like a Tromaville film colliding head-on with Saturday Night Live & MYSTERY MEN.

Originating 1998 while the author was in high school, a rough draft was completed early '99 - intended as an ultra-low budget, digital video film starring all of his high school buddies from A/V Class.

Alas, 1999 was the year of graduation and this project lost out to the beautiful summer weather & the fact most were entering college in Fall. The author? Not so much - he went on to work full time in the auto industry, slowly learning the craft of writing, film & media as a "side hobby."

The early draft sat untouched for 7 years; the writer dusted it off in 2006, reworked/refined it bit by bit through the years. In 2015 there was an attempt to "shop it" via Inktip -- but the movie was a strange one, perhaps too far past it's era -- and at first glance appeared way too expensive of a shoot to take serious.

URBAN DOJO would have played well in the direct-to-video market of the 1990s -- and certainly among all the crowds who packed the seats of Will Ferrel & Jim Carrey movies.

Will URBAN DOJO find it's director or producer? Time will tell. For now, enjoy this over-the-top epic lunacy that has longed to exist in one form another for 20+ years.

URBAN DOJO

Screenplay by Ryan Bartek

FADE IN:

EST. MYSTICAL CHAMBER - NIGHT

An oily SUMO WRESTLER appears on a stage smoky with incense. Torches are lit on bamboo and an obvious mat painting of the snowy Himalayas line the horizon.

He hobbles to a large, mystical gong and hammers it - the echoes jiggle his fatness like a waterbed of blubber.

The Sumo giggles with a cock-eyed dopey face, then drools.

EST. DOWNTOWN CHICAGO - DAY

A panoramic view of the modern city.

EXT. DOWNTOWN CHICAGO STREET - DAY

Downtown Chicago in its grind - business men head to work, shoe shiners buff leather, children play in an open fire hydrant.

Narrator, in a baritone male voice:

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Chicago, the not so distant future.
What may by all accounts appear a
normal moment of history is instead
jeopardized by hideous danger.

EST. CONSANTO HQ MEETING ROOM - DAY

MR. BRUMO sits at the head of a long table, rubbing his hands like an evil dictator amidst his board of directors.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

For the past year, this once proud
city has been held hostage in the
iron grip of Mr. Brumo and Consanto
- a vile corporation responsible
for a litany of nefarious deeds.

EST. AFGHANISTAN DESERT - DAY

CONSANTO AGENTS sell weapons from the back of their cargo trucks to a line of generic bad guys - Taliban Fighters, Somali Pirates, Russian Mobsters.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

In addition to providing
black-market armaments to every
rogue state, with ghostly tendrils
Consanto has spread its influence
throughout the underworld.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

A family watch television in a suburban home.

On its screen comes a TV ad for Consanto, assuring the
quality of their bio-engineered food. In the TV ad men in
hazmat suits spray crops of corn with pesticides.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

This enterprise gained it's public
image through controversial
bio-growth technology.

EXT. CONSANTO LABORATORY - DAY

Men in white coats study cultures, beakers...

NARRATOR (V.O.)

However, while bio-growth is their
public image, the real profits come
from bio-germ warfare.

SCIENTISTS inject a monkey with serum - it howls as its body
spasms and melts into a green goo.

The scientists smile and nod to one another.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Consanto now tenders 60% of the
United States annual military
budget, selling military equipment
to both sides in every conflict
that they can solidify their grip.

INT. BRUMO'S OFFICE - DAY

Mr. Brumo lurches over his desk, grinning villainously...

NARRATOR (V.O.)

What many of Consanto's highest associates do not even know is that it is but a shield for the secret agenda of Consanto President Mr. Brumo. For under Brumo's direction, Consanto's bio-warfare programs have melded the isotope structure of every known drug into one new substance - GLEEN.

INT. LABORATORY- DAY

TWO SCIENTISTS strap down a TEST SUBJECT and inject his neck with liquid gleen.

The Test Subject froths at the mouth, and his muscles grow incredibly strong as his veins bulge out his skin.

He breaks free and rips the arms off of the screaming scientist, beating him with them.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

This failed super soldier drug is 45 times more addictive than Heroin, 35 times more powerful than cocaine, and a million-fold freakier than Krokodil. Upon Brumo's orders, Chicago has become the first target of Gleen's introduction to the street market.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

GLEEN DEALER sells powder bags to a STREET THUG.

INT. DERELICT APARTMENT - NIGHT

The Street Thug is in a ratty derelict apartment. He injects Gleen into his neck through a syringe.

INT. DERELICT APARTMENT BLDG HALLWAY - NIGHT

A LITTLE GIRL plays with a doll in the hallway.

The hideous, drooling, zombified Gleener Street Thug bursts through the wall of the apartment and spots the girl.

She drops her Barbie doll.

He ROARS at her and she screams in return - they both get louder, louder - ridiculously dragged out.

The Zombified Gleener turns, runs and dives out the high-rise apartment window.

EXT. DERELICT APARTMENT COMPLEX - NIGHT

The Zombie Gleener splats headfirst on the concrete below.

Close on his mushed carcass as blood drains into the sewer.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

The average citizen now lives in mortal terror of Gleen's effect to turn a normal man into a bloodthirsty zombified beast. Reports of uncontrollable rampaging are now common. Overdoses have created a subterranean horde of hideously deformed street crazies.

EXT. SEWER LEADING TO RIVER - NIGHT

From inside GLEEN ZOMBIES shuffle about O.S.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Dubbed "Gleeners," these deformed addicts have created a subterranean world of madness dwelling in sewers and abandoned subway tunnels.

Gleen Zombies lurk inside sewer tunnels.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Within a short period of time, they have become a cultish civilization.

EXT. DOWNTOWN CHICAGO - DAY

Everyday life proceeds on a busy street.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

The Gleen crisis is manufactured to terrorize the population into abandoning downtown completely.

EXT. SOUTH SIDE CHICAGO STREET - DAY

Kids play in an open fire hydrant.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Brumo has now acquired 70% of inner-city real estate. Soon Consanto will level Chicago, creating the largest weapons manufacturing fortress on earth.

EXT. CITY COUNCIL MEETING - DAY

Smiling CITY COUNCIL MEMBERS sit around a long desk as CONSANTO AGENTS dump bags of bribe money on it.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

City Hall has been corrupted. All political figures have been purchased. The vast majority of police are on the take.

INT. MAYORAL CANDIDATE EVENT - DAY

Brumo speaks to a clapping audience.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Joining the mayoral race as a dark horse, major media now present Brumo as the great avenger of the Gleen crisis. 90% of polls now firmly back his candidacy. As election night continues, the late breaking news of Consanto's 100% successful Gleen detox agent has virtually guaranteed the elections.

EXT. SOUTH SIDE CHICAGO STREET - DAY

Chaos engulfs the streets - cars explode, pedestrians scream and run as UltraGleeners chase them.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Now, in these final hours of the vote, MR. Brumo has infected the entire water supply of South Side
(MORE)

NARRATOR (V.O.) (cont'd)
Chicago's with UltraGleen, an
extremist formula which creates the
inhuman potency needed to deform
men into freakish monsters.

EST. URBAN DOJO - DAY

The building of the URBAN DOJO is in the middle of a normal
looking South Side neighborhood block.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
The only thing that stands in the
way of Brumo's plot is a
neighborhood who's refused to sell.
Deep within lies The Urban Dojo,
run by the brave Master Haichiba.

INT. URBAN DOJO - DAY

MASTER HAICHIBA, the elderly sensei, zips around the room
like a 20 year old man performing flips.

EXT. SOUTH SIDE CHICAGO STREET - DAY

Master Haichiba is zipping around the streets fighting
ULTRAGLEEN ZOMBIES.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
An army of Gleeners now rule the
streets, and Master Haichiba
defends the Urban Dojo's territory
alone. Across town his finest
students have fought their way to
the roof of Consanto World HQ where
Brumo waits to face them in this
dire, life-or-death struggle.

DISSOLVE TO:

An EXPLODING FIREBALL floods our vision, complimented by
extremely loud and cheesy 1980's power metal.

TITLE CARD:
URBAN DOJO

INT. URBAN DOJO - FLASHBACK - DAY

A fighter, face unseen, throws boxer-like fists at a punching bag while blaring death metal. He has spiky blonde hair, a blue headband and open vest with lots of tattoos.

INT. BATHROOM - FLASHBACK - DAY

A black man, face unseen, picks his afro while grooving to thumping 70's disco.

INT. MEXICAN DESERT - FLASHBACK - DAY

An old world Mexican stereotype in a poncho and sombrero spins refried bean cans into side holsters like pistols.

EXT. CONSANTO HQ ROOFTOP - DAY

KA-BAFT! One of BRUMO'S HENCHMEN crashes through the wooden door leading to CONSANTO's rooftop.

From the darkness of the inner corridor jump out HAICHIBA's THREE FIGHTERS - one by one they are dramatically introduced, parodying a video game introduction sequence.

BILLY, 30, is muscular and tattooed - he resembles a generic 1980's video game brawler with spiky blonde hair, blue headband and blue camouflage pants tucked into army boots. Whenever he performs an action move, extreme metal accompanies his movements in quick bursts of edited snips. He does some quick martial arts moves to death metal.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Billy, a rough and tumble street fighter with a molten fist of iron, pledged to defend truth, justice and B-Flat thrashing.

The Gilla Fighter, 26 (pronounced gee-lah) does a martial arts stance disco-jive style. He is an athletically built black man in a cheesy green leisure suit with giant afro puff. He combats evil to disco and blacksploitation themes.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

The Gilla Fighter, a nomadic disco warrior striking terror into jive-ass fools worldwide.

EL TACO LOCO, 28, resembles a Juan Valdez stereotype with poncho and sombrero. He also does a martial arts stance, but with maracas to a mariachi soundtrack. Whenever he fights, bull-fighting anthems, salsa and and latin music plays.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

El Taco Loco, Master of the
Chupacabra.

EXT. CONSANTO WORLD HQ ROOFTOP - DAY

Mr. Brumo has a knife to the throat of a terrified Asian girl with duct tape covering her mouth.

Mr. Brumo, grinning maniacally in a three-piece suit:

MR. BRUMO

So Haichiba has the gall to insult me by sending you buffoons to destroy my victorious triumph? Is this anyway to treat your next mayor? Look at you, you're all pathetic.

BILLY

Looks can be deceiving, Brumo.

MR. BRUMO

You really believe you can take down my empire? Well buddy boy, you are quite mistaken.

GILLA FIGHTER

Your reign ends today, bad daddy!

MR. BRUMO

I'm through negotiating. Either Haichiba gives me what I want or the girl dies. And if any of you are crazy enough to think you'll be making it out alive you're sadly mistaken. Don't you know who I am? I'm the closest to God you'll ever witness. I am Xerxes reborn. I'm frickin' Loki, Odin, Zeus and Tony Montana in one!

BILLY

We're not leaving until our mission
is complete - even if it means our
death!

MR. BRUMO

Have it your way.

Mr. Brumo pushes a red button on a remote control device.

From O.S. a dozens NINJAS in black jumping to the fight and
classic karate stock music plays as combat ensues.

Fists and kicks fly all over - Billy takes down three ninjas
while Gilla takes out 5 of them with a super kick.

El Taco Loco screams at the remaining four and runs at them,
physically throwing himself off the building with them.

The ninjas and he tumble down like bowling pins.

EXT. CONSANTO GARDEN - DAY

All of them splat on the small company garden outdoors as
EMPLOYEES eat lunch while on break. Some run screaming.

EXT. CONSANTO HQ ROOFTOP - DAY

El Taco Loco hops right through the broken door, alive
again.

BRUMO

Fancy trick!

GILLA FIGHTER

We'll fill you in on that whole
thing later - really, its a time
consuming affair.

Brumo scoffs, still holding the girl hostage.

BRUMO

No matter, you all sha--

The hostage kicks him in the crotch and breaks free.

Mr. Brumo, clearly in pain, pulls an uzi and points it at
our heroes.

MR. BRUMO

I see you have been trained quite well...

Brumo looks to the sky in a painful shout.

MR. BRUMO (CON'T)

GOD DAMN MY BALLS!!

Gilla looks to Billy with a goofy expression.

Brumo shakes it off.

BRUMO

You know... Even though I should kill you, even though my nuts are mashed potatoes, I could really use some talented folks such as yourselves. You've no idea how hard it is running a multi-national corporation under such rugged economic considerations...

BILLY

We will never sell out to a corporate punk like you! Prepare to meet your maker!

MR. BRUMO

Fool! Don't you realize the corporate world is the only world? You think I never "rocked out?"

Mr. Brumo does the quotation mannerism with his fingers.

MR. BRUMO (CON'T)

Two words tough guy - THE NEWS. That's right, Huey Boppa-Boey Lewis. I'm hip and I'm square. Your crappy punk gibberish is dead, and so shall be your beloved sidekick!

Mr. Brumo pulls DEADMEAT into view from O.S., a chubby kid with pimples and braces. Brumo keeps an arm around his neck and the uzi to his temple.

BILLY

Deadmeat!!! Let him go you
monster!!!

MR. BRUMO

No problem.

Mr. Brumo kicks DeadMeat to the ground from behind laughing maniacally then pulls a hypodermic needle from his sleeve.

Brumo quickly injects a massive, inhuman dose of purple liquid into his own neck - ULTRAGLEEN.

With the ferocity of turning into a werewolf, Brumo becomes a wild mutated beast. His pupils dilate, his clothes rip off as his muscles expand and veins pop out of his skin.

With a ferocious hunger for carnage the UltraGleen Brumo grabs both of DeadMeat's arms from behind.

DEADMEAT

Dude, this really sucks.

He physically tears off DeadMeat's limbs and then head butts the back of his skull, causing it to explode.

UltraGleen Brumo stands there gyrating, covered in blood and guts, howling like an emu in heat.

Billy lunges at Brumo in slow motion.

BILLY

NOOOOOOO!!!

Billy picks the gyrating UltraGleen Brumo over his head and effortlessly throws him off the roof of the building.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE CONSANTO HQ - DAY

A FEMALE NEWS REPORTER is broadcasting live.

FEMALE NEWS REPORTER

And as the final tally comes in, it appears that Swiss born Heinrich Brumo has taken a drastic lead over incumbent mayor Joe "Cappy"

(MORE)

FEMALE NEWS REPORTER (cont'd)
 Bloomberg. Analysts believe the
 resounding success comes as a
 result of Consanto's freshly
 announced Gleen detox agent. In
 fact, one could even say old Cappy
 Bloomberg has plummeted faster than
 a skydiver without a parachute

Behind the reporter Brumo crashes onto the roof of a car,
 blowing out all the windows as pedestrians scream in terror.

FEMALE NEWS REPORTER keeps looking onward into the camera,
 smiling her pearly bleached teeth.

TIME CUT:

EST. SOUTH SIDE NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

The UltraGleen water contamination continues. It looks like
 the apocalypse - cars on fire, buildings burning.

EXT. SOUTH SIDE NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - NIGHT

A small army of SWAT OFFICERS with tranquilizer guns dart
 through the wreckage, securing the area block by block.

SWAT TEAM CAPTAIN
 ALRIGHT MEN - GO, GO, GO, GO!!!

The SWAT TEAM runs through the war zone like a small army.

EXT. SOUTH SIDE NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - NIGHT

TWO SWAT OFFICERS load weapons outside a police van. SWAT
 ONE is calming SWAT TWO, who is visibly nervous.

SWAT ONE
 Don't be nervous, just follow your
 training.

SWAT Two nods with cold sweat as he loads his weapon.

SWAT ONE
 Those detox darts drop them quick.
 No blood on your hands. No one
 dies. Got it?

SWAT Two nods.

Close on the tranq of Gleen Detox as it loads in the gun.

SWAT ONE

Alright, let's go.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

SWAT ONE and TWO join other SWAT TEAM MEMBERS as they advance with guns drawn down a dark alleyway.

GLEEN VICTIMS twisted and inhuman emerge from sewers, alleyways and destroyed storefronts and rush towards the SWAT force like fast zombies.

A mutated Gleener runs at SWAT TWO shoots him with a detox tranq dart - the Gleener falls to the ground, face and skin slowly deflating and returning to normal.

SWAT ONE is overpowered by a surprise swarm attack and physically torn apart by several Gleen Zombies.

SWAT TWO drops his tranq weapon and starts firing his real one - blasting the mob which killed his friend.

EXT. SOUTH SIDE NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - NIGHT

Everywhere it's chaos, firing, explosions - all-out war.

INT. URBAN DOJO - NIGHT

Inside the Urban Dojo all doors and windows are boarded up as Gleen Zombies beat on the entrances.

CIVILIANS huddle in the corner, terrified women sob uncontrollably, clutching their children.

The Zombies bust through the barricade...

Master Haichiba jumps in view, resembling a classic elderly sensei with long white beard and samurai garb.

He whips around with inhuman agility, leaping through the air and beating up the Gleen Zombies.

The Gleen Zombies tear at him, wound him, yet he keeps throwing kicks and punches until they all fall.

Haichiba stands torn and bloody over 20 defeated Gleen Zombies as SWAT officers rush in.

SWAT TEAM CAPTAIN confronts Haichiba

SWAT TEAM CAPTAIN

We'll take it from here, sensei.

The civilians are evacuated.

Haichiba bows to a little girl as she exits.

Once they are all O.S. Haichiba collapses from exhaustion and passes out on the floor.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE CONSANTO WORLD HQ - NIGHT

Mr. Brumo's body is splattered atop a caved-in car. Inside his pocket the time clock of a device runs to zero.

INT. URBAN DOJO - NIGHT

Haichiba is on the floor in a deep sleep.

Under a table an explosive device clicks on with a BEEP.

Haichiba's blood shot eye opens.

EXT. URBAN DOJO - NIGHT

Billy, Gilla and El Taco Loco run up to the building...

...as Urban Dojo explodes from a bomb blast!

Our heroes and also SWAT officers are thrown by the blast.

Billy, Gilla and El Taco Loco pick themselves up from the ground and gaze at horror at its smoldering wreckage.

Close on the smoke billowing upward like a mushroom cloud.

FADE TO BLACK:

BILLY (V.O.)

The Dojo was gone, and I vanished with it.

EXT. DESERT ROAD - DAY

A scorching desert of scorpions, vultures and reptiles.

SUPER: "Three Years Later."

ZOOOOOM! Billy roars past us on a chopper.

EXT. DESERT ROAD - MOVING - DAY

Billy blazes a motorcycle down the highway with face-stern and eyes hidden behind reflective sunglasses.

BILLY (V.O.)

The brave Master Haichiba had
fallen, and I lost hope. It had
been a long journey to find my way.

EXT. OUTDOOR CONCERT - FLASHBACK - DAY

Billy is security at large touring metal festival. He walks around backstage as people nod to him out of respect.

BILLY (V.O.)

In another life, in the extreme
metal underground, they called me
The Roadie. I was head of security
for some of the largest touring
metal festivals on earth. But I was
much, much more.

EXT. CONCERT STAGE - FLASHBACK - DAY

Billy looks to the band playing live, then into the crowds.

BILLY (V.O.)

Society did not understand,
although we did very clearly. We
were part of a new world, a new
vision of inner power and strength.
In a world consumed by greed, we
were a bastion of brotherhood.

EXT. BACKSTAGE - FLASHBACK - DAY

Bands line up to shake Billy's hand one by one, because he is so popular and respected.

BILLY (V.O.)

The musicians themselves always understood this vision, because the moment it possessed them, they dropped everything to learn an instrument and spread its message.

EXT. CONCERT STAGE - FLASHBACK - DAY

Billy is on stage looking at the audience - particularly at one messy looking DRUNK KID slamming beer after beer.

The band stops playing, and THE VOCALIST is about to speak in the microphone.

The drunk kid BURPS so loud it silences the concert and throws the band off.

The audience looks to the kid.

DRUNK KID

YEEEEEEAH! Break Stuff! BURP!!!

The drunk kid vomits.

Billy shakes his head side to side.

BILLY (V.O.)

The fans though, they often did not. Too many, I am afraid. I felt that the time had come...

EXT. CAMPFIRE - FLASHBACK - NIGHT

Billy is at a campfire surrounded by metal musicians as he tells a story with audio muted. He seems like a wise chieftan surrounded by kids for Grandpa's story time.

BILLY (V.O.)

...for me to teach them a better way. To rise up from self-decay and self-doubt, to be strong and get stronger.

EXT. CONCERT - FLASHBACK - DAY

Billy is standing with a stereotype metalheads - a death metal guy with long brown hair, a black metal guy in

corpse-paint and leather, an 80's looking British power metal fan, a denim demon thrash metal guy with lots of patches.

BILLY (V.O.)

I would dedicate myself to uniting
all the divisions. and strengthen
the brother and sisterhood of the
worldwide metal underground.

Billy smiles as the stereotypes shake hands.

EXT. CONCERT STAGE - FLASHBACK - DAY

Billy walks on stage and waves goodbye to the crowds as they cheer and salute him with goat horns and raised fists.

BILLY (V.O.)

It was time to let the universe
take me where it might.

EXT. CONCERT PARKING LOT - FLASHBACK - DAY

Billy rides off on his chopper as the crew wave goodbye.

BILLY (V.O.)

For some reason, my instinct said
Chicago - first go there, for
whatever reason. Who was I to
betray it? Besides, I could totally
catch an Exhumed, Usurper or Lair
Of The Minotaur gig.

EXT. CHICAGO FREEWAY - FLASHBACK - DAY

Billy rides his motorcycle with Chicago on the horizon.

EXT. CHICAGO STREET - FLASHBACK - DAY

Billy rides his chopper.

BILLY (V.O.)

It was my search for a taco cart
which led me there.

EXT. URBAN DOJO - FLASHBACK - DAY

Billy pulls up to the Urban Dojo as Haichiba stands out front stroking his beard.

EXT. URBAN DOJO - FLASHBACK - DAY

Haichiba is pointing and instructing Billy as he wails on a punching bag.

BILLY (V.O.)

I had found a new way.

EXT. METAL CONCERT - FLASHBACK - DAY

Billy is trying to convince a group of metalheads to his new way of self-discipline and martial arts. They are feigning interest.

BILLY (V.O.)

But this new way was difficult to bring to my people. This vision required maximum effort, and it would get in the way of playing guitar 14 hours a day or simply listening to metal all the time.

EXT. URBAN DOJO - FLASHBACK - DAY

Billy delivers a roundhouse kick to the punching bag.

BILLY (V.O.)

So I kept moving forward - a defender of the faith.

The front door of the Dojo opens and a silhouette with an afro-puff appears.

The Gilla Fighter walks in and looks to Haichiba and Billy.

BILLY (V.O.)

The Gilla Fighter was another seeking to bring a new way to his people beyond strobe lights, neon and glow sticks.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Billy and Gilla face a leather-wearing street gang painted like clowns. Billy knocks one unconscious with a mighty punch.

BILLY (V.O.)

We did our best work together.

Gilla knocks another out.

BILLY (V.O.)

Evil never stood a chance.

El Taco Loco jumps into frame, kicking a clown.

BILLY (V.O.)

And when he showed up, our strike force was complete. We were like a new breed of musketeer.

El Taco Loco looks to Billy and drools.

BILLY (V.O.)

Even if one of us was completely and utterly insane.

EXT. URBAN DOJO - FLASHBACK - NIGHT

The Dojo explodes, and our heroes are thrown from the blast.

Billy struggles to his feet, watching the burning wreckage.

BILLY (V.O.)

Nothing would be the same again.

EXT. DESERT ROAD - MOVING - DAY

Back to present, Billy roaring along.

BILLY (V.O.)

And now, after three years of mysterious adventures and crappy potential prequels, I realize it is up to me to spread Haichibas vision. Even if gone, his truth had to live on. It was time to get the gang back together one last time.

Billy ROARS off into the distance.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. DETROIT STREET - DAY

Two STREET THUGS walk side by side. SUPER: "Detroit".

THUG 1

Shit man, it's true you know - that stuff really messes with your head.

THUG 2

What?

THUG 1

Gleen bro, gleen.

THUG 2

Man I heard of that stuff. Got real big in Chicago for a summer and made people go crazy.

THUG1

Not just crazy man - super-soldier. That shit was like elephant steroids.

Thug 2 lights up.

THUG 2

I read about it, that scandal with the mayor. The only people that had the recipe were high-up - and if they ain't dead they all in prison.

THUG 1

Not so sure about that bro. You heard of The Toxins?

Thug 2 gives a wide-eyed look.

THUG2

That lunatic street gang? Hooo boy, I heard some ugly stories.

THUG 1

Yeah man, reason they're so
ruthless is 'cause they caught a
blueprint of that recipe somehow.
It's way dirtier though - they use
it like a fuel that gives them
superhuman strength.

Thug 2 gives a disapproving face.

THUG 2

But that shit, don't it make you
all deformed?

THUG 1

Yeah man, that's why them Toxins
live like dogs. They only prowl the
night, just wigged out on that
shit. Since Gleen's so hard to
synthesize, they hog it all to
themselves. All they have are a few
hidden labs, and all of their
people are squatter crazies.

Thug 2 is freaked out.

THUG 2

Man, what's that shit about them
cannibalizing people? I heard they
actually ate some woman, like
dragged this chick from her car.
Man that ain't no high. That's just
deranged, eating kidneys 'n shit.

Thug 1 looks at him wide-eyed:

THUG 1

I heard three of them attacked an
armored car and ripped the steel
open with their bare hands.

THUG 2

Where you hear that?

THUG 1

My boy Charlie - see he's got the beat on all sorts of interestin' developments. Charlie's mixed up with these cats that call themselves The Syndicate. He says the main man is the chemist that worked for that Mayor guy. Dude actually invented Gleen, just slipped out the back door and hid in South America for a few years.

THUG 2

That's nuts...

THUG 1

And get this - the chemist has perfected the formula with no side effects. It's the cleanest, strongest high ever created. Calls it ULTRAGLEEN.

THUG 2

Sounds like bad news.

THUG 1

Shit, sounds like dollar signs. And you know what? Detroit's the test market. Word has it they're dropping it on the streets tonight.

THUG 2

Sounds real appetizing bro...

THUG 1

Appetizing? Nah man, more like Spanish Bullion raining from the sky...

Thug 1 pulls out a vial of UltraGleen from his pocket...

THUG 1

Charlie slipped me a sample.

...which reflects in a pair of aviator sunglasses belonging to LIEUTENANT JOE ORTEGA.

Ortega, 45, resembles something between Bronson and Harvey Keitel. He spies on them from a beat-up olive green car.

Ortega fires up the clunker and drives off.

EXT. PAWN SHOP WINDOW - DAY

A TV set flickers a snow channel then changes to a solid broadcast of the TV show "Dangerous Lives & Dark Liaisons"

INT. TELEVISION STUDIO - DAY

The TV show host sits in a chair like a news anchor.

ORTON BLAVATSKY

Good evening and welcome to
'Dangerous Lives And Dark
Liaisons,' I'm your host Orton
Blavatsky. In our last episode you
watched me document the secret
expeditions of Jacques Koorang, the
world-famous French explorer.

EXT. PARKING LOT

The program cuts to Jacques, who is clearly in the back of a parking lot exploring some scant woodland.

JACQUES digs through a bush struggling to catch an animal while talking in a snooty French accent.

JACQUES KOORANG

And zees, my vriends, iz zee
undervrush black veezil.

Jacques continues digging then screams bloody murder - the weasel has bitten his crotch and will not let go.

He panics and whips the obviously fake weasel around while it's teeth are fixated to his groin like a bear trap.

INT. TELEVISION STUDIO - DAY

Back with Orton, still in his chair.

ORTON BLAVATSKY

Tonight we examine famous Detroit police officer Lt. Joe Ortega, who rose to international stardom by capturing the reputed domestic terrorist "The EcoBomber."

EXT. ECOBOMBER HIDEOUT - DAY

We view the SWAT raid through 'DANGEROUS LIVES & DARK LAISONS' shaky hand-held camera footage.

Ortega is characteristically 1970's, as always, and leading the raid on the suburban home.

Ortega waves his arms around in commands to fellow officers, then points at the hideout door.

Through the cameraman's POV break into the hideout with SWAT officers breaking down the front door.

INT. ECOBOMBER HIDEOUT - DAY

The POV remains that of the Cameraman as the raid tramples into a home interior that resembles a plant store.

Ortega trips over fertilizer bags in classic Peter Seller form, then bumbles through a door and into a room decorated with Grateful Dead and Phish posters.

INT. ECOBOMBER'S BEDROOM - DAY

Ortega corners the ECOBOMBER, who has black pantyhose stretched over his head as well as a leather biker jacket and is brandishing a knife.

ECOBOMBER unsheathes a Bowie Knife.

As a fair fighter, Ortega himself dramatically throws his gun to the ground and pulls a knife as well.

EcoBomber and Ortega begin circling each other.

ORTEGA

Yoo'ze self righteous greens sicken me. Like your terror van runs on water and emits pure oxygen.

The EcoBomber replies in a gruff, Irish accent:

ECOMBOMBER

Why don't you tell your audience
the truth? Tell 'em the
abominations of your devil empire.

ORTEGA

How'za about I cutcha!

A goofy knife fight ensues, with Ortega and EcoBomber
slashing out at one another.

Ortega ducks his blade...

EcoBomber dodges an attempted slash...

Ortega dodges him once again and the EcoBomber crashes into
a fish tank that smashes glass, water and aquatic life all
over the floor.

Stumbling around dazed, Ortega knocks him unconscious with
one good punch. The EcoBomber falls to the ground.

Ortega turns to the camera man:

ORTEGA

Shut that door, boss.

CAMERA MAN shuts the door.

ORTEGA

This ones just for me and you.

Ortega unzips his pants and urinates on the villain.

ORTEGA

Oh yeah, that's the stuff.

EXT. POLICE HQ FRONT STEPS - DAY

Ortega speaks to a news conference. As Ortega makes a fool
of himself, the POLICE CHIEF rolls his eyes in the b.g.

ORTEGA

The threat is over. No longer is
that madman loose to inflict his
(MORE)

ORTEGA (cont'd)
 dastardly plan of crazed
 dastardlyism. The multi-national
 terror campaign of the EcoBomber
 has concluded. I'll now take your
 questions.

NEWS REPORTER
 Did you really pee on that guy?

INT. TELEVISION STUDIO - DAY

Orton curls his eyebrows.

ORTON BLAVATSKY
 And now, one year later, we again
 visit Lt. Ortega - this time at his
 Metro Detroit home residence.

EXT. ORTEGA'S HOUSE - DAY

A hand-held camera shoots from inside the "Dangerous Lives
 And Dark Liaisons" van, peering out of the window.

