

# "FEAST"

by

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Early Draft

FADE IN:

EXT. DESERT – DAY

The white sun beats down on the rocky terrain. There's not a cloud in the blue sky and the wind is at a standstill.

Far in the distance, a LINE OF PEOPLE make their way towards the entrance of a small cavern.

Two VULTURES perched on barren tree watch the intruders.

EXT. CAVERN ENTRANCE – MOMENTS LATER

A tall, lean, effeminate man with oversized glasses and wearing a tight brown uniform stands in front of the cavern entrance. He wears a tan bandanna around his neck and uses a water-filled spray bottle to cool himself down.

This is the MALE BROWNIE TROOP LEADER (36).

TROOP LEADER

(with a lisp)

Okay ladies, gather around!

A DOZEN YOUNG GIRLS dressed in BROWNIE UNIFORMS stand in front of the Troop Leader. They've been walking for half the day and couldn't care less what adventure awaits.

He produces a small hand chisel.

TROOP LEADER

This is the type of chisel that we will all be using today. It is not to be used for "hitting" things, it is to be used for "chiseling" things... gently.

He demonstrates, chiseling the air.

TROOP LEADER  
And does anyone know why we don't  
want to hit things?

The girls sigh, they've been through this type of treatment  
from him a thousand times before.

BROWNIE GROUP  
Because we don't want to break the  
dinosaur bones.

TROOP LEADER  
Correct! Now, let's get to it and  
earn those anthropology badges!

The Troop Leader turns to enter the cavern. The group follows.

A SICKLY BROWNIE tries to hide from the others, but the Troop  
Leader notices her. He shakes his head and corners her.

TROOP LEADER  
(kneeling)  
Hey little bear, aren't you going to  
join the others?

SICKLY BROWNIE  
Um, my allergist told me not to engage  
in physically demanding activities  
where ragweed or spores might be  
present, sir.

The Troop Leader frowns, but knows what to do.

TROOP LEADER  
Do you have a note to corroborate  
these claims?

SICKLY BROWNIE  
Um, well...

TROOP LEADER  
Are you lying to me?

SICKLY BROWNIE  
Well...

TROOP LEADER  
What did we say about lying?

SICKLY BROWNIE  
I'm not lying.

TROOP LEADER  
You know that no one likes a liar,  
right?

SICKLY BROWNIE  
I said I'm not lying.

The Troop Leader tilts his head, unsure.

TROOP LEADER  
Well, let's just say this... You  
don't have to join your troop if  
your claim of sickness is genuine,  
however if you are lying, someone  
will always know...

Troop Leader points up to God.

TROOP LEADER  
And remember what happens to a liar's  
soul when they die? It burns in  
hell... for eternity.

The Troop Leader nods his head and rises, pointing to the  
sky once again.

Sickly Brownie doesn't waver, she's not going in that cavern.

TROOP LEADER  
...and you don't get the badge.

Sickly Brownie's eyes widen. She follows the Troop Leader.

INT. CAVERN – MOMENTS LATER

A string of lights at the top of the cavern provide the only  
light. Each Brownie lightly chisels at the rock walls, looking  
for anything.

The Troop Leader wears a hard hat with a flashlight mounted  
on the top.

TROOP LEADER

Not so hard girls, slow and steady  
is how Troop Daddy likes it.

The Sickly Brownie is deep in the cavern, gently chiseling  
at a wall. She looks back at the Troop Leader and WHACKS the  
wall...

CRUSH... the rock wall crumbles and a SMALL HOLE remains.

The Troop Leader notices and rushes over to investigate.

TROOP LEADER

What have you done now, broke the  
darn thing?

SICKLY BROWNIE

(covering)  
I just hit it like you said.

The Troop Leader moves closer to the hole.

TROOP LEADER

Yeah, right. Let me see there...

Troop Leader chisels at the surface surrounding the hole.

It crumbles away and he accidentally DROPS his chisel in.

TROOP LEADER

Whoops!

SNOTTY BROWNIE comes over.

SNOTTY BROWNIE

What is it?

He shines his light into the tiny breach. There's a moment  
of silence and then... a distant PING, like the chisel fell  
hundreds of feet.

TROOP LEADER

It's deep. That's weird, maybe it's  
a hidden cavern, with an old cowboy's  
stash!

(animated to group)

Listen up ladies, we may have found

a secret treasure! Who wants to be rich!?

He laughs to himself and puts his face up to the hole for a closer look.

TROOP LEADER

Wow! I see something shiny –

CHOMP! A set of giant, ravenous teeth bite into the Troop Leader's skull. Blood SPLATTERS on Sickly Brownie.

His body is YANKED into the hole.

The Brownies SCREAM and turn to RUN. Sickly Brownie is scared stiff. CRASH! The wall collapses as a WHITE BLUR bursts through and knocks over Sickly Brownie.

CHOMP! CHOMP! CHOMP! With blazing speed, the white blur attacks the running Brownies. Shadows, ripping, tearing, howling, fills the cavern.

Sickly Brownie struggles to her feet and staggers for the exit. Her fellow Troops are yanked into the darkness from all directions.

SNOTTY BROWNIE, now with NO ARMS, falls in front of Sickly Brownie. Sickly trips, landing face first in a puddle of blood and guts.

Gagging and wheezing, Sickly Brownie makes one last sprint for the mouth of the cave. Behind her, the white blur WAILS as it snaps the bones of dying children.

Sickly Brownie is almost to the exit. She can feel the sun's heat on her flush cheeks. She's almost there. She's gonna make it. Only a few more feet. And then... JERK!

A white furry arm grabs her neck and YANKS her back into the darkness.

The whiplash sends her bloody WHEEZER flying into the light...

SLAM CUT TO BLACK:

SUPERIMPOSED: BASED ON A TRUE STORY

The title SHATTERS...

INT. CRASHED CAR – NIGHT

P.O.V. - We frantically EMERGE from the burning wreck...

RUN from the crash over desolate, SNOW COVERED prairie land...

EXT. BAR – NIGHT

We focus on a neon sign on top of a bar named UNITED NATIONS TAVERN. We can hear talking and laughing from inside.

A 1985, pristine black Pontiac Trans-Am with a Golden Eagle on the hood pulls up. We follow it around to the back parking lot. The rear bumper sticker reads "MY OTHER TOY HAS TITS."

A weasel-like man with a fat belly and tank-top emerges from the hot rod. We freeze on him.

SUPERIMPOSED

NAME: BOZO

AGE: 32

JOB: UNEMPLOYED

OCCUPATION: TOWN JACKASS

LIFE EXPECTANCY: DEAD BY DAWN

We follow him as he lazily makes his way to the front entrance of the bar.

ON THE SIDE OF THE BAR, he tosses an empty bottle of WILD TURKEY.

We pan away to see the layout of the back parking lot and surrounding area:

Cars and pick-up trucks are scattered throughout the parking lot. There is a BEER TRUCK backed up to a long aluminum tunnel that leads to the back of the bar. A BEER DELIVERY GUY pulls a keg from the beer truck and lugs it into the tunnel.

Snow lightly falls. The swift wind causes snow drifts to form on the outer edges of the parking lot. We turn back to pick up Bozo as he turns the corner to the front of the bar and pushes through the front doors.

INT. BAR – CONTINUOUS

The place is dark, musty and sporadically populated. We take a quick right and stop at an old-fashioned jukebox.

A young man in a wheelchair loads a quarter into the jukebox and is instantly pushed away by Bozo. We freeze on the young man.

SUPERIMPOSED

NAME: PARA

AGE: 29

OCCUPATION: FIREWORKS DEALER

LIFE EXPECTANCY: THEY WOULDN'T KILL A CRIPPLE... WOULD THEY?

We see that "ONLY COOL CHICKS CAN DO ME" is printed on Bozo's tank-top.

PARA

Hey!

Para rolls away uncontrollably.

BOZO

Shut up, fag.

Bozo punches in his selection. The CD spins. A 1980s heavy metal song KICKS IN.

Bozo, mouthing the lyrics, struts away.

NOTE: Music plays over all the bar sequences.

EXT. PRAIRIE LAND – NIGHT

P.O.V. - We continue to run. Panicked breathing. Kicking up the snow.

INT. BAR – NIGHT

A man takes a shot and downs it. We freeze on him.

SUPERIMPOSED

NAME: GOLDIE

AGE: 24

OCCUPATION: HOST AT RED LOBSTER

LIFE EXPECTANCY: HORRIFYING DEATH IN JUST UNDER SEVENTY-

FIVE

## MINUTES

The bartender has been suffering through this dude's sob story all night.

### GOLDIE

We'd been together for so long and then... bang! She drops me. Since then, it's been like a damn country song. She's gone, the car's broke down, a father figure made a pass at me. I have a constant fear of falling... etcetera, etcetera. I'm not saying I ever had it. But I have definitely lost it.

(beat)

I mean I used to be a model for Christ's sake...

BARTENDER (thinning hair, chiseled face, big earring) looks up at this while completing two drinks.

### BARTENDER

For what?

### GOLDIE

(humbled)

JC Penny. Spring wear.

Goldie then mimics throwing a sport coat over his shoulder and holding it by the index finger... he delivers his "model" cheese smile...

Bartender turns and we freeze on him.

## SUPERIMPOSED

NAME: BARTENDER

AGE: 50

OCCUPATION: BARTENDER

FUN FACT: SHOT 4 TIMES, STABBED 6 TIMES, BIT BY 1 SQUIRREL

LIFE EXPECTANCY: READY TO WEAR

The two fresh gin & tonics are ready. Bartender grabs the drinks and sets them in front of GOOD GUY (26, clean cut, white sweater). Good Guy nods and gives him a tip.

### GOOD GUY



Thank you, sir.

We follow him to a table where GOOD GIRL (26, delicate, innocent, matching white sweater) sits.

GOOD GIRL  
Oh thanks, sweetie.

We freeze on Good Girl and Good Guy.

SUPERIMPOSED

NAME: GOOD GUY & GOOD GIRL

AGES: 26

OCCUPATIONS: SALES REPRESENTATIVES FOR ENTERPRISE RENT-  
A-CAR

THEIR SONG: "SAILING" BY CHRISTOPHER CROSS

We go back to the starry-eyed couple as they TOAST. We hear a bar of the "their song."

SUPERIMPOSED

LIFE EXPECTANCY: THEY REALLY HAVE IT COMING

BEHIND THEM, the beer delivery man, walks by, pushing a keg of beer on a roll cart. We follow him to the side of the bar.

He sets down the load and opens the small door to the KEG ELEVATOR. We freeze on him.

SUPERIMPOSED

NAME: BEER GUY

AGE: 32

OCCUPATION: BEER GUY

LIFE EXPECTANCY: A WILD CARD, HE MAY SURPRISE YOU

BARTENDER  
That it?

BEER GUY  
One keg of Beast for the basement,  
then, truck's dry.

BARTENDER  
Gonna stay for a couple?

Beer Guy hoists the lone keg into the waiting elevator.

BEER GUY  
(nonchalant)  
Fuck yea.

He hits a button next to the door and the keg slowly lowers to the basement.

EXT. PRAIRIE LAND – NIGHT

P.O.V. - Hard breathing. We jump over a small bush and land hard in the icy earth.

INT. BAR – NIGHT

From the end of the bar, a glass of beer SLIDES TOWARDS US.

A hand GRABS it and puts it on a tray.

She is pretty though haggard, stained apron, and dirty blond hair. We freeze on her.

SUPERIMPOSED

NAME: TUFFY

AGE: 25

OCCUPATION: CAREER WAITRESS

FUN FACT: SERVED 100 HOURS OF COMMUNITY SERVICE FOR ILLEGAL DUMPING OF MANURE... IN EX-HUSBAND'S CAR

LIFE EXPECTANCY: BADASS-IN-WAITING

Tuffy picks up her tray and turns. We see a LOCKET around her neck.

Tuffy's stride eases into SLOW MOTION:

We can SEE THROUGH the closed locket – it conceals a PICTURE of a smiling, young boy. It is Tuffy's son, CODY.

AT NORMAL SPEED:

Tuffy carries the tray toward a table. She passes a TV that is mounted on the wall.

ON THE TV

A NEWSCASTER, dressed in a coat and tie, mouths the news.

We can barely make out what he is saying.

NEWSCASTER

(from TV)

...the search for the missing mining team will be further complicated by tonight's expected blizzard and by the unstable conditions of these deep tunnels. The dynamite blasting to the mountain's face has created a number of deep sinkholes into the rocky terrain. Thus far, no signs of life have been detected, yet town officials are still optimistic the miners will be found...

Newscaster spins and an ECLIPSE GRAPHIC comes on screen above his right shoulder.

NEWSCASTER

...On a brighter note or should we say a darker note, tomorrow's solar eclipse will bring out adults and children alike for a celebration of this metrological event. Let's go now to Devon Lucie from KRUI's weather center, Devon?

WE TILT BACK DOWN. We keep DESCENDING until we are in the BASEMENT of the bar. Musty, cold, mildew and old.

IN THE BASEMENT

Beer Guy pulls the keg from the little elevator and places it next to the many other kegs in the basement.

He HEARS a faint conversation behind a curtain.

It is between BOSS MAN (paunchy, sweaty, ugly) and ROADIE (English accent, light hair, leather skin, thin build).

BOSS MAN (O.S.)

How can you move it?

ROADIE (O.S.)

Amplifiers.

Beer Guy hesitantly moves toward the conversation. A RED GLOW emits from behind the sheet, cleanly silhouetting Roadie and Boss Man.

BOSS MAN  
Color it done.

Roadie smirks.

We ascend straight up into –

EXT. PRAIRIE LAND – NIGHT

P.O.V. - We are trucking... labored breathing... we stumble and TILT DOWN TO –

INT. BAR – NIGHT

FROM TILT DOWN –

We follow Tuffy over to a table where ADULTERER (bushy mustache, sweater vest, dress shirt) sits with TRAMPY (designer glasses, hair pulled back, tight blue business suit, closet tramp). We freeze on Trampy.

SUPERIMPOSED

NAME: TRAMPY  
AGE: 19  
OCCUPATION: BANK TELLER  
LIFE EXPECTANCY: BETTER THAN ADULTERER

TRAMPY  
He said there was no reason I had to stay a teller and that if I did good work and didn't mess up, I could become an assistant manager within three years.  
(pause)  
Can you believe that?

ADULTERER  
(tense)  
That sounds great.

We freeze on him.

SUPERIMPOSED

NAME: ADULTERER

AGE: 36

OCCUPATION: HIGH SCHOOL P.E. INSTRUCTOR

NICKNAME IN HIGH SCHOOL: DR. BLUMPKIN

GENITALS: SHAVED

LIFE EXPECTANCY: WORSE THAN TRAMPY

UNDER THE TABLE

Adulterer reaches into his pant's pocket to pay the tab.

As he produces a wad of cash, he inadvertently pulls out his hidden WEDDING RING.

Tuffy sets down the drinks.

TRAMPY

That sounds like bullshit! I could be an assistant manager at The Lake Arrowhead Casino for knowing the fuckin' alphabet to G! I'll be twenty-two in three –

The ring falls.

CLING! CLING! The damning wedding band BOUNCES.

We follow the ring as it ROLLS on it's side along the floor. Tuffy, Trampy and the mortified Adulterer, watch.

The ring stops, standing still on its side.

We see Trampy's sunken reaction Loveboat style, through the ring. She looks to Adulterer, seething.

Adulterer's jaw goes slack.

The ring falls FLAT.

Adulterer slides the cash to Tuffy with one hand.

ADULTERER

Just keep it...

WHIP PAN TO –

EXT. PRAIRIE LAND – NIGHT

P.O.V. - Sprinting and wheezing. We see the lights of the bar far in the distance.

INT. BAR – SIDE ROOM/KITCHEN – NIGHT

Tuffy walks back over to the bar adding Adulterer's cash to a fat roll of money. BELLE (stringy blond hair, cute face, brand-spanking new employee) looks up with surprise. We freeze on her.

SUPERIMPOSED

NAME: BELLE

AGE: 21

OCCUPATION: WAITRESS

GOALS: PLAY BELLE IN STAGE VERSION OF "BEAUTY AND THE BEAST"

LIFE EXPECTANCY: SAME ODDS AS PLAYING "BELLE" IN STAGE VERSION OF "BEAUTY AND THE BEAST"

BELLE

(privately)

How'd you make that much tonight?

Before she can respond, Boss Man walks by the two, STARING at them. He walks up a rickety side-staircase to the SECOND FLOOR.

He nods to Tuffy. Pure sleaze. We freeze on him.

SUPERIMPOSED

NAME: BOSS MAN

AGE: 47

OCCUPATION: BAR OWNER

MOTTO: IF THERE'S GRASS IN THE FIELD, PLAY BALL

LIFE EXPECTANCY: REGULAR OR EXTRA-CRISPY?

Tuffy grinds her teeth, removes her apron and moves hesitantly up the staircase.

BELLE

Oh.

EXT. PRAIRIE LAND – NIGHT

P.O.V. - Running, approaching the still distant United

Nations Tavern...

INT. BAR – NIGHT

A TINY VELVET CASE is set on the bar end. Bozo opens the case to reveal THREE PRISTINE PLATINUM DARTS.

