Disposable Heroes

By

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INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Two men sit in a booth across from each other, both dressed in blue suits.

One man, CLARK CICERO, 29, tall and thin, wears a blue shirt. The other, JIMMY FONTANADO, 57, medium height, and heavyset, wears a white one.

JIMMY
Now listen, kid, I’m in charge here. You do what I say, when I say it, and we got no problems.

CLARK
We’re grabbin’ a package off somebody. It ain’t rocket science.

JIMMY
Never is, but I ain’t lettin’ nothin’ go wrong.

CLARK
As long as you don’t go gettin’ all fuckin’ crazy, we should be fine.

JIMMY
Whaddya mean? Crazy?

CLARK
Ya think I don’t know what happened the last time you was on this caper?

Jimmy waves a hand at him.

JIMMY
You don’t know nothin’.

CLARK
I know you botched things up pretty good.

JIMMY
I did what I had to do to get outta there.

CLARK
You killed everyone you was with and left empty handed. What’s that shit?
JIMMY
I lost control of the situation.

CLARK
You panicked.

JIMMY
Hey, I ain’t gonna listen to this garbage from a kid. You don’t know what happened there. Nobody does.

CLARK
I don’t care what happened. All I wanna know is whether or not it was a one time thing, or are you plannin’ on freakin’ out on me?

JIMMY
It was a one --

Clark jumps up and grabs Jimmy by the collar. A few people sitting at the counter turn to look, but Clark ignores them.

CLARK
It better have been a one time thing, cause if you pull any of that crazy shit on me I’ll take your ass out myself.

Clark tightens his grip on Jimmy’s collar as Jimmy struggles for air.

JIMMY
You don’t have to worry.

CLARK
Do I look worried?

Clark pulls a small mirror from his jacket pocket and sticks it in Jimmy’s face.

CLARK
That’s worried.

He puts the mirror back in his pocket and releases his grip on Jimmy, who coughs and breathes deeply to regain air.

Clark sits back down, and turns his attention to the people at the counter that are looking at him.

CLARK
Chokin’ on a french fry. Slight variation of the Heimlich maneuver.
The people at the counter nod their heads and turn around. Jimmy regains his breath and puts a finger in Clark’s face.

JIMMY
Listen, I ain’t no bum, alright?

CLARK
Ya ain’t too smart either from what I gather, cause if you don’t get that sausage lookin’ finger outta my face I’m gonna break it clean off of your fat fuckin’ hand.

Jimmy’s eyes dart back and forth between Clark and his finger. He pulls it back, and places his hand flat on the table.

JIMMY
You really oughta show a little more respect.

CLARK
I’ve shown you plenty by not killin’ ya already. Now get your shit. Time to go to work.

INT./EXT. - CLARK’S CAR - NIGHT

Clark sits in the driver’s seat, Jimmy in the passenger’s. Clark points to a building across the street.

CLARK
Now he’s supposed to be in there, so we just wait for ‘em to come out, brace ‘em, and get the package. Sound good?

Clark turns and faces Jimmy who stares off into space through the windshield.

CLARK
Hey, asshole, you listenin’ or what?

Jimmy turns his head toward Clark and slowly nods his head. Clark becomes angry.

CLARK
You fuckin’ nutjob. I swear I’m gonna do this myself.

Jimmy turns his attention back to the windshield and points to it.
Clark turns to see DEAZA, 45, exiting the building. He holds a small box.

JIMMY
That’s him.

CLARK
Let’s move.

Clark jumps out of the car, taking a few steps before realizing Jimmy is still sitting in the passenger seat.

He walks around to Jimmy’s side, and opens his door.

CLARK
C’mon, let’s go.

Jimmy shakes his head.

JIMMY
I ain’t goin’ near that guy.

CLARK
You’re gonna blow this.

Clark grabs Jimmy by the coat and attempts to pull him out of the car without success. He lets him go.

CLARK
You might as well just blow your brains out right now, cause when the boss hears about this your life ain’t gonna be worth two plug nickels.

Clark turns and jogs toward Deaza.

CLARK
Alright, asshole, gimme the box.

Deaza looks at Clark inquisitively.

CLARK
I said gimme the box!

Deaza places both of his arms around the box in a protective stance.

CLARK
I swear you people gotta make everything so tough.

Clark reaches in and snatches the box from him.
CLARK
Take a hike.

Clark turns back toward the car.

Jimmy stands a few feet in front of him with his gun drawn and pointed right at him.

Clark throws up his hands.

CLARK
What the fuck is the matter with you? Put that goddamn gun away!

JIMMY
You don’t know what’s in that box do ya?

CLARK
I don’t care. I got it, and that’s all I needed to do. Now get that goddamn gun outta my face.

JIMMY
I’d move if I was you.

CLARK
Why? You gonna shoot me?

Clark pulls out his gun.

CLARK
Go ahead and shoot me ya crazy bastard. I ain’t scared.

Jimmy motions his gun beyond Clark.

Clark turns to see that Deaza looks nothing like a regular man at all anymore.

He has incredibly long hands and fingers, red eyes, and a set of long, razor sharp, teeth.

It lets out a piercing scream as giant wings sprout from its back.

CLARK
What the fuck?

It moves quickly toward Clark as he unloads six shots into its right arm to no effect.

It swiftly strikes Clark, knocking him to the ground as the box flies off.
It walks toward Jimmy, but Jimmy quickly shoots it in the chest, knocking it to the ground. Clark gets up.

**CLARK**
What is that shit?

**JIMMY**
I was gonna ask you the same thing. Six in the arm?

**CLARK**
I just started shootin’.

**JIMMY**
At least hit it in the legs.

**CLARK**
It huh? What the fuck, exactly, is it?

**JIMMY**
Vampire.

**CLARK**
Vampire? What? Vampire?

**JIMMY**
C’mon, I’ll tell ya more in the car.

Clark points to Deaza on the ground.

**CLARK**
That thing dead?

**JIMMY**
Should be.

**CLARK**
I don’t trust should be. Kill it.

**JIMMY**
Alright, alright.

Jimmy walks over to the vampire and points his gun at its head. He pulls it back, turns to Clark and motions for him to step back.

**JIMMY**
You might wanna back up. This could--

Deaza jumps up and tears Jimmy’s arm from his body.
He still holds the gun with his good arm, randomly firing into the night while screaming in agony.

Clark jumps around to avoid any bullets as Deaza feasts on Jimmy’s neck.

Clark runs to his car and jumps just as one of Jimmy’s bullets shoots out the rear tire.

Clark pulls a shotgun from the back seat, carefully aims, and fires before speeding off.

INT./EXT. CLARK’S CAR - NIGHT

Clark pounds on the dashboard as his rear tire thumps along the pavement.

   CLARK

He pounds on the dash a few more times before regaining his composure.

He takes a cell phone from his jacket pocket, dials a number and waits a few seconds before speaking.

   CLARK
   Yeah, Clark here. I got bad news.
   No, no good. I’m comin’ in.

He throws the cell phone in the passenger seats and floors the gas pedal, as the rim clangs along the pavement.

INT. PAUL UBRIACO’S HOME, OFFICE - NIGHT

PAUL UBRIACO, 72, sits behind a large wooden desk. Clark stands before him, with his shirt untucked, and his hair disheveled.

   PAUL
   You take me for some kinda moron?

   CLARK
   I’m tellin’ ya the truth. This thing, it killed Jimmy.

   PAUL
   Fuck Jimmy, and fuck this monster you’re talkin’ about. The box. Where’s the box?
CLARK
I ain’t got it. It flew off when I got knocked down.

PAUL
Didn’t I tell you to get me that box?

Clark lowers his head in shame.

CLARK
Yeah.

PAUL
Yet, here you stand, with no box.

CLARK
I messed up. I’ll get it. I promise.

PAUL
I’m sure you will, but let’s be safe.

Paul presses a button on his desk phone.

PAUL
Tommy, Vito, get in here.

Two burly men enter the room. TOMMY, 33, wears a gray suit. VITO, 38, a blue track suit.

VITO
Yeah boss?

PAUL
You guys are gonna take a ride with Clark to go get my box. If my box ain’t in the location I specified earlier, I want him thrown in the river.

CLARK
It’s there. I ain’t makin’ this up. This thing ate Jimmy’s fuckin’ throat!

PAUL
The fuckin’ river.
EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Clark searches up and down for the box, as Tommy and Vito watch him. Clark looks under a car before throwing his hands up.

CLARK
It was here. I had it. It’s gotta be around here somewhere.

Vito and Tommy reach into their jackets and pull out guns.

TOMMY
Yeah, whatever you say. How bout you get in the car now?

CLARK
I’m tellin ya it’s here. Maybe if you stiff dicks gave me a hand we’d find it.

VITO
Get in the car.

CLARK
You bastards better start helpin’ me look, cause I ain’t gettin’ in your fuckin’ car, and ya ain’t killin’ me. That box is here, dammit.

Tommy and Vito look at each other and smile.

TOMMY
Well I don’t see it.

VITO
So it looks like the river for you.

CLARK
Fuckin’ bastards.

Tommy and Vito train their guns on Clark just as two police cars arrive.

The police jump out, Vito and Tommy turn their guns on them and are quickly blown away by an onslaught of police gunfire.

The police turn to Clark, who puts his hands in the air.
INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Clark sits in a chair next to a desk. Police officers walk past him, going about their business. He taps his fingers rapidly on the desk.

A Detective, JOHN HARDY, 33, takes a seat at the desk across from Clark with a cup of coffee and a danish.

He picks up a file from the desk and looks it over.

HARDY
Well, if it isn’t Clark Cicero.

CLARK
Yeah. What of it?

HARDY
It would appear that a couple of people didn’t like you too much.

CLARK
I’m sure there’s more out there.

HARDY
Care to tell me why those guys were gettin’ ready to turn you into swiss cheese when my men came along?

CLARK
Hold on a second. I got a question of my own here.

HARDY
How bout I ask a question, you answer it, and vice versa. Agreed?

CLARK
Whatever.

HARDY
Why were they gonna shoot you?

CLARK
Like you said, guess they didn’t like me too much.

HARDY
That’s it?
CLARK
That’s about all I can tell ya.

HARDY
It wouldn’t have anything to do with your mob ties would it, Mister Cicero?

CLARK
I thought we were doin’ the you ask a question, I ask a question thing?

HARDY
We are. Now about those mob ties--

CLARK
Wait a minute, here. Don’t I get to ask my question?

HARDY
You did and I answered it.

CLARK
I didn’t ask a question yet.

HARDY
You asked if we were doing the I ask a question, you ask question thing. We are.

CLARK
Oh, you gotta be fuckin’ kiddin’ me. Is this your game?

HARDY
That’s another question, Clark.

