

Revelations  
by  
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FADE IN:

INT. SCOTT'S APARTMENT - MORNING

SCOTT, still in last night's clothes, sleeps uncomfortably on the couch in his one room apartment. His clock reads eleven in the morning. The phone rings.

Groggy, Scott picks up. He knows damn well who it is: MOM.

SCOTT

Hello, Mom.

MOM (O.S.)

Scott, are you just getting up?

SCOTT

Yeah, Mom, but that's okay. It's Saturday, remember?

MOM (O.S.)

Gave yourself the day off? How is Mega-Zone?

SCOTT

Still the least popular arcade in Los Angeles.

MOM (O.S.)

How's Buckman?

SCOTT

He's Buckman. Mega-zone co-owner in fact and arcade manager in name only.

MOM

And how are you?

SCOTT

I've still got the high score in "House of the Dead II" and I can kick anyone's ass at Laser Tag. Beyond that, fair to okay.

MOM (O.S.)

Meet any girls?

SCOTT

Yes, but they're all twelve.

MOM (O.S.)

How's the weather out there in sunny California?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SCOTT

The weather, the weather, always with the weather. It's sunny California. It's sunny.

MOM (O.S.)

Are you sure?

Scott forces himself up with a grunt and moves towards the kitchen.

SCOTT

Well, I don't know, Mom. Could it be raining? Let me look out the window and make sure. And the verdict is--

He flings back the kitchen window's drape, looks out, and his jaw drops.

EXT. SCOTT'S APARTMENT BUILDING - MORNING - CONTINUOUS

The corner of Victory Boulevard and Hazeltine is covered in a soft blanket of SNOW! Fat flakes fall from the sky. Street signs, cars, buildings, and trees are caked in white. The neighborhood is littered with tenants that have come outside to stare in wonderment up, down, and around at the weird weather.

INT. SCOTT'S APARTMENT - MORNING - CONTINUOUS

Scott gulps.

SCOTT

I guess this means I'm going to have to buy a shovel.

CUT TO:

EXT. SEVEN-ELEVEN - DAY

Scott, bundled up as best he can, trudges around the corner to the convenience store. He has to yank on the door several times to pull it through a snow drift.

INT. SEVEN-ELEVEN - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Scott pours himself a huge cup of coffee, and approaches the register. The CLERK, a grisly old guy without much zest for living, doesn't offer so much as a grunt.

SCOTT

Can I get a pack of Marlboro Reds?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLERK

No ultra-lights? You're livin' large.  
Must be Armageddon.

SCOTT

Just because it's snowing and I'm getting  
a pack of real smokes for a change  
doesn't mean the world's going to end.

CLERK

Sure it does.

The clerk pulls down a pack of cigarettes from the overhead dispenser and slaps it down on the counter. The burn marks on his hands and arms, a sad and grotesque feature of the clerk's skin which Scott has become quite accustomed to over the years, appear to slither around each other slightly. Scott blinks a hard blink. Did that just happen?

Scott lays down some money, gets his change, and heads out.

SCOTT

Right on. I'll see you later, buddy.  
(aside to himself)  
Weird day. Weird fucking day.

The door closes behind him, and the clerk just stands there, not looking after him, but staring blankly into the Frosty Freeze Machine.

CUT TO:

EXT. SCOTT'S STREET - DAY

Scott, cigarette burning, walks home through the snow, enjoying the falling flakes.

CUT TO:

INT. SCOTT'S APARTMENT - AFTERNOON

The television flips channels, and all stations are doing emergency coverage of the weather.

REVEAL the remote clicking BUCKMAN, Scott's old buddy and co-owner of Mega-zone. Scott is next to him on the sofa sipping cheap beer. The phone rings, Scott answers.

SCOTT

Hello?

MOM (O.S.)

Scott? It's still snowing isn't it?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SCOTT

Yes it is. Very strange. All they'll talk about on the TV.

MOM (O.S.)

I've got a terrible feeling. I want you to come for a visit.

SCOTT

I told you I can't afford that.

MOM (O.S.)

I want you to find a way.

SCOTT

Mom, it's snowing. No planes will be getting in or out of here anytime soon.

MOM (O.S.)

Here, either, but--

The phone goes dead.

SCOTT

Mom? Mom? Hello? Shit.

He hits the hang-up button repeatedly, and then gives up.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

My phone's dead.

BUCKMAN

No surprise there. Your mom?

SCOTT

She wants me to come home right away.

BUCKMAN

How do you propose to do that?

Just then, the television picture cuts out, replaced by a title card saying simply "EMERGENCY" and a piercing high-pitched noise compliments of the Emergency Broadcasting System.

BUCKMAN (CONT'D)

Look at that. We're in a state of emergency. Crissakes.

A man in a suit appears on the television.

SCOTT

Now what?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MAN ON TELEVISION

California has been declared in a state of emergency.

BUCKMAN

Didn't I just say that?

MAN ON TELEVISION

Please do not panic. Please remain in your homes and wait for further instructions. DO NOT ATTEMPT TO LEAVE YOUR CITY. Beginning today--

Brakes screeching and a loud CRASH is heard from outside. BREAKING GLASS and the sound of a slumped body leaning on a CAR HORN immediately follow.

BUCKMAN

What the hell?

The two friends bolt for the door.

EXT. SCOTT'S APARTMENT - AFTERNOON - CONTINUOUS

Scott and Buckman run from the apartment building to see the accident. Three cars, smoking and hissing, are twisted into one another in the middle of the street.

BUCKMAN

Dammit!

SCOTT

Let's see if anyone needs help.

The two move quickly to the accident. Glass lies everywhere, as the windows appear to have blown out of the three cars. When they get close, the grisly nature of what lies before them causes Buckman to lean over and puke.

BUCKMAN

(wiping his chin)

What the fuck happened? Jesus, what the fuck?!

The drivers and passengers are all dead. Some are slouched over in the cars, but a few are half in and half out of the blasted windows. All are dismembered. A single body is a few yards from the accident, face down on the street. The snow around the body's head is stained crimson red.

SCOTT

Jesus.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BUCKMAN

How did this--? I mean, where was this--?

Scott stops as he nears the victim that crawled away from the cars. He rolls her over.

BUCKMAN (CONT'D)

Oh, no.

The mutilated woman's face is covered with deep scratch marks, as if something had torn at her face. As they look down at the body, a dark shadow passes over them accompanied by an inhuman scream. They both look up to see a monstrous shape disappearing into the snowy sky. It moves away too quickly to make out.

SCOTT

We need to get out of here right now.

Buckman is already running down the side street next to Scott's apartment building. Scott follows right behind him.

EXT. SIDE STREET - AFTERNOON - CONTINUOUS

Buckman is making a bee-line to his Jeep Cherokee. Scott races after him.

INT. BUCKMAN'S CHEROKEE - CONTINUOUS

Buckman pulls a cell phone out of his glove box. He tries it.

BUCKMAN

What do we do?

SCOTT

We leave the city.

BUCKMAN

Where are we gonna go?

SCOTT

I've got to get home.

BUCKMAN

Massachusetts? I can't drive you to Massachusetts.

Another shadow passes over them accompanied by another inhuman scream.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BUCKMAN (CONT'D)  
 (starting the car)  
 So you think I should take the 134 to the  
 5?

Buckman pulls out into the snow, clicking on his wipers.

BUCKMAN (CONT'D)  
 (collecting himself)  
 We've got to go by way of Colorado first.

SCOTT  
 Claudia. I got ya. Colorado, then home.

The two are silent. The Jeep drives on.

EXT. VAN NUYS BLVD. - MOMENTS LATER

Buckman's Cherokee rolls through the snow. With the storm, night has come early. Few store fronts are lit, most neon signs are off, and the streets are abandoned. All Scott can do is stare out the window.

INT. BUCKMAN'S CHEROKEE - CONTINUOUS

BUCKMAN  
 I've got to get some gas.

They approach an intersection that has a gas station on each corner, and Buckman pulls into the only one with lights burning.

EXT. GAS STATION - CONTINUOUS

The Cherokee rolls to a stop. The two climb out of the car to approach the clerk's booth. No one is there. A sign in the window says, "HELP YOURSELF - GOOD LUCK FUCKERS!" The two exchange a glance.

Buckman then goes to the gas pump and checks the nozzle. Gas pours out.

BUCKMAN  
 Hey, free gas!

He begins to gas up his vehicle. Scott checks the door to the mini-mart in the station. It's locked. Scott searches for something to smash the window, but comes up with only a window squeegee. He throws it against the window, it bounces off with a dull thud.

Scott grimaces, and looks around for something else. He sees an old pick-up truck in the parking lot, door open.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The keys are still inside. Scott starts it up, puts it in gear, and lets it roll into the mini-mart, destroying the entire store front.

BUCKMAN (CONT'D)  
What the fuck are you doing?!

SCOTT  
Gettin' some snacks.

EXT. 134 FREEWAY EAST - NIGHT

The Jeep drives slowly over an unplowed stretch of freeway. Their path is littered with cars and trucks, some overturned but most simply stopped in their tracks. An occasional corpse can be seen, but for the most part the vehicles are abandoned.

INT. BUCKMAN'S CHEROKEE - CONTINUOUS

Buckman drives. The back seat is loaded with supplies from the mini-mart. Scott scans through radio stations, nothing but static.

SCOTT  
You wanna beer?

He reaches into the back seat for the treats. He offers a tall-boy to his friend. Buckman takes it, glances at it strangely, and pops it open.

SCOTT (CONT'D)  
Snow in LA. Fucked up.

BUCKMAN  
I wish Claudia had never gone to Colorado. Hell, if Mega-Zone made any money, Claudia wouldn't have had to take that job in the first place.

SCOTT  
Well, she loves you. That's a good thing.

Scott pops his beer and raises a toast.

SCOTT (CONT'D)  
Here's to Claudia.

They knock cans and gulp some beer.

SCOTT (CONT'D)  
(pointing ahead)  
Watch yourself.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Buckman swerves to avoid some debris, but quickly regains control.

BUCKMAN  
Sorry about that.

Scott nods "no problem".

SCOTT  
When was the last time you called her?

BUCKMAN  
This morning.

SCOTT  
You call her every morning?

BUCKMAN  
That's what it means to be in love, my friend. That's what it means.

SCOTT  
I don't think I have the right long distance plan to be in love.

Buckman coughs up a chuckle.

BUCKMAN  
When was the last time you were in love?

SCOTT  
Second grade.

BUCKMAN  
What about that Denise chick last year?

SCOTT  
That relationship went downhill when she said she wanted to drink my blood.

Buckman laughs.

BUCKMAN  
Yeah, she did wear a lot of dark clothes. Very pale girl.

EXT. 134 FREEWAY EAST - CONTINUOUS

The Cherokee trudges through the snow.

INT. BUCKMAN'S CHEROKEE - CONTINUOUS

BUCKMAN

So. You fell in love in the second grade.

SCOTT

I swear it. Remember that girl Marion?

BUCKMAN

Yeah. Pretty much.

SCOTT

I liked playin' with her more than you.

BUCKMAN

Well, that proves you're not gay.

SCOTT

We had a water fight one time, she nails me with a bucket of water, and says, "Today's forecast: partly cloudy, with a chance of sudden showers. Bitch." She was a funny kid.

BUCKMAN

Did she really say "bitch"?

SCOTT

No. Would have been cool.

BUCKMAN

How'd you know you were in love with her?

SCOTT

She smiled. It made me feel a certain way.

BUCKMAN

Like what?

SCOTT

Like home. Sounds stupid, but it's true.

Scott peers out the windshield to see the snow flakes glowing like fireflies off the shine of the headlights.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

It's really dark out.

At that moment, someone or something darts in front of the vehicle.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SCOTT (CONT'D)  
What was that?

BUCKMAN  
I don't know.

Audible GUN CRACKS come from behind them. Buckman floors it. Scott looks in the rearview mirror to see flashes of gunfire in the darkness.

BUCKMAN (CONT'D)  
(to car)  
C'mon, you old bag, move faster!

SCOTT  
Holy shit!

The gunfire fades as Buckman speeds away. As quickly as it got crazy, the night gets quiet again. Both guys are ill at ease. Scott lights up a smoke.

BUCKMAN  
No smoking in the car.

Scott looks at him about to get a little pissy, and then decides against it. He cracks the window and drops the cigarette outside.

CUT TO:

EXT. 210 FREEWAY - FURTHER INTO THE NIGHT

The Cherokee is making its way through Pasadena, moving towards the I-15. This freeway is considerably more empty than the 134 was, only an occasional wreck here and there. Snow continues to fall.

SCOTT (V.O.)  
I'm going nuts. You got one of your famous mix tapes in here?

BUCKMAN (V.O.)  
Course I do.

Buckman puts in a tape. Leonard Cohen's "Take This Waltz" kicks in.

SCOTT (V.O.)  
I'm going to have skip this one.

INT. BUCKMAN'S CHEROKEE - CONTINUOUS

Scott is fast forwarding to the next song.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BUCKMAN

I like that song.

SCOTT

Um. It's fine. But I need something with a bit more, ahh, punchiness. I'm starting to think we're never getting out of Los Angeles.

BUCKMAN

Leonard Cohen's got nothing to do with that.

SCOTT

I'm not saying he does.

He stops the fast forward. A happier song plays.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

That's better.

A giant shadow passes across their faces. Buckman slams on the brakes.

EXT. 210 FREEWAY - CONTINUOUS

The Cherokee spins out of control, making a complete 360 degree turn at high speed. It then slides into a snow drift in the emergency lane, the front bumper and grill smashing as they connect with the buried guard rail. The engine continues to rumble.

INT. BUCKMAN'S CHEROKEE - CONTINUOUS

BUCKMAN

Did you see that?

SCOTT

It was big.

BUCKMAN

It was big.

SCOTT

What?

BUCKMAN

What was it?

SCOTT

A really big shadow.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BUCKMAN

Yeah, but...

SCOTT

Where did it go?

BUCKMAN

I don't know.

SCOTT

(looking forward)

Out that way somewhere.

BUCKMAN

Yeah. I could feel the thing. The car rocked. The car shimmied. You know?

SCOTT

Yeah. Yeah. Like when a big truck goes by.

Buckman takes a breath and then cautiously puts the car in reverse and tries to back from the rail. The wheels spin.

BUCKMAN

Fuck! Fuck!

He takes a deep breath, collects himself, looks at Scott. The happy tune continues to play.

SCOTT

Hey. Do you have any tapes that are only Leonard Cohen?

The happy song is shut off and replaced with Leonard Cohen's "The Future." The song plays for a few beats, then:

BUCKMAN

One of us is going to have to get out and rock this thing out of the snow.

Scott doesn't answer. The song plays for a few more beats.

BUCKMAN (CONT'D)

Okay. We'll wait it out for a little while.

He turns off the engine. The car just sits.

FADE TO:

EXT. 210 FREEWAY - LATER

Scott is standing at the front of the Jeep, rocking it with all his might. The wheels spin and spit snow. Buckman yells out the window.

BUCKMAN

Don't stop! More! More! We're almost there!

He's lying. Scott stops and yelps some unintelligible curse words and then begins to angrily punch the dented hood of the car. Buckman puts the car in park, and climbs out.

BUCKMAN (CONT'D)

Would you take it easy? This is the only Jeep we've got!

SCOTT

Sorry.

BUCKMAN

We've got to get this thing out of here. We need a goddam shovel. Where are we going to get a shovel?

Scott gets on his knees and starts digging out a tire with his hands.

BUCKMAN (CONT'D)

That's not going to work.

SCOTT

I've got two words for you: BIG THE FUCK SHADOW!

Buckman sighs heavily and drops to his knees, beginning to work on another tire. The two labor in determined quietude.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. THE I-15 TO VEGAS - MORNING

The snow covered ground ends here. There is a perfect line between where the falling snow stops and the dry desert starts. No snow spills out into the desert, nor is the desert's heat melting any snow.

The Cherokee appears from out of the snow and comes to a screeching halt. Buckman and Scott jump from the vehicle.

SCOTT

Would you look at this?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BUCKMAN  
I'm lookin'. I'm lookin'.

SCOTT  
Incredible.

They run up to the line where the snow ends and the desert begins. They turn to the north and south to see the wall of falling snow disappear over the horizons.

BUCKMAN  
So, here's a question. What now?

They both turn to look into the desert.

SCOTT  
Looks pretty straightforward to me.

BUCKMAN  
End of the world? More than just snow in the storm? What about that?