BOZO

Gentlemen, I would like to introduce you to three examples of aerodynamic perfection...

Bozo removes a dart and stands in the middle of the bar.

To his right is DRUNK GUY (samurai pony tail, thin mustache, lean, just plain out of it) the other half of a wager in this game.

Bozo raises his dart.

DRUNK GUY

First one to break skin loses?

BOZO

That is correct.  
(to Para off screen)  
Don't you move now.

We see that the dartboard has TWO HUNDRED DOLLAR BILLS on the bulls-eye. They are being held up by Para's LEFT HAND.

He squirms in his wheelchair as Bozo takes aim.

BOZO

Don't even... twitch!

SWISH! Bozo throws.

PING! It lands right between Para's fingers.

EXT. BAR – NIGHT

P.O.V. - We are running for the bar a half mile away.

INT. BAR – NIGHT

Para wipes his brow with his right hand as Drunk Guy takes aim.

Bozo locks eyes with Para. Drunk Guy winds up. Bozo cocks his eyebrow. Drunk Guy THROWS. Para flinches.

SMACK! The arrow DRIVES into his palm.

PARA  
GAHHHHH-SHIT!!

DRUNK GUY  
Ironsides flinched, motherfucker!

Bozo chuckles.

BOZO  
(crude Oriental accent)  
Yoh anga will be yoh downfah.

Para frees his skewered hand. He chirps in pain.

BELLE can't believe what she just saw.

BOZO  
Go again?

DRUNK GUY  
Drunk don't mean stupid.

BOZO  
Oh, come on. Crape Diem!

Bozo takes the blood stained hundreds from the dart board.

Drunk Guy sulks away cursing to himself and moves to the bar.

Roadie looks on, sipping a beer. We freeze on Roadie.

SUPERIMPOSED

NAME: ROADIE  
AGE: 31  
OCCUPATION: BAND ROADIE  
LIFE EXPECTANCY: A FEW DOG YEARS

EXT. PRAIRIE LAND – NIGHT

P.O.V. - Still running. The bar is getting closer.



INT. BAR – NIGHT

Bozo happily moves through the bar. He HITS the table of GRANDPA (long scar on the right side of his face through the eyebrow, elderly, white hair, bushy white mustache) and GRANDMA (curly white hair, glasses).

They shudder as he HOLLERS at them. We freeze on them.

SUPERIMPOSED

NAMES: GRANDPA AND GRANDMA

AGES: 88 AND 86

OCCUPATION: RETIRED

FUN FACT: BEEN TOGETHER SINCE DEPRESSION

LIFE EXPECTANCY: THEY DON'T BUY GREEN BANANAS

BOZO

(in a crotchety tone)

Wake up! Check your pants!

Bozo mocks a hearing impairment by cupping his ear.

BOZO

What's that!? Wha'cha say? Huh?

GRANDPA

Get outta here.

Bozo SNAPS one of the bloody bills.

BOZO

How much for the whole night, Grandma?

GRANDMA

(disgusted)

You should be so lucky.

Grandpa raises his fists one at a time as he explains...

GRANDPA

This one will just stun ya, but this one will put ya to sleep.

BOZO

(mocking)

Whoa!

We follow Bozo as he takes notice of OLD VET (52, long hair with bandanna, dirty beard) HARLEY MOM, (45, bruiser, grizzled, tough as a saddle) and DRUNK GUY. He saddles up next to them at the bar.

BOZO

You boys wanna take a try at the loot?

They don't respond. Harley Mom is offended.

BOZO

Come on, I'll even throw with my left hand.

He turns in disappointment.

Goldie downs another shot. The tart sting of the drink hits him. He slaps the bar.

GOLDIE

Ooohhh!

BOZO

(addressing room)

Nothin' but a bunch of butts and pussies in here!

EXT. PRAIRIE LAND – NIGHT

P.O.V. - We are frantically running. The bar is just a quarter mile ahead. We leap a fence and –

INT. BAR – NIGHT

KRASH! Belle DROPS a tray full of drinks behind the bar.

BELLE

Shit! Shit! Shit!

Bartender helps her.

BARTENDER

Don't sweat it, just clean it up before he's done.

He points up and we rapidly RISE to the second floor.

## ON SECOND FLOOR

Tuffy's son CODY (7, innocent, cute) sits on the floor watching TV.

## SUPERIMPOSED

NAME: CODY

AGE: 7

OCCUPATION: DEPENDENT

LIFE EXPECTANCY: A WONDERFUL, FULL LIFE

Tuffy walks over to him and puts HEADPHONES over his ears.

TUFFY

Keep these on, sweetheart.

CODY

Okay, mommy.

Tuffy kisses him on the head and then moves to an adjacent room.

## ADJACENT ROOM

Tuffy enters the room and takes off her blouse exposing her breasts. She pulls up her skirt and bends over a bedpost.

TUFFY

Let's get this over with.

Boss Man walks up behind her, naked, except for Red Cowboy Boots.

BOSS MAN

I love a woman with enthusiasm.

## EXT. BAR FRONT – NIGHT

P.O.V. - We move in fast on the bar –

## INT. BAR – NIGHT

Bozo walks to the middle of the room, proudly displaying his prize money.

BOZO

I got two hundred bucks says none of  
you can beat me!

The bar is silent. Bartender points to the double doors.

BARTENDER  
Hey! Get quiet or get out.

BOZO  
(grinning)  
C'mon guys–

EXT. BAR – NIGHT

P.O.V. - Hurling toward the double doors and –

INT. BAR – NIGHT

BOZO  
Gimme some ACTION –

BOOM! The double doors to the bar are kicked open by HERO  
(rugged alpha man with dark features and built to kick ass).

KRASH! Belle DROPS a second tray of drinks–

MUSIC CUTS OUT

Hero is scraped, bruised and bloodied. He is dressed in blue  
denim, with a hand made duct tape and leather neck guard. He  
holds a RUST-  
RED SHOTGUN and a GUNNY SACK. He SLAMS the double  
doors shut and props a chair against the handles, securing  
them.

Hero spins around and cocks his weapon.

He has the bar's attention.

HERO  
Unless you people want to die you'll  
do what I say and you'll do it fast!

KAH-CHUCK! Bartender cocks his SHOTGUN.

BARTENDER  
You hold it right there, mister.

Hero raises his one hand holding the gunny sack.

HERO

(catching his breath.)

A storm of hell's coming down on  
this place any minute!

BARTENDER

Drop the canon!

Hero puts down the shotgun and cautiously moves towards  
Bartender.

HERO

I'm not armed now, just hear me out.

Hero gets closer.

BARTENDER

I'll drop you and not even think  
about it!

HERO

Let me explain!

BARTENDER

YOU GOT ONE SECOND TO –

WHOOSH! Hero reveals a drool-dripping, white, GRANDPAPA BEAST  
HEAD from the gunny sack and holds it out and high for all  
to see.

HERO

LISTEN TO ME!

The bar GASPS.

HERO

Take a good look! There's at least a  
FOUR of these things out there!

Grandpapa Beast's head has softball-sized eyeballs and a  
seven by seven inch mouth full of jagged, ivory white teeth.  
It is like a super-sized, albino, jackal head with long,  
stringy hair.

HERO

I saw one of them tear up five men

like they were corn on the cob!

The bar is silent.

HERO

I don't know what they are. I don't know where they came from. All I do know is that these fuckers are fast, nasty, and hungry.

The bar stares at him, slack-jawed.

HERO

...And they can fly. Not to mention they're damn-shitfuckin' near impervious to conventional firepower.

The shocked Bartender lowers his shotgun slightly.

WHIP! Hero drops the head on the bar and GRABS the shotgun from Bartender's hands.

Hero notices an ENGRAVING on the shotgun. It has "THE JUDGE" carved into the handle. He nods approvingly to Bartender.

HERO

Now these things are coming. RIGHT NOW. We have to lock this bar down!

He moves and points to vulnerable areas.

HERO

That means doors, windows, drains, basements, skylights, whatever, and we have to do it fast!

Hero runs to the lone window in the front of the bar and then back at the patrons.

HERO

(addressing Belle)

You! Get on that phone. Call the cops, the National Guard, townies, whoever kicks ass and get 'em out here.

Belle moves to a pay phone at the end of the bar. She nervously grabs for coins in her apron.

HERO  
(addressing patrons)  
We gotta seal off the back, seal off  
the top and lock down the bottom.  
(Beat)  
Any questions?

Everyone is silent.

BARTENDER  
Who are you?

HERO  
I'm the hero –

CRASH! Two white Beast arms BURST through the window and  
SPLIT Hero right down the middle.

BLAM! The Judge fires into the ceiling –

SECOND FLOOR

BLAM! The Judge's blast blows through the Boss Man's RIGHT  
FOOT as he reaches climax with Tuffy. Boss Man hollers.

Tuffy SCREAMS –

MAIN BAR

Hero's right half is JERKED outside through the window!

Belle SCREAMS into the phone!

The bar screams in horror! Blood sprays! Rapid chomping!

NOTE: The full Beasts are all white and furiously fly around  
like bolts of lightning. They emit a high shrill sound, like  
a buzz saw working a piece of steel.

The patrons scramble.

CRASH! The double doors are kicked open, splintering the  
propped up chair. The people duck for cover.

HEROINE (Native American, rugged, ripped pants, wickedly  
hot) rushes in, slams the doors shut and instinctively kicks  
up the RUST RED SHOTGUN. She flips it sideways and slides

the metal weapon through the handles of the double doors, securing them.

BAM! A massive HIT slams into the doors from the outside sending Heroine SLIDING across the floor.

She SPRINGS to her feet and drives her weight into a table attempting to hoist it over the now open window.

HEROINE  
HELP ME! SOMEBODY!

Old Vet and Harley Mom rush to Heroine's aid. They raise the table to cover the gaping hole. Heroine looks outside.

HEROINE  
GET DOWN!

A BEAST nails the rising table, just missing Heroine's face.

The table falls, pinning Heroine. A BEAST enters.

This is JUNIOR BEAST. He's all white and fast like the others, but small, the size of a 9 year-old child. He uses speed and his long sharp claws to cause havoc.

CHUCK! CHUCK! JUNIOR swipes the heads off Old Vet and Harley Mom. Their heads BOUNCE off the wall and drop.

Good Guy shields Good Girl in a booth as Adulterer and Trampy hit the deck.

Junior Beast tears through the bar, shrieking. It BANGS the jukebox and an 80's punk-hit plays.

Heroine pulls herself out from under the table.

Goldie jerks backward off his stool and hits the floor. Junior Beast SCRATCHES Bartender's back and he falls near The Judge.

Junior Beast KNOCKS beer taps off the bar set one by one, leaps over the bar, swings its claws at a ducking Belle, then kick-rips the pay phone from the wall. SPARKS spit out.

JUNIOR BEAST continues his tour as he destroys the TV.

It sweeps down and pulls out half of Trampy's hair. She



bellows. It throws a booth at Beer Guy. He dives out of the way. Items fly off of the walls and tables.

The Elderly couple crouch, holding each other tight.

Bartender scrambles for The Judge on the floor.

Junior Beast's body BANGS the jukebox again, the song SKIPS.

It rises to the ceiling for another attack.

Para ducks as lethal talons rip his back rest.

Junior Beast jumps and BREAKS a ceiling fan.

Drunk Guy CHARGES the spastic monster with a stool.

DRUNK GUY  
GET 'EM!

SWIPE! Drunk Guy misses the creature.

DRUNK GUY  
NOOOO!

The wild Beast scoops up Drunk Guy. He is sent FLYING into a wall.

HEROINE  
Close that window!

BLAM! BLAM! Bartender FIRES The Judge at the creature hitting lights and the walls. Drunk Guy rolls upright.

BLAM! A shot DESTROYS Drunk Guy's face.

Junior Beast's body BANGS the jukebox again. The song STOPS.

Beer Guy WHACKS Junior Beast with a chair. Stunned, it flies across the air, landing in a tall, metal ICE COOLER.

Bozo SLAMS it closed, capturing Junior Beast.

BOZO  
Got 'cha!

HEROINE  
HOLD THAT TIGHT!

Bozo struggles to keep the lid shut.

BOZO  
Hot damn!

EXT. BAR – CONTINUOUS

THREE MORE FLYING BEASTS close in on the window, shrieking...

INT. BAR – CONTINUOUS

Bartender runs across the bar and SLAMS shut the thick wood shutters over the window.

The Beasts HIT. The shutters crack down the middle.

ANGLE ON

Roadie POWER LIFTS the table with Heroine and braces it against the window for reinforcement but –

POP! A FURRY ARM busts through the shutters and reaches around, outside the edge of the bracing table and grabs the other half of Hero.

HEROINE  
God damn you!

Heroine grabs Hero's remaining hand and is jerked to the wall. Roadie shoves the table with all of his might against the intruding arm.

Blood starts to SPRAY from outside as the rest of Hero is being devoured through the smallish hole. Heroine is being showered by the gore as she works a GOLD RING off of Hero's ring finger.

The feeding Beast's head breaks in through the hole. It grabs Heroine's left forearm.

Bartender aims The Judge at the Beast...

ROADIE  
You'll hit her!

Roadie KNOCKS The Judge up – BLAM!

## SECOND FLOOR

The Judge's shotgun blast blows through Boss Man's RIGHT FOOT again! He cries out in agony.

Tuffy grabs the floor.

## MAIN BAR

The attacking Beast's mouth opens to feed on Heroine.

Heroine frantically grabs a SPLINTERED PIECE of the broken chair and buries it into the BEAST'S RIGHT EYE.

The Beast SCREECHES and jerks back, scratching Heroine's arm and dragging the rest of Hero outside.

Heroine has the ring. She kicks away from the wall to the center of the bar's floor.

Shrieks and flapping wings are heard outside.

They dissipate.

A moment of calm.

Belle timidly looks up from behind the bar, shaking, with pretzels in her hair. She holds the receiver of the busted pay phone.

The other patrons emerge from under tables and other hiding spaces in various states of shock.

The Judge's barrel smolders.

Roadie breathes heavily against the table.

Goldie sits up, shocked sober.

Good Guy cautiously lowers Good Girl's hands from her face.

Junior Beast has momentarily stopped moving. Bozo secures the lid with a nearby PADLOCK.

## BOZO

What the FUCK is that?

Heroine rolls back and flips upright, wild-eyed. She looks

at the blood soaked bar.

The patrons eye the ice cooler in morbid curiosity.

Bartender eases toward Heroine pointing The Judge at the breached face of the bar.

Heroine pants with adrenaline. We freeze on her.

SUPERIMPOSED

NAME: HEROINE

AGE: 27

OCCUPATION: SURVIVOR

LIFE EXPECTANCY: HOPEFULLY LONGER THAN THE LAST HERO

She reaches in her pocket, pulls out a couple dollars and SLAMS them on the bar.

HEROINE

Beer me.

CUT TO BLACK:

FADE UP:

We pan and scan over various NEWSPAPER HEADINGS with pictures and newsreel footage that read:

"TRENTON, MISSOURI 1989: SEARCH CONTINUES FOR CANYON HIKERS"

"HOTWALK, ALASKA 1951: BOAT DESTROYED ON LAND, CREW GONE"

"PARIS, ILLINOIS 1977: HERD OF CATTLE FOUND SLAUGHTERED IN MINE SHAFT"

"BLACK HILLS, SOUTH DAKOTA 1996: THREE HIKERS DISAPPEAR"

"BORASINT, VIETNAM 1975: RECOGNIZANCE SQUAD REMAINS FOUND IN CAVE"

"GAINSVILLE, FLORIDA 1980: ELDERLY MAN AND DOG MISSING"

"POGUE, AUSTRALIA 1945: HUMAN BONES FOUND IN SHALLOW EARTH"

"RAI-TAI, JAPAN 1963: DISCOVERED BODIES ON MOUNTAIN FACE OFFER LITTLE ANSWERS ONLY QUESTIONS"

CUT TO:

INT. BAR – NIGHT

There is a HOLLER at the top of the stairs. Everyone turns.

BOSS MAN  
(PANICKED)  
IS IT CLEAR?!

BARTENDER  
Yeah.

BOSS MAN  
IS THERE A GUN POINTING AT YOU?

BARTENDER  
Nah, I got the gun.

Boss Man hobbles down the stairs with the help of Tuffy.

His foot is a bloody mess. He is holding a .38.

BOSS MAN  
All right god damn it! Who shot me!?  
Who did it!?

Tuffy helps him. Belle and Bartender move to his aid.

BOSS MAN  
My god damn foot is gone! Who fuckin'  
shot me? Who fuckin' shot me!?

BARTENDER  
(motioning to Heroine)  
Her fella.

HEROINE  
(weary)  
My husband...

BOSS MAN  
Well, where's the sonuvabitch!?

HEROINE  
He's dead.

BOSS MAN

What?

Boss Man and Tuffy notice the destruction to the bar.

BOSS MAN

What the hell happened down here?!

Boss Man looks to Bozo.

BOZO

I didn't do it! It was fuckin'  
monsters, asshole!

Boss Man cocks the .38.

