

"FEAST"

by

Patrick Melton and Marcus Dunston

Revised Draft

5/3/2004

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 MEDIUM SIZED FLAT-BED TRUCK makes its way to the entrance of a large cavern opening. Two VULTURES perched on a barren tree watch the intruders.

EXT. DESERT – DAY

The truck screeches to a dusty stop. Three men in matching coveralls and hard hats jump from the cab: CHIEF (42, stocky, weary), LANKY (32, withered) and COLLEGE BOY (23, clean cut and naive).

Chief holds a map and glares into the howling black mouth before them.

CHIEF

This is it.

LANKY

Why did it have to be these caves...

COLLEGE BOY

Is something wrong?

LANKY

(to College Boy)

Don't mind me, buddy. It's nothin'.

Chief grabs a flashlight and moves to the back of the truck.

The logo on the rear gate reads "WIGWAM WASTE MANAGEMENT."

CHIEF

Let's get that first barrel.

The gate drops revealing their full load of YELLOW BARRELS bearing the familiar BIOHAZARD WASTE symbol.

INT. CAVERN – MOMENTS LATER

College Boy and Lanky steer a cart loaded with the first barrel inside. Chief's lone beam of light leads the men.

COLLEGE BOY

What's with the awkward silence?

LANKY

You don't know?

College Boy shakes his head "no" and they set the cart down.

CHIEF

Last winter, a man kidnapped a little girl and holed up in one of these caves. The cops had him pinned down and began to move in. This guy started shooting... but he wasn't aiming at the officers...

(getting closer)

...he was firing at something inside.

College Boy is rapt.

CHIEF

When the dust cleared, all they found was the little girl's shoes.

(beat)

With the feet still in 'em.

Something GRABS College Boy's ankles, causing him to jump.

COLLEGE BOY

Ahh!!!

Lanky's on his knees, having grabbed him from behind. The two men mockingly laugh. College boy settles, embarrassed.

COLLEGE BOY

Assholes.

CHIEF

Hey, relax, I nearly shit myself  
when my boss pulled that one on me.

LANKY

I went well beyond nearly.

Then, a sound. All eyes turn.

CHIEF

What was that?

COLLEGE BOY

Once was plenty, fellas.

CHIEF

Shhhh...

As Chief moves forward, pulling out his pick-axe.

Instantly, the cave is illuminated by a white floodlight. A  
group of GREENPEACE HIPPIE ACTIVISTS stand in the cave,  
CHAINED TOGETHER at the waist, startling the men into screams.

MEAN GREEN (35, crooked glasses on a face that has launched  
a thousand craps) barks into a MINI BULLHORN that hangs around  
her neck. She charges towards Chief.

MEAN GREEN

Stop it right there! You will not  
rape Mother Nature one more day!

Panicked, Chief drops his pick-axe and stumbles back.

CHIEF

Whoa! Whoa! Whoa!

In unison, the hippies start CHANTING.

HIPPIE GROUP

Mother Nature is not a whore/Don't  
dump in her any-more/Mother Nature  
is not a whore/Don't dump in her any-  
more...

A BEARDED CAMERAMAN with a huge KEY RING on his belt, films  
the whole event. The three men are stopped in their tracks.

CHIEF

Take it easy! We have a permit!

MEAN GREEN

(handing a document)

And we have an injunction from the State to prevent any dumping in these caverns! This is virgin land! The aqueducts in these caves bring drinking water to our families, and its piping provides drainage for our farms that enrich this barren land! And it won't be tainted by waste of any kind! Not now! Not ever!

Chief, shaken, confirms the injunction and hands it back.

CHIEF

Fine, just back off!

He snaps his fingers, motioning to the barrel.

CHIEF

Let's roll... Now-now-now!

Backing away, looking to Mean Green.

CHIEF

How do you guys always know where we're going?

MEAN GREEN

(with a smirk)

I'll tell ya next time! NOW MOVE IT!

Hastily, the men roll the barrel out of the cave.

MEAN GREEN

Score one for the green team!!!

The hippies let out a spirited cheer. One pulls out a tambourine, drums the beat for KUM BI YA. The rest join in the victorious chant as they watch the three men hop in their truck and peel away.

BEARDED CAMERAMAN

Hey, man, that was righteous, but I need a shot with the sign up.

At the end of the human chain, an earthy woman, FUZZY, moves to hang a GREENPEACE sign. Mean Green strokes the cave wall.

MEAN GREEN

We saved you today, ol' gal.

Fuzzy hammers the sign in, but hits too hard, causing a breach in the rock wall.

FUZZY

Oh, fuck!

MEAN GREEN

Sister, why do you always swing for the fences?

FUZZY

(eyeing breach)

It's okay, but I... I think I see something in there... something shiny.

Fuzzy puts her face up to the hole for a closer look. The rest of the hippie-chain moves in closer.

FUZZY

Oh my, it looks like diamonds!

CHOMP! A set of giant, ravenous teeth bite into Fuzzy's skull. Blood SPLATTERS on the hippies.

Bearded Cameraman jumps to pull Fuzzy from the breach.

Fuzzy's body is YANKED into the hole. The group tumbles forward.

Mean Green tries to stop herself from sliding, but can't.

One by one, the hippies are being dragged to their death.

Ripping, tearing, and howling echoes off the walls.

Bearded Cameraman stumbles back. Mean Green spots him.

MEAN GREEN

Give me the keys!!!

Bearded Cameraman just stares at her in shock. He's missing both his arms.

Mean Green lunges and grabs Chief's dropped pick-axe. She HAMMERS at the chain around her waist.

Foot by foot, she's dragged closer. At the last second, she BREAKS the chain, popping herself free.

She spins, running for safety. A guttural HOWL behind her fills the cavern. Mean Green sprints toward the cave opening. She's gonna make it. Only a few more feet. And then... JERK!

Something grabs her neck and YANKS her back into the darkness. The whiplash sends her bloody BULLHORN flying into the light. As it lands, it lets out one last weak HONK...

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 prairie land...

EXT. BAR – NIGHT

Neon light flashes UNITED NATIONS TAVERN. Laughing and music emanates. Besides the bar, there's nothing around for miles.

A 1985, pristine black Pontiac Trans-Am with a Golden Eagle on the hood pulls up. 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 carrying a VELVET POOL CUE CASE. Freeze on him.

NAME: BOZO

AGE: 32

JOB: UNEMPLOYED

OCCUPATION: TOWN JACKASS

LIFE EXPECTANCY: DEAD BY DAWN

The rest of the parking lot is scattered with cars and pickup trucks. Bozo lazily makes his way to the bar and pushes through the front entrance –

INT. BAR – CONTINUOUS

Bozo passes a man dressed in a cheap suit and standing well over six foot five with frazzled black hair and olive skin.

Talking with a thick Greek accent, he pleads into a pay phone.

COACH

(into pay phone)

They took my laptop with my PowerPoint presentation, my Blackberry, my cell... And to top it off, my car crapped out on the side of the road! I'm not making the conference and I have fourteen leads waiting for me. You gotta help me out here. I'm not kidding, I've have fourteen PRIMO leads waiting in the lobby of the Mariott... MARIOTT...

Freeze on him.

NAME: COACH

AGE: 42

OCCUPATION: LIFE COACH & MOTIVATIONAL SPEAKER

FUN FACT: OFTEN CALLED THE GREEK TONY ROBBINS

LIFE EXPECTANCY: STAY FAR, FAR AWAY

CLICK. The pay phone goes dead.

COACH

Son of a –

(deep breath, soothing)

In with anger, out with love.

Further into the bar, a man in a wheelchair loads a quarter into an old jukebox, but he is instantly pushed away by Bozo.

Freeze on him.

NAME: PARA

AGE: 29

OCCUPATION: FIREWORKS DEALER

COMIC BOOK COLLECTION: RIDICULOUSLY HUGE

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

Bozo's tank-top reads, "ONLY COOL CHICKS CAN DO ME."

PARA

(rolling away)

Hey...

BOZO  
Shut up, fag.

Bozo punches in his selection. EDGY CAT (34, samurai pony tail, don't you dare call him an alcoholic) stands by the bar's POOL TABLE powdering his cue.

EDGY CAT  
(to Bozo)  
You're late!

BOZO  
Don't dilly-dally then. Rack 'em!

The CD spins and an 1980s heavy metal classic 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. Rapid breathing.

INT. BAR – NIGHT

Beer Guy (kinda handsome... just kinda) sets a keg of beer behind the bar. Freeze on him.

NAME: BEER GUY

AGE: 32

OCCUPATION: BEER GUY/PART-TIME HOST AT RED LOBSTER

LIFE EXPECTANCY: WIMPS AND DORKS ARE THE FIRST TO GO... HE'S BOTH

He talks with BARTENDER (thinning hair, chiseled face, big earring) who preps a drink.

BEER GUY  
I mean, 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 repossessed, and a father figure made a pass at me. I'm not saying I ever had it. But I have definitely lost it.  
(beat)



Now I haul this swill from armpit to armpit. I used to be a model for Christ's sake.

Coach has been eavesdropping on Beer Guy and approaches.

COACH

For what, may I ask?

BEER GUY

JC Penny. Spring wear.

Beer Guy then mimics throwing a sport coat over his shoulder and delivering his "model" cheese smile.

COACH

You know, Chach, catching you at this low point is pure serendipity.

BEER GUY

Why is that?

COACH

Because I take the rubble of man and build superstars. In my briefcase here is a doorway to a self-help sensation. Give me a minute, because I'd like to buy you a drink and change your life forever. I have a brochure –

BARTENDER

Save it. We don't deal in pamphlets 'round here. We stick to chemistry. And his drinks are on me.

Bartender puts a shot in front of Beer Guy. Behind him, a mounted DEER HEAD is prominently displayed. Freeze on him.

NAME: BARTENDER

AGE: 50

OCCUPATION: BARTENDER

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

LIFE EXPECTANCY: READY TO WEAR

With Coach stumped, Bartender turns to Beer Guy.

BARTENDER

Was that the last keg?

BEER GUY

Yup, one keg of Beast for the basement, then the truck's dry.

BARTENDER

If you're stayin', move the truck, boss gets pissed about you using primo parking.

Beer Guy downs his shot and hoists the lone keg into the waiting keg elevator.

BEER GUY

Right, 'cause this joint's hopping.

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

EXT. PRAIRIE LAND – NIGHT

P.O.V. - We jump over a bush and crash in the dusty earth.

INT. BAR – NIGHT

A glass of beer slides down the bar. A hand GRABS it and puts it on a tray. The woman is pretty though haggard, stained apron and dirty blond hair. Freeze on her.

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

ON TV: A NEWSCASTER, dressed in a coat and tie, talks.

NEWSCASTER

...the search for the missing protesters will be further complicated by the unstable conditions of these deep tunnels. Thus far, no sign of life has been detected, yet town officials are still optimistic.

Newscaster spins and an ECLIPSE GRAPHIC appears on screen.

## NEWSCASTER

On a brighter note, or should I say a darker note, tomorrow's solar eclipse will bring out adults and children alike for a citywide fair of this metrological event. Stay tuned for our man on the street to take a closer look...

## INT. BAR – BASEMENT – NIGHT

Beer Guy pulls the keg from the elevator and places it next to other kegs. A faint conversation brews behind a curtain. BOSS MAN (paunchy, sweaty, ugly) and ROADIE (English accent, light hair, leather skin, thin build) talk shop.