SCOTT  
Maybe it's just the end of LA.  
(then)  
I'll drive.

They get back into the Cherokee and begin to move along the I-15 towards Vegas. Unseen by the two guys, the desert floor behind them comes alive. In about a half dozen trails on either side of the freeway, the sand and dirt kick up as if some CREATURES just beneath the surface are following the Jeep. The Jeep just keeps on driving . . . and the churning paths in the desert just keep on following.

INT. BUCKMAN'S CHEROKEE - LATER

A mix tape keeps them company as they move along.

BUCKMAN  
How long to Vegas?

SCOTT  
Couple hours.

BUCKMAN  
Maybe we should find a way around the place.

SCOTT  
It's the only way I know. And no maps in the glove box. I have a feeling it's the fastest way anyhow. Maybe the only way.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Scott's attention is grabbed by swirling lines of mist hovering along the pavement outside the car.

SCOTT (CONT'D)  
What the hell is that?

EXT. THE I-15 TO VEGAS - CONTINUOUS

A fog is rolling in over the interstate, and before they know it, the Cherokee is swallowed up and there's nothing to see but an omnipresent dense white cloud.

BUCKMAN (V.O.)  
Swell.

INT. BUCKMAN'S CHEROKEE - CONTINUOUS

Scott shuts off the stereo and brings the Cherokee to a crawl, unable to see what lies beyond them.

SCOTT  
I'd say I don't believe it, but that would be a lie.

BUCKMAN  
This sucks. This really sucks.

Buckman looks out his window to see:

EXT. SIDE OF THE ROAD - CONTINUOUS

A ghostly PALE MAN, appearing to be made out of the mist, stands on the edge of the interstate, simply glaring at the oncoming Cherokee.

INT. BUCKMAN'S CHEROKEE - CONTINUOUS

Buckman finds himself looking right into the eyes of the pale man as the car moves ever so slowly past. The pale man can't be more than three inches from the side of the vehicle. His face is dead save two blood-red eyes.

BUCKMAN  
Who's this guy?

Scott keeps driving, and the pale man is swallowed by the fog.

SCOTT  
I didn't like that at all.

BUCKMAN  
What was he doing?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SCOTT  
Just looking at us.

BUCKMAN  
What for?

SCOTT  
You got me.  
(pause)  
He looked pissed.

BUCKMAN  
What an asshole.  
(then)  
Man, you can't see anything in this mess.

The Jeep crawls along until suddenly Buckman is screaming.

BUCKMAN (CONT'D)  
Drive! Drive! Goddammit, drive!

SCOTT  
Take it easy, I can't go any faster than  
this, we'll crash.

BUCKMAN  
LOOK, WILL YA!

Scott glances in the rear view mirror to see the pale man walking directly behind the car. Scott yelps, and hits the gas, blindly careening into the white nothingness.

BUCKMAN (CONT'D)  
Don't stop! Do not stop!

SCOTT  
Is he gone? Is he gone?

BUCKMAN  
Yeah, but keep going, I don't want him  
catching up!

SCOTT  
I gotta slow down! We're gonna smack into  
something!

BUCKMAN  
Not yet! Not yet!

Scott continues at the ridiculous pace for a few more moments, and then slows down despite all the fear.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SCOTT  
Look, I can't go like this.

BUCKMAN  
Fine. Make sure all the doors are locked.

Scott hits the lock button. Buckman turns himself around to watch their back.

BUCKMAN (CONT'D)  
If he comes back, we're flooring it again. He could be right behind us. I swear to God, man, I don't want to see him ever again.

SCOTT  
Just keep an eye out. Okay?

EXT. THE I-15 TO VEGAS - CONTINUOUS

The Cherokee inches through the mist.

INT. BUCKMAN'S CHEROKEE - MUCH LATER

Scott is still plodding along, and Buckman is still keeping watch out the back. Scott hears something.

SCOTT  
What was that?

BUCKMAN  
I didn't hear anything.

SCOTT  
I'm going to roll down a window.

BUCKMAN  
Absolutely not.

Scott cracks his window.

BUCKMAN (CONT'D)  
I said absolutely not! This is my car!

SCOTT  
Shh.

A distant voice comes to both of them. The voice is screaming. Then it is gone.

BUCKMAN  
Far away. Good.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Then a different voice, also a scream. It is right outside the car.

SCOTT  
Where is that? Where is that?

BUCKMAN  
Roll up your window now or I'll leave you here!

SCOTT  
Okay, okay!

He obliges.

SCOTT (CONT'D)  
I don't want to hit anybody. Where are they?

BUCKMAN  
I don't want to know.

SCOTT  
Maybe they're lost in the fog, maybe their cars broke down or something.

BUCKMAN  
Listen. I know this is cold and callous or whatever, but we can't concern ourselves with that. We have no idea what's going on out there.

Another scream, somewhere in between the first two.

SCOTT  
All right. All right. Let's just get out of this goddam fog.

Dirt suddenly rains from the air, hitting the Cherokee, a couple pebbles cracking the windshield. Buckman looks out of his window. Off to the side of the interstate he can make out an explosion of fire deep in the murkiness.

BUCKMAN  
Did you see that?

SCOTT  
Yes I did. Yes I fucking did.

He begins to drive a bit faster. Another scream.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BUCKMAN

I think the most important thing right now is that we don't stop. Right?

SCOTT

Yeah.

Out of nowhere, a BLOODY GUY jumps onto the hood of the car. He scrambles up to the windshield, and puts a hand on the glass, smearing blood all over the place.

BLOODY GUY

Heeeeellllppp! You got to heeeeellllppp!

In a knee jerk reaction, Scott slams on the brakes, and the Bloody Guy goes flying off into the haze.

SCOTT

He looked bad.

BUCKMAN

Bad evil, or bad in trouble?

SCOTT

Trouble.

EXT. THE I-15 TO VEGAS - CONTINUOUS

The two judiciously exit the Cherokee, and move around to the front, looking for the Bloody Guy. Nothing.

BUCKMAN

Hello? You okay?

SCOTT

Where are you?

BLOODY GUY (O.C.)

(weakly)  
Right here.

Scott takes a step toward the voice, and away from the car.

BUCKMAN

Wait! We can't leave the Cherokee.

SCOTT

But--

BUCKMAN

Hang on.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Buckman runs around the car, and hops into the driver's seat, rolling down the window.

BUCKMAN (CONT'D)  
Okay. Move.

Scott takes a few steps, and Buckman keeps the Cherokee right on his ass.

SCOTT  
Say something. I can't find you.

Wisps of mist dance around his feet, almost as if about to grab his ankles and pull him off balance.

SCOTT (CONT'D)  
(to himself, but audibly)  
This fog is alive.

BUCKMAN  
I got your back!

SCOTT  
(loudly)  
Where are you, man? Where'd you go?

BLOODY GUY  
I'm--

Scott kicks right into him.

SCOTT  
Uh! Sorry.

He gets on his knees. The headlights illuminate the Bloody Guy's gored up head and torn up clothes. One of his arms looks gray and mummified, as if it is turning into dust.

SCOTT (CONT'D)  
Let's get you in the car.

BLOODY GUY  
Thank you. Thank you.

Scott drags him along the car, and opens a back door. Buckman jumps out, and the two hoist the Bloody Guy off the street and into the car. They then both get back in the front. Buckman begins to drive.

INT. BUCKMAN'S CHEROKEE - CONTINUOUS

BLOODY GUY  
Thank you. Thank you so much.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SCOTT

We got any first aid?

BUCKMAN

Did you steal any from the gas station?

Scott climbs into the back and looks through the bags, pulling out a roadside emergency kit. He rummages through, finding only road flares and tools for changing a tire.

SCOTT

There's nothing in here. We need some bandages or something.

BUCKMAN

The duffel bag. There's some shirts from the Iggy Pop concert. Use those.

The Bloody Guy moans quietly. Scott turns to see the duffel, and zips it open, pulling out the T-shirts. He leans over and applies them to the Bloody Guy's head wound.

SCOTT

This will have to do. We'll get you to a hospital in Vegas or something, just hang on.

The Bloody Guy suddenly grabs Scott's doctoring hand, and gives it a tender squeeze.

BLOODY GUY

Thank you. Thank you so much.

(wheezing)

No hospitals in Vegas. Nothing. I just--

SCOTT

Take it easy.

BLOODY GUY

I just don't want to die out there.

BUCKMAN

What happened to you?

BLOODY GUY

My fam-- Family, gone. I can't say what it was. Things from the ground, men in the fog...

SCOTT

You hang on. Hang on. We'll find you some help.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BLOODY GUY  
You are. Are the help.

The Bloody Guy stares thankfully up at his makeshift nurse.

SCOTT  
What's your name?

The Bloody Guy just keeps on staring. He's gone.

SCOTT (CONT'D)  
Oh, no. Oh, Jesus.

BUCKMAN  
What? He's dead?

SCOTT  
Yeah. Yeah, he's dead.

BUCKMAN  
Fuck me.

Scott slumps back from the dead person.

BUCKMAN (CONT'D)  
What do we do? What do we do with him?

SCOTT  
I don't know.

BUCKMAN  
I guess put him back out there. Back on the street.

SCOTT  
We can't.

BUCKMAN  
He's dead, Scott. Nothing else we can do.

SCOTT  
Look, he didn't want to die out there. I know I wouldn't. And I don't think I'd want to be *dead* out there, either.

Buckman is silent. He just keeps on driving.

And then the Cherokee is SPINNING THROUGH THE AIR.

EXT. I-15 TO VEGAS - CONTINUOUS

The pavement is EXPLODING, a force breaking out from underneath. The Jeep has been catapulted from the freeway.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The vehicle hits the ground with a CLAP, sliding maniacally along, stirring up the mist and dust. Buckman is screaming.

When the car comes to a stop, Buckman tumbles out weakly, and struggles to his feet. He immediately moves to the rear of the crumpled car.

BUCKMAN

Scott! Scott! Talk to me.

Scott kicks out the back window, and Buckman pulls him out. Both have bleeding gashes here and there, but they're okay enough to stand up and look at the wreckage. The Bloody Guy's lifeless arm hangs from a busted window, hand lying on the black top.

SCOTT

Son of a bitch.

BUCKMAN

Looks like we're walking.

Scott grabs a bag of mini-mart supplies from the back of the Jeep. He hands it to Buckman and then grabs one for himself.

SCOTT

We might want some treats.

At this precise moment, the mist is alive with FIRE. Speechless, the two guys begin to move away from the blast in an extreme rush.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Take my hand!

He reaches out his hand for Buckman, who takes it without thinking.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Don't want to lose you!

Hand in hand they run blindly through the fog, painfully aware that they are being pursued by something--a BIG SOMETHING that is growling and coughing up fire.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

DON'T LOOK BACK!

Buckman looks back.

BUCKMAN

I looked back.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SCOTT  
Hustle! Hustle!

The creature is a bastardization of a dragon, fire shooting from a huge opening atop its body. Said opening is filled with dripping teeth and lolling tongues. Much of it is hidden by white mist, so Buckman is unclear on exactly what it looks like as a whole, but whatever it is, motherfucker is gigantic. Buckman tears his gaze from the beast as it eats their jeep.

BUCKMAN  
Aaaaaahhhhhhh!

Scott looks back. The creature is gone.

SCOTT  
It's gone! It's gone!

Their hand in hand sprint continues for a second until Buckman stops dead in his tracks. Scott is still moving forward, but his friend holds onto him so tight that he is yanked backwards and falls to the ground. When he gets up, he sees what stopped Buckman.

Visible through the fog are two blood red eyes.

BUCKMAN  
He's back.

And then there is another set of red eyes. And another. And another. Almost instantaneously, there are dozens of pairs of red eyes in the fog.

BUCKMAN (CONT'D)  
And he's got friends.

Bodies made of the mist form around the eyes, clearing the fog to reveal a group of five injured people. Scott and Buckman look on with awed horror as the "mist people" surround and close in on the group. The group scatters, one extremely injured man pathetically calling after them for help. One by one, the mist people touch the fleeing humans, who emit blood-curdling screams and collapse into piles of dust.

The mist people then turn and look at Scott and Buckman.

SCOTT  
We need to go.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

The mist people begin to advance. Some of the mist people turn back into fog, drift to the rear and sides of Scott and Buckman and reform to surround them.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Uh-oh.

Scott hurriedly begins to rummage through the mini-mart sack.

BUCKMAN

What are you doing?

SCOTT

Looking for a weapon!

BUCKMAN

There's no weapon to fight fog!

Scott pulls out a plastic bottle of liquid marked, "Windshield Defogger". He squeezes the bottle and it shoots a stream of clear liquid at the nearest mist man. The liquid stream cuts through the mist man like a laser, splitting him in half and dissipating him.

Buckman is stunned for a nanosecond, then tears into his own bag.

BUCKMAN (CONT'D)

I need a weapon! What's in my bag?!

He pulls out a small, battery-operated hand fan. He drops the rest of the groceries as a mist man lunges at him. He switches on the fan, which is only powerful enough to dissipate a small portion of a mist man at a time. Buckman starts a cat-and-mouse dance with the mist people, blowing apart their hands with the fan every time they try to touch him.

BUCKMAN (CONT'D)

Mine's not as good as yours!

Scott melts another fog dude. Scott then sees some lights in the distance.

SCOTT

Let's book!

Scott clears a path to the lights with his defogger, Buckman bringing up the rear and fanning off any attacking mist men.

INT. CASINO - MINUTES LATER

Scott and Buckman spill through the casino doors, slamming the doors behind them. The mist people dissipate outside the doors, the fog spilling through cracks.

BUCKMAN  
Goddammit!

SCOTT  
You've got to be fucking kidding me.

The fog begins to reform into mist people in the casino lobby. Before the creatures can completely form, however, the air conditioning kicks in and they are sucked off into various vents.

SCOTT (CONT'D)  
Cool.

The mist people remaining outside see this and disappear into their cloudy environment.

BUCKMAN  
That's right, bitches! Score one for central air!  
(looks around, confused)  
Where are we?

The casino is dimly lit, all slot machines and colored lights shut down.

SCOTT  
We're in a casino. This has got to be the strip.

BUCKMAN  
Unless we got totally fucked up in the fog somehow and wound up in Reno.

SCOTT  
I hate Reno. And that's the most ridiculous thing you've ever said.

BUCKMAN  
Day's not over yet.

A MALE VOICE calls out from the shadows.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)  
Identify yourselves!

The two friends have a start.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SCOTT

Who is that!?

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

Identify yourselves!

SCOTT

(quickly)

Ahh, Scott and Buckman. We just crashed our car, and then some kind of dragon and a bunch of fog people chased us here.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

I'm pointing a gun in your direction, so don't fuck around.

A figure appears out of the darkness, dressed in a tuxedo, and pointing a machine gun in their direction. This is BILL WEST.

BILL WEST

You look human enough, I guess. You better come with me.

INT. DEEPER INTO THE CASINO - CONTINUOUS

The casino is littered with people, sitting around black jack tables, near slot machines, around the various bars. No one is gambling. Some are drinking. All are toting weapons.

BILL WEST

Well, Scott and Buckman. I'm Bill West.

SCOTT

We need a phone. Is there a phone?

BILL WEST

Lots of phones. None of 'em work, though. We've barely got enough power left to keep the air conditioning running. Don't want to see that kick off, I'll tell ya. You can shoot up those fat dragon guys, but the fog people...well, you guys know all about that.

(then)

My first trip to Vegas. I don't like it.

SCOTT

Its better in the off season. Not as many tourists. Or fog people.

BILL WEST

Where'd you guys come from?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SCOTT

LA. I need to get to Massachusetts. And we're trying to get Buckman here to Colorado. See his girl.

BUCKMAN

Fiancee.

BILL WEST

I doubt that'll be too easy. God knows what they got going there. You got your work cut out for you, that's for damn sure. I wouldn't dream of sending you out there without a good dinner. And we need to set you up here, don't we?

BUCKMAN

You got a car?

BILL WEST

Well, goddam, boy, this is Vegas. We got more than cars.

Bill leads them further into the Casino.

CUT TO:

INT. CASINO SHOWROOM - LATER

More gun-toting persons are milling about. Lying all over the place are various types of weapons, including automatic rifles, hand grenades, hand guns, you name it. Buckman and Scott step around the assortment, Bill smiling with pride at his little achievement.

BILL WEST

Took me less than a half hour to dig all this craziness up. A lot of bullshit went on in this town, even before all the crap hit the fan.