BOSS MAN

Jesus Christ on the cross... Someone  
make sense.

HEROINE

Easy. We're surrounded by something  
the likes none of you have ever seen  
before. Some kind of animals. Real  
fast, volatile, predators. ONE went  
through three of your patrons like  
they were Kleenex.

BOSS MAN

(matter of fact)

So, your dead hubby shot me twice,  
three of my customers have been eaten,  
and there are angry creatures outside?

HEROINE

He only shot you once.

BOSS MAN

Huh?

HEROINE

(re: Bartender)

He shot you the other time.

BARTENDER

It was an accident. Sorry.

Boss Man squints skeptically. Good Guy points to the bar.

GOOD GUY

Look at it!

Good Guy directs the attention of Boss Man and Tuffy to GRANDPAPA BEAST'S HEAD at the end of the bar.

BOSS MAN

(accepting)

Fan-fuckin-tastic.

Tuffy, still supporting Boss Man, is mesmerized by the head and damage to the bar.

TUFFY

Oh my God... What is that?

HEROINE

That's one piece of four problems.

BOSS MAN

Please elaborate.

Tight on Heroine's eyes.

HEROINE

That head over there?

She points to the decapitated beast head.

HEROINE

That's the oldest of the bunch, looked like the Grandpapa. We caught the little one, Junior, in the cooler there. As we've seen, what he lacks in size he more than makes up for in speed.

BARTENDER

And the rest of 'em?

HEROINE

Unfortunately, the worst of 'em are still outside.

Heroine spins and recalls the gory details...

NOTE: As Heroine describes each beast, we see a glimpse of their virtues.

HEROINE

The next one is taller, but all out of proportion. Like a "teen beast."

EXT. PRAIRIE LAND – NIGHT

Just a quick glimpse of TEEN BEAST. He's got a big head and awkward body. He clumsily moves and seems uncomfortable in his own skin. He's got big balls and can't keep his hands off of them.

HEROINE (V.O.)

He was spastic, clumsy, but deadly just the same.

INT. BAR FRONT – NIGHT

Heroine tends to her scratched arm.

HEROINE

If I'm not mistaken, I just took the eye out of the Mother. She can guide the attacks. She calculates.

EXT. PRAIRIE LAND – NIGHT

MOMMA BEAST flashes out from the dark. She's shorter than Teen, but much wider. She has a big mouth and NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC BOOBS that hang down to her waist. She covers her stabbed left eye and SCREECHES.

INT. BAR – NIGHT

Heroine taps her left eye.

HEROINE

If you are face to face with her, dive left.

ROADIE

And the last one is the...

HEROINE

Father. The biggest, the strongest...

EXT. PRAIRIE LAND – NIGHT



FLASH! We only see a blur of muscles, bloody fur, and teeth.

INT. BAR – CONTINUOUS

The entire bar stares at Heroine with their mouths on the floor.

HEROINE

No sign of any weaknesses. No sign at all. He's an eating machine.

Goldie puts his head down.

GOLDIE

(sotto)

Of all the friggin' bars to go into...

The bar folks back up, not so confident about their chances.

HEROINE

All right, we need to lock this place down! Everyone in this room?

Tuffy eyes bug. She drops Boss Man's arm. He topples.

TUFFY

Oh my god! My son! My SON!

We race with Tuffy toward the staircase to the SECOND FLOOR.

HEROINE

Wait!

Heroine and Bartender give chase.

Tuffy is halfway up the stairs.

TUFFY

Cody! Cody are you all right? Mommy's coming! Mommy's coming, baby! Don't move! Mommy's coming!

HEROINE

Stop her!

BARTENDER

Hey!

ON SECOND FLOOR

Tuffy BURSTS through the door.

Cody stands by the TV fiddling with the switches. Heroine and Bartender halt to guard the doorway. Heroine watches a PORTAL WINDOW between the doorway and Tuffy's son by the TV.

CODY

Mommy, the TV doesn't work.

Tuffy picks up Cody and holds him in her arms. Heroine waves Tuffy and her son toward the door.

HEROINE

(hushed)

Careful! C'mon!

Tuffy cautiously shuffles back toward the doorway.

TUFFY

Oh sweetheart! What was I thinking?  
Mommy is never gonna let you go. Oh  
Jesus... Never, ever, never let you  
go.

HEROINE

(tense, to Bartender)

Let's lock off this room.

Tuffy and Cody move to exit.

TUFFY

Okay, baby? Never, ever, never. Never,  
ever, never, baby. Just stay close.  
I am never gonna let go. I love you,  
love you, lo –

SMASH! Papa Beast BURSTS through the portal window and RIPS Cody's torso from Tuffy's grasp!

Tuffy holds his DANGLING ARMS! Blood SPRAYS everywhere!

TUFFY

NOOOOOOOO!

RAAR! Papa Beast LUNGES at Tuffy!

HEROINE

Shoot him!!!

BLAM! Bartender shoots, nailing Papa Beast in the side.

He hisses, but can't fit through the small window.

Bartender aims to shoot...

BLAP! Papa Beast projectile vomits Cody's skull and the remains of past meals at Bartender's chest... the shotgun drops and Bartender stumbles back.

Papa Beast retracts out the portal window.

Heroine SLAMS the wood shutters closed.

Tuffy drops Cody's arms. She is bug-eyed. She walks, zombie-like, to the staircase.

Bartender stands dazed, covered in Papa Beast's bile. He wipes his face, picks up the Judge, and follows.

Heroine locks the staircase door shut. She rubs a gold locket around her neck.

HEROINE

Dammit.

Heroine drops her head and moves down the stairs.

We follow her into the main room where the shocked group waits.

Beer Guy stares at the bile covered Bartender.

BEER GUY

Oh my god...

Hands him a towel.

Tuffy slowly walks toward the rest of the patrons. The blood on her face and chest tells them what happened.

The horror hits home.

Good Guy holds Good Girl close.

Bozo bows his head. Adulterer wipes his brow.

Goldie downs another shot. Heroine eyes the destroyed phone.

HEROINE

Is that the only phone?

Bartender emerges from the back holding a mess of plastic and wires.

BARTENDER

The back phone is wrecked too.

Adulterer is listening intently. Rubbing his chin. Good Girl's eye's light up and she digs through her purse.

Tuffy sits in a booth, shut down.

GOOD GIRL

This is really happening. I can't believe this is really happening.

Good Guy takes Good Girl's head to his lips.

GOOD GUY

We'll be fine. We're gonna be just fine.

Grandpa and Grandma have calmly re-taken their seats and are sipping their drinks.

GRANDPA

What'd you say?

GRANDMA

I didn't say anything.

Bartender hesitantly tosses a wash towel over the Grandpa Beast head at the end of the bar. Goldie opens a fresh bottle of something stiff and takes a generous swig.

Para is slumped holding his dripping hand.

Belle moves over to aid Para with a rag.

PARA

Thank you.

BELLE

Are you okay? Do you need something for your hand?

PARA

No, it doesn't hurt.

Para flexes the dart-wounded hand.

PARA

The nerve endings are shot, can't feel a thing.

BELLE

That's a pretty good scam.

PARA

Pays more than the couch.

Good Girl pulls out a CELLULAR PHONE from her purse.

GOOD GIRL

Here!

The group looks over. Adulterer GRABS it.

GOOD GUY

Hey!

Adulterer starts dialing.

ADULTERER

Back off!

Beer Guy walks from behind the bar.

BEER GUY

So, what now? Did those things leave?

BOZO

Why don't you go check it out?

BEER GUY

Fuck no.

ADULTERER

(to off-screen wife)

I have a signal! I have... Diane?

Diane listen to me... get the kids  
and get in the basement... do it  
right now...

Trampy is teary-eyed staring at her folded hands. Heroine  
notices.

ADULTERER

(flustered)

Diane don't do this now. I'll explain  
later. Not now! We can... I'm at a  
bar... look... shut up! JUST SHUT UP  
AND GET IN THE FUCKING BASEMENT,  
DIANE! Diane! Diane?... Hello? Dammit!  
I lost the signal!

Adulterer gets up, a bit dazed.

ADULTERER

(growing in intensity)

Okay. Okay. Look now, I gotta get  
outta here! I gotta go! My wife...  
See my wife is alone... I gotta go!  
She could be in trouble. I GOTTA GO!

He backs up and moves towards the front door. Heroine shuffles  
into his path, hands raised.

HEROINE

I wouldn't do that.

Adulterer, violently grabs Heroine to shove her away.

ADULTERER

Fuck you, bitch!

WHAM! WHAM! BAM! Heroine nails Adulterer with THREE HITS to  
the chin, throat and chest.

Heroine takes him by the forearm and FLIPS him to the floor.  
Heroine pulls a KNIFE from her belt buckle and has it under  
Adulterer's chin.

HEROINE

YOU CAN RISK YOUR LIFE, BUT NOT MINE!  
YOU PULL THAT TOUGH BOY SHIT ONE  
MORE TIME AND I'LL SLICE YOU FROM  
NECK TO NUTS!

Bartender aims The Judge.

ROADIE

I'd listen to her if I were you.

Adulterer nods obediently. Heroine removes the knife from his neck and plants it back into her buckle.

Adulterer slowly rolls upright, beaten.

ADULTERER

(re: Bartender,  
catching breath)

You willing to shoot me?

BARTENDER

If it keeps us alive.

BOSS MAN

Save your energy for a real problem.

Adulterer moves from the door.

ADULTERER

(to bar)

You can't keep me here. This is  
bullshit. Fuckin' bullshit. This is  
fucking BULLSHIT!

HEROINE

We can't risk letting them in.

ADULTERER

(trembling, pissed)

Right.

Heroine kicks loose a metal footrest pole.

The Bartender sets down the Judge to clean his face and arms in the sink.

BARTENDER

(sotto)

This shit burns.

Good Guy approaches Adulterer and touches his arm.

GOOD GUY  
Just take a seat.

ADULTERER  
Don't touch me!

Adulterer takes his seat. He looks over at the half bald Trampy. She looks at him, hurt.

He covers his face in shame. Good Guy takes the phone back.

Heroine slides the thick metal pole through the double door handles. The slide sends the Rust Red shotgun back into her hands. She turns and cocks the weapon.

BAM! BAM! BAM! Junior Beast bangs around in the ice cooler, doing himself more damage than good.

BOZO  
I think it's hungry again.

Heroine moves close, her gun raised.

HEROINE  
We have to kill it.  
(to Boss Man)  
Can you help?

Boss Man aims his .38.

Like he knows what is coming, Junior Beast goes wild, trying to get out.

HEROINE  
Fire!

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! Bullets rip through the cooler.

Junior squeals. More shots. Casings hit the ground.

Smoke rises. Boss Man's .38 is empty.

Bozo is the first to lean in.

BOZO  
I think we got –

RAH! A tiny white arm fires out from the cooler grabbing



Bozo's leg. Bozo yelps. Junior shrieks.

Tuffy shoves The Judge into a hole and...

BLAM! Guts splatter. Junior's greenish-blood drips out of the many holes.

Bozo falls back unscathed. He catches his breath and looks to Tuffy. She is born again, hard.

TUFFY  
You're welcome.

GOOD GIRL  
Jesus, it took all that? All those bullets? How can we possibly fight off the others?

ROADIE  
We'll think of somethin'.

GOOD GUY  
Maybe we don't have to fight them.

BOZO  
What you wanna do, call 'em names?

Everyone is waiting for a little more.

GOOD GUY  
No, scare them. Scare them right back. This is a species stand-off. We just need to show them we're not vulnerable. That we're formidable.

ADULTERER  
How?

GOOD GUY  
I need a stick.

Bartender opens the cooler's lid and carefully pulls out Junior Beast with salad tongs. The carcass falls to the floor with a SPLAT.

Beer Guy hands Good Guy a splintered broomstick.

GOOD GUY

Stand back.

He buries the broomstick into Junior's side and carries the limp carcass towards a covered hole in the wall.

GOOD GUY

Let's get that board down.

Roadie pries off a board to reveal a pumpkin sized hole.

HEROINE

What the hell you doing?

Good Guy shoves Junior's mangled body through to the outside.

GOOD GUY

Showing superiority. The scent of their dead may drive them away.

The whole bar moves to the side wall to see how the Beast Family will react.

GOOD GUY

Come on. Come onnnnnn.

GOOD GIRL

Is there a call, or something?

Bozo leans forward.

BOZO

See that you monkey fucks! That's what you get when you mess with us! Woman or man, I don't give a fuck! Shit don't make me gay, you'll be sucking my dick!

Bozo's last insult hangs in the air. Good Guy stares at him.

PARA

Nice...

EXT. BAR – CONTINUOUS

WHOOSH! Junior is swiped from the hand made pike.

INT. BAR – CONTINUOUS

Good Guy jerks back. The startled group refocuses as the Father Beast perches under the moonlight before them cradling his dead child.

The other Beast Family members slowly approach Junior. For the first time, the others in the bar get to see what they're up against. And just as Heroine said, they're an odd mix of white fur, teeth and claws.

Papa Beast is gentle and it's almost endearing. Teen Beast Bows his misshapen head. Momma Beast takes Junior in her arms and nuzzles him.

GOOD GIRL

It's working. I think it's working.

INT. BAR – CONTINUOUS

The whole group starts to ease.

Then... Papa Beast HOLLERS.

EXT. BAR – CONTINUOUS

From deep in his soul, Papa Beast lets out a HORRID WAIL. If there were anyone alive for miles around, they'd be able to hear him.

The group covers their ears.

Then, something really odd happens. Momma tosses Junior in the air, opens her wide jaws, and SWALLOWS HIM WHOLE.

INT. BAR – CONTINUOUS

Boss Man pulls his .38.

BOSS MAN

Good christ! They're cannibals!

EXT. BAR – CONTINUOUS

Papa Beast moves behind Mamma Beast and, despite the fact that everyone is watching them, they go to work making ANOTHER CHILD.

INT. BAR – CONTINUOUS

GOOD GUY  
(pure shock)  
Oh... my... god.

EXT. BAR – CONTINUOUS

Yes, Mamma Beast and Papa Beast are having MONSTER SEX.

INT. BAR – CONTINUOUS

BOZO  
Dude, they're fuckin'!

EXT. BAR – CONTINUOUS

Unlike humans, Papa Beast finishes and the birth cycle lasts all of thirty seconds. Momma Beast's belly balloons up and she squats.

POP! A SLIMY OBJECT the size and shape of a vacuum cleaner drops from her.

INT. BAR – CONTINUOUS

Para's amazed.

PARA  
Wow!

Good Girl VOMITS.

EXT. BAR – CONTINUOUS

The slimy object twitches and then SPLITS in half. The two halves spring appendages and raise their heads. The TWIN SISTER BEASTS have been born.

Papa moves forward and cleans off his new baby girls. The Beast Girls look at the bar and hiss in unison.

INT. BAR – CONTINUOUS

Heroine's eyes bulge.

HEROINE  
Get back!

SLAM-SLAM! The two hissing Beast Girls strike the bar front.

Roadie shoves that board back over the hole.

Good Guy is holding back the still heaving Good Girl's hair.

BOZO

Any more ideas Animal Planet?

BEER GUY

You weren't helpin'.

BOZO

Go douche.

BARTENDER

What now?

ADULTERER

We're stuck in here. That's what.

Heroine eyes the bar's many weakened points. Boss Man addresses Heroine.

BOSS MAN

We've got some tools, and extra planks  
in the back, if we're on the same  
page.

Heroine addresses the group.

HEROINE

Let's work.

MONTAGE OF LOCKING DOWN THE BAR

Various hands find tools and spare boards. Various patrons find more tools in the bar's tiny kitchen and in bar cabinets. Nails sink into wood. Hammers strike.

Tuffy cleans her son's blood from her body, sobbing.

More boards up. Debris cleared. Heroine duct tapes a knife to her right boot. Doors are barricaded.

The torn apart bodies, wrapped in table cloths, are dragged to the kitchen cooler. Hammers hammer. Saws saw.

Heroine places a board against a wall beneath Goldie as he hammers a nail. Goldie tries to take a look down Heroine's

tank top. Goldie HAMMERS his thumb. Screams.

Wounds are tended to.

More debris shuffled. Hammer. Board in place. Kitchen cooler shut. Nail sinks. A saw cuts.

A beer opens.

END MONTAGE

INT. BAR – LATER

Several of the chairs and tables barricade the doors. The place seems in order.

Heroine walks through the bar with Bartender.

BARTENDER

Well, it don't look pretty.

BOSS MAN

But it's got teeth.

Heroine nods.

HEROINE

Will these boards hold?

BOSS MAN

The boards are solid oak planks, and the floor is reinforced by a steel grid beneath. Nothing real or supernatural is busting through this, least nothing the size of the beasts.

HEROINE

Good.

Bozo pops open a beer off the back of Para's wheelchair and nods to Grandpapa Beast's head on the end of the bar.

BOZO

Pocahantas!

Heroine turns.

BOZO

If you don't mind me askin', how'd you run into these things?

BOSS MAN

More importantly, how did you run away from these things?

Heroine stands in the middle of the room as they all gather around her.

HEROINE

It all started about forty hours ago...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. PRAIRIE LAND – EVENING

The orange sun melts into the horizon.