CLARK
Fuck this. I want my lawyer.

HARDY
Can you answer just one more question for me?

CLARK
Yeah.

HARDY
Why do you--

CLARK
Hold on. I answered your question, now it’s my turn.
Hardy gives Clark a mischievous smile.

**HARDY**
Well played Mister Cicero.

**CLARK**
How did you guys know to show up?

**HARDY**
We received a call about a disturbance in the area. Now, would you mind telling me why there’s blood all over you, and why it was all over the street? My officers said you looked like this when they showed up.

**CLARK**
Yeah, cause --

A door slams.

**AGENT BARCLAY (O.S.)**
Don’t answer that.

**HARDY**
Who the hell are you?

AGENT BARCLAY, a medium height, medium build man, 30, with closely cropped hair and perfectly pressed black suit stands in front of the previously slammed door.

**BARCLAY**
Agent Barclay, F-B-I.

Clark puts his head down and rests his forehead in his hand.

**CLARK**
Shit.

**BARCLAY**
We’re taking this man into our custody.

**HARDY**
Bullshit. I’ve got some questions I need answered first.

**BARCLAY**
I’m sorry, Detective, but the federal government needs this man. Now, I can issue you a copy of our report once it’s completed, but I
BARCLAY
assure you this man is leaving with me.

Hardy sits back in his chair and points a hand at Clark.

HARDY
He’s all yours.

Barclay opens the door, and motions for Clark.

BARCLAY
Sir?

INT./EXT. BARCLAY’S CAR - NIGHT

CLARK
What’s the feds doin’ gettin’ involved in all this?

BARCLAY
I’m not exactly with the F-B-I you know of, Mister Cicero.

CLARK
How you know my name?

BARCLAY
We’re the F-B-I, we know everything about everyone.

CLARK
I thought you said you wasn’t F-B-I.?

BARCLAY
Just sit back and relax. Everything will be explained to you soon enough.

Clark sits back in the seat and sighs.

INT. F.B.I. INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

Clark sits at a table in the highly illuminated room, with two empty chairs across from him.

Agent Barclay enters the room with another black suited man with a closely cropped haircut, AGENT ROBLEY, 31.
BARCLAY
Mister Cicero, this is Agent Robley.

Clark gives him a nonchalant wave.

CLARK
How ya doin’?

Barclay and Robley sit down in the empty seats.

ROBLEY
Fine, Mister Cicero. Yourself?

CLARK
Why am I here?

ROBLEY
Care to tell us about what you saw tonight?

CLARK
Yeah, it was this goddamned Count Chocula lookin’ motherfucker that ate Jimmy’s throat.

ROBLEY
It was a vampire.

CLARK
I don’t give a fuck what it was. It ate Jimmy’s throat! His goddamn throat!

ROBLEY
Our surveillance has told us you were getting a package. Any idea of what it was?

CLARK
No, I usually don’t wanna know. All I was told was that it was real important.

BARCLAY
It was a book, Clark. A book called the Necronomicon.

CLARK
Necrowhat?
ROBLEY
The book of the dead.

CLARK
What the hell would anyone want that for?

ROBLEY
It’s been my experience that everyone who wants it, wants it for a different reason.

CLARK
What’s it for?

ROBLEY
With that book, one can raise the dead.

CLARK
You tryin’ to tell me Paulie wanted to raise the dead?

BARCLAY
In the case of Mister Ubriaco, we can only assess that he wanted the book so he could sell it at a high price.

ROBLEY
Which we would have paid had you held onto it tonight.

CLARK
You guys wanna raise the dead?

ROBLEY
No, but it’s our job to ensure that the book doesn’t end up or stay in the wrong hands for too long.

CLARK
And I’m guessin’ that Doctor Teeth is the wrong hands.

ROBLEY
That man that you ran into tonight goes by the name of Deaza.

CLARK
Used to anyway. I blew that thing away with a twelve gauge.

Barclay and Robley look at each other and roll their eyes.
CLARK
What? That things gotta be dead.

ROBLEY
I’m afraid it isn’t that easy. Deaza is the present guardian of the book here on Earth. He reports to a higher power, and can use the book to raise the dead, who in turn can kill people and turn them into one of them.

CLARK
The undead?

ROBLEY
Precisely. It’s all part of their plan to rule the world.

CLARK
So why you tellin’ me all this?

BARCLAY
Because you have a choice to make.

CLARK
Is that right?

ROBLEY
We’d like for you to join us and help retrieve the book.

CLARK
And if I refuse?

ROBLEY
Well then you go to jail. We turn you over to the regular bureau, and they use all of the evidence we’ve compiled to put you away for a long time.

A third agent, AGENT GREEN, 31 enters the room. He also wears a black suit, only he is far taller than the other two, and much more muscular.

Clark looks at Agent Green in awe.

CLARK
Who’s this giant fuckin’ guy?
ROBLEY
This is Agent Green. If you accept, he’ll be your partner.

Agent Green sits on the table.

GREEN
Whaddya say? You in?

CLARK
Sorry, but I think I got better things to do than become some fuckin’ monster killer. At least better than endin’ up like Jimmy.

ROBLEY
If you consider prison to be something better to do, then yeah, I guess you do.

CLARK
I don’t know shit about killin’ vampires and zombies.

GREEN
Trust me, you’ll be fine, but you must make up your mind right now. We don’t have a lot of time.

CLARK
I’d kinda like to know what I’m gettin’ myself into before I go committin’ to anything.

ROBLEY
Good idea.

INT. F.B.I. TRAINING ROOM - NIGHT

Clark stands alone in the middle of a circular room.

The walls are made of stainless steel and the top is surrounded by a glass control room where Agents Robley and Barclay stand.

Agent Robley speaks over the loudspeaker.

ROBLEY
You ready?
CLARK
Ready for what?

ROBLEY
I’ll take that as a yes.

Robley presses a button and the entire room lights up with fluorescent light, as a door slides open.

A vampire, similar to Deaza, emerges. It has a collar around its neck.

Clark runs over to the wall and starts banging on it.

CLARK
What are you doin’? Get me the fuck outta here!

ROBLEY
Relax, Clark. That collar around its neck allows us to fully control its movements. This is how we train.

CLARK
Yeah, great, now let me outta here!

Clark continues banging on the door. Agent Green arrives in the control room.

GREEN
Enjoying the training?

CLARK
Open the door!

GREEN
Okay, hold on.

Green pushes a button in the control room, and the vampire swiftly walks toward Clark.

When it’s a few feet away, Green pushes the button again, and it stops. Clark looks up to the control room.

GREEN
Oops.

CLARK
What the hell are you guys doin’?
GREEN
What’s one way to kill a vampire?

Clark thinks for a second.

CLARK
I don’t know. Holy water?

Green slides open one of the control tower windows and drops a small bottle down to Clark.

Clark picks it up, pops the cap, and stands at the ready.

GREEN
Ready?

CLARK
Yeah.

Green presses the button again.

The vampire grabs Clark as he empties the contents of the bottle onto its face. Nothing happens.

Green pushes the button again, and the vampire freezes while maintaining his grip on Clark.

GREEN
Lesson number one. Dumping a bottle of holy water on a vampire will do nothing but make them wet and pissed off.

CLARK
Shit.

GREEN
Carry on.

Green pushes the button, unfreezing the vampire, which lifts Clark into the air with one arm.

VAMPIRE
Feeble mortal. I will drain your blood and vanquish your soul into the fires of hell for all eternity.

CLARK
Fuck you.

The vampire whips Clark into the opposite wall. Clark lies on the ground in a lump, holding his shoulder.
CLARK
Oh, motherfucker.

The vampire beelines toward Clark, as he frantically searches his pockets.

CLARK
There it is.

He pulls a gun from his inside jacket pocket and jumps up.

CLARK
Come get it.

The vampire extends its arms as it gets closer to Clark.

Clark smiles and pulls the trigger to hear a click. No bullets.

CLARK
Bastard.

The vampire strikes Clark with a towering blow, knocking him against an adjacent wall. He slowly gets up, still holding the empty gun in his hand.

VAMPIRE
Prepare to meet your demise.

Clark points the gun at the vampire and then at himself.

CLARK
You talkin’ to me? Are you talkin’ to me?

ROBLEY
Is this guy for real?

GREEN
Taxi Driver. Classic.

CLARK
I’ll show ya how we do shit in the old neighborhood.

Clark and the vampire advance quickly toward each other.

Clark fares better this time around, getting a hand on the vampire before furiously pistol whipping it to death.

Clark drops the lifeless body and straightens his coat, which is covered in blood. Green celebrates in the control room.
GREEN
That’s what I’m talkin’ about.

ROBLEY
Can’t say that I’ve ever seen a monster get pistol whipped to death before.

CLARK
Yeah, well when you ain’t got nothin’ else to use, it works. Now you wanna open the fuckin’ door, or do I gotta pistol whip that too?

INT. CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

The door opens and Clark enters to the sound of Green’s clapping.

GREEN
Excellent work, really excellent.

CLARK
I guess so, I mean, I’m still alive, right?

ROBLEY
What did you learn from that?

CLARK
That vampires pack a mean left.

Clark grips his shoulder in an attempt to loosen it up.

ROBLEY
What else?

CLARK
I’d say that’s about it.

ROBLEY
You learned that the whole holy water thing is false, and I’ll tell you that all that other movie stuff is crap too. Sunlight, garlic, the whole bit doesn’t work.

CLARK
But a pistol whippin’ does?
ROBLEY
Sure. Anything that could kill either you or I will kill a vampire. Same for werewolves and zombies. The only difference with werewolves and vampires is that they’re stronger than us.

CLARK
By a lot?

GREEN
Well they could hit us in the head and take it clean off. I’m sure your shoulder’s still feeling it a bit too.

Clark nods in agreement.

CLARK
Yeah, I’d say that’s a lot. What about zombies?

ROBLEY
The metaphorical pawns of the underworld. That stuff in the movies about them is no bullshit. They really do just stand around and moan.

CLARK
Well that’s good to hear.

GREEN
Just don’t let too many of ’em gather around you. Then you got trouble.

ROBLEY
That is of course if you join, which you still haven’t told us yet. You in or what?

Clark thinks it over.

GREEN
C’mon, think of what you’ll be doin’ for your country.

CLARK
What do I care about this country? I just don’t wanna go to jail.
ROBLEY
So you’re in?

CLARK
I guess so.

ROBLEY
Then we must act quickly. You and Agent Green will assist myself and Agent Barclay in retrieving the book.

CLARK
Just us?

GREEN
No, an assignment this important will require all agents.

CLARK
And how many is that?

ROBLEY
Six.

CLARK
Six? Are you serious? That’s besides us right?

The three agents look at each other timidly. Clark throws his hands up.