Orton is on the porch, knocking on the door.

The camera crew mutter amongst themselves O.S.

CAMERA MAN 1
 What is this guy doing?

CAMERA MAN 2
 Call him again, call him again.

CAMERA MAN 1
 Dude, his car's here.

INT. ORTEGA'S HOUSE - DAY

Hand-held camera is now going through the screen door of
 Ortega's house - Ortega is on the couch, and ORTON is trying
 to console him.

Ortega is in a drunken stupor at 9am, sobbing.

Orton attempts to console him.

ORTON BLAVATSKY

Sir, are you all right? Should we reschedule?

Ortega, blubbering:

ORTEGA

No, no. The eyes of the camera are the eyes of reality. Keep em rolling, keep em, uh huh huh...

ORTON BLAVATSKY

Well... Um... Would you like to comment on your distress?

Ortega, sobbing:

ORTEGA

It's my wife, lad. She's left me for a trucker in the burning sands of Utah... That...That monstrous hoe-bag...

The camera shows a framed picture on the wall. Ortega, in a sparkly birthday hat, has a beautiful woman hanging off him. One eyelid closed, she is obviously drunk.

ORTEGA

No, not that one - under.

Cameraman lowers to another picture, this time of Ortega smiling while a woman vomits.

ORTEGA

No, no. Wrong one.

Again it pans down to Ortega making out with a mime.

Ortega protests and The Cameraman sighs and zooms back.

There are 30 pictures on the wall - all Ortega's ex-wives.

ORTON

Are all these your ex-wives sir?

ORTEGA

Yeah. I really thought old Barbara was the last. But hey, this whole love racket is a spinnin' roulette wheel. You can't play the dice on nothin. I play by Murphy's Law, them bitches play alimony

INT. TELEVISION STUDIO - DAY

Orton, still in his directors chair:

ORTON BLAVATSKY

Although these odd beginnings were a strange way to meet the living legend, things soon picked up.

The camera crew chase Ortega through a Department Store with his gun drawn, running fast as he can.

ORTEGA

Get out of the way! Get the fuck out of the way!

Ortega keeps knocking over customers:

ORTEGA

Bomb, BOMB!!

Ortega is about to reach the bathroom door...

INT. DEPARTMENT STORE BATHROOM - DAY

O.S. we hear a very loud poop. The camera crew are leaning against urinals, looking repulsed.

One Camera Man walks over to Ortega, who is inside a toilet stall with his pants around his ankles.

ORTEGA

Oh yeah, ha ha. That's dynamite.

EXT. STREET - DAY

The Thugs from earlier spot a helpless OLD LADY.

Thug 2 points her out.

THUG 2

Look man, fast cash!

They mingle their fingers like gnarly surfers.

THUG 1

Nab and grab! Rudy Tudy, Bro!

The Thugs prance impishly towards the helpless Old Lady and snatch her purse, running away.

OLD LADY

(middle finger extended)

You lousy bastards!

EXT. ALLEYWAY - DAY

The Thugs swing around an alley corner and are wailed by a surprise double clothesline - in slow-motion they land hard.

Looming above them is Billy - he looks massive in a biker jacket and blue camouflage army pants.

BILLY

Big mistake.

Billy kicks the purse out of Thug 2's grip, and it flies into the air.

The purse falls from O.S. into the Old Lady's hands.

Billy pins Thug 2 down with a boot and simultaneously picks Thug 1 into the air by his neck.

A vial of GLEEN falls from Thug 1's pocket.

Billy throws him aside and picks up the vial.

Billy, to Thug 2 on the ground.

BILLY

What's this?

THUG 2

What are you, some sorta cop?

EXT. ALLEYWAY - DAY

Both Thug's are beat up O.S. with loud punch and kick sounds then fly into view, landing hard on the cement.

Thug 2 is knocked out cold, having landed on his head.

Billy stomps up menacingly.

THUG 1
(begging)
Alright, stop, stop--

BILLY
You have 5 seconds.

THUG 1
ALRIGHT ALRIGHT shit man, just
don't - this one guy man, it's all
him - the ghost behind The
Syndicate. No one knows what he
looks like, they just know the
name. It's all fear man, he lives
by a code of terror... No one
snitches cause he collects the
tongues of snitches!

Billy, menacing:

BILLY
WHO?!?

THUG 1
KABALLAH!!!

EXT. GHETTO STREET - DAY

Grey and raining, an unmarked white truck drives a concealed shipment through burned out, pot-holed ghetto streets.

EXT. TOXINS HIDEOUT - DAY

The truck pulls up and parks in a dirt field muddy from rain. It faces a string of abandoned projects with boarded/shattered windows and spray paint graffiti.

The cargo door slides open revealing SYNDICATE HENCHMAN in black uniform, armed with machine guns.

Commanding this squad is Kaballah's main henchman RICHTER, a Japanese mobster that is sleekly dressed in a suit with pitch black sunglasses.

Richter pushes his way through the guards, tugging along a blubbering blindfolded, gagged and handcuffed man.

He throws the BLINDFOLD MAN from the truck to the mud, who then crawls on the ground like a snake trying to escape.

Richter hops down, walks up, and kicks him the stomach.

RICHTER

Dishonorable pig.

Richter spits on him.

Scuttling and movement comes O.S. from inside the projects.

Gang members of THE TOXINS lurch out of their hiding spaces - mutated and disfigured from Gleen addiction.

SCRAGG, the leader of THE TOXINS, approaches with a flank of his men. Scragg is 6 foot 6 with red eyes, hugely muscular and bald with throbbing veins in his head.

Scragg sees the blindfolded man and begins to chuckle.

SCRAGG

Well well, what do we have here?

RICHTER

A gift from The Syndicate.

SCRAGG

I tore this city apart to find this scum... To whom do I owe such a pleasure?

RICHTER

The big man has taken quite the fancy to your operation. He's been monitoring your progress for some time now. Since I am short on our scheduled allotted time, I will make this brief. We have our

(MORE)

RICHTER (cont'd)
designs, he have our goals, we have
our operatives. You, as well, have
discovered the benefits of such
chemistry.

SCRAGG
So you come to offer a truce? Or do
you intend split my territory down
the middle? We Toxins aren't very
friendly to outside aggression.
This is our city.

RICHTER
Aggression is not the attempt, nor
is any form of merger. Tonight our
product goes directly to the
streets. It is the highest grade of
GLEEN ever devised. Our
expectations ride high...

SCRAGG
So what do you want of us?

RICHTER
Nothing but a test market.

Richter jumps on the back of the transport truck and tosses
down a large black duffel bag.

The Toxins surround it, and Scragg zips it open to reveal a
massive supply of purple cartridges, all GLEEN.

RICHTER
Again, compliments of the big man.

Richter pulls out a black glossy business card with The
Syndicate's logo on it and hands it to Scragg.

RICHTER
There is plenty more where that
came from, all at closeout prices.

Richter motions for his troops to shut the cargo door. He
hops into the passenger seat and they drive off.

INT. TOXINS HIDEOUT - DAY

Scragg investigates the duffel bag, passing around its contents.

Mutated gang members shoot Gleen into their veins.

INT. TRANSPORT TRUCK - DAY

Richter's wristwatch clicks by as he watches it casually.

RICHTER

And... Now.

INT. TOXINS HIDEOUT - DAY

Scraggs eyes widen and instantly bulge with veins - something is horribly wrong.

The entire toxin gang violently react to the inhuman doses of UltraGleen they've all just taken - clothing rips from body expansion, some bleed from their eye sockets.

The gang members become zombie-like monsters and tear each other apart in a spastic ballet of carnage.

The blindfold man is hanging from a chain, still gagged, hearing it all yet having no idea what is happening.

He is like a worm on a fishhook as UltraGleeners jump up and try to grab him as they tear each other to shreds.

EXT. TOXINS PROJECTS - DAY

The cargo truck pulls back up with two other truck.

The hulls swing open and dozens of armed SYNDICATE HENCHMEN march out like an army into the pouring rain.

Richter emerges with an AK-47 and leads the charge.

INT. TOXINS HIDEOUT STAIRWELL - DAY

The soldiers rush into The Toxin's hideout and head up a flight of stairs to assault them.

INT. TOXINS HIDEOUT - DAY

The Syndicate Troops rush into battle firing away at the UltraGleen Zombies, massacring them all.

Everything grows quiet except the blindfold man who swings around on that chain, still blubbering.

Richter walks up to the dangling man with an Ak-47 -
RAT-TAT-TAT.

RICHTER

Shut up.

EXT. TRAILER FRONT PORCH - DAY

Billy rings the doorbell.

INT. TRAILER - DAY

Inside the trailer it's a sloppy wreck - trash everywhere and a bunch of STONER PARTY GUYS sleeping on the floor.

JOE staggers up to the door fighting a vicious hangover. He peels the window curtain open revealing Billy's face.

EXT. TRAILER FRONT PORCH - DAY

Joe opens the front door.

JOE

What's up bro?

Billy, confused:

BILLY

This is 2081 Pauline, correct?

Joe has to look at his own address and think for a second.

JOE

Yeah, yeah it is... Yeah bro,
you're real good at this bro.

BILLY

Is there anyone else who lives with
you?

Joe is totally puzzled, then slowly names off the denizens.

JOE

Uh, ya man. There's like Brandon,
Lennon, Chucky, Bongo, Onyx, Bork,
Carl, Brad...

BILLY

I've come in search of The Gilla
Fighter. I was sent this address
some time ago...

JOE

What's he look like dude?

BILLY

Like an extra from Dolemite.

JOE

Oh yeah, man, Brad man. Dude lives
in the Utility Shed bro. Just go
ahead on in bro, he's totally chill
with the guests bro.

Billy walks away mouthing "Brad?"

Joe pops back out of the trailer doorway.

JOE

Hey bro, let him know I still got
his Aunt Jemimah bro. Cool bro?
Right bro? Alright bro.
Roodie-toodie bro!

EXT. UTILITY SHED - DAY

Billy walks to a rusting utility shed no larger than 5 feet
in both width/length.

Billy creeks open the sliding door and a dark hallway is
inside, making absolutely no sense.

Billy backs up and walks to the rear of the shed just to
make sure he isn't crazy, and its still 5 feet wide.

INT. UTILITY SHED HALLWAY - DAY

Billy walks down the dark, ludicrously spacious hallway following the sound of a man O.S. munching on potato chips, farting loudly, watching TV.

INT. UTILITY SHED FUNHOUSE MIRROR HALLWAY - DAY

An even further confused Billy passes through a carnival mirror fun house sort of area.

INT. UTILITY SHED MAIN ROOM - DAY

Billy enters the main room - there is no light in the main room except for the bluish glow of a TV screen. A giant black afro puff pokes out from the couch.

Billy jumps out to surprise Gilla smiling and excited...

Yet is confronted with a hideous surprise - a ridiculously obese Gilla is eating a bag of chips and watching sitcoms.

BILLY

Dear lord man!! What's happened to you???

FAT GILLA

Billy? Awww, great ta see you ma man! Haven't felt this good since Donna Summers cooked me chitlins.

BILLY

But you're...

Fat Gilla rubs his fat tummy.

FAT GILLA

Learned a thing or two about The Buddha.

BILLY

Come on Gilla, get real - Buddha's pregnant with god. You're just fat.

Fat Gilla moans in self-pity.

FAT GILLA

That's not a nice way to say hi.

Billy shakes his head

BILLY

Look Gilla, it hit me hard - we cannot stay divided. I've come all the way to find you here - because we need to start a new Urban Dojo.

FAT GILLA

Ah man... Billy man, I'd love to help you out baby, but sometimes you gotta realize things are done with. Ain't no goin' back to high school, feel me?

Billy points to his belly angrily.

BILLY

You call that graduation?!? You really couldn't handle it could you?!? Did it all mean nothing?

FAT GILLA

That's unfair! My whole life was the dojo. I wouldn't be nothin' but a chump but for you. But that was then, and these days I'm on a new kick. I'm alright with my new Fred Sanford mojo, dig?

BILLY

You're gonna run out on our glorious mission for re-runs?

FAT GILLA

Our mission? Brumo is dead and Consanto is off the market. What's the use of war if you ain't gonna allow the fruits of victory.

Fat Gilla snaps into a beef jerky stick.

BILLY

Brumo might be dead, and you might have given up hope, but I'm telling
(MORE)

BILLY (cont'd)
 you right now that Gleen is back on
 the streets. Brumo had a shadow
 partner - the chemist that invented
 GLEEN. His name is Kaballah and
 he's unleashed a violent takeover
 of the Detroit underworld.

Fat Gilla sighs.

FAT GILLA
 Of course he did, didn't he? Right
 up in my backyard.

BILLY
 His organization is called The
 Syndicate - and they're dropping
 the most potent strain of Gleen
 ever created into the streets
 starting tonight!

FAT GILLA
 You outta your melon.

Fat Gilla shoves a candy bar in his mouth.

BILLY
 What do you think you're doing?

Mouth full, saliva chocolate spilling out:

FAT GILLA
 What?

They have a comedic tug of war over the chocolate.

FAT GILLA
 Two for me, none for you!

Fat Gilla loses his grip.

FAT GILLA
 Awww...

Fat Gilla crosses his arms and pouts like an angry child.

WHAM - Billy punches Gilla in the face.

FAT GILLA

AH!! YOU ASSMUNCH!!!

BILLY

EITHER YOU FIGHT GIMMICKY NINJAS
AND MUTANT DRUG ZOMBIES WITH ME OR
I'M JUST GOING TO BEAT YOUR ASS ALL
OVER THE TRAILER PARK FOR THE
REMAINDER OF THE ENTIRE MOVIE!!!

FAT GILLA

Well.. Ok.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. PARK - DAY

Training music dominates the soundtrack as Fat Gilla gets in shape with Billy as his coach. In the b.g. of the park Joe and the stoners disc golf.

Fat Gilla climbs the monkey bars, uses the slide in silly ways, does cartwheels, squirts canned cheese on his toothbrush and brushes accordingly.

Fat Gilla is so hungry he grabs his belly, then looks to a squirrel and licks his lips as if he is ready to eat it...

...until he notices Billy shaking his head unacceptably.

The music ends and Fat Gilla fighter shouts to the sky with his signature power move:

FAT GILLA

The Flying Fist of Judah!!!

His fist glows from an ancient power and a devastating blow to the ground explodes a hole in the dirt.

BILLY

Where do you get that energy from?

FAT GILLA

Picked it up at Studio 54 baby.

EXT. PARK BUSH - DAY

The Thugs from earlier spy on the training via binoculars from behind a bush. They have leaves and twigs super-glued to themselves in a lame camouflage attempt.

Thug 2 has a bandage on his head, and Thug 1 a black eye.

THUG 1

That damned biker. That's the one he wants.

THUG 2

Ya, he'll get what he deserves. But who's that slug? Looks like that fat slob from Donutville USA.

THUG 1

That guy who got arrested for breaking in and eating eight months worth of glaze?

THUG 2

That's him! But what the hell's he doing with the biker?

Thug 1 reaches into his pocket and pulls out a cell phone.

THUG 1

Richter... we have a lock.

INT. BLACK LIMOUSINE - DAY

RICHTER hangs up the cell phone from Thug 1's call.

EXT. SYNDICATE HEADQUARTERS - DAY

The black limo pulls into the docking bay of a seemingly abandoned factory - The Syndicate's Headquarters.

INT. SYNDICATE HEADQUARTERS - DAY

A henchman opens the limo door for Richter and steps out. In 90's action movie fashion, he lights a smoke in slow motion to thumping techno music. He and his soldiers approach SYNDICATE TROOPS guarding an elevator.

INT. SYNDICATE HQ ELEVATOR - DAY

Richter hits a special button opening the adjacent elevator door and an underground Gleen lab is revealed.

INT. SYNDICATE HQ - DAY

SWEATSHOP WORKERS with white protective face-masks toil on the Gleen assembly line.

INT. KABALLAH'S LAB - DAY

The lab door opens with a noir silhouette of Richter.

KABALLAH is ominous and hidden behind a black leather chair.

RICHTER

Mission accomplished sir - the
Toxins are no longer a variable.

KABALLAH

Exquisite Mr. Richter... How long
until the first wave is unleashed?

Richter checks his watch.

RICHTER

6 hours and 24 minutes sir.

KABALLAH

All we need is one week in Detroit,
then Cleveland, Pittsburgh, NYC...

RICHTER

Chicago...

KABALLAH

Exactly!

RICHTER

Although sir, you should be
aware...

KABALLAH

...let em really know the meaning
of fear this time around...

RICHTER

Sir, we have a breach...

KABALLAH

What?

RICHTER

They've returned...

Kaballah swings around and is finally revealed - a cross between a fascist dictator and a mad scientist.

KABALLAH

The fighters of the Urban Dojo?!?

RICHTER

The biker and the disco man, at least.

KABALLAH

Ooooooh... This is gonna be fun.
City conquering and personal
revenge in one fell swoop.

RICHTER

What do you suggest sir?

KABALLAH

Send in the Black Lotus Brigade!

SIX NINJAS in black appear to the sound of a gong.

They bow in respect to Kaballah and leap away.

KABALLAH

Give 'em hell boys - give'em hell.

EXT. SYNDICATE HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

The Black Lotus Brigade exit the HQ and gracefully dart off.

They hop fences with ease, climbing up walls like spiders.

The six ninjas run like deadly shadows from roof to roof.

EXT. PARK - NIGHT

Fat Gilla is doing push-ups on the grass.

BILLY

Come On! Just 2 more!

Fat Gilla, panting and winded:

FAT GILLA

634, 635...

Billy's face lights up as the Old Gilla Fighter jumps up back to his old self - lean and muscular.

BILLY

Wow, better shape than ever!

GILLA

Woo hoo! And just in 3 hours too!
Funktastic baby.

They jump up and high five as the shot freeze-frames and 80's power metal plays on the soundtrack.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

Billy and Gilla walk back to Stoner Joe's as they are silently trailed by the BLACK LOTUS BRIGADE.

Ninjas crawl along buildings sides, leaping roof to roof.

One ninja pulls a blade and runs towards our heroes silently... then steps on a twig.

Gilla reacts with a flying roundhouse kick, knocking the ninja out cold.

Gilla and Billy turn back to back in fighting poses as the 5 remaining ninjas confront them.

One ninja throws a flying star at Gilla but he ducks. It grazes his afro puff and a black clump comes off.

It floats in the air for a second capturing both their attention. Gilla headbutts the loosened afro fluff into the ninja's face.

The headbutt is so devastating it thrusts the defeated ninja onto another ninja beside him - both are knocked out.

The remaining ninjas attack Billy but with a mighty death metal assault he smashes them up with his fists.

Gilla and Billy dramatically stand over the remains of the Black Lotus Brigade.

O.S. they hear a clapping - they turn to find Ortega leaning against his crappy old car, applauding their victory.

EST. MULTINATIONAL HOUSE OF FLAPJACKS - NIGHT

The Multinational House of Flapjacks neon sign flickers with half the words burned out.

INT. MULTINATIONAL HOUSE OF FLAPJACKS - NIGHT

Ortega, Billy and Gilla are sitting at a table.

ORTEGA

Alright fellas' listen up good.
I've been keepin' an eye on you'se
and I can see yer crackin' down
street justice. You got a gleam in
your eye for Gleen, 'n I've seen
what that filth does to the kids.
My nephew was peddlin' his pink ass
on the Blackstone service drive.
WASTE. HIGH. SHIT.

Ortega takes a breath, then continues.

ORTEGA

4 months ago I scored the beat on
this soul mutilator.

EXT. DETROIT STREET - NIGHT

Ortega is in a flashback, working undercover. He is wearing a dirty brown trench-coat and trying to look sketchy.

He approaches a DRUG DEALER and tries to sound hip.

ORTEGA

Hey, uh, my man. Know where I
could uh, score some uh...
narcotics?

DRUG DEALER

What you lookin' for dawg?

ORTEGA

I wanna ride the snake.

DRUG DEALER

Shit man, I gots everything you needs right here.

DRUG DEALER pulls out a bag of powder.

DRUG DEALER

This bomb ass shit right here, this is crystallized Gleen. Shit'll make you fly raw dog, shit'll send you blazin'.

Ortega slowly backs away.

ORTEGA

Oh, is that so. Well I think I might try that... Or I might try THIS!

Ortega pulls off his disguise and whips out his revolver.

ORTEGA

Get on the ground you sick fuck, you dirty louse!

He drops to the ground.

ORTEGA (CON'T)

Put your hands above your head, you sick shit.

Ortega puts the gun to his head and mumbles into his ear very slowly and methodically...

ORTEGA

I will shoot you right now. I will shoot you in the face you piece of shit. You fucking fuck. You ass raping midget clown, you donkey shedding mule farmer. Get the fuck up motherfucker, get the fuck up

(MORE)

ORTEGA (cont'd)
and suck this motherfucking gun
like a motherfucking cock you
fuck-sucking creep mothefucker...

The sobbing drug dealer begins puckering his lips...

INT. MULTINATIONAL HOUSE OF FLAPJACKS

Close on Billy and Gilla's horrified, jaw-dropped, silent reactions as Ortega continues:

ORTEGA
So yeah, I tried it... Ended up
keepin it as a trophy of sorts
until one tequila sludged night,
just staggering around like a meat
cow... I was dusted to the eyeballs
for a week with almost no
recollection. Next thing I know I'm
naked save for a gurney, spraying
mace into my own granma's eyeballs.
When the squad found me I was
wandering butt naked around Del Ray
with a spaghetti strainer on my
head and a carrot in my ass. That's
why I need you'se fellas. No more
carrot in the ass accidents. No
more. Not the kids... and
definitely not me.

Gilla and Billy sit in total shock for ten seconds.

Gilla breaks the ice:

GILLA
You shoved a carrot up your ass?

ORTEGA
Yeah, well...

Ortega reaches into his suit coat an pulls out a flask.

ORTEGA
We'se all got's our vices.

Ortega slams a swig of whiskey.

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

Syndicate trucks drop off UltraGleen in bad neighborhoods, consorting with drug dealers.

INT. DRUG HOUSE - NIGHT

Addicts shoot up and turn into Gleener Zombies.

INT. GAS STATION - NIGHT

One Gleener crashes into a gas station attacking people.

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Another raging, bloodthirsty Gleener attacks a soccer mom minivan filled with screaming children.

The soccer mom hits the gas.

SOCCKER MOM

Hold on, kids!!

She drives off with the Gleen Zombie still holding onto the side as he beats on the door with kids screaming.

EXT. FREEWAY - MOVING - NIGHT

In the rear view mirror the zombie holds onto the side of the door, screaming crazily as he is dragged at 70mph.

INT. SUBURBAN HOME - NIGHT

MOTHER & FATHER are with their DAUGHTER who is in a prom dress waiting for her date.

The doorbell rings and the FATHER opens the door to reveal a GLEEN ZOMBIE in a tuxedo.

FATHER

Ha ha! Big man on campus, ey my boy?

The Gleen Tuxedo Zombie rips the Father's still beating heart from his chest. He takes a chomp out of it, then chases his date through the house.

INT. ORTEGA'S CAR - NIGHT

Ortega drives with Billy in back and Gilla up front.

ORTEGA

So this Kaballah, this predator of
children and hunter of innocence.
How do you propose we stop him?

BILLY

Can't we work with the police
force? You are a cop after all.

ORTEGA

Negative. Chief caught wind of my
struggle with the orange
vegetation. T'was a total fiasco
partner. I'm suspended until
further notice. Luckily they made
it a coasting hush hush slip out,
seeing as I am still perceived by
the media as a hero, badge and all.

GILLA

You still got some hooks? We need
all the thunder we can muster.

ORTEGA

I don't believe conventional law
enforcement is the answer of our
predicament. The solution is a
vigilante whallop. Sometimes the
only way to fix the problem is to
ride above the law. You're talking
about the creation of a systematic
terrorist apparatus. This gives
quite the obstacle my friend. We
need more data, then I'll call in
some favors. I got my own blue boys
with itchy triggerfingers. But we
gotta hold off for awhile.

BILLY

Then it must be done...

GILLA

You're not suggesting--

BILLY

Si and correct-a-mundo.

Billy pulls out a map on ancient parchment.

Billy, to Ortega:

BILLY

Follow my lead.

EXT. WOODLAND TRAIL - NIGHT

Ortega's car rides through a woodland trail.

EXT. SWAMP - NIGHT

They park at the edge of the swamp and Billy exits the vehicle, popping Ortega's trunk and grabbing a shovel.

Billy follows a dirt trail...

EXT. FORGOTTEN CEMETERY - NIGHT

...to a creepy old cemetery, untouched and forgotten by civilization, covered in moss and vines.

Surrounded by eight carved pillars is a small mound which Billy digs through to unearth a steel lock-box.

Inside the box is an ancient trumpet.

Billy follows the trail to the top of a mountain and blows into the magical instrument.

EXT. MEXICAN DESERT - DAY

A man in the desert is slumped against the wall - head down, zen-like, wearing a poncho and sombrero.

The trumpets resonance quickly assails his psyche - he looks up and is El Taco Loco, the last of the fighters.

EXT. TRAIN TRACKS - DAY

A bullet-train flies past, and once it disappears El Taco Loco stands with suitcases in hand as matador music rages.

EST. ORTEGA'S HOUSE - MORNING

A paperboy rides by throwing news from his bike.

INT. ORTEGA'S HOUSE - MORNING

Ortega is rudely awakened by hard knocks on the front door.

He gets up to answer wearing nothing but tighty-whitey underwear and black socks pulled to his knees. His chest is excessively hairy and that he has a Charles Bronson tattoo.

Ortega groggily stumbles to the door, opens it, and finds El Taco Loco on the doorstep smiling stupidly.

EL TACO LOCO

It's always savings time at Farmer Jacks.

ORTEGA

I've already found God, thanks

Ortega slams the door and turns around.

El Taco Loco is somehow standing there.

EL TACO LOCO

I have sex with chickens.

INT. KABALLAHS LAB - NIGHT

Kaballah stares at his wrist watch.

KABALLAH

Aaaaaaaaand... now.

INT. ORTEGA'S HOUSE - EARLY MORNING

THE DIRECTOR of this very film is rubbing his hand against his brow as the cast and crew argue with each other.

The actor who plays El Taco Loco is extremely upset about how racist the "I have sex with chickens" line was.

EL TACO LOCO

Are you fuckin' kidding me? I have sex with fuckin' chickens?

DIRECTOR

Look, um, let me level with you.

EL TACO LOCO

This is racist bullshit man, bullshit!! Cause I have dark skin I somehow stick my dick in poultry?

DIRECTOR

Look, look, this script just got passed off onto me. The studio was looking for some kid-friendly franchise and somehow they signed onto it without reading it...

Gilla forces his way in:

GILLA FIGHTER

I just do any part I'm offered.

As does Billy:

BILLY

Try niche marketing yourself for laundry detergent commercials. What a baaaad move out of high school.

El Taco's actor rages again on the director.

EL TACO LOCO

No man, no, YOU listen up - anything more I find racist, I'm bouncing. I'm just walkin' off screen and y'all can just inject ebola in your scrotums.

DIRECTOR

Look, look, someone dropped the ball. We gotta make this thing out of contract to some lunatic writer.

EL TACO LOCO

Shit man, bullshit!

ORTEGA

One time I was swallowed by a Great White Shark, and I dug my way out with a carrot peeler.

EL TACO LOCO

Really man? You really had to hire this guy for the part?

ORTEGA

Unlike you son, I know why it never shines in the pines - and why you always awake with a shiver. I'm not some potato head you can mish-mash.

EL TACO LOCO

Ok, whatever that means. What's next, my sidekick is Beaner Boy? Oh yeah, some shit like that. He'll come down, he'll be like, "ey esse, I got these refried beans I throw out of a can and they melt the bad guys' face off, yo." Yeah, some bullshit like that.

DIRECTOR

I assure you there is no Beaner Boy in this script, there--

BEANER BOY walks on screen, a midget with his face sticking out of a big foam costume that's supposed to be refried beans but instead just looks like a lump of feces.

EL TACO LOCO

Where is The Union?!?

Swoosh to a table of Union Guys drinking whiskey, playing cards and smoking cigars.

UNION GUY 1 smiles and waves.

UNION GUY 1

We're drunk.

UNION GUY 2 hiccups and slowly holds up three fingers.

UNION GUY 2
(like a child)
Look - it's the German three.

INT. KABALLAH'S LABORATORY

Richter and Kaballah are conniving as usual.

RICHTER
Sir, the program has been a complete success! Harnessed from the DNA of the mightiest prisoners on earth - the strongest, the most bestial and horrifying brutes likely to ever walk this century. Grown in a lab, trained to be ninjas, I now reveal to you the highest result of our black ops genetics program. Behold...

DRUM ROLL...

RICHTER
The Imperfect Clones!!!

With an echoing boom the lab wall spins around and THE IMPERFECT CLONES are revealed - three men who kind of, sort of resemble our heroes, but really not that much.

Imperfect Billy has a red headband and clothing like Billy, but his jacket is cheap pleather.

Imperfect Gilla has an afro, but also a tech vest and a visor like a rave DJ.

Imperfect El Taco Loco is an eskimo with spear in hand.

KABALLAH
Come on now Richter, this is just silly.

IMPERFECT
Billy Who are we?

Richter, to Kaballah:

RICHTER

Allow me sir.

Richter turns and addresses the Imperfect Billy.

RICHTER

You're the Dojo ninjas, created to serve our maniacal plan by wiping their sad existence from this planet.

Imperfect Gilla speaks normally, with no goofy jive accent.

IMPERFECT GILLA

So how can we be them? I mean, if we look nothing like them. You've shown us their pictures, and obviously this isn't a match.

IMPERFECT ESKIMO EL TACO LOCO

Nuk nuk noctu ho wave vo.

RICHTER

Oh come on now, you're close enough.

KABALLAH

This is so stupid.

IMPERFECT GILLA

I must agree. I mean come on man, I'm into Tech House, not this Bee Gees crap.

Richter sighs.

RICHTER

Ok, fine. You got me. Our genetic researchers only had a few old Polaroids to work from. Initially we thought it would be a stupendous idea to create you for a frame job, since giving our adversaries life in prison over murder in the first is that much more devastating...

Kaballah loudly clears his throat.

KABALLAH

But since this obviously isn't working...

RICHTER

We're just going to have you kill them all.

IMPERFECT BILLY

Hey man, can't we just frame them? I think I look like who I'm supposed to be. I mean. it's not like I'm some coldblooded killer. I really want to take my chess hobby seriously. Give me the opportunity and I could take Bobby Fisher.