INT. LIVING ROOM – CONTINUOUS

Heroine and Hero watch TV with DEBBIE (matronly, older).

EXT. PRAIRIE LAND – CONTINUOUS

We see the home on the horizon with a big barn next to it.

Shrieking and flapping grows in the distance.

INT. LIVING ROOM – CONTINUOUS

Heroine, Hero, and Debbie look at each other with concern.

Debbie rises to look out the window.

DEBBIE

Holy mother of...

INT. BAR – NIGHT

Heroine has the group mesmerized.

HEROINE

We barricaded ourselves in the cellar. Then it was just listening. We listened to those things destroy an entire herd of livestock. They cried

and screamed but there was nowhere to go. It took those things all night to eat 'em. Cattle, lamb, and a full horse stock. Devoured in total. They just kept coming. Like they were insatiable. The swarm crept toward the house. Closer and closer, consuming anything in the way. Slashing, feeding and licking the bones clean. Just when we said our prayers, the first ray of sun hit the house...

#### EXT. FARMHOUSE – MORNING

PLOP! A HORSE'S HEAD falls in front of us as we see Heroine and her terrified companions in the sun soaked home peeking out from the damaged cellar door.

#### INT. BAR – NIGHT

##### HEROINE

That first beam of sunlight drove 'em away. Somewhere. They disappeared. Gone. We decided to run for it. We called who we could to warn them and we didn't see a soul the whole drive out. We went all day until our tank and spare canisters in the trunk were dry. We came upon a gas station to refill...

#### EXT. PRAIRIE LAND – EVENING

The sun is falling into the horizon. The traveler's CAMARO pulls into a small gas station.

#### EXT. GAS STATION – CONTINUOUS

Heroine goes up to the service window. She cups her hands over the sides of her face to look inside. Nobody.

There is a slight buzzing from inside. Hero hollers from the fuel pump by the car.

##### HERO

What's goin' on? The pumps are shut off.



HEROINE

There's nobody here –

She follows the buzzing sound to a corner of the room.

There is a swarm of black flies crawling over half a STATION ATTENDANT'S gutted torso.

HEROINE

They've been here!

Debbie pops out of the back of the car with the empty fuel canisters.

DEBBIE

Turn on the pump!

(to Hero)

I'll find something.

Glass shatters as Heroine reaches inside to turn on the pumps.

INT. BAR – NIGHT

Heroine's demeanor tightens as the story continues.

HEROINE

We had no time. We didn't know if we were going in the right direction, or if there even was a right direction anymore. All we knew was the sun was dropping and we had to get enough fuel to make it through the night at 90 miles per hour...

EXT. GAS STATION – NIGHT

Debbie siphons fuel from a TOW TRUCK in the distance.

Hero fills their CAMARO.

HERO

Suck it down you metal bitch. Suck it down.

DEBBIE

(to Hero)

Help!

EXT. PRAIRIE LAND – CONTINUOUS

Debbie is carrying two jugs of gasoline over her shoulders.

Hero sets the pump key and runs for Debbie to grab one.

INT. BARN – CONTINUOUS

Heroine hastily grabs food and drinks, ignoring the cash register completely. The sun is setting.

EXT. PRAIRIE LAND – CONTINUOUS

Hero and Debbie move sluggishly under the weight of the canisters. In the shadows, we can hear the shrill hissing...

INT. BAR – NIGHT

HEROINE

It happened fast...

EXT. ABANDONED GAS STATION – CONTINUOUS

Heroine emerges from the Gas Station shop. Hero is moving as fast as possible with Debbie.

HERO

Get in the car!

Heroine hears the growing cries of the beasts. Her loot hits the pavement as she runs to the car's trunk and opens it.

Hero loads the canisters into the trunk as Debbie takes the driver's seat.

HERO

Get in the car, baby.

Hero pulls the nozzle out of the Camaro and drops the spilling gas nozzle onto the pavement.

Heroine jumps into the passenger seat.

Hero runs over the top of the Camaro and slides into the sunroof. He grabs a rifle and aims toward the leaking gas pool. Something rises in the Gas Station.

HERO

Roll!

Debbie fires up the car and tears out. Hero fires and the station becomes a fireball.

Debbie guns the auto.

HEROINE

Close the roof!

Hero lowers into the back seat and starts to close the roof as TEEN BEAST lands on top of the car...

HERO

Shit!

Debbie revs the engine.

DEBBIE

Shoot that motherfu-

RIIPPP! Heroine looks over to Debbie. Her throat is gone.

Heroine grabs the wheel and steps on Debbie's foot.

SCREEECH! The car 180's and Teen Beast sails off of the hood into darkness. The Camaro tears down a tangent dirt road...

INT. BAR – NIGHT

Heroine stands in front of the people near Grandpapa Beast's head.

HEROINE

We drove the tank dry, with Debbie's corpse riding shotgun. We stopped for only seconds about an hour ago to gas up and lay Debbie to rest. It must have smelled the blood or something. We got back on the road and...

EXT. PRAIRIE LAND – NIGHT

BOOM! Grandpapa Beast LANDS on the front hood of the Camaro. Heroine and Hero SCREAM and rev the engine, swerving madly as Grandpapa Beast VOMITS on the windshield.

HERO  
Break!

Heroine slams on the breaks. Grandpapa Beast slides back, holding onto the grill.

HERO  
Go! Go! Go!

Grandpapa Beast tears into the engine through the grill as sparks and smoke shoot out. Heroine jerks the steering wheel.

HERO  
Look out!

INT. BAR – NIGHT

C.U. - Heroine's eyes.

HEROINE  
And that's how I ended up here.

BARTENDER  
And the head?

EXT. PRAIRIE LAND – NIGHT

SMASH! The Camaro drives into a ditch. The impact DECAPITATES Grandpapa Beast.

Its head FIRES through the windshield and lands on Heroine's lap. Its snake-like tongue lashes out at Heroine's crotch. She screams...

INT. BAR – NIGHT

HEROINE  
I don't want to talk about that.

Beat.

BARTENDER  
So, your husband ditched you?

HEROINE  
No, no, no it was... it was wild out there, no time to think, we just

moved. He didn't leave me. He just ran.

(beat)

He just ran.

BARTENDER

Well, justice is funny.

ROADIE

You say there's four, huh?

GOOD GUY

There's six now, actually.

BOZO

Yeah, thanks for that.

GOOD GUY

(heated to Bozo)

You know something? Standing next to you makes me dumber.

BOZO

You wanna take this outside?

GOOD GUY

(rolling eyes)

Case in point.

BOSS MAN

Easy.

TRAMPY

What do we do?

BOSS MAN

There's no protocol to follow here. We just gotta take stock, hole in, and think a way out of this.

GOOD GUY

Do we have anything else to defend ourselves with? Anything?

HEROINE

Right. Were going to need some fire power.

(to Boss Man)

Do you have any sort of guns or ammunition here? Anything at all?

Boss Man sighs and rubs his head.

BOSS MAN

I got my .38 here. That's six shots and two refills. Downstairs, I think we got another rifle, maybe a scatterer and some gardening tools. Maybe a couple boxes of shells for The Judge.

BARTENDER

I got shells too, box and a half, tops.

HEROINE

Okay, well that's something.

ROADIE

So we've got guns, kitchen knives, pipes, fire and sticks.

Beer Guy scans the stocked bar wall.

BEER GUY

I might be able to do something with the bottles...

GRANDPA

You're gonna need a whole lot more than that to get outta here alive.

The crowd turns to face Grandpa and his wife.

BOZO

I thought you were dead, old timer.

Grandpa holds on to Grandma's hand as he speaks.

GRANDPA

You young'uns worry about weapons, I'm thinkin' bout strategy.

BOZO

Oh? And what's that?

GRANDPA  
Sit still, look less like a meal.

BOZO  
I think that's for bears and sharks,  
chunky chew.

The group's attention shifts back to the bar.

BELLE  
This is unbelievable. Nobody knows a  
thing about these monsters flying  
around, tearing people apart.

Tuffy shudders.

BELLE  
Sorry.

GOOD GIRL  
There has to be somebody. An entire  
room of people can't come up with an  
explanation? This kinda thing just  
doesn't come out of the BLUE.

ROADIE  
Consider us in the blue then.

ADULTERER  
Do you think they're gone? I haven't  
heard anything for a while, maybe  
they're gone.

GOLDIE  
Well, maybe they migrate?

HEROINE  
As long as it's dark, they're around.  
They hide, wait for you to drop your  
guard, and then attack.

TRAMPY  
How can you be so sure? You said  
yourself, this started only two days  
ago.

HEROINE  
We learned fast.

BOZO

WE? WE learned fast? YOU are all that is left of WE. No offense Tonto, but I think someone else should play "Chief" tonight. Someone that knows the lay of the land.

(beat)

Like me.

Bartender rolls his eyes at Boss Man.

HEROINE

(dismissive)

Fine.

Bozo, victorious, sits down.

BOZO

Now we're gettin' somewhere.

Adulterer moves over to the window that has shutters over it. There's a SMALL HOLE in one of the pieces of wood.

GOLDIE

Maybe these things are like locusts or something and only come out for a few days to feed. This could just be a part of their life cycle.

PARA

We could just be a part of their life cycle.

FROM ADULTERER'S P.O.V. - He peeks out the hole and sees nothing, but the dark night.

GRANDPA

I wouldn't do that, son.

BOZO

They're probably on to the next buffet by now. There's a retirement home up the road. They'd be easy.

HEROINE

(to Adulterer)

Careful.



ADULTERER

I'm telling you, I don't see a thing –

BOINK! Papa Beast's claw POKES into his eye...

The screaming Adulterer JERKS away holding his squirting socket.

INSERT SHOT FROM THE EYE ON THE CLAW - The eye sees it's owner stumble back and fall to the floor holding his face.

NORMAL SHOT

Beer Guy and Good Guy move to his aid. Trampy screams.

FROM OUTSIDE

The eyeball fires into Papa's drooling mega-mouth. SLURP!

BACK INSIDE

BASH! A Beast arm BURSTS through the side wall and SNAGS Good Guy's pants and boxers. Good Guy screams and lunges forward...

He is BOTTOMLESS.

HEROINE

Everyone stay in the middle of the room!  
Off the walls! Off the walls!  
NOW!

Everyone obeys her command to get in the middle of the room. Good Girl hands a little menu to Good Guy. He covers himself.

HEROINE

Now, does everyone agree that they are still out there?

The group nods.

HEROINE

(to Bozo)  
'Eh, Chief?

BOZO

(mocking)

Duh hickey.

Beer Guy holds Adulterer's wounded head. Trampy holds his hand.

BEER GUY

He's out cold.

GOOD GIRL

I know some first aid if we have a kit. Do we?

BOSS MAN

In the kitchen, under the sink.

HEROINE

No one goes anywhere alone. Least of all, unarmed.

Heroine hands the Rust Red Shotgun to Good Guy.

HEROINE

(under breath)

Find some pants.

Good Guy and Good Girl head for the KITCHEN.

Heroine surveys the room.

HEROINE

We need to stay alert.

Heroine takes a bottle of liquor from Goldie just as he puts it to his lips.

GOLDIE

Hey!

HEROINE

(eyeing Goldie)

Everyone take a role. Let's prepare the guns, ammo and whatever else we can scare up. We also need to help the hurt so we can move them on our ultimate exit outta here.

(beat)

So, who's going into the basement with me?

The room is silent.

TUFFY  
(shaky)  
I will.

Tuffy stands, sniffing.

BARTENDER  
I don't think you should...

BOSS MAN  
With what just happened upstairs –

TUFFY  
Shut up! Shut your mouth. You have  
no idea what is running through me  
right now. No idea.  
(to Heroine)  
I'm ready.

HEROINE  
(slight smirk)  
All right.

BOSS MAN  
I'm sorr-

She walks by without looking.

Heroine, Tuffy, Roadie, and Bartender all move to the  
BASEMENT.

The door creaks open slowly. Flashlights illuminate the  
stairs. The group descends.

Left UPSTAIRS are Para, Bozo, Beer Guy, Adulterer, Boss Man,  
Good Girl, Good Guy, Goldie, Belle, Trampy, Grandpa, and  
Grandma.

Bozo makes his way to the bar for a beer.

BOZO  
(to Beer Guy)  
She is one hot little minx.

Beer Guy and Goldie are trying to make MOLOTOV COCKTAILS.

SMACK! Bozo slaps Beer Guy's constructing hand.

BOZO

Ah-ah-ah! You're doing that all wrong!

Beer Guy looks up puzzled. Goldie sets his bottle down.

BOZO

I'm telling ya, you got the cloth too deep, you're asking for it.

BEER GUY

Oh yeah?

GOLDIE

What do you know?

BOZO

I know you're doing it wrong.

BEER GUY

Enlighten us, please.

Bozo grabs one of the cloth rags and moves to the alcohol bottles.

BOZO

Move aside, ladies.

He stuffs the cloth rag into one of the bottles.

BOZO

(serious)

You don't want the rag to touch the booze, that way you can hold it awhile and ensure it explodes when you throw it.

PARA

You sure? I thought the rag had to touch?

BOZO

I'm sure.

GOLDIE

How'd you know this?

BOZO  
(to Para)  
Remember Uncle Lou?

Para has a blank expression.

BOZO  
Uncle Lou?

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. TRAILER PARK – DAY – FLASHBACK

YOUNG PARA (8, small, sickly) and YOUNG BOZO (10, Black Sabbath T-shirt, ripped jeans, stringy mullet) both stare at UNCLE LOU (39, tan tank-top, beer belly, boxer underwear) madly running around with his arm ENGULFED IN FLAMES.

UNCLE LOU  
HOT DAMN-SONUVABITCH-HOT DAMN-GOD  
DAMN-SONUVABITCH!

The two young boys stare expressionlessly at the episode.

CUT TO:

INT. BAR – NIGHT

Para cringes.

PARA  
(eyes shut, wincing)  
Uncle Louuuuuuuuuuuuu.

Bozo puts down the Molotov cocktail, grabs a beer, and struts away.

BOZO  
Right on. Right on. Right on.

On the floor nearby, Boss Man rubs his shin above the wounded foot, wincing in pain. Belle is watching him like a hawk. She downs a shot.

INT. BAR – BASEMENT – NIGHT

The basement is dark and dingy. There is crap all over the

place. Dried out ANIMAL CARCASSES hang from the ceiling on hooks. They SWAY as the group moves through them.

There is a small cage made out of wood and chicken wire.

The group rummages through the stuff.

ROADIE

There's a rifle and a shotgun here.

HEROINE

That's fine.

INT. BAR – NIGHT

Good Guy, wearing dirty jeans, and Good Girl return from the kitchen with a sizable first aid kit. They hustle to the unconscious Adulterer.

Bozo is steadfastly working on molotov cocktails. Beer Guy takes a seat next to Para.

BEER GUY

Why do you take shit from him?

PARA

Look, yeah, he's an ass, but he's my brother. Que sera-sera.

BEER GUY

Your brother, huh?

PARA

Yep.

BEER GUY

Your parents of relation?

PARA

We lived near power lines.

Belle kneels next to the Boss Man.

BELLE

I'll take over, if that's all right.

She tends to his foot as he sets down his pistol.

BELLE  
How are you holding up?

BOSS MAN  
Well...

He pulls a small bottle out of his pocket and hands it to her.

BOSS MAN  
...open this.

She fiddles with the cap.

BOSS MAN  
Push and twist, it's child proof.

BELLE  
Oh.

BOSS MAN  
Gimme a couple dabs on the tongue.

She drops a few dabs in his mouth.

BELLE  
What is this?

BOSS MAN  
Magic potion.  
(beat)  
You should try a little.

BELLE  
Oh, no.

BOSS MAN  
It'll calm your nerves. Works like a charm.

BELLE  
Really?

BOSS MAN  
Uh huh. Just put a dab on your tongue.

BELLE  
Will I go crazy or something?

BOSS MAN

No, no, it calms you, makes everything nice and smooth. Just takes the edge off like a beer, but in a fraction of the time.

BELLE

Why not then?

She takes the bottle and is about to take some.

BOSS MAN

Wait, before you do that, help me to the kitchen, I need to lay down. There's a cot back there.

BELLE

But –

BOSS MAN

It's much safer in there, sweetie.

BELLE

Okay then.

She helps him up and they move through the kitchen to the BACK ROOM.

Beer Guy stands watching Good Girl. She starts to bandage Adulterer's eye.

GOOD GIRL

Where are they going?

BEER GUY

I don't wanna know.

GOOD GIRL

(to Adulterer)

How does it feel?

She finishes wrapping the bandages around his head.

Adulterer is coming out of his stupor.

ADULTERER

Lousy.



GOOD GIRL

You still have one left.

ADULTERER

Right when I thought there wasn't a silver lining...

Trampy leans in from the side.

TRAMPY

It serves you right. You cheatin' jerk.

ADULTERER

Spare me.

TRAMPY

I figure it's karma. You wronged me and you wronged your wife and you wronged your children, so this is karma biting you on the ass, or in your case...

(flicks the eye bandage)

...on the eye.