BUCKMAN

I have no idea how to use any of this.

SCOTT

Well, we're good at laser tag.

BILL WEST

There you go. This stuff is pretty much the same, just heavier. It ain't rocket science. I'll show you, take two seconds.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BILL WEST (CONT'D)

And those dragon things are pretty big, you're not gonna need months worth of target practice or anything.

SCOTT

God knows what's next.

BILL WEST

What do you mean?

BUCKMAN

LA is covered in snow, and something's running around out there, too. We never really saw, maybe they were the same things.

BILL WEST

You might get lucky. This could be the worst of it.

BUCKMAN

(sotto)

No way. There's no getting lucky anymore.

BILL WEST

Well, honestly, I think you'll be lucky to get out of here. People wind up freaking out, running outside blasting off one of these crazy things (motions to a bazooka) or the other, and they don't last too long. Nope, we ain't going nowhere. Just hoping to keep alive for a little longer.

BUCKMAN

(darkening severely)

You gonna let one of those things get you?

BILL WEST

(knowing exactly what he means)

No sir. Even if it is God's will. I got this ready.

He lifts his shirt to reveal a small pistol in his pants.

BILL WEST (CONT'D)

Even found me a gold bullet, special. This gun's never been shot before, and if it is, it'll be me putting this bullet in my head.

Buckman looks, but doesn't answer. Scott's expression goes blank, he is suddenly off someplace else.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SCOTT

Let's get you to Colorado.

BILL WEST

If that's the way you're gonna play, you better come along with me. We'll find you something to carry your treats.

Bill leaves, and the boys follow.

INT. CASINO CAR DISPLAY - LATER

Bill and the boys stroll towards some fancy sports cars sitting on various display stages. Scott and Buckman both carry duffel bags filled with instruments of death.

BILL WEST

Ain't much to choose from, but what there is, is pretty nice.

SCOTT

You got the keys?

BILL WEST

They're in the cars.

BUCKMAN

We need to find the fastest thing in here.

BILL WEST

You like the Viper?

Scott and Buckman stop in front of a candy-apple red Viper, and in they go. Buckman is behind the wheel, and soon the engine is rumbling. Bill stands beside the car and smiles big, friendly as all get out, as he adjusts his machine gun's shoulder strap.

BILL WEST (CONT'D)

Well, boys, I got nothing but love for ya. You're gonna need all you can get traveling like you are. Know what I mean?

SCOTT

You're the best, Bi--

Just behind Bill, the floor BURSTS open like exploding cardboard. Bill spins, pulling the gun from his shoulder, but before he can get off a shot, the creature BITES into his body. The bite cuts him in half, his uneaten legs crumpling to the floor. Blood sprays the car, and covers Scott's face.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SCOTT (CONT'D)  
 (maniacally)  
 Aaaaaahhhhhhh!

Buckman bolts, the car's tires spitting smoke as the car careens forward. The Viper lurches off its display platform, scraping against a row of slot machines. Just as Buckman gains control, another creature erupts through the floor, blocking the way. Buckman quickly pulls around it, sparks flying as the car scrapes up against more machines.

INT. CASINO GAMBLING FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

The Viper smashes through the casino, and Buckman is forced to SLAM on his brakes before hitting a wall. The casino is in pandemonium as panicked patrons dodge the dozen or so creatures that are desperately trying to have them for snacks.

GUNS BLAST, and the occasional grenade explodes, as the crazed gamblers-turned-survivors fight a losing battle. The carnage is fierce and everywhere, a CRYING WOMAN running by the Viper with a missing arm, a MAN WITH A WHITE SUIT impaled by a huge claw just in front of the horrified Buckman and Scott.

Buckman guns it, careening down a row of slot machines. Someone steps out in front of him, and Buckman swerves into a wall, crashing the car into a giant slot machine. The machine spits out lots of quarters.

GILLIAM JONES, an intense looking guy in his mid-forties, torn clothes and someone else's blood smeared on his face, sprints toward Scott's open window, spraying bullets at his creature pursuant. The grisly monster is torn apart by the machine gun, its bile-like insides spilling all over the cement and pouring down on the car. As it collapses, Gilliam begins to help Scott and Buckman out of the car.

GILLIAM  
 Sorry about stepping in front of you like  
 that--but you are driving through a  
 casino.

CUT TO:

INT. CASINO MAINTENANCE HALL - SIMULTANEOUS

Another dragon monster bursts through the floor, destroying cables and power lines, cutting all the casino's power. It then breaks through the wall.

CUT TO:

INT. CASINO GAMBLING FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

The monster comes crashing through the wall as all light in the casino extinguishes. Scott, Buckman, and Gilliam look around, desperate. Emergency lights kick in, bathing the room in a harsh white light.

BUCKMAN  
What just happened?

SCOTT  
We just lost power.

BUCKMAN  
What does that mean?

Gilliam looks over at a vent with strings attached to it. The air flow dies.

GILLIAM  
It means we're in a lot of trouble.

Fog begins to spill out onto the casino floor.

GILLIAM (CONT'D)  
Come on boys, we've got to get to the garage. My car.

He shoots apart the nearest dragon creature, and they take off.

INT. ENCLOSED GARAGE - MOMENTS LATER

The three men make serious tracks towards Gilliam's Oldsmobile.

GILLIAM  
The Olds! Get to the Olds!

The floor explodes, a monster pushing through, and all are knocked off their feet. Scott gets up, sees that Gilliam is getting into his car, and then looks for Buckman. He can't see him, but he can see the monster.

Scott pulls two handguns out of the bag and clicking off the safeties, shoots both in rapid succession. The creature grunts, growls, and collapses.

Buckman appears on the other side of the massive hole in the floor as the monster crumples.

BUCKMAN  
Nice motherfuckin' shootin'!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Fog begins to spill into the garage behind Buckman. Scott's eyes widen.

SCOTT  
We've got fog!

Scott reaches into his duffel for the windshield defogger. He takes out the bottle and squeezes it. Empty. He looks back up to Buckman.

Buckman is surrounded by fog people, fighting them off with his small battery-operated fan.

SCOTT (CONT'D)  
Buckman! We've got to get to the car!

BUCKMAN  
What do you think I'm tryin' to do?!

The fan sputters and slowly stops spinning as the batteries die. Buckman watches as the blades whir to a stop.

BUCKMAN (CONT'D)  
(quietly)  
Stupid cheap Chinese fan.

The fog people descend upon him, and he turns to ash.

Scott is frozen in shock. Gilliam pulls up next to him.

GILLIAM  
Get in the car! NOW!

Scott stumbles in, and they are off.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE ENCLOSED GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

The Oldsmobile launches out onto the Vegas Strip.

INT. GILLIAM'S OLDSMOBILE - CONTINUOUS

Gilliam pulls out into the fog at high speed. Scott sits tensely, hands pushing into the seat as if he is trying to keep from falling.

GILLIAM  
(somewhat to himself)  
We got to get out of this fog.

EXT. VEGAS STRIP - CONTINUOUS

The Olds burns through the fog. The people of mist try to form, but the speeding car breaks through them.

INT. GILLIAM'S OLDSMOBILE - CONTINUOUS

Scott continues to stare, and he croaks:

SCOTT  
Got to help Buckman.

GILLIAM  
I'm sorry. He's gone.

SCOTT  
Oh, no. No.

GILLIAM  
I'm sorry.

SCOTT  
Colorado.

GILLIAM  
What?

SCOTT  
I need to go to Colorado.

GILLIAM  
What are you talking about?

SCOTT  
Claudia. I need a car.

GILLIAM  
Relax. You're in shock. Just calm down.

SCOTT  
Buckman. His girlfriend. I've got to get  
a car.

GILLIAM  
*You are in a car.* My car. We can't stop  
until we're out of the fog. Who knows, by  
that time we may be in Colorado. I hope  
not, but who knows.  
(then)  
Got to find the 15.

CUT TO:

EXT. I-15, LEAVING LAS VEGAS - NIGHT

The Oldsmobile is making its way along the interstate, still  
shrouded in fog.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GILLIAM (V.O.)  
Where does this fog end?

SCOTT (V.O.)  
I don't know.

INT. GILLIAM'S OLDSMOBILE - CONTINUOUS

GILLIAM  
What's your name?

SCOTT  
Scott. Name's Scott.

GILLIAM  
Well, it's nice to meet ya. Gilliam  
Jones. Great day for a road trip.

SCOTT  
Buckman was the best friend I ever had.  
Ever.

GILLIAM  
Sorry. I really am.

Scott has yet to take his eyes off what lies outside. Gilliam  
pops open the glove compartment, and a Hostess cupcake  
tumbles out onto Scott's lap. Scott looks at it.

GILLIAM (CONT'D)  
Comfort food.

SCOTT  
(barely smiling)  
Thanks.

GILLIAM  
Where in Colorado?

SCOTT  
Golden.

GILLIAM  
Buckman's girlfriend lives there?

SCOTT  
Yep.

GILLIAM  
You got a girl in Colorado, too?

SCOTT  
No.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

At that precise moment, the fog clears. Gilliam slams the brakes, and looks behind the car.

EXT. I-15 - CONTINUOUS

The Olds sits in the middle of the road. The night is quiet save the squeaking of crickets. The stars are bright, but seem further away than they should. There is no fog anywhere.

INT. GILLIAM'S OLDSMOBILE - CONTINUOUS

GILLIAM

Only thing I ever had to keep me company.  
That town back there, gone in the fog.

SCOTT

(savoring the sudden peace)  
What fog?

GILLIAM

Good question.

EXT. I-15 - CONTINUOUS

The car moves forward.

GILLIAM (V.O.)

Well. Let's get you to Golden.  
(pause, then)  
I've got nothing better to do.

The car continues along the I-15, moving towards the seemingly impossible destination of Colorado.

FADE OUT.

EXT. I-15, BORDER OF NEVADA AND ARIZONA - VERY EARLY MORNING

The Oldsmobile approaches the border of Arizona, and all seems well, nothing strange, nothing horrifying, nothing.

GILLIAM (V.O.)

Welcome to Arizona. We won't be here long. But Utah, that's going to be a while.

INT. GILLIAM'S OLDSMOBILE - CONTINUOUS

SCOTT

Taken this drive before?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GILLIAM

Summers I take a road trip or two to the mountains, you know? Get out of the city. Do some camping.

SCOTT

Ever ski?

GILLIAM

Rich man's thing. English teachers don't ski.

SCOTT

I don't like it, either.

GILLIAM

What are you going to do when you get to Colorado?

SCOTT

I'm going to talk to Claudia. Then I'm gonna keep heading east.

GILLIAM

What's east?

SCOTT

Home.

The car lurches forward.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

What was that?

The car spins to a stop, stretched out across the road.

GILLIAM

Hell!

(then)

I don't know.

SCOTT

Was it the car?

GILLIAM

I don't think so.

The car's front wheels jump off the ground, and then the rear wheels immediately follow suit.

SCOTT

Shit. Feels like an earthquake or something.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

GILLIAM  
Arizona's got earthquakes.

SCOTT  
(sardonically)  
Can't wait to get to Utah.

EXT. DESERT BESIDE THE I-15 - CONTINUOUS

A small trailer home a good half-mile off the interstate, but still easy to see, DISAPPEARS into the ground. A dust cloud forms where the small home used to be.

INT. GILLIAM'S OLDSMOBILE - CONTINUOUS

GILLIAM  
Those goddam monsters?

SCOTT  
No. That was too big. I'd say that's a good old fashioned fault line making it's way to the surface.

GILLIAM  
I'm thinking we should go.

He immediately sends the Olds into action, burning up the highway.

SCOTT  
I'm thinking you're right.

Scott looks behind them.

SCOTT (CONT'D)  
How fast can you go?

GILLIAM  
This is it.

SCOTT  
We're going to have a problem.

Gilliam looks back. The road behind them is collapsing into the earth. The I-15, in its entirety, is disappearing behind them. And at a rate disturbingly quicker than the Olds seems to be going.

SCOTT (CONT'D)  
(voice quivering)  
How far to Utah?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GILLIAM

Too far.

A GIANT HOOK at the end of a thick metal cable falls from the sky and CRACKS onto the hood of the car.

SCOTT

Huh.

Scott looks out the windshield, turning his gaze upwards.

EXT. SKY ABOVE THE OLDS - CONTINUOUS

A CARGO HELICOPTER keeps pace with the Olds, maybe forty or fifty feet above the dumbfounded Scott and Gilliam. The thick cable goes from the car, up and into the chopper.

INT. GILLIAM'S OLDSMOBILE - CONTINUOUS

GILLIAM

That's lucky.

Scott looks at him, deadpan expression.

GILLIAM (CONT'D)

Well. Go get it.

Scott is instantly scrambling from his window and reaching out onto the hood. He manages to pull the massive hunk of metal into the car, and gives it to Gilliam.

SCOTT

I'll take the wheel.

Scott does so. Gilliam pulls the hook through the car, and hoists it up onto the roof. He then falls back into his seat.

GILLIAM

Finish it.

Scott apes up onto the roof, his feet hooked onto the door of the car.

EXT. GILLIAM'S OLDSMOBILE ROOF - CONTINUOUS

GILLIAM (V.O.)

Hurry the fuck up!

Scott hurriedly looks back to see HIS TIME IS UP. The collapsing interstate is making to SWALLOW the boat of a vehicle. He lurches completely onto the car roof and forcefully connects the hook to the cable, creating a giant loop to catch the car.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Just as this is accomplished, the Olds is airborne. The car is actually on the exact same level as it was before, the only difference being that there is now nothing underneath it.

The I-15 continues to collapse before them.

SCOTT

Wooo-hoooo!

Scott immediately goes from adrenaline pumped ecstasy to pure terror as he catches sight of what lies below his levitating ride. The newborn gorge is deeper than the Grand Canyon, walls made up with jagged spikes of rock, and at its base is a river of glowing lava. Scott, barely swallowing his panic, heedfully makes his way back into the car, practically hugging the roof as he does so to keep from tumbling from it.

INT. GILLIAM'S OLDSMOBILE - CONTINUOUS

Scott collapses into his seat, and looks over at Gilliam. Wide-eyed, Gilliam is still steering the car.

SCOTT

Gilliam?

GILLIAM

Yeah?

SCOTT

You can stop steering now.

Gilliam looks at his new pal, realizes what he's doing, and then takes his hands off the wheel. They float along for a few moments, both taken by the surreal nature of their present position. Wind whips through their hair, and they both look out the window at the horror that surrounds.

GILLIAM

Sure glad the guy with the big helicopter showed up.

Somewhat roused from their stupor by this comment, both lean up and shout up at the helicopter.

SCOTT

Thank you!

GILLIAM

Thank you so much! God love ya!

A BALL OF FIRE shoots up from the river far below, rocking the car violently. The loop of cable SLIPS forward, sending the Olds off balance.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The entire car tips back, rear bumper pointed directly down to hell. Gilliam falls from his seat, and SLAMS through the rear window, barely getting a hand hold onto the window frame.

He hangs precariously from the swinging car.

SCOTT  
Hang on, Gilliam!

GILLIAM  
No shit!

Scott wraps his right arm, wrist, and hand up with his seat belt for security, and then hangs himself down to reach for Gilliam. His free hand grasps one of Gilliam's.

SCOTT  
Okay, you're gonna have to grab onto me, here.

Gilliam spastically grabs Scott's wrist with his other hand, screaming as he does so.

SCOTT (CONT'D)  
Gotcha! Now climb!

Scott pulls as Gilliam uses his arm as a climber's rope, yanking himself back into the car. At the half-way point:

EXT. SKY ABOVE THE LAVA GORGE - CONTINUOUS

The car SWINGS drastically as the helicopter TURNS SHARPLY to avoid another BURST OF FIRE. Gilliam's legs, hanging from the back, CLOBBER the side of the window frame as the car moves. He screams in pain.

INT. GILLIAM'S OLDSMOBILE - CONTINUOUS

SCOTT  
(desperately clinging on)  
He's gonna have to put us down! Get your ass in here!

STRAINING, Gilliam manages to climb up Scott's body. He clings onto the seat belt that Scott's using as a safety line.

EXT. AIR ABOVE THE BEGINNINGS OF UTAH - MORNING

The cargo helicopter, no longer able to support the oversized automobile, is forced into a rough landing. As it approaches the ground, the Olds begins to drag. When the chopper comes down, it capsizes onto its side.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Its BLADES CRACK and fly off. The Olds, having landed wheels down, rolls toward the downed copter.