KABALLAH

ENOUGH! Your going to kill them all or I'm going to have you executed right now. I will put a bullet in your head right frickin' now.

RICHTER

Not necessary sir. They have all been implanted with remote controlled chips. One push of a button and they will be decimated to primordial goo.

Imperfect Eskimo El Taco Loco gives a wide-eyed expression.

IMPERFECT ESKIMO EL TACO LOCO

Nuk to nuk nuk voo?

IMPERFECT GILLA

Now you're just making stuff up.

Richter hits the button of a remote control which zaps an electrical current through Imperfect Gilla.

Imperfect Gilla drops, smoke coming out his ears.

IMPERFECT GILLA

Ok man. You got it.

INT. ORTEGA'S HOUSE - DAY

Ortega struggles to put his pants on - he succeeds, but they are accidentally backwards.

ORTEGA

Shit pie fuggin' home-wrecker anal
tetanus brace.

INT. ORTEGA'S KITCHEN - DAY

Ortega enters the kitchen and sits next to Billy.

Gilla is making eggs with a "World's Greatest Cook."

El Taco Loco stands by the sink bug-eyed and reading the ingredients of Spam cans, spices, cleaning products.

ORTEGA

Ok now. So just who is this guy?

BILLY

This is El Taco Loco, The Immortal
Mexican.

ORTEGA

Right, uh-huh. Immortal Mexican.
Why does he carry that name?

BILLY

Well you see he just can't die.
This comes in handy because he has
little to no fighting skills
whatsoever. Basically when he is
killed, him or another one - we
still don't know which - just shows
up.

ORTEGA

No foolin'?

GILLA

He's taken a lot for the team.

ORTEGA

Oh, I believe it.

EL TACO LOCO

Ey look, I can do party tricks!

El Taco Loco shoves his hand down the sink drain and flips on the garbage disposal - his fist explodes and horrible carnage erupts all over the room. El Taco Loco screams, falls to the floor, has a seizure, then dies.

With blood all over his startled face:

ORTEGA

(drops his fork)

Did he just do that?

BILLY

He sure did.

Ortega pulls his flask and unscews it:

ORTEGA

HOLY SHIT.

Ortega takes a pull of whiskey.

Billy sits still for a moment, then counts down.

BILLY

5, 4, 3

The front door swings open and a new, untouched El Taco Loco walks in and sits down at the table.

Ortega looks to the floor and finds no body - he looks back up and locks eyes with the ever-smiling El Taco Loco.

EL TACO LOCO

Propolis is a substance collected from various plants by bees and used together with beeswax in the construction of their hives.

All four sit at the kitchen table. Gilla and Billy are smirking, Ortega is still in deadpan shock.

EL TACO LOCO

I never die, just multiply.

BILLY

He was once one of Mexico's
deadliest luchadore wrestlers. But
when his ultimate foe could not
beat him in a fair 3 count, he
simply tranquilized him, stripped
his luchadore mask, then microwaved
his head for 24 straight hours.

ORETGA

Dear lord!

BILLY

As is why he, sometimes, is a
little challenged.

EL TACO LOCO

Sausage meow.

ORTEGA

So what's with the infinite lives?

BILLY

Oh, well, that has to do with a
glowing orb, presumably from outer
space. That ones a long story.

Suddenly they are interrupted by a knock at the door.

ORTEGA

What, another one?

Ortega answers the door and is kicked in the stomach - he
flies back in slow motion and wails into his book case.

The assailants lunge into action - The Imperfect Clones.

Gilla duels his clone with a large bladed afro pick, his
assailant a razor tinged visor.

Billy pulls the red headband over his clone's eyes and
bounces his head off the toilet until he is unconscious. He
then drowns him in the urine-filled toilet water.

El Taco Loco is killed with his Eskimo Clone's spear but is
immediately reincarnated - the new El Taco Loco jumps from
O.S. onto the back of his Eskimo Clone.

The Eskimo throws El Taco Loco off, but he hops back up and pulls a can of acidic refried beans.

El Taco Loco throws a glob with hits the clone, melting his face. Eskimo Clone dies, his skull a hideous molten mess.

Gilla dodges razor sharp vinyl records hurled by his clone - he leaps behind and snaps his spine with a knee strike.

Ortega regains consciousness and instinctively fires his gun - accidentally shooting El Taco Loco six times.

El Taco drops dead and then reappears through the back door.

GILLA

Where is he?

BILLY

Who?

GILLA

Your Imperfect Clone?

BILLY

That's what that was?

Our heroes realize Billy's Clone has escaped.

BILLY

No worries, he wasn't much of a threat anyway.

ORTEGA

Who the hell were those goons?

BILLY

Kaballah's welcome wagon.

GILLA

Sorry about your house lieutenant.

Ortega looks to the ground and finds his DVD copy of "Serpico" cracked in half. He drops to the floor clutching it feebly, then screams upwards dramatically:

ORTEGA

Noooooooo!!!

INT. KABALLAH'S LABORATORY

Imperfect Billy has a bandaged head wound.

IMPERFECT BILLY

Boss, they were much too perfect,
we stood no chance. I alone have
survived with shwarma scalp.

KABALLAH

Fool! I create you and this how you
repay me?

IMPERFECT BILLY

It is not my fault! We fought
valiantly but to no avail!

KABALLAH

Sorry son, failures are liquidated.

Richter pushes a remote control button - inside Imperfect
Billy's skull the chip electrifies him.

Zapped to death, Imperfect Billy melts.

Kaballah turns to Richter:

KABALLAH

What does a guy gotta do to get
some decent help these days? Well,
seeing as that you are one of the
few who aren't totally incompetent,
I need you to do me a favor.

Kaballah supersedes reality and looks directly into the
camera, reaching out to the audience watching the film.

KABALLAH

Well I wouldn't want to spoil such
a conniving, villainous plan so I
arranged an alternative. Enjoy...

FADE OUT:

Accordion polka blasts on the soundtrack. SUPER:
"INTERMISSION".

FADE UP:

INT. SUBURBAN KITCHEN - DAY

A morbidly obese man painstakingly creates a 16 foot submarine sandwich. He delicately unfurls the sub bun, giggling perversely and salivating. 10 pieces of salami, a can of raw sauerkraut, tuna fish, Necco wafers, Miak, and an entire box of sugary cereal with an olive on top.

He gyrates and wheezes like he is about to orgasm, shakily lifting the sub to his mouth. he nearly takes the bite...

INT. KABALLAH'S LABORATORY - DAY

Richter is staring at Kaballah with a huge grin.

RICHTER

Sir, that's the most devious plan
I've ever heard! I mean, wow. That
really is unbelievable.

Kaballah and Richter maniacally laugh.

INT. KABALLAH'S LABORATORY FLOORBOARDS - DAY

Beneath them, attached to the floorboards, the goo of Imperfect Billy has attached itself to the floorboards. A heart beats in the greenish much, parodying "Hellraiser."

EXT. MOUNTAIN - FLASHBACK - NIGHT

Billy is atop the mountain blowing the ancient trumpet which to awake El Taco Loco. He blows into the instrument and the sound echoes through the canyon and entire countryside.

INT. DUNGEON-LIKE LAIR - NIGHT

In a dungeon-like lair of torture chamber devices, an extremely muscular man is shirtless and hunched over - his back covered in thick scars.

He hears the O.S. trumpet and quickly stands up - EL TIBURON (aka "The Shark"), a terrifying luchadore wrestler. He wears spandex trunks and his mask is leather and stitched. The mouth is a grinning shark with crooked teeth and has a spikey fin carved like the teeth of a saw.

EL TIBURON

(translated from spanish)

Our rivalry cannot wait for a sequel, El Taco Loco. For I am El Tiburon, the most feared luchadore in Mexico. How many years, my dearest adversary, have we waged this war? How many times must I kill a man who does not die? That is why, Amigo, I never grow bored of crushing you. For I am El Tiburon. And El Taco Loco, I shall eat you alive!!

EXT. CONSANTO WORLD HEADQUARTERS - FLASHBACK - DAY

Billy is in a dream sequence, back atop Consanto HQ standing off with Mr. Brumo.

Billy lunges to save ex-sidekick DeadMeat...

It is no use - DEADMEAT is torn to shreds...

INT. ORTEGA'S HOUSE - DAWN

Billy sharply awakes as everyone else sleeps.

Gilla is snoring face down on the floor.

El Taco is in a speedo, spooning a plastic Christmas tree.

Ortega is in a lawn chair - in one hand a half empty gallon of whiskey, the other a pump shotgun.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - AFTERNOON

Billy wanders the streets collecting his thoughts as lame, sentimental folk music plays on the soundtrack.

He passes by an alley where a figure is slumped against a dumpster. Billy sees him first as DeadMeat, but on closer inspection it's just another homeless man.

EXT. URBAN DOJO - FLASHBACK - DAY

Billy trains DeadMeat.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - AFTERNOON

The daydream ends abruptly when Billy hears a voice O.S.

RICHTER

Psst.

Billy gets hit with a monkey wrench by Richter.

FADE TO BLACK:

INT. ORTEGA'S HOUSE - DAY

Ortega, Gilla and El Taco Loco are watching the 5 O'clock news with audio muted - rampaging Gleen victims have erupted violence in the city as news choppers broadcast visuals of burning homes, smashed cars, and looting.

Ortega, El Taco Loco and Gilla react to the ringing doorbell - Ortega draws his pistol and suspiciously goes to answer.

EXT. ORTEGA'S FRONT PORCH - DAY

A cardboard box mysteriously sits on the doormat.

Ortega notices the splotch of blood running down the side.

ORTEGA

Awww hell.

El Taco Loco, Gilla and Ortega sit at the dining room table as Ortega begins to open the ill-fated package.

Ortega unwraps it and starts to reach in.

Gilla grabs his hand, does the "no" head nod and reaches in himself, pulling out Billy's bloody headband.

Gilla clenches his fist and raises it into the air...

GILLA

NOOOOOOOO!!!!!!

INT. KABALLAH'S LAB

Billy is strapped to a steel surgery table as Richter and Kaballah loom over him.

KABALLAH

Well, look what we have here. It seems as if the sheep has lost his flock. We have all sorts of rearrangements for you today sir.

Kaballah pulls out a drawer of rusty surgical equipment.

BILLY

You stand no chance against us.
Surrender now or meet your doom.

Kaballah and Richter both look at each other and laugh.

KABALLAH

You know, I admire that fighting spirit. It's just too bad that I'm going to have to rip it out of you. So here's the plan tough guy. I'm going to cut off your face. Better yet, I have all sorts of options. I can burn you alive, I can impale you in such a manner even Vlad Tepes would cringe. I can cut out your eyes and filet them for brunch or tear you apart like your beloved sidekick Deadmeat.

BILLY

How did you?

KABALLAH

Come on kid, who are you trying to fool? I'm underworld illuminati. Nothing happens without my say so. Brumo wasn't running for mayor. He was the face ordered to consolidate my power. He was nothing but a high class pawn.

BILLY

Bastard!!

KABALLAH

Exactly.

Kaballah paces theatrically with his hand behind his back.

KABALLAH

I suppose you'll also find it of searing interest that I personally engineered the destruction of your precious Dojo. The death of Haichiba was a work of art my friend. And city by city, I will destroy the nation. With an iron fist, I shall rule its underworld.

BILLY

I will kill you.

KABALLAH

Now that is simply in bad taste.

Kaballah lunges at Billy with a power drill... but as he is about to reach it becomes unplugged.

Billy breaks the straps holding him down.

Billy punches Kaballah then spin-kicks Richter.

INT. SYNDICATE HALLWAY - DAY

Billy runs for it - ducking, punching, and striking his way through security forces.

At the edge of the hall jump out SYNDICATE AGENTS with machine guns - they fire at Billy as he ducks their shots.

Our hero continues running and approaches a formation of soldiers...

He clobbers his way through the poorly trained men with a barrage of fists...

Billy lunges at a second story window that shatters.

EXT. SYNDICATE HEADQUARTERS - DAY

He lands feet first atop a car in a hail of broken window glass, blowing out its windows from sheer force.

He somersaults off the car and lands on his feet.

Billy spots a Syndicate Soldier coming at him on a motorcycle - he fires an uzi as Billy dodges the bullets.

Billy spin-kicks the soldier from his motorcycle...

He hops on the bike and flees the scene, dodging gunfire.

EXT. SYNDICATE HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Richter and a battalion of soldiers emerge from the complex and jump inside their vehicles.

INT. ORTEGA'S HOUSE - DAY

Ortega is trying to comfort a sobbing Gilla Fighter.

ORTEGA

Don't you quit on me, don't you
friggin' quit on me you'se hear?
You'll pull through this. You can
walk anything off 'cept a broken
neck.

O.S. a motorcycle pull up.

Billy rushes through the front door, panting and breathless.

BILLY

GO - NOW.

Gilla lunges and hangs onto Billy's leg sobbing with joy.

Ortega pulls Gilla off, smacking him in the face.

ORTEGA

You wanna act like a bitch, I smack
you like a bitch.

GILLA

I'm cool, I'm Cool...

BILLY

NOW!!

Billy grabs the back of their necks to start moving.

Richter and his men pull up out front.

Billy, Gilla, and Ortega rush out the back door while El Taco Loco stays in the middle of the living room.

Richter's Men storm into the house and surround El Taco Loco.

EL TACO LOCO

Humanism is a man-centered,
atheistic religion inconsistent
with and indeed utterly opposed to
traditional Christianity, Biblical
theology or Orthodox Judaism.

El Taco Loco flips open his poncho and is wired with dynamite.

He presses the remote button and blows up everyone.

EXT. ORTEGA'S HOUSE - DAY

Ortega's house explodes.

Richter is still in the street and thrown from the explosion.

EXT. ORTEGA'S BACKYARD

Gilla, Billy and Ortega are thrown by force of the explosion.

Ortega looks at the giant cloud of smoke billowing upwards from the rubble of his home.

ORTEGA

At least that's one thing the
bitch'll never take from me in
court.

EST. DEL RIO MOTEL - NIGHT

A dilapidated motel burns "No Vacancy" neon.

INT. DEL RIO MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Our heroes lay low at a roach motel.

BILLY

Listen, Kaballah is too strong for us to just barge in empty handed. I've seen the potential deathtrap that we're up against. We have to lure him out.

ORTEGA

And just how are we supposed to coax this lunatic madman from his coveted lair?

BILLY

I'm not sure. I do know where he's hiding though. Gilla What do we have for equipment?

GILLA

You're looking at it. Feets n' fists bro, feets n' fists.

EL TACO LOCO

A valetudinrin is a sickly person afflicted by excessive or morbid worrisomeness regarding their health.

ORTEGA

Yeah, like you got anything to worry about.

Suddenly, the motel door breaks down and El Tiburon stomps in like a supernaturally possessed maniac killer.

El Tiburon to El Taco Loco:

EL TIBURON

Esto no ha terminado!

The luchadore from hell attacks El Taco Loco.

In a flurry of punching and kicking, both of them go crashing out the window.

EXT. DETROIT STREET - NIGHT

Punch by punch the fighters viciously beat each other as they knock their way down the street and out of view.

INT. DEL RIO MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Oretga turns to Billy, barely phased anymore.

ORTEGA

What in Borgnine's sack was that?

BILLY

That's just El Sharko, or whatever. They do that a lot. It's cool. Main villain beef, you know how it goes.

ORTEGA

I say we visit Kaputo. He's an inventor of sorts. Done a lot of good for the force. But first...

INT. 7-11 - NIGHT

Ortega sucking down a Slurpee far too quickly. His brain-freeze is unbearably painful and over the top as he stomps his foot and beats his leg with his fist.

ORTEGA

FUCK THAT HURTS!!

EXT. KAPUTO'S LAB BUILDING - DAY

Ortega pulls up in his crappy car and parks.

Billy, Gilla and Ortega get out.

BILLY

Oh, there he is.

El Taco Loco walks up to them.

GILLA

How'd it go?

EL TACO LOCO

He finally killed me in Laos.

ORTEGA

I never had a good luck charm that
had anything on you.

INT. KAPUTO'S LAB - DAY

Our heroes are conversing with KAPUTO - a tech geek with
black rimmed glasses and a white lab coat.

KAPUTO

And this is my latest work of
science, "The SCALPTRON 3000." Once
you strap it on, you can hear the
thoughts of anyone you look at.

ORTEGA

Kaputo you never cease to amaze me.

GILLA

That thing reads minds? Oh I'm
gonna dig this.

Gilla straps on the overly sized helmet that is protruding
with wires and duct-taped computer chips.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Gilla steps outside and approaches the first woman he sees -
a PRETTY WOMAN in a floral dress.

GILLA

Hey baby, how's about you and me
get down and funky?

The PRETTY WOMAN looks at him like he is a sideshow freak.

The helmet makes a whirring sound and Gilla hears the Pretty
Woman's thoughts:

PRETTY WOMAN (V.O.)

Oh my god what is he? He smells
like the carcass of a rotting
Chihuahua.

Gilla smells himself in reaction.

PRETTY WOMAN (V.O.)

God, just look at those teeth.

Gilla touches his yellow, grimy, blackened teeth which are only so for this grotesquely exaggerated moment.

PRETTY WOMAN

What a sick, sad man.

INT. KAPUTO'S LAB - DAY

A disappointed Gilla sluggishly rejoins them.

KAPUTO

So how did it go?

GILLA

No comment.

ORTEGA

Got anything for serious head stomping?

KAPUTO

As a matter of fact I have been working on some new things that you may find quite exciting.

ORTEGA

Let me see, let me see Kaputo I have just the thing for you.

KAPUTO pulls out a remote control.

KAPUTO

This right here is a Hydronic Fusion Transmogrifier. It will teleport all living beings in a 30 foot radius to... Well... It's a test copy. As far as it stands it cannot be specified to teleport to any certain location. But it has been confirmed to always drop the individuals on a solid land mass.

BILLY

It's a chance we have to take.

ORTEGA

Suicide mission. Beautiful,
delightful.

EL TACO LOCO

I am a Gerber baby.

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Generic action techno plays as the heroes suit up for battle
- Billy tightens his headband, Gilla puts on a battle armor
leisure suit, El Taco Loco on all fours eating dog food...

Ortega scrolls through his cell phone contact list and stops
on one labeled "THE BOYS."

INT. POLICE DEPARTMENT - NIGHT

A COP receives the text message and nods to fellow officers.

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Ortega straps way too many guns to himself and falls over
from the sheer weight of it.

EXT. SYNDICATE HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

Shadow silhouettes of Gilla, Ortega, Billy & El Taco Loco
approach SYNDICATE HEADQUARTERS. Our heroes pause and are
then flanked by a dozen SWAT team officers, aka "THE BOYS."

EXT. SYNDICATE HQ ENTRANCE - NIGHT

SWAT SNIPERS shoot SYNDICATE SOLDIERS guarding the entrance
with tranquilizer darts.

EXT. SYNDICATE HQ OUTER WALL - NIGHT

SWAT positioned on the roof glide on bungee chords down the
side of the building.

EXT. SYNDICATE HQ ADJACENT WALL - NIGHT

Syndicate Soldiers take tranq darts from SWAT Snipers and
fall over unconscious.

INT. SYNDICATE ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Our heroes burst through the front door firing away at enemy soldiers which drop like flies.

From above a plate glass window crashes, and more SWAT come down on bungee ropes. One of them is an attractive, hard as nails female - DETECTIVE ZAMORRA.

DETECTIVE ZAMORRA

Don't worry guys - we'll have this one on lock down in no time.

ORTEGA

Who in the holy hell are you?

DETECTIVE ZAMORRA

Detective Zamorra. I got a call from The Union - a joint complaint between the NAACP and the Women's Association Of Gibberish Cinema. Said there were no strong female roles in this film. Thought I'd come here and add a dose of lethal estrogen, balance out the scales and give a better poster for the release. You know how boobies sell.

GILLA

They sure do.

Zamorra gives Gilla a degrading look.

DETECTIVE ZAMORRA

Don't you even think about it toad.

BILLY

Glad to have you on our team.

Zamorra to Billy:

DETECTIVE ZAMORRA

No problem Spike - let's get this derby rolling!

Our heroes split up - SWAT take the staircase while Billy, Ortega, Zamorra, Gilla and El Taco Loco jump inside a secret

elevator clearly marked "SECRET ELEVATOR" in bold letters.

INT. SECRET ELEVATOR

They cram inside like a way-too-full clown car and a ridiculously elongated ride ensues. We TIME CUT through different moments - Gilla checking his watch, Billy falling asleep, Ortega doing a crossword puzzle, Zamorra juggling. El Taco Loco farts loudly to displeased facial reactions.

INT. SYNDICATE HEADQUARTERS SUB-FLOOR

A warehouse of masked and gloved white coats enrich the mega drug as if they are sweatshop workers. Flanking them on all sides are unsmiling, rifle harnessing Syndicate Soldiers.

The elevator doors open and El Taco Loco's fart stench creeps out like nerve gas - the green, creeping mist knocks out all of the Syndicate Soldiers awaiting them.

Our heroes rush into battle, diving behind desks and structures for cover as Gleen Workers run in panic.

Syndicate Soldiers exchange fire with Ortega's SWAT force who've erupted from the stairwell.

Gilla takes on four guards, while Billy slams into three - both of them punching and kicking away.

El Taco Loco is cleaning house as well, flying about and mopping the floor with bad guys.

Ortega is about to be shot by a Syndicate Soldier, but Zamorra blasts the man's head off with a magnum.

DETECTIVE ZAMORRA

Action Affirmed.

BLAM, BLAM, BLAM -- Zamorra blasts down more baddies with her gigantic hand cannon.

Suddenly, Richter's voice booms over the loudspeaker.

RICHTER

Now! Now!

The remaining Syndicate Soldiers bite on capsules which carry superhuman doses of UltraGleen. They gyrate violently

as they become drugbeast abominations. The room is instantly filled with a dozen ultra-violent Gleen Zombies.

All hell breaks loose - frenzied shooting and aimless fighting as Syndicate Soldier's blast away at the police.

One SWAT member shoots a large wooden crate oddly placed in the hallway. It explodes such as a video game and a fancy high-powered automatic weapon prototype pops out.

Behind the SWAT team a parody version of Arnold Schwarzenegger in 1985's "Commando" leaps over the policemen, dives through the bullet fire, hits the ground and summersaults to the machine gun. Bare chested, war-painted and sweat-soaked headband dripping, the Commando fires away,

Syndicate Soldiers explode into pieces - arms and legs fly as more and more Syndicate Troops pour in.

The Commando keeps firing as we follow his screaming, ludicrous assault - blasting, blasting, blasting.

EXT. SYNDICATE HALLWAY - NIGHT

He turns the corner and blasts two Syndicate Soldiers who guarding a door. The Commando fires at the door making a pattern of bullet holes so he can simply crash through.

The Commando shoulders the door hard as possible and bursts through effortlessly shooting like a madman...

...to be firing at thin air and plummeting downwards into a gaping industrial sized trash compactor with the words CONSANTO GARBAGE DISPOSAL DIVISION on it..

INT. SYNDICATE HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

Syndicate Soldiers fall to gunfire as well as SWAT.

Ortega, El Taco Loco, Billy and Gilla head for Kaballah's Lab, leaving SWAT to tackle the remaining Syndicate forces.

INT. KABALLAH'S LABORATORY - NIGHT

The heroes burst in on Richter and Kaballah.

KABALLAH

Fools!! You have aggravated me for the last time! Now is the hour of your demise!

BILLY

I beg to differ! Billy pulls out the Hydronic Fusion Transmogrifier.

BILLY

Eat my...

Richter shoots the device with a pistol and The Transmogrifier jumps from Billy's hand.

BILLY

Shit...

KABALLAH

Try this on for size!

Kaballah pulls out a remote controlled device and hits the red button.

Our heroes grab their heads in pain.

KABALLAH

Welcome to the vortex of your greatest nightmares!!

Our heroes are engulfed by a hologram world of terror...

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Gilla is transported into an office environment surrounded by white-collar yuppies..

INT. OPERATING ROOM - DAY

El Taco Loco is strapped to a surgical chair where full-body latex bondage people ready themselves to pour endless jugs of Vitamin D milk all over his face...

INT. ORTEGA'S HOUSE - DAY

Ortega is back at his house staring at his ex-wife shrine. He hears an ominous footstep and turns around to find every single one of his 30 ex-wives armed with barb-wire wrapped

bats, billy clubs and brass knuckles...

Billy is transported to a foggy environment where he looks around fearfully trying to discern what will come next.

EXT. FOGGY DARK - NIGHT

Billy treads through the darkness.

BILLY

Hello? Who's there?

An unrecognizable shadowy figure shuffles forward.

BILLY

Come out and prepare to fight!

SHADOWY FIGURE

Billy... You left me. I was going to be just like you. But you left me. You left me to DIE!

Upon shouting "DIE" the SHADOWY FIGURE is revealed to be a half-rotted ZOMBIE DEADMEAT.

BILLY

Good God! What did they do to you?

ZOMBIE DEADMEAT

Only your death can set my soul free.

BILLY

I don't want this Deadmeat, I don't want this.

ZOMBIE DEADMEAT

Tough!!!

Kaballah's lunges forward on the attack.

INT. CORPORATE OFFICE

Gilla is at his desk.

He looks down and realizes he's in a suit and tie.

The little name sticker on his breast pocket reads "Hi, my name is Brad."

A CO-WORKER walks up with a file of reports.

CO-WORKER

Hey there sharpshooter. Good work
foreclosing the mortgage on that
orphanage. Little shit-heads never
saw that one coming... Later
killer.

Co-Worker does a little gun point gesture with his hand,
winks and walks away.

Gilla shrinks in terror and hides beneath his desk.

INT. ORTEGA'S HOUSE

Ortega is backing away from the mob of EX-WIVES.

ORTEGA

No, God, no... BARBARA clutches a
bat with spikes.

BARBARA

How's it going Joe Baby!

ORTEGA

Barbara? I thought me and you was
through. No hard feelins' right?

BARBARA

Oh no baby, never.

THREE OTHER EX-WIVES

Never.

With the power of a buffalo herd the 30 EX-WIVES rush Ortega
and pin him down.

BARBARA lifts the spiked bat to crush his head as he screams
in mortal terror.

BARBARA

This is for 6 years of no alimony!

Ortega kicks an EX-WIFE in the face and grabs a .38 revolver from his ankle holster.

Ortega blasts away...

EXT. FOGGY DARK ENVIRONMENT - NIGHT

Billy is still combatting him, blocking jabs and kicks.

BILLY

Dammit! Deadmeat, please! Stop!
Don't do this!

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

El Taco Loco nightmare has now become a chase sequence as he is hunted by screaming obese teenage girls covered in glitter and hot pink spandex.

INT. CORPORATE OFFICE - DAY

Gilla is still balled up beneath his desk. A legion of teary eyed children surround him with innocent stares.

ORPHAN 5 YEAR OLD

Why did you take our home?

INT. ORTEGA'S HOUSE - DAY

Ortega is going nuts, laughing as he chainsaws BARBARA's severed, demonic head in half. Blood explodes everywhere.

EXT. FOGGY ENVIRONMENT

Billy looks at Zombie DeadMeat and he morphs.

REAL DEADMEAT

Set me free Billy. Set me...

Billy overcomes the illusion and attacks with a super charged flying kick that explodes Zombie DeadMeat's head.

INT. KABALLAH'S LABORATORY

All four heroes are once again in Kaballah's lab.

Gilla is balled up with arms protecting his head...

El Taco Loco pulls out eggs and smashes them on his face...

From hereon all dialogue becomes that of poor, mismatched overdubs as with all martial arts cinema.

Billy to Kaballah, overdubbed:

BILLY

You're finished.

KABALLAH

Impossible! No one could survive
that meltdown! Gilla Your mind
tricks won't work against us!

KABALLAH

The hell with it.

Kaballah pulls a pistol and whips it at Billy.

BLAM he fires! The bullet zooms towards our hero who is not fast enough to dodge the bullet.

It grazes his arm and Billy falls to the ground and his blood splatters on the floorboard.

The blood trickles through the floorboard crack, oozing downwards into the blackness... until by miracle it coats the gooey primordial remains of the Imperfect Billy Clone.

Gilla punches Richter with a solid hook to the jaw, and Richter fumbles backwards nearly losing his balance.

Kaballah spin-kicks Ortega and El Taco Loco in one roundhouse, sending both of our heroes flying.

Kaballah lands from his mega kick and lunges towards Billy.

While Kaballah is in mid-air, the laboratory wall explodes - all characters are thrown in the blast.

Through the gaping hole, the raging battle between Syndicate and SWAT rages on - men are ducking and shooting everywhere.

Billy and Kaballah realize they are both near two separate remote controls - both of which are their secret weapons.

Billy crawls his way towards the Transmogrifier.

Kaballah reaches his device first and activates it.

From wireless command, a large metal door swings open inside the lab. The silhouette of a monster lurks its darkness.

A horrific sound bellows from inside, as if some mythological Greek monster were being unleashed.

Our heroes gaze in awe as a rotting, putrefied giant leg clomps out, then another, until an abominable 7 foot humanoid creature reveals its meaty, dripping face, ROARING with an unbridled hunger for bloodshed.

KABALLAH

Behold! Flesh Face The Starving!!

FLESH FACE THE STARVING roars and beats its chest, chunks of meat sloppily dropping from its face.

Ortega sees a meat droplet and vomits.

EL TACO LOCO

Holy shitballs mang!!

Flesh Face grabs Detective Zamorra and chomps off her head, throwing her splattering carcass against the wall.

Ortega begins shooting Flesh Face but it is little use - the necrotic giant isn't phased and simply roars back.

Billy makes one huge grab for the Hydronic Fusion Transmogrifier and hits the button.

Their surroundings shake as if the universe were tearing itself apart and all present are sucked into a vortex which appears like a minor tornado.

A huge, rotted meaty chunk from Flesh Face comes loose and splatters across Gilla's face like horrid cookie dough.

EXT. SAMURAI FOREST - DAY

The sky rips open in fantastic display of light, and all our characters are spit out in a mystical forest which resembles samurai legends.

Ortega's blurred eyes come into focus as Flesh Face advances towards him, licking his lips.

Ortega panics, grabs El Taco Loco, and both run into the woods with Flesh Face in hot pursuit.

Richter and Gilla jump into combat against one other.

Billy and Kaballah go head to head.

Richter flips his hand back and reveals ninja stars clutched between each finger - he throws some at Gilla.

Gilla dodges them with inhuman stealth and leaps onto the tree branches above.

With a mighty leap, Richter follows.

EXT. SAMURAI FOREST - DAY

El Taco Loco and Ortega run through the forest.