Bozo addresses Trampy as he works.

BOZO

Oh yeah?

TRAMPY

Well, it could be worse, he could be dead. Then again, the night is young.

Bozo acknowledges Trampy's half bald head.

BOZO

Ya know, that's not a bad look on you, kinda 1985, but not bad. I'd hook it up.

TRAMPY

Huh?

ADULTERER

Leave her alone.

BOZO  
Hey Cyclops? Let's have a quiet  
contest... starting now.

Bozo turns his attention back to Trampy.

BOZO  
(licking lips)  
Ya know, in situations of duress, I  
have found that women are attracted  
to my authority.

Trampy cringes.

INT. BAR – BASEMENT – NIGHT

Roadie emerges with two crates. He drops them on the floor.

ROADIE  
Flares, the light might scare them.

Bartender turns holding TWO LARGE MACHETES.

BARTENDER  
These could come in handy.

Heroine grabs one and swings it.

HEROINE  
Nice. Let's get everything upstairs.

Heroine moves to the stairs, but stops. She grabs Tuffy by  
the arm and takes her aside.

HEROINE  
You know you don't have to do this.

TUFFY  
(shaky)  
I'm fine, I really am.

HEROINE  
I admire your strength.

TUFFY  
We all have to be strong, right?

HEROINE

Right.

Heroine reaches into her shirt and pulls out an IDENTICAL LOCKET as Tuffy's.

She opens it and displays a picture of a LITTLE GIRL.

HEROINE

Her name is Charlie.

TUFFY

(fighting back tears)

Oh...

HEROINE

She's still alive, I hope. I wouldn't have made it this far if it weren't for the chance of seeing my little girl again. I need to get to her.

TUFFY

I'll do anything to help.

HEROINE

I know. Thanks. Just don't tell anyone I have a soft side.

TUFFY

(tiny smile)

Deal.

INT. BAR – KITCHEN – NIGHT

Boss Man is lying on a cot, kissing Belle. She pulls away and brushes back her hair.

BELLE

Doesn't your foot hurt?

BOSS MAN

I can't feel a thing, Hon.

She touches his crotch.

BELLE

How 'bout now?

She stands up and starts to take off her clothes.

BOSS MAN

You're a bad little girl, aren't you.

She dances around, high.

BELLE

Um-hmmm.

BOSS MAN

The girl's got rhythm.

She takes off her blouse and tosses it at him.

BOSS MAN

Whoaaaaa...

She lifts up her skirt and bends over, giggling.

BOSS MAN

There it is.

She rubs her hands over her rounded ass and flicks her tongue.

BELLE

You wanna see, baby?

BOSS MAN

Sure.

BELLE

How much you got?

BOSS MAN

How much I got, what?

She turns and rubs her breasts together.

BELLE

How much you got to see the show?

BOSS MAN

You don't understand sweetie, Daddy doesn't pay, Daddy sees the show for free. But you do get points for being horny on a night like this.

She cringes and backs up a little.

BELLE  
What? Really?

BOSS MAN  
Uh huh, now wiggle that sweet little  
ass over here and sit on Daddy's  
face, I wanna do some appraising.

Belle leans forward with puckered lips.

BELLE  
Um-hmmm.

CRASH! Sister Beast #1 and Sister Beast #2 REACH through the  
side wall and GRAB Belle by the scalp. She is JERKED against  
the wall.

BAM! BAM! BAM! She's slammed against the wall again and then-  
RIP! Belle's skin is TORN from her head and torso.

Boss Man jumps back.

BOSS MAN  
Hoh-SHIT! Help!! Help me!!!

The howling Belle FALLS into Boss Man's arms for a hideous  
KISS.

FROM MAIN BAR

Heroine whips attention to the screams. The armed group runs.

IN BACK ROOM

BOSS MAN  
NO! NO! NO!

Boss Man shoves the screaming Belle back against the wall.

Sister Beast #2 pokes her head inside the room, hissing.

BOSS MAN  
OHH JESUS! HELLLP!

Belle's wild arms SMEAR blood all over Boss Man.

BAM! The door is kicked open.

BOOM! Road's shotgun blast takes out Belle.

Heroine lunges at Sister Beast #2. The machete chops. The upper half of Sister Beast #2 drops to the floor.

SPLUT! Belle's dead body falls.

Sister Beast #2's torso PROPS UP. She RUNS using her hands as legs.

Heroine hacks at it, but misses.

Sister Beast #2 claws into Boss Man's wrapped foot. Blood squirts!

Boss Man WAILS in pain and SHAKES his foot with the Sister Beast #2 still attached.

Heroine swings the machete. Sister Beast #2 releases.

SPLUTCH! Boss Man's foot is hacked into. He cries out.

Sister Beast #2, trailing guts, climbs up on the bed and heads straight for Boss Man's CROTCH. He screams, backing up.

She lunges!

CHOP! Heroine swings the machete and SLICES the Sister Beast #2's torso in half. The two halves fall to the floor, wiggling.

Heroine HACKS her into tiny little pieces.

Boss Man grabs his crotch making sure everything is still intact.

HEROINE

(panting)

I told you to stay in the main room.

Boss Man squirms in the bed.

BOSS MAN

(shocked)

Mmmm-yyy f-fooot!

Bozo peeks in.

BOZO  
Medic!

INT. BAR – NIGHT

The group carries the remaining SUPPLIES up from the basement.

Good Girl pensively stays on her phone. Dialing. Waiting and dialing. She puts the phone down.

GOOD GIRL  
I can't get anybody. I don't even  
know if I have a signal anymore.

Beer Guy and Bartender talk while unloading the crates of  
FLARES.

BEER GUY  
I have a CB in my truck, we could  
get some help out here.

BARTENDER  
Who the hell would you call?

BEER GUY  
Anyone.

BOZO  
Do you drive a short beer bus or  
something? You go out there you get  
eaten, you stay in here you get eaten,  
anyone comes to help they get eaten.  
Don't you see a pattern here, Spuds  
Makenzie?

BEER GUY  
(sarcastically)  
Well then I guess we should just  
give up.

BOZO  
(re: Trampy)  
Believe me, I'd love to save the day  
and get some heroic snatch. But it's  
not in the cards, partner.

BARTENDER

I think I know where a CB is.

BOZO

Where's that?

BARTENDER

Upstairs.

Bozo turns to Boss Man and hollers.

BOZO

Hey, Hop-a-long! You holding out on us? You got a CB upstairs?

Boss Man, pale and morphine pumped, sits at a table with his foot raised.

BOSS MAN

Go for it. It's by the far wall. A small wave band. Channel 9 is the emergency frequency. But I don't see the point.

HEROINE

You're wasting your time, there's no one out there.

BOZO

Oh yeah, hot pants? Well I'll be the judge of that.

(hands out)

Shotgun please.

Heroine hands it over.

HEROINE

Fine, Chief.

BOZO

Gimme the keys.

HEROINE

NO, but I will lock you in.

BOZO

What?



HEROINE

We'll be on the other side waiting for you. If you become food I don't want the only set of keys in the belly of one of those things. It's your funeral.

BEER GUY

We're better off.

BOZO

Who's with me?

No one budes.

Bozo glares at them.

GRANDPA

(rising from his seat)

I'll go with ya.

BOZO

What are you gonna do? Throw your teeth at 'em? Sit down, Cocoon.

Bozo moves to the staircase. There's blood at the bottom and it gets worse with each step. Heroine leans in toward him.

HEROINE

(stern)

You are taking a chance that is not worth the risk.

BOZO

Well, we are one miracle short tonight. So, just guard the stairs?

HEROINE

Done. But you're locked in.

(to Bartender)

Will you hold the keys?

Bartender nods, taking the machete. The trio climbs the staircase. Bozo slightly slips on the blood. He grips the railing and pulls himself up the staircase like an old man.

BOZO

Now, I don't want to hear any of this... "oh, I dropped the key", "wrong key", "ain't no key here." When I want out, I want out, ok?

Bartender holds up and shakes the keys.

BARTENDER  
They're right here.

ON SECOND FLOOR

HEROINE  
(whisper)  
Hey!

BOZO  
What?!

HEROINE  
Move slow and move quiet.

BOZO  
No shit.

Bozo, Heroine and Bartender unblock, then unlock the door.

It swings open.

HEROINE  
Move it!

BOZO  
(to Bartender)  
You keep that key handy.

Bartender has the key loaded into the thick dead bolt, ready to move.

Bartender nods.

Bozo, bug-eyed, hustles in. The door shuts and locks.

BOZO  
Wish me luck!

WHAM! Bozo is on the ground.

FROM OUTSIDE THE DOOR

HEROINE

Shit!

BOZO (O.S.)

I'm fine! I'm fine!

INSIDE SECOND FLOOR

Bozo rises and nervously surveys the damaged floor.

BOZO

(anxious, hushed)

Come on. Come on. Come on!

Bozo jumps when he sees the gore and the bloody shoes from Cody's attack. The static signal from the TV ILLUMINATES the room.

BOZO

(cringing)

Geezzzus.

He moves slowly.

BOZO

Okay, now. Easy steps. Easy breaths.

Easy steps.

FROM OUTSIDE THE DOOR

BARTENDER

Come on, come on.

BEHIND THEM, through a boarded window, something CRAWLS upward.

Not noticing, Heroine bites her lip.

INSIDE THE SECOND FLOOR

Bozo moves turtle slow.

BOZO

(slowly)

Lamaze. Lamaze. Lamaze.

He moves to the door of Boss Man's private room.

DOWNSTAIRS

Everyone is looking up at the ceiling following Bozo's foot steps.

INSIDE THE SECOND FLOOR

Bozo, still creeping toward the door, puts his hand out to open it.

DOWNSTAIRS

Everyone's head stops turning as Bozo's foot steps stop.

Good Girl inhales deeply.

INSIDE THE SECOND FLOOR

Bozo, trembling, touches the knob and...

DOWNSTAIRS

Goldie has his teeth clenched.

INSIDE THE SECOND FLOOR

CRREEEEEEEEAK! The door eases open. Bozo steps inside the room.

DOWNSTAIRS

Good Girl exhales.

OUTSIDE THE DOOR

BARTENDER

Jesus Christ, I'm gonna have a stroke.

HEROINE

Easy.

INSIDE THE SECOND FLOOR

Bozo moves over to a lamp. He goes to pull the chain.

REEEEEEEEEE! A bat FLIES off the lamp shade screeching.

Bozo falls backwards.

BOZO  
HAAAA!

DOWNSTAIRS

The group jumps.

OUTSIDE THE DOOR

Heroine turns to Bartender.

INSIDE THE SECOND FLOOR

Bozo gets off the floor again. He may have filled his pants.

BOZO  
(to everyone)  
JUST A BAT! I'M FINE! JUST A BAT!  
SORRY!

OUTSIDE THE DOOR

HEROINE  
If he doesn't shut up...

ON SECOND FLOOR

Bozo turns and points the gun around the room.

He moves slowly.

He sees the CB. It is like an intercom with a cable running outside.

He drops the shotgun and hustles to the CB. He fidgets with the knobs.

BOZO  
Hello? Anyone there? We need help  
out here at the United Nations Tavern.  
Send guns, tanks, and all that shit.  
10-4. S.O.S. Help us please.

All we hear is STATIC.

BOZO  
(to Heroine)  
I found it! I found it!

A faint GROWL is heard outside.

ON STAIRCASE

Heroine hears the growl.

HEROINE  
Hurry!

ON SECOND FLOOR

BOZO  
REPEAT. WE NEED HELP. SOS. CALLING  
ALL CARS! WE NEED HELP AT THE UNITED  
NATIONS TAV-!

WHOOOP! The CB is JERKED from Bozo's hands and slams into the wall creating a CRACK. CHEWING SOUNDS can be heard.

BOZO  
SHIT.

ON STAIRCASE

HEROINE  
MOVE YOUR ASS!

INSIDE THE SECOND FLOOR

Bozo aims the gun at the chewing sound...

A pop and fizzle.

BOZO  
Misfire!

He spins and runs to the door.

OUTSIDE

Claws TEAR at the wall. The CB pops out.

INSIDE AT STAIRCASE DOOR

Bozo, watching the growing threat, knocks on the door.

BOZO

Okay, I'm ready to come out now.

OUTSIDE DOOR

Bartender confidently sticks the key in the lock and turns.

CLICK! It breaks off in the lock.

BARTENDER

Oh!

INSIDE DOOR

BOZO

"OH!?" WHAT IS "OH?" What does "oh" mean?

Bozo knocks on the door hard.

BOZO

HEY! OPEN IT!!

A white beast arm comes through the hole in the wall. Bozo yelps.

OUTSIDE DOOR

Bartender looks to Heroine.

BARTENDER

Wha?

INSIDE DOOR

BOZO

OPEN THE DOOR!

BASH! The boards fly off the wall in Boss Man's room.

Bozo spins still pounding the door.

OUTSIDE DOOR

Heroine RIPS the earring from Bartender's ear. He screams.

She jams the backing into the lock.

INSIDE DOOR

Bozo bangs on the door and looks over his shoulder at the Mother and Father Beast chomping at the wall.

BOZO  
GET ME OUTTA HERE!

OUTSIDE DOOR

Heroine frantically tries to pry the lock open.

INSIDE DOOR

Bozo kicks and punches the door.

BOZO  
HELP! GOD-DAMNIT!

DOWNSTAIRS

The group is mesmerized.

PARA  
Oh please, no.

OUTSIDE THE DOOR

Heroine's picking fingers are bleeding from her effort.

HEROINE  
COME ON!

INSIDE THE SECOND FLOOR

BOZO  
(POUNDING)  
HELLLLLLLLLLP!!

BASH! Right behind Bozo, the boards fly off the portal window.

P.O.V. - PAPA BEAST - It flies at Bozo...

CHA-CHICK!!! The door opens... Bozo is YANKED to safety...

BAM! Papa Beast hits the door, but "something" gets caught



on the other side of the door...

## OUTSIDE THE DOOR

An oddly high-pitched shriek is heard. Bozo, Heroine, and Bartender look down in amazement... PAPA BEAST'S LARGE COCK AND BALLS ARE CAUGHT IN THE DOOR.

Instinctively, Bartender raises the machete and comes down hard...

## IN MAIN BAR

An even higher pitched SHRIEK is heard. The patrons track the wild crashing and shrieking sounds of Papa Beast. ZIG-ZAG-ZIG-ZIG-ZIG-ZAG-ZIG!

CRASH! It breaks out of the upstairs.

Heroine, Bartender and the shaken Bozo creep down the stairs.

## BOSS MAN

What the hell was that?

Bozo holds up Papa Beast's balls.

## BOZO

Dad's neutered.

The group is still.

## PARA

Awesome!

Good Girl VOMITS again...

## GOOD GUY

(rising, full of brawn)

Now is the time to band together. We need to rise up against these monsters of the night! Those creatures are no match for the human spirit! We can do it! We just need to believe in each other! In all of us! We need to make a stand! Right here! Right now!

Long silence.

Bozo stares at Good Guy.

BOZO

Dude, are you gay?

Beat. Good Guy sits down, humbled, and once again, holds back Good Girl's hair.

GOLDIE

Okay, well... anybody else have an idea?

HEROINE

Is there any other way out of this place? ANYONE?

Everyone has a blank look, but Bartender. He looks over at Boss Man, who promptly shushes him.

HEROINE

(to Boss Man)

What?

BOSS MAN

What?

HEROINE

What do you mean what?

BOSS MAN

Huh?

HEROINE

What's going on between you two?

BOSS MAN

Nothing.

BEER GUY

(looking to Roadie)

I saw something down there earlier tonight...

ROADIE

You saw nothing.

Heroine grabs Bartender by the collar.

HEROINE

Don't bullshit me! If you know a way out of this place and you're holding out –

BARTENDER

There's a tunnel.

Boss Man sighs.

HEROINE

What tunnel? Where?

BARTENDER

It's in the basement, about a hundred yards long. It spits out on the backside of that hill down the way. There's a truck there.

HEROINE

What's it for?

They clam up.

HEROINE

What's it for!?

BOSS MAN

Grass. I grow some pot down there. It's no big deal, just something I dabble in. The truck's for a quick get away, deliveries, whatever.

HEROINE

Is it gassed up?

BOSS MAN

Fully.

HEROINE

Four door?

BOSS MAN

Two.

HEROINE

Open?

BOSS MAN  
Covered.

HEROINE  
How many?

BOSS MAN  
Holds four.

HEROINE  
Max?

BOSS MAN  
Seven.

HEROINE  
Nine?

BOSS MAN  
Seven.

HEROINE  
(with hand out)  
Keys.

BOSS MAN  
What!? So you can just get the hell  
outta here and forget about all of  
us!? No way! That's my god damn truck!

HEROINE  
Let me make this clear; if we stay,  
we die!

BOSS MAN  
I don't trust you. No way! I pick  
who goes! And I'm holding you  
responsible.

Boss Man reluctantly pulls out some keys that are on a string  
around his neck.

ROADIE  
(approaching)  
Give 'em to me, I know the tunnel.

Boss Man tosses them to Roadie.

BARTENDER

You're trusting that guy? He'll ditch us and never look back.