CLARK
Oh, you gotta be fuckin’ kiddin’ me. Us and two other guys? I need to call in more people.

ROBLEY
That’s not an option. We don’t have time to train anyone else.

CLARK
Oh yeah, cause you did a real bang up job trainin’ me. Here’s a bottle of holy water that ain’t gonna do shit, good luck. To hell with that. These guys don’t need no trainin’ anyway.

ROBLEY
Surely, you’re not thinking of bringing more organized crime in here, are you?
CLARK
Damn right I am.

Green points a finger at Robley.

GREEN
And don’t call him Shirley.

Green starts to laugh as Clark and the agents stare at him.

ROBLEY
Gimme a list and I’ll see what I can do.

INT. ROBLEY’S OFFICE – DAY

Clark and Green sit across from Robley. Robley waves a piece of paper at them and shakes his head in disbelief.

ROBLEY
You know the records some of these guys have? Christ they’re worse than the monsters.

CLARK
Yeah, they’re a bunch of fuck ups alright, but they’re exactly what you need in a situation like this.

ROBLEY
Degenerates?

CLARK
A bunch of no bullshit, down to business, professionals.

Robley eyes the list again.

ROBLEY
Fine, I’ll meet you halfway. I’ll give you everybody on the list, but the guy at the bottom.

Clark jumps up from his chair.

CLARK
Uh uh, you gimme him or you ain’t gettin’ nobody, me included, and you can take my ass off to jail right now.
ROBLEY
But he’s already doin’ twenty five
to life in the county.

CLARK
All the more reason for ’em to sign
up. Now like I said, either I get
’em, or you don’t get nobody.

Clark sticks his hands out to be handcuffed.

CLARK
Now we got a deal or what?

INT. COUNTY JAIL - DAY
A medium height and build blonde man, TRENT CICERO, 27, sits
alone in a jail cell reading a Catholic prayer book.

A GUARD, 40, holding a clipboard, walks up and taps on the
bars with his club. Trent ignores him as he reads.

The guard taps louder, still nothing. Now annoyed, he looks
down to the end of the block.

GUARD
Open thirty nine.

The door swings open, and the guard enters the cell.

He takes the book from Trent and throws it against the wall.
The man gets up.

MAN
Hey asshole, ain’t you got no
respect for religion?

GUARD
You been transferred.

MAN
Transferred?

The guard looks at his clipboard.

GUARD
Are you Trent Cicero?

TRENT
Yeah.
GUARD
Then you’re being transferred.
Gather your things, there’s some
men here to pick you up.

TRENT
I’ll be damned.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY
Robley and Barclay look at Clark, Green, and the enlisted
crew consisting of four men through a one way mirror.

BARCLAY
Who are these guys?

ROBLEY
A bunch of misfits. Dangerous
misfits.

BARCLAY
Can they be trusted?

ROBLEY
The line of work they’re in, nobody
can be trusted, but it’s all we
got.

A fight breaks out between the crew. Clark and Green try to
break it up.

ROBLEY
We better get in there.

Robley and Barclay enter the room and the fighting stops.

BARCLAY
What’s going on in here?

CLARK
Nothin’. We just ain’t worked
together in awhile is all.

ROBLEY
I believe some introductions are in
order.

CLARK
Okay guys, line up.

The four men line up single file in a row.
Clark starts at the far left with a short man, TEDDY BEAUCHAMP, 32. He has long thin hair covered by a baseball cap, and wears a white t-shirt and jeans.

**CLARK**
This is Teddy Beauchamp. You got somethin’ that needs gettin’ into, he’s the man for the job.

**ROBLEY**
A safecracker?

**TEDDY**
Well, I used to be a locksmith. I got into the trade because I heard about all these lonely housewives who would call and say they locked their keys in their car or whatever, and when you got there, they’d...ya know.

Teddy winks and rubs a hand over his forearm.

**ROBLEY**
I take it that wasn’t the case.

**TEDDY**
Oh it was. Only problem is that these broads were pushin’ four bills easy. I remember one time I almost got crushed. After that I decided to get into a safer, albeit illegal, line of work.

**ROBLEY**
Understood.

Robley and Clark proceed to the next man in line, BO, 35, who stands nearly seven feet tall, and weighs about three hundred pounds.

He wears a long brown leather trench coat and a cowboy hat.

**CLARK**
This big bastard here is Bo. He’s the guy you want standin’ next to ya when the shit really hits the fan.

**ROBLEY**
The enforcer.
CLARK
He prefers the term ass kicker, but you’ll never get ’em to say that.

ROBLEY
Not a talker eh, big guy?

Bo lets out a mean grunt.

CLARK
Not really. Moving on.

They move down to the last two men, PATRICK & TIMMY O’SHEA, both 27, and fraternal twins wearing dark blue mechanic’s overalls and matching backpacks.

Their faces are lit up with ear to ear smiles.

CLARK
Patrick and Timmy O’Shea.

ROBLEY
What’s their deal?

CLARK
Two guys that will blow up, shoot, or stab anything you want. Very resourceful fellas.

Robley points at their faces.

ROBLEY
No, I mean what’s with the shit eating grins?

Timmy and Patrick stand at attention.

CLARK
Oh, that. They just wanna make a good first impression.

ROBLEY
Any interesting tidbit I should know about them? They don’t talk? They afraid of fat chicks?

CLARK
Well they talk, just sometimes it ain’t so easy to follow.

ROBLEY
I’m not so sure I follow you.
CLARK
Patrick only talks in movie lines, and Timmy will only tell you which movie it’s from.

Robley rubs his head and looks at the ceiling in disgust.

ROBLEY
Well, that’ll do us absolutely no good.

CLARK
Just let it go. Everything will work out fine.

ROBLEY
By my count you’re a man short.

CLARK
Well if you did your part, he should be here any second.

The door to the interrogation room opens, and two agents, HILL and ATWATER, both 36, enter holding Trent by the arms.

Trent looks at the group in surprise.

TRENT
Sonofabitch. They got you guys too?

CLARK
Ain’t nobody got us.

TRENT
Hey man, these guys are feds. They picked me up in the joint.

CLARK
I told ’em to.

TRENT
What the hell you do that for? I had it made in the county. Now I’m goin’ federal?

Clark looks at the two agents who brought Trent in.

CLARK
You didn’t tell ’em what this is all about?
ROBLEY
No, I told them not to. I wanted to
brief the entire team together.

TEDDY
Well, I for one would like to know
why the fuck I’m here.

CLARK
Forget all this storytellin’ shit.
I got a better idea for starters.

INT. CONTROL ROOM – NIGHT

The crew including Clark and Agent Green stand in the room.
The five who haven’t been in there before look around in
curiosity.

TRENT
Hey Clark, you mind tellin’ me what
the fuck is goin’ on here?

TEDDY
Yeah man I was at home bangin’ my
old lady, and these guys came in
and dragged me off like some
trailer park trash cops episode.

CLARK
Bangin’ your old lady? You use your
right or your left hand for that?

TEDDY
Fuck you, man.

CLARK
Just wait. It’ll all make sense in
a second.

The room lights up brightly, revealing 3 vampires, 4
werewolves, and five zombies.

Teddy lets out a scream and claws at the nearest stainless
steel wall.

Bo smirks, cracks his neck, and gets in a fighting stance.

Trent pulls a switchblade from his pocket.

Patrick and Timmy stand counting the opposition.
TRENT
What kinda party is this?

CLARK
Just get ready. Don’t worry about the zombies right away. Just make sure they don’t crowd around you.

Teddy continues to claw at the wall.

TEDDY
Fuck, this is bad. This is so fuckin’ bad.

Robley and Barclay stand in the control room.

ROBLEY
In three, two, one. Go.

A buzzer sounds and the vampires and werewolves make way toward our heroes.

The zombies just mull around moaning and groaning.

PATRICK
I see dead people.

TIMMY
The Sixth Sense.

CLARK
Let’s go to work, fellas.

Bo brushes his trench coat aside, and pulls a whip from a hook on his belt.

Timmy and Patrick remove their backpacks, open them, and pull out several small pipes as they kneel down.

CLARK
Green, cover the O’Sheas.

Green heads over to the O’Sheas, and fires at any monster that gets close to them.

CLARK
Teddy, open that fuckin’ door.

TEDDY
What fuckin’ door?
CLARK
Over there.

He points to a spot on the wall on the other side of the room. The five zombies block it.

TEDDY
No way. I’m not going through that shit!

Clark fires five shots and takes out the zombies. He turns back to Teddy.

CLARK
Better?

A werewolf lunges at Clark but is stopped dead in its tracks.

Bo has his whip around its neck, and with one good pull, he tears its head clean off.

Agent Green is still covering the O’Sheas when they jump up to reveal that they were building a flame thrower.

They fry two of the vampires simultaneously.

Teddy makes a break for the door along the path that Clark has cleared.

TEDDY
Hey, this gig ain’t half bad.

Teddy is two steps from the door when a vampire jumps out, grabs him by the throat, and hoists him in the air.

TEDDY
Fuck. Shoot it, shoot it.

Green takes aim, but the vampire swings Teddy around like a rag doll, interfering with the shot.

GREEN
I ain’t got it.

TRENT
Fuck this.

Trent runs up and dropkicks the vampire. It releases Teddy and buckles over, stunned.

Trent drives his knife into its head, and turns to see one werewolf left standing, completely surrounded by the group.
Teddy goes to work on the door.

**CLARK**
One left. Who wants it?

Bo takes a step forward, and removes his coat to reveal a pair of massive arms. He grunts and waves the werewolf in.

The werewolf lets out a furious roar and lumbers toward Bo.

The two fight for a moment until Bo lands a deadly strike where the wolf’s shoulder meets its neck.

It falls to the ground. Timmy roasts it with the flamethrower until Patrick stops him.

**PATRICK**

Timmy looks at the group and smiles.

**TIMMY**
Ghostbusters.

Teddy punches up a number and the door opens as he turns around with his arms out in a show off manner.

**TEDDY**
Doors open.

Ten zombies stand behind the door. They slowly make their way in and grab Teddy just as he sees them.

Clark and Green quickly reload and dispatch the entire group as Teddy hits the floor and rolls out of the way.

**ROBLEY**
Nice work gentlemen. Nice work.

Clark looks up at Robley in the control room.

**CLARK**
You stupid fuck, you coulda got Teddy killed.

Teddy lies on the ground with his hands over his head. He looks up.

**TEDDY**
Yeah. Stupid fuck.

He puts his head back down.
ROBLEY
These exercises are to prepare you for the field. You must expect the unexpected.

CLARK
Unexpected huh? I got some unexpected shit for ya.

Clark fires at the control room. Robley and Barclay duck.

