

Bonnie + Clyde
Plus Zombies

Original Screenplay

by

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EXT. UPSCALE STREET - NIGHT

A CREAM COLORED 1987 CADILLAC COUP DEVILLE

Parked under a yellow street light on an affluent street.

Across the street we see a HUGE GATED MANSION.

We can hear the low THUMPING of EDM music coming from within the Cadillac.

SUPER: "Waycross, Georgia"

INT. KURT'S COUP DEVILLE - NIGHT

KURT BARROW (20's), handsome and rough around the edges, lights a cigarette with his Zippo Lighter and

SUCKS IT IN suicidally DEEP.

He rolls down the window and blows the smoke out through his nostrils as EDM music plays in the background.

KURT

Why don't we just do a bank? It's cleaner baby girl. I don't like this street.

A mop of blonde hair flings back in the passenger seat revealing HEATHER HENDERSON (20), gorgeous, dangerous.

She wraps her hair up and secures it with a SKULL PIN.

HEATHER

Banks have armed guards, sugar baby. Security cameras, marked bills, ink bags, lock down systems, panic buttons, and a whole lot of skittish witnesses who may or may not be packing that hero piece.

Kurt sucks on his cigarette. Exhales through his nose.

KURT

What about a liquor store? In and out, smash and grab, bam - boom - done.

HEATHER

Forty-four magnum under the counter takes both of our heads off on the way out the door. Best case scenario, we make out with four or five hundred bucks. Not worth losing our heads over, now is it?

Heather gets out her make-up kit and starts applying mascara and all kinds of elaborate make-up to her face.

HEATHER (CONT'D)

This guy's watch is worth thirty grand, sugar baby. At least. And I just want to remind you what that kind of cash could mean for our life together.

Heather reaches over and grabs Kurt's hand sweetly.

HEATHER (CONT'D)

This one watch, it could change everything for us.

KURT

I know. I know baby girl.

HEATHER

We get the fuck out of here. We head down to Miami. Enjoy the music festival...

KURT

A little Molly for my sunny bunny.

They both lean in close, getting intense.

HEATHER

A little pinch of sugar for my sweet tooth baby boy. Then straight to Rio De Janeiro. And we're never fucking looking back on this shit town again.

Kurt and Heather lock lips and KISS PASSIONATELY.

Heather pushes him off of her after the brief kiss.

She wipes her mouth, disgusted. Kurt looks offended.

HEATHER (CONT'D)

Maybe after we do this you can quit that smoking habit of yours too. It doesn't look good on a thirty-year-old.

Heather goes back to putting on her make-up.

KURT

I only smoke when you strip.

HEATHER

That is just...not true at all.

KURT

(annoyed)

Okay, I only smoke when you take a fucking hour to put on your make-up.

Heather puts down her make-up in a HUFF.

She looks over at Kurt, annoyed.

HEATHER

Do you want this to work?

KURT

When I first met you, you weren't wearing any make-up at all. You were smoking hot then, you're smoking hot now.

Heather goes back to her make-up.

HEATHER

When you first met me, I was fifteen-years-old and coming out of a volleyball practice at my high school.

KURT

Here we go again...

HEATHER

YOU...were twenty-five-years-old! And so black-out drunk - I'm surprised you remember any tiny portion of that at all.

Kurt blows smoke out of his nose, angrily.

Heather finishes her eye lashes and CRIMPS them up.

KURT

Yeah, but my point is, why does this guy get the special treatment?

HEATHER

Special treatment? THIS GUY is used to seeing me dressed a certain way - and undressed a...

KURT

And undressed a certain way, I know! Okay? You've given me this speech before.

HEATHER

If I'm coming to his house to give this man a private dance, he's gonna be suspicious if I'm not wearing private-dance-caliber make-up, private-dance-caliber-clothes, and private-dance...

KURT

Enough! I fucking get it! Stop.

Kurt looks out the window of the car at the MANSION.

KURT (CONT'D)

You sure he's in there alone?

Heather continues to apply make-up.

HEATHER

He's too selfish to share me. Trust me.

KURT

You gotta be fucking kidding me with that. Share you? Is that what you think I'm doing? Goddamnit Heather, I swear...

HEATHER

Hey!

Heather grabs Kurt by the collar and KISSES him DEEP.

This shuts him up and stops their argument.

She pulls away from him and stares deep into his eyes.

He looks lost in love deep within her alluring eyes.

HEATHER (CONT'D)

After tonight, I'm all yours. Okay? No more stripping. Just you, me, and a boat sailing into the sunset in Rio. That's why we're doing this. Don't lose sight of all that just because of this.

Kurt considers this for a moment.

KURT

Let me ask you something. How do you know he'll be wearing the watch you saw in the club? How do you even know that watch you saw isn't a fake? Are you a fucking watch appraiser now? Even they get fooled...

Kurt crosses his arms and tilts his head to the side.

HEATHER

There's only two things you learn as a stripper that you'll ever put to good use in the outside world. It's like algebra, you learn a lot but only use a little...

KURT

Algebra?

HEATHER

The first thing, and pay attention here, is that the value of a man's watch determines the value of a man's dance. Some watches - well - you only come across once or twice in a life-time.

KURT

Alright, thank you for that stripper wisdom, but we need to get this show on the road darlin'.

Heather smiles at Kurt and smacks her lipstick together.

HEATHER

Dahling! Wish me luck, sugar baby.

KURT

Good luck baby girl. If I don't hear from you in exactly....

Kurt sets a STOP WATCH

KURT (CONT'D)

Five and a half minutes from right now, me and old faithful here are busting that door down and blasting anything that moves inside. Understand?

Kurt taps his .357 MAGNUM on the dash board. Serious.

HEATHER

Okay...just be sure to wear your gloves and a mask if it comes to that. We don't know what kind of security cameras this guy has, we need to be careful.

Kurt nods. Heather slips on LONG WHITE GLOVES.

KURT

Okay good. Be safe in there.

Heather OPENS the CAR DOOR, but Kurt puts his hand on her arm, stopping her from exiting the car.

KURT (CONT'D)

Wait a second.

HEATHER

It's getting late honey. Let's go.

KURT

Just one more thing.

Heather cocks her head to the side, curiously.

KURT (CONT'D)

What's the second thing that you learned as a stripper that you put to good use on a daily basis in the real world?

Heather shrugs slyly.

HEATHER

You know what baby? I love you very much.

Heather leans in and kisses him on the forehead.

HEATHER (CONT'D)

Keep an eye on that clock.

She wiggles out of his grasp and walks away from the car.

KURT

(whisper shouting)

Hey wait! What's the second thing?

Heather waves her gloved hand coyly behind her shoulder.

HEATHER

(whisper shouting)

Toodaloo sugar baby!

HEATHER - saunters quickly towards the giant MANSION.

KURT - shakes his head, annoyed by this whole thing.

EXT. MANSION - FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

Heather RINGS the door bell.

She waits patiently until

CLIFF (50's) comb-over, cheese-ball, opens the door.

CLIFF

Crystal. You're looking ever so lovely this fine evening.

HEATHER

Cliff...you as well. As always.

She hugs him and they exchange kisses on the cheek.

Cliff gives her ass a substantial SQUEEZE as he motions with his other arm for her to enter his home.

CLIFF

Won't you come in.

HEATHER

Why certainly.

They walk inside his palatial MANSION.

KURT - WATCHES FROM THE CAR

His hand on Heather's ass makes him grimace.

KURT

Son-of-a-bitch.

INT. MANSION - FOYER - NIGHT

Cliff welcomes her into his grandiose home.

CLIFF

May I offer you a drink? Champagne? I've also got some amazing new pills if you're into that? They're out of this world.

Cliff smiles, a foreboding smile...

Heather shakes her head and pouts her lips.

HEATHER

I'm not really in the mood for drinking or drugs. I came here to do one thing, and one thing only. And I think it's something that you enjoy very much...

CLIFF

Oh? I see.

HEATHER

So why don't you just show me to your bedroom? I want to see where THE Cliff Masterson sleeps at night.

Cliff nods charmingly and offers his arm to Heather.

CLIFF

Right down to business. I like that in a woman. Right this way my dear.

Cliff offers Heather his arm and she takes it.

They walk down an over-the-top gaudy hallway lined with black and gold painted STATUES, toward Cliff's Bedroom.

INT. MANSION - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

The lights come on, illuminating an impressive MASTER SUITE. It's meticulously clean, nauseatingly so.

HEATHER

So this is where he sleeps?

CLIFF

This is where the magic happens.

Cliff leans in to kiss Heather but she SLAPS his face.

He holds his cheek, surprised and startled.

CLIFF (CONT'D)

What the hell Crystal? That isn't the way you treat your gracious host. Now is it?

Heather shakes her head coyly. Looks at the floor.

She's roll playing.

HEATHER

No, it wasn't very nice at all. In fact, I've been a very naughty little girl lately. I should be punished for all of the naughty little things that I've done.

Heather bends over the bed and lifts up her skirt.

She's wearing sexy black-lace underwear.

Cliff smiles eagerly at her beautiful behind.

CLIFF

I suppose you do need some more discipline in your life. Don't you.

HEATHER

Oh yes. Yes I do. I've been bad.

Cliff smiles and rolls up his sleeve.

He's NOT WEARING A WATCH on his wrist!

Heather notices just as he REARS BACK to spank her.

HEATHER (CONT'D)
(screaming)

Wait!

Cliff stops short of spanking her, startled

CLIFF
(genuinely concerned)
What is it?

Heather rolls her skirt back down and crosses her arms.

She's role playing "Daddy's Little Spoiled Princess."

HEATHER
Your watch. You know I won't enjoy it
nearly as much if you're not wearing that
watch you always wear when you spank me.
(biting her lip seductively)
Daddy's watch...

Cliff looks at his bare wrist, comes out of the moment.

CLIFF
Oh, of course. You wouldn't want to be
spanked without daddy having his watch
on, now would you? It's just over here.

Cliff approaches a WATCH CASE on top of his dresser.

He lifts open a WOODEN CASE REVEALING -

8 ULTRA-EXPENSIVE WATCHES - a fortune in time-pieces.

CLIFF (CONT'D)
Which one was it again?
(rephrasing it)
I'm sorry, which one did you want Daddy
to wear while he punishes you for being
such a naughty - naughty little girl?

Heather gets up from the bed.

HEATHER
Let me have a look...

Heather grabs her purse and walks towards Cliff.

CLIFF
Was it the Platinum IWC?

Heather takes a TASER out of her purse behind her back.

HEATHER

Hmm...I don't know. Let me check.

Heather gets close to him. Puts her hand on his shoulder.

HEATHER (CONT'D)

How...about...this one!

She TASES him!

CLIFF

Ah!!!

Cliff CONVULSES HARD and falls to the floor.

Heather quickly grabs the case of watches and takes off!

Cliff GRABS her ankle as she runs off, TRIPPING HER.

She loses her grip on the TASER as she GOES DOWN.

Cliff holds onto her foot for dear life as she THRASHES.

She stretches her fingers to the TASER, coming close.

Cliff climbs toward her and she KICKS him in the face.

CLIFF (CONT'D)

You bitch!

Cliff climbs on top of her and she ELBOWS him in the jaw!

CLIFF (CONT'D)

(enraged)

What do you thing you're doing!

Cliff is ultimately stronger and PINS her arms down.

Cliff gets to a position of power on top of her.

HEATHER

Alright, hey. This was all just part of our thing, right? I was just acting.

CLIFF

Bullshit you were!

Cliff SLAPS her and reaches for the Taser and grabs it.

Heather is THRASHING but unable to fight back.

HEATHER

Please, I'm sorry. It was just a joke, I swear! Stop it!

Cliff CLICKS the TASER and sees the ELECTRIC VOLT.

CLIFF

You have been a bad, bad little girl.

HEATHER

(screaming)

Please don't do this!

Cliff TASES Heather with great enjoyment.

She CONVULSES on the floor as he keeps it on her.

Cliff takes the Taser off finally. Her body goes limp.

Cliff leans down and LICKS her unconscious face.

CLIFF

Now, you and me are really gonna have some fun together.

INT. KURT'S COUP DEVILLE - NIGHT

Kurt is nervously looking at his in his STOP WATCH.

It FLICKS to 5:31.

Kurt rocks back and forth, readying himself.

He puts on two latex gloves, and checks the chamber of his .357 MAGNUM finding it FULLY LOADED.

KURT

(to himself)

Let's fucking do this.

Kurt turns off the ignition and grabs a black ski-mask.

He gets out of the car as he puts the mask on.

EXT. MANSION - FRONT DOOR - CONTINUOUS

Kurt walks up to the mansion cautiously.

His moves show he's not a pro at armed-entry. It's goofy.

He checks the door, but it's locked.

KURT

Shit.

He hears Heather SCREAMING inside.

HEATHER (O.S.)

HELP ME! PLEASE STOP!

Kurt's EYES GROW WIDE.

He KICKS in the door to the house and RUNS INSIDE.

INT. MANSION - FOYER - CONTINUOUS

Kurt looks around the Mansion with his gun out.

HEATHER (O.S.)

(screaming)

Please no! Stop it!

Kurt runs in the direction of Heather's SCREAMS.

INT. MANSION - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Cliff has got Heather pinned down on her stomach.

Her skirt is pulled up and he's unbuttoning his pants.

CLIFF

Daddy could've taken real good care of
you, now look at what you're making him
do! Why would you make him do this!

Cliff finally gets his pants off when -

KURT

Hey fuck-face!

Cliff looks up, shocked to see a Kurt with the gun.

CLIFF

What the fuck are you doing in my...!

BLAM!

Cliff's brains are splattered all over his nice white
linen sheets.

Heather starts SCREAMING as Kurt runs up to her.

He bends down and holds her mouth shut. SHE BREATHES.

KURT

Shh, shh, it's okay It's okay. Holy shit baby girl, are you alright?

Heather rolls over and looks at the bloody scene.

She gets up slowly, she's completely horrified.

HEATHER

Jesus Christ. Kurt. You didn't have to shoot him. This is serious...

KURT

What did you want me to do? Shake his fucking hand!

Heather grabs the case of watches and gets to he feet.

HEATHER

Come on! We need to get out of here.

Heather grabs Kurt's hand and tries to lead him out.

KURT

Wait.

Kurt stops her from leaving.

HEATHER

What is it? Cut it out!

KURT

You're right. This is serious. There's a lot of evidence here. Your hair, skin samples, we need to get rid of it.

Kurt and Heather exchange looks.

HEATHER

And how do you plan on doing that?

KURT

We need to burn this place down.

HEATHER

You gotta be fucking kidding me!

KURT

Go through the house, there's gotta be more valuable shit in here. Two minutes then we're gone. I'll deal with the fire.

HEATHER

Let's just go! Come on. Right now!

KURT

No! We leave now, they can pin this on us wherever we go. We won't even be safe in Rio, now come on! We can't be that stupid. Case the house for valuables. Two minutes we're gone! Okay?

Kurt holds Heather tight. Looking into her eyes.

HEATHER

Okay. Fine. I'll see if he's got anything else that might be valuable lying around.

KURT

I love you so fucking much baby girl.

HEATHER

I love you too sugar baby, now get going.

Kurt runs out of the room and Heather looks over at the DEAD BODY - she's disturbed by the gruesome sight.

Heather walks around the blood stains and grabs a pillow case off of the bed.

She starts RIFLING through Cliff's BELONGINGS taking out any VALUABLES and filling the PILLOW CASE with them.

INT. MANSION - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Kurt CRANKS UP the NATURAL GAS stoves. GAS LEAKS OUT.

He walks to a door and OPENS it - A COAT CLOSET.

KURT

Shit.

He CLOSES that and OPENS ANOTHER.

This leads to a GARAGE.

KURT (CONT'D)

Jackpot.

INT. MANSION - GARAGE - DAY

A brand new FERRARI CALIFORNIA is parked in the garage.

KURT

Holy shit on a Saturday.

Kurt grabs the keys from the key hook and CHIRPS the car.
Kurt approaches the driver's side door and opens it.

INT. FERRARI - CONTINUOUS

Kurt checks the car for anything valuable.
He sees a pair of DESIGNER SUNGLASSES and grabs them.
He puts on the shades and checks himself in the mirror.

KURT

Sweet.

Kurt POPS the GAS TANK OPEN from the driver's side door.

INT. MANSION - GARAGE - DAY

Kurt goes to the corner of the garage and grabs a long garden hose and CUTS it with his SWITCHBLADE.

Kurt sticks the hose deep into the gas tank so that the other end is just long enough to touch the ground.

He sits down and starts SUCKING on the other end of the hose, SIPHONING gasoline from the tank of the FERRARI.

This unnatural act looks pretty... well, interesting.

INT. MANSION - GUEST BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Heather rifles through Cliff's personal belongings.
She's not finding much in this room. It's a GUEST ROOM.

HEATHER

Fuck it.

Heather gives up and goes to walk out of this bedroom.

But as she gets to the door she hears a

INSANE LAUGHTER coming from inside the BATHROOM.

She turns around slowly with a look of "What the Fuck?"

Heather takes out her Taser and walks cautiously towards the Bathroom door.

She puts her ear up against the door.

It sounds like someone LAUGHING WILDLY inside.

She readies her Taser and FLINGS the door OPEN.