ROADIE

Fuck you too.

BARTENDER

Get in line!

HEROINE

HEY! No, I'm not trusting him either, that's why you and I will both be going with him.

BARTENDER

What!? I'm not going down there again!

HEROINE

This is it! This is our only way out! They have this place surrounded. We go out the front, we're dead. We go out the back, we're dead, but if we go UNDER them... we might just make it.

(to room)

Now, who else is in? Seven can go.

BARTENDER

This is a bottleneck waiting to happen.

BEER GUY

I'm in.

HEROINE

Anyone else?

Good Guy stands.

GOOD GUY

(once again, full of brawn)

I'll go!

Good Girl grabs his hand.

GOOD GIRL

No, don't.

SMACK! Bozo SLAPS Good Guy's ass.

BOZO  
Get 'em Shirley!

Good Guy jumps and recovers to calm Good Girl.

GOOD GUY  
Just stay here, you'll be safe. I'll  
be back.

Bozo moves close.

BOZO  
(winks)  
I'll keep an eye on her.

BOSS MAN  
You're full of shit! You think I'm  
gonna let you all leave the rest of  
us here!?

HEROINE  
We're going to get help.

BEER GUY  
We gotta try.

HEROINE  
Anybody else?

No one budes. Grandpa and Grandma look down.

GOLDIE  
(nodding)  
Yeah, I'll go.

HEROINE  
Ok. Let's see what happens.

The remaining patrons watch as the departing people prepare  
for THE TUNNEL.

Roadie grabs a machete and his shotgun... he duct tapes a  
flare to the end of the shotgun... Bartender loads The  
Judge...

Boss Man reluctantly hands the .38 to Beer Guy.

BOSS MAN

Watch your feet around this group.

Good Guy moves as the group proceeds.

GOOD GIRL

I love you.

GOOD GUY

I love you, too.

Good Guy kisses her forehead.

They move to the BASEMENT.

INT. BAR – BASEMENT – CONTINUOUS

The door swings open and casts a long shadow down the stairs.  
Roadie winks and motions for the truck's keys.

ROADIE

(to Bartender)

I'll take the car keys, you handle  
the doors.

He hands the door keys to Bartender and cocks his shotgun.

BARTENDER

Don't lock this door! If we turn  
back I don't want to –

TUFFY

We'll be ready.

BARTENDER

Right.

IN THE BASEMENT

They make their way through the basement with their shotguns  
leading the way. Creeks and cracks with every step.

BARTENDER

You all sure about this?

HEROINE

Follow me.

She turns and something STREAKS BEHIND HER. She doesn't notice.

HEROINE

Where's the tunnel?

BARTENDER

In the corner, behind the curtain.

They move to the curtain.

The light casts a shadow of something BEHIND THE CURTAIN.

They raise their shotguns as they cautiously approach.

ROADIE

Helllooooooo.

Roadie moves to open the curtain with his barrel.

HEROINE

Easy.

WHIP! The curtain SLIDES...

It's a dried animal hide on a hook. They all sigh.

BARTENDER

Beef jerky.

BEHIND THEM, we can see TEEN BEAST rise up and spread its massive wings. It GRIPS the ceiling, hiding.

Heroine turns. Nothing.

Bartender pulls out the keys for the tunnel door lock.

Heroine pushes some debris out of the way. Scanning the room.

GOOD GUY

What's wrong?

HEROINE

Nothing, just lookin'.



GOLDIE  
You feel a breeze?

SIDEKICK  
It's just cold.

GOLDIE  
Yeah... I don't know...

BEER GUY  
Keeps the kegs fresh. Don't worry  
about it. This place is creepy in  
the daytime, too.

Bartender's hand shakes as he tries to unlock the door.

ROADIE  
(to Bartender)  
Scared?

BARTENDER  
No. You?

ROADIE  
Of course not. I fight monsters all  
the time.

Bartender uneasily chuckles.

BARTENDER  
I'd love to be macho, but this is a  
pants wetter from all angles.

ROADIE  
The door... on three.

Roadie and Heroine raise their weapons. Bartender slowly  
opens the lock.

ROADIE  
One... two... three!!!

Bartender whips open the door. Nothing.

BANG-GONG-GONG! Some pipes CRASH to the ground next to them...  
they jump, but nothing is there.

A little MOUSE emerges from the fallen heap.

GOOD GUY

Well, look at that.

Good Guy leans down and puts out his hand.

FROM LOW ANGLE, we see Good Guy's smiling face, Heroine watching over his shoulder, and Teen Beast holding onto THE CEILING ABOVE THEM.

GOOD GUY

Hey, little fella.

Heroine moves past him.

HEROINE

Let's go.

GOOD GUY

(to mouse)

She's not very nice, is she?

He leaves the mouse and follows Heroine to the tunnel.

SLURP! A pink tongue LASSOS the mouse.

ANGLE ON

A red fluorescent glow radiates from the tunnel.

They all drop into the tunnel, one by one. Bartender, Roadie, Heroine, Beer Guy, Good Guy and Goldie enter the steamy, confined, space.

GOLDIE

Yeah, this looks good. Real safe.

BARTENDER

Shhhhhhhhhhhhh.

INT. TUNNEL – CONTINUOUS

The tunnel is thin and no more than SIX FEET HIGH. Cherry red fluorescent lights line the top of the tunnel and knee high marijuana plants are along the ground soil.

There are small pipes above the plants that seem to be a makeshift misting water system.

GOOD GUY

Nice set-up.

BARTENDER

A bit of heat and a sprinkler...  
viola, hash heaven.

There is about six inches of water on the floor.

Roadie leads the way and glares at the opposite end. The tunnel slightly curves, so he can't see the whole way down.

ROADIE

Looks clear.

He moves forward and the rest drop in behind him.

GOLDIE

You sure?

Roadie doesn't answer as he cautiously moves forward.

They proceed.

GOOD GUY

Ha-Sheesh, there's a lot of smoke  
here.

GOLDIE

(to Bartender)

Your boss must do pretty well.

BARTENDER

He hasn't been able to really perfect  
it yet. Either he waters them too  
much or he cooks them with the lamps.  
I told him –

Suddenly, there is a sharp NOISE.

BEER GUY

Fuck!

GOOD GUY

Crap!

They stop.

The marijuana plants start to SHIFT and sway a few yards ahead.

The group is frozen.

GOLDIE  
Oh no. Oh no. Oh please...

The plants bend toward them.

Closer and closer.

ROADIE  
Shut up!

Closer-closer-closer.

Roadie, Heroine, and Bartender bite their lips and lean in for the kill.

Beer Guy holds still.

Goldie holds up a kitchen knife and shuts his eyes.

Closer-closer-closer. The plants part.

ROADIE  
NOW!

KAB-LAM! KAB-LAM!! The guns fire.

HEROINE  
Hold it!

ROADIE  
Whoa!

BARTENDER  
We got it!

The smoke settles.

ROADIE  
Ohhh.

BARTENDER  
What?

ROADIE

Look.

Bartender looks over Roadie's and Heroine's shoulders.

HEROINE

We just smeared a skunk.

BARTENDER

Shit!

Good Guy waves the air by his face.

GOOD GUY

Oh lord, that is wretched.

They all wave the air.

ROADIE

Oh that's awful!

Roadie holds up his hand and moves forward.

GOLDIE

(hushed)

Let's go back.

GOOD GUY

Okay.

BEER GUY

We gotta be close.

HEROINE

What?

GOLDIE

We just made enough noise for all those things to hear us!

ROADIE

No way. Not yet.

BARTENDER

It's a little bit farther.

GOOD GUY

Bad, bad idea. This is getting  
reeeaalllly lousy.

Roadie holds his finger to his mouth and crouches. He tries  
to see around the curved tunnel. Nothing there.

He stands and waves the group forward.

ROADIE  
It's nothing.

They proceed.

HEROINE  
Let's move.

GOLDIE  
(to Good Guy)  
I'm done drinking. That's it. Just  
Church and grocery stores. Nothin'  
else.

BEER GUY  
Stop it.

BARTENDER  
Hey. You noticed that no one's been  
killed or maimed for awhile?

Heroine looks at Bartender. Goldie and Good Guy stop moving.

BARTENDER  
It would seem like this would be an  
opportune time for something nasty  
to happen. A couple of life's  
peripheral characters to be... well...  
offed.

Roadie turns.

ROADIE  
That's an unwise thing to say, you  
know that?

BARTENDER  
Just an observation.

ROADIE

Well, why don't you keep your observations to yourself?

FROM GROUP'S P.O.V.

WHOOSH! SISTER BEAST #1 SWOOPS into the tunnel, right at them.

Bartender's eyes bulge!

HEROINE  
Duck!!!

Roadie turns.

ROADIE  
What the!?

Sister Beast #1 lunges at him. He drops.

ROADIE  
Whoa!!!

WHOOSH! She flies past.

Roadie turns and fires his shotgun. BOOM!

BLAM! He hits Sister Beast #1 and she CRASHES to the ground in the middle of the group's line, smashing the plants and lights.

BEER GUY  
Look out!

Sister Beast #1 flaps and scratches, separating Goldie, Good Guy, Beer Guy, and Heroine from Bartender and Roadie.

Bartender spins to shoot Sister Beast #1.

GOOD GUY  
DON'T!

HEROINE  
YOU'LL HIT US!

Sister Beast #1 goes wild. Lights shatter! Pipes burst!

Water sprays everywhere!

Heroine swings her weapon at Beast #1. It flails wildly.

Sister Beast #1 bites into Bartender's leg. He yells.

BARTENDER  
Aahhhh!!!

Beer Guy crouches on the ground and fumbles with the .38.

He aims point blank at Sister Beast #1's head.

The creature releases from Bartender's leg and backhands the pistol. It fires into the lights.

Roadie pulls out his machete and scrambles to the creature.

Sister Beast #1 turns to feed on him.

ROADIE  
Come get a taste!

Sister Beast #1 jumps.

Roadie sticks the machete into the creature's mid-section, rolls backwards and hoists Sister Beast #1 into the lethal current of the busted florescent light.

ROADIE  
Take it Bitch-Beast!

Sister Beast #1 convulses off the machete, cooked.

Roadie turns and runs down the tunnel.

ROADIE  
Let's go!

HEROINE  
Wait God-dammit!

Several of the Beast's teeth are still lodged in Bartender's leg. The Group starts to give chase to the departed Roadie.

BARTENDER  
I fucking knew it!

INT. TUNNEL EXIT – NIGHT



Roadie scrambles to the end of the tunnel. There is a ladder to the surface.

INT. TUNNEL – NIGHT

The group with the wounded Bartender move as fast a possible to the exit.

BARTENDER

I'm gonna shoot him if they don't get him first.

HEROINE

Just move!

INT. TUNNEL EXIT – NIGHT

Roadie pulls himself up the LADDER.

He pokes up like a gopher and looks from left to right. He sees the TRUCK.

It's covered with some sort of tarp. He fumbles with the thick KEY CHAIN. He cautiously presses the UNLOCK/DISARM button.

BEEP-BOOP-BEEP! MOMMA BEAST and PAPA BEAST rise from the hood of the truck and spread their wings.

ROADIE

(sotto)

OHH Fuck ME!

ANGLE ON

The group rushes forward, but stops when SCREECHES are heard from the far end of the tunnel.

HEROINE

Stop!

SIDEKICK

What was that?

GOLDIE

Oh boy.

Roadie rounds the corner, panicked and screaming. The SCREECHES get louder.

ROADIE

Go back! Go back! Go back!

Their eyes bulge as the Mother and Father Beast drop into the tunnel and fly towards them.

They turn and madly run, stumbling, scrambling, kicking up the mud.

BARTENDER

Move jackass!!!

Goldie, at the head of the retreat, does his best to move quickly as the group propels him with their momentum.

GOLDIE

Stop pushing!

ANGLE ON

Roadie runs. Without turning around, he pumps his shotgun and points it behind him. BLAM! BLAM!

The two Beasts scatter.

ANGLE ON

Goldie moves to exit the tunnel. His head pops out.

GOLDIE

We're gonna make it –

SPLAT! TEEN BEAST pops Goldie's head like a grape.

Goldie's body falls back on the group.

BARTENDER

Good lord!

Teen Beast opens its wide mouth and shrieks.

BEER GUY

Come on!

Beer Guy picks up Goldie's body and SHOVES it into Teen

Beast's open mouth, JAMMING it down his throat.

BEER GUY

Eat it!!!

Teen Beast lurches back, CHOKING on Goldie's dead body.

WHACK! Beer Guy plants a boot in Teen Beast's gut, causing it to fall back. The group sees their opportunity and sprints to the rickety staircase.

BARTENDER

DOOR! DOOR! DOOR! OPEN THE DOOR!

Tuffy whips open the door. The group piles out.

Heroine bounds up the stairs and turns at the doorway...

HEROINE

COME ON! HURRY!

Roadie JUMPS from the tunnel, kicks the hatch door closed and scrambles to the stairs.

HEROINE

COME ON!

Teen Beast slams into the wall, Goldie's body jettisons from his throat.

Roadie races up the staircase.

KA-CRASH!!! Teen Beast lunges and tears out the top two stairs. Roadie FALLS through the staircase – KA-BOOM!!!

He hits the floor hard and rolls away from Teen Beast.

HEROINE

Look out!

BASH! The hatch door flies off as Momma Beast and Papa Beast fly into the basement. Papa Beast flies for the open door.

Heroine sees a blur. WHAM! She SLAMS the door closed...

BAM! Papa Beast rams into the door, bouncing off.

ANGLE ON

Roadie jumps up.

The three Beasts cautiously move in for the kill.

Roadie RAISES his weapon.

ROADIE

Sorry about the rest of the family.

He PUMPS the shotgun and aims.

ROADIE

Prepare to join 'em!

Click – out of ammo!

ROADIE

Oh shit.

The Beasts SCREECH...

Roadie THROWS the shotgun at them and pulls out the MACHETE.  
He rolls left and swings.

SWOOSH! Papa Beast loses two fingers.

He slides.

SWOOSH! SWOOSH! Roadie YELLS as he grazes Teen Beast...

SWOOSH! He swings for Momma Beast, but gets whacked to the floor.

Roadie rolls with the hit, grabs his shotgun, and dives into the KEG ELEVATOR.

He slams closed the door as the Beasts regain their composure and lunge at the closing door.

BAM! BAM! They CRASH against the door.

INSIDE KEG ELEVATOR

Roadie wedges the door CLOSED with the empty shotgun.

WHACK! WHACK! The Beasts continue to try to get in.

Roadie BANGS the top of the small elevator...

ROADIE

Hey! Send it up! Send it up!

WHACK! WHACK!

INSIDE BAR

Tuffy backs up and hears the screams from the keg elevator.

TUFFY

Hey! Hey! He's in the shaft!

Beer Guy runs over and hits the button. The gears grind and start to pull the elevator up to the main floor.

INSIDE KEG ELEVATOR

Roadie squirms as the elevator rises.

ROADIE

Move it! Move it! Move it!

IN BASEMENT

CRASH! The Beasts start to tear at the base of the rising keg elevator in the shaft...

ROADIE

NASTY FUCKERS!

Roadie pounds and tears at the few planks above him in the keg elevator.

INSIDE BAR

Beer Guy pounds the button. LOUD NOISES can be heard from the shaft.

BEER GUY

Come on!

BOZO

He's dead.

TUFFY

Shut up!

## INSIDE KEG ELEVATOR

The elevator SHAKES. Roadie grips the machete and POUNDS a hole in the top of the elevator.

He squirms and tries to squeeze through the SMALL HOLE.

He looks to the staircase, Teen Best and Mother Beast are walking up the stairs along side waiting for a chance to strike. A grated wall is all that is between them.

## IN BASEMENT

CRUNCH! Papa Beast BITES through the floor board of the keg elevator.

CLANGGG! The elevator stops. Roadie lurches and grabs the greasy cables to stop his fall.

ROADIE

God-dammit!

## INSIDE BAR

BEER GUY

It stopped. It fuckin' stopped!

## ON TOP OF KEG ELEVATOR

Roadie screams as the elevator shakes. Papa Beast is struggling to climb right under him.

Teen Beast and Momma Beast tear into the grated shaft wall.

## INSIDE BAR

TRAMPY

Do something!

## IN BASEMENT

ROADIE

I'M ALIVE! OPEN THE DOOR!

## INSIDE BAR

Tuffy moves for the keg door. Adulterer holds up a shotgun.

ADULTERER

Stop!

TRAMPY

What the fuck are you doing he's in there!

ADULTERER

They can't get in here!

(to Heroine)

You said it yourself, they'll get in!

TUFFY

HE CAN MAKE IT!

KA-CHUNK! Adulterer PUMPS the shotgun.

ADULTERER

I will not die because of him!

HEROINE

Don't be stupid, drop the gun!

IN BASEMENT

Roadie HACKS at one of the two greasy cables in the shaft holding the elevator... Papa Beast is in the elevator body and RISING.

INSIDE BAR

TRAMPY

YOU'RE KILLING HIM!

ADULTERER

They'll get in! We'll all die!

IN BASEMENT

Roadie almost has the primary cable cut. Papa Beast rises up to bite.