INT. GILLIAM'S OLDSMOBILE - CONTINUOUS

SCOTT

Brakes!

Gilliam dives head first to the pedals, and pushes down on the brake pad. The car squeals to a halt just short of the downed helicopter.

GILLIAM

You okay?

SCOTT

I think.

Gilliam sits up into the driver's seat. Just outside, on the bent up hood of the car, two boot clad feet land with a metallic clap. They walk off the hood toward the passenger side, and jump off the car.

SHANNON WALES, a long-haired and rugged looking lady somewhere in her early thirties, leans into the car. Blood drips down the side of her face.

SHANNON

Quick question. When I dropped my hook, what made you think I wanted to save your ENTIRE FUCKING CAR?

Scott stares at her blankly. Gilliam tries the ignition. Miraculously, the car starts right up.

GILLIAM

You want a ride?

SHANNON

Fuck.

She gets into the back. They're off.

SHANNON (CONT'D)

I hope you guys know you are taking me directly to Mardis Gras.

GILLIAM

Ahh, we were going to Golden, Colorado.

SHANNON

First, a giant goat ate my Cessna, and then you assholes wreck my fucking helicopter.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHANNON (CONT'D)

I was off to spend the end of creation at the world's biggest party, and what did I do? I decided to be a good fucking samaritan! Serves me right, I guess. We're going to New Orleans.

SCOTT

New Orleans by way of Golden, then.

Shannon grunts.

EXT. SMALL UTAH TOWN GAS STATION- AFTERNOON

Shannon is glumly steering as Gilliam and Scott are pushing the Olds into the dirt parking lot of a gas station on the outskirts of an extremely dusty little town. The town couldn't have more than twenty buildings, three quarters of which are trailers. The screen door on the front of the station's office (and haphazardly assembled "store") bangs open and shut with each pass of the lonely wind. Shannon gets out of the car.

SHANNON

(sarcastically yelling at all the nothingness)  
How about some service, people!

SCOTT

(scolding)  
Watch it, Shannon.

SHANNON

Kidding. Calm down.

SCOTT

Look, you might attract whatever it is that ate the people in this town.

GILLIAM

So shut up. In other words.

SHANNON

You guys are uptight.

SCOTT

We've been through a lot.

SHANNON

Fuck you. You killed my helicopter.

SCOTT

We're sorry. We're sorry. We're sorry. Okay? Let it go. Four hours we've been listening to this.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GILLIAM

Yes. Please.

SHANNON

(yelling again)

What ate you people!

A grizzled and cranky looking OLD GUY steps out onto the rickety front porch of the office-store.

OLD GUY

Nobody got et by nothin'.

SHANNON

Well, see. That's good.

GILLIAM

You got any gas?

OLD GUY

Nope.

SCOTT

Shit.

OLD GUY

Gas'll jes weigh you on down, kids.

The Old Guy pulls a pipe out of his pocket and lights it up.

OLD GUY (CONT'D)

You folks are going to need some drums.

SCOTT

Excuse me?

OLD GUY

Weather's comin'.

SHANNON

(dripping sarcasm)

Oh, the weather's coming. Of course.  
That's why we need drums.

GILLIAM

What do you mean?

OLD GUY

I mean you ain't gonna be drivin' outta here.

SCOTT

Storms. Floods. Right?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

OLD GUY  
That's about right.

SHANNON  
Fuck me.

Gilliam looks at her, obviously willing to take her up on this command.

SHANNON (CONT'D)  
Not you.

SCOTT  
So where are the drums, and how much are they?

OLD GUY  
C'mon. No sense chargin' for nothin'.  
They's got a bunch left over in town.  
(he points down a dirt road  
leading to the trailers)  
Just go. Ask around.

SCOTT  
Looks like your Olds is going to become a battleship.

GILLIAM  
Let's go then.

Scott and Gilliam get behind the car, ready to push. Shannon pauses.

SHANNON  
(to the Old Guy)  
What are you going to do?

OLD GUY  
Wait here. Smoke my pipe.

SHANNON  
Well, thanks for your help.

She hops behind the wheel. The Old Guy watches them head towards town.

EXT. BLUE AND WHITE TRAILER HOME - MOMENTS LATER

The three travelers approach one of the dusty town's small tenements. The mobile home, as with all the others that surround it, has been mounted on a platform that is made of steel drums and chains, and a good-sized row boat is tied to the top, upside down. Scott knocks on the door.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CASEY RYBACK, a full-on biker dude complete with ragged leather and unkempt beard, answers the door.

CASEY  
How's it going?

SCOTT  
We're trying to get to Colorado. We've been attacked by monsters, nearly swallowed up by a huge earthquake, and now we're out of gas. So, all things considered, pretty fuckin' shitty. You?

CASEY  
(laughing)  
The same, my friend, the same. So I guess you guys need a boat, huh?

SCOTT  
Been through this before?

CASEY  
Yep. Whole town is ready to float.  
(then, calling out)  
Swartz!

The next rigged-to-float trailer's door pops open to reveal SWARTZ, a blonde and blue-eyed thirty-year-old dressed in Hawaiian tourist garb and clutching a beer.

SWARTZ  
She here?

CASEY  
No, she ain't, but these lovely cats need some help before she shows.

SWARTZ  
Shit, man, I'm drinkin'.

CASEY  
When we're done, you can start up again, okay?

SWARTZ  
This sucks. Really sucks.

He goes back into his trailer.

CASEY  
He's good to go.

SHANNON  
Hate to interrupt his drinkin'.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CASEY

Don't worry about him. He doesn't mind. Work gets his brain off all the "Tales from the Crypt" type shit been goin' down.

GILLIAM

It's awful good of you to help out a bunch of strangers like this.

CASEY

Don't have much time to make up for all my sins. Gotta do good whenever I get the chance.

(then)

Well, we've got lots of work and precious little time.

(and barking with gusto)

Let's move it people!

Eight biker folks, chicks and dicks, pile out of Casey's trailer to lend a hand. Swartz comes out of his trailer with a welding mask and welding equipment, followed by five of his own companions. Casey points to a pile of scrap metal.

CASEY (CONT'D)

Grab some of that. We'll go to work on the windows.

SCOTT

The windows?

Casey points to his own trailer, and Scott sees the windows are covered with metal.

CASEY

Apparently, just before the storm, come the birds.

GILLIAM

Birds?

CASEY

The next few towns over we understand, got hit by birds, and then by severe rain and flooding. Birds got most everybody. Rain just cleaned up the mess. I'd offer you to hide out in my place, but we're pretty full up.

Gilliam mounts the first piece of metal over a window, and Swartz pops a welding mask over his head.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

SWARTZ

Hang on, there, fella.

Swartz begins to attach the metal covering to the car.

CASEY

You guys are going to need a sail or some rowing oars or some damn thing if you're going to get to Colorado.

SCOTT

That's a good point.

Scott looks at the anchor attached to Casey's trailer sitting in the dirt.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Guess you're planning on sticking around.

CASEY

Nowhere else I want to be. You and me need to fetch some steel drums.

SCOTT

Where do you keep 'em?

Casey points down the way at an overturned trailer truck, scattered around which are empty steel drums, its former cargo. The sizeable crew sets to work.

#### MONTAGE SEQUENCE

To blaring freedom rock, the motley crew works to prepare the Olds for disaster:

- 1) They cover the windows with metal, Swartz barking orders as he welds. They create a hatchway on the metal covering of the windshield so the travelers can get in and out easily.
- 2) A large raft is constructed using the steel drums and four-by-fours. Four holes in the "deck" are made for the Oldsmobile tires, in order to hold the car steady. The Olds is driven up a ramp and onto the "deck," tires neatly dropping into their spots. Using whatever chains and ropes they can dig up, the team secure the car onto the raft.
- 3) Finally, the group constructs some oar locks and oars out of scrap metal and some twelve foot wooden poles. The oars are secured to the side of the raft as to remain on board during whatever tosses and dips the weather might bring. Casey heads up this task, and in the midst of construction Shannon says to him:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHANNON

Well, Casey Rybeck, you seem to be a jack  
of all trades.

CASEY

No, ma'am. I'm just a cook.

Shannon looks confused, and returns to her duties.

4) Finally, an anchor made of cinder blocks is attached by chains and secured to the back of the raft. The transformation of car to rowboat is complete. The work gives way to drinking and dancing and eating barbecue and dropping acid and ecstasy. It's a big, silly party.

INT. SMALL UTAH TOWN GAS STATION OFFICE - EVENING

The Old Guy is sitting in his dingy office-store, enjoying a warm beer. He finishes it, and pulls another off the shelf. The banging of the screen door--bang, bang, bang--goes on and on. He pops the beer top, and pours it down his throat, his back to the door. He hears thunder in the distance, and gets up to look out the door.

OLD GUY

(watching the sky)  
Storm's comin'.

He is immediately struck by lightning.

EXT. BLUE AND WHITE TRAILER HOME - SAME TIME

Swartz and Casey toast some beers, ludicrously happy with themselves. They see the lightning bolt.

SWARTZ

Here we go.

Casey looks. A black cloud of birds forms in the distance.

CASEY

Okay, folks! Party's over! Get inside!

The party breaks up as everyone scrambles for the trailers. Amidst the mad rush, Casey grabs Scott's hand and gives him a firm handshake, concealed in which is a very fancy pocket compass.

CASEY (CONT'D)

Good luck, buddy. Threw some tools in the trunk so you can get the cover off the windows when you get where you're going, all right?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SCOTT  
Thanks, Casey, so much. For everything.  
You're a God.

Swartz slaps Scott on the shoulder as he makes his way to his place.

SCOTT (CONT'D)  
Thanks, Swartz!

SWARTZ  
(calling back)  
Nothing like the end of the world to  
bring us all together!

He jumps into his trailer.

CASEY  
Later.

He disappears into his home.

SCOTT  
(to Gilliam and Shannon)  
Let's go, guys.

SHANNON  
You betcha!

GILLIAM  
(really looking at her eyes)  
What's up with you?

SHANNON  
Really good x. That's what's up.

SCOTT  
Come on. Let's get in.

They climb onto the raft, then the hood of the car, and pile into their hatchway.

INT. GILLIAM'S OLDSMOBILE - SECONDS LATER

The hatchway is closed. The three are silent for a moment.  
Then:

SHANNON  
It's dark in here.

GILLIAM  
Swartz gave me a couple candles.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He lights one up, illuminating the car: Scott is in the front, and he and Shannon in the back. Scott is listening intently for something to happen outside. Gilliam looks at Shannon.

GILLIAM (CONT'D)  
Ecstasy, huh?

SHANNON  
I couldn't be happier about the oncoming doom.

GILLIAM  
So. You want to have some sex?

SHANNON  
No. But I feel great about rejecting you.

SCOTT  
Shh. They're here.

EXT. THE SKY ABOVE THE SMALL UTAH TOWN - CONTINUOUS

The blue sky is saturated with SQUAWKING BIRDS of all different colors and sizes. They dive-bomb the town.

INT. GILLIAM'S OLDSMOBILE - CONTINUOUS

The sound of the birds yelping and smashing into the car is deafening.

SHANNON  
(ecstatic)  
Fuck.

Gilliam looks at her.

SHANNON (CONT'D)  
Getting attacked by birds is crazy!

SCOTT  
Jesus Christ. These things are mad.

GILLIAM  
Yep.

SHANNON  
Glad we're in here.

Suddenly, a SPARROW is in the car, crazily darting around and attempting to attack whomever he can. The three startled companions smash around the car trying to avoid being pecked and kill the little bastard at the same time.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GILLIAM  
Fuck you, you fucking sparrow!

SHANNON  
(laughing loudly)  
Silly birds!

The bird drops a load of shit in her hair.

SHANNON (CONT'D)  
Goddammit!  
(then feeling it)  
Whoa. That feels weird.

SCOTT  
Kill it! Kill it!

As he says this, he kills it himself with a shoe he has removed. He smashes it till it's just a bloody little pile of feathers, and then just keeps on yelping and hitting the carcass. Gilliam stops him.

GILLIAM  
It's dead! Take it easy!

Scott starts violently moving around the car, searching the floor and roof for holes.

SCOTT  
Where the fuck did it get in! Where the fuck did it get in! Find the goddam hole!

SHANNON  
Scott, wait! Listen!

There is silence. The birds have gone.

GILLIAM  
That was quick.

Scott immediately opens the hatchway and catapults himself outside.

EXT. HOOD OF GILLIAM'S OLDSMOBILE - CONTINUOUS

Scott looks in front of him to see the mass of violent birds disappearing into the distance. Then he turns around. His jaw drops.

STORM CLOUDS, moving as quickly as the birds, are barreling towards the town. The clouds can't be more than fifty feet off the ground. The rain they produce is almost a solid wall of water. LIGHTNING AND THUNDER flash and sound.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Scott jumps back into the car.

INT. GILLIAM'S OLDSMOBILE - CONTINUOUS

Scott lands in the front seat and bolts the hatchway closed.

SHANNON

What?! What?!

SCOTT

Let's hope this thing floats. Because if it doesn't, we're going to drown in the next few minutes.

Shannon looks at Gilliam. Gilliam looks at Scott. Scott looks up as the rain falls on the roof, sounding like a million bullets hitting at once. The three of them don't say a word, just listen to the thunderous storm. The candle goes out, and all that's left is darkness and the bellowing noise.

EXT. TRAILER PARK - LATER

The rain is fierce, the clouds dancing ferociously just overhead. A streak of LIGHTNING hits Swartz's trailer, a gas tank EXPLOSION follows immediately, and it then capsizes, SPLASHING into the foot of water that has collected on the ground. The resulting waves push away the already floating next door trailer and Oldsmobile.

INT. GILLIAM'S OLDSMOBILE - CONTINUOUS

In the darkness, a frightened Gilliam trembles:

GILLIAM

What was that?

SCOTT

Probably one of the trailers. Lightning hit a gas tank.

SHANNON

How long has the storm been going?

SCOTT

My guess, forty-five minutes or so.

GILLIAM

Seems like longer.

SHANNON

Forty-five minutes and we're already floating?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SCOTT  
Shannon, logic no longer applies.

SHANNON  
I wonder what we did that pissed God off so much. I mean, you know, the straw that broke the camel's back.

SCOTT  
I don't know.

GILLIAM  
Who says this is God?

The Olds hits something outside with severe force, and bounces away. The three Olds tenants jostle about in their seats.

SHANNON  
Jesus. Casey's trailer?

SCOTT  
Maybe. I don't know.

SHANNON  
I liked Casey.

SCOTT  
Yeah. Good guy.

SHANNON  
Hey, um, listen. I never really was too into that God and devil stuff before, you know, this shit. You suppose it matters if I change my mind at this point?

SCOTT  
Probably not.

SHANNON  
That . . . suck.

GILLIAM  
Fact is, we don't know what this is. Maybe it's God, maybe it's the devil, maybe it's Buddha, maybe it's Allah. Maybe it's us. That's where my money is. Us.

The three are silent in the darkness, pondering. The rain continues on its deafening track of destruction.

EXT. GILLIAM'S OLDSMOBILE - MORNING

The raft floats alone, surrounded only by water. The sun is shining, and the sky is all blue save the occasional wispy clouds that seem to be poking fun at any survivors of the storm. Scott climbs out the hatchway and is followed by his companions. They stand on the hood, just looking around at all the water that stretches off into every direction.

GILLIAM

Wow.

Scott takes the compass out of his pocket, and finds which way is east.

SHANNON

(looking off to the horizons  
straining to see a trailer)

I hope Casey came out all right.

SCOTT

(without hesitation)

Hook up the oars. We've got some rowing to do. We're heading that way.

SHANNON

You guys take first shift. I'll make breakfast.

Gilliam gives her a look, but lets it go. The guys set up the oars, and start rowing. Shannon pops the trunk and pulls out some Twinkies.

SHANNON (CONT'D)

Here you go guys. Breakfast of champions.

Scott tosses her the compass.

SCOTT

Shannon, why don't you keep an eye on where we're going.

She looks at the compass, plops herself down on the hood of the car, and looks off towards where they hope the Rockies will soon appear.

EXT. GILLIAM'S OLDSMOBILE RAFT - NIGHT

The anchor has been dropped, and Scott is lying out on the hood of the car. He looks up at the sky, somehow finding a little peace. He sees a shooting star, gets a bit excited, and sits up to get the others' attention.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SCOTT

Hey, guys!