INT. MANSION - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Heather stares in disbelief down at

CRAZED YOUNG GIRL (19) wearing only her bra and panties,
almost foaming at the mouth LAUGHING and HANDCUFFED
around the toilet with her legs CHAINED.

HEATHER

Holy shit.

Crazed Young Girl SNAPS her eyes at Heather wildly.

CRAZED YOUNG GIRL

Want to party?

She starts LAUGHING WILDLY, an insane look in her eyes.

HEATHER

Hey! Are you okay? Did Cliff do this?

Heather gets closer to her, cautiously.

HEATHER (CONT'D)

Hey! How long have you been in here?

CRAZED YOUNG GIRL

Come here pretty. I'll tell you...

She's uncontrollably LAUGHING, and THRASHING AROUND.

Heather leans in cautiously and the Craze Young Girl

LASHES OUT AT HER - GNASHES TEETH NEAR HEATHER'S THROAT -

Heather lunges back and SLIDES up against the door.

The Crazed Girl FLAILS her LIMBS trying to get loose.

CRAZED YOUNG GIRL (CONT'D)

Come on! I want to party!

Heather looks terrified and stays a safe distance.

HEATHER

What the fuck are you?

The Crazy Girl SCREAMS at Heather, it's terrifying!

HEATHER (CONT'D)

Fuck this...

Heather stands up, turns around, and exits the Bathroom.

CRAZED YOUNG GIRL

Don't leave! We were just about to have a good time! COME BACK HERE YOU BITCH!

Crazed Young Girl THRASHES as the door is SLAMMED.

INT. MANSION - GARAGE - NIGHT

Kurt CHOKES on the GASOLINE and spits SPITS it OUT.

He WIPES HIS MOUTH.

KURT

Ugh, disgusting...

He looks to see if anyone was watching out of instinct.

The GASOLINE begins to flow out of the tank and fill up the floor of the Garage.

KURT gets up and goes to the trunk of the Ferrari.

He OPENS IT and stares down at the GLOWING BLUE CONTENTS.

HEATHER - opens the door to the garage in a hurry.

HEATHER

Kurt, there's something fucked up going on here! Let's go...please!

Kurt is mesmerized by whatever he's looking at in the trunk of the Ferrari.

KURT

Yeah...

Kurt reaches down into the trunk to touch the glow.

HEATHER

Hey! Did you hear me? I found a girl tied up in this dude's bathroom. She was acting like a rabid animal or something. It's fucked! What are you doing anyway!?

Kurt emerges from behind the Ferrari's trunk holding

A GIANT ZIP LOCK BAG filled with BAGS OF BLUE PILLS.

Heather looks at the bag shocked and surprised.

HEATHER (CONT'D)

What the hell is that?

Each imprinted with a ;) face, he examines the bag.

HEATHER (CONT'D)

What the fuck is that?

KURT

(worried)

This is like...a couple million dollars worth of Ecstasy here, baby girl. Is this guy that I just shot in the fucking head a drug dealer?

Heather shakes her head, worried.

HEATHER

I don't know. I didn't know!

KURT

You don't know!? This a slightly big concern baby girl!

HEATHER

Grab the pills and let's just get the fuck out of here, okay? Right now!

They both hear POLICE SIRENS in the DISTANCE.

KURT

Jesus Christ. Open the garage.

Heather PRESSES the garage opener and starts OPENING.

Kurt slings the giant duffle bag over his left shoulder.

Heather slings the Pillow Case over her right shoulder.

Kurt puts his arm around Heather and they walk out.

EXT. MANSION - DRIVEWAY - CONTINUOUS

As they walk arm-in-arm towards the STREET

A TRAIL OF GASOLINE - TRICKLES DOWN BESIDE THEM

INT. KURT'S COUP DEVILLE - CONTINUOUS

Kurt and Heather both CLOSE THEIR DOORS and
TOSS THEIR BAGS into the back seat of the car.
Kurt TURNS OVER the ENGINE and LIGHTS A CIGARETTE.
He looks over at Heather as she judges him.

KURT
Last one, I swear.

HEATHER
Make it a good one.

Kurt nods and INHALES the cigarette smoke DEEPLY.
He puts the car INTO GEAR and pulls over to the driveway.

EXT. MANSION - DRIVEWAY - CONTINUOUS

Kurt's Cadillac drives up to the edge of the trail of
GASOLINE leaking out of the garage.
Kurt looks down at the Gasoline and takes one LAST DRAG.
He COUGHS out a ton of smoke as he FLICKS his Cigarette.
THE LIT CIG - bounces onto the GASOLINE and IGNITES it.
The trail of fire flows toward the Ferrari in the garage.
Kurt backs out and drives away from the house slowly.
He makes sure not to burn out.

INT. KURT'S COUP DEVILLE - NIGHT (TRAVELLING)

Kurt and Heather drive down the road.
POLICE SIRENS can be heard getting closer.

HEATHER
How was it?

KURT
Eh, maybe you're right. I should quit...

HEATHER
You have to want it for yourself, sugar
baby. But I'm here to support you.

Kurt nods exchanges a warm look with Heather.

KURT

Thanks. I appreciate it You did great
back there by the way.

Heather nods as their faces get LIT UP - BLUE & WHITE.

TWO COP CARS ZOOM past them with their SIRENS BLARING.

Kurt and Heather barely seem to notice.

HEATHER

Yeah, you did too. I'm sorry I didn't
know that guy was a drug dealer.

KURT

I'm sorry I didn't come in sooner.

Heather turns around and looks at the COP CARS.

HEATHER

Please don't fucking turn around.

Kurt checks the rear view mirror of his car and sees the
Cop CARS turn down the street that they just came from.

KURT

Any second now...

BOOM!

BEHIND THEM - A PLUME OF FLAMES LIGHTS UP THE NIGHT'S SKY

Heather turns back around and smiles at Kurt.

HEATHER

You and your pyromania finally paid off.

KURT

What were you saying about some girl tied
up in his bathroom? Was she alive?

Heather shakes her head

HEATHER

Not really.

KURT

Jesus Christ. We just did the world a
favor. Who the fuck was this guy?

HEATHER

I don't know. I hope we never get the chance to find out, either.

Kurt nods.

KURT

We need to leave for Miami, tonight.

Heather nods, she knows she right.

HEATHER

Okay, I just want to say goodbye to my Mom before we leave. Can we do that?

Kurt nods warmly and grabs Heather's hand.

KURT

Yeah, of course we can. But we're leaving right after you do.

HEATHER

Fine by me...

Kurt nods...

KURT

Alright...

He takes a RIGHT on the street and continues driving.

EXT. TRAILER PARK - NIGHT

Kurt's Cadillac is parked outside of a TRAILER HOME.

It's more RUN DOWN than most trailers.

INT. HEATHER'S MOTHER'S TRAILER HOME - NIGHT

Heather puts some small MEMENTOS into a duffle bag while

Heather's mother, BARBARA (36) impossibly young to be her mother, is drinking a beer and smoking a cigarette.

BARBARA

I just don't understand it. One day you're here, the next day you're not. It doesn't make any sense to me darlin'.

HEATHER

I don't care if it makes sense, Mom. I have to leave tonight. You know this was coming. I told you, we're moving to Rio.

BARBARA

I thought that was just the name of another strip club down the road or something...

HEATHER

Mom, come on. No you did not...

BARBARA

What on God's-Green-Earth are you gonna do down in Brazil?

HEATHER

I told you, Kurt has a job lined up down there for both of us. We'll be fine. I told you this earlier this week. You just never listen to me.

Heather finishes packing.

Barbara isn't done yet...

BARBARA

You're gonna get raped down there in Brazil is what you're gonna get. Then the Hep-V's gonna follow. I saw it all on Dateline. It happens all the time to women stronger and smarter than you are sweetheart. Don't say I didn't warn you.

Heather shakes her head, can't help but smile.

HEATHER

Alright Mom. You take care of yourself.

Heather goes over and hugs her mother.

BARBARA

Have you told Kurt about that little bundle of joy growing inside of you?

Heather shakes her head.

HEATHER

I was going to surprise him once we got down to Brazil.

Barbara pats her daughter on the forearm lovingly.

BARBARA

Good for you sweetheart. Make sure he's put down a deposit on your house before you let him know that you're preggers. You can't say you learned nothing from your old mama, can you...

HEATHER

Okay. I love you Mom. Be well.

Heather Kisses Barbara on the cheek.

BARBARA

You too sweet cake.

Barbara looks up at her daughter with a sincere look.

BARBARA (CONT'D)

I'm serious about the ass raping though. Watch Kurt's ass too. Lord have mercy on that man's fine behind down there with all those faggots in Rio. The two of you together are an ass rapist's wet-dream.

HEATHER

Jesus Mom!

Heather stands up from their hug.

BARBARA

I'm just saying...

Barbara turns back to the TV and Heather walks to the door of the trailer. She stops before she exits.

Heather looks over at her Mother, emotional.

HEATHER

Goodbye Mom. I love you.

BARBARA

Take care sweet-cake.

Heather nods sadly and walks out of the trailer.

INT. KURT'S COUP DEVILLE - NIGHT

Heather SHUTS the DOOR and Kurt JAM the car IN GEAR.

KURT

You okay?

Heather SHAKES her head, letting those memories go.

HEATHER

Yeah, I'm fine. Can we just...

Heather TURNS ON THE RADIO.

HEATHER (CONT'D)

...listen to some music. I'm stressed the fuck out right now.

KURT

No need to stress baby. We've got our whole lives ahead of us.

HEATHER

I know. Let's just go. Thanks.

Heather TURNS UP THE VOLUME as EDM MUSIC grows to a glorious crescendo inside the car.

A RADIO ANNOUNCER narrates behind music over the next SERIES OF SHOTS - DRIVING DOWN TO MIAMI

A. KURT'S CADILLAC DRIVES DOWN AN OLD COUNTRY ROAD

RADIO ANNOUNCER

(over EDM music)

Good evening all you sinners and winners out there. Thank you for listening to ninety-eight point three, The Dance!

B. KURT'S CADILLAC PULLS ONTO HIGHWAY I95

RADIO ANNOUNCER

(over EDM music)

I've got two, that's right TWO backstage VIP passes for "THE ELECTRONIC DANCE MASSACRE!"

C. KURT'S CAR FLIES PAST A HIGHWAY SIGN "TO MIAMI"

RADIO ANNOUNCER

(over EDM music)

The largest Electronic Dance Music festival in the world! This weekend, March, 23rd in world famous Miami, Florida! Be the ninth caller and win! Don't miss your chance to be backstage with your favorite DJ! "The Electronic Dance Massacre!" Don't miss it!

The Radio Announcer FADES AWAY and the
EDM MUSIC comes on in FULL FORCE.

INT. KURT'S COUP DEVILLE - NIGHT (TRAVELLING)

Kurt drives down highway i95 at night.

The EDM music is still PUMPING STRONG and

HEATHER wears all EIGHT EXPENSIVE WATCHES on her arms.

She bobs her head to the BEAT as she reads her iphone.

They're both grooving to the music and loving life.

KURT

What are you finding out over there?

HEATHER

Well, I think we're both going to be a
whole lot richer than I had thought.

KURT

How rich are we talking?

HEATHER

Maybe three hundred thousand dollars.

Kurt does a double take.

KURT

What? Are you serious?

HEATHER

According to this website, and assuming
they're all authentic that is.

KURT

Holy shit. You've never looked so sexy
before in your whole life.

HEATHER

I have too. Stop it...

Kurt can hardly contain his excitement!

KURT

What are their names? Our little babies?
I want to hear their names baby girl!

Heather smiles slyly at that. Examines each watch.

HEATHER

(baby talk)

Oh, just a few wittle Swiss pwinces we have on our hands here. And they are vewwy vewwy cute. Wet me tell you...

KURT

Tell me their names, baby!

HEATHER

(badly mispronouncing them)

We got a mister Patek Philippe in the house tonight!

KURT

Woot woot!

They're acting foolish and fun. MUSIC DRIVES THE SCENE

HEATHER

(badly mispronouncing some)

Monsieur Breguet is making an appearance this evening! Of course Rolex is in the building, monsieur Hublot and mademoiselle Audemars Piguet are dancing up a storm in the back!

KURT

Holy shit, I don't speak Swiss, but our babies sound pretty fucking sexy to me!

HEATHER

And this one...

Heather admires one WATCH on her arm in particular.

HEATHER (CONT'D)

This one here, I must keep for myself I'm sorry to say. Madame Cartier, you are too beautiful to sell off to the world...

Heather shows Kurt the Cartier Watch.

HEATHER (CONT'D)

What do you think?

KURT

Keep which ever one you want baby. You've earned it.

HEATHER

You are so fucking sexy right now.

KURT

You are! You crazy bitch!

Heather climbs on top of Kurt.

KURT (CONT'D)

Hey, what are you doing? Not that crazy!

HEATHER

No one's out here on this highway right now. Relax.

Heather starts kissing Kurt's necks as he SWERVES!

KURT

Baby. I can't see the road, come on...

Kurt tries to look around her as Heather straddles him.

She holds her WATCH COVERED ARM UP IN THE AIR.

HEATHER

(shouting triumphantly)

We are...the EDM BANDITS!

Kurt finally has to SHOVE HER OFF of him.

Heather falls into her seat just GIGGLES to herself.

Kurt shakes his head.

KURT

You're insane, you know that?

HEATHER

Shh. I'm having a zen moment right now.

Heather puts her finger on her lips, all smiles.

KURT

Let's just try not to crash or get pulled over with an arm full of stolen watches, a bag full of stolen drugs, a murder weapon and a car that hasn't been registered since 2010. You think we can just try to avoid that?

HEATHER

Whatever you say, sugar baby.

Kurt reaches over and runs his hand up Heather's skirt.

KURT

But goddamnit! You are so fucking sexy!

HEATHER

You are!

These two are too much right now.

Kurt PRESSES the PEDAL TO THE METAL

And the MUSIC CARRIES OVER TO

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Kurt's Cadillac SPEEDS down the highway.

The only car on the road as we

FADE TO BLACK:

EXT. MANSION - SUNRISE

NO MORE MUSIC - only BIRDS CHIRPING

CAUTION TAPE has roped off the BURNED DOWN HOUSE

POLICE and FIREMEN are MILLING about in the driveway.

A CORONER rolls Cliff's body on a cart out of the mayhem.

EXT. UPSCALE STREET - SUNRISE

A BLACK LINCOLN CONTINENTAL pulls up outside the Mansion.

The tire rims are immaculate SILVER SPOKES. OLD SCHOOL.

INT. LINCOLN CONTINENTAL - SUNRISE

A hand covered with a SKULL RING puts the car in park.

We finally see that the hand belongs to a man we will know as MAESTRO (40's) AKA Agent Spaulding Phinizy, dressed in a sharp suit and tie. A Government Spook.

Next to him in the passenger seat, a professional looking woman in a pant suit we will know as HOTNESS (30's) AKA Agent Marjorie Smithgall, a short black hair cut and a cat-like sexiness about this woman. She's intense.

Maestro and Hotness look at each other worried.

HOTNESS

Maestro, what the fuck is going on?

MAESTRO
I don't know Hotness. Why don't we go
find out. Goddamnit...

They both get out of the Lincoln angry and annoyed.

Maestro walks up to the CORONER (40) wheeling Cliff's
body out to his van.

CORONER
(thick Southern accent)
Can I help you with something buddy?

Maestro flashes his badge.

MAESTRO
Federal agents, mind if I have a look?

CORONER
Ain't much left to look at...

Maestro smiles and nods as he lifts up the SHEET.

Maestro and Hotness examine the remains under the sheet.

MAESTRO
He's not a wearing his watch.

HOTNESS
He always wore his watch...

Hotness and Maestro look at each other knowingly.

MAESTRO
Oh boy...
(to Coroner)
That'll be all. Thank you.

Maestro and Hotness walk towards the Mansion.

EXT. MANSION - SUNRISE

Maestro and Hotness walk under the CAUTION TAPE and
approach the crime scene.

A small-town BEAT COP puts his hands up to stop them.

BEAT COP
(redneck)
Whoah, whoah, whoah! Stop it for me right
there now. What's your business here?

Maestro and Hotness FLASH badges at the Beat Cop.

MAESTRO

Federal agents. Who's in charge here?

Beat Cop looks at their badges, and suddenly feels embarrassed as hell.

BEAT COP

Oh, I'm awful sorry. That'd be the Sheriff. She's right over there...

MAESTRO

She...

Maestro and Hotness turn to see SHERIFF BRENDA RILEY (38) a physically fit Sheriff in a small town uniform.

Hotness leans into Maestro.

HOTNESS

Impressive calf muscles.

Maestro slides his WAYFARER GLASSES DOWN and smiles.

MAESTRO

You're quite right...

HOTNESS

(calling out to her)

Sheriff! May we have a word with you?

Sheriff Riley looks over confused as to who these two intruders on her crime scene are.

Hotness and Maestro walk up to Sheriff Riley with their badges and their hands out for a shake.

MAESTRO

Sheriff, my name is Agent Maestro, we were sent down her from Atlanta because this man was on our radar as a mass-distributor of narcotics in the South East Region which I am the head of.

Sheriff Riley raises an eye-brow suspiciously as she looks at their badges.