SNAP!! The cable BREAKS. Roadie SOARS to the top of the shaft.

Papa Beast is pulled down screeching to the bottom of the shaft.

BA-BAM! The keg elevator door bursts open on impact.

BAM! Roadie SLAMS into the ceiling, kicking and yelling.

IN BAR

BAM! Tuffy KNOCKS Adulterer's shotgun up, takes the gun, and rips open the keg door.

Roadie swings out.

RAH!!!!

P.O.V. - Papa Beast is right behind him it opens to feed and...

Simultaneously, Tuffy and Heroine shove their shotguns into its mouth. It raises its eyebrows like "OH!"

HEROINE

Smile!

BLAM! Papa's head EXPLODES and he falls back down the shaft.

CLANK! Tuffy slams the keg door shut.

Roadie's panting on the floor. Adulterer is down, winded.

BOZO

Welcome back.

ROADIE

F-f-fuck you.

BARTENDER

What the hell happened?

TUFFY

You okay?

ROADIE

They were all over the place.

BOZO

You smell like ass!

BARTENDER



We shot a skunk.

BEER GUY  
We're lucky to be alive.

BOZO  
Yeah, maybe.

HEROINE  
(re: Roadie's wounds)  
Get something on that.

Good Girl and Tuffy move to help Roadie.

HEROINE  
(to Adulterer)  
Don't do that again.

Adulterer nods, ashamed.

BOZO  
(to Heroine)  
What now, Geronimo?

BEER GUY  
My truck.

BOSS MAN  
Didn't you see what just happened,  
dick wad? They own this place.

BEER GUY  
Not necessarily. You said we had  
five in the beginning? And now there's  
two still in the basement?  
(addressing group)  
I think we have enough firepower to  
get outta here. That's not bad, our  
odds are getting better. Right?

Boss Man sips a bottle, still hopped-up on morphine.

BOSS MAN  
If you ask me, I'm gonna just lay  
right here, wait for sunrise, then  
walk on out of here.

He nods to himself.

CRASH! Momma Beast's arm ERUPTS through the Boss Man's belly...

BOSS MAN  
OHHH!!!

SNAPPP!!! His head and legs SLAP together as the arm pulls him THROUGH the small hole in the floor.

BOSS MAN  
UGHHHHH!!!

The group jumps back! Blood rockets out! His body is pureed down the tiny hole!

CRASH! CRASH! CRASH! Teen Beast and Momma Beast start to PUNCH through the floor, grabbing anything they can reach.

HEROINE  
Get on the tables!!! ON THE TABLES!!!!

Everyone struggles to get on the tables.

PUK! PUK! PUK! Planks rip down.

A Beast arm GRABS Good Guy's new pants and RIPS them from his body. BOTTOMLESS again.

GOOD GUY  
CRAP!

He jumps on a table and is embraced by Good Girl.

GOOD GIRL  
Sweetie!

Grandpa grabs Grandma as her chair is yanked to the floor.

GRANDMA  
Oh!

GRANDPA  
Hold on!

Grandpa pulls her upright to the table top.

CRASH! A Beast arm reaches up and GRABS Para's wheelchair,

violently shaking it.

PARA  
HeIIlllp!!!

THUD! Para FALLS to the floor.

Teen Beast sticks its head through the small hole where Boss Man's dead body was pulled through. It screeches, but is instantaneously KICKED by Roadie's boot. Tuffy flips a table over the hole in the floor.

CRASH! Teen Beast's arm GRABS Para's leg and tries to pull him down the hole...

PARA  
HELP MEEEE!

BOZO  
BONSAI!

Bozo JUMPS from a table and HACKS Teen Beast's arm in half... he picks up Para and TOSSES him onto the table with Good Guy and Good Girl.

BOZO  
Hot potato!!!

Bozo leaps onto the table with Tuffy...

RAH! An arm grabs a table leg from Heroine's table. It totters. She jumps to the bar and slides on her side to the near end of the bar top.

BAM! BAM! BAM! The two Beasts continue to CRASH into the floor, trying to get in.

TRAMPY  
Stop!!! Stop!!! Stop!!!

Silence.

The banging stops.

The room is silent.

Everyone is on the tables, huffing and puffing, looking from left to right.

Good Girl tries to cover up her exposed boyfriend. They notice Bozo looking at them, again smiling.

BOZO

You're into this aren't you?

Grandpa holds Grandma close. They still have their drinks.

HEROINE

All right!

(to Beer Guy)

Tell us about the truck!

BEER GUY

Uh, uh, I think if we can get everyone into it... we can get out of here.

GOOD GUY

Let's wait it out.

HEROINE

They'll tear this place down within the hour.

BEER GUY

There's a delivery tunnel out the back door.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BAR – DELIVERY TUNNEL – NIGHT

The tunnel is long and dark. The walls are metallic and a lone strip of white fluorescent lights line the ceiling.

The outer doors open and the truck is about ten feet away.

BEER GUY (V.O.)

We line everyone up in the tunnel, light the flares, toss the fire bombs, and then come out blasting.

CUT TO:

INT. BAR – NIGHT

They all hover on the tables.

BEER GUY

My truck can't be more than ten feet away. We load into the back, I can get in the front and we roll out of here.

HEROINE

What's in the back?

BEER GUY

Nothing, this was my last delivery.

GOOD GUY

So what do we have to do?

BARTENDER

IT'S ANOTHER GOD-DAMNED BOTTLE NECK!

ROADIE

If there is only one way out for us, there is only one way in for them.

HEROINE

Make a distraction out front and go for it out the back. There's cars back there, right?

BEER GUY

Yeah, the lot's right there. My truck is right out back.

HEROINE

But not flush against the tunnel?

GOOD GUY

How many feet will we be exposed? Without any cover?

BEER GUY

I dunno... a few yards.

TRAMPY

I don't like it.

Good Girl dry heaves.

ROADIE

Look, the armed surround the unarmed in a circle and we move as a tight group. Those that can shoot, protect the rest to his ride.

BOZO

Hey, when this plan completely goes to shit, what are ya gonna do?

BARTENDER

You got something better?

BOZO

If we move in a group, we are one target. If we scatter, they CAN'T get us all.

ROADIE

Bullshit.

BOZO

No bullshit.

BARTENDER

Who's for the truck?

The group agrees without Bozo's approval.

BOZO

We'll be food, dickheads!

BARTENDER

Well, your last words can be "I told you so."

BOZO

(to Para)

You gotta be with me on this.

PARA

I'm in a wheelchair, the truck sounds pretty good.

BOZO

Amazing you made it this far.

HEROINE

(to Beer Guy)

It's imperative that you get that truck moving.

BEER GUY

Just cover me. It was built to move.

BAM! BAM! BAM! The Beasts hit the floor.

BOZO

Where the hell are we going to go then, Billy Jack!?

HEROINE

There's a bomb shelter over in Durant, by the IGA, on First. You all know where that is?

Everyone nods.

HEROINE

It's the safest place until sunrise.

Grandpa looks to Grandma. He smiles affectionately.

Good Guy puts his arm on Good Girl's shoulder, and holds her tight.

BARTENDER

You seem mighty collected about this.

HEROINE

Buddy, I'm a full-blooded Chucktow. I can't think of a time my people haven't been takin' it dry. The fact that we are being eaten now, doesn't even faze me...

(beat)

...this is just another Tuesday.

BOZO

Well aren't you stoic.

ADULTERER

Not everyone's gonna be able to shoot at those things, you know.

BOZO

That's right. Rubber legs, baldy,

honey pie, gramps, stumpy, and "no son" ain't gonna be of much use, so you better think of something better.

Tuffy sits up.

TUFFY

I've killed two. How many have you killed?

He leans closer to her.

BOZO

You know, you don't sweat much for a fat chick.

Tuffy KICKS him off the table, down to the floor.

BOZO

Hot shit!!!

He springs back to the table.

BOZO

What the hell's your problem!? You trying to kill me!?

Heroine tosses Tuffy a shotgun.

HEROINE

Right.

POP! The power GOES OUT! The room is BLACK! Everyone GASPS.

TRAMPY

We're gonna die!

GOOD GUY

What the hell!

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! Shots fired! Chaos, SCREAMS!

Heroine STRIKES A FLARE.

HEROINE

Stop shooting! Stop shooting! All they did was pull the power!



The shooting and shouting stops as the group shuffles around the tables.

Silence.

Dead silence.

ROADIE  
Clever fuckers.

BOZO  
What the hell's going on here!?

TRAMPY  
I heard something!

GOOD GUY  
They're pacing. It sounds like they're  
pacing down there.

HEROINE  
Shut up! Everyone shut up!

Heroine hops from table to table and then to the bar top.

She grabs several flashlights and tosses them around the room. They click on.

The room looks like a MAZE OF BEAMS.

HEROINE  
STAY QUIET.

TRAMPY  
They're figuring out where we're  
sitting.

KAH-CRASH! An arm busts through the floor, SWIPING the leg of the table with Adulterer, Beer Guy, and Trampy on it.

They TUMBLE to the floor...

BASH! BASH! BASH! Arms burst from the floor again, grabbing for the fallen people. Trampy runs but falls near a hole, a Beast arm pops out.

TRAMPY  
OH JESUS!

Trampy is PULLED by her hair.

POP! POP! POP! Beer Guy shoots the .38 and pulls Trampy to the top of the bar.

RIP! Adulterer's leg is GRABBED and his flesh is ripped apart.

ADULTERER  
HELP!

BLAM! Heroine BLASTS a Beast arm. Roadie pulls Adulterer on top of the bar.

HEROINE  
Get up! MOVE! MOVE!

In a mad dash, everyone who was on the tables moves to the bar top or booths.

BAM! BAM! BAM! The two Beasts CRASH into the floor.

The steel grid and shards of wood in the floorboard are all that keep the two creatures from jumping up into the main bar. They continue grabbing and clawing at everything they can reach.

Roadie, Heroine, and Tuffy all pump their shotguns at the creature heads and arms as they pop up from the floor.

HEROINE  
Hold your fire!

Their shotgun barrels smoke. There is commotion in the basement. We hear the high shrill sound. Then...

They're gone.

Silence.

Everyone crouches on the bar and in booths, shaking, ready to move.

BEER GUY  
We gotta go!

GOLDIE  
What are they doing!?

HEROINE  
She's calculating...

Suddenly, a BEAM OF LIGHT blasts through the cracks in the wood walls.

Everyone jumps.

ROADIE  
We got company!

They all stare out the side of the bar.

Most hold their weapons in their hands.

BEER GUY  
Who is it?

EXT. BAR – CONTINUOUS

We see two headlights drive up the lonely road that leads to the bar.

As the car gets closer we can see it's a POLICE CAR.

INT. BAR – CONTINUOUS

Everyone gasps.

GOOD GUY  
It's a sheriff!

PARA  
He's fucked.

GOOD GIRL  
Someone do something!

BOZO  
In the name of the Father, the Son,  
and the Holy Spirit. Amen.

Tuffy starts to bang on the bar screaming.

EXT. BAR – CONTINUOUS

Sheriff steps from his car and looks around with his

flashlight.

INT. BAR – CONTINUOUS

Tuffy sticks the barrel of the gun through a crack in the wood wall.

TUFFY  
Look out! Look out!

She FIRES.

EXT. BAR – CONTINUOUS

Sheriff ducks when he hears the blast. He pulls out his own gun and hides behind the car.

INT. BAR – CONTINUOUS

They all SCREAM.

BEER GUY  
Get out of here! Get out of here!  
Get the fuck outta here!

TUFFY  
No! Don't let him go!

ADULTERER  
Call for help!

GOLDIE  
Oh god! They're gonna get him!

P.O.V. - Teen Beast swoops down and PICKS UP the Sheriff.

He is DROPPED onto the hood of the squad car face first.

CROSS CUTTING

GOOD GIRL  
Oh Jesusss!

Momma Beast lands by the Sheriff's sprawled body and grabs him by the hair to raise his head toward the petrified bar patrons.

Heroine locks eyes with Momma Beast.

Momma Beast smiles a hideous smile. The Sheriff fumbles with his pistol.

Heroine's eyes widen...

HEROINE  
NOOOOOO!

SPLUT!!! The Sheriff's HEAD is savagely TWISTED OFF.

BLAM! The Sheriff's gun DISCHARGES.

CRACK! His bullet comes through the front wall.

Momma Beast and Teen Beast go to work on the Sheriff's body.

ADULTERER  
We should go! We should go right now!

HEROINE  
He's right, let's move. Be quiet and get to the exit. Pair up, grab the weapons.

BEER GUY  
Let's roll.

Bozo takes Para in his arms.

BOZO  
Nothin' will happen to you. You get on my back, hold on tight and we truck out of here together.

PARA  
Am I too heavy for you?

BOZO  
Don't worry, you'll be like my little papoose.

Heroine nudges Tuffy as she moves by her.

HEROINE  
We should stick together out there.

TUFFY  
I'd love to.

The group passes out the molotov cocktails, guns, and ammo hastily.

BEER GUY  
Are they still out there?

Trampy looks outside.

TRAMPY  
Jesus...

Heroine comes over.

HEROINE  
What?

TRAMPY  
I don't know, they're doin' something.

The group looks outside again.

Mamma Beast and Teen Beast are holding hands on top of the Sheriff's cruiser. It looks they are heaving in great gulps of air. The sound is like a backward hi-cup.

EOCH-OCK-OCK! OCK-OCK-OCK! A deafening pattern of sounds erupts from the Beasts. Again and again. OCK-OCK-OCK!

FROM FAR IN THE DISTANCE, fluttering can be heard, something's coming.

GOOD GUY  
SHE'S CALLING FOR HELP!

The group eyes the horizon, knowing that sound. Just as feared, a DOZEN BEASTS bear down on the bar.

BOZO  
The fan has officially been buried  
in the shit!

Heroine reloads. She sees Grandpa take a seat next to his wife.

HEROINE

Come on!

GRANDMA  
Maybe next time, dear.

The Heroine pauses for a beat. She swallows and runs to the waiting group.

HEROINE  
Light the flares toss them! Fire  
everything you've got!

SMASH! A GROUP OF BEASTS strike the front of the bar.

ROADIE  
RUN!

Roadie throws a molotov cocktail at the wall just as the first SOLDIER BEAST breaks through.

It screams in a blaze, its burning body spreading the fire to the bar's dried wood.

Roadie, Heroine, and Tuffy fire at the wall as Beasts start ripping into the BURNING BAR.

Beer Guy, Good Guy, Good Girl, and Adulterer all move to the DELIVERY TUNNEL.

Bozo with Para on his back, reaches down and takes Trampy's hand from under a table and they run for the tunnel.

An arm rips Trampy up through the ceiling.

BOZO  
Honey pie!!!

She is turned into a MEAT SHOWER. The Beast reaches again.

BOZO  
Keep her!

Bozo, with Para, MOVE TO THE BACK...

Tuffy helps a limping Bartender.

TUFFY  
Come on!!!

BARTENDER

My leg!

Roadie and Heroine blast away at the Beasts as the FLAMES quickly spread throughout the bar...

HEROINE

Go! Go!

ROADIE

Not without you!!!

HEROINE

Go!!!

Roadie turns and moves to the back...

Heroine shoots down one of the Beasts it falls into the corner and struggles to get up...

She runs over and CRUSHES its skull with the butt of her shotgun. Blood hits her face.

Fire spreads rapidly. Heroine turns to run out.

PANG! Momma BEAST swoops down and knocks the shotgun from Heroine's hands. Momma Beast lands. It turns to face Heroine, hissing...

Heroine, eye-locked with the creature, slowly crouches and pulls the long KITCHEN KNIFE from her boot.

Momma Beast shudders, readying its claws for a strike.

Heroine glares up at Momma Beast. She slowly exhales.

Momma Beast screeches and ATTACKS...

Heroine jumps left, CLOSE-LINING Momma Beast with the blade.

SPLAT! Momma Beast falls and convulses with the knife sticking out of its left shoulder.

It CRIES in pain. Heroine kicks the blade in.

HEROINE

Burn you bitch!



POW! BASH! Momma Beast flies back against a flaming wall.

Heroine picks up her shotgun and runs to the back.

INT. BAR – DELIVERY TUNNEL – CONTINUOUS

They all hover in the tunnel as Heroine sprints up.

HEROINE

Stay together! There can't be more  
than a few of them out there!

CRASH! BANG-BANG-BANG! The Beasts start BANGING into the sheet-metal covering the tunnel... dents multiply as they ram into it...

The group ducks and screams in horror...

The Beasts rip through the sheet-metal and SCRATCH at whatever they can get a hold of...

HEROINE

FLARES! Shoot the flares!

Roadie kicks open the TUNNEL DOORS... the FLARES go off... the white snow turns orange from the BRIGHT flares...

The dark sky is lit up revealing the circling Beasts high in the air...

NOTE: For the next few moments, all hell breaks loose with Beasts, bullets and blood everywhere. Try to keep up.

The group fire their weapons and run for the TRUCK.

BAM! BAM! BAM! The Beasts circle in the air, dodging the fire from the group. Beer Guy makes his way to the front of the truck.

WHOOSH! Beasts attack the group.