No answer, and they are nowhere to be seen. Scott gets concerned, and listens to the night in order to hear the sounds of sleeping. Nothing.

He gets down off the hood, and cautiously moves around the side of the car towards the back of the raft. Eyes peeled for what might be waiting for him, a strange sound floats to his ears.

Doing their best to conceal their sounds of pleasure, Gilliam and Shannon are making love. Gilliam is obviously excited beyond belief, and Shannon has to keep calming him down. Scott listens for a second, stifles a laugh, and then returns to his spot on the hood.

EXT. GILLIAM'S OLDSMOBILE RAFT - NEXT MORNING

At first light, Scott wakes to see a happy new couple sitting on the trunk, looking out at the new day and munching on breakfast. Scott moves to them.

SCOTT

You got some breakfast for me?

Shannon hands him a paper plate with a devil dog on it and cup of water.

SHANNON

Sleep well?

SCOTT

Pretty good.  
(short pause and a big smile)  
You guys?

SHANNON

(covering poorly)  
Oh, yeah! Oh, yeah! Like a baby.

GILLIAM

(trying to help, just as poorly)  
Nothing like sleeping on the water. You know. Very pacifying.

SCOTT

Well, good. You should have plenty of rowing energy then. Why don't you guys take the first shift.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Shannon and Gilliam look at one another.

SHANNON  
Oh, yeah, no problem.

GILLIAM  
You bet, buddy.

The two wolf down their devil dogs and quickly get to rowing. Scott is pleased, and sits down on the trunk to enjoy his breakfast.

EXT. WATERS BEHIND THE OLDS RAFT - TWO DAYS LATER

The Rockies loom in the distance, giant shadows beckoning through a heavy mountain mist. The raft is a small dot in the distance. A SHARK FIN pops up from the water, moving towards the raft. It is joined by ANOTHER FIN, and another and another, until there are at least a dozen.

EXT. GILLIAM'S OLDSMOBILE RAFT - CONTINUOUS

Shannon and Scott are rowing. Everyone is sweaty, sun-burnt and exhausted. Shannon is muttering something to herself, over and over. Gilliam is on his hands and knees, pulling water up from over the side of the raft for the three to drink. When he's done, he goes to the trunk and pulls out some Hostess cupcakes.

GILLIAM  
We're about out of eats, here.

SCOTT  
And we're about to the mountains.  
Sometimes shit goes good, huh?

GILLIAM  
Sometimes shit goes *well*.

SCOTT  
Gimme a break.

GILLIAM  
Give me a break, *please*.

SCOTT  
(smiling)  
Okay, okay. *Give me a break, please*. Of all the people in Vegas I've got to pick up, I wind up with an English teacher.

Shannon, paying no attention to this exchange, is rowing with much duress, saying repeatedly:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHANNON

This sucks.  
 (she rows)  
 This sucks.  
 (she rows)  
 This sucks.

Something slams into the raft, and Shannon is knocked off into the water. Gilliam immediately dives for her, reaching out a hand.

GILLIAM

Shannon! Shannon!

A great white SHARK POPS out of the water, and Gilliam barely gets his hand out of the way.

SCOTT

Spoke too soon.

Shannon is suddenly out of reach, treading water and looking wide-eyed at approaching fins.

GILLIAM

Don't move so much! They're attracted to the splashing!

SHANNON

If I don't move, I'll sink, you asshole!

Gilliam is taken aback.

SCOTT

She's got a point.

GILLIAM

Help me with this oar.

The two men pull one of the long oars out of its lock, and extend it out to Shannon. She grabs it, and they begin to pull her in to the raft. She is only inches from the raft when a fin SHOOTs up from the water right next to her.

Shannon lets go of the oar, turns to the shark, and PUNCHES IT IN THE NOSE. The shark thrashes and swims away. The guys pull her out of the water.

SCOTT

I was sure the Discovery channel was full of shit about punching them in the nose.  
 (then)  
 Okay, let's get to shore.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

The raft ROCKS, knocking them all on their asses.

GILLIAM  
Not going to be that easy.

SHANNON  
Goddammit.

A shark TEARS off a piece of the raft, sending the car off balance, and it tilts drastically with a wheel up in the air. The three travelers jump back from the auto. The sharks surround the raft, water CHURNING as the fish begin to devour the raft like piranha on a wading cow.

SCOTT  
(looking at the car)  
Keys!

Gilliam tosses him the keys, and Scott is able to pop the trunk and pull out several guns just before the car capsizes into the water.

GILLIAM  
My Olds!

SHANNON  
We've got bigger fish to fry.

GILLIAM  
That's not fucking funny!

The three move to the direct center of the raft as the sharks eat their way to them, the raft's wood splintering and flying through the air. Shannon and Gilliam grab guns from Scott, and the three begin blasting bullets into the water. The water churns into a crimson red as the sharks are hit.

But with every shark that they kill, it seems another takes its place.

SCOTT  
We need to start moving!

Scott and Shannon begin rowing while Gilliam shoots at the fish.

GILLIAM  
C'mon, you fuckers!

His gun runs out of bullets, and Scott tosses him another so he can keep shooting.

EXT. THE NEW COLORADO COASTLINE - MOMENTS LATER

They are very near shore, but they are very near out of raft. The three companions stand shoulder-to-shoulder, Scott now shooting while the others row.

SCOTT

We're almost out of bullets!

His gun clicks: empty.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

We're out of bullets!

What's left of the raft finally comes apart. They find themselves knee deep in water and running to the shore, desperately trying to keep from being devoured. As they reach the shore, half a dozen great whites breach out of the water in a last ditch attempt to eat them. The sharks land on the beach, continuing to open and close their jaws.

The three companions watch in stunned silence for a second, and then they all start to flip off and curse out the beached sharks.

EXT. THE NEW COLORADO COASTLINE - SUNSET

The three worn out companions stand amongst some pine trees growing beside a road that leads right into the water. Waves clap against the recently created rocky shore. Shannon and Gilliam stand hand-in-hand, looking out at the sun.

Scott is standing alone, leaning on a tree, staring blankly at the sun's orange reflection on the water. Shannon approaches.

SHANNON

What's up with you?

SCOTT

It's gonna get cold in these wet clothes.

SHANNON

We'll build a fire, get naked, let the clothes dry and have a party.

He looks at her, brow furrowed. Above them, an unnaturally rapid eclipse blackens out the sun in seconds.

SCOTT

(dripping sarcasm)  
Awesome.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Suddenly, the sound of slammed brakes makes them turn to see:

A Chrysler Lebaron convertible, top down, screams to a halt just before hitting the water. Three guys, the STEVES, jump up from their seats, two in front and the third in back.

STEVE #1  
(surprised)  
Holy Jesus!

STEVE #2  
(pissed)  
Fuck my ass!

STEVE #3  
(energetically amazed)  
Phenomenal!

STEVE #2  
Steve, Jesus, how can this possibly make you happy? We can't get to Vegas! All we wanted to do was spend our last days in Vegas! Gambling, strippers, booze! That was it, and now it's all dashed to hell! And you couldn't be happier!

STEVE #1  
Take it easy, Steve.

STEVE #3  
What are you talking about? This is incredible! Boys, we may be the first people ever to see the new Colorado shoreline! We are history, here! Plus, a total eclipse of the sun! Bonus! I'm busting out the cam!

Steve #3 pulls a video camera out from under the seat.

STEVE #2  
No! No! I've had it with the goddam camera!

STEVE #3  
This needs to be recorded!

STEVE #2  
For who? It's the fucking end of the world! You idiot.

STEVE #1  
Let the man have his hobbies.  
(then)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

STEVE #1 (CONT'D)  
He's right, you know. Damn. The first  
guys to see the Colorado shore line.

Scott, Shannon, and Gilliam come out from the trees.

GILLIAM  
Not really.

Startled as all get-out, the Steves scream bloody murder.  
Scott and crew just stare at them, bemused.

STEVE #1  
(calming the other two down)  
Whoa! Whoa! There's people. Goddammit,  
we've got people!

STEVE #2  
(quietly to Steve #3)  
And one of them is a girl.

STEVE #3  
(sotto)  
Phenomenal.

SCOTT  
Yeah, you do. Um. I'm Scott. This is  
Shannon and Gilliam.

All exchange hand shakes.

STEVE #1  
Steve.

STEVE #2  
Steve.

STEVE #3  
Steve.

When they finish, they just look silently at one another for  
a few moments.

STEVE #1  
You guys are all wet.

SHANNON  
Yeah. Keen observation.

STEVE #2  
So. Shannon. What's your sign?

STEVE #1  
You've got to be kidding.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

SHANNON  
(awkwardly)  
Um, I don't-- This is, ah.

She grabs Gilliam's hand.

STEVE #3  
(acknowledging the  
relationship)  
Phenomenal. Gotcha.

STEVE #2  
(grumbling)  
Fucking fuck.

Scott takes the floor.

SCOTT  
Steve. Steve. Steve. I know we just met,  
but I'm gonna go ahead and ask a favor of  
ya.

Steve #1 smirks. Steve #2 scowls. Steve #3 is all ears.

STEVE #3  
Whaddaya need, man?

SCOTT  
A ride.

STEVE #1  
(fully reluctant)  
Oooo. Aah.

SCOTT  
I need to get to Golden.

STEVE #2  
That's not going to happen.  
(then, to Steves)  
I say we set up camp, and drink up that  
Chivas we brought along.

Steve #1 immediately pops the trunk, a quarter of which is taken up with camping gear, and the rest filled up with an uncountable number of Chivas Regal bottles.

STEVE #3  
Hey. Guys. Let's hear these people out,  
okay. Could be important.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

STEVE #2

(pissy)

What could be more important than a trunk filled with liquor?

STEVE #1

(to Steve #3)

Steve, I gotta go with Steve on this one.

STEVE #3

(ignoring them)

What's going on, Scott-o?

SCOTT

Well, a long story.

STEVE #3

Give me an abridged something.

SCOTT

A monster ate my best friend. His fiancée is in Golden. I need to see her. That's her name. And then I'm going home to Massachusetts.

STEVE #3

Aren't too many people living in Golden anymore. I mean, we were hangin' there for awhile, and there's only one place to hang.

(then)

We can't get to Vegas anyway, so I don't see why we can't take you back there. I'll see if I can talk the guys into--

He turns around to see the other two Steves are already in the car.

STEVE #2

Everybody in.

STEVE #3

That was easy.

Steve #3 jumps in front with the other two. Scott, Shannon and Gilliam squeeze into the back. Steve #1, behind the wheel, is hurriedly turning the car around.

GILLIAM

What changed your minds?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

STEVE #1  
(driving away)  
Look back at the horizon.

They do.

STEVE #1 (CONT'D)  
Anything different?

Shannon squints to see through the darkness that's fallen over the water.

SHANNON  
Yeah, it does look different. Like, like,  
ah . . .

STEVE #1  
The horizon line is higher than when you  
got here?

GILLIAM  
Jesus, Buddha in a disco.

Just the sound of the gunning engine as they all stare out to see the approaching TIDAL WAVE.

STEVE #3  
Unbelievable.

He puts his video camera to his eye and hits record.

STEVE #3 (CONT'D)  
How long before it gets here?

STEVE #2  
I'd say twenty minutes, maybe less. God  
knows the way things seem to be.  
Basically, we need to go up this mountain  
really fast.

Another long silence. The sound of a thunderous wave grows in the distance.

SCOTT  
Ah, thanks for the ride, guys.

STEVE #3 AND #2  
No Problem.

Steve #1 is fixed on the road, the car careening around a hard corner on a steep upgrade.

EXT. SHARP TURN ON MOUNTAIN ROAD - MOMENTS LATER

It's pitch black. The distant roar of the wave is growing. Headlights slice through the darkness. The car fishtails around the sharp turn, all passengers gripping whatever they can wrap their hands around.

EXT. STEEP UPGRADE ON MOUNTAIN ROAD - SECONDS LATER

A long, straight stretch of road headed right up into the mountains lies before them. Steve #1 is jamming his foot as strongly as possible into the floor, as if he may actually be able to press it down further. The car can't be doing more than sixty. Steve #3 video tapes the chasing wall of water, and yells to be heard over the sound of their impending doom.

STEVE #3

We need to make some serious time, here!  
What's up?!

STEVE #1

(eyes determined on the road)  
Um, we're climbing up the side of a mountain with six passengers and a trunk filled with Chivas.

GILLIAM

Can we stop and dump it?

STEVE #2

(horrified by the idea of  
wasted Chivas Regal)  
No fucking way!  
(then covering)  
No time.

STEVE #1

(looking in the rearview)  
Hold onto your butts.

The monstrous WAVE BREAKS. The sound of the crash is ear-piercing. The water swallows trees and the mountain terrain only a few miles behind them. A surge of water, at breakneck speed, rises up after them. Everyone in the car is screaming uncontrollably.

Scott looks back over the trunk to see the water rushing towards them, and his scream is choked off in his throat. Twenty feet and closing.

The car's engine yelps in protest, Steve #1 showing no mercy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STEVE #1 (CONT'D)

Just tell me we're going to get outta this!

SCOTT

Just keep movin' up!

As the car heads upwards, the water slows. It inches up to the back wheels, and then the car begins to move away. Panic time is over.

STEVE #3

And cut, motherfucker! Phenomenal! That is a wrap, people!

He then lets out a savage scream back out to the receding tidal wave.

STEVE #2

We out ran a goddam big-ass wave! We are supermen!

Steve #1 just smiles, and eases up on the gas.

SCOTT

Golden, here we come.

SHANNON

(slightly timid)  
I'm really cold. Any way we can put the top up?

INT. CONVERTIBLE - LATER

The top is up, the windows closed, and they are making their way through mountain darkness toward Golden, Colorado. The crew is silent, and Scott is staring at his reflection in the window.

He looks back at the other folks in the car, and all are in a similar place.

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD - EARLY MORNING

A sign reads "Welcome to Golden." The convertible quietly drives past.

EXT. CENTER OF GOLDEN - FIRST LIGHT OF DAY

The convertible drives slowly down main street. People litter the streets, walking slowly and aimlessly this way and that.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SCOTT

I thought you said there weren't too many people left alive?

STEVE #3

I did.

Steve #2 opens the glove box, and a dozen or so hand guns pour out all over the floor.

STEVE #2

I hate when that happens.

He picks them up and hands them out.

STEVE #2 (CONT'D)

(to the backseat)

Just make sure you hit 'em in the head. Anything else is no good.

GILLIAM

Aahhh?

STEVE #1

Look at 'em. More than when we left. I hope McRattle's is still there.

STEVE #3

I'm sure it is.

SHANNON

(looking over Gilliam out the window)

What is this?

Gilliam already knows.

GILLIAM

When there's no more room in hell.

SCOTT

What?

GILLIAM

Something I saw in a movie once. "When there's no more room in hell, the dead will walk the earth."

SHANNON

Zombies?

STEVE #1 AND #2

Zombies.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

STEVE #3

Zombies.

A pause. Then:

GILLIAM

They made me take this religious studies class in college. Interesting literature, even if you do consider it fiction. The Bible had that whole last chapter about the end of the world. I remember floods and earthquakes, sure. Even dragons. But nowhere does it say anything about sharks and zombies. I'll tell ya. We live on a fucked up planet. We can't even get Armageddon right.

SCOTT

(having missed the speech)  
I'm sorry, what?

EXT. MCRATTLE'S MICROBREWERY - MOMENTS LATER

The convertible pulls up curb side directly in front of the two story microbrewery. Zombies all turn to the car, and ever so slowly begin to advance.

The front of the building has been gutted to a degree, creating a large entrance to the bar. The first floor has been abandoned, one or two zombies knocking around inside, and no stairs lead to the second level.

INT. CONVERTIBLE - CONTINUOUS

The Steves immediately begin to play "rock, paper, scissors." Two rocks, and Steve #2 has a pair of scissors.

STEVE #2

Fuck!

(then, to the back seat)

All right. I'm the last one up. Everyone covers everyone's ass. And remember: the head. Now, when Steve does the horn, you bust out and get up the rope.

SHANNON

Rope?

STEVE #2

Here we go.

EXT. MCRATTLE'S MICROBREWERY - CONTINUOUS

The horn sounds out, a crude rendition of "Sister Christian."

At the signal, several automatic weapons peek out from McRattle's second story windows, and begin to mow down the throngs of zombies. A rope drops down in front of the crudely restructured entrance to the watering hole.