SHERIFF RILEY

Cliff Masterson was a drug dealer?

MAESTRO

Yes Mam, a very good drug dealer. Hence the reason why he was never in jail. Do you have any witnesses, any videos, any leads at all to go on at this point?

Sheriff Riley takes out her note-pad.

SHERIFF RILEY

Yeah, ran his phone records. Seems he called a private dance service around eight PM last night to check in on the status of an appointment.

HOTNESS

He hired a stripper last night?

SHERIFF RILEY

It would appear that way. And we got a guy over at the guard gate into this private neighborhood checking the plates of the comings and goings last night.

Maestro holds his hand out with his card.

MAESTRO

How about we go handle the stripper and you stay in touch about the car with us?

Sheriff Riley takes his card.

SHERIFF RILEY

Okay...I guess so.

HOTNESS

Where did you say she lived?

SHERIFF RILEY

It was over on the other side of Waycross. Happy Homes Trailer Park I think. If you want to start heading that way, I'll just text this phone number when I get her exact address for you.

Maestro and Hotness are satisfied with that.

MAESTRO

Okay. Thank you very much for your help, Sheriff. You're a true American hero.

Maestro's sincerity is laughable.

They shake hands with Sheriff Riley.

SHERIFF RILEY

My pleasure. You guys be careful over there at that trailer park. We still don't know what exactly it is we're dealing with here. Could get dicey...

HOTNESS

Yes it could.

Hotness smiles. Is she flirting? Is she threatening?

MAESTRO

Call me on that number when you find anything out on the car.

Hotness and Maestro turn and walk away.

Sheriff Riley looks down at the card Maestro gave her.

EXT. MIAMI BEACH - SUNRISE

The beach is beautiful and not crowded yet.

BIRD'S EYE VIEW - we drift down on Heather and Kurt.

They lie in the sand looking at each other lovingly.

Heather strokes Kurt's face wearing the CARTIER WATCH.

They are lost in each other's eyes.

HEATHER

What time does the boat leave?

KURT

Seven O'clock Sunday Night. It's a 21 day cruise down to Rio from here in Miami.

HEATHER

So we have 3 days down here to relax and get down to business.

KURT

I ordered these while you were sleeping.

Kurt shows Heather his SMART PHONE with TWO EDM TICKETS.

Heather's eyes grow wide with happiness.

HEATHER

What! The Electronic Dance Massacre? How did you get those? They're sold out.

Heather throws her arms around Kurt, excited.

KURT

I have my ways. Plus after cashing in those time pieces we'll be golden as two mother fuckin' geese.

HEATHER

Laying eggs on the golden gate bridge?

KURT

While watching the golden girls with our mother fuckin' golden retriever...

These two have a way of getting carried away...

HEATHER

I talked to a high-end Pawn Shop over in Mid-Town. Guy said he deals only in luxury items. Our watches fit the bill...

KURT

Does he have good reviews on Yelp?

HEATHER

Four stars. Best fence in town.

Heather smiles as Kurt sits up and looks around.

KURT

I'm down to get these watches off of our hands as soon as physically possible.

Heather sits up and joins Kurt.

They look out over the beautiful beach.

HEATHER

Me too. Store opens at nine. What did you decide we do about the drugs?

Kurt has been thinking about this for a while.

KURT

Well, I counted 5000 pills in each of those plastic bags, and there are ten plastic bags in that duffle.

HEATHER

So fifty thousand Pills.

KURT

At twenty bucks a pop...that's a million bucks. Pretty serious dough...

Kurt looks at Heather to gauge her appetite for this.

HEATHER

You think we can sell fifty thousand pills in the next three days?

KURT

Well. We are in Miami during the largest EDM Festival in the world.

Heather nods her head and rests it on Kurt's arm.

HEATHER

I don't know sugar baby. Why don't we just see how much we can get for those watches at the pawn shop and play it by ear from there. It's a serious risk.

KURT

I can live with that, but this is money that could set us up for life. We got to listen when God gives us a gift like this. He's saying...Heather and Kurt, I want you two to sell all these drugs to my little children. Because I love them.

Heather shakes her head at her ridiculous boyfriend.

HEATHER

Okay. We'll see. I'll think about it...

KURT

You do that...

Kurt gets up from the sand and offers his hands to her.

HEATHER

Aw...such a gentleman.

Heather goes to grab his hands but he PULLS THEM AWAY.

KURT

But first...I want you tell me what the second thing you learned as a stripper that you put to use in the real world?

Heather looks coyly at him.

HEATHER

Help me up first and then I'll tell you.

Kurt grabs her arms and LIFTS HER over his shoulder!

HEATHER (CONT'D)

(playfully)

Hey stop! Put me down.

She FLAILS HER LEGS and he SPANKS HER ASS.

KURT

Not until you tell me what the second thing is! You're mine wench!

Kurt JOGS away with her over his shoulder.

HEATHER

Put me down! Goddamnit Kurt! Seriously...

KURT

As soon as you tell me, you're down!

Kurt chuckles to himself as he carries her off the beach.

EXT. TRAILER PARK - MORNING

Heather's Trailer Home from the night before.

Maestro's Lincoln Continental pulls up outside of it.

Maestro and Hotness get out of the Lincoln ominously.

They check their surroundings. Making sure nobody sees.

They walk right up to the front door of the Trailer Home.

INT. HEATHER'S MOTHER'S TRAILER HOME - MORNING

Barbara is SMOKING a JOINT and dancing to COUNTRY MUSIC.

She cooks a "Mickey Mouse Ears" pancake on a hot plate.

She grooves to the music, in a happy state until...

KNOCK! KNOCK! KNOCK!

Barbara snaps her attention towards her door. Worried.

BARBARA

Who is it?

MAESTRO (O.S.)

(announcing himself)

Federal Agents, Mam. Is Heather Henderson at home?

Barbara looks shocked, terrified.

She puts the JOINT out and FANS the air.

BARBARA

No she isn't and neither is anyone else.

MAESTRO

Mam, we can hear you in there!

Barbara looks busted and defeated.

BARBARA

(under her breath)

Shit...

Barbara SPRAYS an AIR FRESHENER. Looks for an escape.

HOTNESS (O.S.)

If you don't open up, we'll be forced to
kick in the door. Don't make us do that.

BARBARA

No! No! Don't worry. I'm opening it! Just
a second.

Barbara takes her apron off and straightens her look.

She puts some EYE-DROPS in her eyes and goes to the door.

BARBARA (CONT'D)

Here I come. Hold your horses...

Barbara OPENS THE DOOR to Maestro and Hotness.

MAESTRO

Misses Henderson, correct?

Barbara looks at both of them suspiciously.

BARBARA

I might be. Who's asking?

MAESTRO

Federal Agents Mam. DEA.

Maestro shows her his badge and SNIFFS THE AIR.

MAESTRO (CONT'D)

Smells great in here. Mind if we come in?

BARBARA

Not if you don't have a warrant assholes.

HOTNESS

Probable cause Misses Henderson. We could
smell the weed from a mile away.

Maestro and Hotness force their way into her Home.

BARBARA

What weed? What's this all about?

HOTNESS

When is the last time you saw your daughter, Heather Henderson?

BARBARA

Oh I don't know. I haven't seen her in a few years. We don't talk anymore.

Maestro walks right up to the JOINT in the ash tray and picks it up and takes a HUGE WHIFF of it. CREEPY.

HOTNESS

Funny, the Park Manager told us that she still lived here and that he saw you two talking in here when he walked his dog last night. We already got the make, model, and plate number of that car she was in, so it's only a matter of time before we know who she was with. It would be better if you just spilled the beans.

Maestro turns around to Barbara holding the JOINT between his fingers with a DISGUSTED look on his face.

MAESTRO

What the fuck is this filth?

BARBARA

That's just for medicinal purposes...

Maestro CRUSHES THE JOINT in his hand.

BARBARA (CONT'D)

No, you don't have to do...

But the JOINT CRUMBS SPRINKLE onto the floor.

Barbara SIGHS and puts her hand on her hip, annoyed.

BARBARA (CONT'D)

What the hell is this about?

Maestro smiles and picks up a KNIFE off the counter.

He PUTS it on the HOT PLATE where the PANCAKE is BURNING.

He approaches Barbara slow and menacingly.

MAESTRO

We know you spoke to your daughter last night around eleven thirty PM.

(MORE)

MAESTRO (CONT'D)

What we need you to tell us, is where she was going. Who she was with. And anything else you might think is important.

Maestro makes a WIPING HIS HANDS motion.

MAESTRO (CONT'D)

Do that, and you got a clean slate. We get out of your hair. Forget about this
(re: the joint)
...disgusting little habit of yours.

Maestro gets up in Barbara's face, terrifyingly serious.

MAESTRO (CONT'D)

Now, what's it gonna be?

Barbara looks anxious.

BARBARA

I already told you. I haven't seen my daughter in a few yea...

SMACK!

Before the words leave her mouth, Maestro CONNECTS a SLAP

Barbara grabs her face, shocked.

Hotness GRABS onto Barbara's ARMS and restrains her.

BARBARA (CONT'D)

What kind of crooked cops are you that you hit a woman? You're not DEA!

Barbara STRUGGLES against Hotness to no avail.

MAESTRO

Oh but we are, misses Henderson. DEA agents who regard drugs and those who take them as the most vile parasites our modern society has to put up with in our terribly depressing modern world.

Hotness holds Barbara's wrists with one hand and reaches around and

PRIES BARBARA'S EYES OPEN with her other hand.

Maestro picks up the RED HOT KNIFE from the hot plate.

BARBARA

(screaming)

Stop it! What are you doing!

Maestro brings the RED HOT KNIFE near Barbara's eye.

MAESTRO

See no evil, speak no evil...

The RED HOT KNIFE gets within inches of her eye.

BARBARA

Stop! Stop! Okay! I was with my daughter last night. Jesus Christ! She left with her boyfriend. Said she was driving up to Atlanta! Some new Strip Club! Please!

Maestro stops a centimeter from her eye. Considers this.

Barbara BREATHEES DEEP, freaking out.

MAESTRO

Atlanta?

HOTNESS

You must be so proud.

BARBARA

Fuck you cunt!

Hotness PRIES HER EYES BACK HARD and Barbara SCREAMS!

MAESTRO

Enough!

Hotness stops. She and Maestro share an annoyed GLANCE.

MAESTRO (CONT'D)

What about this boyfriend? We saw his car and plates on the security footage so it's only a matter of time. What was his name. We're going to find out anyway.

Barbara CATCHES HER BREATH.

BARBARA

You really want to know his name?

MAESTRO

Yes I do.

BARBARA

(quietly)

Come closer. I'm out of breath. All that weed I've been smoking I guess...

Maestro squints at her skeptically, but leans closer.

BARBARA (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
His name...was FUCK YOU!

Barbara BITES MAESTRO'S EAR and TEARS a PIECE OFF!
He YELLS and STABS Barbara in the chest as he falls back.
He holds onto his BLEEDING EAR as he THRASHES AROUND.
Hotness lets Barbara go and she falls to her knees.
The KNIFE STICKS out of her heart, but she's smiling.

BARBARA (CONT'D)
(dying breath)
Fuck the police...

Barbara falls face down onto the floor and dyes.
Maestro FLAILS to his feet and grabs a RAG for his ear.

MAESTRO
(freaking out)
You stupid bitch!

HOTNESS
Honey are you alright!

Hotness approaches Maestro to try to help him out.

MAESTRO
Don't touch it! Don't call me honey!
YEUCK!

Maestro looks around at how FILTHY her TRAILER HOME IS.

MAESTRO (CONT'D)
Get me out of here!

Hotness puts her arms out, placating him.

HOTNESS
You need to chill. We just killed an
unarmed civilian. Okay?

MAESTRO
A drug user! A fucking junkie! Don't you
call her a civilian!

Hotness nods in acceptance, trying to calm him down.

HOTNESS

You're right. I'm sorry. We need to just put her in our trunk. And get the hell out of this trailer park. Right now.

Maestro nods, tries to center himself in this place.

MAESTRO

Okay.

Maestro's PHONE RINGS. He looks at it.

MAESTRO (CONT'D)

It's regional.

HOTNESS

Answer it.

MAESTRO

Agent...
(quietly)
Phinizy.

Hotness rolls her eyes as Maestro listens to the call.

MAESTRO (CONT'D)

Miami? How long ago?

Maestro and Hotness share a glance.

MAESTRO (CONT'D)

Alright. We're on it. I've got a team in place down there to intercept them.

Maestro hangs up the phone.

HOTNESS

They made it all the way to Miami?

MAESTRO

Atlanta my ass. Fucking cunt!

Maestro KICKS Barbara's dead body.

HOTNESS

Kind of did our job for us, though didn't they? And you've got to admire this woman's...

Maestro SHOOTS her an evil glance and Hotness stops.

HOTNESS (CONT'D)

Fuck it. I'll back the car up and go deal with the Park Manager. You wrap her up in a blanket and put her in the trunk.

Maestro nods. An ANGRY LOOKS on his face.

MAESTRO

Yeah. Be quick about it.

Maestro SQUIRTS a ton of HAND SANITIZER into his hands.

He rubs his hands together, disgusted by this place.

Finally he puts the SANITIZER on his EAR and GRIMACES.

Hotness exits the Trailer Home.

Maestro dials a number on his phone with determination.

MAESTRO (CONT'D)

(into phone)

Savage. It's Maestro. You're looking for a Cream Colored Cadillac Coup De Ville with a jock behind the wheel and a stripper in the pass seat. Scour the fucking city for that vehicle.

(listens)

I don't care! We've got forty eight hours before that concert. Get moving!

EXT. BILL CARROWAY'S HOUSE - DAY

SUPER: "Two Days Later"

A classic MUSTANG CONVERTIBLE sits in the driveway of this nice home as BILL CARROWAY (65) a happy looking man with an overgrown beard, WASHES his car.

In his front yard, his granddaughter ANGELA (10) frolics in her BATHING SUIT.

Bill is focussed on cleaning every corner of this car as

ANGELA - sneaks up behind him with a bucket of water...

She gets within range and SPLASH tosses the water on him!

Bill turns around SOAKING and shocked.

BILL CARROWAY

Oh no you didn't...

Angela GIGGLES and runs away.

ANGELA

Yes I did...

Bill SQUIRTS her with his HOSE and she GIGGLES and SCREAMS! Stop Granddaddy!

Bill chases her as best he can, SPRAYING her as she runs.

It's a happy, joyful setting.

But that's all about to be interrupted by

A BLACK SUV - pulls up outside of Bill's house.

Bill clearly recognizes this car.

It sobers him up as he plays with Angela.

BILL CARROWAY

Hang on just a second Angela.

Angela giggles and looks up at the car.

ANGELA

What is it.

BILL CARROWAY

Old friend of Granddads. Just a sec.

Bill WIPES his hands and approaches the BLACK S.U.V. as

GEORGE ATRIO (55) balding and wearing a suit, gets out of the truck anxiously carrying a briefcase.

He walks up to Bill aggressively.

GEORGE

Did you disconnect your phone line or something?

BILL CARROWAY

I've been hanging out with my granddaughter.

GEORGE

Have you been watching the news this morning?

BILL CARROWAY

Her parents don't like her watching TV. I've been assigned her for the weekend. How are you George?

GEORGE

Bill, I don't have time for pleasantries.
I need you to dry off and join me inside.
Right now.

The look on George's face seems to frighten Bill.

BILL CARROWAY

Well alright. Just give me a second.

Bill looks back at his daughter in the grass.

BILL CARROWAY (CONT'D)

(CONT'D)

Angela. Want to get dry and go upstairs
while your Granddad and his old friend
talk for a few minutes.

ANGELA

Sure Papi! Don't take too long!

BILL CARROWAY

I'm sure we won't...

Bill glares at George.

BILL CARROWAY (CONT'D)

It is Saturday after all. And I am
retired...

Bill GLARES at George.

GEORGE

Just get cleaned up. I've got something
you need to take a look at.

George and Bill walk inside his home.

INT. BILL CARROWAY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Bill dries off his hair and sits down at his kitchen
table with George as George OPENS HIS BRIEFCASE.

He hands Bill some Medical Records, and a DENTAL X-RAY.

GEORGE

Three nights ago a house burned down in
Waycross, Georgia with the owner left
inside sporting a gunshot wound to the
head from the barrel of a .357 Magnum.

Bill puts on his glasses and looks at the RECORDS.

BILL CARROWAY

Jesus.

GEORGE

This guy was living under the false identity of Cliff Masterson. His dental records matched those of a Peter Umarov. A name I think you're very familiar with...even in retirement.

The mention of that name drops Bill's face.

BILL CARROWAY

How the hell did he get into the country?

GEORGE

From what we can tell, he had extensive plastic surgery, serious identification documents. Russian or Iranian, not an amateur job.

BILL CARROWAY

How does this come across your desk?

GEORGE

I have a flag system for certain names. Peter Umarov is certainly one of them.

George takes out another picture and slides it to Bill.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Then this shows up this morning.

A PICTURE OF - KURT'S CADILLAC - BURNT BLACK on a STREET

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Plates are from Waycross, Georgia.

BILL CARROWAY

Three-fifty-seven-magnum in the dash?

GEORGE

We didn't get that lucky. There's a lot worse things than a burnt out car.