BOSS MAN (O.S.)

Listen, bud. I got a load ready to move and your man's not here.

ROADIE (O.S.)

He's coming. Relax. And if he doesn't show –

BOSS MAN (O.S.)

We got a problem.

## EXT. PRAIRIE LAND – NIGHT

P.O.V. - We are trucking... labored breathing...

## INT. BAR – NIGHT

Tuffy moves 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).

Freeze on Trampy.

NAME: TRAMPY

AGE: 19

OCCUPATION: BANK TELLER

MOTTO: THE SHORTER THE SKIRT, THE HIGHER THE RAISE

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

That sounds great.

Freeze on him.

NAME: ADULTERER

AGE: 36

OCCUPATION: HIGH SCHOOL P.E. INSTRUCTOR

NICKNAME: DR. BLUMPKIN

GENITALS: SHAVED

LIFE EXPECTANCY: WORSE THAN TRAMPY

Adulterer reaches into his pocket to pay the tab, but he  
inadvertently pulls out his hidden WEDDING RING.

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  
in three months...

The damning wedding band falls and bounces. As it rolls,  
Tuffy, Trampy and Adulterer watch.

The ring stops, standing still on its side.

Trampy seethes as she chooses which obscenity to deliver.

Adulterer slides a wad of cash to Tuffy.

ADULTERER

Just bring the whole bottle.

EXT. PRAIRIE LAND – NIGHT

P.O.V. - Sprinting and wheezing. The bar lights are ahead.

INT. BAR – 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.

Freeze on her.

NAME: BELLE

AGE: 21

OCCUPATION: WAITRESS

GOAL: 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

If I could made that kind of money,  
I'd be in Hollywood next week.

Boss Man walks by and nods to Tuffy, making his way to the rickety side-staircase to the SECOND FLOOR. Tuffy grinds her teeth and moves to the staircase.

TUFFY

'Round here, there are ways.

Boss Man winks at Belle. Pure sleaze.

Freeze on him.

NAME: BOSS MAN

AGE: 47

OCCUPATION: BAR OWNER

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

LIFE EXPECTANCY: REGULAR OR EXTRA-CRISPY?

EXT. PRAIRIE LAND – NIGHT

P.O.V. - Running, approaching the distant bar...

INT. BAR – NIGHT

Bozo looks grimly at a pile of CASH on the ledge of the pool table. Edgy Cat sinks the eighth shot of a NINE BALL game.

EDGY CAT

That cash is gonna look much better  
in my pocket.

BOZO

(re: mounted head)

Ya know, that deer only looks scared  
when you're in the room.

Para rolls up behind Edgy.

PARA  
Excuse me, please.

EDGY CAT  
Jesus!

Edgy looks to Para, distracted. Bozo quickly replaces the WHITE CUE BALL with one hidden in his waistline.

EXT. BAR – NIGHT

P.O.V. - The bar's a quarter mile away.

INT. BAR – NIGHT

Para's chair back aims at the pool table pocket of which Edgy Cat is lining up for the winning shot.

EDGY CAT  
That's all she wrote...

SMACK! The nine ball sinks in the pocket, the cue ball ricochets away as intended.

Para flips a switch under his wheelchair's arm rest. The cue ball strays ODDLY into the pocket near Para. Scratch.

EDGY CAT  
What?!

BOZO  
Ohhh, now that's a rough one.

EDGY CAT  
That's motherfuckin' impossible!

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

EDGY CAT  
Goddamn it! NO!

BOZO  
Oh, come on. Crape Diem!

Bozo takes the cash from the table. Edgy Cat sulks away

cursing to himself and moves to the bar.

Roadie looks on, sipping a beer.

Freeze on Roadie.

NAME: ROADIE

AGE: 38

OCCUPATION: BAND ROADIE

FUN FACT: TOURED WITH BON JOVI... SLIPPERY WHEN WET ERA

LIFE EXPECTANCY: A FEW DOG YEARS

EXT. PRAIRIE LAND – NIGHT

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

INT. BAR – NIGHT

Bozo HITS the table of GRANDPA (elderly, white hair, bushy white mustache) and GRANDMA (curly white hair, glasses).

Freeze on them.

NAMES: GRANDPA AND GRANDMA

AGES: 88 AND 86

OCCUPATION: RETIRED

FUN FACT: BEEN TOGETHER SINCE THE DEPRESSION

LIFE EXPECTANCY: THEY DON'T BUY GREEN BANANAS

BOZO

Wake up! Check your pants!

GRANDPA

Get outta here.

BOZO

(mocking)

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

(to Grandma)

How much for the whole night, Grandma?

GRANDMA

You should be so lucky.

GRANDPA

(re: his fists)

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

BOZO

Whoa!

Bozo approaches OLD VET (52, long hair with bandanna, dirty beard) HARLEY MOM, (45, bruiser, grizzled, tough as a saddle) and DRUNK GUY at the bar. The sad trio toss peanut shells into three nearby tall, fat peanut barrels.

BOZO

You boys wanna try your luck at the loot?

Harley mom is offended. Not a word from the others.

BOZO

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

He turns in disappointment.

BOZO

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

EXT. PRAIRIE LAND – NIGHT

P.O.V. - The bar is close – we leap a ditch.

INT. BAR – NIGHT

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

BELLE

Shit! Shit! Shit!

BARTENDER

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

He points up to the second floor.

INT. BAR – SECOND FLOOR – NIGHT

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

NAME: CODY

AGE: 7

OCCUPATION: TAX BREAK



## LIFE EXPECTANCY: A WONDERFUL, FULL LIFE

Tuffy puts headphones over his ears.

TUFFY

Keep these on, sweetheart.

CODY

Mommy, I want Nemo.

TUFFY

Mommy's working on it.

Tuffy kisses him 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 naked, except for red cowboy boots.

BOSS MAN

I love a woman with enthusiasm.

### INT. BAR – NIGHT

Bozo walks to the middle of the room.

BOZO

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

BARTENDER

Hey! Get quiet or get out.

BOZO

C'mon guys –

### EXT. BAR – NIGHT

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

### INT. BAR – NIGHT

BOZO

Gimme some ACTION –

BOOM! The double doors to the bar are kicked open by HERO (30s, rugged alpha man 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 and holds a RUST-RED SHOTGUN and GUNNY SACK.

He SLAMS the double doors shut and props a chair against the handles, securing them.

HERO

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

Bartender cocks his SHOTGUN.

BARTENDER

You hold it right there, mister.

HERO

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

BARTENDER

Drop the canon!

Hero puts down the shotgun and moves towards Bartender.

HERO

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

BARTENDER

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

HERO

Let me explain!

BARTENDER

You got one second to –

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

HERO

Take a good look and listen to me!  
There's at least a four of these  
things out there!

Grandpa Beast's head has large red eyeballs and a mouth full of jagged, ivory white teeth. It is like an albino jackal head with spiked hair.

HERO

I saw one of them tear up five men  
like they were corn on the cob!  
(off silence, shock)  
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 got claws like Ginsu knives and  
more teeth than a chainsaw.

The Bartender lowers his shotgun slightly. Fast as a snake,  
Hero GRABS it. He notices the engraving, "THE JUDGE."

HERO

They're like goddamn blood hungry  
biker tattoos come to life. They're  
clocking us. Right now. And we have  
to lock this bar down!  
(moving around)  
That means doors, windows, drains,  
and basements. We have to do it fast!

Hero looks out the lone front window.

HERO

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

Belle moves to a pay phone at the end of the bar.

HERO

Any questions?

BARTENDER  
Who are you?

HERO  
I'm the hero –

CRASH! A white Beast arms BURSTS through the window and SPLITS Hero right down the middle. The Judge FIRES into the ceiling –

## SECOND FLOOR

The Judge's blast blows a toe off Boss Man's RIGHT FOOT as he reaches climax with Tuffy. Boss Man HOLLERS.

## MAIN BAR

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

Blood sprays. Rapid chomping. CRASH! The double doors are kicked open, splintering the propped up chair.

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.

JUNIOR BEAST enters. He's small and too fast to see well.

He SWIPES the heads off Old Vet and Harley Mom. Bartender grabs The Judge, but he's SCRATCHED down the back.

Junior Beast rips out the pay phone. Knocks over the TV.

Yanks out half of Trampy's hair.

Edgy Cat CHARGES the spastic monster with a stool.

EDGY CAT

I got you!

Edgy Cat misses. Junior Beast sends him FLYING into a wall.

BLAM! BLAM! Bartender FIRES The Judge at the creature hitting lights instead. An errant shot destroys Edgy Cat's face.

Para covers as Junior Beast RIPS the back of his wheelchair.

Roadie WHACKS Junior Beast with a chair. Stunned, it flies across the room, landing in a metal ICE COOLER.

Bozo SLAMS it closed, capturing Junior Beast.

BOZO

Got 'cha!

EXT. BAR – CONTINUOUS

Shadows of THREE SHRIEKING BEASTS close in on the window...

INT. BAR – CONTINUOUS

Bartender runs across the bar and SLAMS shut the thick wood shutters. The Beasts HIT, cracking the middle.

Roadie power lifts the table with Heroine and braces it against the window for reinforcement, but a FURRY ARM busts through and grabs the other half of Hero.

HEROINE

Goddamn you!

Blood starts to SPRAY from outside as the rest of Hero is being devoured through the smallish hole.

Heroine works a GOLD RING off of Hero's ring finger. The feeding MOMMA 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 off another toe on Boss Man's RIGHT FOOT. He cries out in agony.

MAIN BAR

Heroine spins and buries a splintered piece of the broken chair into the ATTACKING MOMMA BEAST'S RIGHT EYE. The Beast SCREECHES and jerks back, dragging the rest of Hero outside.

Heroine clutches the ring. Shrieks and flapping wings are heard outside. They dissipate. A moment of calm.

Belle timidly holds the receiver of the busted pay phone.

The other patrons emerge from under tables and other hiding spaces in various states of shock. Junior Beast has momentarily stopped moving. Bozo secures the lid with a nearby PADLOCK.

BOZO  
What the FUCK was that?

Wild-eyed and with a trembling hand, Heroine pours herself a shot from the bar. She downs it and takes a long breath.

HEROINE  
The jungle has a new king.

Freeze on her.

NAME: HEROINE  
AGE: 27  
OCCUPATION: SURVIVOR  
LIFE EXPECTANCY: HOPEFULLY LONGER THAN THE LAST HERO

CUT TO:

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

"EDWARDS, CALIFORNIA 1940: HIKING CLUB MAULED BY BEARS"

"LOCKHART, CALIFORNIA 1948: BRUSH FIRE DEMOLISHES RURAL COMMUNITY, DOZENS MISSING"

"HI-VISTA, CALIFORNIA 1956: UNIVERSITY ARCHEOLOGICAL DIG BURIED IN MINE SHAFT COLLAPSE"

"PEARBLOSSOM, CALIFORNIA 1964: AVALANCHE BLAMED FOR MISSING HORSEBACK RIDERS"

"SALTDAL, CALIFORNIA 1972: MUDSLIDE CLAIMS LOCAL BROWNIE TROOP EARNING COURAGE BADGES"

"GARLOCK, CALIFORNIA 1980: ELDERLY TOUR GROUP WASHED AWAY BY FLASH FLOOD"

"CALTIL, CALIFORNIA 1988: SINKHOLES DEMOLISH A STRING OF CABINS, SEVERAL FAMILIES PERISH"

"WILSONA GARDENS, CALIFORNIA 1996: GAS LEAK EXPLOSION DESTROYS HILLSIDE COMMUNITY"

CUT TO:

INT. BAR – NIGHT

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

BOSS MAN

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

Alright goddamn it! Who shot me!?  
Who did it!?