The convertible empties quickly, zombies right on top of the madly fleeing six. Their guns immediately start to pop. Steve #3 blows off a smartly dressed zombie's head, at point blank range. Blood splashes on his face.

STEVE #3

I think that guy used to be my neighbor!

Steve #1, two guns blasting, takes out the most undead as they move to the rope. Steve #2 gets to the bar entrance first, pulling down on the rope to steady it for his counterparts.

STEVE #2

Ladies first! Move!

A zombie sneaks up behind him and tries to take a bite out of his neck, and without looking back he points his gun over his shoulder and BLAM! the attacker drops.

Gilliam, concerned only about protecting his new girlfriend, empties his rounds into zombie noggins while moving her to the bar entrance. Shannon pushes a zombie onto its ass, getting it out of the way in order to shoot another blocking her path to the rope. She scales the rope like lightning.

SHANNON

I used to suck at this in gym class.

Gilliam follows her up to the microbrewery.

Steve #3 and Scott stand back to back, fighting off a seemingly endless advance of flesh eaters with kicks and gun blasts while moving sideways towards their escape. Upon reaching the rope, Scott beckons for his partner in battle to get on up to safety.

STEVE #3

You first, my friend.

He clobbers an attacker with the butt of his gun.

Scott shoots up to the bar. Steve #3 immediately follows.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Meanwhile, Steve #1 has lit into a brand of deranged rage on the zombies, lost in his butchery.

STEVE #2  
Steve! Steve! Steve, for crissakes!

Nothing. Steve #1 is focused on the chore at hand.

STEVE #2 (CONT'D)  
Hey, asshole!

Steve #2 shoots at Steve #1, nearly blowing his head off. Steve #1 wakes up and turns around.

STEVE #2 (CONT'D)  
Get up there!

Steve #1 scales the rope, and Steve #2 follows up behind him, both of them swinging back and forth in a frantic climb. Steve #2 has to continually kick away the gory creatures trying to take bites out of him.

STEVE #2 (CONT'D)  
(as he kicks one in the head)  
Back off!

INT. MCRATTLE'S MICROBREWERY - CONTINUOUS

A red-faced bar patron, MR. FANTASTIC, pulls the last two Steves up into the bar with the help of Scott and Gilliam.

STEVE #1  
(as he makes it up)  
Hey, Mr. Fantastic.

STEVE #2  
(from below)  
Get the fuck off me! Losers!  
(then, as he gets in)  
Thanks, Mr. Fantastic.

MR. FANTASTIC  
(pulling a pistol from his pants)  
Did we sustain any bites, boys?

STEVE #2  
(checking himself)  
I don't think so. No.

Steve #1 and #3 both shake their heads, wiping their brows. Scott and Gilliam look at each other.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHANNON

That was really somethin'.

MR. FANTASTIC

(announcing to the bar)

Ladies and Gentlemen! The prodigal sons  
have returned! I give you, the Steves!

The sizeable CROWD, packed in like sardines, erupts in  
applause. Those bar patrons who had been shooting out the  
window get up from their crouching battle positions, and join  
in the hooting and hollering. The three Steves graciously  
wave and bow for their fans.

MR. FANTASTIC (CONT'D)

(back to the boys)

What brought you back?

STEVE #3

(motioning to Scott, Gilliam,  
and Shannon)

These kids needed a ride.

STEVE #2

That and a tidal wave.

MR. FANTASTIC

Tidal wave? You've only been gone since  
yesterday. How the fuck far did you go?

STEVE #1

Mr. Fantastic, we never got out of  
Colorado.

MR. FANTASTIC

Holy shit.

(then, to the crowd)

California is under water!

The crowd erupts again.

MR. FANTASTIC (CONT'D)

Unfortunately, we lost Vegas as well.

The crowd boos emphatically.

INT. MCRATTLE'S MICROBREWERY - LATER

Shannon and Scott sit at the bar, half empty beers before  
them. A pack of smokes sits on the bar, and Shannon helps  
herself. She offers one to Scott. Scott looks at them, and  
then looks up at the barkeep, STAMPS.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SCOTT  
Jesus. I forgot I smoked.

STAMPS  
Well, good. Those things will kill ya.

Mr. Fantastic approaches, and with him is CLAUDIA.

MR. FANTASTIC  
I found her. Knew I knew who you were  
talkin' about.

CLAUDIA  
Hi, Scott.

SCOTT  
Claudia, it's great to see you.

He can't bear to give her the news, but she knows already.

CLAUDIA  
He's . . . he's gone isn't he?

She is shaking, trying to hold in the tears.

SCOTT  
Claudia . . . We were in Vegas, we were  
coming to see you...there was fog people--

CLAUDIA  
Oh, God, Scott.

She falls into his arms, grief stricken.

SCOTT  
All he wanted was to get to you. That's  
what we were doing, just trying to get  
here. I'm so sorry. I'm sorry. Sorry.

Claudia pulls away from him, gathering herself.

CLAUDIA  
It wasn't your fault. You guys were crazy  
to even try coming here.

SCOTT  
He had to see you. He wouldn't think of  
anything else.

Claudia is silent for a moment.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CLAUDIA

Thank you, Scott. Thank you for helping  
him, thank you for getting here.

(she starts to crack)

Thank you for telling me.

She falls back into his arms, sobbing.

SCOTT

I'm sorry, so sorry.

MR. FANTASTIC

Hey, Stamps, let's get her a drink.

STAMPS

Comin' up.

Claudia stands up again.

CLAUDIA

No, no, I don't want a drink. Thanks.  
Thanks. I just want to be alone for  
awhile.

(then, to Scott)

Did he say anything to you? What was the  
last thing he told you?

SCOTT

It wasn't . . . he just kept saying he  
missed you, he should never have let you  
come here without him.

(then)

Claudia, I can't stay. My mom wants me to  
go back home.

CLAUDIA

Then that's what you have to do. She  
needs you.

She hugs Scott one more time.

CLAUDIA (CONT'D)

Thanks. Thank you. I'll . . . I'll see  
you before you go.

She moves away, distraught. Scott looks up at his onlookers.

SCOTT

What's the best way for me to get to the  
East Coast?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

MR. FANTASTIC

There's no good way to get the East Coast.

STAMPS

There's the plane at the Coors brewery. Flies two.

MR. FANTASTIC

Of course, we would've made use of it ourselves a while back if anyone here knew how to fly.

SCOTT

(quietly to himself)

I know someone who can fly.

EXT. MCRATTLE'S MICROBREWERY - DUSK

The sun sets on the brew pub. Zombies wonder the street, tripping and falling over the curb, aimlessly running into each other, repeatedly bumping into the same walls or lamp posts. Occasionally, one groans. The day is ending.

INT. MCRATTLE'S MICROBREWERY - THE NEXT MORNING

The floor is littered with sleeping people. Some are already up and drinking. Stamps is cleaning glasses with an old rag. Shannon, Gilliam, and Scott are readying themselves to depart.

STAMPS

What the hell are you guys doing?

SCOTT

I've got to get to Massachusetts. We're going to find that plane.

STAMPS

You don't know where you're going. You can't fight off all those zombies alone. You need help.

He jumps over the bar. He shakes awake Mr. Fantastic.

STAMPS (CONT'D)

Fantastic. Wake up. These cats need our help.

MR. FANTASTIC

(groggy)

What? What's happening?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STAMPS

Get your shit together. We're getting these guys to the plane.

MR. FANTASTIC

What, they've got a pilot?

STAMPS

I guess so.

MR. FANTASTIC

Stamps, cut me some slack. I got drinkin' to do today. These people want to kill themselves, let them go ahead and do it.

STAMPS

Scott's mom wants him to come home.

MR. FANTASTIC

(getting up reluctantly)  
Oh, fuck. You had to put it that way.

Stamps jumps up on the bar.

STAMPS

Wake up, people! Wake the fuck up!

The crowd stirs.

STAMPS (CONT'D)

Scott needs to get back east to his mother. I'm takin' him to the Coors plane, and Mr. Fantastic is comin'. We need a few more volunteers.

Everyone just stares at him blankly.

STAMPS (CONT'D)

Give me a fuckin' break. The world is going to hell in a bucket, folks. This poor guy doesn't have much time to see his mother before we're all worm food. Now, you could either sit around in this dive bar and drink yourselves silly, or you could do something decent with what's left of your pathetic lives. Who's with me?

He is answered by a lot of unwilling grumbles.

Then, two crowd members step forward. Claudia, and THOMPSON, a small dude with frazzled hair and a somewhat crazed smile. Thompson yells out something in gibberish.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CLAUDIA

Me and Thompson are in.

STAMPS

Thank you, Claudia and Thompson. There are at least two heroes among us! We still need more! Who's up for this shit?

Apparently, nobody else is. Thompson begins to scream in his nonsense speak, bitching everyone out.

MR. FANTASTIC

(stepping in)

Easy, Thompson. Nobody's got to do this. Could be the last thing you ever do, you hear me?

Thompson grumbles in apology. Steve #3, at one end of the bar with the other two, stands up. Steve #1 follows him.

STEVE #3

The Steves are in, man.

Scott looks at Steve #3, and nods a genuine thanks.

STEVE #2

Ahh, the Stevessss are not in. You two can do whatever the fuck. I'm here, I'm drinking.

STEVE #1

Oh, come on. You gone pussy on us?

STEVE #2

Fuck off! I haven't turned into anything! I'm tired of risking my life! I'm tired of fighting monsters! I'm just plain tired! Most of you aren't even gonna get back. I guarantee it.

STEVE #3

Steve. This is the right thing.

STEVE #2

No. I'm not going.

STEVE #1

Steve.

STEVE #2

There is beer here! I want to drink it!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

STEVE #3  
Come on, Steve. You know you gotta.

STEVE #2  
Um. No I don't.

Steve #1 and #3 both lean into Steve #2, putting on their best guilt-trip stares.

STEVE #1  
Steve.

STEVE #3  
Steve.

STEVE #2  
You are not going to guilt me into this!

They just stare.

STEVE #2 (CONT'D)  
This won't work. THIS WON'T WORK!

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. MCRATTLE'S MICROBREWERY - MOMENTS LATER

Steve #2, swinging a machete, is decapitating zombies left and right.

STEVE #2  
THIS WON'T WORK!  
(decapitates a zombie with  
every word)  
WHY DOES NO ONE LISTEN TO ME!

He is flanked on either side by his two Steve buddies, both armed with swords. Behind them, Mr. Fantastic is doing battle, two large handguns blasting away like he's in an old John Woo picture. Thompson and Claudia scream bloody murder as they blast round after round from sawed-off twelve gauge shotguns. Gilliam, Shannon, Stamps, and Scott take up the rear, mostly walking backwards as they unload their fire arms into the throng of ghastly ghouls. All have several back-up weapons strapped to their persons.

The once-human monsters advance slowly, but endlessly, even as they drop like flies. As gung-ho as the Mission to the Macrobrewery Platoon appears to be, the sheer numbers of their foe is beginning to overwhelm.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They make their way through the zombies, past the Chrysler parked outside, and a short way down the block to a Dodge Caravan spray-painted with the name of "Mr. Fantastic". On any normal day, the walk would be no more than a minute. Today it seems like miles, and life hangs in the balance:

Stamps has moved a little too far away from the group. A zombie brushes him from behind, and he twirls around to blow its head clean off. He then bumps into a female zombie, and he recognizes her.

STAMPS

Mom?

ZOMBIE MOM doesn't stop for pleasantries, and he is forced to shoot. Her head splinters into a splash of brain, skull, and hair. Blood smatters onto Stamps' stunned expression.

STAMPS (CONT'D)

(uttering strangely)

All of you . . . confusion.

He is only lost for a micro-moment, but that is all it takes. Another zombie takes a bite from his arm. Stamps yanks his limb away, a huge chunk of flesh left in the fiend's teeth. The crazed beast is chewing, and he is happy.

STAMPS (CONT'D)

(losing his shit)

Hey! NO! Bad!

He hasn't even had time to soak in what just happened when one of Mr. Fantastic's guns is in his face. WHAM! the gun fires and Stamps slumps to the ground undramatically. Shannon sees this with wide-eyed horror.

MR. FANTASTIC

(quickly)

Way it's got to be. Once you're bitten, you're one of 'em!

EXT. MR. FANTASTIC'S CARAVAN - MINUTES LATER

The Steves are the first to get to the van.

STEVE #2

Mr. Fantastic, give us some goddam sugar!

In a flash, Fantastic holsters a gun, and unsnaps his keys from his belt buckle. He hits a button, and the doors unlock.

MR. FANTASTIC

Let's load her up!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Steve #1 slides the side door open as Steve #3 sticks his sword through the eye of an attacker.

STEVE #3

In you go.

Steve #1 jumps into the vehicle. Steve #2 follows him in after slicing a head right down the middle and letting out a primordial yell.

INT. MR. FANTASTIC'S CARAVAN - CONTINUOUS

Steve #2 joins Steve #1 in the backseat.

STEVE #2

I can't believe I let you talk me into this.

EXT. MR. FANTASTIC'S CARAVAN - CONTINUOUS

Steve #3 remains outside the car, keeping the doorway as clear as possible. Mr. Fantastic joins him in this duty.

MR. FANTASTIC

Are we having fun yet?

Only a disapproving look from the third Steve.

Claudia and Thompson pile into the van. Scott and Gilliam, taking out zombies as they near, are next into the transport.

Shannon is last before the two door guards, and she shoots Mr. Fantastic a strange look on her way into his car.

Fantastic then motions with his head for Steve #3 to get on in, and as Steve #3 obeys:

STEVE #3

Why don't you drive.

Fantastic slams the sliding door, and then maniacally takes out a half dozen flesh-mongers before jumping in behind the wheel.

INT. MR. FANTASTIC'S CARAVAN - CONTINUOUS

Mr. Fantastic starts the car and pulls out into the sea of surrounding evil beings. The passengers are mostly quiet, not wanting to look out the windows but unable to look at each other at the same time. Thompson mumbles something.

CLAUDIA

Yes, Thompson. We'll all miss Stamps.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

And then there isn't anything more to say.

EXT. COORS BREWING PLANT - LATER

In the pavilion outside the brewery's large glass lobby, there appears to be few zombies. Mr. Fantastic's Caravan pulls up directly in front of the entrance to the lobby.

MR. FANTASTIC (O.C.)

Here we are, people.

Steve #3 slides the door open. Everyone piles out and moves to the lobby doors. Mr. Fantastic holds a door open, and the rest file inside.

INT. COORS BREWING PLANT LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Mr. Fantastic pulls the door closed as he enters. Steve #1 is immediately barring the door by tying off the handles with a piece of rope he brought from Mr. Fantastic's car. The others drag over lobby furniture and wedge it against the door.

Before they're finished building their makeshift barrier, the distinct sound of groaning echoes through the large lobby. They look around: nothing.

GILLIAM

Where is it coming from?

STEVE #1

Sounds like a lot of 'em, wherever they are.

SCOTT

I don't like this.

CLAUDIA

Maybe we shouldn't have barricaded the door. Sounds like they're all in here.

They begin to slowly walk through the lobby, spreading out slightly.

SCOTT

Anybody?

SHANNON

I'm not seeing anything.

STEVE #1

Nothing. Two times.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MR. FANTASTIC

Where are they?

The wall behind the visitor's information desk SMASHES apart, and zombies pour out like cockroaches. Thompson is standing by the wall when it crashes, and he is buried by the onslaught. He screams as he's torn apart.

STEVE #2

Kill 'em all!

All empty rounds into the oncoming creatures. For every one that falls, ten more take its place.

SCOTT

There's too goddam many of them!

MR. FANTASTIC

We gotta move out! This way!

He and Steve #1 go to a door marked "Authorized Personnel Only." Fantastic aims his gun at the door to blast it open, but Steve #1 stops him, pointing at the unfastened padlock.

MR. FANTASTIC (CONT'D)

Oh.

He opens the door. Mr. Fantastic and Steve #1 go through.

Steve #2 and #3 are flanking Scott, blasting away at the surrounding creatures.

STEVE #3

Got to get Scott out of here!

Shannon and Claudia get to the door, and look back to see a wall of zombies making an escape for Scott and the Steves impossible.

CLAUDIA

(pushing Shannon through the door)

You get to the plane. I got this.

Claudia then screams to get the attention of the zombies. They all turn and begin to advance towards her. She mows them down with her machine gun, clearing a hole for Scott and the Steves. They get to the door, and exit the lobby.