ORTEGA

Ok big man, if you've got a plan
please do pull it from your ass
right about now.

EL TACO LOCO

How've about the old rokey doke?

El Taco Loco jumps backwards and flies into the beasts' mouth, whom Flesh Face promptly decapitates with one huge chomp.

Another El Taco Loco swoops down and kicks him in the head.

Flesh Face grabs him and tears him in two.

Another El Taco Loco appears.

Ortega takes this as his cue to get in real damage while Flesh Face is swatting a hundred El Taco Loco revivals like flies. Ortega comedically beats his shins with tree branches, big rocks, anything he can get a hold of.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Kaballah and Billy circle each other.

Kaballah pulls a sword, then a second sword which he throws to Billy in gesture of a fair battle.

Kaballah and Billy go at it, dueling like swash-bucklers.

EXT. TREE TOP BATTLE - DAY

Richter receives the full wrath Gilla Fighter's finishing move "The Flying Fist of Juda."

Richter plunges downwards from a tree top, crash through branches while half unconscious.

Richter splats on top of the half-broken Hydronic Fusion Transmogrifier, setting it off.

It electrocutes Richter and sucks him into a vortex.

EXT. TOXINS HIDEOUT - DAY

Richter is spit out in mid-air and breaks both legs on impact. Gritting in pain, he realizes he is in front of The Toxins hideout.

Richter hears noises shuffling O.S. from inside. Out they come - the few survivors, hideously mutated as never before.

Richter tears at the dirt to get away when he is grabbed by mutated hands from an open sewer drain. Richter screams bloody murder as they drag him off to his dark, grisly fate.

EXT. SAMURAI WOODS - DAY

El Taco Loco is swallowed whole by Flesh Face, and the monster begins advancing towards Ortega.

Ortega is now alone because El Taco Loco can only be resurrected if he is completely dead.

Flesh Face stops in his tracks and tears at his chest - El Taco Loco explodes forth raining gore.

EXT. SAMURAI WOODS OPEN CLEARING - DAY

Kaballah and Billy continue to sword fight until both blades shatter from an intense blow.

Billy lands a punch and Kaballah returns two more - They push each other apart and square off.

Kaballah and Billy stare at each other pacing like animals, ready for the final jump kick of doom.

Billy sees Kaballah with fire projected behind him, for all Billy knows is hatred.

Suddenly, a mirage of Master Haichiba provides a white light which causes Billy to close his eyes in meditation.

INT. INDOOR ICE SKATING RINK - FLASHBACK - DAY

Billy drifts into a vision of the forlorn DeadMeat in happier times.

DeadMeat skates in circles smiling, then puts on his hockey mask and skates up to Billy.

Billy is wearing an early 90's green suede/tan leather armed coat resembling Emelio Estevez' jacket in The Mighty Ducks.

DeadMeat high fives him then pulls off the mask to resemble Kaballah's face.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Kaballah charges at the meditating Billy.

The villain grows close as Billy snaps out of it.

Billy and Kaballah race towards each other in slow motion then and leap in the air with death-strike kicks - animated Manga speedlines appear to accentuate the strength of these strikes, alternating between their intense expressions.

Ortega, El Taco and Gilla all run into the clearing.

Billy and Kaballah are moving slow motion in mid-air even though every one else is in normal time.

ORTEGA

Holy hot shit is that hardcore.

Kaballah and Billy meet toe to toe with a great flsh of light that blinds all the spectators.

Its explosion rocks everyone from its impact.

Kaballah and Billy both land, regain posture, and stare each other down, eyes burning like embers.

Billy is exhausted - about to drop dead.

Kaballah gets an evil, crazed look in his eye and smiles... until a thin flow of blood spills from his lips.

His eyes roll back in his head and he falls to his knees.

From behind Kaballah the earth explodes as if a stick of TNT were buried below the surface.

Imperfect Billy flies up dirty from the soil and slams his hands together, exploding Kaballah's head.

Bits of Kaballah's skull fly everywhere, meaty and chunky.

BILLY

Told you I'd kill you.

Our heroes gather themselves.

ORTEGA

Just one question. Where in the hell are we?

Cheesy flute music plays as a 5 foot tall FINNISH DEER HERDER walks into frame.

The deer herder is wearing the traditional garments of his folk, smiles and waves for our heroes to follow him.

EXT. FINNISH VILLAGE - DAY

Huge, symphonic happy ending music plays as an entire village is there, encamped like a Native American tribe.

Our heroes feel the heartfelt life of these semi-tribesmen in Arctic Finland.

Children play in the dirt road, women churn butter, a blacksmith is busy hammering something...

EXT. FINNISH VILLAGE - NIGHT

It's night and the party with the deer herders resembles the Ewok celebration at the end of "Jedi." The music keeps

building with the laughter and celebration.

Billy looks over and DeadMeat, Master Haichiba, Imperfect Gilla, and Imperfect Eskimo El Taco Loco are luminescent, half see-through happy ghosts looking onward.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

The Fat Man from the intermission sequence finally bites into his sub. All happy music disappears, replaced by ambient, creepy, dissonant symphony.

The Fat Man is in ecstasy. Closer and closer - inside his mouth, his greasy skin pores, the sweat beading on his forehead.

Disturbing noises of him munching away crazily dominates the audio. The dissonance keeps building with the food eating sounds, the lips smacking.

We see the food mashing in his mouth, chewed salami and tuna spilling out - indulging like a dope-sick junkie.

INT. RED ROOM

A SCREAMING MAN crushes his head with his own bare hands - he howls as his skull erupts with a volcano of gore.

CUT TO BLACK:

FADE UP:

EXT. PARK - DAY

An sunny day at the park. SUPER: "Three Months Later."

Gilla, Billy, Ortega and Imp. Billy are enjoying a day off.

Billy sits at a picnic table while Ortega cooks BBQ ribs on the grill. Imperfect Billy is playing chess with Gilla.

Ortega rambles in the middle of an incomprehensible story.

ORTEGA

...so he says, he says, whatta you gonna do, use that pancake as armor? Rise the yeast to suffocate
(MORE)

ORTEGA (cont'd)
the devilish whores? So I says, you
gotta do what you gotta do. Now
take that Arm & Hammer and dribble
that Spaulding up on your own
court. Don't be askin' another man
to scrub your teeth!!

Everyone laughs.

BILLY
So how did your meeting with the
chief go?

ORTEGA
Officially re-instated baby.

GILLA
Hey man that's great! Good to hear
it.

ORTEGA
Now that this whole incident is
over how bout joining the force? I
can make it happen.

BILLY
I don't think so. Terrible movies
like this always spawn sequels.

GILLA
That or a syndicated series for
basic cable.

IMPERFECT BILLY
Or a half-ass comic book series.

BILLY
Well you better believe it, because
I just launched a campaign to raise
funds to reopen to Urban
Dojo here in Detroit!

GILLA
Hell yeah sequel farming! Let's
milk this bitch to the last drop!

Imperfect Billy knocks over Gilla's queen.

IMPERFECT BILLY

Imperfect my ass.

A convertible pulls up with top down - El Taco Loco is driving and wearing a suit with his hair slicked back. 5 BEAUTIFUL LATINO WOMEN in dresses are with him.

El Taco Loco speaks like a smooth Antonio Banderas.

EL TACO LOCO

Greeting me amigos. How are you on this remarkable day?

Everyone looks confused, and El Taco Loco attempts clarity.

EL TACO LOCO

Oh the change of pace. Yes, well sometimes you just have to discover...

El Taco Loco does weird dance move in the drivers seat, and the women swoon in adoration.

EL TACO LOCO

Your Latino heat.

GILLA

What's your secret?

El Taco Loco motions for Gilla to come near then whispers:

EL TACO LOCO

It's all in the flesh Burrito.

GILLA

Oh.

Gilla winks.

EL TACO LOCO

Well, I must be on my way. Until we meet again, good luck to all of you on your sordid adventures.

El Taco Loco drives off.

ORTEGA

Man did I pick the wrong day to
quit snorting Ambien.

BILLY

Nothing shocks me anymore buddy.

EXT. PARK - DAY

The Thugs from earlier spy on our heroes with binoculars.

THUG 1

Man, thanks to those clowns our
whole supply of Gleen is gone for
good.

THUG 2

They're gonna pay!

THUG 1

How's that?

THUG 2

With 6 inches of cold steel!

IMPERFECT BILLY (O.S.)

Ahem.

Both Thugs turn to find Imperfect Billy hammering his fist.

The Thugs now look in the other direction where Billy, Gilla
and Ortega are now standing.

CUT TO BLACK:

A flurry of punching and kicking O.S. - POW, BAM, WHOMP!!

FADE UP:

EXT. BEACH - DAY

El Taco Loco is stretched out in fold out chair wearing
nothing but speedo and aviator glasses sipping booze out of
a coconut with tiny umbrella as the latino women sun tan.

From beneath the oceans waves the metallic fin of El Tiburon
pops above the water.

From every hidden corner of the beach appear dozens of men in suits with black gloves and identical luchadore masks.

El Tiburon raises his head from the water.

El Taco sees him and is yet to react.

El Tiburon bursts towards him like an insane beast - closer and closer in El Taco Loco' sunglass reflection.

El Taco Loco cracks a smile.

CUT TO BLACK:

ROLL CREDITS over high voltage rock music.

FADE UP:

Midway through the credit roll, a corporate training video from Consanto appears. The mortgage co-worker from Gilla's nightmare leads new employees through the Consanto complex.

He describes all the villainous plans step by step like an infomercial, enticing the audience with pint-by-point steps of the bonuses and incentives of Gleen manufacturing.

FADE OUT:

THE END

CRIMSON ATLAS: A BLOODSOAKED SAGA OF VAMPIRIC TERROR

"Vampiric" is the word to describe the Zombified monsters which litter this hi-octane, gore-drenched tale. Unlike other genre depictions, these demonic, mutated creatures fused the Vampire & Zombie into one hideous incarnation.

This screenplay started Fall 2001 -- it was to be the first "Running Zombie" movie, a premise the author hadn't seen anywhere else... until 28 DAYS LATER was released.

CRIMSON ATLAS was intended as something between EVIL DEAD 2 & the German RUN LOLA RUN -- constant motion, wild cuts, spastic camerawork. The disjointed editing would later be exemplified in THE WALKING DEAD TV show and the frantic pacing of a much later film -- MAD MAX: FURY ROAD.

How does an author express those visuals, their fluidity and disjointed narrative approaches to a world that has yet to experience any of the above mentioned films? Not well, sad to say. This screenplay fell on blind eyes & deaf ears.

Of the scripts in this book, CRIMSON ATLAS is the one the author wishes to direct himself. It was a future passion for him -- until THE WALKING DEAD, as both a comic and TV show, absorbed half the screenplays ideas by proxy.

CRIMSON ATLAS was a road saga exploring the American Wasteland in a Vampiric Zombie Apocalypse -- to be shot like EASY RIDER, with one main character on a motorcycle.

Yet with the explosion of Vampire & Zombie cinema -- especially THE WALKING DEAD -- repackaged were half the ideas. These works explored the Zombie Genre on a scale never before seen; most scenarios, plots & characters were therefore made irrelevant -- simply because WALKING DEAD got there first. What's the use of re-tread?

The author rewrote this film again & again -- disposing of elements, characters, scenes which would otherwise seem lifted from another source, or viewed as carbon copies.

In any event, CRIMSON ATLAS is still a wild, unpredictable beast of a horror film that hopefully will one day see a legitimate production. Equal parts Road Movie, Romance Film, Parenting Adventure & Grindhouse Splatterfest, here is the uncompromising, brutal carnage known as CRIMSON ATLAS...

CRIMSON ATLAS
a Horror by R. Bartek

FADE IN:

EST. INNER CITY DETROIT NEIGHBORHOOD - DAWN

The sun is an orb of crimson, illuminating a war zone of charred wreckage, burned buildings and ghastly carnage. Like a graveyard, the atmosphere is dead silent.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

It had gotten so bad I couldn't remember my name.

Boarded homes emanate freakish hisses and moans O.S.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

At some point, time just froze.

A rat scatters to a decomposing body it feasts upon.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Life as a rat, just scurrying place to place. Avoiding everyone, everything. Just hunkering down, knowing it would be over any day. Then letting my mind do the rest.

Maggots eat away at the flesh of its rotting face.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

All I wanted was to see California.

INT. ATTIC - DAWN

BRIAN, an average white male in his mid-20's, is passed out on the floor. He is filthy and bearded. SUPER: "DAY 87".

His eye flickers with growing awareness then opens with terror - he thrusts upwards and staggers about disoriented. Collapsing from stress, his expression is madness.

He speeds to a boarded window and observes the street below.

EXT. INNER CITY DETROIT NEIGHBORHOOD - DAWN

Wrecked cars, smashed homes, charred death.

INT. ATTIC - DAWN

Brian steps back to the attic center and closes his eyes. He inhales and exhales, then reopens them with a cold glare.

He turns to the wall - a calendar flipped to JUNE. The sunny picture is of Ocean Beach San Diego, with blue waves and sunny skies.

He stares at it as if hypnotized.

Closer and closer on the sunny snapshot while O.S. waves CRASH onto the shoreline amidst laughter of a summer beach.

His expression abandons fear for absolute calm as the interior of the attic is revealed - every surface is covered with hand painted black crucifixes.

INT. BATHROOM - DAWN

The ceiling hatch opens and Brian cautiously climbs down.

BRIAN (V.O.)

The truth was I didn't understand what had happened. One night, it just began. Then from attic to basement, I just hid. Not only from them, but all people.

He stops in his tracks and eyes a locked door nervously.

BRIAN (V.O.)

Other people could handle everyone they knew being eaten alive by monsters. They fought back, they made a stand. Yet with me, something broke. And I went away.

Brian grabs a heavy crowbar laying against the wall.

BRIAN (V.O.)

All I knew is that they were out there, and humanity was tearing itself apart. All out war by night, and an even worse chaos by day.

He curls his fingers around it.

BRIAN (V.O.)

All I knew was the violence kept
growing dimmer as the days passed.
At some point, the fires died. The
gunshots slowed.

He turns to a mirror on the wall and gazes at himself, a
caricature of an alcoholic homeless man at rock bottom.

BRIAN (V.O.)

And now I am a ghost of this silent
graveyard.

INT. HOUSE HALLWAY - DAWN

The door handle turns, and he cautiously emerges into a
hallway lined with boarded windows.

He nervously walks to another locked door, barricaded by
heavy boxes and clutter.

BRIAN (V.O.)

No pattern, no rhyme. Nothing about
them made sense. In one instant,
the freshly dead had been
resurrected with some kind of
haphazard mutation. Fangs would rip
from their jaws, their bodies would
contort into grotesque demons.

He quietly begins to remove the barricade.

BRIAN (V.O.)

They were pure, feral instinct, and
the only common factor was their
lust for blood and hunger for
flesh. If anything, they were like
locusts - just mindless swarms of
bloodthirsty insects that would
come in waves.

Brian again meditates briefly before opening it.

BRIAN (V.O.)

The only thing I knew was that the
sun destroyed them - melting,
(MORE)

BRIAN (V.O.) (cont'd)
burning, sometimes both. Some
lasted minutes, others fire-balled
immediately.

INT. HOUSE - DAWN

He proceeds through the door and into another hallway,
gripping the crowbar like a baseball bat.

BRIAN (V.O.)
And if the moon was high, only
blunt force trauma put them down.
Kill the brain, and they drop like
flies. They might be dead, but they
weren't invincible.

Brian turns a corner to find an empty living room with great
relief.

He darts through another hallway and flips open door after
door, finding nothing.

BRIAN (V.O.)
The way I saw it, my clock was
ticking. I grew up in this city,
and I was damned if I'd die here.
For me, Detroit was a nightmare
even before this mess. It was time
for a vacation.

Brian realizes the coast is clear and lowers the crowbar so
it limply dangles from his fist.

BRIAN (V.O.)
And then it hit me - even in this,
you had to make time for the little
things. I hadn't had a cup of
coffee in months.

INT. KITCHEN - DAWN

Brian enters a kitchen with boarded windows, and opens
cupboards. He snatches a small jar labeled instant coffee
and smiles.

From behind a pantry door bursts a FEMALE ZOMBIFIED VAMPIRE. It comes at Brian full force, although clumsily trips over the fold-up ironing board.

The grotesque monster falls on it's face, splattering a gooey discharge on the linoleum.

It lifts its head up and growls in frenzy as the thin strips of light from the boarded window cracks are scorching its skin like the marks of a flame broiled grill.

The vampiric creature zooms at Brian.

With lightning reflexes he cracks the zombified demon with his crowbar, dislocating its jaw.

The undead beast stops in its tracks as slivers of light burn away its flesh with pussing, chemical meltdown - its rotting flesh oozing with greenish goo.

Like a gorilla in battle, the undead mutant roars at Brian with a half broken jaw.

Brian bashes the vamp's skull again with the crowbar and like a malfunctioning robot it stumbles and collapses.

Brian bashes the boards out the window so the sunlight finishes the job. He watches the beast burn, bubble and die.

BRIAN (V.O.)

It was now or never.

INT. BATHROOM - DAWN

Chunks of his beard fall into the sink as he clips it off with scissors.

INT. GARAGE - DAY

Close on his hands grabbing two gasoline cans out of his stash of a half dozen filled to the brink.

INT. HOUSE - DAY

Brian, now with a scissor-cut five o clock shadow, breaks the lock off a liquor cabinet and grabs bottles.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

He pours bottle after bottle of alcohol down the sink.

INT. HOUSE ROOM

Brian rips up a white bed sheet into small rags.

EXT. BACK YARD - DAY

He has dozens of empty bottles sitting in a wheelbarrow and is filling them all with gasoline.

INT. HOUSE - DAY

Brian has a gasoline can in his hands and is splashing fuel all over the carpet, the walls, the furniture.

EXT. FRONT PORCH - DAY

Brian backs down the steps of the front porch pouring gasoline everywhere.

He reaches the street and pulls a Zippo from his pocket. He sparks it up and lights the trail.

INT. HOUSE - DAY

The fire burns delicately across the furniture, up the walls - reaching the attic and engulfing the crucifixes.

The calender lights up, flames replacing the blue waves.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Brian calmly watches the house burn.

BRIAN (V.O.)

The truth was all I ever really
wanted was to watch the world burn.
It did, and I'm still here. Now the
only thing left to burn away are
the memories.

He looks to his side where a wheelbarrow full of petrol bombs are ready to be lit like Molotov cocktails.

Brian pushes the wheelbarrow down the war torn street.

He stops and lights one up then flings it through the window of a house. The flame bursts wildly.

Brian moves to the next house, lights another gas bomb and tosses it in.

He scoots it to the next house where O.S. vampiric creatures are hissing and moaning inside.

He throws another benzine cocktail inside and O.S. the vamps scream as they burn to death.

EXT. STREET - DAY

With the fury of hell in his cold eyes, he walks off revealing a block-long fireball in his wake.

TITLE CARD:
CRIMSON ATLAS

EXT. STREET - MOVING - DAY

Hours later and Brian is ROARING through decimated streets on a sport motorcycle, weaving through auto collisions and carnage long dried from the heat of the sun.

The loud roar dims as all audio fades.

BRIAN (V.O.)

It was my first time out of the rats nest. Since the start, I stuck to the block. I picked it clean, and never even turned the corner. I was such a goddamn coward, I didn't have the guts to seek a gun. Truth was, I barely knew how to load one.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Brian pulls up next to an abandoned car with emergency luggage still roped to the top.

Inside flies buzz over a decomposing corpse with a self-inflicted gunshot wound to the head.

BRIAN (V.O.)

Not that I could blame him. After
all, isn't that what I was doing
out here?

Brian notices a gun bag in the passenger seat, puts a rag to his nose to block the smell, then removes it from the car.

He unzips the gun bag revealing a pump shotgun with matching harness and bullets large enough to kill a rhino.

Our anti-hero smiles.

BRIAN (V.O.)

Now this is what I'm talking about.

He loads the pump shotgun and shakily points it in the air. He pulls the trigger and the BLAST carries on for miles.

The O.S. sounds of hundreds of vamps emit from houses surrounding him - hissing, moaning, howling for blocks.

From inside the closed trunk of the car a vampire starts beating wildly, clawing at the metal trying to get out.

Brian gazes around and sees vague shapes moving inside boarded up homes, shadowy figures behind window curtains.

Close on Brian, beaded with sweat from the heat of the sun.

INT. GROCERY STORE - DAY

A ransacked grocery store quiet as a tomb. One window is painted black and slight light creeps through the disorderly job. The others are shut with steel blinds.

The blackened window smashes with a hurling brick, and Brian appears a silhouette against a reddish-tinged dusk.

Brian cautiously enters with shotgun drawn.

A walk-in cooler is revealed across the store directly in the path of the window's sunlight.

Nervously Brian aims his shotgun towards the darkness of the store and listens for movement.

The coast seems clear. He grabs a hand cart and darts through the aisles looking for food.

He collects some cans from the floor and turns the corner.

The produce section is rotten and molded. Brian disgustedly picks up an apple crawling with maggots.

Close on the maggots as a shadowy figure charges towards Brian him in the b.g.

Brian catches its hiss, drops the apple, and blasts the zombified vampire in half.

Its upper torso lands with a splash of intestines, and the beast drags itself towards him streaking a trail of gore.

Brian rushes up and stomps the creatures head in.

Another mutant vampire jumps atop an aisle divider.

A third smashes through the window of the dairy section.

Brian shoots it, streaking blackened blood across the glass.

5 more ghouls spill out from the dairy section as our protagonist runs for the broken shop window.

EXT. GROCERY STORE - MAGIC HOUR

Moments from sundown as Brian runs outside into the dying sunlight - the chasing vamps writhe in agony.

Brian blasts apart all 5 of them, and the sun drops just as their hellish remains splatter on the pavement.

EXT. GROCERY STORE - NIGHT

The growling of zombified bloodsuckers erupts O.S.

Brian runs back through the broken window into the store.

INT. GROCERY STORE - NIGHT

He runs to the walk-in cooler and locks himself inside.

INT. WALK-IN COOLER - NIGHT

It is pitch black inside as dozens of O.S. vampires beat on the door, tearing at it viciously.

Brian clicks on his headlamp and checks his watch - 8:22 pm.

In spooky illumination Brian trembles as the vampires outside get louder and their numbers O.S. continue to grow.

The batteries on the headlamp die - pitch black darkness as untold scores of demonic creatures gnash their teeth against metal and fight one another in primal dominance.

EXT. GROCERY STORE - DAWN

Birds chirp with the rising sun.

INT. GROCERY STORE - DAWN

The cooler door is scratched and dented. Brian attempts to open it but its lodged against something. With three hard shoulder butts he pushes it open.

The smoldering, bubbling remains of dozens of zombie vampires prevented him from exiting - all of which were killed by light from the broken shop window.

Our anti-hero steps through a muck of gore on his way out.

EXT. STREET - MOVING - DAY

Brian is riding his motorcycle - he runs out of gas and veers to the side of the road.

Brian siphons gasoline from an abandoned car.

A LITTLE GIRL VAMPIRE leaps through the window of a suburban home - it charges at him mindlessly, bursting into flames.

The demonic child rapidly deteriorates as it continues running, then collapses in a pile. The skull dislocates from its body, rolling to Brian's foot.

A loud O.S. WHISTLE grabs Brian's attention.

EXT. NICK'S PORCH - DAY

NICK, a 27 yer old black man, is on his front porch and pointing an AK-47 at Brian.

NICK

Howdy. Don't fuckin' move.

BRIAN

Hey man... just passing through.

NICK

Yeah, I know - I know, I know, I know, I know... I just enjoy fuckin' with people

Nick lowers the gun.

NICK

What's your name?

BRIAN

Brian. My name is Brian.

NICK

Well Brian, I'm Nick. Why don't you get your ass over here and let's have a beer?

Brian gives a blank, exhausted stare.

BRIAN

You got some way I could clean up?

Nick laughs.

NICK

Yeah man, you up in The Ritz.

INT. NICK'S BATHROOM - DAY

A pot of bubbling water sits atop a tiny portable heater with a small screw on propane tank.

NICK

Rainwater is a god send these days.

Nick pours the hot water into a plugged sink and drops a rag into it. He picks the soaking rag up and hands it to Brian.

NICK

Here, to loosen your whiskers.

Brian puts the rag over his choppy scissor-cut ex-beard.

NICK

And when you ready, just soak that other rag in this water and you got yourself one mean sponge bath.

Brian chuckles.

BRIAN

Thanks man.

NICK

No worries.

He hands Brian a shaving razor and aerosol shaving cream.

EXT. NICK'S PORCH - DAY

Nick sits on a front porch chair drinking a beer.

Brian walks out the front door with a towel around his neck - a clean, sharply shaven handsome devil.

He looks to Nick and smiles.

NICK

Damn boy - back from the dead?

BRIAN

Really, thanks. I needed that.

Nick motions for him to sit in the chair beside him.

Brian sits down and Nick hands him a beer.

NICK

So man, I ain't had much company in awhile. Back when, I never would invite people in. Things have... inspired me to change my ways.

Brian nods

BRIAN

That's a quaint way to put it.

NICK

I've had a lot of time to think here, and it's only cause I got lucky. The old man that lived here, Old John - he was paranoid as shit. I knew him from work. Dude was armed to the teeth, always showing off his guns. Fuckin' 'Nam vet, you know, always ranting about FEMA CAMPS, about rich people with doomsday bunkers, that sort of shit. You'd think he would be happy down in that cellar, with the whole world gone crazy.

BRIAN

Was this the first place you went? This an entire time, I've been going house to house. At some point I just... fell off. I hunkered down in this attic - must've been weeks. Do you, do you know--

NICK

I stopped counting days awhile ago. Summer is at its peak though, that's for damn sure. It's gotta be late July, maybe early August.

BRIAN

Seems about right.

NICK

I'll never forget April 13th. Whoever makes it out this, that date will be infamous.

BRIAN

Yeah, yeah... Imagine the memorial.

NICK

Other people, they'd say I was jumpin' the gun, but I think its ok to think about this, you know? What's the point if we ain't got no hope? But yeah, this place - when I got here, it was getting dark. I had to break in. I was so paranoid I was gonna take a bullet from Old John but when I found him downstairs, he'd just shriveled up. Guy was jello - I couldn't get him to speak.

BRIAN

Damn.

NICK

Old John, he just got up and wandered off like he was in a trance. I saw him go off down the street. I kept yelling at him, but he just kept goin'.

BRIAN

That's fucked.

NICK

Yeah, well... You're like me - you actually wanna live a little. You a young man n' still got shit to do.

BRIAN

You aren't going to try to make it anywhere else?

NICK

Shit, what's the point? I'm tight as it is, and it's best to wait this thing out. I mean, they're dead right? They gotta rot, right? It can't take longer then a few more months, right? You just got to wait 'em out. They all instinct, like rabid dogs.

BRIAN

Like locusts, they just...

NICK

Consume until ain't nothin' left.
So fuck it, I stay put - keep my
head out the shit. Besides, who
knows whats really going on out
there. And you best believe there
some fucked up cannibals out there.

Brian laughs.

NICK

Really man! How long before the
food runs out, before them grocery
shelves picked clean? N' how many
of those things are out there? 4
billion, 5 billion?

BRIAN

What about DC? There has to be
something left of the government.

NICK

Yeah probably a bunch of terrified
old white guys hiding in a bunker.

BRIAN

Damn straight! Lowest polls in
history and food stamp riots. I
know it shouldn't matter now, but
it still pisses me off. Just every
time I think about President
Mitchell--

NICK

The fucking worst ever--

BRIAN

WORST! The absolute shittiest
president ever.

NICK

(laughs)

President Mitchell. You know you suck fucking ass if even way on in the apocalypse people still be talkin' bout' how you were a thieving ass Ebenezer Scrooge.

BRIAN

You know you suck when you make Bush look good by comparison.

NICK

(laughing)

Oooh that's cold!

BRIAN

For real man! Emergency federal powers to take dictator-like control of ALL the food stamp programs in the country and cut them to \$40 a month!?! Straight across the board - make less then \$500 a month, here, \$40 bucks. You make one dime over, they take it away completely. They catch you scamming, they put you in prison!

NICK

(laughing)

Serious bullshit!

BRIAN

Serious! You get elected president and the first speech you make is that "Dead Weight" speech?

NICK

I know, I know! Man, when America pulls it shit together, you should run for office.

BRIAN

Hell no - no chance in hell... But, um, yeah - what up with the

(MORE)

BRIAN (cont'd)
military? You think there's a
central command left? Maybe The
Rockies, or Camp David, or Alaska.
Maybe there's a huge line of tanks
going city to city...

NICK
I bet they're in a bunker and
they're gonna start taxing each
other 'cause they don't know what
else to do with their lives.

BRIAN
(laughs)
Ok. You win.

A cathartic silence is shared, then Nick grows serious.

NICK
You ever thought... I mean what
should we call them? They're
vampires right? Like mutant
parasites, or...

BRIAN
Zombies, zombie vampires. Zompires,
I guess. But... That sounds so
fucking stupid...

NICK
Yeah, I know. It's fucked that we
are even having this conversation,
trying to find a name for those
things out there.

BRIAN
I always liked that one best.

NICK
What?

BRIAN
'Things.' Those 'Things' out there.
It's so...

NICK

Yeah, perfect.

BRIAN

Fucking ominous. It's...

NICK

They defy classification man,
really. I've thought about that -
really, every day, I'm
contemplatin' this shit.

BRIAN

You know, a lot of people are
probably thinking The Devil. Like,
literally, Satan - and they think
Satan is controlling those things.
That's probably heavy on religious
minds. I can't imagine The Bible
Belt right now.

NICK

Probably looking like Salem, when
them pilgrims burned those girls
alive sayin' they were witches for
trippin' off moldy bread.

BRIAN

Yeah! Or what about some weird
doomsday version of the Spanish
Inquisition? You think we got
fanatics burning people at the
stake to exorcise devils out them?

NICK

Them Bible Belt folk - man you know
they'd all go to churches to pray
in huge numbers thinkin' it was
revelations. They'd be sitting
ducks, all of 'em.

Nick catches what he was saying and grows cold.

NICK (CONT'D)

You know, I believe in God - on my own terms, at least. But if they say this is Revelations, I don't buy it, because it wouldn't make no sense for The Devil to go about conquering the Earth like this. I mean, Satan wants people to worship him so he'd become more powerful than God right? So to upstage the balance of the universe and overthrow the throne? What usefulness would turning the world into ah, ah, whatever the fuck this is... My point is this - without humans, Satan loses all his power, because no one would be left to worship him.

BRIAN

Good point.