Belle and Bartender move to his aid.

BOSS MAN

My goddamn foot is gone! Who fuckin' shot me? Who fuckin' shot me!?

BARTENDER

(motioning to Heroine)

Her fella.

HEROINE

My husband...

BOSS MAN

Well, where's the sonuvabitch!?

HEROINE

He's dead.

BOSS MAN

What?

(noticing destruction)

What the hell happened down here?!

Boss Man looks to Bozo.

BOZO

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

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 nothing.

BOSS MAN

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. Adulterer points to GRANDPA BEAST'S HEAD on the bar.

ADULTERER

Look at it!

BOSS MAN

Fan-fuckin-tastic.

TUFFY

My god... what is that?

HEROINE

That's one piece of four problems.

BOSS MAN

Please elaborate.

HEROINE

That head over there, that's the oldest of the bunch, looked like the Grandpa. 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.

NOTE: As Heroine describes each beast, we see a slight glimpse of their virtues, hidden mainly by shadows and fog.

HEROINE

The next one is taller, but all out

of proportion. Like a "teen beast."

EXT. PRAIRIE LAND – NIGHT

TEEN BEAST has a big head and awkward body. He clumsily moves and seems uncomfortable in his own skin.

HEROINE (V.O.)

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

INT. BAR FRONT – NIGHT

Heroine tends to her scratched arm.

HEROINE

I just took the eye out of the mother.  
She calculates, guiding the attacks.

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 right eye and SCREECHES.

INT. BAR – NIGHT

Heroine taps her right 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

A blur of muscles, bloody fur, and teeth.

INT. BAR – CONTINUOUS

The entire bar stares at Heroine with their mouths agape.

HEROINE

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

COACH

Of all the friggin' bars to be stuck in.

HEROINE

That's not it. Four are here, but there's three others... which I can't account for.

Heroine eyes the room.

HEROINE

We need to lock this place down. Is everyone in this room?

TUFFY

Oh my god! My son! My SON!

Tuffy races toward the staircase to the SECOND FLOOR.

HEROINE

Wait!

Tuffy is halfway up the stairs.

TUFFY

Cody! Mommy's coming! Mommy's coming!

HEROINE

Stop her!

BARTENDER

Hey!

SECOND FLOOR

Tuffy BURSTS through the door. Cody sits by the TV, unmoved.

CODY

Mommy –

Tuffy pulls Cody into her arms. Heroine and Bartender halt to guard the doorway. Heroine spots a SMALL PORTAL WINDOW.

TUFFY

Oh sweetheart! What was I thinking?

Mommy is never gonna let you go!

HEROINE

Let's lock off this room.

TUFFY

(moving to exit)

Never, ever, never. Never, ever,  
never, baby. I love you –

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

NOOOOOOOOO!

Papa Beast LUNGES at Tuffy! Bartender SHOOTs, nailing Papa Beast. He hisses, but can't fit through the small window.

Bartender aims again for a kill shot, but Papa Beast projectile vomits Cody's remains at Bartender.

Papa Beast retracts out the portal window. Heroine SLAMS the wood shutters closed.

Tuffy drops Cody's arms. Bug-eyed. She moves, zombie-like, to the staircase. Bartender follows, covered in Papa Beast's bile. Heroine locks the staircase door shut.

HEROINE

Damn it.

MAIN BAR

Beer Guy stares at the bile covered Bartender.

BEER GUY

Oh god...

He hands him a towel. Tuffy slowly walks towards the rest of the patrons. The blood on her face and chest tells them what happened. The horror hits home.

Heroine eyes the destroyed phone.

COACH

(to Tuffy)

Are you –

Heroine puts a hand up to silence Coach.

HEROINE

Just let her be... please.

(beat)

Is that the only phone?

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

BARTENDER

The back phone is wrecked, too.

Trampy's eyes light up and she digs through her purse.

BELLE

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

Grandpa and Grandma have calmly re-taken their seats.

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.

Para is awkwardly trying to fix the back of his wheelchair.

Belle moves over to help and sees a mess of wires coming from the wheelchair's back rest.

PARA

Thank you, but I don't need any help –

BELLE

What's this? A power magnet or something?

PARA

No. It's nothing.

Belle puts together his scam with a smirk.

BELLE

I didn't peg you for a con man.

PARA

Hey, it pays more than the couch.

BELLE

Lots of stuff around here does.

Trampy pulls out a CELLULAR PHONE from her purse.

TRAMPY

Here!

The group looks over. Adulterer GRABS it.

TRAMPY

Hey!

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

(into cell phone)

I have a signal! I have – Diane?  
Diane listen to me... get the kids  
and get in the basement... do it  
right now...

Trampy stares with grief in her eyes.

ADULTERER

I'll explain later. Not now! I'm at  
a bar... look... shut up! JUST SHUT  
UP AND GET IN THE FUCKING BASEMENT,  
DIANE! Diane! Diane?... Hello? Damn  
it! I lost the signal!

Adulterer looks at the phone a bit dazed.

ADULTERER

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

He moves towards the front door. Heroine moves into his path.

HEROINE

I wouldn't do that.

Adulterer, violently grabs Heroine to shove her away.

ADULTERER

Fuck you, bitch!

Heroine nails Adulterer with THREE HITS to the chin, throat and chest, flipping him to the floor. She pulls a KNIFE from her belt buckle and has it under Adulterer's chin.

HEROINE

You can risk your life, but not mine! My daughter's no more than twenty miles from here waiting for me. I have just as much reason to leave this place as you do. But I also know that if they're here, then they're not there yet.

Adulterer squirms.

HEROINE

You understand me?

ADULTERER

Get the fuck off...

HEROINE

You understand me!?

ADULTERER

Yes!

HEROINE

Now pull that tough boy shit again and I'll slice you from neck to nuts!

Adulterer nods obediently. Heroine removes the knife from

his neck and plants it back into her buckle.

ADULTERER

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.

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

At the bar, Bozo puts the TV back into place, he jiggles with some wires in the back, bringing back the picture.

BOZO

Anything?

PARA

Yeah, you got it.

The bar takes notice. Trampy, cell phone in hand, paws through a phone book as she watches the broadcast.

BELLE

See! This has to be isolated. That's a local broadcast.

ON TV: The Newscaster reads the teleprompter.

NEWSCASTER

And now, we head to our man on the scene with a live look at tomorrow's event in Red Mountain.

Heroine eagerly looks on, moving closer to the TV.

HEROINE

My daughter's in Red Mountain.

ON TV: There is an awkward pause from the Newscaster. The broadcast doesn't cut to the reporter.

NEWSCASTER



Can you hear us? Apparently we're having some technical difficulties...

Heroine sinks in her skin.

HEROINE

Oh no.

NEWSCASTER

Oh, there we go!

ON TV: A REPORTER, in an even worse suit, stands in a field with several people looking through telescopes.

REPORTER

That's right, the crowds are lining up early to witness tomorrow's meteorological phenomenon.

Heroine sighs a gust of relief.

REPORTER

But always remember, don't look straight into the sun because a special filter is needed to avoid damaging your cornea.

The Reporter beams.

REPORTER

And we're all looking forward to it tomorrow. Back to you.

In the studio, the Newscaster smirks.

NEWSCASTER

Thank you. And in other news...

Roadie points to the TV.

ROADIE

That studio's local, we can call in.

BOSS MAN

I have a short wave radio upstairs.

Trampy is already dialing on the cell.

TRAMPY

I'm calling them... it's ringing!

ROADIE

They'd have a police scanner.

TRAMPY

(into cell)

Hello? Yes, we're at the United –

ON TV: the Newscaster continues his routine.

NEWSCASTER

...it has been reported that the  
power outage –

A Beast arm REACHES in and TEARS off Newscaster's jaw. The bar gasps in horror as his blood sprays. ZAP! The broadcast cuts out, turning to static.

Trampy screams and DROPS the cell, SHATTERING on impact.

TRAMPY

Oh no! Oh fucking no!

Heroine, tense, quells the rising panic.

HEROINE

Keep it together! I came from the  
east. That studio is south of here.  
For all we know, north and west are  
okay.

ROADIE

An associate of mine was coming in  
from the north, ain't heard a word  
from him in hours.

HEROINE

So, that leaves the west.

Tuffy looks up from a booth, clearing her throat.

TUFFY

And Red Mountain. Your daughter.

Heroine looks over, making eye contact.

HEROINE

Right.

BEER GUY

This is goddamn depressing.

At the door, Heroine slides a thick metal pole through the double door handles and takes out the Rust Red shotgun.

BOSS MAN

I've got some tools and extra planks in the kitchen, if we're on the same page here.

HEROINE

Let's work.

INT. BAR – NIGHT

The last board is hammered into place as the survivors back away from the now re-enforced bar.

BARTENDER

We'll it ain't pretty...

BOSS MAN

But its got teeth.

BAM-BAM-BAM! Junior Beast bangs around in the ice cooler.

BOZO

I think it's hungry again.

HEROINE

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

Boss Man hobbles over to the cooler and aims his .38. Junior Beast goes wild, trying to get out.

BOSS MAN

Fire in the hole!

Bullets rip through the cooler. Junior squeals. More shots.

Casings hit the ground. Smoke rises. Bozo leans in.

BOZO

I think we got –

RAH! A tiny white arm fires out from the cooler GRABBING Bozo's leg. Bozo yelps.

Moving quick, Tuffy grabs The Judge from Bartender and shoves the barrel into a hole.

BLAM! Guts splatter. Bozo falls back unscathed. He catches his breath and looks to Tuffy. She is born again, seething.

TUFFY  
You're welcome.

She hands the shotgun back to Bartender.

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

HEROINE  
Aim for their orifices. Eyes, ears and mouth. From what I've seen, it's their only weakness.

ROADIE  
(looking at the corpse)  
Looks like they're soft on the inside like any other animal. Trick is to get in there and do the damage.

BELLE  
Maybe we don't have to fight them.

BOZO  
Right, let's just call 'em names.

Coach steps forward, poised to make the sale.

COACH  
Ladies and gentlemen, if I may have your attention.

The bar skeptically eyes the large, sweaty Greek man.

COACH  
We have to think outside the box here. We don't need to fight them, we need to 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?

COACH

I need a stick.

Bartender opens the cooler's lid and carefully pulls out Junior Beast with salad tongs. It falls to the floor with a SPLAT. Coach grabs a splintered broomstick.

COACH

Stand back.

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

COACH

Let's get that board down.

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

HEROINE

What are you doing?

Coach shoves Junior's mangled body through to the outside.

COACH

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. They look through SMALL HOLES, barely able to see anything.

BEER GUY

I don't see them.

COACH

Come on. Come onnnnnn.

BELLE

Is there a call, or something?

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 because you'll  
be sucking my dick!

Bozo's insult hangs in the air.

PARA  
Sweet...

P.O.V - THROUGH SMALL HOLES

WHOOSH! Junior is swiped from the handmade pike.

INT. BAR – CONTINUOUS

Coach jerks back. The startled group tries to focus, but it's too dark outside. With the moon as the only light, Father Beast can barely be made out cradling his dead child.

Silhouettes of the other family members slowly approach Junior. Papa Beast is gentle and it's almost endearing.