George slides Bill a small dossier of PHOTOGRAPHS.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Take a look at these. What do you think?

Bill opens the folder to HIGHLY DISTURBING PHOTOGRAPHS

FLASHES OF

BLOODY MURDERS -

MANGLED BODIES -

BLOOD STAINED SHEETS -

HANGING VICTIMS -

REAL PSYCHOTIC SHIT -

BILL - is taken back by the gruesome photos.

BILL CARROWAY

Oh boy.

GEORGE

Those started popping up all over the city last night. Twenty eight hotel rooms and six nightclubs.

Bill looks at the

HORRIBLE PICTURES OF MAYHEM

NIGHTCLUBS - TORN APART

Bill turns to a PHOTOGRAPH OF

A HOTEL ROOM - A TERRIBLE MURDER took place here.

FLASH TO - MATCH CUT OF THE PHOTO -

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

THE SAME HOTEL ROOM only ALIVE with happy PARTY PEOPLE.

HEATHER AND KURT are talking to a RAVE BOY (18) backwards cap, negotiating to sell them drugs.

We can only assume this was the night before...

HEATHER

It's two hundred for ten.

RAVE BOY

I got thirty four people from my party, and another twenty seven from my buddies I need to take care of.

Kurt and Heather look at each other confused.

KURT

So that's like two grand, and we'll give you a hundred then. Yeah?

Rave Boy nods and smiles, he doesn't know where he is.

RAVE BOY

Yeah yo. That sounds chill bra.

Rave Boy turns back to his FRIENDS.

They all pitch in some cash and count it up.

Rave Boy presents Kurt the cash and Heather presents Rave Boy with a BAG OF DRUGS.

RAVE BOY (CONT'D)

Thanks Dog. Shit is bomb right?

HEATHER

It's amazing.

KURT

Ridiculous bro. It'll light you up.

Heather hands Rave Boy a HOTEL CARD with HER NUMBER.

HEATHER

Tell your friends. Happy trails...

RAVE BOY

Straight. Much appreesh.

Rave Boy and Kurt do an awkward hand shake.

Rave Boy goes in for a HUG WITH HEATHER -

HEATHER

Okay...

Heather turns away, leaving him hugging the air.

HEATHER (CONT'D)

Come on sugar baby.

Heather puts her arm around Kurt and they walk out.

A PARTY PERSON examines the drugs.

PARTY PERSON

Dude they gave you like five hundred pills here for two grand.

Rave Boy looks excited by this and examines himself.

RAVE BOY
Are you serious.

As Heather and Kurt walk out Kurt GLARES AT HEATHER.

KURT
What's that all about?

HEATHER
Paying it forward. We've only got...

Heather looks at her CARITER WATCH.

HEATHER (CONT'D)
Thirty four more hours here...

KURT
Whatever...

They exit and the HOTEL ROOM - TURNS BACK TO MURDER
FLASH

INT. BILL CARROWAY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Bill thumbs through more gruesome photos onto PHOTO #2.

BILL CARROWAY
You said twenty four of these popped up?

GEORGE
Twenty eight.

Bill shakes his head.

BILL CARROWAY
All of 'em like this?

GEORGE
Pretty much. All self-contained murder suicides presumably. No sign of breaking and entering, no theft. College kids mostly. No priors. All of 'em in town for Spring Break and this Electronic Dance Massacre that's going on this weekend.

BILL CARROWAY
Electronic Dance Massacre. What is that?

GEORGE
It's the largest dance music festival in the world.

(MORE)

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Three hundred thousand young people have invaded our city for this thing, but you'd never notice it from your neighborhood, I'll tell you that.

George tosses a dime bag with two of the same BLUE PILLS that Heather and Kurt have been selling.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

These were found at two separate crime scenes. Same markings, same color.

BILL CARROWAY

Ecstasy?

George shakes his head.

GEORGE

No. Well...twenty percent MDMA. The other ingredients will take my guys three more days to piece together. And then it will be too late.

Bill looks up at George with fear in his eyes.

BILL CARROWAY

And you think this has something to do with what we both saw down in Panama back in '86? That's why you're here?

George nods.

GEORGE

That's why I came to you first. You're the only who knows how to contain these outbreaks.

Bill gets up from his seat and grabs the BLUE PILLS.

BILL CARROWAY

First let's just see if this is the same kind of animal we saw down there.

GEORGE

We already know it's the same terrorist. But he's had thirty years to perfect his recipe. It could be worse...

Bill goes over to the corner of his kitchen where there's a MOUSE CAGE with THREE beautiful MICE inside.

Bill reaches in and GRABS ONE.

BILL CARROWAY
I'm sorry Freddy. You're life has meant
the world to me, your death is a noble
one my old friend.

GEORGE
Freddy?

BILL CARROWAY
Stay out of this George.

Bill is serious with his mice. He pets Freddy's head.

Bill BREAKS the BLUE PILL IN HALF and wraps it in a SWISS
CHEESE SLICE.

He opens his OVEN, tosses the cheese and the MOUSE in.

George gets up and Bill TURNS ON THE OVEN LIGHT.

INSIDE THE OVEN -

The Mouse Eats the cheese/half pill.

Bill starts a STOP CLOCK on his WATCH.

BILL CARROWAY (CONT'D)
When does this concert start today?

GEORGE
Two hours.

BILL CARROWAY
Call it off now. That's the least you can
do until we figure out what we're dealing
with here.

GEORGE
You think I haven't already tried that? I
have a direct orders from the mayor not
to interfere with this music festival.
"Too Much Money" he said. The asshole.

BILL CARROWAY
You're the chief of police, you can stop
this thing before it gets worse.

GEORGE
It's too late Bill. I've tried
everything. Why do you think I'm here?

ANGELA enters the kitchen.

ANGELA
Too late for what?

BILL AND GEORGE look away from the Mouse and at Angela.

BILL CARROWAY
It's nothing sweetheart. We're just
trying to figure out a little problem
your granddad's old friend is having.

INSIDE THE OVEN -

THE MOUSE starts TWITCHING and ACTING ERRATICALLY

ANGELA (O.S.)
What kind of little problem Papi?

The Mouse CHARGES THE OVEN WINDOW and

SPLINTERS THE GLASS!

STARTLING EVERYBODY

GEORGE
Jesus Christ.

George and Bill look into the oven and Angela walks up.

CRACK! The MOUSE SLAMS into the OVEN GLASS again.

THE ALL - look on in horror as the mouse takes one more

CHARGE!

SPLATTERS IT'S BRAINS on the GLASS, killing itself.

ANGELA - a single tear forms in her innocent eye.

ANGELA
Was that Freddy?

Bill holds his Granddaughter warmly and comforts her.

BILL CARROWAY
Shh, shh. It's okay sweetheart. He
sacrificed himself for a greater good. He
had prepared his whole life to help save
humanity from that which threatens us.
Today, we face a grave threat of biblical
proportions.

Bill and George look at each other knowingly.

GEORGE

Jesus, it's the same stuff, it will be Panama all over again.

Bill looks down at his STOP WATCH.

BILL CARROWAY

Nope, in '86 it took three full hours to take a hold of victims. Factoring the BPM's and body weight of that mouse versus that of a grown adult, we're talking fifteen to twenty minutes max.

GEORGE

Shit...

BILL CARROWAY

We have to shut this festival down and get everyone evacuated. If you can't do it as the Chief Police, then we do it together. As terrorists.

ANGELA

What on Earth are you guys talking about? Did you take your meds this morning Grandpa?

BILL CARROWAY

Yes I took my meds! Now go upstairs and put on some clothes and running shoes.

ANGELA

Why?

BILL CARROWAY

Just do it. George and I need to talk have an adult talk. You have exactly two minutes to be dressed in clothes and shoes that you can run fast in.

Angela nods.

ANGELA

Okay.

BILL CARROWAY

Get going.

Angela runs out of the room, leaving George and Bill.

GEORGE

So what's your plan, Doctor?

BILL CARROWAY

We're going to blow up the festival.

GEORGE

What the hell are you talking about?

BILL CARROWAY

They won't take this threat seriously, but they will take a bomb threat seriously. We fly a drone over the concert field and you call in the threat to promoters to confirm the shut down.

George considers this.

GEORGE

It could work. Where the hell are you going to get a drone?

Bill looks almost insulted by this questions

BILL CARROWAY

Please. How well do you know me? I bought the best one right when it first came out. I'm always up on the new shit.

George MOUTHES "New Shit?"

Angela comes running into the room dressed to run.

George and Bill look down at her as she enters.

BILL CARROWAY (CONT'D)

George, you're driving. Angela follow George to his car sweetheart. I'm going to get my drone.

ANGELA

Where are we going Granddad?

Bill and George look at each other, then down at Angela.

BILL CARROWAY

We're going to save the city. Now let's go! We're running out of time...

They all March out of the Kitchen with a purpose.

EXT. MUSIC FESTIVAL - DAY

The Music Festival KICKS OFF with a bang.

DANCERS and RAVERS move to the MUSIC. Having a ball.

EDM is PUMPING.

SWEAT is dripping.

Shoes are STOMPING.

Someone starts LAUGHING WILDLY off screen.

A HIGH-PITCHED SCREAM draws attention of various RAVERS

The sound of INSANE LAUGHTER and SCREAMING can be heard!

PEOPLE in the crowd look worried at the

GROWING CACOPHONY of chaos SOUNDING OFF around them.

EXT. DOWNTOWN CASTLE - ESTABLISHING

A CASTLE STRUCTURE with twenty-foot walls stands in what is otherwise an INDUSTRIAL and DESERTED STREET in MIAMI.

EXT. CASTLE ALLEYWAY - DAY

An old RABBIT CONVERTIBLE, in terrible BEAT UP CONDITION, sits in the alleyway with it's ENGINE ON, idling.

We see that Heather and Kurt are inside, looking at the building structure with some extreme skepticism.

INT. RABBIT CONVERTIBLE - CONTINUOUS

Kurt LIGHTS a cigarette next to Heather as she FIDDLES with something inside the DUFFLE BAG OF DRUGS.

She looks over and rolls her eyes at Kurt's Cigarette.

HEATHER

I thought you said you were quitting?

KURT

I said I would when we get to Rio. This Castle makes me fucking nervous.

Heather and Kurt both stare out the window at the

CREEPY CASTLE STRUCTURE -

HEATHER

Yeah, it's creepy I agree...

Heather continues fiddling in the bag.

HEATHER (CONT'D)

...but this guy is purchasing seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars worth of illegal narcotics from us. He's not exactly your run-of-the-mill kind of guy.

Kurt looks to agree. He looks at Heather's FIDDLING.

KURT

What are you doing over there?

HEATHER

Know how I made you stop to buy that play-dough and the science kit back at Toys for Tweens?

Kurt rolls his eyes and nods.

KURT

How could I forget?

HEATHER

It's because I wanted to make this.

Heather shows Kurt what she's been fiddling with.

TWO BRICKS of white PLAY-DOUGH stuck together with wires are PLUGGED INTO A CELL PHONE in the middle of them.

It's a sophisticated C4 BOMB if you don't look too hard.

KURT

Impressive. If we need to have an imaginary explosion over in the sand box by the jungle gym I know who to call.

HEATHER

You never like any of my ideas.

KURT

I do too, but that thing is just...

HEATHER

This is our insurance policy sugar baby. Just let mommy do the talking in there.

Kurt rocks back and forth, readying himself.

KURT

Okay Mommy. Let's fucking do this.

Heather puts the "BOMB" back in the duffle bag.

She goes to open her door but KURT STOPS HER.

KURT (CONT'D)

Wait just a second. There's something you need to tell me before we go back in there. It's been on my mind for a while.

Heather BATS her LASHES innocently at Kurt. Doe Eyes.

KURT (CONT'D)

What was the second thing that you learned as a Stripper that's useful to you out here in the real world? You need to tell me what the fuck it is.

Heather smiles winks at Kurt.

She leans in close and LICKS his ear.

HEATHER

The things I'm gonna do to you when we get to Rio sugar baby. It's gonna hurt you because it feels so good...

Heather uses the distraction as an opportunity to open her door and exit the vehicle.

KURT

Hey! Wait a second!

Kurt opens his door and gets out after her.

KURT (CONT'D)

Heather. Wait!

Heather SKIPS quickly and Kurt starts RUNNING towards

EXT. DOWNTOWN CASTLE - BACK DOOR - DAY

CATS crawl everywhere around A HUGE WOODEN DOOR.

Heather skips up to the door and KNOCKS on it TWICE.

As Kurt catches up to her.

KURT

What's the second thing goddamnit!

HEATHER

We don't have time for all that right now sugar baby.

KURT

Heather! You need to tell me what the...

A PEEPHOLE SLIDES open on the door.

A pair of eyes peer out at them through the peephole.

EYES

(proper)

How may I help you two?

HEATHER

We have a package delivery for a Mister Maestro. I spoke with Hotness about the details of our package.

They EYES glance back and forth at both of them, then

THE PEEPHOLE - SLIDES SHUT

Heather and Kurt look at each other and shrug, "WTF"

The door finally CREAKS OPEN -

LEADING INTO A BLACK VOID INSIDE -

EYES, a man in a TUXEDO and a BALL MASK ushers them in.

EYES

Welcome. We've been expecting you.

Heather and Kurt look at each other fearfully as they enter into the dark hallway inside.

HEATHER

Alright then.

KURT

I'm right behind you baby girl.

They walks cautiously into

INT. DOWNTOWN CASTLE - KITCHEN - DAY

EYES leads Heather and Kurt into an industrial kitchen.

MAESTRO and HOTNESS sit at the table with TWO HENCHMAN behind them wearing impeccably tailored SUITS.

On the left behind Hotness, is SAVAGE (35) a short, body-builder type with NECK TATTOOS and a SHAVED HEAD. On the right, behind Maestro is HANDSOME (38) a tall and lanky "Patrick Bateman" type who looks like he came from a North Eastern Prep School and works at Goldman Sachs.

Maestro smiles wide at Heather and Kurt as they enter.

MAESTRO

Greetings travelers. Welcome to my humble castle. What do you think of it so far?

Kurt and Heather looks around at their audience uneasily.

HEATHER

I like what you've done with the place.

MAESTRO

Thanks. You know this castle has a long history by Miami standards. It was built in 1978 by a Haitian Drug King-Pin named Louis Lafayette. Probably eight, nine-hundred kilos of uncut Cocaine would move through these walls per month guarded by up to twenty men. But those were different times. Our business here today is MDMA is it not? Ecstasy Pills?

HEATHER

That's correct.

Heather sets the BAG of DRUGS down gently on the table.

An ELECTRONIC SCALE, a TEST TUBE, a BUNSEN BURNER and a sophisticated looking MACHINE sit on the table.

MAESTRO

(re: the instruments)

Wonderful. We have here our instruments for testing the purity of your product. If we are sufficiently satisfied with the tests than we have a fair exchange. Yes?

Heather and Kurt nod in agreement.

HEATHER

Yes.

MAESTRO

Fantastic. Then I will be grabbing a pill at random from within your bag here.

Maestro starts UNZIPPING the DUFFLE BAG.

Heather and Kurt both look at each other nervously.

HEATHER

There's something you should know before you go digging in there carelessly.

Maestro stops and looks up at Heather curiously.

MAESTRO

And what's that?

Heather holds up her cell phone with her thumb on "SEND"

HEATHER

One wrong move from any of your men, one single dollar less than what we agreed to on the phone for the entire batch, and I press send on this cell phone and send this castle and everyone in it, sky...mother-fuckin-high. Understood?

Maestro takes a DEEP BREATH and examines the "Bomb."

MAESTRO

I see you've thought this through.

HEATHER

It's stable, but a text from me and BOOM.

Maestro takes that in as he reaches in for a BLUE PILL.

HEATHER (CONT'D)

We don't like to take chances with three quarters of a million dollars.

Maestro comes out holding one of the Blue Pills.

MAESTRO

I can't say I blame you.

(turns around)

Savage, Handsome, Ruthless, Larry, Hotness, goggles everyone.

Everyone puts on PROTECTIVE GOGGLES.

MAESTRO (CONT'D)

You two might want to take a few steps back to protect your eyes...

Maestro weighs the Blue Pill on a SCALE and then DIPS it into some kind of a SOLUTION.

Hotness STRIKES the BUNSEN BURNER - A BLUE FLAME BURNS

MAESTRO (CONT'D)

Where did you come across such a large quantity of these specific drugs, if you don't mind my asking?

KURT

New York City.

Maestro holds the PILL over the BLUE FLAME for a MOMENT.

He pulls it away from the FLAME and drops it in the MACHINE'S bay and closes the bay door.

MAESTRO

New York City, huh? You two don't sound much like you're from New York to me. More like Georgia...

Kurt and Heather look at each other "How does he know?"

Maestro squints skeptically as he PRESSES A BUTTON on the Machine and a RED LIGHT COMES ON.

HEATHER

We're not from either. We were in New York on business.

MAESTRO

I see. And have you sampled the merchandise personally?

HEATHER

Of course we have.

MAESTRO

Oh really? My, my...brave of you.

Maestro looks back at his men, mocking Heather and Kurt.

They all smile at one another and Heather and Kurt.