Robley gets up and furiously points at Clark. Barclay gets up, grimacing in pain and pressing a hand over his bicep as blood trickles through his fingers.

ROBLEY
Listen, asshole, you pull some crazy cowboy shit like that again, and I’ll have your ass thrown in the can so fast you’ll think you’re a fuckin’ sardine.

Clark grabs his groin with one hand.

CLARK
Sardine this.

Robley and Clark stare each other down.

INT. BRIEFING ROOM – NIGHT

The group sits at a conference table, with Hill and Atwater standing by the door.

Barclay, now with a bandage on his arm, passes out portfolios.

ROBLEY
We have approximately twenty hours to retrieve the Necronomicon from Deaza, and bring it back here for safe keeping. This is your mission.

TEDDY
Should we choose to accept it?

Teddy cracks a smile. Robley looks at him, deadpan.

ROBLEY
Yes.
TRENT
And if we don’t?

ROBLEY
Well then you go to jail, or back to jail in your case.

Teddy, Bo, and the O’Sheas jump up.

TEDDY
Jail? What’s this shit about jail, Clark?

CLARK
They pulled the same shit on me. Either we go on this suicide mission or we go to jail, and it don’t make a difference to them either way. We’re just a bunch of disposable heroes.

Bo slams a fist down on the table, collapsing it.

PATRICK
Let’s just say we ain’t got no union cards, and we go in there and start playin’ anyway. Stein? You’re gonna look pretty funny tryin’ to eat corn on the cob without any fuckin’ teeth.

TIMMY
The Blues Brothers.

ROBLEY
What does that mean?

TEDDY
It means you can go fuck yourself. We’re leaving.

The four start to leave. Robley points to Hill and Atwater.

TRENT
Hill, Atwater, stop these men.

They pull guns from their coats. This upsets Bo, who breathes heavily.

TEDDY
Oh, you really screwed the pooch now. Bo don’t like havin’ guns pulled on ‘em.
Bo advances toward the agents. Trent gets up from the table.

    TRENT
    Hold up, hold up, hold up.

Bo turns and looks at Trent. He raises an eyebrow, interested in what he has to say.

    TRENT
    The way I see it, these fuckin’ goons ain’t got a chance in hell of pullin’ this job off without us. It’s like we been asked to save the world. I say let’s save it.

Bo turns back to the guards and pumps a fist at them causing them to flinch. He turns back to Trent, nods and smiles.

    CLARK
    Okay, enough of this shit. Let’s get in the car and go get the book. You did get the car I requested, right?

Robley rolls his eyes.

    ROBLEY
    Yeah, I got it.

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

The group stands in front of a 1974 Dodge Monaco. It’s completely black except for a set of white doors. Clark looks at it proudly.

    CLARK
    Ain’t she a beaut?

    TRENT
    This fuckin’ car’s older than we are.

    CLARK
    It’s a classic.

    TRENT
    The bluesmobile. The fuckin’ bluesmobile?

    CLARK
    A pristine, nineteen seventy four Dodge Monaco.
PATRICK
It’s a model made before catalytic converters so it’ll run good on regular gas.

Timmy goes to speak, but Trent raises his hand, shushing him.

TRENT
I swear I’ll break your fuckin’ neck.

CLARK
This is our car.

TRENT
Now how do you expect to fit all of us inside of this thing?

CLARK
Easy. I drive, Bo sits in the front, you and Teddy in the back, and Frick and Frack here ride with the agents in their S-U-V.

GREEN
You’ll follow us to the diner where we believe Deaza is presently located. Let’s get going.

The agents head toward the SUV with Timmy and Patrick. The rest of the men pile into the Monaco.

CLARK
Diner. Guys walkin’ around with the book of the dead, and he’s hangin’ out in a fuckin’ diner.

The Monaco speeds off.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

The SUV and the Monaco pull up and park in front of the diner.

The diner is a 50’s style, silver aluminum trailer, and is situated right where Clark had his run in with Deaza.

Clark turns to Trent in the back.
CLARK
You remember this place?

Trent shakes his head no.

TRENT
Negative.

CLARK
Somethin’ ain’t right. This place wasn’t here yesterday.

TEDDY
This whole thing is fucked. Why should this be any different?

CLARK
Just stay sharp.

The men get out of the car and start to head inside.

Robley turns to Hill and Atwater.

ROBLEY
You two stay out here and let us know if you see anything funny.

They nod and the rest go in.

INT. DINER - NIGHT

The group takes a seat at the counter.

Clark looks around suspiciously at a half dozen people seated in various booths.

CLARK
I smell a rat.

TRENT
Woulda quit bein’ so goddamn paranoid already? It’s gettin’ on my nerves.

Clark slams his hand down.

CLARK
Why am I the only one that thinks this is off? This place wasn’t here yesterday.
TRENT
It’s a trailer for chrissake. Maybe it just rolled into town.

Clark shakes his head in disbelief.

GREEN
Clark, would you relax?

TEDDY
Yeah man, you’re givin’ me the creeps.

TRENT
We got enough firepower in our jackets to blow this place a new asshole, and two guys on the lookout outside.

CLARK
Fine, but I still say this ain’t right, and I got sense for these things.

Trent laughs.

TRENT
You ain’t never had sense in your whole life. Now how bout some coffee?

Clark motions for the waitress.

CLARK
Can we get some coffee over here?

PATRICK
Garcon, coffee.

TIMMY
Pulp Fiction.

The waitress places coffee cups in front of the men.

CLARK
Ya know, I ain’t had a good cup of coffee in two days.

GREEN
You been drinking it all day long at the office.
CLARK
I said good coffee. That crap you
guys got tastes like it was
filtered through a diaper.

GREEN
I know what you mean.

TRENT
Two days is nothin’. I ain’t had
good coffee in three years.

CLARK
If this coffee tastes like shit,
heads are gonna roll.

Two objects fly through the window, rolling along the floor
and stopping at Teddy’s feet.

They are Hill and Atwater’s heads.

Teddy looks down at them.

TEDDY
Man, that irony is a mother fucker.

Clark jumps up and pulls out his gun.

CLARK
I think we’ll be takin’ that coffee
to go.

Clark turns to the waitress, who is now a vampire.

WAITRESS
You’ll never recover the
Necronomicon. You’ll never--

Trent shoots the waitress in the forehead.

TRENT
Less talk, more shoot.

Clark motions to the windows.

CLARK
Somebody look outside and see if
anything’s out there.

TRENT
Anything?
CLARK
Somethin’ had to take those heads off.

Trent looks out the window to see a one armed Jimmy Fontanado, now in vampire state.

Trent looks back in at Clark inquisitively and motions his head outside.

TRENT
Ain’t that Jimmy Fontanado?

Clark runs over to the window and looks out to see Jimmy.

CLARK
Sure as fuck is.

Teddy looks around at the other people in the diner, who sit perfectly still. He jumps up and takes out a knife.

TEDDY
Clark, I’ve seen the light.

The agents get up from the counter and take out their guns.

Bo gets up and uproots his stool from the floor. He holds it like a club.

GREEN
They’re lifeless.

CLARK
This is bad, real bad.

A loud crash comes from the kitchen. The group turns to see Deaza running away and holding the Necronomicon.

ROBLEY
Get him!

The group moves toward the kitchen after Deaza. The still and silent patrons of the diner have now transformed into a mix of vampires and werewolves.

CLARK
Oh yeah, perfectly fine.
Everything’s perfectly normal.
Nothin’ to be concerned with here.

GREEN
This isn’t a problem. Teddy, follow me.
TEDDY

What?

GREEN

Just c’mon.

Teddy and Green run out the front door. Clark turns to Bo.

CLARK

Do your thing.

Bo rears back with the stool and manages to take out two werewolves with a mighty swing.

Barclay, RObley, Trent, and Clark open fire.

Patrick and Timmy jump over the counter and begin flinging coffee cups and sugar shakers at anything they can hit.

After the last werewolf has fallen, the place is in shambles.

Clark takes a look outside, and Jimmy Fontanado still stands out there, waving for him to come out.

CLARK

You believe this shit? He’s callin’ me out. That sonofabitch is callin’ me out!

Clark walks to the front door.

ROBLEY

What are you gonna do?

CLARK

I’m gonna get back at that bastard for gettin’ me into this mess.

Clark exits.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Clark walks down the steps of the diner and into the middle of the street.

CLARK

I’ll say this about ya Jimmy, ya got a lotta balls. Only one arm, but a lotta balls.

Jimmy flashes a sinister grin and begins advancing towards Clark as the Agent’s SUV speeds around the corner.
Teddy hangs out the window and fires into the air.

TEDDY
Get outta the way. Get the fuck outta the way!

Clark dives out of the way as the SUV plows into Jimmy.
Green hits the brakes hard, and the two men jump out.
Clark gets up and dusts himself off as the rest of the group exits the diner.

ROBLEY
Did you get the book?

TEDDY
Fuck no man. Fuckin’ thing grew wings and flew off on us. Whaddya think I was shootin’ at?

CLARK
Looked like get your ass out of the way shots to me.

Robley points to the sky.

ROBLEY
He’s up there somewhere.

The group looks to the sky.

TRENT
Ya know, if this guy is tryin’ to keep us from gettin’ this book from him, he sure as hell don’t know how to stay outta sight.

GREEN
He’s toying with us. He thinks were no match for him.

TEDDY
I’d say he’s right considerin’ I ain’t got no wings.

GREEN
Just stay on guard.

The men stare at the sky as two Cadillacs pull up.
Four men exit from each, one being Paul Ubriaco.
Trent smiles.
TRENT
Paulie. How ya doin’?

Paul pulls a gun and trains it on Trent.

PAUL
No time for pleasantries. Gimme the book.

TRENT
We ain’t got it.

PAUL
Bullshit, I know ya got it. Now give it to me.

CLARK
We already told you we ain’t got it. Now get that goddamn gun off of my brother before I shoot you in the fuckin’ face.

Clark points his gun at Paul, then pulls another one out of his coat and points it at him as well.

The men with Paul pull out their weapons and our heroes follow suit.

Paul begins jumping up and down.

PAUL
Sonofabitch, I want that book, and I want it now! Do you have any idea how valuable it is? Of course not. You’re just a dumb--

Teddy points toward the sky.

TEDDY
It’s comin’!

Paul turns to see Deaza flying right at him.

He screams and does his best to get a shot off, but it does no good as Deaza picks him up and flies off with him.

The mobsters begin firing at it.

CLARK
Let’s go.

They run off to their respective cars as the mobsters continue firing in the air and Paul’s scream gets progressively quiet.
As they speed off a large group of vampires, werewolves and zombies make their way toward the mobsters.

Clark spins the car around and begins driving the other way as the horde of monsters quickly overtakes the mobsters.