POP! BAM! POP! Guns blast.

SPLUTCH! Beasts crash into the snow.

The Beasts that were inside the bar bust out the side walls.

HEROINE  
PICK IT UP!

Roadie opens the BACK of the truck.

ROADIE  
Get in! Hurry!

Beer Guy jumps in the FRONT of the cab.

BAM! A Beast slams into the side door.

BEER GUY  
Fuck!

Beer Guy turns the key and fires her up.

BLAM! BLAM! Heroine fires at the Beasts as the group files into the truck back.

TUFFY  
Come on! They're all in!

ROADIE  
(to Heroine)  
I'll cover!

Heroine jumps in.

Roadie backs into the truck firing.

SLAM! The door shuts just as a Beast dives.

VAROOM! The truck MOVES OUT.

IN TRUCK BACK

The group uneasily stands as the Beasts crash into the rear of the truck.

NOTE: There is a SMALL WINDOW so that the group can see the back of Beer Guy's head in the FRONT CAB.

BOZO  
(whacking window)  
Move this girl!

IN FRONT CAB

Beer Guy jams on the gas as the Beasts ram the front cab.

IN TRUCK BACK

The group sways back and forth as the truck speeds over the rocky terrain.

CRASH! CRASH! The aluminum siding of the truck crunches with every Beast hit.

IN FRONT CAB

Beer Guy drives the truck fast. He hits several parked cars turning onto the main road. The Beasts close in on him.

BEER GUY

(into a CB)

Under attack! Under attack! Can anyone hear me!? We're under attack!!!

IN TRUCK BACK

The group watches as a Beast drops down BEHIND Beer Guy.

GOOD GUY

Look out!

IN FRONT CAB

Beer Guy, still talking into his CB, looks up in the rear view mirror...

BEER GUY

HUH –

BASH! The Beast PUNCHES through the back windshield, Beer Guy's skull, and OUT HIS MOUTH!

IN TRUCK BACK

The group gasps and screams at the horror.

IN FRONT CAB

The Beast GRABS the wheel and turns sharply. The truck JACK-KNIVES.

THUD! The group falls to the side. The truck barrels off the side of the road and INTO THE DITCH.

CRASH! The truck slides on it's side and screeches to a halt.

IN TRUCK BACK

The disheveled people try to get up.

BOZO

Blow the goddamn hatch!

ROADIE

Clear!

BAM! The shotgun blast splits the back open.

HEROINE

Get to your cars!

ROADIE

GO-GO-GO!!

The group falls over each other as they try to escape the truck.

Bozo, with Para on his back, Good Guy and Good Girl sprint for their autos.

WHOOSH! A Beast RIPS Para from Bozo's back. Para screams.

BOZO

OH NO! GIVE HIM BACK!

GOOD GUY

(pulling Bozo along)

Keep moving, he's dead!

Bozo runs for his TRANS-AM. Para falls to the ground, still alive. Bozo turns back and sees him.

BOZO

OH JESUS!

PARA

HELLLPPP!

Bozo gets to his brother and puts him on his back again,

runs.

BOZO  
I thought we lost you –

SWOOP! Para is RIPPED into the air again. Para screams.

BOZO  
You FUCKERS!

Good Guy and Good Girl reach their car. He SHOVES her inside the driver's seat.

GOOD GUY  
(to Good Girl)  
Get in! Get in!

SWISH!! Good Guy is SCOOPED up by a Beast. Good Girl screams and slams the door closed. Heroine and Tuffy help Bartender to the car. They both SHOOT at Beasts.

RIIIIPPP! Bartender is picked up and TORN TO PIECES.

Tuffy screams. The Beast drops Bartender's BLOODY CARCASS and swoops down.

Heroine whips a FLARE into the Beast's mouth.

HEROINE  
(shoving Tuffy)  
Get in!

Good Girl STARTS her car.

BAM! Good Guy is dropped ON THE HOOD of the car with his body RAVAGED, but his face still intact.

GOOD GIRL  
AHHHHHHHHH!!

She HONKS the horn.

Roadie MOVES like a wild man to his truck. He shoots them, hits them, whatever it takes.

Bozo leaps into his Trans-Am. The Beasts SLAM into the side as he tries to start the car.

BOZO  
DO IT!

VAHVVOOOMMMM! The car ROARS to life. He pushes in a TAPE.  
THE "MIAMI VICE" THEME SONG BLARES FROM THE SPEAKERS.

BOZO  
Get me FUCK BIRDS!

Bozo peels out. Teen Beast lands right in his path and  
clumsily tries to run to the side.

BOZO  
No you don't!

BAM! He SMACKS Teen Beast head on. Sending the creature's  
disemboweled body sailing through the air.

BOZO  
VENGEANCE!

BASH! SMASH! He hits two more Beasts.

Para DROPS from the sky, still ALIVE and panting. Cars are  
moving everywhere.

PARA  
(wincing)  
Oh Jesussss...

INT. BAR – CONTINUOUS

The burning JUKEBOX plays ERIC CLAPTON'S "YOU LOOK WONDERFUL  
TONIGHT."

Slowly dancing and holding each other, Grandpa lightly  
smooches Grandma on the forehead.

EXT. BAR – CONTINUOUS

Para CRAWLS along the ground, being ignored by the Beasts.

PARA  
Help me! HELP ME SOMEBODY!

Bozo turns on his windshield wipers to clear off blood. He  
sees Para.

BOZO  
HANG ON!

Para claws the ground.

PARA  
Hurry! Hurry! Hurry!

Good Girl hysterically JERKS the wheel of her car.

GOOD GIRL  
Get away from meeeee!

Para SEES Good Girl's car.

PARA  
NOOO!!!

Para rolls right, just missing tires.

Bozo's swerves to miss Good Girl's car.

BOZO  
AHH!!!

Good Girl hysterically swerves.

GOOD GIRL  
Oh god! Oh god! Oh god!

Para YELLS for his brother.

PARA  
COME ON! GOD-DAMMIT!

Bozo's eyes bulge.

BOZO  
Look out!

BAM! Para is SMEARED by Roadie's truck.

ROADIE  
Shit!

Roadie keeps going.

Bozo floors it.

BOZO  
(overly endearing)  
I meant to tell you so much!

Good Girl screams as she drives her car toward the crashed truck. She jerks her steering wheel.

BAM-BAM-BAM! Beasts ram her car on the side. It FLIPS into the crashed truck. Ka-BOOM!! The impact triggers a fireball EXPLOSION.

The REMAINING CARS aggressively maneuver around the smoldering truck to hit the OPEN ROAD.

INT. BAR – CONTINUOUS

Grandpa and Grandma hold each other tight.

A Beast LANDS in front of their table, hissing. It starts to move in for the kill.

EXT. BAR – CONTINUOUS

WHAM-BAM! Bozo's car is rammed by a Beast. He grips the wheel, but can't control the car.

BAM! WHAM!

BOZO  
AHHHH!

INT. BAR – CONTINUOUS

Grandpa KISSES his wife gently.

GRANDPA  
Close your eyes, hon.

The Beast OPENS it's massive jaws and...

CRASH! Bozo's car DRIVES through the bar.

BAM! The Beast is SMEARED.

The Elderly couple slowly open their eyes.

INT. BOZO'S CAR – CONTINUOUS



BOZO  
(pounding his roof)  
WOOOO HAAA!!!

Bozo GUNS the engine.

BASH! He FLIES out the other end of the bar.

He tears through the parking lot.

Roadie SHOOTS out his window, madly drives.

Heroine BLASTS away at the Beasts as Tuffy steers the car...

WHAM-BAM! Bozo's car is RAMMED by two Beasts. It FLIPS into the ditch.

BOZO  
(rolling)  
Fuck!!!

Adulterer screams as he speeds DOWN THE ROAD.

Heroine fires as a Beast slams into the side of their car.

HEROINE  
AHHHH!!!

Bozo squirms in his flipped car, UPSIDE-DOWN.

BOZO  
Help me! Help me!

He hears the Beasts SWARMING. He pulls out a BUTTERFLY KNIFE from the open glove box and SAWS at his safety belt.

A Beast leans into the passenger side of the car and LOOKS him right in the eye. The Beast SMILES.

Bozo RAISES the knife.

BOZO  
I'll give you gas cocksucker.

From outside the car, we see the Beast leap in.

Bozo screams.

The remaining THREE CARS race down the road. Beasts swoop through the air RAMMING into the sides of the cars.

BOMP! A Beast holds on the side of Adulterer's car. It busts the rear left passenger glass and claws for him.

Tuffy sees this and side-swipes Adulterer's car, SQUASHING the Beast.

Adulterer nods his gratitude and veers off the RIGHT SIDE ROAD. Tuffy follows.

Roadie turns down a LEFT SIDE ROAD and tears away.

Adulterer and Tuffy's cars hurtle forward. Heroine glances over to Tuffy. Tuffy is slack-jawed.

Heroine looks straight ahead. She gasps.

A rising SEA OF CREATURES appear in the front of them. Beyond terrified, the two women are awe-struck by the massive wave of death before them.

The sea of Beasts SWOOP down on the cars, shrieking.

They brace for impact, eyes shut.

And...

Nothing. Not a scratch. The Beasts disappear.

The women look up as the SUN begins to creep up over the horizon.

The last fluttering sound of the Beasts can be heard distancing.

The car SCREECHES to a halt.

The two women sit alone, a couple miles from the carnage.

They breathe heavily.

TUFFY  
Did we make it?

HEROINE

I think –

BOOM-BOOM-BOOM! They both jump and look over to see Adulterer smiling, at Tuffy's window.

ADULTERER

Are you two all right? Did you see that!? They left! We made it! I think we made it!

HEROINE

They'll be back.

ADULTERER

Oh, come on! Can't you be happy for one split second? They're gone!

Heroine smiles as Tuffy pulls a CIGARETTE from the armrest.

TUFFY

We're safe until dark, but we need to get to that bomb shelter.

Heroine pushes in the car lighter, grabs a cig.

HEROINE

You know where it is?

ADULTERER

Um, yeah, thirty miles east.

PING! The lighter springs out, hot. Tuffy lights up and passes the lighter to Heroine.

HEROINE

We'll meet in three hours?

ADULTERER

I don't wanna go home alone... I don't wanna see what might have...

TUFFY

Don't worry about that. Just go.

ADULTERER

Right.

Moment of silence as Adulterer and Tuffy look down the

desolate road.

ADULTERER

(to Tuffy)

I'm sorry about your son.

TUFFY

Thank you.

She affectionately touches his hand.

ADULTERER

Where are you two going?

HEROINE

We're going to get my little girl.

Adulterer nods and stands up straight.

ADULTERER

I wish you luck.

The car peels off.

Adulterer watches the car tear down the road.

He glances up at the RISING SUN.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. PRAIRIE ROAD – DAY

A sign reading "DURANT" swings lazily in the breeze. The car rolls by.

Tuffy and Heroine coast down an abandoned road. There are random POOLS OF RED BLOOD in the white snow.

They pass a gas station, no one in sight.

Tuffy slowly turns the dial on the CAR RADIO. Static.

They pass a house, abandoned.

They creep through a shopping area, not a soul.

Heroine rubs her locket.

EXT. TOWN ROAD – DAY

Adulterer drives along a small town road. There's no sign of life here either.

EXT. HEROINE'S GRANDMOTHER'S HOUSE – DAY

The car pulls up to the HOUSE. The only sound is the wind.

INT. TUFFY'S CAR – CONTINUOUS

Heroine finishes loading The Judge. They look at each other and proceed with caution.

INT. ADULTERER'S CAR – DAY

He pulls up in front of his house. The front door is swinging open, BANGING against the doorframe.

INT. HEROINE'S GRANDMOTHER'S HOUSE – DAY

Heroine enters the house, led by her shotgun. Tuffy follows.

The place is ransacked.

INT. ADULTERER'S HOUSE – DAY

He enters his house. It too, is a mess.

He moves through the house, searching.

INT. HEROINE'S GRANDMOTHER'S HOUSE – DAY

They look down the stairs to the basement. Nothing. They move up the stairs to the second floor.

SECOND FLOOR

SMACK! They spin to the noise.

SMACK! A shutter NAILS a busted window pane.

INT. ADULTERER'S HOUSE – DAY

He moves up the stairs to the master bedroom.

BANG! There's a noise at the end of the hall. BANG!

INT. HEROINE'S GRANDMOTHER'S HOUSE – DAY

They cautiously move to the last room in the hall. A scratched, closed door without an outside handle.

HEROINE

Oh no...

BASH! Heroine kicks in the door and...

There's a note on a teddy bear that says, "WE WENT TO THE SHELTER. LOVE GRANDMA AND CHARLIE."

They both sigh.

TUFFY

They're alive!

INT. ADULTERER'S HOUSE – DAY

Adulterer holds a shattered PICTURE of his wife and two kids.

He sighs and puts it down.

ADULTERER

I'm sorry... I'm so sorry...

He moves from the room.

EXT. IGA (GROCERY STORE) – DAY

The sun shines bright in the cloudless sky.

There is a stiff wind that stirs up the snow, creating tall snow banks.

Tuffy's car slowly lurches up the street. Again, she slowly rolls the radio dial. Again, static.

Click! She turns the radio off.

INT. TUFFY'S CAR – CONTINUOUS

They skeptically look at the surroundings.

HEROINE

It's right up there, in the back of the store.

EXT. IGA (GROCERY STORE) – CONTINUOUS

The car pulls up around to the back of the store and stops.

They get out of the car with their weapons in their hands and look around.

They see ROADIE'S TRUCK, but no sign of him.

Look inside the truck. Nothing there.

POP! A hand GRABS Tuffy. It's Adulterer.

ADULTERER

(hands up)

Sorry, didn't mean to scare you.

HEROINE

Where is everyone?

ADULTERER

I don't know, I just got here. Did you find your girl?

TUFFY

She's supposed to already be here.

They move forward.

TUFFY

Your family?

Adulterer shakes his head, acknowledging their death.

TUFFY

I'm sorry.

ROADIE (O.S.)

Hey!

They all look and see Roadie trotting toward them with a jug of GASOLINE in hand.

He waves to them.

They all smile and move towards him.

ROADIE

I'm glad to see you! This is a ghost town!

(to Heroine)

Did you find your girl?

Heroine sighs.

ADULTERER

(pointing)

Over there!

They all look over to the ENTRANCE to the shelter and see CHARLIE lurking in the doorway.

HEROINE

Charlie!

She RUNS to her and the others follow.

Charlie moves awkwardly back into the SHADOWS of the doorway.

HEROINE

Charlie!

Just as Heroine is about to enter the doorway, Roadie LUNGES forward and stops her with his arm.

ROADIE

Hold it!

A concerned look comes over her face as she tries to get by Roadie.

HEROINE

Honey!?

Just as Heroine enters the doorway, she looks down. A STREAM OF BLOOD flows towards her. She looks up.

Charlie's body LURCHES back a bit further, yet her feet don't move, they just SLIDE.

CHARLIE'S EYES ARE BULGED.

HEROINE

CHARLIE? CHARL –



RAAAHH! The burned, one-eyed MOMMA BEAST lunges at her  
FROM BEHIND CHARLIE'S DEAD BODY!

HEROINE  
NOOOOO!

Roadie pulls Heroine back!

Momma Beast HISSES as it removes its PUPPETEERING CLAWS from  
the back of Charlie's head.

The limp body DROPS.

Momma Beast raises its BLOODY CLAWS at them.

It CAN'T leave the dark shadows.

ADULTERER  
Back up!!!

Heroine screams as the others pull her back.

HEROINE  
Charlie! Charlie! No!

Horror fills her eyes as she tries to hold up her shotgun.

Suddenly, the SUNLIGHT starts to FADE.

They look up at the SUN.

TUFFY  
Oh god.

The MOON moves in front of it – a SOLAR ECLIPSE.

The sunlight is quickly fading.

We start to hear the Beasts FLUTTERING around them.

Heroine looks from left to right, panic stricken.

Demonic eyes lurk in the shadows.

The sunlight is almost gone.

Heroine raises her shotgun.

The sun is GONE.

Momma Beast appears from the dark doorway and spreads its vast wings. It releases an EAR-SHATTERING SCREAM.

The group HUDDLES together with their weapons RAISED. Tuffy screams as a CLOUD OF BEASTS emerge from the shadows to ENGULF them.

Heroine SPINS and FIRES.

IRIS TO BLACK:

HOLD BLACK FOR A SECOND

OPEN IRIS TO:

GUN FIRE, BLOOD, GUTS, CARNAGE, CHAOS...

IRIS TO BLACK:

ROLL FINAL CREDITS

THE BEGINNING

or

DESPITE THE OMINOUS LAST IMAGES, THEY SURVIVE

NOTE: After the credits, we wander through the smoking wreckage of the United Nations Tavern. It is destroyed except for one table and two chairs.

We creep up the table legs to see Grandpa and Grandma, unscathed, each sipping a drink.

SQUEAK-SQUEAK! The Little Mouse from the basement climbs up on top of the table. The elderly couple stop drinking and look at the tiny animal.

GRANDPA

Well, I'll be damned...

FADE TO BLACK:

THE END