MAESTRO (CONT'D)

Tell me. What was it like? The high? Did it make your toes curl up and your eyes roll into the back of your head?

Maestro is really acting creepy now.

Kurt and Heather are growing more and more uncomfortable.

KURT

It was great buddy. What does your little machine say about the drugs? We don't have all day to stand here with you guys.

MAESTRO

Almost...there...mister impatient.

The MACHINE BEEPS and Maestro takes in the reading.

Heather and Kurt look at each other nervously.

Maestro shows Hotness and his men the RESULTS.

HEATHER

What does it say?

MAESTRO

It says, you're our big winners tonight.
Ding Ding Ding! Hotness, please, show
them what they've won!

Hotness slides them a GYM BAG full of CASH.

MAESTRO (CONT'D)

That's seven hundred and fifty thousand
dollars. Put it in your bag with your
bomb and get the hell out of my castle.

HEATHER

The bomb stays here until we're clear of
this building. After that, you're free to
do with it what you will. It's not my
intention to kill any of you today, so
you have my word that once we drive away
I will disarm the bomb and you can
dispose of it where you wish. It's just
an insurance policy for our safety.

Maestro motions with his arms for their exit.

MAESTRO

Nice doing business with you folks. Eyes.
Show them out please.

Eyes nods subserviently and ushers Heather and Kurt out.

The table of creeps watch them go the whole way.

As soon as they are gone, Hotness turns to Maestro.

HOTNESS

Clever little girl.

MAESTRO

Not that clever, they didn't even know
what it was they were selling.

HOTNESS

They did a pretty good job in forty eight
hours.

MAESTRO

That they did, and as a result, as soon as they pull out on that main street all mayhem is already going to be breaking loose. They'll be torn limb for limb before too much longer.

HOTNESS

When does the chopper get here?

Maestro looks at his watch.

MAESTRO

Three more hours, just after dark.

Maestro turns around to the Men.

MAESTRO (CONT'D)

Batten down the hatches boys. It's about to get weird out there in those streets.

HOTNESS

No gun shots unless absolutely necessary. The sound drives these things wild. The crossbows are located in the armory.

Everyone nods and exits the kitchen to their positions.

EXT. CASTLE ALLEYWAY - DAY

Kurt and Heather walks away from the BACK DOOR as

EYES - WATCHES THEM - BEFORE SLAMMING THE BACK DOOR SHUT

Heather throws the bag of money into the back seat of their RABBIT CONVERTIBLE and they both GET IN.

Kurt REVS the engine and they SPEED AWAY down the alley.

INT. RABBIT CONVERTIBLE - DAY (TRAVELLING)

Kurt is driving down a back street in a DANGEROUS looking neighborhood in Miami's WYNWOOD - COVERED IN GRAFFITI.

Heather counts the money in the bag as Kurt drives.

KURT

Are you still psyched to go to this festival baby girl?

HEATHER

We're motherfucking rich sugar baby! I'm
psyched about that! Holy shit!

Heather rubs the money all over her face.

KURT

Hell yeah...we are...

KURT (CONT'D)

THE EDM BANDITS!

HEATHER

THE EDM BANDITS!

Heather is LAUGHING wildly, counting the money.

HEATHER (CONT'D)

Wait a second, what the fuck is this?

BLAM!

BLUE INK SPLATTERS all over the interior of the car.

THE WINDSHIELD is COMPLETELY COVERED in BLUE INK!

Kurt swerves the wheel wildly because he can't see!

They HIT SOMETHING and Heather SCREAMS as they SWERVE.

EXT. INDUSTRIAL STREET - DAY

The Rabbit Convertible swerves out of control as they HIT
A HOMELESS MAN and CRASH into a TELEPHONE POLE!

STEAM POURS OUT of the RADIATOR of the RABBIT's ENGINE.

INT. RABBIT CONVERTIBLE - CONTINUOUS

Both Kurt and Heather are covered in the Blue Ink and in
a state of shock and minor injury.

KURT

You okay baby girl?

HEATHER

I think so...

They look at each other to make sure.

They're shaken up, but not injured.

HEATHER (CONT'D)

They fucked us!

KURT
Sons-of-bitches! Goddamnit!

Kurt SMASHES the WHEEL with his fist.

HEATHER
We hit something first. What was it?

KURT
I don't know.

They both look worried.

Kurt OPENS the DOOR and gets out of the car.

EXT. INDUSTRIAL STREET - CONTINUOUS

Kurt goes to look at the damage to the car while Heather gets out and walks to the trunk of the car and looks out in horror at what lies in the street behind the car!

HEATHER
Kurt, goddamnit! You hit somebody!

Kurt looks back from the front of the car damage to

A HOMELESS GUY (30's), crawling on the ASPHALT in PAIN after being hit by their car.

KURT
Go see if he's okay.

Heather shakes her head, knows he's not okay.

She approaches the Homeless Guy as he struggles.

HEATHER
Sir, stop moving! You're badly hurt. Just lie down. I'm calling an ambulance.

Heather gets out her cell phone and DIALS.

KURT
Our car is fucked! We're going to have go on foot baby girl! I'mn grabbing what's left of our money and then let's just get the fuck out of here.

As Heather waits for 911 to pick up, she notices that the Homeless Man is LAUGHING insanely even though he's hurt.

She's heard this kind of laughter before...

Heather puts down the phone and walks closer to the Man.

She sees that both of Homeless Man's LEGS ARE BROKEN.
COMPOUND FRACTURES with BONES STICKING OUT.

HEATHER

Jesus...

He WOBBLES uneasily and LAUGHS as he tries to stand up despite the impossible amount of pain he must be in.

HEATHER (CONT'D)

(to herself)

That's impossible...

(to Homeless Man)

Dude! Lie the fuck down!

Homeless Man turns to Heather with CRAZY EYES, SMILING.

HOMELESS MAN

You think I'll still be able to dance?

Homeless Man LAUGHS insanely and then SCREAMS at Heather.

He GNASHES his teeth, GROWLING and then LAUGHS wildly.

HEATHER

Fuck this. Not again...

Kurt opens the TRUNK of the RABBIT and slings the BAGS of MONEY and GOODS that they have accumulated over his back.

He SHUTS the TRUNK and looks out in horror at what he sees in front of him.

KURT

What the fuck is this...

SCREAMS and INSANE LAUGHTER can be heard in the distance.

Kurt turns around to Heather.

KURT (CONT'D)

Baby girl we need to go! Like now.

She's still fixated on the Homeless Man.

She turns back to Kurt.

HEATHER

There's something wrong with this...

(seeing what Kurt sees)

Holy shit!

KURT

Heather! Run, right now!

Heather stands there in shock, looking out over

A CROWD OF RAVERS -

SPRINTING THROUGH THE STREETS - ATTACKING PEOPLE

LAUGHING WILDLY - KILLING INDISCRIMINATELY - IT'S NUTS

Kurt runs up to her and grabs Heather's hand.

HEATHER

What the fuck are those things!?

KURT

We're not sticking around to find out.
Come on!

They TAKE OFF RUNNING!

The SCREAMS, LAUGHTER, and EDM grow LOUDER as Kurt and Heather run down an alley in a grimy part of Miami.

EXT. DOWNTOWN CASTLE - BIRD'S NEST - DAY

The EDM MUSIC and CHAOS is abruptly juxtaposed with the calming serenity of Beethoven's 3rd Symphony.

Hotness and Maestro are sitting on top of the BIRD'S NEST in the castle sipping wine and eating a fine cheese.

They can't help but smile at each other lovingly as they gaze out over the MAYHEM IN THE CITY.

SMOKE, FIRES, and CAR ALARMS can be seen and heard GROWING in the distance.

Hotness reaches over and grabs Maestro's hand.

MAESTRO

So it begins...

HOTNESS

You're masterpiece...

The CACOPHONY OF CHAOS GROWING.

MAESTRO

It's music to my ears...

HOTNESS

I'm so proud of you sweetheart. You've worked so damn hard and come so damn far to be able to just take this in right now with you while we wait for the chopper. It's just pure ecstasy.

MAESTRO

Well I just appreciate you sticking by me to see this thing through to the end. And this is only the beginning, as you know.

Hotness & Maestro exchange looks of love and admiration.

HOTNESS

I love you snuggle bunny.

MAESTRO

I love you choo choo bear.

They NUZZLE their NOSES together and look out over the CHAOS growing below them in the city streets.

MAESTRO (CONT'D)

It's going to be a long night.

HOTNESS

Don't you know it...

EXT. PARKING GARAGE - TOP FLOOR - DAY

George's S.U.V. SWERVES out onto the TOP FLOOR of PARKING GARAGE with a ZOMBIE GIRL (17) attached to THE CAR!

The car is SWERVING WILDLY to try to get her off.

INT. GEORGE'S S.U.V. - CONTINUOUS

George drives wildly as the Zombie Girl BASHES her head against the GLASS WINDOW WILDLY.

Bill hold Angela in the backseat to protect her.

BILL CARROWAY

Get her off, George! What the hell are you doing?

GEORGE

I'm trying Goddamnit!

ANGELA

Slam on the brakes George.

GEORGE
 Alright, hold on!

Finally George SLAMS ON THE BREACH sending the Zombie Girl SPLATTERING against a parking lot wall.

George wipes brow. "Whew"

BILL CARROWAY
 Is this as close as we're going to be able to get?

GEORGE
 We've got a good vantage point of the festival grounds for you to get that drone flying, but Bill, I think we're too late. Listen to it out there...

They all stop and listen for a moment to the
 CHAOS, LOOTING, RIOTING, LAUGHTER, EDM, INSANITY outside.

ANGELA
 I'm scared Grandad.

Bill rubs Angela's back and exchanges looks with George.

BILL CARROWAY
 It's going to be alright sweetheart. Your Granddaddy has a plan, and he's going to

SUDDENLY - THE BACK DOORS OPEN and Heather and Kurt hop in the car and point their GUNS at Bill and George.

KURT
 (panic)
 Back the fucking car up, right now!

ANGELA
 Papi!

BILL CARROWAY
 It's okay sweetheart!

Kurt puts his revolver against the back of George's neck.

HEATHER
 Get this car moving right now or the little girl back here gets executed!

Heather grabs Angela and points her gun at her face.

Bill glares at Heather.

BILL CARROWAY
You don't want to do that.

HEATHER
If you a move another mother-fucking-inch
old man, this girl's brains go
splattering all over your face! Now back
the fuck off and get moving up there!

BILL CARROWAY
That would be the biggest mistake you
ever made. Believe me.

HEATHER
Try me.

Heather COCKS her gun.

GEORGE
Jesus Christ, we're moving, we're moving.
George PUTS THE CAR IN GEAR and starts driving.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
Where am I going?

HEATHER
Back to that castle to settle a score.

GEORGE
(to Kurt)
A castle? What's she talking about?

KURT
Go down the ramp and take a left out of
this garage. I'll show you the way.

INT. PARKING GARAGE - DAY

George's S.U.V. DRIVES down the ramp of the parking lot.

EXT. CASTLE ALLEYWAY - AFTERNOON

George's S.U.V. sits parked further down the alley.

The Castle is Fifty Yards ahead of them.

INT. GEORGE'S S.U.V. - CONTINUOUS

They all look ahead at the castle in front of them.

Angela is admiring a TATTOO on Heather's wrist.

ANGELA

Cool tattoo. What does it mean?

Heather smiles down at Angela and shakes her head.

HEATHER

It means balance sweetie. Now just stay quiet while the grown ups talk.

George and Kurt are in the middle of a debate in the front seat.

GEORGE

How exactly do you plan to go about this?

KURT

We're going to have to ram the side door. It's the only way into that place, like I told you old man.

GEORGE

The impact could kill us all?

KURT

This thing's got air bags up front. Heather, you take those two and watch our backs once we crash.

BILL CARROWAY

Why don't you just let us go. We've taken you this far. She's only ten-years-old.

HEATHER

It's not our intention to let any of y'all die today. But that castle is the only secure place to hide out right now. And my little sugar baby and I have a score to settle with someone inside.

GEORGE

This is the dumbest thing I've ever been a part of. I want you to know that.

KURT

Well it suits you. You better buckle up.

Kurt and George both put on their seat belts.

HEATHER

(to Bill and Angela)
Alright you two. Out. Slowly.

Bill and Angela get out followed by Heather.

They SHUT the DOOR behind them.

KURT

You ready for things to get weird?

George shakes his head.

GEORGE

This is so fucking stupid...you know that right.

KURT

Don't be such a pussy.

Kurt TURNS UP THE RADIO.

KURT (CONT'D)

Here we go...

George REVS THE ENGINE in NEUTRAL, shaking his head.

GEORGE

Goddamnit...

EXT. CASTLE ALLEYWAY - CONTINUOUS

Heather keeps Bill and Angela at gunpoint as they run up towards the BACK DOOR, hugging the alleyway wall.

George's S.U.V. ZOOMS to life and BURNS down the alley.

It's getting closer and closer to the Back Door.

INT. GEORGE'S S.U.V. - CONTINUOUS

George and Kurt both brace for impact.

KURT

Son-of-a-bitch!

GEORGE

Fucking bastard!

EXT. CASTLE ALLEYWAY - CONTINUOUS

The S.U.V. SLAMS INTO THE BACK DOOR - COLLAPSING IT

A big CLOUD of DUST and SMOKE GROWS around the car.

HEATHER

Kurt!

Heather runs up to the Passenger Side Door.

Bill and Angela run up to the Driver's side door.

Heather pulls Kurt out of the car.

He's a little shaken up.

Bill pulls George out of the car with Angela's help.

ANGELA

Are you okay mister George? Are you hurt?

GEORGE

I'm okay, I'm alright. Jesus Christ.

MAESTRO (O.S.)

What the fuck is this! Cross bows!

Heather and Kurt look up at the CASTLE ROOF.

Maestro points down at the intruders and rallies his men.

Two HENCHMEN take aim at them with CROSS BOWS.

THWICK! THWACK! Two BOLTS smash against the sidewalk.

GEORGE

Jesus!

HEATHER

Everybody inside!

Everybody dives inside as more CROSSBOW BOLTS are FIRED at them, RAINING DOWN a deadly storm of arrows at them.

INT. DOWNTOWN CASTLE - COLLAPSED BACK DOOR - CONTINUOUS

They all dive underneath the castle walls safely.

IN THE ALLEYWAY -

A SEXY RAVE ZOMBIE (20's) runs towards them.

Kurt and Heather squint curiously at this hot zombie in a short skirt, HUGE FAKE TITS popping out of her tank top and FLOPPING all over the place as she runs towards us.

Everyone is a little taken back by this surreal sight.

GEORGE

What the fuck is that?

Bill covers his granddaughter's EYES to the lewd sight.
Kurt trains his PISTOL on her as she gets closer.
BOOM! Kurt FIRES and her left BREAST EXPLODES.
Sexy Rave Zombie keeps running at them. Unaffected.

KURT
What the fuck...

Kurt aims again, BAM!
She gets HIT and her right BREAST EXPLODES.
The Sexy Rave Zombie just keeps on running!
It's a truly ridiculous sight.
Heather and Kurt look at each other worried.
Kurt takes aim for her head and BLAM!
Finally she goes down with a HEAD SHOT.
Heather turns around toward the inside of the castle.

HEATHER
Shit. Where did they go?

Kurt turns around and sees that George, Bill, and Angela
have disappeared inside the castle.

KURT
Son-of-a-bitch.

Kurt grabs Heather's hand and they both get up.

KURT (CONT'D)
Come on.

Both of them enter into the DARK CASTLE HALLWAY.

INT. DOWNTOWN CASTLE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

It is DARK in the kitchen.

Kurt STUMBLES over POTS AND PANS sending them CRASHING.

HEATHER
Shh...shut up Kurt.

KURT
I can't see a thing.

MAESTRO
Let me help you...

A LIGHT SWITCH FLICKS ON REVEALING -

Bill, George, and Angela are all being held with guns to their heads and hands over their mouths by Savage and Handsome. Hotness holds Angela and covers her mouth.

MAESTRO emerges from the shadows with a baseball bat.

MAESTRO (CONT'D)
Was it too hostile for you out there? You millenials never can deal with reality...

HEATHER
You fucked us.

MAESTRO
Then why didn't you just blow us up with this fancy play dough plastic explosive you rigged up for us?

Maestro smiles down at Heather's PLAY-DOUGH CONTRAPTION.

Heather and Kurt look at one another and shrug.

HEATHER
You bought it asshole.

MAESTRO
Yes I did, Misses Heather Henderson. Yes I did. And I applaud you for that, otherwise you would have been dead a long time ago.

Heather and Kurt look at each other in shock.

HEATHER
How the hell do you know my name?

MAESTRO
I know a lot about you Heather. And you too Kurt Barrow. Now, my first inclination is to murder both of you and then let these three unfortunate souls go at their own risk out there in the wild.

Maestro grabs SOMETHING out of his pocket and tosses it over at Kurt and Heather's feet.

MAESTRO (CONT'D)

But then I found this on the bald one.

Kurt and Heather look down at a POLICE BADGE.

KURT

Shit.

MAESTRO

Shit is right my mischievous friends. Is there something else you want to tell me?

HEATHER

Just give us our fucking money and we'll get out of here. Let us take the old man and the girl. Do whatever you want to the cop, frankly dear, we don't give a damn.