NICK

It's a self defeating plan - give The Devil a lil' more credit. The Four Horseman wouldn't be some dragged out, sloppy mess like this. No man, this has government written all over it - some bio-germ weapon in a lab. An asshole with a PHD did this, not The Devil.

INT. NICK'S HOUSE - DAY

Nick and Brian sit at the kitchen table with an assortment of handguns. Nick is teaching Brian how to clean weapons.

Brian breaks the silence:

BRIAN

I'm going on vacation.

NICK

(laughing)

Is that right? Vacation? Right now?

BRIAN

I'd rather die on the road than
hide in a hole... I want The
Pacific.

NICK

For real? That's quite a haul.

BRIAN

For over a year now I've been
working the shittiest jobs trying
to save a buck. I finally raise
nearly two grand, and I get
arrested for a bench warrant. This
cop busts a u-turn, then says I
jaywalked. He ran my license, and
it came up that I owe 3 grand, and
they won't tell me what for. They
arrest me, take me to county, dump
me in for the entire weekend. Then
on Monday they say I had abandoned
a car and it got towed, impounded
and auctioned and I had to pay for
the tow truck, the abandonment, the
paperwork - and then they charged
an extra \$200 parking for the
auction lot! So the cops refuse to
let me out unless I pay half. I run
my debit and they nearly clear my
account. A week later I found out
the cops secretly charged me \$100
bucks a day to be locked up which
over drafted me, and by the time I
caught it I owed \$467 dollars.

NICK

Motherfuckers...

BRIAN

Turns out this car I sold to some
19 year old kid was never
registered in his name, and he just
dumped it on the side of the road
when the transmission died. You
know? Fuck me. All I wanted was to
(MORE)

BRIAN (cont'd)
kick it on the beach. Just drag it out as long as I could. I worked full time since I was as kid, and I bought their blue collar bullshit. So fuck that man, give me a tent and food stamps. Just let me chill on the beach with sand castles and Coronas. Not much to ask for, huh?

NICK
I wish I would've had the guts to drop it all like that, back when we still could. I say to myself it was wise to stay at the industrial plant because I had gaurunteed retirement pension, a 401k option, and a solid paycheck every two weeks. I said to myself what my father used to - 'that's life.' But I knew I was never really happy. I always thought about dropping it all like you were trying to do. But I probably never would've left. Now I realize this was wrong of me, and living through this situation has made me realize above all that life is short. I get it now, I do. And I'm determined to survive, because once these things rot away, I CAN leave. I CAN get out. It's a restart from zero, but it's coming.

BRIAN
I hear you, but I feel out of time.

NICK
Yeah, but how you gonna get there? Roads ought to be totally clogged. The motorcycle is a tight idea...

BRIAN
Anything less would never make it through the traffic jams... Man, I watched NYC live, right when it
(MORE)

BRIAN (cont'd)
first - that was the first city,
you know? Cameras everywhere.

NICK
That was the first I heard too -
everyone watchin' live, then
emergency cut-away broadcasts.
Whole world was watching.

BRIAN
The first time zone was somewhere
off shore between Europe and
America. I caught some crazy news
on Facebook before the net went
down...

They both look to each other, and realize the absurdity of
their conversation.

BRIAN
Anyway... I'm staying in the styx.
I'm not going to deal with the shit
show of any big city. Less people
is always the best chance.

NICK
And the right chance is the one
that keeps you alive.

INT. NICK'S BASEMENT ARMORY - DAY

Nick unlocks the door to the well-secured basement - inside
are dozens of assault rifles and semi-automatics.

NICK
Not too shabby, huh?

EXT. SKYLINE - MAGIC HOUR

The sun sets with magnificent glow.

INT. NICK'S DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Nick and Brian gather the last of the supplies.

NICK

Sometimes I get carried away
dragging bullshit up here. I just
try to soak up the sun much as I
can. You know, that shu--

A particularly grotesque vampire bursts through the boarded window and lands directly on top of Nick.

NICK

AH GET IT OFF, GET IT--

The vampire chomps down on Nick's neck, ripping open his throat - total gore, spurting everywhere.

Nick's trigger finger spasms and fires the AK-47. The bullets fly through the room, narrowly missing Brian.

With his own AK-47 Brian riddles both the vampire and Nick with bullets then flees to the kitchen and slams the door.

INT. NICK'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Brian looks around frantic - the only other exit is the backyard door. He pivots towards it, and immediately Vamps beat on it. Trapped!

Brian whips around the kitchen trying to establish a plan, then sees the dishwasher. In a frenzy he guts the racks and cramps himself in, slamming it shut.

Once Brian is hidden, both doors collapse at once as mobs of vampires break through like flooding water.

INT. NICK'S KITCHEN - DAWN

The next morning, and the kitchen is wrecked.

The dishwasher rattles hard - Brian cannot open it. Three handgun blasts erupt from inside, and he kicks out.

He falls to the floor in pain from severe cramping and stares at the ceiling for a moment.

INT. NICK'S BASEMENT ARMORY - DAY

Brian quickly fills duffelbags full of guns and ammo.

EXT. MICHIGAN ROAD - MOVING - DAY

Brian rides his sportster, now strapped with gun bags. He passes a row of make-shift scorched crosses with blackened remains of crucified vampires once held down by barb wire.

EXT. MICHIGAN ROAD - DAY

Brian approaches the "Now Leaving Michigan" sign. He slows down, stops, then approaches it on foot. He smiles in self-satisfaction.

BRIAN

I'm out.

O.S. he hears the rumbling of choppers. From around the bend, FOUR NASTY BIKERS roar towards him in leather.

BRIAN

Ah, fuck me...

They park, and the ALPHA MALE approaches him.

ALPHA MALE BIKER

You call that a chopper city boy?

The other three Bikers laugh.

ALPHA MALE BIKER (CON'T)

Let me guess - you gonna say
'Please Sir, I don't want no
trouble. Please sir, just let me
go.' Hahaha.

Brian looks to his right and notices a small patch of wooded land alongside the minor highway.

ALPHA MALE BIKER (CON'T)

I bet you--

Brian darts towards the woods fast as he can.

The Bikers laugh, then their leader motions to act.

ALPHA MALE BIKER

Go get that fuckin' faggot.

The other three bikers chase after Brian, who has now disappeared in the trees.

Alpha Male removes the gun bags from the sportster, grabs a sledgehammer from his chopper, and smashes up Brian's bike.

ALPHA MALE BIKER
(Shouting)

Buy American you asshole!

EXT. WOODED AREA - DAY

Brian is hiding behind a tree while in the b.g. the bikers search for him with guns drawn. One has a sniper rifle.

Brian pulls a snubnose .38 from an ankle holster.

EXT. MICHIGAN ROAD - DAY

The Alpha Male unzips a bags and finds an array of guns.

EXT. WOODED AREA - DAY

BLAM - a Biker's head explodes with a gory splash.

The other bikers turn to the gunshot direction. Brian walks fast at them with arm outstretched, gun firing.

BLAM the biker with the rifle takes a bullet to the head.

The remaining biker shoots clumsily and misses.

Brian shoots him three times in the chest.

EXT. MICHIGAN ROAD - DAY

Alpha Male Biker is worried, listening in.

EXT. WOODED AREA - DAY

Through Brian's sniper scope he is right in the crosshairs.

Brian squeezes the trigger.

EXT. MICHIGAN ROAD - DAY

The bullet zooms at him, going straight through his skull and popping his head open with a red mist.

EXT. WOODED AREA - DAY

Brian lowers the rifle.

The thrice shot biker struggles upwards and attempts to run away feebly.

Brian aims and nearly shoots him in the back, but gives an expression of morality.

The wounded biker falls over, coughing up blood.

BIKER 2

You sunuvbitch... I can't believe you robbin me of this. This is fuckin' cheap. You gook ridin' pussy.

BRIAN

Fuck you, I'm on vacation.

The biker starts laughing, spitting blood.

BIKER 2

Yeh, n' where you gunna go? California? Surf some blue waves, college bitch?

BRIAN

God damn right you inbred sack of shit.

BIKER 2

(Laughing)

Good, good. That's where we was headed. See faggot, you trapped. When the shit hit the fan, the heads called for Ragnarok. Know what that is? It's the final war for the road city bitch...

The dying biker coughs up blood.

BIKER 2 (CON'T)

The Angels got too big for their britches claimin' all of California
(MORE)

BIKER 2 (CON'T) (cont'd)
 so many goddamn years. So before
 the lights went out, the heads of
 every club declared Ragnarok -- all
 out road war to see who runs Cali.
 We're all going there, every last
 one of us. It's biker jihad you
 motherfucker, you--

He convulses, then regains speech.

BIKER 2 (CON'T)
 I hope you like war you cream-pie
 twink, cause you gonna set the new
 worl' record of dumb asshole
 gettin' fucked by the eye of
 goddamn fuckin, hurricane.

The Biker gives a gurgling blood last laugh.

Brian releases the cocked hammer and lowers the gun.

BIKER
 Shoot me motherfucker. Come on
 bitch. Come on you fuckin' pussy.

Brian walks away, leaving the dying man there as he
 continues to shout.

BIKER 2
 The South has rised again
 motherfucker! The South has dun'
 rised again!

EXT. MICHIGAN ROAD - DAY

Brian slides his fingers across the shiny chrome finish of
 the Alpha Biker's chopper.

He kicks over the dead Biker's corpse in the road and pulls
 off his leather jacket.

Now wearing the jacket, Brian puts on leather fingerless
 found in its pockets.

Brian straps his gun bags and gear onto his new chopper.

From O.S. the dying biker shouts.

BIKER 2

Goddamnit you pussy we gonna finish
this shit now!

The biker stumbles towards Brian, bleeding everywhere.

BIKER 2 (CON'T)

Man up you god damn pussy!! I
deserve a man's end, not bleedin'
tah death like a half-blasted buck!

The biker steps on a patch of loose soil that looks as if it
were a freshly dug mound.

From beneath the soil a vampire bursts out and jumps on the
bikers back, sinking its fangs in.

As it holds on like a leech, the sun lights the vamp up like
a fireball. Both die instantly and fall to smoldering,
charcoal-like remains.

Brian gives a mortified, wide eyed expression realizing
there are dozens of these vampire mounds surrounding him.

INT. EARTH

One of the parasitic beasts sleeps beneath the soil,
burrowed like a grub to avoid the daylight.

EXT. MICHIGAN ROAD - DAY

BRIAN looks over the loosened soil mounds.

BRIAN (V.O.)

I never killed anyone in my life,
and always wondered what if? But I
never thought vampire landmines
would be part of that equation.

EXT. GRASS - DAY

One of the soil mounds is being hit by rocks.

Brian is crouched close by, trying to awaken the vamp.

The rocks have no effect, so he aims them at another mound.
Still no effect.

Brian tries the third and with one rock a vamp explodes from the earth screaming on fire, exploding like a roman candle.

EXT. MICHIGAN ROAD - DAY

Brian pulls a stick of dynamite out from his bag.

EXT. GRASS - DAY

The lit dynamite is thrown in the middle of the mounds.

It explodes and all the vampires burst from their grub-like burrowing, all like roman candles of erupting gore.

As the smoke clear, only four mounds didn't react.

Brian gives a puzzled look.

EXT. MICHIGAN ROAD - DAY

Brian digs in a chopper's side bag and finds lighter fluid.

He walks up to the "Now Leaving Michigan" sign and squirts the flammable liquid all over it.

Brian kick-starts Alpha's chopper and with a mighty ROAR zooms off as the sign burns away in the b.g.

EXT. CORNFIELD - DAY

Brian sits in a corn field near a farm house, trying to open canned food with a half-broken opener. It breaks apart in his hand, and he throws it's remnants into the field.

Like a ghostly mirage, a PRETTY YOUNG WOMAN approaches him.

She smiles, cries, laughs - every dynamic in one frantic whirlwind then collapses in Brians' arms - laughing, sobbing, vice versa.

Brian mumbles something inaudible into her ear.

INT. FARM HOUSE - DAY

Brian and pretty young woman eat at the dinner table in silence.

She looks up and smiles playfully at him.

INT. FARM HOUSE - NIGHT

The pretty young woman is now a hideous vampire with her throat half torn out, fangs snapping at Brian.

He wrestles with her then flips her onto an overturned table. The table leg snaps the vampire's spine, paralyzing her bottom half. Still, she reaches for him maddeningly.

Brian coldly looks downward, grabs an axe, raises it high...

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE POND - DAY

Brian is now seated at the dock of a pond. He sticks his hand in the water and gently runs it through the waves. A loosened rowboat floats aimless in the distance.

O.S. Brian hears the rip-chord start of a gasoline power generator - tunk, tunk, tunk.

He walks up a hill to get a better view.

EST. FARM - DAY

A FARMER, 57, stands outside a barn. Brian quietly approaches him with shotgun drawn, yet lowered.

The farmer continues shoving something into a grinder.

Brian squints his eyes, trying to determine what he's doing.

The farmer is jamming a human torso into a chipper shredder - the remains spit out like ground beef into trash bags.

The man senses someone behind him, and casually turns to face Brian. He casually looks at him, totally aloof.

Brian blasts the man through the chest with his shotgun, killing him instantly.

The female arm hanging out the chipper shredder rattles around caught in the gears.

INT. BARN - DAY

A muffled pounding is coming from inside a locked door.

Brian opens it and BIG MAN ALAN falls out. He has shards of a wooden chair hanging off him, as if he was tied up.

Brian cuts the ropes binding his hands.

Now free, the big man pulls the gag from his mouth and rushes up to the shotgun-blasted corpse on the ground.

In a rage, he kicks its skull in excessively.

BIG MAN ALAN

You motherfucker, you fucking motherfucker!

Big Man Alan stares at the destroyed remains for a moment.

BRIAN

Just what in the fuck happened here? What the fuck is this?

The big man is about to speak when they catch sight of a LITTLE GIRL in a white dress.

The little girl locks eyes with Big Man Alan, panics and runs away. He flares up with rage, about to explode.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - FLASHBACK - DAY

Big Man Alan is driving a truck with two female survivors.

They drive past the farm house and see the little girl in a white dress.

He pulls over the truck and waves at her father on the front porch - the chipper shredder farmer.

INT. FARM HOUSE - FLASHBACK - DAY

All of the survivors are seated at the dinner table. The father is busy preparing food O.S.

BIG MAN

Sir, I want to thank you again.

FATHER (O.S.)

It's ok, it's no problem. What was it you said your name was again? Alan?

BIG MAN

Yeah that's right, Alan.

FATHE (O.S.)

How is it looking out there, with food resources? Are all the grocery stores gutted? We've been good here, me an my girls. We've had access to plenty of our own stockpile. But things are running dry.

BIG MAN ALAN

Well sir, it's hit or miss. I've been on the road and laying low since the beginning. I've tried to stay where I knew it would be low key. I met both these girls--

FIRST FEMALE SURVIVOR

You know if your starving here, we don't quite feel right taking what little you have.

SECOND FEMALE SURVIVOR

Really, we still have lots of canned food left in the pickup.

FATHER (O.S.)

Nonsense, nonsense. What we have for you today friends is vegetable soup. It's not much, but let the lord bless it.

BIG MAN ALAN

Amen to that brother.

Father brings out a pot of vegetable soup.

FATHER

(smiling)

Bon appetite.

INT. FARM HOUSE - FLASHBACK - DUSK

All three survivors are passed out on the kitchen table, drooling and drugged. Big man Alan is the only one slightly conscious, fighting the drug.

The father walks up to the second female survivor and drags her out the front door.

EXT. FARM HOUSE - FLASHBACK - MOVING - DUSK

Father drags the survivor down the porch steps, through the dirt yard, past the barn, past a chicken coup, and finally to a storage shed that he unlocks with keys from his belt.

INT. STORAGE SHED - FLASHBACK - DUSK

Father drags her inside and locks the door behind them, sealing off all outside light.

INT. STORAGE SHED - FLASHBACK

Behind a metal door we hear a vampire beast jerking around in the chains which bind it.

The father opens the door and the vampire is his other little girl. The child-thing is chained to the wall, animalistically attempting to attack her father.

FATHER

Daddy's brought dinner.

The father tosses the drugged survivor to his undead daughter and she rips into her with ensuing gore.

EXT. FARM HOUSE - FLASHBACK - MOVING - DUSK

Father walks back to the house casually.

INT. FARM HOUSE - FLASHBACK - DUSK

The father approaches the table.

The girl is sitting indian style at the edge of the table, her dress covered in blood. She is remorselessly hacking off the head of the first female survivor with a hunting knife.

Big Man Alan is still slightly conscious, watching the little girl systematically dismember his friend. Big Man Alan gurgles some incoherent noises.

The murderous family look to each other.

LITTLE GIRL

And what about him?

FATHER

We need to keep him in tact. We ain't got no generators. Ain't no food coming, n ain't got no freezers... We'll just take him piece by piece.

LITTLE GIRL

Do we have to?

FATHER

No choice darlin'. We just have to take what the lord offers us.

Big Man Alan gurgles in drugged stupor.

EXT. FARM HOUSE - PRESENT - DAY

Back to the present. Brian has freed Big Man Alan, and in a homicidal rage he snaps and chases the insane cannibal girl.

BRIAN

Stop, stop!

He won't listen. Closer and closer he gets, within inches...

BIG MAN ALAN

I got you, you little bitch.

Big Man Alan's head explodes from a shotgun blast, and whats left of him tumbles over like a gory timber-fall.

Little girl stops and looks to Brian, whose gun barrel is smoking. She looks like she doesn't know what to do, then darts away from him.

Brian chases her through the dirt yard, past the barn, the chicken coup, and finally to a storage shed.

Before he reaches her she opens the door entrapping her vampire sister. As if the undead carnivore will somehow help her, she runs straight into its arms.

Brian arrives just in time to watch a gruesome sight in which we are spared. While gnashing fangs and abominable gore stays O.S., we stay tight on Brian's aghast reaction.

Visibly shaken, he lifts the shotgun and BLAM!

EXT. FARM - MOVING - DAY

A haunted Brian walks trance-like to his motorcycle.

With his back turned O.S. the dead father makes insane vampire noises and a flame bursts behind him.

Brian stops then turns around slowly, approaching his charred, bubbling remains.

Brian upwards to the sky, as if speaking to the universe.

BRIAN

You don't need to get bit, huh?
That true? I wasn't really sure
until now... Real fucking funny.

He grows excessively angry.

BRIAN

HAR DEE FUCKING HAR!!!

His shouted echo dims before he continues.

BRIAN

It had to be something like this,
didn't it? It had to be something -
some bullshit like this. Some
fucked up bullshit like this,
because it just had to, it just
fucking had to. Just fucking
because. Cause there was no other
way, cause there was never any way.

He breaks down and begins sobbing from the horror.

INT. CANDLE LIT ROOM - NIGHT

Brian stares at himself trance-like in a mirror, then gently touches the surface.

INT. FARM HOUSE - NIGHT

Brian is in a pitch black farmhouse under attack from vampires. He is sticking a sniper rifle out of the cracks of boarded windows, firing away at bloodsuckers.

Other survivors are O.S., shouting and shooting in the dark. One survivor screams O.S. as they are torn apart.

Brian shoots a vampire in the head.

SURVIVOR (O.S.)

More ammo, quick!

Brian shoots another vamp as a window crashes O.S. - from inside the farm house more frantic gunshots...

Brian blasts another vamp, then another...

Then realizes no weapons are firing because everyone's dead.

EXT. FARM HOUSE - NIGHT

The farm house is surrounded by 50 rabid ghouls.

INT. FARM HOUSE - NIGHT

One FARMHOUSE SURVIVOR shouts to Brian from upstairs:

FARMHOUSE SURVIVOR

Brian! Quick! Up here!

The farmhouse survivor drops a rope ladder from the attic hatch - a hole in the upper floor's ceiling.

Brian fires more shotgun blasts at dark figures then runs up the flight of stairs.

He reaches the ladder and climbs inside as three of the cannibal monsters are hop up, slashing at his heels.

INT. FARM HOUSE ATTIC - NIGHT

They push a small fridge on top of the attic hatch.

FARMHOUSE SURVIVOR

Karen? Did you see Karen?

Brian runs to a boarded window, peering through the cracks.

FARMHOUSE SURVIVOR

(crying)

Oh god baby, I'm sorry. I'm so
sorry...

EXT. FARM HOUSE - NIGHT

Vampires are swarming the farm house, tearing it up.

EXT. NEBRASKA ROAD - DAY

Brian roars through dead highway on his chopper and zooms by
a sign reading "240 Miles to Denver."

EXT. NEBRASKA ROAD - DAY

Brian is roaring his chopper, clears a turn and encounters a
group of survivors pulled to the side of the road.

They are trying to fix a truck which on a hitch carries some
kind of large metal box.

The group raise their weapons half hearted - a black man in
his 30's (MURRAY), two attractive 20 something females
(AUBURN and SANDRA), and a disheveled, bearded, slightly
crazy looking man in his 50's (JACK).

Brian parks.

BRIAN

How's it going?

AUBURN

Engine trouble. I think we're shit
out of luck.

Murray speaks up from under the front hood.

MURRAY

Unless you know how to fix a blown
piston with sticks and rocks.

BRIAN

Sorry man.

MURRAY

Yeah, well... Where you headed?

BRIAN

Trying to find cover. We don't have too long... What's that thing on the hitch?

SANDRA

We found it in a stock warehouse a week back. It was one of those panic rooms they'd sell to rich people. We just randomly wandered into their shipping house - there were stacks of them. We stayed a few nights...

MURRAY

Shit was like The Marriot...

SANDRA

But we wanted to get on with it.

AUBURN

We're making our way to California.

Brian lights up.

BRIAN

Is that so? Where exactly?

SANDRA

We got this idea we can make it to the coast, nab ourselves a decent ship and just sail out.

BRIAN

Yeah, but to where?

AUBURN

I caught an article on a news site right about the time New York fell apart, right before they killed the internet and all the satellites. People were taking escaping en mass to the Pacific.

SANDRA

All sorts of people, tons of them - anyone that could get out. There are millions of people living like pirates out there. The NAVY is probably running the show.

MURRAY

Shit's looking like WaterWorld out there bro.

AUBURN

We're going to find our place out there. There are islands untouched by this. There are settlements. The NAVY has got destroyers and submarines and you name it.

BRIAN

Well, to be honest, I am headed that way.

MURRAY

That so?

BRIAN

For real.

SANDRA

What's your plan?

BRIAN

I'm going on vacation.

MURRAY

(laughing)

What he say?

BRIAN

I said I'm going to soak up some sun. I'm going to do what I always wanted to do. I know it sounds crazy. Well, it is. I'm crazy. There, I said it... Fuck it all, you know?

AUBURN

We know.

MURRAY

God damn we know.

BRIAN

So you really been sleeping in that thing on the road? No problems?

SANDRA

You know, there are tons of people out there now that would've killed to have found that stock house. But the truth is we got so bored so fast.

AUBURN

Murray had the bright idea to just drag it along with us on wheels.

SANDRA

Really, it's worked. It's ventilated enough just from the holes will drilled in the side, and surprisingly quiet. Those things can't get in. It's like being in a tank, and that top hatch seals right up like a submarine.

Brian, to Jack:

BRIAN

It work as good as she say?

Jack just looks freaked out, and doesn't reply.

SANDRA

Never mind Jack. He's quiet with new people. We keep meeting them and they keep leaving us, you know. Auburn and I have been on our own since the beginning. We found Jack some time ago, and Murray, he's been through a few groups.

MURRAY

Don't get me started.

SANDRA

We picked him up about 300 miles south of here. We've had a good balance. You know, 10 days without an accident. We lost someone important you know, someone that was from the beginning and long, long before that.

BRIAN

I feel you.

SANDRA

It's just what happens.

AUBURN

Well look guys, we have to make a plan here. I vote we just lock ourselves in here. We're not that far from North Platte. We'll just pick up another truck there and come on back. It can't be more than 3 hours on foot. If we have to stay another night so be it.

SANDRA

It's getting hot out though Auburn.

MURRAY

Motherfuckin' humidity soup.

Murray turns to Brian.

MURRAY

That's the only bitch with that panic room on wheels - no electricity, no air conditioning. Just a sauna in a tin can.

SANDRA

So long as Murray keeps his shoes on we do just fine.

MURRAY

Ah kiss my ass.

INT. PANIC ROOM - SUNSET

Brian and the survivors climb inside the panic room and stretch out on blankets and sleeping bags.

Sandra seals the door like a submarine, and light comes as strips through the ventilation slits.

Sandra, Brian and Auburn lean against one wall as Murray and Jack lean against the wall opposite them.

Jack falls asleep easy as Auburn gets cozy next to Brian.

Murray pulls a large bowie knife and sets it next to him.

Sandra, to Murray:

SANDRA

Do you always gotta sleep with that thing next to you, just pulled out of it's sheath like that? What if you toss and turn in the middle of the night and cut a neck jugular or something.

MURRAY

Man, shut your trap. This here is Mr. Bowie, my best friend. This lil' bad boy has got me out more then I want to say in the past 3 months. This blade and me, we're connected. 3 times now, I the drop on 'em. 3 times they almost got me when I was under.

SANDRA

He's proud.

MURRAY

Damn right I am. Not many out there can say that right now.

Sandra waves her pump shotgun.

SANDRA

I sleep next to Mr. Remmington.
Your Mr. Bowie is way more
homoerotic than that other Bowie's
spandex crotch in The Labyrinth.

Brian laughs aloud, and snuggles closer to Auburn.

INT. PANIC ROOM - NIGHT

Brian wakes to someone moving around. He sticks his head up
to glimpse and dazed and confused Murray.

Murray is ghostly white and hunched over Jack, his bowie
knife covered in blood. In accidental reflex, Murray has
killed Jack during a nightmare.

MURRAY

I... I dreamed he was one of them.

Auburn breaks from slumber and panics - instinctively
shooting three shotgun blasts at Murray.

One hits Murray in the chest, killing him.

The other blasts puncture the wall of the panic room.

EXT. PANIC ROOM - NIGHT

Vampiric mutants approach from multiple directions.

INT. PANIC ROOM - NIGHT

One vamp gnashes its fangs on the hole, bending the steel.

AUBRY

We have to pick them off!

Auburn rushes up and sticks the shotgun barrel out a blasted
hole puncture. She fires at a vamp, blasting its face.

The reanimated Vampire Jack lunges up and bites into Auburn,
ripping her neck open. Carnage sprays all over Brian.

Sandra shoots Vampire Jack in the face.

Brian shoots the nearly dead Auburn in the head.

Vampire Murray quickly comes undead and pounces for Sandra.

He bites into Sandra's face with a brutal crunch of bone.

Brian blasts the undead Murray through the side with a shotgun, spraying even more carnage.

The upper torso of Vampire Murray is severed from his lower half, but still he gnaws through Sandra's face.

Brian pulls out a pistol and shoots both Vampire Murray and Sandra in the head.

Covered in blood, Brian realizes the sound of vampires O.S. is growing louder.

Zombie Vampires shake the sides of the hitch violently, tumbling Brian around the claustrophobic box that's dripping with entrails and splatter.

EXT. PANIC ROOM - NIGHT

The panic room sits atop the hitch as dozens of vampires scratch and tear at it.

EXT. PANIC ROOM - DAWN

The panic room hatch swings open and Brian crawls out triumphantly, covered in splatter.

He falls off the hitch clumsily, then rushes up partially stumbling to the water tank on the back of the truck

Brian rips off his clothes and opens the valve, frantically scrubbing the wretched crimson from his skin.

EXT. ROAD - MOVING - DAY

Brian is now zooming down the highway with ROSA,23, an attractive woman on the back of his motorcycle.

Brian and Rosa pull up to the remains of a checkpoint with barb wire coils and fencing.

They head into the area, looking for items to salvage.

ROSA

You know, my sister always used to
say ammunition before nutrition.

Brian wanders up to the remains of a decomposing soldier and
digs through its pockets. He notices something black and
shiny on the ground.

BRIAN

Hey Rosa, what was that you were
saying earlier?

ROSA

What, about that trip to Toronto
when I was 14?

BRIAN

No, no - the music, the music.

Brian discovers an MP3 player with headphones.

ROSA

(shouts from afar)

I said I'd kill a motherfucker to
hear some Iron Maiden right about
now.

Brian turns it on.

BRIAN

I don't know about Maiden but I
think we got a score. Check it out,
MP3 player with headphones and
everything. It's still got half the
battery.

With his back turned, Brian fiddles with the MP3 player.

Rosa, smiling, walks up behind Brian.

After several steps, Rosa steps on a landmine. KABOOM! Rosa
explodes like a fountain of gore, chunks flying everywhere.

Brian stops messing around with the MP3 player. He slowly
turns around and gazes blankly at the smoldering remains.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

Brian's chopper is draped with a tarp and hidden behind a wrecked car on the side of a road surrounded by woodland.

EXT. WOODS - DAY

Brian is sitting on a log, looking haunted in the middle of the woods with a zipped gun bag beside him.

A loud SNAP comes from a twig stepped on O.S. and JAKE appears - drugged out, with bad skin. He is dreamlike in his calmness and spaced out in his speech.

JAKE

Hey bud. You, uh... Need a hand?

Brian is so drained he sounds just as spaced as Jake.

JAKE (CON'T)

It's cool man, I'm not gonna rob
you or some shit. You can come up,
you can get some sleep man.

Brian lets out an exhausted exhale.

BRIAN

Wherever you got to go... just take
me there. Please. I just need...
Just need to sleep.

Jake smiles with missing and yellow teeth.

JAKE

No worries bro. Really man, it's
cool. I got no reason to fuck with
you. Could use the company.

Jake extends a clammy hand and lifts Brian to his feet.

EXT. WOODS - MOVING - DAY

Brian and Jake walk through a secluded woodland path.

JAKE

You been the first I had up here
since Burt went down.

Jake's trailer looms up the incline of a forest hill. There are generators spread around his trailer.

JAKE

It's been... Over three months right? I haven't had more then a few-a them things strolling across my property. I done spray painted my windows black, n' that helped. It's quiet, no hassle, no drama... Say, where you from?

BRIAN

Detroit, I'm from Detroit.

JAKE

Shit man, now I get it. You gotta calm down or you're gonna give yourself a heart attack.

INT. JAKES TRAILER - DAY

JAKE

Sit down, sit down.

Brian plops on the couch with his head hung low as Jake walks O.S. into another room.

JAKE (O.S.)

Bro you have no idea how bored I've been. I started challenging myself to Scrabble. Then I got lost absurd phrases and words. I started, like, studying the dictionary. Just so I could string together weirder shit. You know what an Acrotopheliac is?