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

COACH  
You see? What I tell you?

The whole group starts to ease. Then... Papa Beast HOLLERS.

P.O.V. - THROUGH SMALL HOLES

Papa Beast lets out a HORRID WAIL. The group jumps back, covering their ears. Then, something really odd happens. Momma tosses Junior in the air, opens her wide jaws and SWALLOWS HIM WHOLE.

INT. BAR – CONTINUOUS

Adulterer's eyes widen.

ADULTERER  
Good christ! They're cannibals!

COACH  
Oh dear...

P.O.V. - THROUGH SMALL HOLES

Papa Beast moves behind Momma Beast and grabs hold of her.

INT. BAR – CONTINUOUS

A steady "thud-thud-thud" rhythm vibrates the bar. Grandpa's drink starts to hop to edge of his table with the beats. The group maneuvers to get a better look.

TRAMPY

Oh... my... god.

PARA

What are they doing now?

P.O.V. - THROUGH SMALL HOLES

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

INT. BAR – CONTINUOUS

BOZO

Dude, they're humpin'!

P.O.V. - THROUGH SMALL HOLES

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

Trampy VOMITS.

P.O.V. - THROUGH SMALL HOLES

The slimy object 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. Beer Guy is holding back the still heaving Trampy's hair.

BOZO

Any more ideas, Animal Planet?

COACH

I-I was just being proactive...

BEER GUY

(to Bozo)

Hey, you weren't helpin'!

BOZO

Go douche.

BARTENDER

What the hell now?

ADULTERER

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

Bozo pops open a beer off the back of Para's wheelchair.

Roadie nods to Grandpapa Beast's head on the end of the bar.

ROADIE

Hey, Miss?

Heroine turns.

ROADIE

If you don't mind me asking, how did you run into these things?

BOSS MAN

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

HEROINE

Well, it all started about forty hours ago...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. PRAIRIE LAND – EVENING



The orange sun melts into the horizon.

INT. FARMHOUSE – CONTINUOUS

Hero and his overweight friend TUBBS (35, hard living career farm hand) laugh at a TV show while Heroine paces on the telephone in the background.

HEROINE

(into phone)

So, how is staying with Grandma working out? Ya know, if you stare into her glasses, you can see what cards she is holding. But I didn't tell you that.

EXT. PRAIRIE LAND – CONTINUOUS

There's a home on the horizon with a big barn next to it.

Shrieking and flapping grows in the distance.

INT. FARMHOUSE – CONTINUOUS

Heroine starts to peek out of the window.

HEROINE

Mommy will pick you up tomorrow night,  
okay baby?

The phone cuts out.

HEROINE

Hello? Charlie?

Heroine and Hero look at each other with concern. Hero looks out the window.

HERO

Holy mother of...

INT. BAR – NIGHT

Heroine has the group mesmerized.

HEROINE

We barricaded ourselves in the cellar.  
Then it was just listening. We heard

those things destroy an entire herd of livestock. They just kept coming. 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 as Heroine and her companions peek out from the damaged cellar door.

INT. BAR – NIGHT

HEROINE

That first beam of sunlight drove 'em away. Somewhere. We called who we could and then decided to run for it. We didn't see a soul the whole drive out. When the tank went dry, we came upon a gas station to refill.

EXT. PRAIRIE LAND – LATE DAY

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 with Tubbs and looks 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 off.

TUBBS

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!

HERO

Turn on the pump!

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

INT. BAR – NIGHT

HEROINE

We had no time. 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 – LATE DAY

Hero fills their Camaro.

HERO

Suck it down you metal bitch. Suck it down.

INT. GAS STATION – CONTINUOUS

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

EXT. GAS STATION – CONTINUOUS

Hero turns as a shrill HISSING comes from the shadows...

INT. BAR – NIGHT

HEROINE

It happened fast...

EXT. GAS STATION – LATE DAY

Heroine and Tubbs emerge from the gas station shop.

HERO

Move it!

Heroine and Tubbs hear the growing cries of the Beasts.

Their loot hits the pavement as they run.

HERO

Get in the car, baby.

Hero drops the spilling gas nozzle. Tubbs slides into the

back as Heroine jumps into the driver's 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.

INT. BAR – NIGHT

HEROINE

That's when I saw three others...  
just for a second.

EXT. GAS STATION – SUNSET

Three lean, muscular shapes rise from the shadows.

HERO

Roll!

Heroine fires up the car and tears out. Hero shoots and the station becomes a FIREBALL.

INT. CAMARO – CONTINUOUS

HEROINE

Close the roof!

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

HERO

Shit!

Stripped Cousin Beast PUNCHES through the back window, reaching for them. Heroine jerks the wheel.

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

HERO

We made it!

Hero reaches back to give a "five" to Tubbs. Tubbs doesn't respond. Heroine is the first to see Tubbs' quivering, HEADLESS body in the back seat.

INT. BAR – NIGHT

Heroine stands near Grandpa Beast's head.

HEROINE

It must have smelled the blood or something. We buried the body and got back on the main road when...

INT. CAMARO – NIGHT

BOOM! Grandpa Beast LANDS on the front hood of the Camaro.

Heroine and Hero SCREAM and rev the engine, swerving madly as Grandpa Beast VOMITS on the windshield.

HERO

Break!

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

HERO

Go! Go! Go!

Grandpa 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

HEROINE

And that's how I ended up here.

BARTENDER

And the head?

INT. CAMARO – NIGHT

The car crashes into a ditch, DECAPITATING Grandpa Beast.

His head FIRES through the windshield, landing on Heroine's lap. Its snake-like tongue lashes out at Heroine's crotch.

INT. BAR – NIGHT

HEROINE

I don't want to talk about that.

BARTENDER

So, your husband ditched you?

HEROINE

No. It was wild out there. No time to think. We just moved. He didn't leave me. He just ran.

BARTENDER

Well, justice is funny.

Para wheels over to a COUNTY MAP on the side wall.

ROADIE

The three from the gas pump are over at the TV station? And you say there's four here, huh?

HEROINE

It appears so.

COACH

There's five here now, actually.

BOZO

Yeah, thanks for that.

PARA

(to Heroine)

Hey, you lived on a farm, right?

HEROINE

Yeah.

ADULTERER

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

BELLE

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 a day ago.

HEROINE

We learned fast.

BOZO

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

(beat)

Like me.

HEROINE

Fine.

Para stares intently at the map. Adulterer moves over to the window that has shutters over it, peeking through a hole.

ADULTERER

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.

BELLE

Somebody's gotta know something about these things. This stuff just doesn't happen out of the blue.

The room is silent. Bozo looks around, quickly moving towards Grandpa and Grandma.

BOZO

You!

GRANDPA

Wha?

BOZO

You gotta know somethin', you're old.

GRANDPA

I don't know a thing.

BOZO

Old people know stuff like this. Legends, tall tales, shit like that.

GRANDPA

No!

BOZO

Spill it!

GRANDPA

I don't know anything!

BOZO

(to Grandma)

How 'bout you? Or do I have to get rough?

GRANDMA

Heavens no!

BOZO

Come on! Think back!

GRANDPA

If I throw a stick, will you go away?

BOZO

That's just horse shit.

HEROINE

Relax, they don't know anything.

BOZO

Yeah... allegedly.

Bozo saunters off.

PARA

(to Heroine)

Hey, where was your farm?

HEROINE

(points to map)

East. Why?

PARA

Did you ever slaughter? Slaughter livestock?

HEROINE

Previous owners did, I think.



COACH

What are you talking about?

PARA

Slaughterhouse run-off used to be drained into piping that ran through the mountains.

Para points along the map as he explains.

PARA

Earthquakes often cracked the piping and those flow lines were condemned, but never drained.

COACH

Cheese n' rice...

TRAMPY

I still don't get it.

PARA

What I am saying is... there's a distinct possibility that what we are up against is the result of steady stream of blood and tissue that has been leaking into the caves. And a day ago... something broke out.

The group is silent.

BOZO

The first order of business is gettin' a big fuckin' tampon in that cave!

PARA

Nope, that wouldn't do it.

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

BARTENDER

I wouldn't do that.

BOZO

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

HEROINE  
(to Adulterer)  
Careful.

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

BOINK! Papa Beast's claw POKES into his eye. Adulterer JERKS away holding his blood squirting eye socket.

FROM OUTSIDE

P.O.V. - The eye sees its owner stumble back and fall to the floor holding his face.

INSIDE

Coach and Trampy move to help Adulterer.

FROM OUTSIDE

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

INSIDE

BASH! A Beast arm BURSTS through the side wall and SNAGS Coach's pants and boxers. He screams and lunges forward. He is BOTTOMLESS.

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

Everyone obeys her command to get in the middle of the room.

Belle hands Coach a little menu to cover himself with.

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

The group nods.

HEROINE  
(to Bozo)  
'Eh, Chief?

BOZO

...Duh.

Trampy holds Adulterer's wounded head.

TRAMPY

He's out cold.

BELLE

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.

TUFFY

(to Coach)

There's some sweats in my bag behind the bar.

COACH

Thanks.

Coach heads to the bar. Roadie moves to the map near Para.

ROADIE

You're a clever man.

(re: Bozo)

Why do you take shit from him?

PARA

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

ROADIE

Your brother, huh?

PARA

Yep.

ROADIE

Same parents?

PARA

Look man, I read books. He reads bumper stickers.

Roadie nods. Heroine jerks a bottle of booze from Beer Guy and tosses it out.

HEROINE

Alright, we need to stay alert and for everyone to take a role.

(to Boss Man)

You gotta have some guns or weapons around here.

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

BOSS MAN

I got my .38 here. That's six shots and two refills. Downstairs, I have locker with a sawed-off and some gardening tools. Maybe a few boxes of shells.

BARTENDER

I got shells, too. Box and a half tops. Machete behind the bar.

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

Oh, now you have something to say?

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

That's for bears and sharks, chunky  
chew.

The group looks back to Heroine.

HEROINE

Alright, what else do we have? Can  
we somehow contact the outside world?

Trampy pensively stays on her fractured phone.

TRAMPY

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

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

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.

HEROINE  
(to Boss Man)  
You said you had a short wave radio.

TRAMPY  
Where?

BARTENDER  
Upstairs.

BOSS MAN  
Go for it. It's by the far wall.  
Channel 9 is the emergency frequency.

HEROINE  
Good. I'm heading to the basement  
for supplies.  
(to Bozo)  
And you're going upstairs.

Bozo blinks. A little taken aback.

BOZO  
Let's not get carried away...

HEROINE  
Step up, Chief.

BOZO  
So that's how it is?  
(hands out)  
Fine! Shotgun, please.

Bartender hands him The Judge.

BOZO  
(to Bartender)  
You're coming with, portly. 'Cause  
if I'm attacked, I want a fat man  
close by.

BARTENDER  
I'll wait by the door.

BOZO

Now who else is comin'?

No one budes.

GRANDPA  
(rising from his seat)  
I'll go with ya.

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

Bartender moves to the back of the bar, grabbing his machete.

At the same moment, Coach emerges from behind the bar in  
very snug, feminine-looking pink sweat pants.

BOZO  
You! Zorba! You're coming too!  
(to Heroine)  
Now gimme the keys.

Heroine tosses the keys to Bartender.

HEROINE  
No. You're locked in.

BOZO  
What?

HEROINE  
Those two will 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.

BOZO  
Don't get your hopes up.