MAESTRO

What makes you think you're in a position to negotiate, Miss Henderson? You stole drugs from my partner in Georgia, and made a pretty penny selling them down in here in Miami. I am just simply reclaiming what's rightfully mine. But believe me, I don't want all of this to end in bloodshed. I was thinking maybe I can use two busy bodies like yourselves.

KURT

Use us? What are you talking about?

Maestro makes a flamboyant motion with his hands.

MAESTRO

Hotness. Lead these three into the armory. Savage, go SEAL the breach in our walls and check on the perimeters from up top. Handsome, go with Hotness.

The henchmen MUMBLE an affirmative and nod in agreement.

MAESTRO (CONT'D)

I need to have a word with Heather and Kurt over here in private.

Hotness leads Angela out of the Kitchen.

Savage exits towards the other side.

Handsome follows with his gun on George and Bill.

Now it's only Maestro, Kurt, and Heather in the kitchen.

MAESTRO (CONT'D)

Please, put your guns down. If you were to fire a shot, we'd be overrun in a matter of a minutes. Especially now that you've taken down one of our walls.

HEATHER

What the fuck is going on out there? You know something about this.

Maestro smiles and TWIRLS the BASEBALL BAT.

MAESTRO

Those drugs you've been distributing around Miami. You really didn't sample them, did you?

Kurt and Heather look at each other.

KURT

We don't do drugs anymore. I'm also trying to quit smoking.

MAESTRO

Good for you. Really. Well these particular drugs that you've been selling cut certain cortexes in the brain off from the rest of the body. The brain will feel euphoria, joy even, but the body won't stop until it has pulverized everything in its path. Including itself.

(SNAPS HIS FINGERS)

Like a chicken with it's head cut off, only in reverse.

KURT

Why are you doing this? This is insane.

MAESTRO

This is the final manifestation of my life-long vision. My ninth symphony. To rid the entire world of drugs, that's been my dream since I was a little boy. My mother was a junkie. Disgusting woman, the things she did made me hate her. But as I got older, I realized I didn't hate her, I hated the drug. And after years fighting the distributors, I realized that you don't clean up the streets by going after Drug Dealers. They're just entrepreneurs from the wrong socioeconomic ladder. Like yourselves. No, you need to attack the source. The users.

(MORE)

MAESTRO (CONT'D)

And you don't do so by putting them in jail, that's not scary enough. You do so by killing a hundred thousand of them in broad daylight at a music festival and you call it a drug epidemic. How many kids do you think are going to try Ecstasy for the first time in some nightclub next weekend after they see what it can do to these people? Hmm?

HEATHER

You're fucking insane.

MAESTRO

The Electronic Dance Massacre is going to spread from one city to the next like a pandemic, and you two are going to help me spread my message around the world.

KURT

What do we have to do with anything?

MAESTRO

I'd like you to join me on my crusade. Two good-looking sober kids like you who know how to take fifty thousand pills of E and make 'em disappear like that.

(SNAPS HIS FINGERS)

I can offer you more money than we originally bargained for. And you'd be serving a higher cause. Trust me...

Kurt and Heather look at each other, shaking their heads.

HEATHER

We'll think about it.

KURT

How much money?

Maestro nods and smiles.

MAESTRO

We can get to that. Let's start with you proving to me that you're serious. You brought those witnesses here, and they're your problem. Walk in there and end their lives and we'll start talking about a partnership. You have to be willing to kill innocent people for the greater good. The alternative is we kill you both and then kill those three anyway. I'll let you two talk it over for a minute.

Maestro exits the kitchen.

Heather and Kurt share a knowing look.

HEATHER

I'll do it. I'll kill the little girl.
You do the two men. Now that I think
about it it's actually really good
opportunity.

Kurt looks shocked by Heather. She winks at Kurt.

Kurt nods, getting her fake-out.

KURT

I guess it's the only way out of this.
I'll do the two old men. How much do you
think he'll offer us to join him?

HEATHER

I don't know sugar baby. The sky's the
limit.

Heather and Kurt kiss each other deeply and KNOCK over
some POTS AND PANS to the floor as they MAKE-OUT.

BEHIND THE DOOR

MAESTRO is listening to the conversation.

He smiles and walks away.

INT. DOWNTOWN CASTLE - ARMORY - NIGHT

An array of MEDIEVAL WEAPONS adorn the walls of this
creepy room inside the castle.

GEORGE is strapped down to a make-shift GUILLOTINE.

Bill is tied to an old wooden TORTURE CHAIR.

Angela has her hands tied behind her back on the floor.

All of them are GAGGED.

Maestro enters the room.

MAESTRO

Ah, I see you've made our guests...
comfortable.

SHRILL SCREAMS and LAUGHTER can be heard in the distance.

Everyone looks to the frightening NOISES.

MAESTRO (CONT'D)

Where's Savage? Are the perimeters
secure?

Hotness and Handsome look at each other and shrug.

HOTNESS

He should have been back by now.

MAESTRO

Handsome can you go check on Savage? Make
sure the breach is sealed off. We can't
have those things getting in here!

HANDSOME

Yes sir.

Handsome grabs a CROSSBOW and exits as Kurt and Heather
pass him and enter into the armory from the kitchen.

KURT

You guys hear that noise in there?

The SCREAMS and LAUGHTER is getting closer.

MAESTRO

Shh!

Maestro puts his hand up so that no one speaks.

A BANGING NOISE.

MAESTRO (CONT'D)

There's someone inside the walls.
Handsome, wait!

But it's already too late. He's gone.

Maestro SIGHS.

MAESTRO (CONT'D)

Damn shame.

Maestro walks over to the door where Handsome exited.

HOTNESS

Where are you going?

MAESTRO

We can't risk a breach.

Maestro THROWS a HUGE LOCKING LEVER over, locking the metal door that Handsome just went through.

HOTNESS

He'll be trapped in there. Savage too.

MAESTRO

We've got two new members of the team, Htness.

(to Kurt and Heather)

Now, show me what you got...

Kurt and Heather look at each other and nod.

INT. DOWNTOWN CASTLE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Handsome walks carefully down the hallway.

His crossbow pointed ahead and ready to shoot.

The BANGING SOUND continues.

It sounds like STUFF being THROWN around and CRASHING.

Handsome looks worried as he turns around a corner

INT. DOWNTOWN CASTLE - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

GIRLFRIEND ZOMBIE (20's) is having sex and getting her neck bitten by RIFF RAFF, corn-rows and jewelry, and all.

They're both half-naked covered in blood.

HANDSOME

What the fuck?

Riff Raff and GF Zombie look up when they hear Handsome.

GIRLFRIEND ZOMBIE

Hey cutie. Want to join?

Riff Raff turns with a crazy look in his eyes.

RIFF RAFF

Hey hey pony boy. You come here to bang bang? That's that shit I like...

Riff Raff licks his lips and starts LAUGHING insanely at Handsome as he and GF Zombie start cornering him.

HANDSOME

Hey, wait a minute! Stop!

Riff Raff and GF RUSH HIM.

Handsome SHOOTS a CROSS BOW BOLT into Riff Raff's EYE.

THWHACK! Riff Raff tries to look at the Bolt with his other eye - CROSS EYED - SORT OF.

RIFF RAFF

That's one hell of an arrow, bitch.

He falls to the floor, dead.

GF Zombie grabs onto Handsome's back and he THROWS HER over his shoulder onto the ground.

She SWIPES his CROSS BOW out of his hands and GRABS him by the balls. She TWISTS HIS BALLS. Looks in his eyes.

GIRLFRIEND ZOMBIE

Nice package blue eyes.

HANDSOME

Ah! You crazy bitch!

Handsome PUNCHES her in the face but she grabs onto his fist with her mouth, biting his hand.

HANDSOME (CONT'D)

Stop! Let go!

Handsome wrestles his hand free.

He KICKS GF Zombie in the face hard.

Handsome grabs a LONG KNIFE from within his suit.

She LUNGES at him and he SWINGS and SLICES HER THROAT.

BLOOD SPLATTERS EVERYWHERE!

Handsome looks down at his BITTEN HAND, he shakes it out.

HANDSOME (CONT'D)

Goddamn.

Handsome wraps his bitten hand with a rag and exits as GF Zombie falls on top of Riff Raff - BOTH SQUIRTING BLOOD.

INT. DOWNTOWN CASTLE - ARMORY - NIGHT

MAESTRO
(to Hotness)
And you're sure

LIDES a chair all the way from the other side of the room setting it directly across from Bill.

He sits down and stares Bill in the eyes.

Bill does not look happy to see him.

MAESTRO (CONT'D)
This is how it's going to work. I'm going to ask you a question, and you are going to answer it honestly and quickly. If I detect that you are lying to me, or if your answer takes too long, the game is over, and so is your life. Understood?

Bill squints angrily at Maestro.

He nods affirmative.

MAESTRO (CONT'D)
Good.

Maestro gets up and takes the gag out of Bill's mouth.

MAESTRO (CONT'D)
Now, let's get properly acquainted, shall we? My name is Maestro. What is your name and what are you doing with that cop?

BILL CARROWAY
Bill Carroway. Doctor Bill Carroway.

MAESTRO
And how did you become acquainted with these two shining young stars, Doctor?

Bill points over at Kurt and Heather.

BILL CARROWAY
They car-jacked us. Near the Music Festival. Made us drive here at gunpoint.

MAESTRO
May I ask what kind of doctor carries a forty caliber hand cannon in his jacket and a snub nose thirty eight in an ankle holster by his boot?

Maestro looks down at Bills guns at his feet.

BILL CARROWAY

A doctor who's seen enough bad shit in his life that he likes to come prepared for the worst possible situations.

MAESTRO

I like that. And who is this, lovely little peach over here?

Maestro points to Angela.

BILL CARROWAY

That's Angela. My granddaughter.

MAESTRO

Your granddaughter? Oh my...how unfortunate.

BILL CARROWAY

And if you lay a single hand on her, I will make sure that you're begging for those freaks out there to run a train on you because what I'm going to do by comparison is going to seem like mother fucking kindergarten class!

MAESTRO

Wowsers. You talk tough for a Doctor.

ANGELA

What's running a train granddad?

BILL CARROWAY

It's a choo choo sweetheart!

MAESTRO

Enough! And what do you know about me, Doctor Bill?

BILL CARROWAY

You? Nothing except for the fact that you have a terrible sense of fashion and seem oddly familiar to me.

MAESTRO

You know, I was just thinking the same thing about you. Which is why we're having this little discussion. Maybe we both just have one of those faces.

BILL CARROWAY

We've met before. Somewhere.

MAESTRO

Maybe. Does anyone else know you're here?

Bill shakes his head.

BILL CARROWAY

No.

HOTNESS

I think we should all stick together. One of us goes down at the perimeter, how will anyone know? Plus, why do you get to stay in here while we're out there on the perimeter risking our lives?

MAESTRO

Hotness, come on...

BILL CARROWAY

No Hotness, speak up. Tell him you don't want to be told what to do anymore. Tell him you're your own person.

MAESTRO

Bill, kindly shut the fuck up!

Hotness crosses her arms and HUFFS. Maestro gets up and walks over to her. He rubs her arms, comforting her.

MAESTRO (CONT'D)

Hey, hey, it's okay. This guy's like a hundred and fifty years old, he doesn't know fashion. He doesn't know anything about us. Come on, only you and I know about us. Okay?

Hotness rolls her eyes.

HOTNESS

Okay.

MAESTRO

But if we don't protect our perimeter those things out there are gonna get in here, and they're gonna kill all of us, without hesitation. Without remorse. Now I need you focussed. You know I love you, okay?

Maestro kisses Hotness on the forehead.

MAESTRO (CONT'D)

Okay?

Hotness nods.

HOTNESS

Okay.

MAESTRO

Kill 'em all kiddo.

Maestro WINKS at Hotness and pinches her cheek.

He turns back around and walks over to Bill. Hotness gives Bill one last evil eye - before she storms off.

Maestro sits back down across from Bill and waits awkwardly until Hotness clears the room.

Finally Hotness is gone and Maestro CLEARS his THROAT.

MAESTRO (CONT'D)

Sorry about that. Now, where were we?

BILL CARROWAY

You were just telling me about your girlfriend problems and I was offering up my free advice.

MAESTRO

No...stop this right now!

BILL CARROWAY

You need to take better care of that girl in the bedroom, Maestro.

MAESTRO

(trying to stop him)

Okay, Bill!

BILL CARROWAY

Give her a back massage every now and then, make sure she knows she's special, hell give the woman one night a week where it's just all about her. Make her fantasies come true. Wake her up in the morning by going down on her.

MAESTRO

Please stop!

ANGELA

What's going down on her...

BILL CARROWAY
It's a foot massage sweetheart.

MAESTRO
(shouting)
ENOUGH!

HEATHER
(chiming in)
He's right. She does seem frustrated.

MAESTRO
OKAY! Thank you all for your couple's therapy. Now, can we please get back to the business of discerning just what the FUCK a cop and a doctor are doing in my place of business?

Maestro waves his gun around at everyone in the room wildly. Everyone flinches from the gun.

MAESTRO (CONT'D)
Thank you! Now Doctor, please examine the patient.

Bill looks down at the Girlfriend Zombie.

He nods and leans in as close as he can to take a look.

BILL CARROWAY
Judging by the lacerations on her neck that occurred prior to her death, I would say that whatever this drug is, it's inhibiting the nervous system and probably targeting the receptors in the brain that monitor pain, empathy, and reason. So all that's left over is lust, anger, and rage.

MAESTRO
You know all that just by looking at a corpse?

BILL CARROWAY
My police officer friend over there brought me two blue pills earlier today that were found at two separate gruesome crime scenes. They looked strikingly similar to a bio-terrorist attack that occurred in Panama during the nineteen eighties.

MAESTRO
Panama?

BILL CARROWAY

Yes.

Bill squints, something clicks in both of their memories. Maestro stands up and grabs the gag off the table.

BILL CARROWAY (CONT'D)

Wait a minute. That's where I know you from. You're a....

Maestro GAGS Bill.

MAESTRO

Thank you for the information and your insightful psychoanalysis Bill.

HEATHER

You guys know each other?

OFF SCREEN - BOOM! CHICK-CHICK! BOOM!

Everyone looks terrified towards the direction of the shotgun BLASTS.

MAESTRO

Didn't I say no guns? Didn't I!

Maestro looks at Heather and Kurt in a rage.

MAESTRO (CONT'D)

This is your cue.

Maestro runs his finger across his throat motioning for them to kill Bill, Angela, and George.

He walks off towards the direction of the shotgun blasts.

Heather and Kurt at each other, they know what to do.

ON ANGELA AND LARRY

Angela looks up at Larry.

ANGELA

What are you gonna do to us?

LARRY

Shut up kid, shut your mouth.

KURT

Hey, don't talk to the little girl like that!

LARRY

What are you gonna do about it?

Larry turns his pistol on Kurt.

HEATHER

Relax Larry, I'll take care of the little girl.

(to Angela)

Come here sweetheart.

Larry lets Angela go to Heather.

Heather puts a gun to the back of Angela's head.

HEATHER (CONT'D)

It's gonna be okay, sweetie.

Kurt draws his gun and walks over toward Bill. He cocks it and puts it on Bill's head.

ANGELA

What are you doing to my granddad!

INT. OVERTHROW CASTLE - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Maestro walks carefully down the dimly lit hallway holding his baseball bat at attention.

CRACK! CRACK! It sounds like someone trying to BREAK GLASS followed by SCREAMING and THRASHING.

MAESTRO

(calling out)

Hotness? Are you back here?

NOTHING.

Maestro creeps along, getting more nervous.

MAESTRO (CONT'D)

Hotness?

A blood curdling SCREAM comes behind him as a FRAT ZOMBIE tackles Maestro to the ground.

His BAT slips out of his hands.

Frat Zombie goes in with his mouth but Maestro avoids it.

Maestro flips Frat Zombie onto his back and picks up a nearby microwave. He SMASHES it on top of Frat Zombie's head sending electrical sparks everywhere.

Maestro catches his breath and makes sure he's alone.

Maestro wheels around terrified when he hears FOOTSTEPS running up behind him, but it's just

HOTNESS - holding a shotgun.

HOTNESS

Are you okay?

MAESTRO

How many times do I have to tell you, no guns.

HOTNESS

You need to see what we're dealing with out here...

Hotness helps Maestro up and leads him to the door.

INT. OVERTHROW CASTLE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

BANG! BANG! BAM! Maestro and Hotness enter into the Kitchen now filled with SCREAMING and the sound of bodies SLAMMING into the door.

They both look at each other worried.

HOTNESS

What do we do?

MAESTRO

We need to build some kind of a barricade. Slow these things down once they get inside.

HOTNESS

How long do you think it will take them to break down that door?

The sound of continuously BASHING against the door continues, getting closer and closer to tearing it down.

MAESTRO

I don't know how strong they are. That steel is pretty thick.

Maestro puts his arm around Hotness and kisses her head.

MAESTRO (CONT'D)

I'm here to protect you Hotness.

HOTNESS

I'm just...not in the mood for this lovey-dovey stuff right now, Spaulding.

MAESTRO

Hey! It's Maestro. Okay?

HOTNESS

Whatever, I'm just scared. I didn't think it would be like this.