Jake re-enters the room and grabs one of many marijuana pipes from the table.

He slips the pipe into the apathetic Brian's palm.

JAKE

That'll help you fall asleep bro. Anyway, an acrotopheliac - it's someone that's sexually attracted to the stumps of an amputee.

Brian promptly lights the bowl without taking his eyes off Jake. He takes a deep inhale then begins coughing.

JAKE

Like to the point where they are a nymphomaniac. Like they are stumfuck frenzied. You ever heard of a gandermoonner?

Brian looks strange - somethings not right.

JAKE

It's a man that goes apeshit under the full moon when his wife is in her third trimester and has to fuck every possible woman he can get his hands on like a sex crazed chimp. He just cannot help himself, it's a neurological condition created by some chemical imbalance when his seed is developed in his wife. It's like weird sex ant antennae psychic shit. So, I'm like, Acrotopheliac Gandermoonner. Holy shit. Now that's a sentence.

Through blurry vision Brian notices the cracked open door from where Jake came from. On the desktop are beakers and instruments used to create crystal meth.

JAKE (O.S.)

Oh wait, did you... Oh fuck, wrong bowl.

Brian looks at the pipe in his hand - meth crystals half burnt and sprinkled on the weed.

Jake approaches him worried.

JAKE (O.S.)

Shit... That was my midnight snack.

Realizing that he is about to be spun out on crystal meth in the Zompire Apocalypse, Brian's pupil expands as violent dissonant music plays loudly on the soundtrack.

BRIAN

You motherfucker!!!

Brian attacks Jake like a feral beast, relentlessly punching him in the face.

He pounds away like no other scene ever filmed. Strike after strike, we alternate between his cold blooded anger and the increasingly mashed up face of Jake.

Jake is a pulverized mush by the time Brian stumbles off of him with blood dripping off his knuckles.

TIME CUT:

EXT. JAKES TRAILER - NIGHT

Outside the trailer, three vampires roam around.

INT. JAKES TRAILER - NIGHT

Brian has regressed back into his womb of terror from the Detroit attic. Using black shoe polish, he has smudged huge black crucifixes all over the walls.

Suddenly the three vampires outside of the trailer feverishly tear at the door.

It bursts halfway open and the first vampire climbs through the upper half of the twisted steel frame.

Brian charges up and punches the creature so hard that it cracks the skull, killing the freakish beast.

Brian turns and faces the next vampire which is snapping at him outside the half broken door. Brian punches it so hard that it collapses the front half of it's skull.

The next vampire takes the place of the other, again trying to make it through the door.

Brian grabs a large metal pipe from O.S. and runs at the vampire - vaulting it right through its rotting chest.

EXT. JAKES TRAILER - NIGHT

Brian kicks open the tattered remains of the door and stomps up to the vamp with the lead pipe through its chest. It's

almost as if it were retreating and in fear of him.

He rips the pipe out the monsters back. The vamp falls to the ground and he quickly smashes its skull.

EXT. JAKES TRAILER - DAWN

The next morning and our protagonist emerges from the trailer half-crazed, carrying his gun bag.

EXT. ROAD - DAWN

He finds his motorcycle intact and undisturbed.

EXT. WOODS - DAY

He walks down to sit exactly where Jake had found him.

A loud SNAP comes from a twig stepped on O.S. and Brian flips around with pistol drawn - a scared OLD MAN with a hiking pack stands there feebly.

OLD MAN

It's ok son, I'm not going to hurt you.

Brian looks at him funny, then rubs his eyes.

BRIAN

Are you fuckin' for real?

OLD MAN

Yes, it's me. Look son, um, I know a lot of people weren't very happy with a lot of things, but--

BRIAN

(dumbfounded)

Fuckin' for real for real. You're President Mitchell?

OLD MAN

Yes, Milton Mitchell...

EXT. WOODS - MOVING - DAY

President Mitchell follows Brian back up the trail to the motorcycle.

Brian keeps walking forward as if in a trance, not answering any of his questions.

PRESIDENT MITCHELL

So this car you have, it has plenty of food right? I'm so hungry, you have no idea. I'm starving. I got cut off from everyone three days ago... My detail - they just left me out here. Secret Service, my bodyguards, all gone. I woke up, and they were gone. No food, no nothing. They left a note for me... It said "no dead weight." I've been wandering out here for days... You know, I realize I made a lot of people angry with my policies. But I believe in conservatism. I mean, this all belongs to the past now. But you had to stick to your budget. We can't just give handouts across the board. Young people, they hated me. But when the young grow wise, they understand. They'll get I was trying to do the right thing. They will agree with me in the end... Hey son, where is it that you're headed? Where do you push on to next?

EXT. ROAD - DAY

President Mitchell and Brian emerge from the woodland trail.

President Mitchell looks at the abandoned car next to the motorcycle and thinks that's Brian's vehicle.

PRESIDENT MITCHELL

Wow son! Looks like you really have it together. Do you have the key for the trunk? Wait, hold on, there's a lever to open it in the front--

President Mitchell opens the car door then turns his head as Brian kickstarts the chopper.

VROOOM! Brian quickly drives off, leaving the powerless President on the side of the road.

President Mitchell chases him in the b.g. pathetically but soon vanishes with the scenery as if he never existed.

EXT. INDUSTRIAL REFINERY - DAY

Brian is in a rusting industrial refinery, hunted by a SNIPER. He hides behind machinery with revolver drawn.

KA-POW - a bullet sparks the metal near Brians' head.

He scrambles down a corridor of machines, then ducks behind scrap metal clicking open the revolver - three shots left.

BLAM - another bullet from the sniper hits the scrap heap.

Brian repositions himself, and the sniper fires again.

Our protagonist notices a broken piece of glass reflecting the sniper's position on the second floor.

Brian jumps out from the side of the scrap heap, blasting two desperate shots that luckily hit his chest.

As the sniper stumbles, Brian blasts him once more.

The sniper falls over the railing and splats to the ground.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

Roaring down a country highway Brian spots a LONE MAN sitting near the shoulder of the road and pulls over.

LONE MAN

So you're here to bear witness?

BRIAN

I, uh, I don't know about all that man. Can I... Can I help you with something? You need some water, or, uh...

LONE MAN

We were at the zoo, since the very start. I was the custodian, and
(MORE)

LONE MAN (cont'd)

Betsy was one of the vets. She was an assistant, you know. She still wasn't too high class for me - one full year before I worked up the nerve to ask her out. And she says yes. One hour later, all this starts... We were holed up in the administration building. Neither of us wanted to go anywhere. Everyone ran and someone had to take care of the animals. Since the start, me 'n her just taking care of 'em. I was so happy, for the first time in my life. And so was she. We figured we didn't have long, so I asked her to marry me.

The Lone Man pulls a handgun

LONE MAN (CON'T)

Then last night, when we were locked up tight, it just happened. I don't know how, or why, because they were locked up good. But the gorillas, the chimps - they turned. They broke in through the doors - hordes of undead monkeys. I watched vampire fucking gorillas rip apart my fucking wife - they tore her god damn legs and arms from their sockets.

Lone Man wells up with tears.

LONE MAN (CON'T)

And I couldn't help... Whatever this virus is, it proved Darwin right. By God he was right... Imagine the Congo right now, the Amazon, or... ah... Fuck it.

The Lone Man shoots himself in the head and thumps over spilling gray matter like pink oatmeal onto the earth.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

Brian is in a basement peering out a boarded window that is ground level.

EXT. BACKYARD - NIGHT

The moon eerily lights a vampire Brian is observing - it sits with its back against the trunk of a tree. The creature picks apart it's own face, and eating chunk by chunk.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

Brian is on the side of the road, pissing into a ditch.

He hears the ROAR of engines O.S. and a gnarly group of FIVE BIKERS head his way.

Brian nonchalantly walks back to his chopper.

The Bikers pull up and park.

MAIN BIKER
(antagonistic)
You call that a bike?

Brian pulls the AK-47 and guns down the entire lot of them.

He calmly and apathetically drives off.

INT. ROOM WITH CONCRETE WALLS - NIGHT

Brian is aggressively doing push-ups on the floor as O.S. vamps shuffle around the building. The louder they get, the louder Brians' grunting. Close on his intense eyes.

EXT. PACIFIC OCEAN - DAY

Waves crash onto a picturesque California shoreline.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. PIZZA SHOP PARKING LOT - FLASHBACK - DAY

Brian, clean shaven and youthful, pulls his car into the parking lot of his work - a small pizza shop.

INT. PIZZA SHOP - FLASHBACK - DAY

Brian walks into the pizza shop cheerfully.

His boss TONY, 42, is flattening dough.

TONY

Hey Brian, how's it going?

BRIAN

Sup' Tony.

TONY

So you hit up that Tina broad or what, huh? You got me closin' up for you on a Saturday night, you best've got a blow job.

BRIAN

Ah man, you know I can't divulge those sort of details.

TONY

Bull fucking shit kid - the chick has got the kind of teeth that could suck the chrome off a tractor. I want to know everything.

BRIAN

Ah fuck off you dirty old bastard,

TONY

Ha, ha, ha.

BRIAN

So what's it like getting the senior discount on Viagra?

Tony throws a wad of pizza dough at him jokingly.

Brian shrugs it off, and heads to the toilet.

BRIAN

Hold up man, I gotta drop a deuce.

INT. PIZZA SHOP TOILET - FLASHBACK - DAY

Brian shuts the restroom door, locks it, then pulls an iPod from his pocket.

TONY (O.S.)

You best not be fucking with that iPod in there.

BRIAN

Ah come on man, you know I can't get a wi-fi signal in here.

Brian connects to Facebook, and his pleasant reaction turns horribly fearful.

INT. PIZZA SHOP WALK-IN - FLASHBACK - NIGHT

Vampire Tony is trying to pull open the walk-in cooler door as Brian pulls back on the handle with all his strength.

Vampire Tony succeeds yet falls inside clumsily.

Brian stabs an ice pick through Vampire Tony's eye, killing his former employer.

INT. PIZZA SHOP - FLASHBACK - NIGHT

Brian emerges from the walk-in and notices the back door is open. O.S. the sounds of people running, screaming, shooting echo through the night.

Brian rushes up and slams it as a vampire hops up to its small window and peers it's zombified eyes inside.

The vamp thrashes around, alerting others.

The front window SHATTERS as beasts lunge in.

Brian runs back into the walk-in and locks it.

INT. PIZZA SHOP WALK-IN - FLASHBACK - NIGHT

Vampires claw at the door while Brian nervously paces around Vampire Tony's corpse as its blood which continues to spiral down the drain of the floor.

INT. RETIREMENT HOME HALLWAY - NIGHT

Back to present. Brian runs down a hall brandishing a shotgun past a sign reading "Cranbrook Retirement Home."

He turns a corner and runs into an elderly vampire woman. He fires the shotgun, blasting her in half.

Brian hops over her remains and continues running as a mob of elderly vampires race after him.

INT. RETIREMENT HOME SECOND HALLWAY - NIGHT

He drops the shotgun, pulls an uzi and fires - a dozen grandpa vamps spray gore across the wall

An old woman vampire in a pink robe and curlers attacks him from behind, biting his arm.

Brian pulls away in panic - dentures are stuck in his flesh.

He pulls a handgun and empties a clip into her rotted face.

EXT. MIDDLE SCHOOL - DAY

Brian sits on the bleachers of a middle school baseball diamond. In the field are remnants of burn pits for corpses.

INT. MIDDLE SCHOOL - DAY

Brian enters cautiously with pistol drawn, passing a sign reading 'Fort Morgan Middle School.'

INT. MIDDLE SCHOOL CAFETERIA - DAY

He seeks food, but the shelves are picked clean.

A movement clangs from inside the air-duct shaft.

He cautiously approaches the grate, kneels unto the carpet, and peers from a safe distance.

From inside the air-duct a slingshot rock whaps his head.

BRIAN

Fuck!

He paces around in pain then returns to the air-duct.

BRIAN

Alright, dammit. Fucking asshole...
Either you're a kid or a fucking
midget. So...

No answer. Brian digs in his backpack, pulls out a flashlight, then shines the flashlight into the darkness. DANNY, the 5 year old boy, is hiding inside.

BRIAN

Alright, alright, I get it... You
haven't had much of anyone come
through here. You're scared. I
would be too...

Brian listens for any reply, but none comes.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Look, I can help you. You might
have had it alright here, but
you're running out of food. That
much is obvious. Those things out
there, they might not have caught
on to you yet. But eventually they
are going to come in full force.
You're little slingshot there won't
hold up on a few hundred of them.
I'm amazed you've gone this long,
if you've been here the whole time.
So look, I'm going to get down very
slowly, and I'm going to stick my
head in the duct, and then we can
talk very calmly ok...

Brian sticks his head in the duct and gets hit with another slingshot rock.

BRIAN

God fucking damn it kid!

He pulls out and paces around, rubbing his hurt brow.

EXT. MIDDLE SCHOOL PARKING LOT - DAY

Brian digs through a bag attached to his motorcycle. He pulls out a metal casing opens it - tranquilizer darts.

INT. MIDDLE SCHOOL CAFETERIA - DAY

Brian gets on his knees and cautiously approaches the air duct.

He narrowly misses another sling-shot rock, then shoots the kid with a tranquilizer dart.

EXT. MIDDLE SCHOOL PARKING LOT - DAY

Brian fastens the sleeping boy to his motorcycle with a makeshift bungee-restrained child seat. Brian looks at the sleeping boy then revs the engine and zooms off.

EXT. COLORADO ROAD - MOVING - DAY

We hover above the two as they drive down a country road. Closer and closer into the face of the sleeping 5 year old as shadows of tree branches whiz by his dreaming face.

INT. DANNY'S MOTHER'S CAR - FLASHBACK - DAY

DANNY'S MOTHER, 37, pulls up and abruptly stops outside Fort Morgan Middle School. On the car radio we hear breaking news of the epidemic.

RADIO HOST (O.S.)

...and contrary to these
astonishing reports, the CDC has
stated...

Danny's Mother clicks off the radio and turns to Danny, the 5 year old boy Brian just saved.

DANNY'S MOTHER

Ok Danny, you remember what I told
you... Just stay here and I will
come back for you, no matter how
long it takes. I know this isn't
your usual school, but I promise
there will be lots of kids to play
with. There are people from all
over the city staying here and all
sorts of policemen that will make
sure you are safe. I will come
right back for you, got it? I just
(MORE)

DANNY'S MOTHER (cont'd)
 need to go to the house. I need to
 get some stuff... Come on Danny,
 say something, please. Please don't
 be mad. I just need to do this last
 thing...

DANNY
 Ok mommy.

DANNY'S MOM
 Just stay here and you will be
 safe. No matter what happens, you
 don't leave - no excuses, none at
 all. Ok? OK?? Alright, now come
 here.

Danny hugs her.

DANNY'S MOM
 I love you Danny, I love you so, so
 much.

INT. MIDDLE SCHOOL CLASSROOM - FLASHBACK - NIGHT

The lights have died and Danny hides beneath a school desk,
 covering his ears and trying to drown out the chaos. O.S.
 people are screaming, firing shots, being torn apart.

Danny looks towards a NATIONAL GUARD SOLDIER firing a
 machine gun through the broken window.

A SECOND SOLDIER runs up, firing through the window as well.

SECOND SOLDIER
 They just keep coming!

NATIONAL GUARD SOLDIER
 Keep firing! Keep firing!

Danny hops to his feet and runs out of the room.

INT. MIDDLE SCHOOL SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY - MOVING - NIGHT

Danny makes his way down the second story hallway as eerie
 dissonance roars on the soundtrack.

He rushes down a hallway illuminated by emergency lights and passes an open janitor's closet where a vamp is feasting on a fresh kill in the doorway.

Danny runs down the flight of stairs that's walls are covered in bloody hand prints.

A SCHOOL TEACHER stands at the base - he motions Danny towards the nearby gymnasium doors.

SCHOOL TEACHER

Quick, into the gym! Run, go!

The teacher is pounced on by a vampire, blood spurts hard.

Danny runs by the screaming man and the attacking creature and slips into the gym as they are about to seal the doors.

INT. MIDDLE SCHOOL GYM - NIGHT

About 100 are inside - school faculty, soldiers, police, children. The adults frantically board the windows of the gym, pushing desks and equipment in front of the exits.

Soldiers fire between openings as vampires tear at the boarded windows in increasing numbers.

Children scream and cower in huddles whereas Danny spots a large air-duct. It is half-covered with an iron gate - just enough room for him to squeeze inside.

The emergency lights die - terrorized people scream and shout.

Danny tries crawling in the air-duct but gets stuck.

One of the boarded windows smash and shadows jump in.

Soldiers and police fire their weapons in the dark, revealing flashes of the carnage.

Danny is still trying to wrestle his way into the air-duct as one vampire is moving close to him.

Danny succeeds - he crawls into the shaft.

INT. AIR-DUCT SHAFT - NIGHT

Danny clasps his hands over his mouth and sits in silent terror as he listens to the massacre in the gym O.S.

EXT. MIDDLE SCHOOL - FLASHBACK - DAWN

The school is ravaged by burn marks, shattered windows, etc.

INT. MIDDLE SCHOOL GYM - FLASHBACK - DAWN

Light pours through cracks in the boarded and broken windows.

Danny crawls out of the air-duct into the splatter filled gymnasium.

Danny hears some banging O.S. and scatters back into the air-duct to hide.

A small detachment of troops push their way through the rubble that was propped against the entrance.

TROOP

Alright guys, come on. Grab 'em n'
burn 'em! We have to keep moving
-only got 4 hours of light left! We
cannot fuck this up!

Hazmat soldiers enter and pile corpses onto wheelbarrows.

One hazmat soldier picks up a severed hand and looks at it funny with his head cocked to the side, then nonchalantly throws it on top a pile of corpses.

EXT. MIDDLE SCHOOL PLAYGROUND - FLASHBACK - DAY

In the middle of the playground hazmat soldiers burn piles of vampire and victim corpses.

INT. MIDDLE SCHOOL CAFETERIA - FLASHBACK - DAY

Days later, and Danny digs through any food he can find. Danny grabs a can of Spaghetti-o's off the floor and fumbles with a can opener the way a 5 year old would, showing his ineptitude for survival.

INT. MIDDLE SCHOOL HALLWAY - FLASHBACK - DAY

The child crawls into a different shaft. He completes a few twists and turns in its maze, then returns to his makeshift home - a nest full of supplies and a handgun with hundreds of hand-drawn black crosses painted on its walls.

EXT. MIDDLE SCHOOL - FLASHBACK - SUNDOWN

The sun retreats and night arrives.

EXT. MIDDLE SCHOOL PLAYGROUND - FLASHBACK - NIGHT

From the sewers echo the ominous noises of the undead.

INT. MIDDLE SCHOOL AIR DUCT - FLASHBACK - NIGHT

Danny closes his eyes, trying to drown out the sounds.

EXT. MIDDLE SCHOOL PLAYGROUND - FLASHBACK - NIGHT

Like fire ants erupting from a mound, dozens of Child Vampires crawl out from out of the sewers.

They instinctively enter the school in single file.

INT. MIDDLE SCHOOL CLASSROOM - FLASHBACK - NIGHT

Mindless zombies vaguely performing remembered tasks from their lives as one child vampire scratches it's fingers on a black board.

Another two sit on the floor pushing around toy trucks.

INT. MIDDLE SCHOOL HALLWAY - FLASHBACK - NIGHT

Two little girl vampires fight over a Barbie doll, ripping it in half from their strength.

INT. MIDDLE SCHOOL CAFETERIA - FLASHBACK - NIGHT

Vampire lunch ladies mull about the cafeteria.

INT. MIDDLE SCHOOL OFFICE - FLASHBACK - NIGHT

The Principal Vampire stumbles around his office stepping on permanent files...

INT. MIDDLE SCHOOL GYM - FLASHBACK - NIGHT

Vampire Gym Teacher stumbles around the basketball court, whistle still around his neck.

INT. MIDDLE SCHOOL - FLASHBACK - DAY

Weeks later and Danny is dirty, wild, ragged. He sits upstairs looking out a window to the street.

He hears someone enter the building, then runs to the nearest air-duct spot in the gym.

A man walks into the gym, a random SURVIVOR.

Danny makes a noise inside the shaft; the survivor hears it and investigates. He cautiously pokes his head inside and BLAM! Danny shoots him in the face.

The survivor drops dead and Danny's ear drums ring. Head throbbing, he comes out of the air duct.

DANNY

Mister?

Danny nudges the corpse with his foot.

DANNY (CONT'D)

Please Mister, get up. Please.

Danny gets more upset.

DANNY (CONT'D)

I'm sorry Mister, please get up.
Please.

Danny slumps on the ground beside him and begins to cry.

EST. MIDDLE SCHOOL - FLASHBACK - DUSK

Dannys' cries echo throughout the building.

INT. MIDDLE SCHOOL AIR-DUCT - FLASHBACK - NIGHT

Danny is in an air-duct, kicking at a child vamp clawing at him. It's halfway inside, caught by the grate.

An adult vampire forces his way into the situation, trying to climb inside as well. More vamps are heard entering the room O.S. attracted to the struggle.

Danny retreats down the air duct shaft.

The child vampire pushes its way through the vent and scrambles after Danny.

The adult vamp gets half-stuck and plugs the vent so no other beasts can get in.

Danny squeezes through one claustrophobic tunnel after another as the child vampire tracks him.

The child vamp encloses on Danny, snapping at his heels.

A large metal object stabs through its eyeball, skewering the brain and killing it. Danny is revealed with a ski pole.

INT. FORT MORGAN MIDDLE SCHOOL CLASSROOM - FLASHBACK - DAY

The child is rummaging through a desk when O.S. he hears the rumble of a motorcycle engine.

He runs to the window and peers outside to find Brian pulling up on his motorcycle.

Danny scrambles back to the ventilation duct in the gym and hears Brian enter O.S.

He looks at both the pistol and the slingshot. He reaches for the pistol...

BRIAN (O.S.)

Look, I can help you. You might
have had it alright here, but
you're running out of...

But he's chosen the slingshot - cocked and ready...

INT. BASEMENT ROOM - NIGHT

Back to the present. Another hidden location - no windows, concrete walls, one entrance.

Danny wakes up to a battery-powered fake campfire set with orange lighting.

BRIAN

Like it? Found it on the clearance rack. Figured it'd be a steal, but then I realized I wasn't paying for it anyway...

Danny watches blankly.

BRIAN

It's... the best I can do right now.

Brian lifts up a cut open can of cold Spaghetti-o's and offers some to Danny, though he doesn't budge.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Suit yourself... Sorry it's cold, but, you know, I really don't know what you know, if anything. I'm guessing you're probably smart enough to have a grip on the basics, especially if you got this far.

Brian shoves a spoonful in his mouth and swallows it.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

So look, sorry kid, but we can't light real fires - not at night, at least. They'll catch on. It's not because what you'd expect though. You think they'd be like bats or something, that they would have nocturnal abilities to see really clear at night, or pick up on the body heat of people, or have super strength or heightened smell or crazy monster abilities. Well, no, not at all. It took me a long time to figure out their patterns. They are nothing but instinct. They are pure rage, pure starving rage. But they aren't much stronger than they were as people. They are just fast, crazy, and lethal. They are all

(MORE)

BRIAN (CONT'D) (cont'd)
like lemmings going straight off a cliff... That works for us though. Because all we have to do to draw them off is light a big enough fire. When you just set a giant blaze, like an entire city block, they flock to it like pyromaniacs. They are just addicted to flame, but they never jump inside it. They don't burn themselves to death, they just sit there oogling at it like the prettiest thing...

Brian sets down the can and rubs his eyes.

BRIAN (CONT'D)
I'm making my way to California.

Danny reaches out with a "give me/give me" hand gesture, and Brian passes him the can.

BRIAN (CONT'D)
I wasn't really planning on this, and you may not understand this right now, but as an adult I couldn't just leave you there. I don't want to be in this position anymore than you do. The chances are pretty fair that eventually we're going to run into some people who can protect you, somewhere you can stay in relative safety... Do you have a name?

With pasta sauce on his lip, Danny stares blankly.

BRIAN (CONT'D)
Ok kid... That's what I'll call you - Kid... We're going to head west. Right now we have quite a ways to Colorado. Then we need to head through the mountains and through the desert. It's going to be dicey, but chances are those things'll be spread out... Do you understand?

Danny just keeps consuming Spaghetti-o's, not replying.

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Dozens of undead creatures claw away at the linoleum of the building they are hiding in.

One of the grunting, flesh starved vampires snaps the bone of a finger from the strength of its scratching.

INT. WORK SHED

Brian browses through tools inside a work shed and constructs a harness to secure Danny as he drives - something between an army issue backpack and a child car seat with holes for legs cut in the lower portion.

EXT. COLORADO ROAD - DAY

Brian sits on the motorcycle suited up for battle with Danny attached to his back.

The duo blaze off on the chopper with a savage roar, twisting and turning through the wreckage of a dead highway.

EXT. COLORADO FIELD - DAY

Brian sets cans filled with rocks on a fence for target practice then approaches Danny, handing him a pistol.

BRIAN
(squatting)

Ok kid... Soon enough we're going to be heading through the Rocky Mountains. I really have... no idea what to expect. And after all I've seen, I'm a little more fearful of the people that might be waiting then I am of those things. At least with them, we know what to expect. For the most part, at least... But I need you to at least have a grip on how to point and shoot, just in case, you know. We need to pop a few off here. You know... at any other time, this would be absurd,
(MORE)

BRIAN (cont'd)
bringing a child here like this.
Unless, maybe, you know, you were
from Mississippi or something...

Danny stares blankly.

BRIAN (CONT'D)
Fuck it... I just want you to be
able to point and shoot. Nothing
fancy. That ok, kid?

Danny nods. Brian sticks ear plugs in Danny's ears.

BRIAN
Alright kid, go ahead.

Danny nearly drops the gun because it's weight...

...but then Danny steadies himself, fires, and hits the
target dead center. Then 3 more targets, 5 more targets.

7 cans blasted in a row, and Brian is shellshocked. The gun
barrel continues blast away, over and over. The gaze of
Danny's eyes is that of hell unleashed.

INT. GUN SHOP - DAY

Close on the gun shop counter. Brian's hand emerges from
O.S. and sets down three small pistols, one after another.

Brian stands behind the counter and looks down at Danny.

BRIAN
Let's get you fixed up.

Brian fits Danny with equipment suited for him - smaller
pistols with holsters, tiny bullet belt, etc.

EXT. COLORADO HIGHWAY - DAY

Crows pick clean the rotting flesh of skeletal remains
beside the road. They scatter as Brian zooms by.

Brian and Danny zoom past a sign that reads "Welcome To
Lakewood, Colorado."

INT. LAKEWOOD LIQUOR STORE - DAY

Our protagonists collect bottles off a liquor store shelf and stack them in a wheelbarrow.

BRIAN

Ok kid, this is our last stop before the Rockies, the last big city. We're going to rest up good here before heading on in, just stick it out in the attic. But for now, we're going to burn down the rest of the city - every last building. Those things out there are addicted to watching fire, maybe the heat. Who knows. We'll draw every one of them we can out into the open, like a big herd of stupid. Just flush out the mountains, keep them migrating this way, whatever we can... Trust me kid, it works great.

EXT. LAKEWOOD STREET - DAY

Brian and Danny roll the wheelbarrow down the street, throwing petrol cocktails into every house along the way.

The fires moves like stormy waves, burning in slow motion.

EXT, BURNING CITY - DUSK

The sun sets and the vampires emerge. Untold numbers of them slither and lurch brainlessly to the flame, attracted like insects to fluorescent light. There are so many they are making strange moaning sounds, almost like mating calls.

INT. LIQUOR STORE ATTIC - NIGHT

They sit quietly in the attic, hearing the strange moans O.S. that are like a wave of sound.

Danny finally speaks, catching Brian off guard.

DANNY

They sound like whales. My teacher, she played a cd and had 'em on there. It gave me bad dreams. I was underwater, in an ocean, and everything was black. And I was floating, trying to swim up, but I wasn't strong enough, I was gonna drown. I just kept feeling them everywhere rubbing against my feet, and just that big scary sound of them real loud. My mommy, she came in and told me it was a dream. She made me hot chocolate... But it's ok, I'm not scared of them anymore. They're just big fish... Hey mister, after we go to the beach, let's go find my mommy. She's gotta be sad. I waited so long, but maybe she forgot where the school is. But it's ok. I know she'll have hot chocolate for me when I got home. It was my berfday when she dropped me off. She said we'd open presents when I got home. I hope she's not mad.

BRIAN

(holding back tears)

Yeah, it's ok kid, I'm sure she's not mad... We'll go find her later. We will. I promise.

DANNY

Ok Brian. I'm gonna go sleep now.

Danny lays down and drifts off easy.

Brian starts crying and clenches his eyes as the whale-like moan of mutant dead grows louder, louder.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

The pair drive off into the Rocky Mountains as a massive blaze brightens the receding landscape.

EXT. ROCKY MOUNTAIN HIGHWAY - DAY

Brian heads west on the I-70 with Danny in harness.

Only slightly into the Rockies, Brian approaches what looks to be an abandoned command center hastily built by the military. It is a haphazard labyrinth of trailers, Hum V's, sand bags, and roll-out barb wire.

EXT. ABANDONED COMMAND CENTER - DAY

Brian parks and turns to Danny.

BRIAN

Don't go far, and watch where you step. Do you know what a landmine is?

Danny nods.

BRIAN

(under his breath)

Thank fucking Christ.

Brian unfastens Danny and lowers him the the ground.

Loud speakers squeak, and a voice BOOMS.

LT. HANNOWAY (O.S.)

Sir, don't be afraid. We are here to help you. Please lower your weapons.

Brian distrusts what he hears.

LT. HANNOWAY (O.S.)

Apologies for startling you sir. We've found that it isn't quite safe to surprise other people in person. Please just lower your weapon and I will come out to you. As a member of the US Army, I'm sworn to protect you.

Brian turns to Danny for his opinion. Danny nods for him to let down his gun, and Brian casually drops his as well.

BRIAN

Alright! I did as you said! Come on out!

LT. HANNOWAY, 31, emerges from one of the trailers in Army fatigues. He is a handsome, smiling with a superhero jaw line. He wears a communications earpiece.

Hannoway approaches Brian and Danny with a wide grin, extending his hand for a handshake.

LT. HANNOWAY

Pleased to meet you sir. I'm Lt. Hannoway. Are any of you injured? Do you need medical assistance?

BRIAN

No, no - we're in good shape. We could use something to eat maybe. We're dead set on pushing as far West as we can today. We might be able to bypass the worst of the mountains and make it to Grand Junction before nightfall.