Bozo moves to the staircase. There's blood at the bottom and  
it gets worse with each step. Bartender and Coach follow.

Heroine turns to the bar.

HEROINE  
Any volunteers to head into the  
basement with me?

TUFFY

I will.

Tuffy stands, sniffing. She wipes the tears from her eyes, looking tough and resolute.

BEER GUY

That's not a good idea.

BOSS MAN

With what 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

Alright.

ROADIE

Count me in.

BEER GUY

Me too.

Heroine, Tuffy, Roadie, and Beer Guy all move to the basement. The door creaks open slowly. The group descends.

OUTSIDE THE DOOR

Bozo slightly slips on the blood. He grips the railing and pulls himself up the staircase like an old man.

BOZO

Alright you two, 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

(displaying keys)

They're right here.

COACH

We've got your back, bro.

They unlock the door, swinging it open.



BOZO  
Just keep 'em handy, ladies.

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

SECOND FLOOR

Bozo hustles in. The door shuts and locks.

BOZO  
Wish me luck...

WHAM! Bozo is on the ground.

OUTSIDE THE DOOR

BOZO (O.S.)  
I'm okay! I'm okay!

SECOND FLOOR

Bozo rises and nervously surveys the damaged floor.

BOZO  
Come on. Come on. Come on.

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

BOZO  
Geezzzus.  
(moving gingerly)  
Okay, now. Easy steps. Easy breaths.  
Easy steps.

MAIN BAR

Belle kneels next to the Boss Man.

BELLE  
How are you holding up?

BOSS MAN  
Well...

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

BELLE

What is this?

BOSS MAN

Morphine. My magic potion. I need a few drops.

She puts a few drops on his out-stretched tongue.

BOSS MAN

You should try a little, it'll calm your nerves. Works like a charm.

BELLE

No other time than now, right?

BOSS MAN

Wait, before you do that, help me move. There's a small room off the kitchen where I can lay down.

BELLE

But –

BOSS MAN

It's much safer in there. Trust me.

BASEMENT

The basement is dark, dingy and scattered with crap. Dried out ANIMAL CARCASSES hang from the ceiling on hooks. A WINDOW is open. Roadie slams it shut, eyeing the room, staring into the dark corners.

ROADIE

Stay on your toes everybody.

Tuffy tightly grips her weapon, ready to fire. Heroine kneels next to a hatch door that emits a red glow.

HEROINE

What's this?

Roadie jams a pipe into the little door, bracing it shut.

ROADIE

You don't need to know what that is.

Beer Guy finds the dusty locker and opens it.

BEER GUY

There's a sawed-off shotgun in here.

OUTSIDE THE DOOR

Bartender and Coach have their ears pressed to the door.

COACH

Come on, bro.

Behind them, through a boarded window, something CRAWLS upward.

SECOND FLOOR

Bozo moves turtle slow.

BOZO

Lamaze. Lamaze. Lamaze.

He moves to the Boss Man's private room. He puts his hand out to open it. Trembling, he touches the knob and...

CREEEEEEEEAK! The door eases open. Bozo steps inside the room. He moves over to a lamp and pulls the chain. A bat FLIES off the lamp shade SCREECHING. Bozo falls backwards.

BOZO

HAAAA!

OUTSIDE THE DOOR

Bartender and Coach jump back.

SECOND FLOOR

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

BOZO

Just a bat! I'm okay! Just a bat!

OUTSIDE THE DOOR

BARTENDER

If he doesn't shut up...

COACH

He is human kabob.

## SMALL ROOM OFF KITCHEN

The room is like a converted pantry. Boss Man lies on a cot, kissing Belle. A tiny wall fan spins providing ventilation.

Belle pulls away and brushes back her long hair.

BELLE

Doesn't your foot hurt?

BOSS MAN

I can't feel a thing, Hon.

BELLE

(touching his crotch)

How 'bout now?

BOSS MAN

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

Belle, a bit high, sways and starts to remove her clothes.

BELLE

Um-hmmm.

BOSS MAN

The girl's got rhythm.

She takes off her blouse and tosses it at him. She then lifts up her skirt and bends over, giggling.

BOSS MAN

There it is.

## BASEMENT

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

ROADIE

This is all junk.

Beer Guy holds a rusted machete.

BEER GUY

This could come in handy.

HEROINE

Let's get everything upstairs.

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

HEROINE

I'm sorry.

TUFFY

Don't worry, I'm fine. Really.

HEROINE

I admire your strength.

TUFFY

Trust me, I plan on having a full breakdown when this is over, but for now, we all have to be strong, 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

This is my daughter, Charlie. She's all I'm after.

TUFFY

(fighting back tears)

Oh...

HEROINE

And I'm gonna need your strength, every bit of it.

TUFFY

You have it.

HEROINE

Good. But still do me a favor.

TUFFY

Name it.

HEROINE

(with a wink)

Don't tell anyone I have a soft side.

TUFFY

(tiny smile)

Deal.

## SECOND FLOOR

Bozo turns and points the gun around the room. He sees the CB. It is like an intercom with a cable running outside. He drops the shotgun and fidgets with the CB 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.

All he gets is static. A faint GROWL is heard outside. OUTSIDE  
THE DOOR Bartender hears the growl, his eyes grow wide.

## SMALL ROOM OFF KITCHEN

Belle rubs her hands over her rounded ass and flicks her  
tongue at Boss Man.

BELLE

You wanna see, baby?

BOSS MAN

Hell yeah.

BELLE

How much you got?

BOSS MAN

How much I got, what?

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?

BOSS MAN

You can't expect a man to buy a car

without a test drive first, can you?

BELLE

Um, hmm –

BOSS MAN

Now wiggle that sweet little ass  
over here and sit on Daddy's face, I  
wanna do some appraising.

SECOND FLOOR

Bozo barks into the CB.

BOZO

Repeat. We need help. SOS. Calling  
all cars! Calling all cars! We need  
help at the United Nations Tav –

The CB is JERKED from Bozo's hands and slams into the wall.

BOZO

Shit!

Bozo aims the gun at the wall. Chewing sounds begin.

BOZO

Double shit!

He backs up to the door.

OUTSIDE THE DOOR

BOZO (O.S.)

Okay, I'm ready to come out now!

Bartender confidently turns the key. CLICK! It breaks off in  
the lock.

BARTENDER

Oh!

SECOND FLOOR

BOZO

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

Bozo knocks on the door hard.

BOZO  
HEY! OPEN IT!!!

OUTSIDE THE DOOR

Bartender looks to Coach.

BARTENDER  
Wha?

SECOND FLOOR

BOZO  
OPEN THE DOOR!!!

A thunderous CRASH! Boards fly off the wall.

SMALL ROOM OFF KITCHEN

Belle, hearing the crash, jerks back from Boss Man.

BELLE  
What was that?

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

She's slammed against it repeatedly and then – RIP! Belle's skin is TORN from her head and torso. Boss Man jumps back.

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

Belle falls into Boss Man's arms for a HIDEOUS KISS.

BOSS MAN  
NO! NO! NO!

Boss Man shoves the bloody Belle back against the wall.

Sister Beast #1 pokes her head inside the room, hissing.

MAIN BAR

Heroine and the others, just returning from the basement, hear the mayhem from upstairs and the kitchen.



## OUTSIDE THE DOOR

Coach fumbles desperately with the jammed lock, trying to use his fingernails to turn the metal stump.

COACH

Great god, why do you damn me?!

## SECOND FLOOR

Bozo bangs on the door and looks over his shoulder at the Momma and Papa Beast chomping at the wall.

BOZO

GET ME OUTTA HERE!!!

## MAIN BAR

The group is mesmerized.

PARA

Oh please, no.

## SMALL ROOM OFF KITCHEN

Boss Man uses the cot to block the Sister Beasts from entering. They hiss and shred the cot fabric.

BOSS MAN

They're getting in! Somebody help!

## SECOND FLOOR

Bozo kicks and punches the door.

BOZO

HELP!!! GODDAMN IT!!!

## MAIN BAR

Heroine charges up the staircase. Roadie rips the sawed-off weapon from Beer Guy and runs for the kitchen.

## OUTSIDE THE DOOR

BARTENDER

The key broke off!

HEROINE

(to Coach)  
Move it!

Heroine rips the earring from Bartender's ear. He YELPS. She jams the backing into the lock.

#### SMALL ROOM OFF KITCHEN

Boss Man crawls for the door. Sister Beast #1 fires out a whip-like tongue and snags Boss Man's damaged foot. He howls in pain. Sister Beast #2 tongue-lasso's his other foot.

#### OUTSIDE THE DOOR

Heroine's picking fingers are bleeding from her effort.

BOZO (O.S.)  
HELP ME PLEASE!!!

#### SMALL ROOM OFF KITCHEN

Boss Man is pulled towards the Sister Beasts.

BOSS MAN  
HELLLLLP!!!

Roadie kicks open the door and FIRES at the Sisters. They dive back out of the room screeching.

#### SECOND FLOOR

BOZO  
HELLLLLLLLLP!!!

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

Papa Beast flies at Bozo. Bozo spins and aimlessly FIRES his shotgun, hitting Papa Beast directly in the groin.

The door flies open. Bozo is YANKED to safety just as Papa STRIKES the closing door.

#### MAIN BAR

The patrons track the wild CRASHING and HIGH-PITCHED SHRIEKING sounds of Papa Beast. He finally breaks out of the upstairs.

Beer Guy and Roadie carry Boss Man into the room as Coach, Bartender, Heroine and the shaken Bozo creep down the stairs. Bozo slowly takes a seat in his brother's lap.

PARA

I thought that was it for a second there.

TRAMPY

What happened?

BOZO

I got Papa in the stones.

(beat)

He's neutered.

PARA

Whoa... good one...

ROADIE

That back room is sealed shut.

Heroine glares at Boss Man.

HEROINE

I told you to stay in the main room.

BOSS MAN

Yeah... I will. I will. Promise.

Coach eyes the group, this is his time to shine.

COACH

(rising, full of brawn)

If they can't reproduce anymore – we are one step closer! A big step! 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.

BOZO

Dude, are you gay?

Coach sits down, humbled.

HEROINE

We know what not to do. We must stay focused and together. The beasts will find a breach. We gotta find a way out before they find a way in.

TUFFY

Let's run for the cars, cause mass confusion.

BARTENDER

The lot's too damn far, that's surefire suicide.

The room is silent. Bartender motions to Boss Man, but he is promptly shushed by Boss Man. Heroine notices.

HEROINE

(to Boss Man)

What?

BOSS MAN

What?

HEROINE

You know what.

BOSS MAN

I don't know shit.

HEROINE

(to Roadie)

You. What was that door downstairs?

BOSS MAN

Wait, wait, wait.

Heroine glares at Roadie.

HEROINE

Don't bullshit me.

BARTENDER

It's a tunnel.

Roadie nods, causing Boss Man to sigh.

BARTENDER

It runs about a hundred yards and spits out on the backside of that

hill down the way.

HEROINE  
What's it for?

They clam up.

HEROINE  
What's it for!?

BOSS MAN  
Grass, man. I grow pot down there.

HEROINE  
Does the tunnel spit out near a car?

BOSS MAN  
It spits out behind the parking lot.

BOSS MAN  
My truck is near, but it ain't nearly  
big enough to haul the whole lot.

HEROINE  
It's a shot. Is it gassed up?

BOSS MAN  
Fully.

HEROINE  
Four door?

BOSS MAN  
Two.

HEROINE  
How many can it hold?