MAESTRO

Hey! Remember. All those DRUG USERS out there, they chose this life. You and I were put on this earth to set an example. To end this drug war once and for all.

HOTNESS

What was that doctor talking about in there? What happened in Panama?

BAM! BAM! The hinges on the lock are beginning to break.

MAESTRO

He and I came into contact once down there. It's where I first came into contact with this drug. He was working on the epidemic.

HOTNESS

Then he knows what you are?

Maestro looks at Hotness, considering.

MAESTRO

It won't matter after those two kill him. He's probably already dead sweetheart.

HOTNESS

Good, couldn't keep his goddamn mouth shut anyway.

INT. OVERTHROW CASTLE - ARMORY - CONTINUOUS

Kurt has his gun trained on Bill, restrained in the chair. Heather has her gun trained on the back of Angela's head, stroking her hair gently.

HEATHER

Shh. It's gonna be okay honey.

LARRY

Just do it already!

Heather makes a quick move and SHOOTs LARRY in the head. Angela starts SCREAMING but Heather covers up her mouth. Kurt COCKS the hammer back on his pistol at Bill.

HEATHER
(to Kurt)
Don't do it.

Kurt hesitates and looks at Heather.

KURT
We can't leave any witnesses babe.

HEATHER
This guy can help us. I don't care what you do with the cop, but you're not going to kill this man in front of his granddaughter. Okay?

Kurt looks at Bill hesitantly.

KURT
Okay.

Heather pulls out a SWITCH BLADE KNIFE and cuts Angela's restraints loose.

She runs up to Bill, protecting him.

Heather approaches Bill and Angela with the blade drawn.

ANGELA
Please don't hurt him! He's the best granddad in the world!

HEATHER
Relax, I'm cutting him loose.

Heather bends down and cuts Bill loose. He takes the gag out of his own mouth.

HEATHER (CONT'D)
What were you trying to say before Maestro put the gag back in your mouth?

Kurt walks over to George at the Guillotine and aims his pistol down at his head.

BILL CARROWAY
Please don't harm that man!

KURT

He's a cop, give me one good reason.

BILL CARROWAY

He's a better shot than all of us.

KURT

Speak for yourself.

BILL CARROWAY

We need all the firepower we can get right now. Not only against those freaks out there. But these guys we're dealing with in here are all DEA agents.

Kurt stops short before pulling the Guillotine lever and slicing George's head off.

KURT

What?

BILL CARROWAY

All of them.

KURT

(to George)

This guy?

BILL CARROWAY

He's a city cop, but Larry, Savage, Maestro, Hotness, all of 'em are DEA agents. And they weren't gonna let you live through this, I promise you. You two were gonna be the big arrest that they pinned this whole thing on after tonight is over.

He looks to Heather for advice.

KURT

That's the stupidest thing I've ever fucking heard. They're drug dealers.

HEATHER

We sold these guys drugs.

BILL CARROWAY

You think you're the first person to sell drugs to a DEA agent? Think for a minute! I ran into this guy when we was just a junior agent down in Panama.

HEATHER

Fuck it. Cut him loose, Kurt. There's a hundred thousand of them out there and five of us in here.

KURT

I'm not giving this pig a gun.

HEATHER

Then give him a baseball bat for Christ's sake! There's no other way out of this.

KURT

Yeah there is. Both of us in handcuffs for the rest of our lives if I let this guy loose. It's gotta be just you and me.

HEATHER

We need a gun in every man's hand. Including yours little girl.

Heather hands Angela Larry's Pistol.

HEATHER (CONT'D)

Be careful with this.

BILL CARROWAY

Do not hand my granddaughter a firearm!

Bill grabs the gun out of Angela's hand.

HEATHER

She seems like she can take care of herself to me. Here you go sweetie.

Heather hands Angela the SWITCH BLADE.

ON GEORGE AND KURT

George starts making NOISES beneath his gag on the guillotine table while Kurt thinks about killing him.

Kurt bends down and removes George's gag from his mouth, never taking his gun off of his face.

KURT

Speak pig. But speak quietly.

GEORGE

I can help us, guys. I have a boat.

KURT

Is it the kind with blue and white flashing lights? Cause I'm allergic to those.

GEORGE

It's my own personal boat. I'm a man of my word, I will not turn you in for any reason. I swear to you. We'll get to the boat, I'll take you to Cuba, the Bahamas, wherever you want to go.

ANGELA

My parents are in the Bahamas.

Heather looks at George.

HEATHER

How far is that by boat?

GEORGE

Three hours, tops.

Kurt and Heather look at one another, interested.

KURT

I want you to whisper, very softly into my ear what kind of boat you have.

GEORGE

(afraid)

Why?

KURT

Just do it!

Kurt leans down and George WHISPERS something in his ear.

Kurt stands back up and looks over at Bill.

KURT (CONT'D)

Hey old timer, what kind of boat does this pig have? If you guys are such good friends, you would know, wouldn't you?

BILL CARROWAY

George, I didn't know you had a boat?

GEORGE

Yeah, I didn't tell you, I'm sorry.

KURT

Because his boat is a police vehicle! That's why!

Kurt aims his gun at George.

GEORGE

No, no, it's my own boat. I was gonna tell you Bill, I swear.

BILL CARROWAY

(angry)

You call me on a Saturday to help out with YOUR WORK. You don't even have the decency to invite me out on your boat?

GEORGE

I was gonna take you.

BILL CARROWAY

Gonna take me!?

GEORGE

I know...

BILL CARROWAY

You know!?

GEORGE

Look I really was, I'm sorry Bill.

BILL CARROWAY

Fuck it, kill him. I don't care anymore.

Kurt COCKS his pistol in George's face.

OFF SCREEN - A VOLLEY OF GUNFIRE

Everyone stops and looks to the sound of GUNFIRE.

BILL CARROWAY (CONT'D)

I thought they said no gunshots?

KURT

Sounds like there having a little problem.

HEATHER

We need to move.

Heather marches over towards George and Kurt.

KURT

This pig is lying to us.

HEATHER

Where's the boat?

GEORGE

It's close. I won't tell you where it is because then you could just kill me. But I give you my word I will take you both wherever you want to go once we're there.

HEATHER

(to Kurt)

He's our only ticket out of this. The streets are jam packed with these things.

Heather bends down and cuts George loose.

KURT

Heather, wait.

It's too late, George rubs his hands and stands up.

Bill tosses him a Baseball Bat.

GEORGE

Thank you.

Kurt shakes his head.

HEATHER

(whispering to Kurt)

Grab the bags, we stick to the plan, we get the hell out of here, right now.

Kurt runs over to the corner and grabs the duffle bags full of CASH and WATCHES that they have accumulated.

Everyone heads for the exit into the courtyard. Kurt is the last one out carrying the bags.

Just as Kurt shuts the door, Maestro and Hotness enter from the other side of the Kitchen door. They shut the door and lock it from behind them.

Maestro turns around, realizing that

THE ROOM IS EMPTY

Except for LARRY'S DEAD BODY.

Maestro and Hotness look at each other concerned. They aim their guns ahead and proceed with caution, walking slowly through the armory.

MAESTRO

(shouting)

Savage! Savage come back to the Armory!
We need back-up.

OFF-SCREEN - SCREAMS and CRIES echo through the Castle.

Maestro and Hotness look at each other, worried.

The door to the BATHROOM opens slowly, CREAKING.

MAESTRO (CONT'D)

Savage?

Maestro and Hotness look at one another, worried as they continue walking slowly towards the bathroom door with their guns aimed at the door.

Savage turns around facing them. Breathing Heavy.
Maestro let's out a relieved BREATH.

MAESTRO (CONT'D)

Thank god.

Savage doesn't move. Continues BREATHING.

Savage drops his pistol to the floor. CLANK! Maestro gets up close to him and puts his hand on his shoulder.

MAESTRO (CONT'D)

Are you alright?

Savage SCREAMS and grabs Maestro's arm and THROWS HIM across the room.

Savage turns around and swiftly KNOCKS Hotness's shotgun out of her hand, as she defends herself in hand-to hand.

Savage SCREAMS at Hotness, she reconsiders fighting him.

HOTNESS

Fuck this.

Hotness turns around and runs in the direction of the guillotine but Savage is faster than her and GRABS her by the stomach, SQUEEZING the life out of her.

She tries to scream but NO SOUND comes out.

WHACK!

Maestro SMACKS Savage in the back with a baseball bat and he drops Hotness. She INHALES catching her breath.

WHACK! Maestro smacks him again in the arm as Savage turns around angry.

Maestro SWINGS again at Savage's head but the bat is stopped short by Savage's hand.

Maestro tries to muscle the bat back, but Savage is too strong and he THROWS the BAT across the room.

Savage SCREAMS!

MAESTRO

Uh, oh.

BOOM! Hotness shoots Savage with the shotgun in the back, but it barely effects him.

He turns around and walks towards Hotness intimidating.

BOOM! CHICK-CHICK! BOOM!

The shotgun is doing nothing to stop Savage besides tearing his torso up.

CLICK! She's out of bullets.

Savage attacks Hotness and pins her down to the guillotine bench. She fends off his bites with her arms, trying to keep his face away from hers.

Maestro gets a running start and tackles SAVAGE from behind, sending his head square under the blade of the guillotine.

Hotness reaches over and pulls the lever for the guillotine. The blade comes CRASHING down on Savage's neck beheading him and sending a FOUNTAIN OF BLOOD squirting onto both of them.

Maestro PULLS Hotness out from underneath Savage.

They both lie on the floor, catching their breath.

Savage's headless body gets up from the bench and stands up, feeling around in the air for something to grab onto.

HOTNESS

What the hell?

MAESTRO

Don't move.

Savage feels around and stumbles. Finally he tips over and falls flat onto his chest, dead.

Maestro and Hotness look at one another and shrug.

HOTNESS

Where did they go? We can't have witnesses on the loose.

MAESTRO

Let's go check the courtyard.

EXT. OVERTHROW CASTLE - COURTYARD - NIGHT

The iron gate outside of the courtyard has been overrun by RAVE ZOMBIES. They are RAILING against the gate, not far from being able to pile up and climb over it.

Kurt is trying to HOT-WIRE the car.

HEATHER

How we doing?

KURT

Almost there.

Bill covers Angela and stays vigilant of the Rave Zombies at the gate.

GEORGE

Come on, those things are about to climb over the wall.

BLAM! BLAM! Bullets WHIZ over everyone's head.

HEATHER

Get behind the car!

They all take cover behind the S.U.V. as Maestro and Hotness FIRE at them from across the courtyard.

BEHIND THE S.U.V. -

Kurt peers up through the windows in the car to take a peek. CRASH! The window gets shot out.

Kurt kneels down, looking underneath the car.

KURT

It's the two of them. They got us pinned down pretty good.

George takes a peek under the car.

GEORGE

It's on an incline so they can't shoot under us, but they have a superior firing position.

Kurt looks over at the

RAVE ZOMBIES -

They're RAGING and getting closer to climbing the gate.

BILL CARROWAY

That thing's not gonna contain them much longer.

GEORGE

(to Kurt)

I need a gun.

KURT

Get fucked.

GEORGE

You and I are gonna get up on the count of three and empty our clips at them while they run like hell for the side door, over there.

George points towards the SIDE DOOR.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

(to Heather and Bill)

As soon as you guys get there, you two are gonna empty your clips on the same position while we run like hell to join you inside.

Heather and Kurt look at one another skeptically. Heather takes a small pistol out of her purse and hands it to George.

GEORGE CONT'D)

Thank you.

George checks the CLIP in the gun.

GEORGE

That's enough to buy us some time.

BILL CARROWAY

Angela, you're gonna run fast for your granddad, okay?

Angela nods, afraid.

BILL CARROWAY (CONT'D)

Let me hear you say it, come on.

ANGELA

I'm gonna run fast for you granddad.

BILL CARROWAY

There you go.
(to Heather)
She's the first one in.

HEATHER

(nodding)
Of course. Just follow your granddad
sweetheart. Don't look back.

Bill nods to George. Kurt nods to Heather. Bill nods to
Angela. George slides over behind Kurt.

They all get ready to go.

GEORGE

(whispering)
On my count. One, two, three.

George and Kurt stand up and start FIRING their pistols
at Maestro and Hotness.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Go! Now!

Kurt and George continue FIRING. Kurt's 6 shooter runs
out first and Kurt takes off. George follows and keeps
shooting his .40 Caliber until it CLICKS.

Angela opens the SIDE DOOR and ducks inside.

Heather and Bill make it to the door and start FIRING.

Bill and Kurt run like hell for the door.

Heather and Bill run out of ammo half way there. CLICK.

KURT

Oh shit!

A VOLLEY of GUNFIRE ERUPTS across the courtyard.

Kurt and George barely make it inside the SIDE DOOR in
the courtyard amid the hail of GUNFIRE.

They SHUT the door on their way in.

ACROSS THE COURTYARD -

Maestro and Hotness reload their weapons and look at each
other knowingly.

MAESTRO

We gotta work on our long distance shooting. What'd you score in the academy again?

Hotness LOADS a string of SHOTGUN SHELLS into her gun.

HOTNESS

You know maybe it's just a chemistry thing between us.

CHICK-CHICK! SHE PUMPS HER SHOTGUN

MAESTRO

Hotness, come on.

HOTNESS

My name is Amanda, Spaulding.

MAESTRO

Don't call me that!

HOTNESS

Who the fuck is gonna care around here? From here on out, I'm Amanda Lindsay, and you're Spaulding Nix. I'm sick of this roll playing bullshit.

MAESTRO

Can we please just talk about this later? We need to go inside and surprise them from the Armory.

HOTNESS

I don't even care about these people anymore. Let's just go to the garage, load up our jeep, and get the hell out out of here.

MAESTRO

He recognized me, Hotness.

She glares at him.

MAESTRO (CONT'D)

Amanda, sorry.

Hotness rolls here eyes.

MAESTRO (CONT'D)

If they survive, if they can pinpoint us in a line-up, then there will be no Amsterdam, there will be no Las Vegas.

(MORE)

MAESTRO (CONT'D)

We have to finish what we've started. And we need a scapegoat in each city.

HOTNESS

Those freaks out there will finish them off, I'm not worried about it. Let's get out of this place, let's go start over somewhere. I want to go teach underprivileged children in India or something. I'm so sick of the DEA!

MAESTRO

Where's all this coming from?

HOTNESS

I'm just bored, I want something new. Either you're coming with me or you can keep playing baddass and go try to kill those shit heads in there, but something tells me they're better shots than you...

Hotness walks past Maestro towards the door to the armory, never taking her sights off of the SIDE DOOR.

MAESTRO

(to himself)

Better shots than me? That's really hurtful.

The RAVE ZOMBIES are RAGING against the gate.

INT. OVERTHROW CASTLE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

DARKNESS

BILL CARROWAY (O.S.)

Anybody got a match?

FLICK! Kurt's Zippo lighter illuminates the room slightly, its hard to make anything but we can tell we're back in the kitchen.

A SCREAMING SOUND is heard behind the corner. Angela jumps but Bill puts his hand over her mouth before she can scream.

BILL CARROWAY (CONT'D)

Put the lighter away.

Kurt SNAPS his lighter shut.

HEAVY BREATHING and the occasional GRUNT are coming from the corner of this dark bar room.

BILL CARROWAY (CONT'D)
 (whispering)
 Nobody move.

Bill puts his hand on everyone out in front of them.
 The BREATHING and GRUNTING get QUIET all the sudden.
 Gun Hammers CLICK, they're bracing for the worst of it.

EMERGENCY LIGHTS - FLICK ON

Illuminating a GIANT ZOMBIE!

The Zombie TACKLES Bill to the floor before they can get a shot off.

Giant Zombie PUMMELS Bill before trying to go in with his teeth but Kurt -

YANKS Giant Zombie's head back by his hair and puts the barrel of his gun to the back of his head. BLAM!

His BRAINS GO FLYING.

Angela PULLS on Giant Zombie's leg trying to get him off of Bill.

ANGELA
 Get off of him!

HEATHER
 Don't touch that thing! Get back!

Heather SWATS Angela out of the way and Bill crawls out from underneath Giant Zombie.

ANGELA
 Granddad!

Angela runs towards Bill.

BILL CARROWAY
 (shouting)
 DON'T! DON'T come near me!

Bill holds his hands out and wipes the BRAINS and BLOOD off of his face and neck.

BILL CARROWAY (CONT'D)
 (shouting)
 Nobody come near me!

Angela looks devastated. Heather grabs Angela's hand and leads her away from Bill.

HEATHER
(to Angela)
Come over here honey.

Heather protects Angela from Bill.

BILL CARROWAY
Okay, look. Here's what we're gonna do. None of you...and I mean none of you! Are going to come near me. Is that understood?

Everyone nods.

BILL CARROWAY (CONT'D)
When those things come over that fence in about five minutes, there's gonna be nothing any of us can do to fight them off. We have to create a diversion.

KURT
What kind of diversion?

Bill looks at Angela, sadness in his eyes.

BILL CARROWAY
Me.

Angela WRESTLES against Heather's firm grasp.

ANGELA
Granddad, don't say that!