LT. HANNOWAY

Ok sir. That is fine. But please, just wait a second. I am under orders to protect anyone that comes through. But we'll be quick to clear you, get you fed on your way.

BRIAN

To be honest I'd rather--

LT. HANNOWAY

Sir, please.

BRIAN

Alright.

Lt. Hannoway reaches to his earpiece, presses down on a button, and speaks into a microphone.

LT. HANNOWAY

Staff Sargent Thompson? Lt.
Hannoway reporting. I have two
survivors outside - both male. One
child, one adult. Should I follow
normal protocol?

He pauses for response. Neither Danny or Brian can hear it.

LT. HANNOWAY

Yes sir. 10-4 - over and out.

Lt. Hannoway, to Brian:

LT. HANNOWAY

Follow me sir. We'll get you out of
here in no time.

INT. ABANDONED COMMAND CENTER TRAILER - DAY

Lt. Halloway, Danny and Brian enter one of the command
trailers. Halloway motions for them to sit in chairs, and
the two oblige.

The soldier receives another message on his earpiece and
cups his hand around it.

LT. HALLOWAY

10-4 sir... Is Doctor Benson
coming? ...Roger and out.

Lt. Halloway, to Brian:

LT. HALLOWAY

They will be here in just a second.

He looks to Brian and Danny for a moment, waiting.

Lt. Halloway acts as if a knock came on the trailer door. He
opens it then stands at attention with a salute to a
superior officer...

...but no one is there. Lt. Halloway is completely insane,
acting out his orders to the ghosts of his former staff.

Lt. Halloway, to thin air:

LT. HALLOWAY

Permission to speak freely sir?

Close on Danny and Brian, who are completely freaked out.

LT. HALLOWAY

I don't believe it is safe to let
them move forward.

Brian slowly reaches for a boot knife, loosens it...

LT. HALLOWAY

I think we should retain them with
the others.

Brian attacks but Holloway is too fast, too strong. He ducks the knife and puts a sleeper hold on him as Brian kicks and squirms to get free.

Danny runs out the trailer door.

Holloway pushes Brian to the ground with a sleeper hold.

LT. HALLOWAY

Sir, stop - please stop. We are
here to help you. I must follow my
orders. I have to keep you safe.

Brian goes unconscious. Holloway zip-tie handcuffs Brian, and then zip-ties his ankles together as well.

LT. HALLOWAY

(into earpiece)

The situation is under control sir.
Be advised to be ready in 05
minutes. And send someone after the
boy. He can't be far. If we fail
him, we fail every thing we're
trying to accomplish here.

He lifts Brian over his shoulder and exits the trailer.

EXT. ABANDONED COMMAND CENTER - DAY

The lunatic soldier carries Brian through the compound to another trailer with drawn blinds.

INT. ABANDONED COMMAND CENTER TRAILER - DAY

He carries Brian inside a trailer holding 5 other bound and gagged survivors - SIMON, TERRY, RUSS, REBECCA and MIKE.

Through his gag Simon muffles at Lt. Halloway:

SIMON

Vuuhk U.

Halloway sets Brian down and turns to Simon.

LT. HALLOWAY

Sir, how many times do I have to
tell you--

BLAM! Lt. Halloway takes a gunshot to the back of the head and drops over dead.

Danny stands behind his corpse with a smoking handgun.

EXT. ABANDONED COMMAND CENTER - LATE DAY

All survivors except Mike eat Halloway's food rations.

SIMON

I can't thank you two enough. You
have no idea how long we've been
waiting. That motherfucker, he kept
us gagged the whole time. This meal
here, this is the first
conversation any of us had had.

REBECCA

You know Simon, when I saw you
there, I kept looking at you and
trying to think what your back
story would be. You looked like a
cop, or a soldier, or a--

SIMON

Postman... Sorry to ruin your image
of me.

MIKE walks up with wet hair and a towel around his neck.

MIKE

You know he wasn't even from here.

SIMON

Come again?

MIKE

The soldier. He wasn't from here. I was, and this place was dead when I found it. I was here for three days doing just fine, and that asshole lieutenant drove up on a Hum V.

REBECCA

For real?

MIKE

No shit. He just started talking about how his patrol was coming through soon, all smiling, all bright. Said they were under strict orders to protect any and all civilians. Shit, I was so happy for a second there. I couldn't believe it - I was about to have my own private army of bodyguards? Then I turned my back to that motherfucker, and the next thing you know, I'm stuck in that fucking trailer. Two months without a shower, being fed rations by a spoon by a god damn lunatic. You folks, you're all lucky. You showed up in the past week. It's just been me and that asshole and his delusional fucking friends in the most insane god damn solitary confinement punishment you could ever think of. Three weeks in and all I could think was I'd rather be with the god damn vampires.

INT. ABANDONED COMMAND CENTER TRAILER - NIGHT

Brian, Simon, Danny, Rebecca and Mike are trapped inside one of the trailers under vampire attack.

REBECCA

Terry, where's Terry? Did anyone
see Russ?

SIMON

Just keep firing!

Brian, Danny and Simon continue blasting out the windows.

A vampire breaks it's hand through the trailer window and
clutches Mike by the shirt. The vamp tries pulling Mike out
the window, slamming his head against the wall repeatedly.

Rebecca grabs the back of Mike's shirt and tries to pull him
back - his face gets slammed again, breaking his nose.

More vampire arms come through the broken window, and with
their combined strength snap Mike's spine in reverse,
folding his body the wrong way out the window.

Their strength pulls Rebecca with it, leaving her halfway
hanging out the window. Brian grabs hold of her legs, but it
is no use - she is ripped apart by zombified vampires.

The trailer shakes as even more O.S. mutant vampires run up
and slam against it.

The trailer turns over from their combined force and crashes
on it's side - Brian, Simon, and Danny tumble with it.

The window Rebecca hangs from is now essentially the
ceiling. Her lower torso plummets down and her shredded
remains rain intestines and gore on the frantic survivors.

Simon brushes Rebecca's liver off the shotgun and begins
blasting away at the open window up top.

One vampire jumps into the trailer as Simon runs out of ammo
and tears its fangs into his face.

Brian shoots the vampire, then he and Danny smash their way
through another window and run for dear life.

EXT. ABANDONED COMMAND CENTER - NIGHT

With undead ghouls in hot pursuit, the running duo spot
another open trailer.

Close on Brian's determined face, Danny's wide-eyed panic...
Close on the open door... Close on the flesh eaters...

EXT. ROCKY MOUNTAIN MOUNTAIN HIGHWAY - DUSK

Brian and Danny roar through the mountain highway, and Brian sees in his side view mirror the gathering darkness.

Brian slows down and stops on the shoulder - atop the hill is a small cabin.

INT. CABIN - DUSK

Brian pushes open the door slowly, and enters with gun drawn.

WHAM a frying pan wails him in the face.

DISSOLVE TO BLACK:

Everything goes pitch black for 20 seconds - no soundtrack, no visuals. The sound of Saturday morning cartoons come from a low volume TV set as Brian dreams flashes of the little girl cannibal being eaten alive by her vampire sister.

FADE UP:

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

Brian wakes on a couch in the cabin's living room. The windows have metallic blinds enclosing them, and the front door is bolted shut with dozens of locks.

Danny is sitting on the floor watching cartoons.

An attractive young woman, JEN, age 24, approaches Brian.

JEN

Don't expect me to apologize.
You're the one who barged in
without knocking.

Jen hands Brian an ice pack, which he presses against his sore forehead.

BRIAN

That's not the first bump I've
taken this week.

JEN

You're just lucky I didn't shoot you in the face.

BRIAN

Appreciated.

JEN

You could have fucked up my whole system, you, you whoever you are. Those things out there, they could be tracking you.

BRIAN

Don't worry, no problems, I torched a chunk of that suburb on my way here. And my name is Brian, by the way.

JEN

What?

BRIAN

My name, it's--

JEN

No, no, no - repeat. This shit you just mentioned, just casually, like it was nothing.

BRIAN

I set a giant chunk of it on fire and then I drove away. Like right now, it's burning to the ground.

JEN

What do you mean, burned down Lakewood? Fuck you! Are you insane? I grew up in the fucking city!

BRIAN

Whoa, whoa, whoa...

JEN

It's not your god damn right! You can't just burn down an entire town! I ought'a shoot you!

BRIAN

Chill, please, just chill. It wasn't the whole town, just a fat chunk of it. So just...

JEN

Asshole!

BRIAN

Relax, PLEASE, stop... Those things are attracted to fire, like moths to a porch light. If you get a big enough fire, it's like they migrate to it. It'll clear the area you're attempting to flee, just forces them out of their hiding spots and keeps them moving away from you.

JEN

That's just some goofy theory. All you're doing is creating big herds of them. You're just dumping the problem off on someone else. What if people got killed because you put them up against some giant group of those things?

BRIAN

I'm not the first guy that's done this. I've found burned out cities everywhere along the way.

JEN

It's called a war zone. Your theory don't mean shit - and its just as stupid as Vampire Sasquatch. Seriously, Zombie fuckin' Bigfoot sounds more plausible.

BRIAN

Well, um... I did have a guy off himself in front of me sayin' gorillas mutated and killed his wife, so, um...

JEN

What? Yeti is gonna go moon beast cause it's the missing link or something? Give me a break. I mean, primates, maybe.

BRIAN

Well... It would be kinda cool, I guess. I... Wait, no, not cool, not cool at all. Fuck fighting a Vampire Sasquatch. But no, really, this guy told me apes tore his woman to shreds, and then he shot himself right in front of me. I... hadn't quite thought about it until right now.

JEN

Ok, well, I'm not sure how to respond to that. But if you're feeling all Fox Mulder, let's talk psychology then? You've been out there awhile - so do they move like a herd? Or is it mindless movement?

BRIAN

I think... Maybe a group think, like ants with their antennae, or when you see bird migrations. But I can't completely buy it, because I've seen too much erratic behavior. A week ago, I sat there and watched one of those things pick apart and eat it's own face.

Jen looks grossed out.

BRIAN

Like all night, it just sat there,
chunk by chunk. By the time it
stood up it could no longer see. It
ate eats own eyes for fucks sake.

JEN

People you've met, do they all say
the same things? Does any--

BRIAN

No one knows a fuck all. One guy
might be talking 'bout germ
warfare, another about doomsday
cults, another about Revelations...
One guy even strung together some
whacky shit pseudo-science about
anti-matter... Did you know that
you don't have to be bit to turn?

JEN

I found that out the hard way.

INT. CABIN - FLASHBACK - NIGHT

The first night of the apocalypse. JEN'S FATHER and she are
hammering boards to the windows as gunshots echo O.S.

Jen's father grabs his chest from a heart failure and drops
to the ground, face turning blue.

Jen runs up and tries to give him CPR.

JEN

Don't die on me, please don't die,
dad, come on, I need you now,
please.

Jen runs to the medicine cabinet and pulls out an adrenaline
shot. She rushes back to her father, and he still isn't
breathing.

She opens his shirt to reveal the skin.

JEN

Please work, please, please.

Jen raises the syringe and prepares to stab the adrenaline shot into his heart.

Jen's freshly father opens his zombified eyes and swiftly leaps up at her.

Jen backs up behind furniture It keeps knocking away.

Jen picks up a baseball bat ready to swing.

He comes at her with fangs bared...

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

Jen and Brian mutually rant.

BRIAN

I didn't know you didn't have to be bit. I had no fucking idea. How naive I was, and how lucky when I really think about it. Ignorance like that, I should be dead. And now it's like, great, wonderful, we're all infected - no matter what. It's like the entire world got AIDS on the same day. It's so fucking brutal.

JEN

(annoyed)

I don't want to hear your cried god damn river! Just shut the fuck up about it! I don't need it, the kid don't need it, no one needs it.

BRIAN

(stunned)

Um... Do I sound like a whiner?

JEN

No you just sound like every other asshole that comes through here. You all had nothing to talk about before, and now you just recite the same survivor bullshit. Talk about something else then mutant zombie vampire this that.

BRIAN

Do you think that's a stupid thing to call them?

JEN

Why? Because it fits the description? They are mutant zombie vampire undead cannibal fucking hordes. Why mask it?

BRIAN

Well... I must admit no one has talked to me so forcefully in a long time.

JEN

I'll say whatever the fuck I want, I'll do whatever the fuck I want and if you don't like it there's the motherfucking door. Somewhere the army is fighting. Somewhere there are people trying to solve this. Somewhere there are white-coats with fancy beakers and all that fucking alien technology the Pentagon has been hiding.

BRIAN

(chuckles)

Well, if there are aliens, then they certainly aren't much help at getting us out this mess.

JEN

Look, I didn't have a TV. We had the radio though - everyone was going crazy. Everyone knew it was coming, time zone by time zone. It hit the West Coast last before it went on to Asia and into Europe... You think they are still mass suiciding? One man passed through here, he said he saw tons of them just burn down the first night.

BRIAN

Like idiot animals they just stood in the sun the next morning. All frenzy, no self preservation. Millions of those things, they just, they must have stayed in the streets and burned to nothing. Like every world capitol it must have been this. I saw it the first night too, where I was. Tons of them, just lighting up... The really tough ones, they are the ones with the instinct to hide. They stick in houses, in basements, in sewers. Some of them even burrow into the ground. But the percentage of what is what, I don't know. Each mutation adapts differently.

JEN

But if we just sit tight...

BRIAN

Maybe they could die off, or... rot away, I mean. All we need to do is out live them.

JEN

If you haven't noticed, that's what I've been trying to do here. It's been quiet, and I've keep it that way. You're the first that's been here in some time.

BRIAN

Was your last company good company?

JEN

Actually I shot him.

Jen gets up and walks back into the kitchen.

JEN (O.S.)

There's some hamburger helper on the stove. I can spot a carnivore
(MORE)

JEN (O.S.) (cont'd)
 when I see one, but I gotta warn
 you it's all tofu... Don't whine
 anymore though, I really hate that
 shit... My name is Jen, by the
 way... And if you try anything
 fucked up, I'll put a bullet in
 your face.

EXT. MOUNTAIN RIVER - DAY

Brian and Danny are fishing on the side of the river bank.
 Both of them spot a deer walking across the other side.

An arrow shoots right into the deers face, dropping it dead.

Jen walks up along the river bank and waves to the boys.

JEN
 I never said I was vegan.

Brian glances at Danny and he smiles back.

Danny motions his hands as a slingshot, pretends to cock it
 at the dead deer, then releases his imaginary stone.

DANNY
 Pop.

INT. CABIN - LATE AFTERNOON

The survivors devour the deer at the dinner table.

Jen takes a mighty bite.

JEN
 Damn that's good.

Brian looks to Danny, who smiles with a mouthful of gnawed
 deer squishing through his teeth.

JEN (CONT'D)
 So... You're the fourth guy that's
 been through here. There was a
 couple once too. One guy, he was a
 ranger. The other guy, the one I
 shot... He had it coming. Thought
 (MORE)

JEN (CONT'D) (cont'd)
he might have a go at me, you know?
Guy was a tweaker. I came in one
day late, and he was waiting. Just
slipped right in while I was
hunting... Fucking bastard.

BRIAN
Were people headed west because of
the Navy supposedly having some big
fleet?

JEN
I hadn't heard that one.

BRIAN
This girl a ways back, she was
saying the last article she viewed
online before everything went down
was about how people were trying to
have refugee camps on floating
barges, that the NAVY and the Coast
Guard were setting up a support
network off ground.

JEN
That makes perfect sense. But is it
legit? Do you think--

BRIAN
It's probably a chaotic, insane
mess. But its probably out there.
If there is anything, that's
probably the best shot. But to be
honest, I don't know where to start
looking. San Diego had a big naval
presence, and so did San Fran. But
those two cities are just suicide
missions. Just big hot zones where
too many people were made into too
many of those things. Right now,
all I care about is--

JEN

Soaking up some sun. I got that. If I had to live in Detroit my entire life, I'd be hauling ass for California too.

BRIAN

Well, I appreciate the sparing of judgment. Not that anyone is keeping score.

JEN

No one expects anyone to be a hero. No one is asking shit from you. Right now, its every man for himself. Just do what makes you happy. But so you know, try as you might, you're never going to get me out this cabin.

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

Brian, Jen and Danny are having an aggressive firefight against vamps trying to break into Jens' cabin. All three are firing rifles out the window, blasting away.

EXT. ROCKY MOUNTAIN HIGHWAY - MOVING - DAY

Brian is driving his motorcycle with Danny in harness.

Jen slowly pulls up to them on a motorcycle as well.

EXT. DESERT ROAD - MOVING - DAY

They now drive into the Desert, past a billboard reading "Now Entering Utah."

EXT. DESERT ROAD - MOVING - DAY

Their choppers zoom through the desert as vultures circle.

TIME CUT:

EST. ABANDONED DESERT GAS STATION - NIGHT

A burned out gas station rots amidst the apocalypse.

INT. ABANDONED DESERT GAS STATION - NIGHT

Danny, Brian and Jen hide inside, laid out on sleeping bags. Danny sleeps while Jen cuddles with Brian. She strokes his hand as they sit quietly and calmly in darkness.

EXT. CALIFORNIA ROAD

Brian, Danny and Jen drive past a sign that reads "California State Line" and make their way up the I-395.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Danny sleeps soundly in bed.

INT. OTHER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Brian and Jen are making out, getting hot and heavy.

TIME CUT:

EXT. NORTHERN CALIFORNIA MOUNTAIN ROAD - MOVING - DAY

Brian, Jen and Danny drive into the mountain highways of Northern California.

The trio zoom on, marvelling at the wilderness.

EXT. NORTHERN CALIFORNIA MOUNTAIN ROAD - DAY

On choppers they pass a sign - "Mt. Shasta Trinity Forest."

They clear a turn on the I-299 and approach a blockade in the middle of the road.

TWO SOLDIERS jump from their hiding spots with guns drawn.

SOLDIER ONE

Keep your hands where we can see them!

SOLDIER TWO

Get off those bikes, drop your weapons.

Brian and Jen raise their hands.

Comically, from behind Brians' back, Danny raises his arms slowly as well.

CAPTAIN HOFFMAN steps over the blockade.

CAPTAIN HOFFMAN

It's ok people, relax. I'm in charge here, and I promise we're not going to shoot you. If anything, we could use a little company.

INT. SOLDIERS QUARTERS - DAY

The two soldiers are laughing hard at Brian as they pass around a bottle of rum.

SOLDIER ONE

President? What, president?

SOLDIER TWO

Hahaha...

SOLDIER ONE

He think there's a... Haha...

SOLDIER TWO

Hahaha...

SOLDIER ONE

Hahaha...

SOLDIER TWO

Yeah, and here's a message from the Vice President, Sailor Jerry...

SOLDIER TWO

hands a glass of rum to Brian.

SOLDIER ONE

proposes a cheer.

SOLDIER ONE

Here's to the coming election and another prosperous 4 years!

BRIAN

God save the Queen.

All three clank their glasses together in salute.

Brian grows solemn.

BRIAN

And this one for Rosa.

The men raise their glasses once more.

INT. COMMAND CENTER

JEN

What exactly is this place Captain Hoffman?

CAPTAIN HOFFMAN

It was something tailor-made - a little operation between the Feds and our illustrious Homeland Security. At least it was, theoretically.

JEN

What do you mean?

CAPTAIN HOFFMAN

It only existed on paper. It was sanctioned to be restructured from its original use into a new base for law enforcement. You know this area at all?

JEN

No, not much.

Captain Hoffman pours a mix drink.

CAPTAIN HOFFMAN

You're on the outskirts of what many once called The Emerald Triangle. About 200 miles away are what people refer to as "The Pines" as well as another major stretch of
(MORE)

CAPTAIN HOFFMAN (cont'd)
mountain land that were world renowned. It's where in other, well, not so past times, that 70% of the worlds marijuana supply is grown. It was sacred land to the Native Americans, and believe you me, they were all high as a kite. It's where Bigfoot supposedly came from, but seeing as that those Indians smoked the peace pipe rather endlessly, it's no surprise they started seeing gigantic hairy creatures.

JEN
So this place is a drug bust center? Like an ATF sting operation?

CAPTAIN HOFFMAN
It was indeed. Or it was about to be. The greater purpose of this center, when it was first established - you are sitting in an artifact from the days of the Soviets. This little post was to be sitting operational for the chain of command in case they needed to go underground. There were more sophisticated shelters build since the 1950's, and this stayed a skeleton crew outpost. I've been in charge here for the past two years. I've felt more like I was a park ranger or something, just enjoying the nature. We were military trained groundskeepers, barely more then janitors, really. And not so long ago, we got the notification that the Department of Homeland Security would be taking over control. We were just kind of hanging around until the bureaucratic mess worked out.

JEN

I always heard there was a base in The Rockies, or at least that's what my Dad used to say.

CAPTIAN HOFFMAN

Yes, that is true. Supposedly there was a more sophisticated shelter in The Rockies, dug into the mountains. I have a feeling that if anything is to be found, any chain of command, that's the place. I can't speak for DC, our last transmission...

JEN

There's nothing up in The Rockies, or at least that we could see. It's dead quiet up there - we blew right through it.

Captain Hoffman grimaces darkly.

CAPTAIN HOFFMAN

Disappointing... Early on, we were notified of a mobilization. We were told to expect perhaps an upwards of 200 men. Trucks, supplies, higher brass. Another transmission never came.

JEN

So you have absolutely no idea what's happening out there at all? The military didn't have some secret power generated internet or communication system in an emergency like this? Like, at all?

CAPTAIN HOFFMAN

Don't let our uniforms fool you - we're all in the dark here. Our military fractured fast into regional commands. There was nothing but confusion and disaster,
(MORE)

CAPTAIN HOFFMAN (cont'd)
some apparent coups. You must realize that communications were severely damaged within 24 hours. By the 36 mark we were crumbling, and after 48, everything went black. The lights were off in the mainland. Satellite feeds were piecemeal. No one knows how many nuclear plants melted down - we could be in nuclear winter. It's not like any of us could feel it or have any idea, other than a metallic taste in the mouth...

Hoffman chuckles a sick laugh, then relaxes into his chair.

CAPTAIN HOFFMAN
What you see right now young lady is exactly what you get. Out of a crew of 43, we're all that's left.

JEN
That's it? Three of you?

CAPTAIN HOFFMAN
Correct, yes. Within the first week, our numbers had dropped to 17. Even as well stocked as this is, we wanted to play it safe, so we decided to hunt what game these redwoods offered. Early on, we had some real successes.

EXT. WOODS - FLASHBACK - DAY

A soldier shoots a buck.

INT. SOLDIERS DINING AREA - FLASHBACK

Happy soldiers eat like kings.

INT. COMMAND CENTER - PRESENT

CAPTAIN HOFFMAN
Those were some good old days that lasted barely 6.

Hoffman takes a shot then pours another for himself.

CAPTAIN HOFFMAN (CONT'D)

We... overestimated the timing of our last hunting mission. We'd had a party of 10 men head out, all well armed. Unfortunately, we no longer have the advantages of The Weather Channel. Uncle Sam has never provided much in the way of this, as you might suspect. Our men were, well, caught in a freak storm of sorts, because it never rains here until early October. We've learned little about our common enemy, but while they certainly can't handle the sun, a day-lit sky turned black from thunderstorms does not provide any respite from their attacks...

EXT. TRINITY FOREST - FLASHBACK - DAY

The sun is quickly covered by growing storm clouds. The rain comes hard and day is nearly turned night.

Ten soldiers are slipping in the mud, trying to make their way back to base as MACKENZIE leads the group.

MACKENZIE

Johnson! You hear me Johnson!

JOHNSON

Mackenzie!

MACKENZIE

What time you got?

JOHNSON

17:33 hours sir! We still have at least...

Vampire swoops down and tackles JOHNSON, dragging him off into the woods.

Multiple vampires begin dropping from the trees, grabbing the men one at a time.

The hunting soldiers are sopping wet, panicked, firing in random directions.

One of the hunting soldiers slips in the mud and is jumped on by three vampires.

Mackenzie blasts them all with a machine gun, killing the injured soldier in the process.

Mackenzie backs up, firing into the trees. He stops - the scene is clear, quiet. Mackenzie is scared, looking around.

Vampires crawl out from the underbrush, shadowy branches, slowly closing in on their pray, snapping fangs, drooling.

Mackenzie fires away in all directions.

From above a single vampire hops down from a branch atop Mackenzie and he collapses from the weight.

He is pounced on by at least twenty zombified vampires which tearing him apart with one horrific scream.

EXT. FOREST - FLASHBACK - DAY

Capt. Hoffman looms over Mackenzie's shredded remains.

INT. SOLDIERS QUARTERS - DAY

Back to present.

CAPTAIN HOFFMAN

And then there were 7, with another 4 that went AWOL. You know Maam, to deny an enemy allegation, whether true or false, is to foster an allegation itself, and to warrant unsolicited publicity. Denial is always defensive measure, and propaganda is always offensive in nature. That might seem like quite the jumble, but it best suits the problem we find ourselves in. We have no issue with your people passing through, but if you should, say, encounter another group. I

(MORE)

CAPTAIN HOFFMAN (cont'd)
would most appreciate it if you
would inflate our numbers.
Especially if they seem even
remotely hostile... We have
something to discuss, by the way,
about possible hostiles...

INT. SOLDIERS QUARTERS - DAY

Brian and the soldiers discuss the same.

SOLDIER ONE
So they are out there, you know.
Same thing we always thought would
happen in some fucked up,
Armageddon hell. People start
eating people, you know? Like the
Donner Party.

SOLDIER TWO
Oh fuck off with this.

SOLDIER ONE
No man, for real, for real. He
knows it, he won't...

SOLDIER TWO
Shut up man, just shut up. Look,
here's the reality you have to know
- there are people out there, and
they are a nasty bunch. We don't
know how many, but more
importantly, they don't know how
many we are. Keeping up our
appearance has done well for us. We
want it to stay that way.

SOLDIER ONE
Look bro, they're Cannibals. They
fucking eat people bro, they'll
skin you alive. We've found all
sorts of weird shit out there -
creepy ass dream catchers of bone,
remains of skulls, severed hands.
(MORE)

SOLDIER ONE (cont'd)

Man, I even found a pile of ears
bro, I swear it.

SOLDIER TWO

Yeah, cannibals, right. You have
undead monsters running around
doing fuck knows what with all
their free time and the immediate
thought is some redneck cannibals?

SOLDIER ONE

Why the fuck not? If not all this
already then why not just dump that
load of shit on top as frosting?
They're coming here at night,
rigging weird shit around our
compound. I'm telling you bro, they
are fucking stalking us, doing this
weird ceremonial shit.

SOLDIER TWO

What the fuck ever man. As I was
saying, the truth is that we are
positive that some group is out
there, and they might not be
friendly if you run into them. They
know what we look like, but you're
totally random. We don't know where
there are, we don't know how many,
but we do know they got some bulk.
You ask me, their just a bunch of
hillbillies from out this way and
they built up some sort of
community.

SOLDIER ONE

The hills have eyes bro, the hills
have eyes.

SOLDIER TWO

They came by threateningly one day,
and we exchanged some fire to scare
them off. That was some time ago
though, back when we had plenty
(MORE)

SOLDIER TWO (cont'd)
more men. We were all out in the
open too, so they probably think we
have at least 50 guys sitting
pretty, So yeah, while it is true
that we've had some weird
coincidences, it hasn't been a real
problem. At least not yet.

Brian looks to soldier one.

SOLDIER ONE
Cannibals bro, cannibals...

INT. CAPTAIN HOFFMAN'S OFFICE - DAY

The Captain finishes up his discussion with Jen.

CAPTAIN HOFFMAN
In any instance, we rarely get
people coming from the direction
you just traveled. This really is a
middle point from which none have
returned. And the direction which
you're heading - this is where we
think their holdout is located,
somewhere along the edge of this
road. We don't know how many, but
we know they are strong. That
might not be what you were looking
to hear, but apart from this rum,
that's all I can offer you.

Hoffman fills up two shot glasses and hands one to Jen. He
looks down to the floor, somewhat ashamed, trying to find
the right words to describe his particular irony.

CAPTAIN HOFFMAN (CONT'D)
The last possible bastion of
American military in Northern
California... held hostage by a
handful of rednecks with shotguns.

Hoffman raises his head and lights up with a smile.

CAPTAIN HOFFMAN (CONT'D)

Just hope you don't run into Zombie
Bigfoot while you're at it. That'd
be one hell of a mindfuck.

Jen and Captain Hoffman clink their glasses together.

EXT. COMMAND CENTER - DAY

Jen stares down the mountain highway then looks to Brian as
if he is supposed to do something.

Brian looks to Danny and leans down to speak with him.

BRIAN

Look kid, like we talked. About
leaving you at the safest spot...
This is the safest spot. I don't
know if you want...

DANNY

I wanna see the ocean n' I wanna go
swimmin'. There's just fishies, no
whales.

Brian pauses because he knows he should leave the child
there, but decides against it.

BRIAN

Alright kid... It's your call.

Brian and Jen rev their motorcycles and speed off as Captain
Hoffman and soldiers wave goodbye.

EXT. MT SHASTA TRINITY FOREST ROAD - DAY

Brian, Jen and Danny ride the motorcycles, weaving through
wreckage.

They approach another road block, this time made of mangled
cars, and park with motors running.

TWO REDNECKS (EARL and JED) appear from beneath camouflage
tarps with pointed rifles.

EARL

Hands up!!!

Brian and Jen raise their hands.

JED

Search 'em!

A third redneck appears, climbs over the blockade, and begins searching them.

BRIAN

We only want to pass. We aren't looking for any trouble.

JED

How the fuck you get through the army?

JEN

We nearly didn't.

EARL

Bullshit, you're with them!

BRIAN

No no no, that's why we gotta keep moving. They had us, we were cornered, they tried to rape the girl...

JEN

They were monsters...

BRIAN

I killed one of the motherfuckers, we grabbed the bikes, we ran, I swear, I swear it man...

JED

Bullshit Earl...

EARL

How many of 'em? How many up there?

JEN

Maybe 50, all nasty motherfuckers. You don't want anything to do with them, and either do we. Please can we keep moving?

JED

What did they tell you about us?

BRIAN

They didn't say shit.

JEN

I overheard something, just a little, something about other people. That they were waiting to be attacked.

JED

How many did he say...

EARL

How many they think there are of us up here? What they tell you?

JEN

I don't know, a lot, maybe 100. They didn't sound like they had any interest in messing with you.

Jed looks to Earl, both still on the blockade.

JED

Well ain't that flatterin'.

Earl turns his attention to Jen.