Claudia remains, shooting down the undead. Scott pops back through the door.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SCOTT  
Claudia! Come on!

CLAUDIA  
Someone's got to hold them back.

SCOTT  
No!

She kicks him in the stomach, and he falls back through the door. She then padlocks the door closed. She drops zombies like flies, cursing at them as she does so.

INT. COORS BREWING PLANT HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Scott is on the other side of the door, screaming at Claudia to stop what she's doing. After a few moments, he realizes that she's no longer making any noise. He takes a deep breath and runs off down the hallway.

EXT. COORS BREWING PLANT PRIVATE RUNWAY - MOMENTS LATER

A few zombies in Coors worker garb are aimlessly wandering about the runway. A small plane is parked at the end of the runway closest to the plant.

A door from the plant opens, and Mr. Fantastic barges out. He is immediately bitten in the leg by a stumbling undead Coors worker with a baseball cap that reads "Official Bikini Inspector".

MR. FANTASTIC  
(looking down and blasting his  
gun)  
Fuck you!

He looks up as Shannon busts from the door. She looks at him for a second, sees he's bitten, and instantly drops him dead with one shot to the head.

SHANNON  
Your rules, Mr. Fantastic.  
(then, looking towards plane)  
There she is.

Scott comes up behind her, and sees Fantastic.

SCOTT  
(visibly upset)  
Oh, shit.

The Steves and Gilliam come through the door, and without pause drop every zombie on the tarmac.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GILLIAM  
Time for you to go.

The group moves to the plane, and Shannon opens the door leading to the cockpit.

SCOTT  
You guys can't go back the way you came.

STEVE #3  
No worries.

He beckons to a beer truck parked a little ways down the side of the runway.

STEVE #3 (CONT'D)  
We'll grab the company car.

Scott pauses before getting up into the plane. He looks to Gilliam.

GILLIAM  
Say hi to your mom for me.

Scott doesn't know what to say. Shannon looks at Gilliam.

SHANNON  
When I get back, you buy the beer.

STEVE #3  
(time to go)  
Gilliam.

The Steves start to move away. Gilliam gives Shannon a hurried but heated good-bye kiss, and begins to go. Shannon stops him.

SHANNON  
Listen. If you even think of another woman while I'm gone--

She stops herself, realizing how dumb she must sound.

SHANNON (CONT'D)  
Sorry.

Gilliam looks deep into her eyes.

GILLIAM  
Trust me, one way or the other, you will be the last woman I ever sleep with.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Suddenly a zombie jumps from out of the plane and tackles Gilliam, taking a deep bite out of his head. Gilliam gushes blood, and drops dead with a frozen look of surprise on what's left of his face.

Shannon screams. The three Steves blow away the zombie, shooting simultaneously.

Even more zombies pour out of the brewery, and begin to close in on the plane.

STEVE #2

Jesus, there's no time. Go! Go! GO!

Scott yanks Shannon into the plane, no longer thinking. Shannon instinctively starts up the plane and taxis away while the three Steves cover their escape and move towards the beer truck.

The plane takes off and vanishes in the distance.

The three Steves back up towards the beer truck, shooting at the zombies that follow. As they near the truck, the rolling doors on the side of the truck open to reveal three zombies. They lunge at the Steves, taking a bite out of each of them. The Steves instantly react, gunning down the three zombies.

Then they all look at each other, standing in a triangle. They all acknowledge that each of them have sustained a fatal bite.

STEVE #1

Fuck.

STEVE #3

Fuck.

STEVE #2

Double fuck.

They all shoot, and drop each other.

The zombies roar.

EXT. COORS PLANE - LATER

The plane flies through what is becoming a stormy sky.

SCOTT (O.S.)

How long have we been up here?

SHANNON (O.S.)

Few hours.

INT. COORS PLANE COCKPIT - CONTINUOUS

Scott and Shannon are quiet. And then Shannon is suddenly panicked.

SHANNON  
(looking at instruments)  
What now?

She presses buttons and knocks on dials frantically, but they continue to go haywire.

SCOTT  
The instruments?

SHANNON  
They've gone loopy.

Scott looks ahead of them, and his eyes widen.

SCOTT  
Oh, boy.

Shannon looks up to see several WINGED BEASTS fly past the windshield. One nicks against the plane, and the craft rocks precariously back and forth. Another hits the plane, tearing the door off the pilot side.

SHANNON  
What the fuck was that?

SCOTT  
I don't know. Pterodactyls?

Shannon begins to take the plane to a lower altitude. She veers to the right to avoid another oncoming pterodactyl.

SCOTT (CONT'D)  
Nice move.

But then one of the flying monsters swoops in on the pilot side and snatches Shannon out of the cabin. The pterodactyl recedes into the distance with Shannon screaming in its claws.

Scott watches in stunned silence. The plane hurls through the darkness.

The cockpit lights up with emergency warning lights as the plane starts to dive. Scott looks at the yoke as it randomly shakes back and forth.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Um. Fuck.

EXT. SWAMP - MOMENTS LATER

A light mist drifts over the thickly vegetated swamp, birds sing sad songs and insects buzz at one another. The passivity is immediately torn to pieces as the plane lands haphazardly with a dramatic splash into the middle of the swamp.

A dazed Scott, blood running down his face, pulls himself out of the cockpit and onto the roof of the plane. He stands in a hypnotic state of shock for a moment.

Then he explodes in anger.

SCOTT

(pointing at the heavens)

You motherfucker! I hate your big dumb supernatural ass! This is bullshit! Bullshit! You want me?! You want me dead? You want me so bad, you come down and get me, you son of a bitch!

A giant alligator lurches from the swamp and attacks the plane. Scott screams and runs off the plane, swimming frantically to shore as the gator tears apart the fuselage.

On the shoreline, Scott watches the alligator eat the plane. He looks up, shakes his head, and then walks off into the woods.

EXT. SOMEWHERE IN NEW ORLEANS FRENCH QUARTER - NIGHT

The shadows of New Orleans seem to dance about Scott as he walks along the street. No one is around, an eerie silence for the once celebratory musical town. He passes an abandoned tourist shop, and stops to look at a display of hot sauces in the window. He smiles at their comical names (such as "Ass Blaster" and "Colon Wrecker").

He looks a block down to see TWO TEENAGERS turning a corner onto the street. Materializing out of thin air, a VAMPIRE comes up behind the teens.

SCOTT

Look out!

Too late. The vampire grabs one teenager by the neck, and bites the throat out of the other. Blood gushes. He then looks at the petrified Scott.

Scott leaps into a sprint, tearing around a corner.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

Scott flees down an alleyway, and rounds a corner onto Bourbon Street.

EXT. BOURBON STREET, ACROSS FROM LAFITTE'S BLACKSMITH SHOP - CONTINUOUS

Scott tears out of the alleyway and is stopped in his tracks by the vampire. Scott yelps, and grabs the nearest thing he can find, a metal wire trash can, to defend himself.

SCOTT

You want some of this?

As Scott readies himself for a fight, a big splash of water hits both him and the vampire. The vampire's skin begins to smoke and burn. He screams and then explodes in a rush of flame.

Scott looks up to see MARION leaning out her window with an empty bucket. She is a vision: an easy, earthy beauty.

MARION

Today's forecast: partly cloudy, with a chance of sudden showers. Bitch.

His eyes widen with disbelief.

SCOTT

Holy shit! I know you! You're--

MARION

You're from out of town, aren't you?

SCOTT

(stammering)

Yeah, but-- I'm going to see my moth--  
You're--

She thinks he's cute.

MARION

You better get up here. He's not the only one out there. Take those stairs.

Scott bounds up the stairs to her apartment.

INT. MARION'S DOMICILE - CONTINUOUS

The studio apartment is decorated with colorful pictures of angels and faeries, tapestries, well-groomed plants, and several fish tanks both fresh and salt water.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Food is cooking on the stove. Blues play on the small CD player resting on her counter.

Marion greets Scott at her door, and beckons him to enter.

SCOTT

Glad you had holy water on hand. So New Orleans has vampires?

MARION

New Orleans has always had vampires. Just seems to be a lot more lately. What's your name?

SCOTT

Scott. And you're Marion.

MARION

(taken aback)  
How did you know--

She cuts herself off.

MARION (CONT'D)

Oh my god. Scott?

SCOTT

Yeah!

MARION

Oh my god!

She leaps into his arms.

MARION (CONT'D)

How are you! I can't believe this! What are you doing here?

SCOTT

I'm trying to get back to Massachusetts to see my mom.

MARION

Massachusetts! Mass-a-fucking-chusetts! I don't believe it! I barely recognize you!

SCOTT

Well, we haven't actually seen each other since we were in second grade. Stands to reason.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MARION

I just can't believe it! In all this end-of-the-world shit, this is by far the craziest thing! I'm so happy to see you!

She hugs him again.

SCOTT

Me too.

(then)

How do we fight those vampires? I should probably know in case--

MARION

They can't get you in your house. Unless you invite them in.

SCOTT

Oh. That's a relief.

MARION

We've got some catching up to do, don't we? Hope you're hungry.

SCOTT

Starved, actually.

INT. MARION'S DOMICILE - LATER

Scott and Marion sit at the table in her breakfast nook, empty bowls before them. There are two wine bottles, one empty and the other half full.

SCOTT

Funny how many people I've been with since I left LA. I've had this constant lonely feeling, just the same. 'Course everyone keeps getting killed around me.

(and a smile)

But that feeling seems to be gone. Seems to be.

MARION

Alone and lonely are just two states of mind. My mom used to tell me, "Get friendly with alone. Lonely is just around the corner."

SCOTT

How is your mom?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARION

She's gone. Both my folks. Miss them a whole lot. Especially now.

SCOTT

I'm sorry. I guess that's why I'm trying to get back home.

(switching gears)

I'll tell you, that was probably the best meal I've ever had. I've never done gumbo before. Good shit.

MARION

If I make it.

SCOTT

I'm sure.

She looks into his eyes.

MARION

I still can't believe no one ever snatched you up.

SCOTT

You either.

MARION

"There's a light in your eyes that keeps shining, like a star that can't wait for the night."

SCOTT

(taken aback)

Well, thank you. That's . . . what is that?

MARION

Zeppelin. "Fool in the Rain."

They look at each other, then Marion gets up and kisses him, deep and passionate.

SCOTT

(as she moves away)

I didn't expect that.

MARION

Still as good as it was in second grade?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SCOTT

A tad better, I think.

(then)

Marion, I can't--I don't have much time.

MARION

That's okay. I understand. But you know you can't leave until daylight.

SCOTT

Guess not. Not with vampires running around.

MARION

What if I went with you?

SCOTT

Back home?

MARION

Yeah, I haven't seen Massachusetts in a long, long time.

SCOTT

Yeah, yeah, I'd love that. But, you really don't want to be out there.

MARION

Maybe I do. Seems a shame to run into you like this and not spend more time.

SCOTT

Out there it's hell, I mean, you don't want--

Screaming filters into the apartment from outside. Marion bolts to her bed, which is nestled up against the small apartment's one large window, and she peers down to the street. Scott joins her.

EXT. BOURBON STREET - CONTINUOUS

A mass of people is careening down the street in terror. A FLOCK OF VAMPIRES are chasing them down. Some of the vampires fly over their heads. A young man is devoured by a swooping creature of the night, while several others are carried off into the sky, kicking in protest.

INT. MARION'S DOMICILE - CONTINUOUS

Marion turns from the window, and slides down onto the bed.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARION

That's what happens when you invite them  
into your party.

She sadly moves into his arms, and he embraces her, wishing  
he could hug all her horror away.

MARION (CONT'D)

Really glad you're here.

The screams die down outside, and all that is left is the  
glowing moonlight pouring over Marion's bed. Marion enjoys  
the embrace for a moment, then:

MARION (CONT'D)

Scott?

SCOTT

Yeah?

MARION

We're here for the night.

SCOTT

Looks that way.

MARION

I don't want to cheapen this incredible  
reunion of ours, I really don't.

Marion picks herself up to look into his eyes.

MARION (CONT'D)

But, fuck, it's the end of the world.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. MARION'S DOMICILE - MOMENTS LATER

So impassioned for one another, they barely had time to get  
their clothes off. Both still wear their shirts, and their  
pants are down around their ankles. Marion is on top, and  
like a wolf howling up at the moon, arches her back and  
moans. She is lost in an intense orgasm.

Upon her rapture's conclusion, Marion falls to Scott with a  
happy laugh, and kisses him.

MARION

Definitely amazing.

Scott smiles proudly.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SCOTT  
Never thought of myself that way.

MARION  
Well, it's time.

SCOTT  
Marion?

MARION  
Yeah?

SCOTT  
(half to himself)  
Is is too early to say this?

MARION  
Oh. I don't know.

SCOTT  
I lo--

MARION  
(fingers over his lips)  
Sssshh. Hold onto that. We're not done yet.

She begins to make love to him again, and he sinks into his pleasure. His groans grow in volume at a rapid rate, and then he is right on top of it.

SCOTT  
(barely able to speak)  
I'm gonna come!

MARION  
(laughing)  
Please do.

Just as Scott is about to let go, the CEILING above them RIPS AWAY, and a thunderous rain pours down onto them. Lightning flashes. Marion rolls out of bed, immediately pulling up her pants, and Scott falls out onto the floor, confused. The walls around them crumble, and soon they are in full view of the street.

MARION (CONT'D)  
Jesus Christ!

Scott gets up, frantically pulls up his pants, and goes to her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SCOTT

Let's go!

Before they can move out, a ferocious roar emanates from down the street. Scott looks to see a GIANT TWISTER making its way towards them.

MARION

That's new.

Scott grabs her hand, and they tear out of the apartment.

EXT. BOURBON STREET, ACROSS FROM LAFITTE'S BLACKSMITH SHOP - CONTINUOUS

Most of the buildings have been torn to smithereens, save Lafitte's Blacksmith Shop (a piano bar). JOHNNY GORDON, Lafitte's regular blues pianist, runs out from the front of the Blacksmith Shop, and sees the oncoming storm.

JOHNNY GORDON

Yikes.

He goes back inside.

Marion and Scott hit the street, Marion now in the lead.

MARION

Lafitte's has got a basement! Let's go!

Panicked New Orleans residents now run randomly around them, up and down the street, seeking new shelter as their buildings are torn up behind them.

The wind is strong, and the two lovers have to really struggle just to get across the street. They are about to reach the bar's door when ANOTHER VAMPIRE swoops from out of nowhere and lands next to Marion. He bears his teeth, and moves in to take a bite. Scott turns just as Marion is about to be attacked.

SCOTT

Marion! Look out.

MARION

You look out!

Scott turns to see a LARGE PIECE OF DEBRIS flying right at him. His eyes widen in panic, and then EVERYTHING GOES BLACK.

FADE IN:

EXT. FATS LAFIELD'S STATION WAGON - DAY

Scott comes to consciousness in the back seat of a station wagon. Marion sits next to him, cradling his injured head. FATS LAFIELD is at the wheel, and a skinny guy with glasses named GREASE sits shotgun. Wooden stakes (for killing vampires) litter the dashboard and floor of the car.

SCOTT

Where am I?

FATS

Jersey Turnpike. This here is Grease.

SCOTT

Hi.

(then to Marion)

Hi.

Grease looks back strangely, says nothing.

FATS

My name's Lafield. Friends call me Fats.

SCOTT

(still groggy)

But, why? Why? You're not fat.

MARION

When he sings karaoke, he sounds exactly like Fats Domino.

Grease grunts.

SCOTT

Can I hear?

FATS

No.

EXT. NEW JERSEY TURNPIKE - CONTINUOUS

The station wagon rolls down the turnpike, which is completely covered with POISON IVY. Not an inch of concrete can be seen, no meridian, no trees on the side of the thoroughfare. Everything is drowning in shiny green leaves attached to vines that are VISIBLY MOVING.

INT. FATS LAFIELD'S STATION WAGON - CONTINUOUS

Scott is looking out the window.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SCOTT  
What are all those plants?

FATS  
Poison ivy. Covers a good portion of the eastern seaboard from what I've seen.

SCOTT  
What are those pink guys?

EXT. NEW JERSEY TURNPIKE - SAME TIME

Three guys, covered in a pink substance, are moving onto the turnpike. Two women, also pink, emerge from the thick foliage on the side of the highway.

INT. FATS LAFIELD'S STATION WAGON - CONTINUOUS

FATS  
They're not pink guys. They're covered in calamine lotion.