INT./EXT. CLARK’S CAR – NIGHT

TRENT
Alright, where to now?

CLARK
Just keep looking up and lemme know if you see anything.

They all look to the sky for a moment before Teddy turns his attention to the road. He throws up a hand.

TEDDY
Holy shit, look out.

The group turns to see Deaza, still holding the screaming Paul, and flying right at the car.

Clark spins the car and Paul is slammed right into the passenger side door, killing him instantly.

The force completely collapses the door, and Deaza crumbles to the ground in a heap.

Clark points at the Necronomicon.

CLARK
Get the book. Get the book.

Bo attempts to open the door, but it’s stuck.

He looks over at Clark, who winces as Bo knocks it completely off the hinges.

The SUV speeds up to the scene as Bo grabs the book from the street.

ROBLEY
Mission accomplished. Now let’s get outta here.

CLARK
Hold on a second here. Let’s not forget the first rule of the mafia.
ROBLEY

What?

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Deaza’s body lies in the trunk of Clark’s car.

CLARK

Always dispose of the body.

Robley now holds the Necronomicon. It begins to glow a bright orange color in his hands.

TRENT

What the hell is that shit?

Green shakes his head in frustration.

GREEN

Guardian spell. We need to go.

BARCLAY

Fuck.

The sound of loud thumping is heard off in the distance.

The group turns to see an entire army of vampires, werewolves, and zombies turn the corner, marching toward them.

CLARK

This shit keeps up and that book ain’t gonna be no good, cause I think all the dead are already out.

Patrick looks at Robley and puts out a hand.

PATRICK

Gimme the keys, ya fuckin’ cocksucker.

TIMMY

The Usual Suspects.

ROBLEY

I don’t think so. I’m driving.

They run off to their cars and speed off. The werewolves and vampires begin running after them at a blistering pace.
INT./EXT. AGENT’S SUV - NIGHT

Robley throws the book in the back seat where Patrick and Timmy are.

    ROBLEY
    Hold this.

Patrick looks out the window. A vampire runs alongside the car.

It smashes out the window and desperately attempts to grab the book.

Timmy reaches into his backpack, pulls out a stick of dynamite, lights it, and hands it to Patrick.

    PATRICK
    This, is my boomstick.

He shoves the dynamite into the vampire’s mouth.

    TIMMY
    Army of Darkness.

Robley gently steps on the brakes, and the vampire continues running for about fifteen feet before exploding into a million tiny pieces.

Barclay turns to the brothers in the backseat.

    BARCLAY
    Nice.

The O’Sheas give Barclay their famous shit eating grins.

INT./EXT. CLARK’S CAR - NIGHT

They speed through the streets.

    CLARK
    We got this, we get back to H-Q, and we’re solid.

A tire blows out, and the car spins around completely before stopping. Clark pounds on the wheel.

    CLARK
    Fuck!
TRENT
What’s your bright idea now, Elwood?

Clark pulls a walkie talkie from the glovebox.

CLARK
Hello? Robley? Green?

GREEN (V.O)
Come in Clark. This is Green.

CLARK
We had a blowout on the corner of eighth and Wineguard. Where you at?

GREEN (V.O)
We’re just getting ready to turn onto Wi...oh shit!

The SUV comes flipping around the corner, and rolls over three times.

TEDDY
Jesus.

The group exits the car and runs over to the upside down SUV.

Everyone except Barclay exits the SUV.

Clark looks in to see his dead body pressed against the window.

CLARK
Barclay’s dead.

Green puts his head down.

TRENT
Oh, this is great. Guy’s dead and we ain’t got no fuckin’ car. I was better off in the joint.

Teddy looks over at the Monaco.

TEDDY
Can’t we just ride the rim?

TRENT
What, ten of us? We’ll never fit.
ROBLEY
We’re gonna have to run for it.

CLARK
We ain’t got no choice. Who’s got the book?

Patrick holds it up.

GREEN
Let’s get goin’.

Green runs off, and the rest soon follow. Trent looks over to Clark.

TRENT
Ya know, if I was gonna be a jackass and request some ridiculous car, I woulda went with the A-Team van. At least we all woulda fit in it.

CLARK
Bitch, bitch, bitch.

They run off into the night, as the Monaco sits quietly in the middle of the street.

It suddenly starts to shake, and the trunk flies open as Deaza emerges from it.

He spreads his wings and takes flight with a shrill scream.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

The group continues running along until Teddy stops and rests his hands on his knees.

TEDDY
Hold up guys.

TRENT
What are you doin’?

CLARK
Yeah, we gotta keep movin’.

TEDDY
I gotta catch my breath. One of you guys gotta smoke?
ROBLEY
Let him catch his breath. Just keep a lookout.

The group stands at the ready. Robley takes the book from Patrick and distances himself.

CLARK
Hey, Robley, I wouldn’t go wandering off if I was you.

ROBLEY
Everything’s under control.

TRENT
How bout you let one of us have that book if you’re gonna spread yourself out?

ROBLEY
No, it belongs to them.

CLARK
What? Who?

Robley looks to the sky.

ROBLEY
My ride.

Deaza flies in and takes off with Robley and the book.

The group unleashes a slew of gunfire into the sky.

Green empties his gun then slams it to the ground.

CLARK
No good, backstabbin’, bastard.

GREEN
Goddammit. We had it. We fuckin’ had it and we lost it.

Green continues throwing a fit until Trent points off in the distance.

TRENT
Hey guys.

The group turns to see a pack of zombies walking toward them.
TEDDY
And the hits just keep on comin’.

CLARK
Run.

TRENT
I’m tired of this runnin’ shit.

CLARK
Hey asshole, I’m in charge here, and you run when I tell ya to run.

TRENT
What the fuck we gonna run for? look at ‘em, all...

Trent walks like a zombie and moans.

TRENT
...and shit. I say we shoot ’em.

Clark gets in Trent’s face.

CLARK
Start running. Now.

TRENT
You tellin’ me what to do?

GREEN
This ain’t the time to be letting your egos get in the way. In case you’ve forgotten, we’ve got about a hundred zombies coming at us.

Trent turns to Green.

TRENT
Listen, fucko --

A vampire sweeps by and swipes Timmy’s leg and back with clawed hands.

Timmy falls to the ground with a pained scream, and Patrick goes to help him.

PATRICK
Get up ya sonofabitch, cause Mickey loves ya.

A half smile accompanied by a grimace of pain flashes over Timmy’s face.
TIMMY
Rocky five.

Clark glares at Trent.

CLARK
Look what you did. Now help me get 'em up.

Clark goes to help him, but Timmy waves him off, and shakes his head no.

The blood quickly flows from his body. Patrick looks up with a tear in his eye.

PATRICK
Game over, man.

Timmy’s face is pained.

TIMMY
Aliens.

CLARK
C’mon, we can get you out of here.

Patrick reaches into his backpack, removes two grenades and pulls the pins. He stares a hole through Clark.

PATRICK
Game over.

Timmy goes to speak, but only blood comes from his mouth. Clark throws his hands down with rage.

CLARK
Fuck.

Timmy waves them away, and the group runs off into the night. Patrick turns his attention to the zombies, which are about ten feet away. He releases the levers on the grenades.

PATRICK
Yippee kai yay, mother fucker.

Timmy struggles.

TIMMY
Die Hard.

A huge explosion sends the horde of zombies and the O’Sheas into oblivion.
EXT. STREET - NIGHT

The group runs along.

GREEN
We gotta get back to H-Q, regroup, and get a new plan together. We’ve still got about sixteen hours.

Clark looks over at Trent and points a finger at him.

CLARK
I’ll deal with you later.

EXT. NIGHT SKY - NIGHT

Deaza flies across the sky with Robley and the Necronomicon in tow. The sun rises in the horizon up ahead.

ROBLEY
You sure picked a hell of a time to show up. They were on to me for sure.

DEAZA
You have served well, Agent Robley. Orthu will be pleased.

ROBLEY
Is that who we’re going to see?

DEAZA
Yes. He has already begun making final preparations to lead his army of the dead.

ROBLEY
And I’m still gonna have a big role in all of this, right? Like you promised?

DEAZA
Yes, Agent Robley, very large indeed.

The pair flies off into the horizon.
INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Clark and Trent grab and punch at each other until Bo and Green break it up.

CLARK
Because of your bullshit, Timmy and Pat are dead.

TRENT
Don’t you pin this shit on me. They were my friends too, and as fast as that thing was movin’ it would have nailed us on the run.

GREEN
You guys can’t keep arguing like this. We’ve got very little time to find this book, and we don’t even know where the hell it is now.

CLARK
Which is precisely the reason that we should get the fuck outta here and back out on the street.

GREEN
Right, but first let’s go over our new plan of attack.

Clark waves his hands at Green.

CLARK
Oh no, all your last plan got us was five dead guys and a turncoat for our troubles. From here on out, we do things my way. First things first. Where’s the guns?

INT. SUPPLY ROOM - DAY

The men sift through the supply room, grabbing all the guns and ammo they can carry. Green enters.

GREEN
Good news and bad news, men. Good news is Deaza was spotted flying northeast about an hour ago.

The group stops.
TRENT
What’s the bad news?

GREEN
He’s about five miles away, and all of our cars have mysteriously gone out of commission.

CLARK
Robley?

GREEN
Probably.

CLARK
Fuck.

GREEN
Which means we’re gonna have to walk.

CLARK
Five miles in broad daylight? With all this shit?

GREEN
That won’t be a problem. An emergency alert was issued instructing people to stay in their homes.

TEDDY
I was wonderin’ why I ain’t seen nobody.

TRENT
Wait a minute. Does that mean that you knew those people in the diner were vampires?

GREEN
I didn’t. I just assumed that they hadn’t heard the alert.

CLARK
Yeah, well you was wrong.

TRENT
Big words from a guy who forgot that disposing of the body is the second rule. The first is makin’ sure it’s fuckin’ dead.
Clark shakes his head at Trent, then turns his attention to Green.

CLARK
I think we’re about done here, but we could really use some fresh clothes.

GREEN
I have just the thing. Bureau issue.

EXT. STREET – NIGHT
The men walk in the middle of the street carrying their new firepower.

They’re dressed in various colored suits, except for Teddy, who still wears his shaggy clothes. Bo has the sleeves removed from his.

Clark talks on a cell phone for a moment before hanging up and putting it in his pocket.

CLARK
We got new problems.

GREEN
What?

CLARK
In light of what’s happened to Paulie, we are now being pursued by the Ubriaco family.

TEDDY
Wonderful. Vampires, werewolves, zombies, and now, the wop squad.

TRENT
Who told you that?

CLARK
Vinny the mouth.