EARL

Alright, alright... We'll let you through... Plus, you, uh... look like you could use somethin' to eat.

Something lights up in Brian's eyes.

CUT TO:

INT. SOLDIERS QUARTERS - FLASHBACK - DAY

Brian is with the two soldiers again, drinking.

SOLDIER ONE

Cannibals bro, cannibals...

CUT TO:

EXT. MT SHASTA TRINITY FOREST ROAD - DAY

Having visibly linked these ideas together, Brian gives a disgusted grimace.

Earl, to Jen:

EARL

You look like... You could put some meat on them bones.

Jen thinks nothing of it while Brian gives a wide-eyed expression in the b.g.

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD - DAY

The three rednecks cruise along in a pick up truck while Brian and the others follow.

EXT. REDNECK SURVIVOR CAMP - DAY

They approach an RV/Trailer park wedged on a mountain side, surrounded by plenty of trees and messy foliage. The RV/Trailer park is surrounded in barbwire.

There are a dozen survivors with tents, cars, trailers - RV's are crammed together as are the trailers in a makeshift fortress with deep pits dug into the earth to trap possible vampires.

Brian walks by one of the pits and sees the charred remnants of multiple vampire skeletons.

Brian looks closely at the campfire where a TOOTHLESS HILLBILLY WOMAN turns meat on a skewer.

He imagines the meat as a human head, and the toothless hillbilly woman as a filthy rag-wearing cannibal.

JEN

Hey Brian, over here.

Jen bites a big mouthful off a large turkey drumstick and smiles at Brian, chewing.

Brian looks to Danny, who's eating a way too big mouthful of meat from a much too huge turkey leg as well.

Brian vomits.

Jen gives a grossed out face as Earl approaches her.

EARL

Hey darlin', I wanted to show you somethin'.

Earl leads Jen off for a talk.

While Brian is spitting the last of his stomach juice out one of the redneck survivors (JIM) approaches him.

JIM

Hey Pukey, can we talk?

EXT. REDNECK SURVIVOR CAMP - DAY

Earl walks with Jen.

EARL

Let me be honest - I don't really buy you're story. I might be country, but I'm not stupid. I also can tell trouble when I see it, and I don't see that in you. So it's fine n' we don't need to just keep going on promotin' any lies n' whether anything you said is true or not we'll jumps move on n' leave it at that. But since I'm showin' you the common courtesy, I wanna know if they said anything about us, n' exactly what they know, if anything.

JEN

Cannibals - they think you're cannibals.

EARL

(belly laughing)

Ah hell, that's just great!

Earl shouts to someone O.S.:

EARL (CONT'D)

Hey Arnold!

ARNOLD, one of the redneck survivors, comes forward.

Earl, to Jen:

EARL

Ay, tell this feller here what you
just tol' me!

Jen looks to Arnold, a little nervous.

JEN

Um... The soldiers. They think
you're a pack of... of wild
cannibals.

Earl and Arnold both belly laugh, then Earl wipes a tear
from his eye.

EARL

Ah, you don't understand. Arn' and
a few others, they've been going up
there for the past months leaving
all sorts of weird ass creepy
artifacts up there n', ah shit,
just tell 'er Arn...

ARNOLD

Yeah, yeah, get this - we, haha, we
started goin' round their site,
leavin' all sorts of bizarre
bullshit out there to freak 'em the
fuck out. I know it's fucked up
soundin' show, but ain't nothin'
'cept a little theatrics. Ain't
nothin' more then some chicken
bones n' fishin' wire, some hunks a
leftover deer guts we ain't never
gonna use. That's all we need to
keep these people out our shit,
just scare 'em right the fuck off.
Mick back there, he lopped a hand
off one them bloodsuckers an...

EXT. WOODS - FLASHBACK - DAY

Hoffman's soldiers look mortified as they approach something cautiously with guns drawn. Eerie, symphonic dissonance darkens the soundtrack.

The soldiers gather around a severed hand nailed to a wooden post, pentagram carved into the palm, middle finger fully extended and flipping them off.

EXT. REDNECK SURVIVOR CAMP - DAY

Back to present, Earl and Arnold are laughing.

ARNOLD

Haha, man, wish I coulda seen their faces. Or when Don back there, he fucking, haha, he left a bunch of these fake plastic ears splattered with catsup, haha. Strung 'em through some fishin' wire like an earlobe key chain, hahaha...

EXT. REDNECK SURVIVOR CAMP - DAY

Jim walks with Brian, looking over his shoulder nervous that someone might eavesdrop.

JIM

Listen - name Hoffman mean anything to you?

Brian feigns an ignorant expression, but Jim knows he's lying through this teeth.

JIM

It's ok man, I'm not going to pull anything on you're people. And you gotta keep your mouth shut, cause they can't know. So look, listen - I don't know how cozy you got with them back there, but maybe Hoffman mentioned a few guys run out? Ring a bell?

BRIAN

I don't know any...

JIM

I'm one of the guys. There was 4 of us when we ran out. By the time we made this place, we'd 3... When we got here, we'd long ditched our army clothes just to stay anonymous. We made up some shit story about escaping them, same as you, because that's how we always played it - anyone that came through, we had them inflate our numbers. So we came here and played civilian, kept up the myth. But the other guys, they wanted to keep moving. After a week, they left. I was, well... I met a girl from here. I was ok for a bit. I wanted to just leave that base, all those people, just leave them behind. Seemed safe enough here. It didn't... Sorry. I lost my train of thought. The girl, she didn't last all that long once they rode off. I really liked her. She was... You can't keep just thinking about meeting these people in the world before, you know? But I know, I've come to realize... Look, I want out.

EXT. REDNECK SURVIVORS CAMP - DAY

Back to Jen, Earl and ARNOLD

EARL

See Maam, we might not be Nobel Prize Lore-rates, but we're smart enough to know that you gotta fake your enemy out, n' no one I mean no one wants to go fuck with a pack a cannibal headhunters or whatever's the fuck they are that's out there when they're convinced we might just be like 300 strong or whatever the fuck numbers we're terrorizing
(MORE)

EARL (cont'd)
into their head from sheer
creepiness. This is why I gotta ask
you...

ARNOLD
Just keep spreading our lie,
wherever you go. Once you head out
these mountains, you tell everyone
that comes by about them cannibals
up in them hills and so long as
they're scared shitless, we don't
got nothing to fear. Bottom line is
we can't handle nothin' that size,
though we've been waitin' for 'em,
just in case.

EXT. REDNECK SURVIVORS CAMP - DAY

Back to Brian and Jim.

JIM
I want out tomorrow, I'm serious,
but don't tell anyone - they expect
me to be around for the bitter
end... Fuck dying here, and I'm not
alone in this. Got one other kid
out there. Look.

Jim points out STEPHEN, a younger guy in his early 20's.

JIM
That's Stephen, and he's with
moving on. He wasn't one of these
people either. He was up here on
vacation when the shit hit the fan
and just kind of ended up here.
He's a decent kid, and a good shot.
You gotta understand, these people
- they aren't bad people. It's
just, I'm not sure how to tell you
this, cause you kind of just have
to see it...

EXT. REDNECK SURVIVORS CAMP - DAY

Back to Earl, speaking as he leads Jen:

EARL

I know it's pretty redneck sounding, but some things ain't stereotypes. We all think they're gonna come sooner or later, them men down the road - they're gonna come try n' take our guns. They're gonna use the last grip of their power to do what they always wanted but never could. And then they'll strip us bare n' doom us to being bait. They are scared of us, but some day they won't be and they'll kill us or strip us. You know, when things were somethin' else - government gonna come door to door, pick up our arms? Yeah right - just try it. This was America, you know? Ain't never gonna let 'em take our guns. And now... It's just us, right here, the 12 of us, fronting as cannibals to protect the shreds of the Second Amendment. Not so sure that's what Jefferson had in mind, but someone's gotta stand for somethin'...

Jen, Earl and Jed approach an empty hitch of a semi truck.

EARL

This is our low budget version of a panic room. Ain't much, but it does the trick in a tight spot. Just pile in, lock up tight, nothin' gets in. Lived through it a few times in the early days, before Rudy. Rudy now, he's a genius. See, this cargo truck was full of lockers, like an industrial delivery going to a new high school or prison facility or what have you. We just had all this scrap sittin' here - no idea 'cept maybe melt 'em down, use 'em for bullets. But then Rudy, this brilliant light bulb he had pop up over his head...

EXT. REDNECK SURVIVORS CAMP - DAY

Jim, to Brian:

JIM

It's not this cannibal shit that freaks me out - that's understandable, no matter how weird it is. And now that I'm here, it's pretty fucking funny if you ask me. Sure as hell wasn't before, but hey, fates a joker, no? I still crack up picturing Hoffman's face, how terrified he was. So this front they've been playing, yeah its cute, it really is. But this fucking idea they had, this sick thing they've done to themselves...

Jed pops into the distance hollering for their attention.

JED

Hey fellas, suns' droppin'!

EXT. REDNECK SURVIVORS CAMP - DAY

Earl shouts back annoyed.

EARL

That's where we're headed! Thanks Jed!

Earl turns back to Jen:

EARL

Peckerhead can't ever just look at somethin' and know what it is for what it is... Alright, and,,,

Earl and Jen turn into the sleeping area, and Jen's response is tight-lipped yet freakish.

EARL

I know it must look a lil' strange, but it works like a charm.

The sleeping area is revealed to be a series of holes dug into the ground like open graves, each housing a metal locker like a coffin.

Earl hops into one of the holes.

EARL

As you'll see here, these lock
tight from the inside n' leave
plenty-a ventilation to breathe.

Some redneck survivors walk up carrying the covering for the locker graveyard, which acts as camouflage. The covering is a long patch of live grass placed over a wooden platform.

EARL

Got the trick from an old
landscaping job. Know how you'd see
'em just roll out grass like
carpet? When people would have
entirely lawns new lawns rolled out
on the dirt in one day? Well, we
applied this to Rudy's trick for
camouflage. We just keep this grass
patch watered and trot it back out
every night. Once it gets dark, no
one could ever tell we've been here
at all. We lock ourselves inside,
and our only rule as a group is
that we all go to sleep as one. We
crawl inside at Dusk, and creep out
the second the sun rises over them
mountains.

Pan to Brian, who barely masks the awful feeling that he is about to willingly bury himself alive.

EXT. SLEEPING QUARTERS - DUSK

The survivor community go inside the makeshift holes, securing themselves inside lockers and hiding from the night like ironic, reverse vampire.

Brian exchanges glances with Jen before they both lock themselves inside.

Danny runs over to Jen, and gets inside with her.

A few survivors lift the camouflage covering over the dugout.

INT. LOCKER COFFIN - NIGHT

Jen holds Danny as he sniffles, holding back tears.

Brian stares at the locker door in front of his vision, staring upwards with the glare of a dead man.

Back to Jen and Danny, who now both hear the sounds of O.S. vampires who are wandering over their hiding spot, lurking over the camouflage covering and making the boards creak. Danny shakes, Jen holds him tight.

We rise through the false earth, revealing the camp above swarmed with vampire zombies who wander mindless.

EXT. ROAD - MOVING - DAY

Brian, Jen and Danny are roaring through the highway. They are joined by Jim and Stephen, both riding choppers as well.

EST. ROAD MAP - DAY

Close up of a road map, Jim's finger pointing out the directions to a (fictional) city Santa Rosita.

JIM

We're right here, still mid-way through the Shasta Trinity Forest, and Santa Rosita, this dot right here, is about 50 miles north of Arcata. Been there once on vacation, back in the day.

JEN

Can we handle it alright? I mean, about how large is... How large was the population?

JIM

I think we'll be alright. Place was more of a hamlet than anything, just a tiny resort on the coast. Used to get big in July and August,
(MORE)

JIM (cont'd)
but during the meantime, it was
nothing much more then some Andy
Griffith kind of ramshackle town.
It's got a nice little stretch of
beach on it though.

BRIAN
Sounds fantastic.

STEPHEN
Do you really think we should push
it though? Isn't getting kind of
late?

Brian looks around the redwood trees surrounding them.

BRIAN
Does it really look like we can
pull some shelter out of our ass by
sundown?

STEPHEN
No, but...

JEN
Brian, you might want to
reconsider. That's a pretty long
haul though, it's cutting it really
close...

BRIAN
No, no, we can make it - we can do
this.

JEN
We don't know if the roads will be
totally clogged - we have no idea
what to expect.

JIM
I'm with Brian. My hunch is that we
might not get a shot at any kind of
sanctuary in between this distance,
and I'm not ready to chance it.

STEPHEN

Yeah, yeah, no doubt. We gotta keep cruising.

JEN

This is a really bad idea. We can find something nearby, we have enough...

BRIAN

I'm tired of waiting. It's here, it's really here...

JEN

If we try this, we might never make it. I know what you've been through for this, but this isn't about you anymore.

BRIAN

I never said it was.

JIM

Not about you either Jen, so why don't we just...

STEPHEN

Why don't we take a vote? It's that simple, right to the point. Just raise your hands right now if you are in favor.

Stephen, Brian and Jim all raise their hands.

Jen looks upset and glances over to Danny who raises his hand as well.

Jen grabs Brian's hand and leads him away from the group.

JEN

You're pushing it too hard, you know this is a bad decision.

BRIAN

There's nowhere to hide out here. What're we gonna do? Bury ourselves
(MORE)

BRIAN (cont'd)
in the dirt again? You see a cabin
anywhere, do you see anything? It's
nothing except us and pine trees.

JEN
This is dangerous, this is
different.

BRIAN
No it's not, it's the same thing as
always - living like fucking
cockroach people. We're going to
push through the clearing, drive
right into some campground town,
find a meat locker or basement or
windowless room and we're gonna sit
pretty and then we're gonna get
sunscreen and go swimmin' and have
a fuckin' BBQ and all the other
nice shit we shoulda spent more
time doin' way back then.

JEN
That's a load of bullshit and
you're just going to get us all
killed, because you're fucking
reckless.

BRIAN
I don't give a fuck.

Brian turns and tries to start walking away but Jen grabs
his arm, swings him around, and slaps him in the face.

JEN
Asshole!

Brian stands there stunned. Jen slaps him again feebly,
stops, stares at him. Jen looks as if she is about to cry,
then kisses Brian.

She quietly walks back to her motorcycle.

Brian waits a second, then turns to the descending sun.

EXT. SHASTA TRINITY MOUNTAIN ROAD - DAY

The survivors plow onwards, with Brian in the lead.

As redwoods whiz by, glimpses of the ocean come through the mass of trees. Brian speeds up faster, faster.

The group pulls through the clearing and are about to view Santa Rosita. Close on Brian who is smiling, overjoyed... then terrified.

They dramatically stop their choppers at the edge of the mountain clearing, the road leading down into Santa Rosita.

EST. SANTA ROSITA - DUSK

In this small coastal town a raging battle between two groups is currently underway - on one side a well-armed resistance and the other a savage biker gang.

There are two dozen shooting at each other, running through the streets. One building is ablaze as gunshots echo.

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD - DUSK

Brian motions to the others and they pull back.

JIM

Ok, this is bad.

JEN

We got one hour, maybe. Brian?

BRIAN

I know, I know. We need to get down there.

STEPHEN

Into THAT?

JIM

Like there's any real chance bro?

BRIAN

We slide right down the hills,
right out of sight. All of you saw
it too - most that fighting is on
(MORE)

BRIAN (cont'd)
the right side of that community.
We just need to stay invisible to
them, barge inside one of those
buildings on the left. Once the sun
drops, those people will have their
hands full.

JIM
For sure, for sure. All we have to
do is barge into the right spot.
Anyone in our way, we drop 'em.

JEN
I don't want to kill anyone.

STEPHEN
No one said anything about--

JIM
Speak for yourself.

BRIAN
No one wants to kill anybody, we
don't know who's who, we don't even
know what we're dealing with down
there.

JEN
Quit wasting time guys, we gotta
move.

BRIAN
Alright, alright...

EXT. MOUNTAINSIDE - DUSK

The group make their way down the mountainside quickly as
they can, then reach the base.

Stephen points out a clear path towards quiet buildings.

STEPHEN
Right there, easy easy.

Brian, to Stephen:

BRIAN

You got it, you got it.

Brian looks back to his ensemble.

BRIAN

Ready?

Everyone nods.

BRIAN

Ok, ok - go go go...

EXT. SANTA ROSITA - DUSK

The group rushes in while trying to stay out of sight. They turn down a space between buildings.

Jim points out a doorway and rushes towards it. He passes a broken window and from inside it the flash of a fired gun.

Jim takes a bullet to the side of the head and drops dead.

Brian fires into the darkness of the window with an uzi, riddling the sniper with bullets.

The sniper falls out the window dead and they rush inside, trampling his bleeding corpse.

INT. SANTA ROSITA BUILDING - DUSK

Jen checks the building with gun drawn.

Stephen finds a door.

STEPHEN

Hey, over here! I think this might be the basement.

Stephen opens the door without checking.

BRIAN

Wait, Steve - stop!!

While Stephen's head is turned, a vampiric zombie emerges through the basement doorway and rips into his neck.

Brian shoots the beast then runs to Stephen who is gripping his throat and gurgling blood.

Brian shoots Stephen in the head.

INT. SANTA ROSITA BASEMENT - DUSK

Jen clicks on a flashlight as they head down the stairs.

One vampire jumps out near the staircase base, and Jen shoots it.

She runs down the steps and points the flashlight into the basement darkness - empty. Just one small window in the corner touching ground level.

EXT. SANTA ROSITA - SUNSET

Two survivors fire at each other from behind cover - one is a middle aged man, the other a biker in leather.

MIDDLE AGED MAN

Bring it you fuck!!

The sun sets, and night is born.

EXT. SANTA ROSITA - NIGHT

The two men continue to shoot at each other.

Dozens of vampire packs emerge from the mountainside, all attracted to the blaze and the slaughter. One by one they tumble down, running towards the firefight.

The Biker looks over just in time to see a set of fangs drill into his face.

The middle aged guy starts firing away at vamps.

MIDDLE AGED MAN

Sempre Fi motherfuckers!!!

Three vampires pounce and tear into him.

Back to the dead biker, and the particularly grotesque cannibal monster feasting on his intestines.

INT. SANTA ROSITA BASEMENT - DUSK

Brian, Jen and Danny hunker down below the window, listening to the continuing firefight outside.

EXT. MOUNTAIN CLEARING - NIGHT

One of the Santa Rosita survivors is firing away, shooting vamps as they approach - they pounce and rip him apart.

One of the feasting zompires rips off a chunk of flesh and slurps up the blood as other vamps fight over entrails.

From a burning house runs a biker with a large machete. He is panicking, unsure where to run as dozens of vampires encircle him. The vamps fight each other over him.

O.S. a freakish, powerful HOWL erupts from the forest.

The vampires encircling the machete biker stop and look to the forest fearfully. They back off from their dinner.

The machete biker drips with sweat.

From the thick of trees, over 8 feet tall and weighing at least 900 lbs, is a gigantic VAMPIRE SASQUATCH.

The Vampire Sasquatch, with mutated fangs ripping from its jaw, HOWLS a terrifying noise.

The biker pisses his pants.

The Vampire Sasquatch runs up to the biker full force and grabs his skull, crushing it in its giant hand. The VampSquatch slams his body like a wet noodle against the ground three times, then rips his spinal cord out with head head attached and throws it to the other vamps like a scrap.

The Zombified Yeti picks up whats left of the corpse and begins feasting on his stomach like a corn cob of splatter.

INT. SANTA ROSITA BASEMENT - DUSK

Brian puts his finger to his lip.

BRIAN

Not. One. Peep.

EXT. SANTA ROSITA - NIGHT

Vampire Sasquatch ROARS at the moon, soaked in crimson.

TIME CUT:

EXT. MOUNTAINS - NIGHT

The sky is turning a lighter shade of purple/blue as dawn approaches.

EXT. SANTA ROSITA - NIGHT

The shots have ceased, and the dead lurk.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

Brian is looking out the tiny ground floor window.

BRIAN
(hushed)
Maybe 15 minutes.

A loud alarm clock goes off - a digital watch attached to the wrist of the dead vamp near the stairwell.

EXT. BUILDING - NIGHT

The three vamps feasting on Stephen's corpse upstairs hear the alarm and beat on the basement door.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

Jen flashes her light to the door which is rapidly breaking.

Jen, in regards to Danny:

JEN
Get him out of here!

Brian smashes the basement window with the butt of his gun, lifts up Danny and pushes him through.

Brian climbs outside the broken window as well and sticks his hand inside to lift out Jen.

From Brian's POV we see Jen run to the window from across the basement - as well as hear O.S. the basement door crash apart just as Jen reaches the window.

JEN

Quick, quick!

Jen clasps Brians' arm and Brian starts to lift her out.

Jen is viciously attacked by vampires inside the basement - she screams as they chomp down on her, shoving mouthfuls of her flesh into their starving, foul mouths.

Brian keeps pulling at her arm frantically as she screams.

One of the vampires bites onto Jens' forearm, severing it from her body.

Brian flies back and falls onto his ass, staring into the blackness of the basement and its O.S. sounds of feasting.

He looks down and realizes he's gripping the other half of Jens' arm.

Brian throws the severed limb aside and looks over to Danny who is comically getting inside the harness Brian made like a little kid hopping into full-body pajamas.

Brian slings Danny around his back and with guns drawn they make a run for the ocean which is 50 feet away.

EXT. SANTA ROSITA - MOVING - NIGHT

As Brian charges forth two vampires are in his way and he shoots both in the head.

Still running, Brian looks to his right - 30+ vampires are chasing after them from afar.

Danny is blasting away, killing as many as he can.

Brian runs towards the ocean and with the scope of vision expanded nearly 50 vamps are in pursuit.

One of the Santa Rosita survivors runs into view, trying to escape the vamps as well. The survivor is pounced on by vampires and he screams as they tear into him.

Brian keeps running, closer and closer to the ocean as Danny and keep shooting.

Brian runs out of ammo and tosses his gun then pulls out a bowie knife and stabs a lunging vampire through the eye.

He dodges yet another lunging vampire.

Brian hears the mighty ROAR of the Vampire Sasquatch - it is now in hot pursuit of them as well, knocking vamps out of its way with gigantic hairy arms.

As Brian reaches the shoreline, he pulls the harness off and hurls Danny as far ahead into the water as he can.

Brian himself splashes into the water, turns, and pulls a small pistol from a holster on his back. Brian fires away.

One bullet rips through the Vampire Sasquatch' upper mouth, but it keeps coming.

Our anti-hero keeps pushing himself backwards into the water, firing away. The vamps keep dropping, and more keep coming.

As two vamps enclose him, they are both shot by Danny.

Brian dives in and swims hard as he can towards Danny.

Vampires attempt to swim after Brian, but they cannot adjust - they sink into the water and thrash about.

Brian catches up to Danny who is now out of bullets.

Danny clenches his eyes shut awaiting a brutal death...

EXT. FOREST SKYLINE - DAWN

The sun explodes over the mountains, blasting the landscape like an erupting volcano.

EXT. SANTA ROSITA BEACH - DAWN

The sun hits like an atomic bomb that roasts the skin of all the vampires.

A vampire grabs onto Brians' shoe as it slowly burns away...

EXT. SANTA ROSITA SHORELINE - DAWN

The over-the-top "Grand Guignol" mega-meltdown is thus unleashed - all of the vampires, in gory detail melt,

crumble, burn, disintegrate, and scorch to a cinder.

Vampire Sasquatch screams horribly as it burns, it's face melting like greenish red candle wax.

The vamp gripping Brian's shoe melts away into the water.

The demonic creatures all writhe in agony - blistering, bubbling, scorched by the brutality of the sun.

The VampSquatch crumbles into a heap of burning bones.

The great mass of them collapse into charred, bubbling remains spread across the beach and as goo in the water.

Brian and Danny quietly tread water.

EXT. SANTA ROSITA BEACH - DAWN

Santa Rosita is now a ghost town of silent carnage. Dead people lay about. One turns into a vampire and immediately bursts into flames.

EXT. SANTA ROSITA BEACH - DAWN

A WOMAN, 27, slowly walks out from one of the buildings carrying a rifle. She is attractive with blond hair pulled into a pony tail.

She approaches them slowly and dreamily, covered in blood. She stops and stands idle, staring at them as the wind gently blows through her hair.

WOMAN

Who... who are you?

Brian stares blankly and speaks dry:

BRIAN

I'm... On vacation.

She cannot believe it.

WOMAN

And you... you walked... into this?

BRIAN

Luck's been worse.

WOMAN

And... You don't know any of these people? You just... You're on vacation?

BRIAN

Correct. I came from Detroit.

WOMAN

In Michigan?

BRIAN

Yes, that Detroit.

WOMAN

You're telling me that somehow, magically, you just walked into all this?

BRIAN

Correct.

She stands there confused.

BRIAN

I know it sounds absurd, ok. But me and the boy, we just came over the clearing. Whatever that was, we stumbled right in and hid in a basement all night. And just before sunrise, those things barged in. We crawled through a window and ran. And now, just now, you walked up... But to be honest, I didn't think this water would be so fucking cold.

The woman looks back at the destruction of Santa Rosita.

WOMAN

Did anyone else make it? Are we... Are we it?

BRIAN

Yeah.. I think... I think we're it.

She begins crying, sucks it up, then looks to Danny.

WOMAN

Is this your son?

BRIAN

No... my co-pilot, I guess. I haven't thought about it. I just kind of found him, somewhere back in Colorado.

WOMAN

And... What about the ones from the hills? The cannibals? How did you...

BRIAN

It's a joke... They were playing a joke. Anyone that passed through their camp they had help perpetuate the hoax, 'cause it gave them a shield, like a wall of propaganda or something, There's only like a dozen of them up there, all of them hicks. They've got nothing, nothing at all.

She throws down her weapon and sobs uncontrollably.

WOMAN

(crying)

I fucking stood watch for months... over a god damn rednecks in-joke?!?

EXT. SANTA ROSITA - FLASHBACK - DAY

The woman stands guard like a sniper at the base of the road Brian, Jen and the others came from.

From the top of the hill drives down a pick-up truck.

The woman crouches and gets ready to fire on the possibly hostile threat.

INT. PICK UP TRUCK - FLASHBACK - DAY

Two men (MAN ONE and MAN TWO) are driving down cautiously.

MAN ONE

Alright bro, we got the story
straight right?

INT. HOFFMAN'S COMMAND CENTER - FLASHBACK - DAY

Both man one and man two are soldiers sitting with Jim and Captain Hoffman at a table.

Hoffman leaves the room, and the conspiring soldiers admit their secret plan to Jim.

MAN TWO

Hey Jimmy, we're rolling out. You
game?

EXT. REDNECK SURVIVORS CAMP - FLASHBACK - DAY

Jim and two AWOL soldiers sit on a log watching a toothless hillbilly woman cook food over a campfire. She raises her witch-like face high and proud.

TOOTHLESS HILLBILLY WOMAN

Y'all come n' eat yer grits!

Man Two, to Jim:

MAN TWO

Hey Jimmy, we're rolling out. You
game?

Jim looks to the lone attractive female in the midst of all the dirty hillbillies and she smiles back.

Jim turns back to the awol soldiers with an expression that screams "no chance in hell."

EXT. SANTA ROSITA BEACH - FLASHBACK - DAY

The two AWOL soldiers begin driving down the mountain path into Santa Rosita.

The woman from the beach jumps out with rifle pointed aggressively, stopping their truck.

WOMAN

Freeze!!!

Both men are stunned and sloppily resort to the hoax about cannibals in the mountains.

MAN ONE

Don't shoot, don't shoot!

MAN TWO

You gotta help us, their up in the hills!

MAN ONE

Fucking cannibals man! A hundred strong! They fucking wiped out our group!

MAN TWO

They ate my fucking dog...

Even though it's broad daylight, from the thick of the forest jumps a vampiric zombie that immediately lights up like a fireball.

It shatters through the front window of the pickup truck and thrashes about, igniting both the men.

One of the men triggers his gun, shooting a string of automatic bullets throughout the cabin - the truck explodes and she is thrown by the blast.

Survivors rush up to assist her - one sprays the burning wreck with an extinguisher as another lifts her up.

INT. BUILDING - FLASHBACK - NIGHT

The woman sits with her group of survivors.

WOMAN

Guys, we have serious problems.

EXT. SANTA ROSITA MOUNTAIN ROAD - FLASHBACK - DAY

Like a sentient guardian, the woman perches as a sniper at the base of the hill - waiting, waiting - for days and days.

EXT. SANTA ROSITA MOUNTAIN ROAD - FLASHBACK - DAY

The woman hears the rumbling of motorcycle engines in the distance - the only other entrance to the community and the

one she neglected because of the soldier's hoax.

Through the POV of the sniper's lens the gun swings to this O.S. rumbling of engines.

Through the thick of trees she glimpses a savage biker gang living like a mobile army throughout the apocalypse.

She tightens her scope on the presumed ringleader - his maniacal smile of black and missing teeth, his untrimmed black beard, the scar on his face.

Closer and closer on her shaky trigger finger...

CUT TO BLACK:

LOUD gunshot.

FADE IN:

EXT. SANTA ROSITA BEACH - MORNING

Brian and Danny floating in the ocean.

She snuffles, compresses, and nods.

WOMAN

Can I... can I come too?

BRIAN

Where?

WOMAN

Vacation.

Brian looks at the bubbling corpse in the sun.

BRIAN

Depends... Got any sunscreen?

The woman looks at the bubbling corpse, and then chuckles at the horrible, awful reality.

She splashes into the water and joins them - laughing and crying alternately.

All of them tread water together, floating adrift - joyful if only for a day.

The waves crashing on the shore grow louder, louder...

ROLL CREDITS

EXT. BEACH - DAY

As the credits roll, we witness their big day in the sun - Brian cooks vegetable skewers on a BBQ grill and Danny blows bubbles like a normal little kid. The woman stretches out on a beach chair.

All is beautiful until we reveal the carnage and destruction surrounding them.

As the credits end, it is reaching dusk. Brian looks to the horizon with a weary of gaze of fear and fatigue. The sun draws down over the stark outline of the Mountains.

END CREDITS

EXT. SHOT - SHASTA TRINITY MOUNTAINS - NIGHT

It is the dead of night beneath a bright full moon. Somewhere in the redwoods a coyote HOWLS O.S.

Halfway through it is attacked by vampiric monsters and releases a final blood-curdling yelp.

All is silent once again, save for the chirping of crickets and the gnashing of bloodthirsty fangs.

FADE OUT

THE END

RYAN BARTEK

Is the author of numerous works,
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Island" and "Anticlimax Leviathan,"
all which are available worldwide
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