BOSS MAN  
Six.

HEROINE  
Max?

BOSS MAN  
Seven.

HEROINE  
It's gonna fit thirteen.

BOSS MAN

Thirteen clowns wouldn't fit.

HEROINE

(with hand out)

Keys.

ROADIE

What're you planning?

HEROINE

Three of us go. Two to defend, one to drive. We back up to the bar and then tear ass out of here.

BOSS MAN

Sounds sketchy.

HEROINE

Let me make this clear; if we stay, we die.

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

ROADIE

Give 'em to me, I'm going.

BARTENDER

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

ROADIE

Fuck you too.

BARTENDER

Get in line!

HEROINE

Hey! I'm not trusting him either, that's why I'm going with.

Coach stands forward.

COACH

"Courage is being scared to death, but saddling up anyway."

(off blank stares)

The Duke. I will go.

HEROINE

This is it. They have this place surrounded, but if we go under them we might just make it.

BARTENDER

This is a bottleneck waiting to happen.

SMACK! Bozo SLAPS Coach's ass.

BOZO

This one's great under pressure. I wish you luck.

HEROINE

The rest of you prepare the weapons, whatever you got left. 'Cause when we crash through those walls, we're bringin' death with us.

Heroine takes The Judge from Bartender and hands it to Coach.

COACH

No, I don't believe in guns.

BARTENDER

This ain't time for a political stance.

Coach takes the rusty machete from Beer Guy.

COACH

This doesn't run out of ammo.

BARTENDER

Got ya.

Heroine, Roadie, and Coach move to the basement.

BOZO

Hey!

The three look to Bozo, who offers a parting nod.

BOZO

When you get to that truck... drive

it like you stole it.

INT. BAR – CONTINUOUS

At a booth, Trampy re-bandages Adulterer's eye.

TRAMPY

How does it feel?

ADULTERER

Lousy.

TRAMPY

You still have one left.

ADULTERER

Yes, the silver lining.

TRAMPY

It serves you right for cheating.

ADULTERER

Spare me.

TRAMPY

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

Bozo moves close, surveying the bandage work.

BOZO

Oh yeah?

TRAMPY

It could be worse, you could be dead. Then again, the climax is upon us.

BOZO

(re: Trampy's hair)

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

TRAMPY

I wouldn't fuck you for practice.

BOZO



Tease.

ADULTERER

Leave her alone.

BOZO

Hey, cyclops. Let's have a quiet contest... starting now.

Bozo turns his attention back to Trampy.

BOZO

Ya know, in situations of duress, I have found that women are attracted to my authority.

INT. BAR – BASEMENT – CONTINUOUS

Heroine, Roadie, and Coach make their way through the basement. Creeks and cracks with every step.

ROADIE

(to Heroine)

You handle yourself pretty well. You a cop or a criminal?

HEROINE

Neither. Just a farmer.

ROADIE

Oh yeah? Then how do you do it?

HEROINE

I just think about my husband and daughter... and the rest is easy.

The light casts a shadow of something BEHIND THE CURTAIN.

Roadie moves to open the curtain with his sawed-off barrel.

HEROINE

Easy.

WHIP! The curtain slides. It's a dried animal hide on a hook. They all sigh. Roadie unblocks the tiny door.

Heroine scans the room.

ROADIE

This place is creepy in the daytime,  
too. Ready?

Coach's hand shakes as he raises his weapon.

ROADIE  
Scared?

COACH  
No. You?

ROADIE  
Of course not. I fight monsters all  
the time.  
(gripping the door)  
On three.

Roadie, Heroine raise their weapons.

COACH  
One... two... three!!!

Roadie 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.

COACH  
Well, look at that.

Coach leans down and puts out his hand. He smiles as Heroine  
watches over his shoulder.

COACH  
Hey, little fella.

HEROINE  
Let's go.

He leaves the mouse and follows Heroine to the tunnel.

SLURP! A pink tongue LASSOS the mouse.

A red fluorescent glow radiates from the tunnel. They all  
drop in, one by one, entering the steamy, confined space.

COACH  
Looks like a brothel for plants.

ROADIE  
Shhhhhhhhhhhhh.

INT. BAR – NIGHT

Tuffy stands by a far wall, looking through the planks for movement. At the bar, Beer Guy makes MOLOTOV COCKTAILS.

Bozo moves close, slaps Beer Guy's constructing hand.

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

BEER GUY  
What do you know?

BOZO  
I know you're doing it wrong.

BEER GUY  
Prove it.

Bozo grabs a cloth rag and moves to the alcohol bottles.

BOZO  
Move aside, princess.

INT. TUNNEL – NIGHT

The tunnel is thin and no more than SIX FEET HIGH. Cherry red fluorescent lights line the top of the tunnel and kneehigh marijuana plants are along the ground soil. There are thick pipes above the plants that work as a makeshift watering system. There is about six inches of water on the floor.

COACH  
(to Roadie)  
You and I are similar. We both have accents. We both travel a lot. We both don't really have homes...

ROADIE  
You should be quiet.

COACH  
I am sorry, I ramble when I'm nervous.

HEROINE

Quiet.

Coach bites his lip, dying to say something.

COACH

It's just that this seems like the opportune time for someone to be horribly... offed.

ROADIE

What did I say?

COACH

Sorry. I'm done now.

INT. BAR – NIGHT

Bozo stuffs the cloth rag into one of the bottles.

BOZO

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

PARA

You sure? I thought the rag had to touch?

BOZO

I'm sure.

Bozo finishes the Molotov cocktail and grabs a beer.

BOZO

Perfecto. What we should do, though, is put those peanut barrels to use. Fill 'em with booze and line up some planks. If the walls come down... we hit 'em Donkey Kong style.

Para and Beer Guy eye the three large peanut barrels, perfect for bomb-making.

PARA

Genius.

BEER GUY

You aren't nearly as dumb as you look, are you?

BOZO

Next time, look within. Stereotyping  
can be ugly and hurtful.

Bozo looks to Trampy, putting an arm around her shoulder.

BOZO

Excuse me for being forward, but I'm  
curious about your dimensions.

INT. TUNNEL – NIGHT

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

ROADIE

Hold up. You hear something?

A SCRATCHING sound is heard from above.

ROADIE

They're trying to burrow through the  
tunnel walls.

HEROINE

Move.

The scratching sound increases, now heard from the far end  
of the tunnel as well.

COACH

Like moles these things.

Then, Sister Beast #1 drops into the tunnel from the far  
end.

She charges. At the last second, Roadie spots her.

ROADIE

Duck!

Roadie and Coach duck into the water, but Heroine is unable  
to avoid a thrust that knocks her back ten yards. Sister  
Beast #1 lands and turns, surveying her prey. Roadie aims  
his water-dripping gun, but Heroine rises and blocks his  
shot.

ROADIE

Stay down!

From her knees, Heroine fires. BLAM-BLAM-BLAM! The three shots push Sister Beast #1 backwards. Heroine rises, covered in muddy water and bleeding from a cut across the face.

HEROINE

Go! The bitch is mine!

Roadie and Coach reluctantly turn, leaving Heroine to fend with the Beast.

Heroine charges. Hissing, Sister Beast #1 charges as well.

Heroine pumps and fires. BOOM! Sister Beast spins, avoiding the shot. Now too close, Heroine jams the Beast in the mouth with the gun, knocking her back.

Sister Beast #1 responds with a swipe and chomp on the arm.

Heroine bats her away. Sister Beast #1 moves to the others.

HEROINE

Look out!

Roadie and Coach sprint until Sister Beast #2 BURSTS through the tunnel walls, stopping Roadie and Coach in their tracks.

Roadie fires his weapon, but it sparks and fizzles.

ROADIE

The shells are wet!

With the two Beasts closing in. The men are trapped. Coach looks around, seeing a plan.

COACH

Grab onto ceiling and get out of water!

ROADIE

What?

COACH

Do it!!!

Grabbing onto the piping along the ceiling, Roadie pulls himself from the water. Coach uses the machete to cut a power cord from above. He grabs the exposed, sparking end.

COACH  
(to Heroine)  
Get out of water!!!

Heroine sees what he's doing, sprints back the way they came.

As the two Beasts charge, Coach pulls himself out of the water by holding onto the above piping. He's forced to wait for Heroine to get out of the water.

The second she does, he jams the cord into the water.

ZAP! The conductive water sizzles. Sister Beast #1 and Sister Beast #2 lock up and crash. ELECTROCUTION. Sparks and smoke rises from their cooked bodies.

Roadie and Coach look to each other, victorious. They begin shimmying along the piping to the end of the tunnel.

INT. TUNNEL/BASEMENT – NIGHT

Heroine looks back at the two men. She turns and reenters the basement.

GAH! Teen Beast drops in front of her, whacking her to the floor. Heroine slides across the floor, but jumps up quickly. Teen Beast cautiously moves in for the kill.

Heroine raises her weapon.

HEROINE  
You fuck with my family.  
(aiming shotgun)  
I fuck right back!

Click – out of ammo!

HEROINE  
Oh shit.

Heroine THROWS the shotgun at him and pulls out the MACHETE.

She rolls left and swings. Teen Beast loses two fingers.

She swings again but gets whacked to the floor.

Heroine rolls with the hit, grabs her shotgun, and dives into the KEG ELEVATOR.

She slams closed the door as Teen Beast regains its composure and lunges. BAM! It CRASHES against the door.

INT. TUNNEL – NIGHT

Roadie and Coach crawl to the platform by the exit.

COACH

They will write stories of your  
bravery.

ROADIE

If there's anybody left.

The two men climb up the ladder leading to the ground above.

At the top, Roadie pushes off the plywood covering. The two men peer into the night and spot the TRUCK.

INSIDE KEG ELEVATOR

Heroine wedges the door closed. The Beast continues to try to get in. Heroine bangs the top of the small elevator...

HEROINE

Send it up! Send it up!

MAIN BAR

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

TUFFY

Hey! Hey! She's in the shaft!

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

INSIDE KEG ELEVATOR

Heroine squirms as the elevator rises.

HEROINE

Move it! Move it! Move it!

As Teen Beast starts to tear at the base of the rising keg elevator in the shaft, Heroine pounds and tears at the few planks above her in the keg elevator.



MAIN BAR

Beer Guy hits the button.

BEER GUY

Come on!

BOZO

Ol' Crazy Horse has seen it.

TUFFY

Shut up!

INSIDE KEG ELEVATOR

The elevator SHAKES. Heroine POUNDS a hole through the elevator top. She tries to squeeze through the SMALL HOLE.

Teen Beast BITES through the floor board of the keg elevator.

CLANGGG! The elevator stops. Heroine lurches and grabs the greasy cables to stop her fall.

HEROINE

Goddamn it!

MAIN BAR

TUFFY

It stopped. It fuckin' stopped!

INSIDE KEG ELEVATOR

Heroine screams as the elevator shakes. Teen Beast is struggling to climb right under her.

MAIN BAR

TRAMPY

Do something!

INSIDE KEG ELEVATOR

HEROINE

I'M ALIVE! OPEN THE DOOR!

MAIN BAR

Tuffy moves for the keg door. Adulterer grabs The Judge from

Bartender.

ADULTERER

Stop!

TRAMPY

What the fuck are you doing?!

ADULTERER

They can't get in here! We agreed!  
They'll get us!

TUFFY

She can make it!

ADULTERER

I will not die because of her!

BARTENDER

Don't be stupid, drop the gun!