TRENT
Vinny the mouth? He’s about as reliable as that piece of shit car you had us in.
CLARK
Yeah, well I ain’t leavin’ nothin’ to chance, cause he also happened to mention that the Ace Pimps are lookin’ for us too.

TEDDY
The pimps? They’re an urban gang. What the hell they want with us?

CLARK
Probably lookin’ to piggyback us so they can get their hands on the book.

GREEN
These people have no idea what they’re dealing with.

Clark cocks his gun.

CLARK
You got that right.

TRENT
I still don’t see why we gotta walk. You mean to tell me we got four career criminals here, and not one of us knows how to hotwire a car?

The group turns to Teddy.

TEDDY
Hey don’t look at me. All I can do is break into the car.

CLARK
I thought you used to boost a few back in the day.

TEDDY
That was Frankie Whistles.

GREEN
So much for that plan.

TRENT
Fuckin’ Robley. It don’t make no sense.
CLARK
Musta found some way to benefit from all this. That’s usually how a doublecross works.

GREEN
Yeah, but what?

CLARK
Don’t know, but I’ll tell ya this. That bastard’s gonna get his somehow.

INT. DARK CAVERN - DAY
Deaza and Robley swoop in and land just inside the opening of the cavern. They walk in the darkness. Robley looks around in wonder.

ROBLEY
What is this place?

DEAZA
For the past four hundred years this has been our home.

ROBLEY
I’ve never seen it.

DEAZA
It has remained hidden. When you’re an immortal, you shall understand.

ROBLEY
It’s all so clear now. The dreams, your appearances, everything.

DEAZA
It always comes with time.

ROBLEY
How much further?

DEAZA
We are here.

They stop at a large room in the cavern.

On the far end of it sits ORTHU, in a large stone chair adorned with a gargoyle on top.

He wears a long robe, and has long black hair that hovers over his icy blue eyes.
He lifts one of his long hands and motions for the two to come forward.

They proceed slowly, stopping and kneeling once they are before him.

DEAZA
The book remains in our possession, Lord.

Orthu places his hands together. He speaks very softly.

ORTHU
Excellent.

Orthu stands.

ORTHU
Let us begin our final preparations.

Orthu motions to Robley.

ORTHU
You. Come closer.

Robley rises and steps closer to Orthu.

DEAZA
This is Agent Robley, Lord. He is the one I spoke of.

Orthu looks at him and smiles.

ORTHU
Yes. You will make a fine sacrifice.

ROBLEY
What?

Orthu grabs Robley’s head and rips it from his body.

EXT. STREET – DAY

Our heroes are still making their way toward the Necronomicon, when a black, 1966 Impala pulls up alongside them.

It has a purple hat with a zebra striped headband painted on the side.
Four men sit in it. One black, one white, and two hispanics, all in their twenties. The hispanics sit in front, and RICO, the driver, nods to Clark.

RICO
Hey Man. I hear you got a book that’s worth a lot of money. How bout you give it to us?

CLARK
Take a hike, fucko. We ain’t got no book.

Rico pulls out a gun and points it at Clark.

RICO
You know who you fuckin’ with? We’re the Ace Pimps.

TRENT
Yeah, we know who you are. Now beat it.

A look of nervousness overtakes Rico’s face.

RICO
Give us the book or I’ll...I’ll shoot you.

CLARK
Hey is this one of those fancy cars that can jump up and down?

Rico looks at the passenger and the people in the back before looking back to Clark.

RICO
No.

CLARK
Oh I bet you could get this car to jump if you really wanted to. Ain’t that right, Bo?

Without hesitation, Bo walks over to the car and starts picking it up and dropping it continuously.

After a few times he flips the car completely over. The group walks away, leaving the men in the overturned car.

TRENT
You boys have a nice day.
TEDDY
Am I the only one that realized we coulda stole that car?

CLARK
We woulda looked like a bunch of chooches in that car.

Green looks at his watch.

GREEN
We better pick up the pace. We only got six hours.

They start to jog down the street. After a few paces, a werewolf jumps in their path and stops them in their tracks.

Trent and Clark look at each other.

TRENT
What do we do?

CLARK
Fuck it. Let’s just--

A thundering shotgun blast echoes through the streets, causing Clark, Trent, and Green to hit the deck and sending the werewolf to the ground with a giant hole in its chest.

The three look up to see Bo looking at Teddy, who holds a smoking shotgun.

Teddy nods his head up and down at rapid pace.

TEDDY
Yeah, this thing packs a little oomph.

The three get up and the group continues jogging onward.

INT. PAUL UBRIACO’S HOME, OFFICE - DAY

Eight men are in the room and a map is on the desk.

One of the men sits in Paul’s chair, pointing at the map. He is PAULIE JR., 35.

PAULIE JR.
Right here’s where they flipped one of the pimp’s cars about twenty minutes ago. They’re on foot so they can’t be too far from there.
He points to one of the men, SONNY, 42.

SONNY
Yeah, Paulie?

PAULIE JR.
I want you to take Sal, Johnny, and Marco with you. I’ll take Vic, Benny, and Petey.

SONNY
You got it.

PAULIE JR.
And when we find ’em? No mercy. I want kneecaps shot, teeth pulled out, anything you can think of to make those bastards pay for what they did to my dad.

SAL
What about the book?

Paulie Jr. slams his hand down on the table.

PAULIE JR.
We worry about the book later. Am I clear?

The group shakes their heads in agreement.

PAULIE JR.
Good, now let’s go find ’em.

EXT. STREET - DAY
The group runs down the street.
Green looks to the sky to see Deaza flying overhead.

GREEN
Look out!
They hit the dirt as Deaza flies just above them.
They jump and fire briefly with no success.

CLARK
Anybody see the book?
GREEN
He doesn’t have it.

TRENT
Then what the fuck is he comin’ after us for?

Green points to the horizon toward Deaza.

GREEN
Cause it knows we’re coming, and it’s afraid.

Teddy throws his arms up in aggravation.

TEDDY
Afraid? Afraid? We’re on foot for chrissake while that thing’s flyin’ around like Charles fuckin’ Lindbergh, and it’s afraid? I ain’t even gonna get into how goddamn fast they run.

GREEN
They don’t all run that fast. Only the ones with a greenish hue to them.

TEDDY
Oh, a greenish hue? Well thanks a bunch for that insightful tip Mister Wizard, but I ain’t too good at noticin’ hues when they’re goin’ a hundred miles an hour.

TRENT
Would you cut the shit already and start actin’ like a professional?

TEDDY
Professional? I don’t even see where I fit into this mess, cause I ain’t had to break into one goddamn thing since we been out here. Sure, I got to shoot that werewolf with the shotgun, and that was cool, but the rest? All bullshit. And another thing--

A vampire darts out from an alley and beelines toward Teddy.

Bo jumps in front of Teddy, pushes him out of the way, and delivers a powerful clothesline to the vampire’s mouth, detaching its head from its body.
The head maintains a firm bite on Bo’s forearm. Bo stares at it, and shakes his head in disbelief.

CLARK
Sonofabitch.

TRENT
Is that bad?

GREEN
He’s been bitten. It’s inevitable that he’ll turn into one of them.

CLARK
So what are we supposed to do?

GREEN
We have to shoot him.

TEDDY
Shoot ’em? Are you fuckin’ crazy? He’s our biggest, strongest guy.

GREEN
Which means he’s gonna turn into a big, strong problem. We don’t have any other choice.

Bo turns and faces the men. He nods in agreement and puts his head down. Green aims his gun at Bo’s head.

GREEN
I’m sorry, Bo. There’s no other way.

A Cadillac and an Oldsmobile pull up behind Bo, and Paulie Jr., Sonny, and their respective men get out with guns drawn.

TRENT
Great, another set of douchebags.

Paulie Jr. shoots Trent in the thigh. Trent falls to the ground in pain.

PAULIE JR.
Fuck you, Cicero. That’s for my dad.

Clark raises his gun and shoots Sonny in the forehead.
CLARK
You wanna play that fuckin’ game
you better aim a little higher and
do it right.

PAULIE JR.
Why you mother—

A thunderous roar bellows from Bo’s mouth as he turns to
face Paulie Jr. with a full set of vampire teeth exposed.

PAULIE JR.
What the?

Bo picks Paulie Jr. up over his head, and slams him down
across his knee, breaking him in half.

SAL
Shoot ‘em. Fuckin’ shoot ‘em.

The six remaining mobsters attempt to draw their guns as Bo
advances toward them.

They aren’t fast enough, and he quickly begins dispatching
them as our heroes look on in wonder.

Trent struggles to stand.

GREEN
Hey, we gotta get outta here.

Clark looks over at the hobbled Trent.

CLARK
You alright?

TRENT
Yeah, I’m fine.

He takes a step toward Clark, but immediately falls over.

TEDDY
We better do somethin’ quick, cause
he’s almost done.

Teddy points over to Bo, who is just about ready to kill off
the last two hitmen.

Clark scratches his head and looks around frantically.

CLARK
Think Clark, think.
He continues looking until he spots a large plastic garbage can with wheels.

He runs over, grabs it and brings it back over to Trent.

**TRENT**
What the fuck are you gonna do with that?

**CLARK**
Get in.

**TRENT**
I ain’t gettin’ in no fuckin’ garbage can.

**GREEN**
Get in the fuckin’ can!

Green picks up Trent and puts him in the garbage can.

He motions toward Bo, who slowly makes his way toward the group.

**TEDDY**
If you’ll take a look out of the right side of the plane, you’ll notice a big vampire mother fucker slowly comin’ toward us. I say slowly because he just ain’t got that greenish hue to ’em.

**GREEN**
Now, we run.

The group darts off as Clark pushes the garbage can with Trent inside, leaving Bo to slowly follow after them.

**TEDDY**
There’s two more cars we lost.

**INT. DARK CAVERN – DAY**

Deaza flies into the cavern. Orthu now stands at a massive stone altar with the Necronomicon open and resting on it.

Robley’s head rests on a pike off to the side.

Deaza approaches Orthu and bows before him.
DEAZA
The mortals still approach, Lord.

Orthu strikes Deaza with a powerful blow.

ORTHU
Fool. You were to dispose of the mortals and leave nothing to chance.

DEAZA
My apologies, Lord. I have failed you.

ORTHU
It is your extreme arrogance that now has these men attempting to stop us.

Deaza bows his head in shame.

DEAZA
Please forgive me, Lord. I only ask for one more chance.

Orthu places a hand on his face.

ORTHU
And you shall have it, as a reward for bringing me Agent Robley and the mortal blood he possesses, but you shall not go alone.

DEAZA
Thank you lord.

Orthu places his hands to his sides and slowly brings them upward, causing a dozen vampires to emerge from the earth.

When they have fully risen they begin to scream and shake their heads.

ORTHU
Go, and do not return until they are destroyed.