BILL CARROWAY
I'm already dead, Angela. Besides, if a guy has to go, it was always kind of a fantasy of mine to go out in a hail of bullets defending the people I love most. You don't get to Valhalla by dying in a bed from old age. I'll die with my boots on, and anyway...it's been a good run.

Angela and Bill share a touching, silent moment.

BILL CARROWAY (CONT'D)
(turning to George)
But boy oh boy do I wish I was going on that boat with your sorry ass, George.

GEORGE

Come on, are you still mad about the boat?

Bill shakes his head, disappointed with his old friend.

BILL CARROWAY

Just look after my granddaughter for me. Make sure she's safe and we'll call it even.

GEORGE

Of course I will. Like my own blood.

KURT

We should be moving guys.

HEATHER

How are we gonna get to this boat?

GEORGE

It's close. We could run there in twenty minutes, max.

HEATHER

Twenty minutes out there on foot doesn't sound like a whole lot of fun right now.

GEORGE

Well you're the carjackers, we'll jack someone's car out on the street.

Heather and Kurt look at each other and shrug.

BILL CARROWAY

I'm gonna head out that door into the courtyard. You three are going to go out that door right there that leads into the alleyway. As soon as you hear my distraction, you run like hell and get to the nearest car and drive away.

HEATHER

How will we know it when we hear your distraction?

BILL CARROWAY

Trust me, you'll know. Give me that lighter of yours, kiddo.

KURT

This is my lucky lighter.

BILL CARROWAY

Your luck ran out a long time ago, and
I'm trying to save your life here.

KURT

Alright. Fine.

Kurt hands over his Zippo lighter.

The sound of the GATE ROCKING back and forth and SNARLING
and GROWLING is heard outside.

BILL CARROWAY

Angela. I love you very much. George here
is gonna take care of you until your
parents get back from their trip. Okay?

Angela nods, tears in her eyes.

HEATHER

I'll make sure nothing happens to her. I
have a little one on the way as well.

KURT

What?

HEATHER

I'm sorry I didn't tell you sooner. It
was gonna be a surprise when we got to
Brazil. Away from all this craziness.
That's the reason I wanted to get out of
that town in the first place.

KURT

You're pregnant?

Kurt puts his hand on Heather's stomach.

HEATHER

Well just a month, it's not gonna be
kicking yet, sugar baby.

KURT

We're having a baby?

HEATHER

Yes.

Kurt nods.

KURT

I'm gonna be a daddy.

Kurt pulls Heather close and they kiss and hug.

KURT (CONT'D)

I'm gonna be the best daddy ever, I'm gonna stop robbing people. Stop dealing. Stop killing people, I promise.

HEATHER

And you already know I'm gonna stop stripping, stop hustling people. We're gonna be the happiest family ever.

Bill and George look at each other, eye brows raised, as Kurt and Heather hold each other close.

GEORGE

Alright. Sorry to interrupt this...whatever this is. But how much ammunition do you guys have left?

HEATHER

I'm out.

Kurt pulls out some .44 Magnum SHELLS from his pocket.

KURT

I got about twelve.

Bill hands his .40 Pistol and an extra clip to Heather.

BILL CARROWAY

Here you go, that's about thirty rounds. Use them wisely.

GEORGE

We should grab some of these knives too, just in case. Don't want to be caught with our pants down out there.

Heather and Kurt nod and they grab a MEAT CLEAVER and a BUTCHER KNIFE from the kitchen. George still has his baseball bat.

BILL CARROWAY

Okay. Wait for the signal. Then run like hell for the nearest car. Don't look back.

ANGELA

I love you granddad.

BILL CARROWAY

I love you too sweetie. I'll see all of you on the other side.

Bill exits back into the courtyard.

Angela starts to cry. Heather strokes her hair.

HEATHER

Shh. It's okay sweetheart. Your grandfather's very brave. Plus, he was probably going to die soon anyway.

Kurt gives Heather a knowing look.

HEATHER (CONT'D)

What? He was no spring chicken.

GEORGE

Let's get ready to go guys.

INT. OVERTHROW CASTLE - GARAGE - NIGHT

Hotness and Maestro are in the middle of loading up a JEEP with their personal effects and weapons.

Hotness carries over a crappy painting without a frame.

MAESTRO

(in a hurry)

We don't need that, come on...

Hotness shoots him a cold stare.

HOTNESS

I painted this for you on your birthday two years ago. Not that you would ever notice something like that.

Maestro throws his hands up.

MAESTRO

Of course I notice, it's just, we're in a little bit of a panic situation here! Those freaks out there are two seconds away from breaking the gate down.

SCREAMS! Maestro and Hotness look to the sound of Rave Zombies getting increasingly LOUD outside.

HOTNESS

Okay screw it!

Hotness throws the painting down in a HUFF.

HOTNESS (CONT'D)

Then you don't get to bring that stupid record player.

Maestro is carrying an old-school record player.

MAESTRO

This is a classic. Where are you gonna find another record player like this?

HOTNESS

Use an ipod like the rest of the twenty first century!

MAESTRO

You're impossible right now!

HOTNESS

You're impossible, Spaulding!

MAESTRO

I asked you nicely, please don't call me Spaulding! I found you on a desk in Pennsylvania, I can send you back there!

HOTNESS

Really? Fine! And I could send you to prison for the rest of your life for this crazy shit you've gotten me involved in.

Hotness gets in the driver's seat of the Jeep.

MAESTRO

Hotness, what are you doing?

The Jeep ENGINE ROARS.

HOTNESS

It's Amanda, asshole!

MAESTRO

Hey! Stop the car!

The GARAGE DOOR BEGINS TO OPEN!

Maestro runs up to the passenger side door and tries to open it but it's locked. He BANGS on the window.

MAESTRO (CONT'D)

Hey! Amanda, please! What are you doing?

Hotness doesn't even look over, and flciks him the bird.

MAESTRO (CONT'D)

Open the fucking door!

SCREAM! About three RAVE ZOMBIES rush in the garage as the door opens.

Hotness REVS the ENGINE and takes off out of the garage.

MAESTRO (CONT'D)

Shit!

Maestro SHOOTS at the Rave Zombies and takes off running out of the garage.

The remaining RAVE ZOMBIES run after him.

EXT. OVERTHROW CASTLE - COURTYARD - NIGHT

The RAVE ZOMBIES are nearly TOPPLING the fence over.

Bill gets in the Black S.U.V. and turns up the RADIO, some Southern Rock blaring out of it. He pops the gas tank open and gets back out of the car.

He starts dancing and gyrating to the old-time music playing over the radio.

He takes off his outer shirt while still dancing, he has a white tank-top on underneath it.

Bill SINGS along to the tune as he rolls his shirt up.

He does a SPIN MOVE as he reaches the gas tank, SNAPPING and SINGING along with the music.

He starts stuffing his shirt into the gas tank, still moving to the music.

He stuffs his shirt almost all the way in the tank, and then pulls it out a little bit so that the middle section is soaked in gasoline.

ACROSS THE COURTYARD

Maestro RUNS out of the building and looks around, trying to figure out his next move.

He sees the right side of the Black S.U.V but doesn't see Bill on the driver's side by the gas tank.

SCREAM! The Rave Zombies are close behind him. He takes off running toward the car.

AT THE GATE

The RAVE ZOMBIES begin climbing over the gate and pouring into the courtyard.

AT THE CAR

Bill FLICKS open the Zippo lighter and LIGHTS the shirt on fire feeding into the gas tank.

He gets inside the car, nodding and SNAPPING along to the music.

The passenger side door open and Maestro gets in with his pistol out. Bill smiles over at him, in a trance-like state.

BILL CARROWAY
Spaulding, I'm glad you decided to join me.

MAESTRO
(panicked)
What!

BILL CARROWAY
Spaulding Nix, I remember now. This will be just like Panama all over again. A reunion of sorts.

MAESTRO
Drive. Run them down you crazy son-of-a-bitch!

Bill shakes his head.

BILL CARROWAY
They're coming for us.

The RAVE ZOMBIE rush the car and jump on top of the hood.

MAESTRO
(insane)
Drive the damn car!

Bill just smiles and keeps singing his song.

Maestro notices the FIRE burning outside the gas tank.

Maestro realizes he is completely fucked, he accepts it.

MAESTRO (CONT'D)
Uh oh...

BILL CARROWAY
Eat your hearts out you zombie mother fuckers.

BOOM!

EXT. OVERTHROW CASTLE - COURTYARD - CONTINUOUS

The S.U.V. BLOWS UP, sending ZOMBIE BODIES flying in every direction.

INT. OVERTHROW CASTLE - KITCHEN

Kurt and George look at one another and nod. That was their signal.

KURT

Let's move.

GEORGE

Stay in tight formation. Only use bullets when you have to, we don't want to alert the whole town.

Kurt nods and holds up the MEAT CLEAVER.

KURT

You got it.

George exits the back door of the kitchen carefully and Kurt, Heather, and Angela follow him.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

The four of them jog briskly down the dimly lit alleyway.

Sounds of GROWLING and SCREAMING can be heard all over the city.

Two FIGURES step out of the shadows, silhouetted by the street light behind them.

They all stop, Heather puts her hand on Angela, protecting her.

Kurt and George look at each other, worried.

KURT

You take the one on the left.

GEORGE

Sounds good.

The Two Figures emerge, revealing that they are JESSICA and IZZY, Angela's sisters. Now they are ZOMBIFIED.

They come running toward George and Kurt as they ready for the attack.

ANGELA

No! Those are my sisters!

Heather turns Angela away from the bloodshed.

Kurt gets low and tosses the Zombie over his shoulder in a judo throw. He comes down hard on the Zombie's head with his Meat Cleaver, splitting her head in two.

George LASHES out at the Zombie with his knife, but it's quickly knocked out of his hands.

BOOM! George shoots the Zombie in the head.

KURT

I thought you said no guns!

GEORGE

Sorry, I got excited.

SCREAM! A CROWD of other Zombies appears at the end of the alleyway.

KURT

Shit.

HEATHER

We need a car.

KURT

Let's move!

They take off running for their lives as they are pursued by a crowd of six or so Zombies.

They round a corner onto an empty street where there is a car with it's lights on just sitting at a red light.

HEATHER

Here we go.

Heather picks Angela up and carries her as they run for the car.

KURT

I'm driving!

They all get in the car.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Kurt goes to start the car but it only SPUTTERS.

HEATHER
Come on!

KURT
I'm trying!

Heather turns around, terrified as the group approaches.

HEATHER
Try harder!

BANG! The fastest RAVE ZOMBIE bangs into the window,
GNASHING his teeth against the window.

KURT
Come on!

The ENGINE SPUTTERS to life.

HEATHER
Drive!

Kurt puts the car in gear and JAMS on the gas.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

The CROWD barely misses them as Kurt speeds away.

EXT. MARINA - SUNRISE

The first bit of morning light is beginning to show.

The CAR that they stole comes pattering up to the
entrance of a Marina.

SEAGULLS can be heard in the distance.

INT. CAR - SUNRISE

Kurt puts the car into park and looks over at George.

KURT
This is it?

GEORGE
Yeah.

Kurt scans the horizon.

KURT
Looks safe.

HEATHER

Let's hope.

George looks in Kurt's duffle bag that's sitting on his lap and sees some of the BLUE PILLS.

KURT

Give me that.

Kurt grabs the bag from him and opens his door.

Heather opens her door and gets out slowly, holding onto Angela's hand. George follows their lead.

The small Marina looks calm and empty.

EXT. MARINA - SUNRISE

George leads the way. Kurt is holding up the rear with his duffle bags slung over his shoulder and his pistol scanning behind them as they walk.

Heather and Angela are in the middle. The BOARDS CREAK underneath them as they slowly walk past the boats in the marina.

HEATHER

Almost there?

GEORGE

Yeah, it's just up here...

They reach GEORGE'S BOAT, a 30 foot boat with twin 250's on the back.

Everyone gets on, and George turns around with his gun facing Kurt.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Leave your guns on the dock.

KURT

Get fucked. What's stopping you from driving us over to the police station if we do?

GEORGE

My word, look. I'll leave my gun too.

George places his gun on the deck.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Okay? What's stopping you from using me for my boat and then shooting me once we get a mile out at a sea?

Kurt looks at Heather for approval.

HEATHER

We don't need these anymore, sugar baby. We're starting a new life together.

Heather puts her pistol on the dock.

Kurt looks at his cherished .44 Magnum, torn.

GEORGE

Please, just for my peace of mind.

KURT

Goodbye old friend.

Kurt wipes his pistol off and throws it into the ocean. He grabs Heather's gun off the dock and does the same.

GEORGE

Thank you.

George turns around and REVS the engine to his boat.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Now...let's get down to business.

George opens a compartment at his waist level and pulls out a spare PISTOL.

He wheels around, pointing it at Heather and Kurt.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Get down on your knees!

Heather and Kurt are shocked.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Get down on your fucking knees right now!

KURT

A man of your word, huh?

GEORGE

I swear to god if you don't get down on your knees with your hands behind your heads right now, I will execute you in front of this little girl!

ANGELA

Why are you doing this? Let them go!

GEORGE

Stay out of this Angela!

HEATHER

You son of a bitch, liar. Wouldn't even take your best friend for a ride on this thing. You scum!

GEORGE

What did you think I was gonna do? Let the two kids responsible for this massive bio-terrorist attack just walk free? You scum bags deserve life in prison for what's going on out there.

Heather and Kurt look at each other, defeated.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Hey, hey, hey! Down on your knees! Now!

George COCKS the hammer on his pistol back.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

I won't say it again.

RAWR! CAPTAIN ZOMBIE (50's) a white-collar boater type, comes flying out of the cabin and blind-sides George with a tackle.

His gun goes flying. Captain Zombie goes right in for George's face and starts RIPPING FLESH OFF of him.

KURT

Should we...?

HEATHER

Let me enjoy this for a second...

Captain Zombie spits and

A DROP of BLOOD lands on the corner of Angela's mouth.

Without knowing it she licks her lips.

Heather covers Angela's eyes from the violence.

HEATHER (CONT'D)

(to Angela)

Sorry about this sweetheart.

Kurt makes a very slow movement towards George's pistol that he left on the dock. He grabs it and aims it at Captain Zombie, as the Zombie finishes tearing George up.

KURT
Hey Gilligan!

Captain Zombie looks up at Kurt, BREATHING HEAVILY.

KURT (CONT'D)
Say cheese.

BLAM! He levels the Zombie on to the floor.

KURT (CONT'D)
I'm gonna check the cabin to see if there's any more of them. You can drive this thing?

HEATHER
Yeah, let's get going before any more show up.
(to Angela)
Angela, sweetie, help me with these ropes.

Angela and Heather untie the boat from the dock.

Kurt goes down into the cabin and checks it out.

KURT
All clear.

Heather puts the boat in drive and backs away from the dock. They head out from Biscayne Bay into the sea.

INT. BOAT - SUNRISE

Kurt emerges from the cabin with a bottle of scotch.

KURT
Looks like our cop buddy had a taste for the good stuff.

Kurt takes the cork out with his mouth and takes a swig of the scotch straight from the bottle.

Kurt puts on two fisherman's gloves and tries to pick up Captain Zombie's body but it's too heavy.

KURT (CONT'D)
This guy's fat as hell.

HEATHER

Angela, sweetheart. Will you drive the boat for a minute?

Angela looks like she's in a bit of a daze.

HEATHER (CONT'D)

Angela?

Angela snaps out of it.

ANGELA

Sure.

Heather helps Kurt lift the body and they dump it overboard. They then pick up George and dump his body of the over edge of the boat.

KURT

Sorry George.

George's body goes into the water with a SPLASH.

Kurt comes behind Angela and takes over the wheel.

KURT (CONT'D)

I've got it from here, thanks kiddo.

Angela walks solemnly back and sits down on the back seat. Heather looks over at her, worried.

HEATHER

Angela, you said your parents were in the Bahamas?

ANGELA

Yeah.

HEATHER

Do you know which island?

ANGELA

Harbor Island.

Heather nods.

HEATHER

Okay sweetheart.

Heather goes up to the steering wheel with Kurt and plugs in HARBOR ISLAND to the GPS system.

It comes back with a route and a time (3 Hours).

HEATHER (CONT'D)

It's only three hours from here.

KURT

Bermuda, Bahama, come on pretty Mama...

Kurt grabs Heather around the waist and kisses her neck from behind. She's ecstatic.

HEATHER

Key Largo, Rio, baby here we go!

KURT

I love you so much honey.

HEATHER

I love you too, sugar baby.

Kurt rubs Heather's belly.

KURT

I'm gonna be the best daddy in the whole wide world.

HEATHER

I know you are.

KURT

There is just one more thing I need to know though.

HEATHER

Anything...

KURT

What was the second thing that you learned as a stripper that you put to use in the real world?

Heather smiles.

HEATHER

I love you baby.

Heather kisses Kurt.

HEATHER (CONT'D)

But some things are just better left to the imagination...don't you think.

Kurt nods.

KURT

I guess...

Heather hugs her man as they drive out of the Miami Harbor, out to sea.

ANGELA

Sits in the backseat, the city of Miami Skyline literally BURNING in FLAMES behind her.

She wobbles back and forth, trying to remain steady.

HER EYES - TURN BLOOD RED

Angela let's out a ferocious SCREAM!

SMASH TO BLACK:

THE END