INSIDE KEG ELEVATOR

Heroine HACKS at one of the two greasy cables. Teen Beast is in the elevator car and RISING.

MAIN BAR

TRAMPY

YOU'RE KILLING HER!

ADULTERER

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

INSIDE KEG ELEVATOR

Heroine almost has the primary cable cut. Teen Beast rises up to bite.

SNAP!! The cable BREAKS. Heroine SOARS up the shaft. Teen Beast is pulled down to the bottom. The keg elevator door bursts open on impact.

Heroine SLAMS into the ceiling, kicking and yelling.

MAIN BAR

Tuffy KNOCKS Adulterer's shotgun up, takes the gun, and rips open the keg door. Heroine swings out.

P.O.V. - Teen Beast is right behind her with mouth open and ready to feed. Tuffy points her shotgun.

BLAM! Teen lurches back, dropping back down the shaft.

Tuffy slams the keg door shut. Heroine pants on the floor.

Adulterer is down, winded.

BOZO

Welcome back.

HEROINE

F-fuck you.

BARTENDER

What the hell happened?

TUFFY

You okay?

HEROINE

I think they made it.

She turns to Adulterer, rigid.

HEROINE

Stop trying to get people killed. It is getting very old.

Adulterer nods, ashamed. Heroine looks around the bar. She notices the peanut barrels on top of the bar. Two wooden planks serve as track, leading straight for the side wall.

HEROINE

What's this?

BOZO

Ingenuity, baby. Ingenuity.

HEROINE

(to Bartender)

I need some shells.

BARTENDER

I have two left.

Bartender expels a shell from The Judge and hands it over.

BARTENDER

Make it count.

Heroine cringes, eyeing the lined up Molotov cocktails.

HEROINE

Let's prepare ourselves, they ought to be here with the truck any minute.

BOSS MAN

Bullshit.

Boss Man sips a bottle, still hopped-up on morphine. He lazily loads his pistol from a pool of bullets on his belly.

BOSS MAN

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

HEROINE

That's your choice, but this is going to get a whole lot worse before it gets any better.

Boss Man shrugs, content with himself.

BOSS MAN

If all of you run for it, they won't care about lil ol' me. They like the food that moves...

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

His pistol and bullets scatter across the floor.

BOSS MAN

OHHH!!!

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

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

HEROINE

Get on the tables!!! On the tables!!!

Everyone struggles to get on the tables.

CRASH! Teen Beast's arm reaches up and GRABS Para's wheelchair, violently shaking it. Para FALLS to the floor.

Teen Beast's arm grabs Para's leg...

PARA  
HELP ME!!!

BOZO  
Bonsai!

Bozo jumps from a table and STOMPS on Teen Beast's arm. He picks up Para and TOSSES him onto a table.

BOZO  
Hot potato!!!

Bozo leaps back onto a table. POP! The power cuts out. The room goes black.

BEER GUY  
We're gonna die!

ADULTERER  
What the hell?!

HEROINE  
Settle down!

TRAMPY  
Stop it! Stop it! Stop it!

And with that, the shouting and pounding stops. The group nervously shuffles around the tables.

There's silence.

Dead silence.

Then, far is the distance, beyond the walls, a sound is heard. It's screaming. And it's approaching. Rapidly. The survivors maneuver to peek out the front walls.

BARTENDER  
What's that?

Tuffy sees what is coming.

TUFFY  
They didn't make it.

EXT. BAR – CONTINUOUS

Being held by Papa and Momma Beast, Roadie and Coach are both rushed towards the wall like human battering rams.

ROADIE  
RUN!!!

THUD! The first strike causes the men to HOWL.

INT. BAR – CONTINUOUS

The survivors shake in sickened silence. From beyond the walls, they can hear high-pitched SCREAMS.

THUD! THUD! THUD! With every strike, a splattering of blood spits through the planks of wood.

BARTENDER  
That wall's coming down!

BOZO  
Commence Plan B!

The entire group goes into motion.

HEROINE  
What's Plan B?

BOZO  
Just watch the floor and keep the others safe!

THUD! THUD! THUD! With a final furious strike, a few wood planks splinter. Papa Beast sticks in his head and hisses.

BOZO  
Bomb's away!!!

From the bar, Beer Guy, Tuffy, and Adulterer release the first peanut barrel. It's ablaze and sails straight for Papa Beast. BLAM! It explodes, bursting open the wall and knocking back Papa Beast. The wooden walls go up in flame.

Para, on a side table, reaches out and grabs Boss Man's .38

from the floor.

The second peanut barrel is released. It sails outside the breach, but it doesn't explode. Nevertheless, the Beasts stay far away.

Teen Beast madly rips floor boards away, moving towards Para's table. Teen Beast bursts through the floor, knocking Para to the floor.

Para crawls to his fallen wheelchair. Teen Beast spots him, moves in to feed.

Para points his seat back at the scattered .38 bullets and flips the armrest switch. SNAP! The bullets jump to the power magnet. Para yanks one free, loads the pistol and turns just as Teen Beast strikes...

POP! The shot hits Teen Beast in the eye, sending him back down the hole in the floor.

Heroine and Bartender move in. When Teen Beast sticks his head out of the hole again, they thrust both their shotguns into each ear.

HEROINE

Now!

BLAM-BLAM! The two shots scatter head everywhere.

The flames in the bar spread, catching the entire wall and roof on fire.

EXT. BAR – MOMENTS LATER

The second barrel comes to a stop a good distance from the bar. Suddenly, the top is knocked off. Trampy sticks her head out.

Seeing no trouble, she emerges, dizzy as hell, and races for the nearby BEER TRUCK.

INT. BAR – MOMENTS LATER

Papa and Momma Beast both charge the bar. The third peanut barrel is released. It sails for them, but they dive out of the way.

KABLOOM! It takes out the rest of the wall. Fire and smoke

fills the place.

Adulterer douses Momma Beast with booze as Beer Guy nails her with a lit Molotov cocktail.

WHOOSH! Engulfed in flame, she bolts from the bar shrieking.

BOZO

One down, one to go!!!

Papa enters and is instantly cornered. He swings wildly.

HEROINE

(to Bartender)

Help me!

Heroine and Bartender rip the DEER HEAD from the wall and charge Papa, pinning him against the wall with the antlers.

HEROINE

Come on!

Bozo and Beer Guy dive into Papa's legs, holding them down.

Tuffy picks up The Judge.

WHAM! The shotgun butt knocks out Papa's front teeth. Tuffy raises the weapon again, staring down at the monster that killed her child, but Papa Beast gets an arm free to knock away her fatal blow.

Bartender wrenches Papa Beast's arm with all his might. With her hair stuck in Papa Beast's claw, Tuffy is pulled face to face with the beast. She squirms as he chomps at her, but with no front teeth, he can't do immediate damage.

BARTENDER

I can't hold him!!!

HEROINE

Do something!!!

Tuffy reaches back and shoves her fist into Papa Beast's mouth, jamming it down his throat. He instantly gags, sucking for air.

Papa Beast struggles to get free, but the others hold tight.

Papa Beast's body begins to quiver from a lack of oxygen.



His eyes widen, face to face with Tuffy.

TUFFY  
CHOKES ON IT!!!

With one last lunge, Papa Beast shakes, his life drifting away. His eyes turn black as his body goes limp. Tuffy pulls out her arm from his throat.

BARTENDER  
God...

BOZO  
I need to get your number.

Tuffy shakes her wet arm dry. As the group pulls away, Papa Beast is still pinned to the wall with the deer antlers dug into the wood.

Heroine turns to Grandma and Grandpa, offering a hand.

HEROINE  
Come on, I'll help you.

GRANDPA  
No thank you, we're content.

HEROINE  
I'm not leaving anyone behind.

GRANDMA  
Maybe next time, dear.

Heroine swallows and nods. HONK-HONK-HONK! Just outside the breached wall, the beer truck pulls up.

EXT. BAR – CONTINUOUS

The beer truck screeches to a halt. Trampy's at the wheel, waving the group over. With the bar burning, a thick layer of SMOKE blankets the entire area.

The people amass at the opening, but Heroine stops them from advancing. The group stares the dark night. Silent.

HEROINE  
She's still out here.

Heroine eyes the truck, seeing something she likes.

HEROINE

Stay put.

She creeps out alone.

HEROINE

Where are you... come on...

Nothing. Just smoke. And silence.

HEROINE

Come on! Come on!

From the smoke, a smoldering Momma Beast charges like a bull.

At the truck, Heroine opens the back doors and dives in, leaving the doors open. Momma Beast gives chase, entering the back.

INSIDE TRUCK

Heroine is deep into the truck as Momma Beast enters. She advances, hissing.

HEROINE

Come and get me you blood-chugging  
CUNT!

Momma howls and charges. Heroine slides out the side keg door, locking it behind her. Before Momma can see the trap, Beer Guy slam closed the rear doors.

OUTSIDE TRUCK

Beer Guy latches it. Trampy comes around the truck.

TRAMPY

You got her? You got her!

HEROINE

Not for long, we gotta burn it.

Heroine looks to the others at the breach.

HEROINE

Come on! Let's blow this thing!

The others move into action. Beer Guy takes off his shirt and shoves it into the fuel tank. Adulterer and Bozo, with Para riding piggyback, help. They use the Molotov cocktails to make a fuel trail leading away from the truck.

BEER GUY

When this lights, run like hell.

About fifteen yards away from the truck. Bozo throws his silver-plated American Eagle lighter to Heroine.

HEROINE

(catching lighter)

Here we go...

Then, a noise: EOCH-OCK-OCK! EOCK-OCK-OCK! EOCK-OCK-OCK!

A deafening pattern of sound erupts from within the truck.

It's Momma Beast. Again and again.

TUFFY

What is that?

HEROINE

She's calling for help.

Heroine drops the lighter onto the fuel. It races for the truck. When feet away, COUSIN BEAST lands, stomping out the fire with his foot.

BOZO

The fan has officially been buried  
in the shit.

Instantly, another beast, AUNT BEAST, lands on the top of the truck. These Beasts are like the others, but stripped. The group gasps. Trampy backs away.

TRAMPY

We have to run –

BURST! Trampy's rib cage is ripped from her body. The culprit, UNCLE BEAST, stands behind her. Her organs drop like a box of vegetables. Cousin Beast lets out a high-pitched roar. From atop the truck, the rear doors are ripped open. Momma Beast emerges.

HEROINE

Get to your cars!!!

The Beasts spring into action, chasing the group.

Bozo, with Para on his back, sprints for his car. Aunt Beast RIPS Para from Bozo's back.

BOZO

Motherfucker! Give him back!

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 grabs his brother and puts him on his back again, runs.

BOZO

I thought we lost you –

Para is RIPPED into the air again.

BOZO

You FUCKER!

Tuffy and Bartender jump into his PICKUP TRUCK.

TUFFY

(to Heroine)

Get in!

Heroine hops in the back.

Beer Guy and Adulterer run to a car together. Beer Guy lags behind, continually looking over his shoulder.

ADULTERER

Run and quit looking back!

As Beer Guy looks forward, Aunt Beast and Uncle Beast hit him HIGH-AND-LOW, cutting him in half. Bozo makes it to his Trans-Am.

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. Aunt Beast lands right in his path.

BOZO  
No you don't!

BAM! He SMACKS Aunt Beast head on, sending the creature's disemboweled body sailing through the air.

BOZO  
VENGEANCE!