DEAZA
Yes, lord.

Deaza bows, turns, and leads the group of vampires out of the cavern.
EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Our heroes stand amongst a group of twelve fallen zombies. Clark looks over to Green.

CLARK
What are we lookin’ at for time?

Green checks his watch.

GREEN
About an hour and a half.

CLARK
Shit, are we even close?

Green points to building about a mile off in the distance.

GREEN
Just past that big building up there, on the outskirts of the city.

CLARK
Alright, that’s about a mile, mile and a half, plus whatever we got past that.

GREEN
It shouldn’t be much.

CLARK
Good. Now I’m sure we’re all pretty fuckin’ tired from all this runnin’ we been doin’, but I think we can make that in twenty minutes, givin’ us about an hour to do what we gotta do, if we don’t hit any problems.

TEDDY
You mean problems like that?

Teddy points off to a mixed group of monsters coming toward them.

CLARK
Somethin’ like that yeah.

They open fire on the monsters, mowing them down quickly.
GREEN
Well that was easy.

CLARK
Let’s move.

They run off into the night.

INT./EXT. ACE PIMPS CAR - NIGHT

Five men cruise down the street in a black, 1987 Caprice, with the same pimp hat logo painted on it.

This time, T-BOO, 26 and black, drives. The other four men were in the totaled car.

They search the streets and alleyways.

RICO
Thanks for pickin’ us up, T-Boo.

T-BOO
I shoulda left your asses there.

RICO
It wasn’t us. There was this big motherfucker. He picked the car up and flipped it over.

T-BOO
Yeah, well when we find this big motherfucker, he’s gonna have a big motherfuckin’ problem.

The car continues down the street as they keep searching.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Our heroes now stand in front of the big building.

GREEN
Around the corner, and we’ll know where we’re at.

They run to the edge of the building, turn the corner, and stop dead in their tracks.

Beyond the building there is nothing but a dark open field, heavily covered by thick fog.

Clark squints in an attempt to see through it.
CLARK
I don’t see shit.

GREEN
Just past this fog is where we need to go.

TEDDY
We gotta walk through that? We’ll be sitting ducks.

GREEN
This is our only way in.

Clark removes the clips from his guns, and loads them with fresh ones.

CLARK
Then I guess we’re goin’.

TEDDY
Man, we’re not gonna see shit through this fog.

TRENT
I tell ya what. How bout you run up to the house and tell ’em to turn the fog machine off, so we can come in and fuck up their plan to raise the dead?

CLARK
Yeah, maybe they got some milk and cookies up there for ya too. Now cut the shit and let’s move. We got an hour.

As they advance toward the fog, they hear a shuffling sound coming from it.

They stop and take a few steps back.

TEDDY
What the fuck is that?

Clark turns to Teddy, puts a finger to his lips, and shushes softly.

He turns his attention back to the fog, where Deaza and his army of Vampires emerge from it.
CLARK
Move.

The group turns and begins running in the opposite direction.

They fire behind them, taking out three of the vampires in the process. Green and Teddy run ahead.

Clark pulls Trent in the garbage can as he fires at will, taking out two more, leaving only Deaza and one last vampire, who advance slowly toward them.

Trent fires, but his gun is empty.

TRENT
I’m out.

CLARK
This fucker needs the big dog.

Clark pulls a shotgun from behind his back and fires, but Deaza grabs the vampire and flies away, landing on the other side of them in front of Teddy and Green.

Deaza unleashes a devilish scream and starts to advance.

A figure appears from the darkness, and takes out the vampire with a flying tackle.

Deaza evades, grabbing Clark in the process and slamming him into the side of a building before flying away.

TEDDY
Who the fuck is that?

The figure stands and reveals itself to be Bo.

TRENT
Bo? He’s helpin’ us?

Bo gives the men a razorblade smile.

GREEN
I sure am glad we didn’t shoot him.

Bo begins to walk toward the men as the Pimps’ Caprice speeds around the corner.

Uzi fire sprays everywhere, and mowing down Bo. He falls to the ground dead.
The pimps jump out of the car, and the four hoodlums point their guns on our heroes while T-Boo continues shooting Bo’s lifeless body.

T-BOO
Fuck up my car, motherfucker.

T-Boo’s gun runs out of ammo and he turns his attention to Clark, lying against the building in pain.

CLARK
What the fuck is wrong with you? Do you realize what you’re doing?

T-Boo advances toward Clark as he loads a fresh clip into his uzi.

T-BOO
Yeah, I know what I’m doin’. I’m gonna blow yo’ muthafuckin’...

Deaza swoops down from the night sky and claws T-Boo to death.

T-Boo emits a high pitched scream and squeezes the trigger of his gun, spraying two of the Ace Pimps with a barrage of gunfire.

RICO
Kill it! Fuckin’ kill it!

Rico and the other Ace Pimp fire at it in desperation. Clark rolls out of the way as gunfire rains against the building.

Deaza takes a few shots in the back before he flies off, and as Rico and the Ace Pimp fire into the sky, Clark puts a bullet in each of their heads.

Trent raises his arms in confusion.

TRENT
What the fuck did you shoot them for? We coulda used their help.

Clark nods toward the Ace Pimps car.

CLARK
Not enough room.

TEDDY
Well it’s about fuckin’ time.

They make way for the car. Deaza swoops in and swipes at Green, cutting his side.
Teddy helps him into the car, and Clark gets Trent in.

Clark jumps in the driver’s seat.

INT./EXT. ACE PIMP’S CAPRICE – NIGHT

Clark floors the gas pedal and begins plowing through the crowd. They drive briefly before emerging from the fog.

TEDDY

CLARK
What time is it?

Green goes to look at his watch, but it’s missing.

GREEN
I lost my watch.

CLARK
The radio.

Clark turns on the radio and loud rap music starts pounding through the car.

He hits the tuner but nothing happens.

Teddy holds his ears.

TEDDY
It’s a C-D, man. Take it out.

CLARK
Fuckin’ music.

Clark hits the eject button, and the cd pops out. He grabs it and reads it.

CLARK
Listen to this shit. Hoopty daddies fuck yo’ shit up.

He flings the cd out the window like a frisbee and it sticks right in a zombie’s face.

Clark turns to the back seat.

CLARK
Fuck yo’ shit up good.

Teddy points up ahead.
TEDDY
Look out.

Clark turns and sees that the car is speeding right at Deaza.

He quickly cuts the wheel and avoids hitting him, but Deaza latches onto the roof of the car.

The men duck down and fire upward as Deaza claws through the roof.

TEDDY
Got any clever one liners for this one, jackass?

CLARK
Nope.

Clark tunes the radio, but all of the stations are in emergency broadcast mode.

COMPUTERIZED VOICE (V.O)
This is the emergency broadcast system. The city is in a state of emergency.

CLARK
No fuckin’ shit, Sherlock. We’re right in the goddamn middle of it.

The group continues firing and dodging Deaza’s claws.

TRENT
This shit ain’t workin’, Clark.

Clark bobs his head back and forth, ducking.

CLARK
I’m all ears if you got a better idea.

TRENT
You remember the time Frankie Fish stole that car?

CLARK
What the fuck does that have to do with any of this?

TRENT
Remember how we stole that car from ’em?
TEDDY
Can you guys please stop speakin’
in riddles and get to the fuckin’
point already?

Clark’s eyes open wide in revelation.

CLARK
Tuck and roll.

TRENT
Exactly.

CLARK
Alright, we go on three.

GREEN
What on three?

CLARK
We’re gonna open the doors and hurl
ourselves from the car.

GREEN
Don’t you think you should slow
down first?

CLARK
No. Now one...two...

TEDDY
Fuck.

CLARK
...three!

The doors open and the men roll out as Deaza continues
clawing at the car.

The men stop rolling just in time to see the car careen out
of control, hit a bump, flip end over end, and crush Deaza
as he shrieks in agony.

Clark and Teddy help Green and Trent to their feet.

CLARK
That oughta do it.

TRENT
Wait.

The Caprice explodes in a bright orange fireball.
CLARK
Now that definitely oughta do it.

Green points ahead to an opening at the base of a large mountain.

GREEN
We’re here.

The men advance toward the opening.

Green holds his still bleeding side, Teddy puts one of Trent’s arms around him to help him move along.

INT. CAVERN - NIGHT
They enter the base of the cavern and begin looking around.

CLARK
Flares out.

TEDDY
This must be the part where we light the flares and a hundred vampires mysteriously appear from the darkness.

Clark lights his flare. Nothing around. Teddy shrugs.

TEDDY
Guess not.

They walk until they hear the sound of chanting echoing through the cavern.

GREEN
It’s started.

CLARK
What? The book?

GREEN
It’s being read right now.

CLARK
Where’s it comin’ from?

TRENT
Sounds like it’s up ahead a ways.

They continue walking again.
CLARK
I sure hope he just started.

TRENT
All I’m doin’ is holdin’ you guys up. Just leave me here. I can take care of myself.

CLARK
Get your head outta your ass, I ain’t leavin’ you behind.

TRENT
He finishes readin’ whatever he’s readin, and it ain’t gonna matter, cause we’re all gonna be dead.

CLARK
Just shut up, alright? We gotta be close. We’ll just move faster.

They pick up the pace.

INT. CAVERN, BIG ROOM - NIGHT

Orthu stands at the altar reading from the Necronomicon. He has his hands in the air, and looks to the sky.

ORTHU
And the black earth shall open and accept my sacrifice.

Orthu lowers his hands. He walks over to Robley’s head on the pike, and removes it.

Blood drips from the neck, and runs down Orthu’s arm.

He holds the head high with his arms raised in the air, as he looks to the sky again.

ORTHU
Accept my sacrifice, dark master. May it please you, so that you may unleash the army of the dead and allow me to lead them into battle against the powers of good. May you find favor with me, may you --

A shot zips through Robley’s head, knocking it out of Orthu’s hand.

He turns his attention downward to see our heroes pointing guns at him.
CLARK
May you shut the fuck up already.

Orthu rubs his fingers together as the blood drips off of them. He laughs maniacally.

TEDDY
What the fuck is he laughin’ at?

CLARK
I don’t think I wanna find out.

They begin firing as Orthu continues to laugh at them.

He raises his hands slowly as a horde of zombies emerges from the earth. They take them out, and turn their attention back to Orthu.

CLARK
I’m afraid you gotta do better than that, chief.

Orthu waves a hand and sends the group flying against the wall behind them. They hit the ground with a thud.

TRENT
If he can do that, then what’s it matter if he reads that book or not? He’s already got a whole army.

TEDDY
Why don’t you go ask him?

GREEN
What that book produces is far worse than anything we’ve seen so far.

Orthu walks to the cavern wall behind him and begins drawing a large rectangle on it with the blood on his fingers.

CLARK
What’s he doin’?

GREEN
Opening the gate.

CLARK
And how do we stop that?

GREEN
I don’t know.

Clark, Teddy, and Trent look at Green in amazement.
TEDDY
Oh, you gotta be fuckin’ kiddin’ me.

GREEN
I’m afraid not.

TRENT
So what you’re sayin’ is that you got us to help you get back a book that you don’t know how to get back?

GREEN
It’s not getting the book. It’s stopping him.

He points at Orthu, who finishes drawing the rectangle.

He returns to the altar and begins reading from the Necronomicon again.

ORTHU
Dark master, send me your children, so that I, Orthu, may lead them into battle against the powers of good.

Green’s eyes light up.

GREEN
That’s it. Orthu, demigod of Rattavia.

CLARK
What?

GREEN
I know who he is now.

CLARK
So how do we stop him?

Green thinks briefly, then slaps himself in the head.

GREEN
Fuck, I can’t remember.

TEDDY
Do we still have time to run?
ORTHU
Tremana, zerimas, bulgiden.

Orthu looks to the heavens.

TEDDY
Guess not.

The rectangle opens to reveal the fires of hell.

ORTHU
Tremana, zerimas, bulgiden.
Tremana, zerimas, bulgiden.

The fires blaze higher and higher with each chant as the cavern begins to glow a bright orange color.

CLARK
Last chance to think of something before I get the fuck outta here.

Green shakes his head.

GREEN
I don’t know.

TEDDY
I’m gone.

TRENT
Me too, help me up.

Teddy gets up, helps Trent, and the prayer book falls from Trent’s jacket pocket. Trent points to it.

TRENT
That’s it! Pick it up.

Teddy picks it up and gives it to Trent.

TEDDY
Little late in the game to be gettin’ religious ain’t it?

TRENT
The exorcism prayer.

Trent begins flipping through the pages until he finds what he’s looking for. He begins to read.

TRENT
Most glorious prince of the heavenly armies, Saint Michael the
TRENT
Archangel, defend us in our battle against the rulers of this world of darkness, against the spirits of wickedness.

The orange glow begins to dim and the hellfire’s burn decreases.

CLARK
It’s working. Keep going.

TRENT
We drive you from us, whatever you may be, unclean spirits, all satanic powers, all infernal invaders. All wicked legions, assemblies and sects.

TEDDY
Holy shit, it’s working. We’re gonna make it.

TRENT
God the father commands you. God the son commands you. God the holy spirit...

Orthu throws the pike that supported Robley’s head like a spear, and firmly plants it in Trent’s chest.

The book falls to the ground and Trent looks to Clark, a stream of blood flows down his chin.

TRENT
Finish it.

Clark quickly picks up the book, and begins rifling through the pages.

CLARK
That’s it motherfucker, you’re done.

Orthu picks up the Necronomicon from the altar and raises it high above his head.

ORTHU
Tremana, zerimas, bulgiden.

The fires burn stronger again.
ORTHU
Awake, spirits of darkness.

Orthu turns and throws the Necronomicon right into the fires.

Clark continues rifling through the pages of the bible.

CLARK
I can’t find it. Trent, where is it?

Clark looks to Trent, who has since died and only looks back with a blank stare.

A tear streams down Clark’s face as he screams in anger.

Teddy points to the fires.

TEDDY
Holy shit, they’re coming.

The Necronomicon disappears into the fire, and thousands of black shadow like figures with glowing red eyes begin to steadily approach.

GREEN
That’s the army of the dead. The Necronomicon opened the gate.

The army of the dead begin to exit, and Clark looks down at the prayer book in his hand.

CLARK
Well I’m fuckin’ closin’ it.

Clark rears back and throws the bible into the fires. Loud thunder sounds and blue lightning starts to flash inside.

ORTHU
No.

The fires begin to sizzle, and a powerful force draws the army of the dead back in.

The cavern starts to shake, and Orthu grabs the altar as the force attempts to suck him in.

He hangs on desperately until a flash of blue light hits him, loosening his grip, and sending him straight into the inferno.

The blue light morphs into a pair of glowing wings, and hovers above it.
TEDDY
What the fuck is that?

CLARK
A little help from above. Let’s go.

They each pull out a flare, light it, and begin running for the exit.

As they make their way through the dark corridor, a loud mixture of whistles and growls echoes through it.

TEDDY
That can’t be good.

GREEN
Quick, up against the wall.

They duck up against the wall just as a large mass of various monsters flies by.

CLARK
What’s going on?

GREEN
They’re all being sent back to hell. Stay out of the way.

A werewolf grabs Teddy.

TEDDY
Fuck! Help! Help! Shit!

Teddy takes his flare and jabs it into the werewolf’s eye.

It lets out a loud roar and releases its grip.

Teddy hits the ground as the monsters continue flying overhead.

CLARK
C’mon Teddy.

Teddy makes an attempt to get up, but the monsters fly too fast.

TEDDY
I can’t get up.

CLARK
Crawl.

Teddy crawls quickly toward the other two. When he gets to them, he stops and puts his head down.
GREEN
Let’s move.

CLARK
No, wait. I think it’s almost done.

Green removes a hand from his cut side. It still bleeds heavily.

GREEN
I sure hope so.

After a moment, the last of the monsters passes them and all is quiet in the cavern.

Teddy raises his head from the ground.

TEDDY
We clear?

CLARK
Yep.

Teddy gets up and runs. Clark and Agent Green follow.

EXT. FIELD - NIGHT

The men run through the field as fast as they can.

They stop and collapse with exhaustion a few hundred yards from the cavern opening.

They lie face down in the dirt breathing heavily.

TEDDY
We made it. We made it!

CLARK
Most of us anyway.

Clark puts his face down in the dirt.

GREEN
Your brother was a good man, Clark. We wouldn’t have done this without him.

TEDDY
Yeah man, Trent was alright by me.
CLARK
He said we was asked to save the world, and that’s exactly what he did.

The three sit in silence in the middle of the open field.

A loud buzzing noise begins to sound as the field is lit up with a stream of bright, white light.

The three turn to face the cavern and see a large beam of light emitting from the top of it.

TEDDY
What now?

The light and the noise stop.

GREEN
Guess it was nothin’.

The mountain explodes, sending a bunch of debris tumbling over our heroes.

When the last of the debris has stopped rolling, the filed is perfectly still.

After a moment, three sections of debris move.

Our heroes emerge and brush themselves off.

TEDDY
Yeah, nothin’.

CLARK
I need a shower and a beer. Anyone else?

Teddy and Green nod in agreement, and the three begin their trek out of the field.

INT. F.B.I. HEADQUARTERS, OFFICE - DAY

The men are now cleaned up. Teddy and Green sit in chairs and Clark paces back and forth.

AGENT WESTON, 45, sits at a desk across from them.

CLARK
Whaddya mean deny any involvement?
WESTON
Standard protocol is to deny any involvement in issues like this. As far as the bureau is concerned it never happened.

GREEN
It’s like I told you before. Nobody believes it because we have it set up that way.

CLARK
Yeah? Well I believe it, cause I fuckin’ saw it, and I got a good mind to go out there and tell all those press out front about it too.

Weston gets up from his desk.

WESTON
Listen to me, you go out there and tell everyone what happened, and we’re going to have a national state of panic on our hands, so I suggest you just keep quiet.

The two men stare each other down.

CLARK
Fine, I’ll play your game. What about me and Teddy?

WESTON
What about you?

TEDDY
Shouldn’t we like, get something?

Weston places his hands on his desk and shakes his head.

WESTON
You guys just don’t get it do ya?

TEDDY
No, I guess we don’t.

CLARK
Why don’t you explain it to us?

WESTON
If you get something that means that the bureau acknowledges what you’ve done, and we simply cannot do that.
TEDDY
Cause you’re denyin’ everything?

WESTON
Correct.

CLARK
So my partners are dead, my brother is fuckin’ dead, and all we get is a get the fuck out of here and don’t tell anybody?

WESTON
It’s a thankless job.

CLARK
I oughta kick your fuckin’ teeth down your throat. C’mon Teddy.

Teddy gets up from his chair and they leave.

EXT. F.B.I HEADQUARTERS - DAY
Clark and Teddy make their way down the steps and are mobbed by a crowd of news reporters.

REPORTER # 1
Sir, sir, can you tell us anything about the allegations of vampires and werewolves in our city?

Teddy and Clark keep walking.

CLARK
I don’t know what you’re talkin’ about.

They continue pushing through the crowd until they get to Clark’s car, another perfect 1974 Dodge Monaco, all black with white doors.

As they go to get into it, Agent Green runs up.

CLARK
What’s up?

GREEN
Agent Weston decided to wait until you guys were gone before telling me that my division has been shut down.
CLARK
So what’s that mean? You don’t have a job?

GREEN
I’ve been offered a transfer, but I told him I’d get back to him.

The reports move towards the car.

REPORTER # 2
Sir, are there really monsters in our city?

Clark, Teddy and Green look at each other. Clark looks back to the reporter.

INT. AGENT WESTON’S OFFICE - DAY

Weston watches a television set. He turns the channel to see Clark in front of the building, talking to a reporter.

CLARK
Yeah, there’s monsters in this city.

Weston jumps up from his chair and darts from the office.

EXT. F.B.I HEADQUARTERS - DAY

The reporters now push and shove toward Clark, sticking their microphones out.

REPORTER # 2
Can you share any information with us?

Weston pushes his way through the crowd, and stands in front of the men.

WESTON
The bureau has no comment at this time.

Clark points a finger at Weston.

CLARK
Here’s a fuckin’ monster right here.

The reporters quickly place their hands over their microphones.
REPORTER # 2
We’re live. You can’t say fuck on the air.

CLARK
This fuckin’ guy knows everything that happened, he knows my friends are dead, my brother’s dead, and that all kinds of vampires, werewolves, and assorted other freaky shit was in this city less than twenty four hours ago.

WESTON
You sonofabitch. You’re not gonna get away with this. You’re gonna spend the rest of your...

Teddy points to the sky.

TEDDY
Everybody down!

Everybody ducks as Deaza swoops in and takes Weston away. The reporters are left in shock.

Clark, Teddy, and Green get up and get in the car. Clark turns the key in the ignition and looks to Teddy.

CLARK
Looks like it ain’t such a thankless job after all.

TEDDY
Amen to that.

REPORTER # 1
What the hell was that?

Clark points to the sky.

CLARK
What, that? That’s just a little unfinished business.

REPORTER # 2
Who are you guys?

Clark looks at Teddy and Green, smiles, then turns his attention back to the reporter.
CLARK
Us? Just a bunch of disposable heroes.

Clark floors the gas pedal and the Monaco speeds off down the road.

THE END