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

PARA  
Oh Jesussss...

INT. BAR – CONTINUOUS

The burning JUKEBOX plays a slow love song. Dancing and holding each other, Grandpa smooches Grandma on the forehead.

GRANDPA  
We had a good run.

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 the blood and guts. He spots Para.

BOZO  
Hang on!

Para claws the ground.

PARA

Hurry! Hurry! Hurry!

Bartender jerks the wheel of his car.

BARTENDER

Oh shit!

Para sees Bartender's approaching truck.

PARA

NOOO!!!

Para rolls right, just missing tires. Para yells for his brother.

PARA

COME ON! GODDAMN IT!

Bozo's eyes bulge.

BOZO

Brother!!!

BAM! Para is SMEARED by Adulterer's car.

ADULTERER

Shit!

Bozo floors it.

BOZO

(overly endearing)

I meant to tell you so much!

The remaining cars maneuver to hit the open road.

INT. BAR – CONTINUOUS

Grandpa and Grandma hold each other tight. Uncle Beast enters, moving to their table. It moves in for the kill.

Grandpa kisses his wife gently.

GRANDPA

Close your eyes, hon.

The Beast OPENS its massive jaws and... CRASH! Bozo's car DRIVES through the bar, SMEARING the Beast.

INT. BOZO'S CAR – CONTINUOUS

BOZO  
YOU ARE SUCKING MY DICK!!!

Bozo guns the engine, crashing out the other end of the bar.

EXT. BAR – CONTINUOUS

Bozo's car veers, flipping over a pile of rubble.

BOZO  
Motherfucker!!!

Bozo squirms in his flipped car, UPSIDE-DOWN.

He hears a Beast approaching. He pulls out a BUTTERFLY KNIFE from the open glove box and SAWS at his safety belt.

Cousin Beast leans into the passenger side of the car and looks him right in the eye. Bozo raises the knife.

BOZO  
Lord, if I die, bury me upside down  
so the world can KISS MY ASS!

Cousin Beast leaps in.

EXT. BAR – CONTINUOUS

The remaining TWO CARS race down the road.

INT. BARTENDER'S CAR – CONTINUOUS

With the peddle to the floor, Bartender drives.

BARTENDER  
I think we're in the clear –

BAM! Momma Beast lands on the roof. She reaches inside and yanks out Bartender's throat. The car veers.

Tuffy rights it, leaning over and stomping on the gas. Momma yanks at the door, pulling it open. Tuffy pushes out Bartender's corpse and JERKS the wheel.

IN THE BACK

Momma Beast falls back, knocking down Heroine. Momma Beast

nearly falls out, but manages to grab the rear gate with one claw. Defenseless, Heroine backs away. Momma Beast holds on tightly, pulling herself onto the bed of the truck.

Tuffy stares back through the glass, unable to do anything.

Momma Beast lunges towards Heroine. Momma Beast's claw snags Heroine's locket, jerking Heroine right up to the creature's face. The locket catches Momma's attention for split second.

Her remaining eye goes from the picture of Charlie to Heroine.

Momma's mouth opens wide. Heroine screams!

And then, a beam of the RISING SUN catches the gold locket and burns into Momma's eye. In one quick motion, she's gone, taking the locket with her.

Heroine lets out her breath, reaching around her neck for what is no longer there. The truck SKIDS to a halt. Tuffy jumps out.

TUFFY  
Are you okay?!

HEROINE  
I don't know, I think –

ADULTERER (O.S.)  
Hey!

They both jump as Adulterer approaches.

ADULTERER  
Are you two all right? They left! We made it! I think we made it!

TUFFY  
They'll be back.

HEROINE  
We're safe until dark, but we need to find other people.

Heroine rises and moves to the cab of the truck. She finds a pack of cigs under the visor. Pops in the lighter.

HEROINE  
You know where the IGA grocery store



is over in Red Mountain?

ADULTERER

Um, yeah, ten miles west.

HEROINE

They have a bomb shelter.

PING! The lighter springs out, hot. Heroine lights up and passes one to Tuffy.

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.

Moment of silence as Adulterer and Tuffy look down the desolate road.

ADULTERER

I'm sorry about your son. I really am.

Tuffy nods, affectionately touching his hand.

ADULTERER

Where are you two going?

HEROINE

We're going to get my little girl.

ADULTERER

I wish you luck.

The car peels off. Adulterer watches the car tear down the road. He glances up at the RISING SUN.

EXT. TOWN ROAD – DAY

A sign reading "RED MOUNTAIN" swings lazily in the breeze.

Tuffy and Heroine coast down a town road. There are random POOLS OF RED BLOOD in the dirt. No one in sight.

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. BARTENDER'S CAR – CONTINUOUS

Heroine and Tuffy 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 door frame.

INT. HEROINE'S GRANDMOTHER'S HOUSE – DAY

Heroine enters the ransacked house. Tuffy follows.

INT. ADULTERER'S HOUSE – DAY

He enters his house. It too, is a mess.

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.

INT. ADULTERER'S HOUSE – DAY

He moves up the stairs to the master bedroom. SMACK!

There's a noise at the end of the hall. SMACK!

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...

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."

TUFFY  
They're alive!

The shudders SMACK against the wall.

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...

EXT. IGA (GROCERY STORE) – DAY

The sun shines bright in the cloudless sky. There is a stiff wind that stirs up the dust. Bartender's car slowly lurches up the street.

INT. BARTENDER'S CAR – CONTINUOUS

Heroine and Tuffy 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 in the back of the store and stops. They get out, looking around. Tuffy holds a machete. Adulterer kneels against his car.

HEROINE  
Where is everyone?

ADULTERER  
I don't know, I just got here. Did you find your girl?

HEROINE  
She's supposed to already be here.

TUFFY  
Your family?

Adulterer shakes his head, acknowledging their death.

TUFFY  
I'm sorry.

Adulterer sheepishly nods.

HEROINE  
This place is a ghost town.

The group makes their way to the store front, peeking beyond the glass doors.

ADULTERER  
(pointing)  
Look!

In the distance, in middle of a dusty parking lot, CHARLIE stands staring at them.

HEROINE  
Charlie?

Heroine runs to her and the others follow. Charlie fidgets awkwardly. She cries and blood stains her dress.

HEROINE  
Charlie!

As Heroine nears, Adulterer GRABS her arm.

ADULTERER  
Stop! There's something wrong!

HEROINE  
Honey!?

The group eyes Charlie, noticing Heroine's locket around her ankle, leading to a slightly ajar manhole cover. Suddenly, the sunlight starts to FADE. They look up the sun.

TUFFY  
Oh god.

The MOON moves in front of it – a SOLAR ECLIPSE. Beast HISSING and FLUTTERING is heard. Heroine looks from left to

right, panic stricken.

CHARLIE  
Mommy!

The sunlight is fading. The manhole cover shakes, something is holding Charlie in place. Heroine lurches forward, but Adulterer holds her at bay.

ADULTERER  
It's a trap!

At a standstill, the group looks around for options. In the distance, the darkness of the eclipse rolls towards them.

Adulterer reacts, grabbing Tuffy's machete and lunging for Charlie. The strike cuts the chain at her ankle. The manhole cover POPS off and a Beast claw sinks into Adulterer.

The darkness covers the manhole. Momma Beast rises, hoisting Adulterer's blood dripping body from the ground.

ADULTERER  
(gurgling blood)  
Run!!!

Heroine scoops up her child, moving away from Momma Beast.

Tuffy grabs them both, leading them back towards the store front. As Adulterer's blood flows, Momma Beast drags him towards her main prey.

A blanket of darkness leads Momma Beast, overtaking the survivors. At the store front, Heroine pulls Charlie close.

HEROINE  
(a whisper)  
I love you...

CUT TO BLACK:

EXT. IGA (GROCERY STORE) – AN HOUR LATER

A string of ten WHITE VANS come to a halt in the dusty parking lot. THE MAN IN TAN (45, buzz cut, leathery skin, cool) steps from the lead van and surveys the ravaged small town.

A swarm of men emerge from the other vehicles, all dressed alike in work boots, gas masks and coveralls. They go into

action honing in on rubble with SENSORS and COUNTERS.

THE MAN IN TAN  
What's the damage radius?

TECH (27, horn-rimmed glasses, all business) eyes a laptop.

TECH  
Twenty miles. Red Mountain,  
surrounding farms, local TV studio.

THE MAN IN TAN  
How many picked up the broadcast?

TECH  
We'll have figures within the hour.

The Man in Tan closes his eyes in thought.

TECH  
Sir, what's the spin?

THE MAN IN TAN  
Tornado cluster.

TECH  
This is the California high desert.

THE MAN IN TAN  
Get what you need to sell it.

COMPANY MAN (O.S.)  
Sir, we have movement!

The Man in Tan moves to a few men standing over a pool of blood and guts. Using the sensor equipment, the COMPANY MAN follows the blood trail that enters the grocery store.

INT. IGA (GROCERY STORE) – CONTINUOUS

The place is torn to hell. Dust and soot hangs in the air.

The men instinctively raise their high-powered rifles, letting the flashlights on the ends lead the way. They follow the trail of blood to a back FREEZER LOCKER.

It's scratched, bashed and thrashed.

THE MAN IN TAN

Open it.

Company Man #2 steps forward and uses a metal-cutting chainsaw to cut through the hinges. The door falls with a THUD.

As the dust clears, Tuffy, Heroine and Charlie stare back at the men, huddled together in a defensive stance.

The Man in Tan creaks his neck.

THE MAN IN TAN

Gentlemen, help them to safety.

Heroine, holding Charlie, lurches back.

HEROINE

You're not safe, she's still alive,  
she'll be back...

THE MAN IN TAN

Relax. We know. We're the calvary.

The Man in Tan steps forward, guiding the group out.

EXT. IGA (GROCERY STORE) – MOMENTS LATER

A bulky security truck pulls up. A DRIVER, holding a bloody rag to his nose, gets out and moves to the back door.

THE MAN IN TAN

What happened to you?

The Driver nods to the back of the truck, opening the door.

Bozo lurches out, handcuffed and chained.

BOZO

Get these cuffs off me! I'm a goddamn  
hero for Christ's sake!

A shirtless, irate BOZO sits next to Grandpa and Grandma in the back. He settles at the sight of the others.

GRANDMA

G'morning.

BOZO

Thanks for waitin' for me back there,  
really fuckin' appreciate it!

Heroine covers her daughter's ears as the survivors are helped into the truck. Tuffy sits, looking to Bozo.

TUFFY

How'd you survive?

BOZO

I found a new weak spot on 'em, but it damn ain't pretty getting to it.

Heroine, last in the truck, turns to the men.

HEROINE

Where are you taking us?

THE MAN IN TAN

A trauma center. We have doctors waiting.

(off Heroine's pause)

You're in good hands now.

The door shuts on Heroine's concerned face. The Man in Tan locks eyes with the Driver.

THE MAN IN TAN

Do it quick and spread the mess.

The Driver nods back. Sinister implication understood.

The Man in Tan lights a cigarette as he watches the truck drive off. The truck's logo reads, "FARM-AID." He inhales.

Freeze on him.

NAME: THE MAN IN TAN

AGE: 45

OCCUPATION: HE CAN'T TELL YOU

PURPOSE: TO LAY GROUNDWORK FOR SEQUEL

LIFE EXPECTANCY: PRETTY F-ING GOOD

The Man in Tan exhales a gust of smoke.

FADE OUT:

THE END