SCOTT  
(watching out window)  
Holy shit.

EXT. NEW JERSEY TURNPIKE - CONTINUOUS

Shiny-leaf covered vines shoot out from the side of the turnpike, and up from the ground, wrapping around the five calamine-smearred people. They are pulled back into the growth to the sides of the highway.

INT. FATS LAFIELD'S STATION WAGON - CONTINUOUS

Scott looks away, unable to watch, and when he looks to the front seat, an eager poison ivy vine shoots through one of the vents in the dashboard.

SCOTT  
It's coming in!

FATS  
Whoops.

Grease begins smacking at the vine as if it is some kind of stinging insect.

GREASE  
You dropped below fifty! You dropped below goddam fifty!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FATS

Sorry! Sorry!

Hectic, Fats floors the gas pedal, and when he hits fifty-five, the vine is torn from the car in a flurry of leaves. Grease cracks his window and hurriedly throws out the fallen leaves.

GREASE

Goddammit!

When all the leaves are jettisoned and window closed, Grease pops the glove compartment. He takes out a brown bar of soap and some wet naps. He scrubs furiously, using the wet naps to moisten his hands and the soap.

GREASE (CONT'D)

I am going to get a rash! A terrible rash!

MARION

It's okay. You'll get the oil off.

Grease grumbles and slumps in his seat, coldly staring out the window. Scott looks to Fats.

SCOTT

It's aggressive.

FATS

Yep. Aggressive poison ivy.

SCOTT

This shit is getting just plain silly.

FATS

You think this is silly? You should see Colorado.

SCOTT

I have.

FATS

No shit?

SCOTT

I don't find zombies even remotely silly.

FATS

They're funny 'til they bite you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SCOTT

Not really.  
(then)  
Where are we going?

MARION

Massachusetts. By way of New York City.  
These guys were in Lafitte's, and after  
the twister passed, Fats said he'd take  
us.

SCOTT

Oh.

FATS

But I picked up Grease here a few states  
before you. He wants to see the C.H.U.D..

GREASE

I knew they existed. I always knew they  
were real. Fuckin' C.H.U.D..

FATS

He thinks C.H.U.D. killed his uncle when  
he was touring Manhattan.

GREASE

Ate him.

SCOTT

Forgive my ignorance, here. What is  
"chud"?

FATS

Cannibalistic Humanoid Underground  
Dwellers.

GREASE

Made a movie about it in the early  
eighties. Everyone thought it was some  
kind of joke.

SCOTT

Why would they eat your uncle? I mean, if  
they're cannibalistic, wouldn't they eat  
others of their own kind?

GREASE

Huh?

SCOTT

Other humanoids.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Grease turns in his seat, looking as if he is about to bolt over and punch the living hell out of Scott.

MARION

Let it drop, Scott.

SCOTT

Sorry, sorry. I was hit in the head.

FATS

He didn't mean it, Grease. He's just curious. That's healthy.

Grease points at the speedometer.

GREASE

Watch yourself!

Fats sees his speed is declining, and picks it back up again.

FATS

Good call, buddy.

Grease goes back to glowering out the window.

Marion's shirt collar has slipped a bit, exposing a bite mark on her neck. She covers it before anyone sees.

FATS (CONT'D)

Marion tells me you two were childhood sweethearts.

SCOTT

(looking at Marion)

Yeah, we were.

FATS

Helluva story. Tell ya, that's why I'm cruising the country. The stories.

SCOTT

Grease got any?

Grease looks back, miffed.

FATS

Not really.

SCOTT

So you just drive around and give people rides?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

FATS

Ever since my house was attacked by eyeball-eating locusts, yes.

SCOTT

Where was that?

FATS

Florida. Key West. Too damn bad. But I got out with my life, and now I'm doing something constructive. People still need to get places, and here I am. Sometimes I kind of feel like a hero. I dig that.

MARION

I dig it, too, Fats.

FATS

Comin' from a lady of your caliber, that's quite a compliment.

Marion smiles as she plays with Scott's hair.

FATS (CONT'D)

Bet you can't wait to see your mom, huh?

SCOTT

No, no I can't.

FATS

I'm sure she'll be glad to see you both.

Scott, fully awake now, realizes there is a pungent odor in the car.

SCOTT

Is that gasoline?

FATS

Sorry about that. I got to keep as many cans as I can fit; whenever you run into a working gas station, you gotta stock up.

Scott looks behind him, and the back is loaded with gasoline cans.

SCOTT

Is it a good idea to be riding with the windows up?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

MARION

As soon as the aggressive poison ivy  
clears up, he assures me we can put them  
down.

Fats looks in the rearview.

FATS

What the hell is that?

The others look out the back window.

EXT. NEW JERSEY TURNPIKE - CONTINUOUS

The station wagon is kicking up poison ivy as it moves across  
the blanketed highway.

A GROTESQUE BEAST, half-sheep and half-reptile with a dozen  
eyes, is bearing down on the car.

INT. FATS LAFIELD'S STATION WAGON - CONTINUOUS

Scott scrambles over the back seat, and moves gas cans out of  
his way so he can get to the rear window.

SCOTT

Open this window! And push in the  
cigarette lighter.

FATS

What are you gonna do?

SCOTT

Just do it!

The window lowers, and Scott begins to dump gasoline out onto  
the poison ivy.

GREASE

What are you doing?

MARION

Scott, be careful . . .

Scott doesn't answer, just keeps dumping gallons of gas.

EXT. NEW JERSEY TURNPIKE - CONTINUOUS

The sheep-reptile creature is gaining fast. Scott continues  
to frantically pour gas.

INT. FATS LAFIELD'S STATION WAGON - CONTINUOUS

FATS  
Lighter's popped.

SCOTT  
Toss it back.

Fats pulls it out, and lobs it to Scott who barely touches it in tossing it out the window.

GREASE  
No!

EXT. NEW JERSEY TURNPIKE - CONTINUOUS

WHOOSH, the poison ivy is ablaze! The sheep-reptile monster falters a bit in its flight, but then digs in harder to catch the wagon. Scott throws two opened gas cans into the fire, and they EXPLODE in front of the beast.

The poison ivy, agonizing over its present state, flails all over the place, spreading fire. It almost seems to scream.

The sheep-reptile thing falls back. Scott throws out two more gas cans, they explode, and soon the entire turnpike is raging in flames.

INT. FATS LAFIELD'S STATION WAGON - CONTINUOUS

SCOTT  
That stopped him!

GREASE  
You asshole! You just lit an entire turnpike of poison ivy on fire!

SCOTT  
We didn't have a choice!

GREASE  
Listen to me! The poison ivy oil is airborne now! Do you get me? You are an asshole!

Fats says nothing. Scott is confused.

MARION  
It's okay, Scott. Don't worry.

CUT TO:

EXT. BROADWAY IN MANHATTAN, NEAR NYU'S TISCH BUILDING -  
EVENING

New York's city lights are glowing, and there are tons of people walking the sidewalks, just as any other day in the Big Apple. However, everyone seems a tad more in a hurry than usual, if that's possible. Several people knock over others to get where they are going, and curses pour down over the street like hailstones of rage.

The station wagon pulls up curb side, and the three passengers get out. They all have terrible rashes. Scott is scratching.

GREASE

Don't scratch! It'll spread!

SCOTT

Shut up, Grease.

A few feet to their left, a giant window pane crashes to the street, SHATTERING into a thousand pieces.

SOMEONE ON BROADWAY

Here comes another! Quake!

Some are madly enjoying the violence. Some are crying in fear. Lots are screaming. All are scrambling.

Cozy's Soup and Burger crumbles. The giant Ronald McDonald atop the McDonald's deflates as the building falls apart. The Tisch School of the Arts EXPLODES IN A FIREBALL.

In the background, skyscrapers knock each other over like dominoes.

FATS

(watching the skyscrapers)

That's kinda cool.

Scott, Marion, Fats, and Grease brace themselves against the station wagon as the ground rocks.

SCOTT

Watch for falling objects!

GREASE

There are worse things to watch for!

A LOUDLY DRESSED MODEL falls over in front of Fats. He helps her up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FATS

Need a ride?

LOUDLY DRESSED MODEL

Go fuck yourself.

She tears off down the street, ducking as glass rains down over Broadway. Suddenly, the street OPENS UP DOWN THE MIDDLE, swallowing the model and several others whole.

MARION

Hang on!

But then the quake is over, and there is nothing left but the sound of whimpering wounded and pouring water from uprooted fire hydrants.

FATS

(opening car door)

Time to leave. Grease, you staying or going? I recommend going.

Grease looks at him, torn.

MARION

Come on, Grease. Let's get out of here.

And then with powerful cracks, all the MANHOLE COVERS on the sidewalks and on what's left of Broadway ROCKET up in the air and fall to the pavement with hard clanks. Grease spins to look at the newly opened sewer hole nearest them.

A WOMAN IN A FLOWERED DRESS standing next to the hole shrieks as a large and slimy claw yanks her into the hole.

GREASE

C.H.U.D.!

He runs to the manhole, as a HORRIFIC C.H.U.D. MONSTER climbs out of the ground, a piece of flowered dress hanging from its jagged teeth.

GREASE (CONT'D)

(to his counterparts)

They're not staying down there any longer!

The C.H.U.D. towers a good few feet above Grease, long arms and legs and glowing yellow eyes in its ghastly head.

Grease howls at the thing, and charges. Scott, Marion and Fats can only watch, mystified by their counterpart's obsession.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Grease punches the thing in the stomach, and it barely flinches. The C.H.U.D. picks him up by the mid-section and hoists him off the ground. Grease screams and then projectile vomits onto its face.

The C.H.U.D. TEARS GREASE IN HALF. Just as it does so, several other C.H.U.D. crawl out from other open manholes.

SCOTT

Oh no.

FATS

Gotta go.

A high-pitched screeching comes from overhead, and pterodactyls are suddenly swooping up and down the boulevard, plucking helpless New Yorkers from the street and tearing them apart in the sky.

Fats is then in his car, and the engine is instantly rumbling. Scott and Marion move for the car. Scott opens the back door. When he looks back at Marion, she is bearing two white fangs and glowering with blood-red eyes.

MARION HAS TURNED.

SCOTT

Marion?

He looks at Marion, confused. Marion growls at him, and lunges.

Scott dodges her, and they both spin around to face each other again. She groans quietly: she is hungry.

FATS

Scott! Here!

Fats throws Scott a handful of wooden stakes, and they land nearby. Marion moves to stand over them, keeping Scott from being able to pick one up. She then lunges at him again, and he avoids her while diving for the stakes. He comes up with two.

Scott holds up the stakes, and when Marion attacks again, he impales her. He steps back with one stake, the other sticking out of her chest.

SCOTT

Marion. I'm sorry.

She looks at him, stunned.

And then she bursts into flame.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Scott stands back.

FATS  
Get in the car!

A pterodactyl then swoops out of the sky, hooking Scott with its claws. Scott flies up with the dinosaur, but before they get too far, Scott sticks the wooden stake in the flying monster's belly. It screeches and drops Scott onto Broadway.

He shakily stands up to see where Fats' wagon is waiting. A good fifty feet away.

FATS (CONT'D)  
(from car window)  
Scott, run you motherfucker!

A C.H.U.D. grabs Scott's ankle from inside a manhole. Scott falls backward, landing on his back. The creature begins to pull him towards the hole. As he is being dragged, Scott grabs onto a metal pipe with a jagged edge, debris from the quake.

Letting out a yelp of anger, Scott jabs the pipe through the C.H.U.D.'s eye. He immediately yanks it out, gore flying from the thing's head.

Scott scrambles to his feet, and is immediately faced with another dive-bombing pterodactyl. As it gets close, he stabs his weapon upwards into the dinosaur's neck, and it crashes to the ground.

To complicate the battleground further, ZOMBIES begin pouring out from various buildings.

SCOTT  
(to himself)  
If I can make it here...

Scott turns to get to the station wagon, which is a good fifty feet away. Two of the zombies block his path. He grabs another piece of debris, this time a sharply angled piece of wood, and stabs them both in the head. They instantly drop.

Fats is moving the car ever so slowly through all the insanity to get to Scott. A zombie bumps into the passenger side window, and Fats quickly jumps across the seat to lock the door.

FATS  
Get out of here, you cretin!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

STRONG WINDS begin to blow, and Scott is swept off his feet. Scott is thrown down the street like a piece of litter. He manages to get his footing, and then an abrupt DOWNPOUR soaks him to the bone. Unflinching, he makes his way to Fats.

SCOTT  
I'M JUST TRYING TO GET HOME!

A huge creature, like the ones encountered in Las Vegas, bursts from the street underneath Scott. As it pops through, fire shoots from its mouth, setting a store front ablaze.

Scott is catapulted through the air. The creature lurches at him, but his bite misses as Scott blasts off over the battleground. The creature bellows. It then turns to several people who are staring at it, frozen in shock. It eats all of them.

INT. FATS LAFIELD'S STATION WAGON - SECONDS LATER

Scott lands with a thud on the car hood. Fats then guns the gas to avoid one of those half-sheep half-reptile things coming up from behind him. Scott looks in at him, barely reacting, and then he scrambles up to the roof, and slides in through the passenger window. He lands in his seat, bloody and beat-up as hell.

FATS  
You okay?

Scott says nothing, just stares ahead.

EXT. THIRD AVENUE AND ELEVENTH - MOMENTS LATER

The wagon screeches around the corner, fish-tailing onto Third Avenue. It guns up the street, moving into a sudden fog.

FATS  
What now?

SCOTT  
(almost bored)  
Fog people.

The car barrels down the street as the fog materializes into its semi-human forms, and sets about disintegrating all the pedestrians on the street.

EXT. THIRD AVENUE AND TWENTY-THIRD - MOMENTS LATER

The wagon is making its way up the avenue when another creature bursts from the ground.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The car is heaved from the pavement, and does a somersault in the air before landing right side up at least one hundred feet from where it launched.

The wheels crumple underneath, and the body of the car buckles.

INT. FATS LAFIELD'S STATION WAGON - CONTINUOUS

Fats and Scott both slam against the dashboard and ricochet back into their seats. Both have terrible gashes on their foreheads but are still conscious. Fats looks at Scott.

FATS  
Need a new car.

EXT. THIRD AVENUE AND TWENTY-THIRD - CONTINUOUS

Fats and Scott force their doors open and climb out shakily onto the street. Several other cars are stopped in disarray around the intersection, some destroyed and some not. All have either open doors or a dead driver slumped behind the wheel. Scott surveys the area as they both run from the now pursuing creature and the fog rolling towards them.

They both jump into a blue Honda, Fats on the passenger side and Scott on the driver side. Scott has to pull out a dead woman slumped at the wheel.

In milliseconds, they are on the way, the creature and fog close behind.

INT. HONDA - CONTINUOUS

FATS  
We need the mid-town tunnel. It's up here.

Fats then looks behind him to see how close the lumbering monster is, and he spots several grenades rolling around in the back seat.

FATS (CONT'D)  
How fortuitous.

He picks up three, and pulls himself up out of the window.

EXT. THIRD AVENUE - CONTINUOUS

The creature is right on top of them.

Half out of the car, Fats holds three grenades in one hand while using his other to keep from falling from the speeding vehicle. He pulls all three pins with his teeth.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FATS  
 (readying for a pitch)  
 Open up, sweetheart!

He launches the grenades as the monster emits a bloodthirsty roar. Into its mouth they go, the roar choked.

FATS (CONT'D)  
 Enjoy 'em!

He drops back into the car as the giant being explodes, guts of several different colors and consistencies raining down all over the place, dissipating the fog.

INT. HONDA - CONTINUOUS

Scott snaps on the wind shield wipers to clear the gore from his view.

Fats sighs. He then looks out over the hood of the car to see the sky go dark.

EXT. MANHATTAN SKY - SAME TIME

The sky is filling with an infinite number of LOCUSTS, and they plunge down to the city below.

EXT. THIRD AVENUE - CONTINUOUS

The locusts crowd in the air over the street, quickly closing the distance between them and the Honda.

INT. HONDA - CONTINUOUS

Fats and Scott watch the approaching horde of flying bugs with something resembling apathy.

FATS  
 Roll 'em up.

Both roll up their windows in a rush.

EXT. MID-TOWN TUNNEL ENTRANCE - MOMENTS LATER

The Honda, moving through a cloud of locusts, turns quickly into the tunnel, and disappears like a fish into the mouth of a whale.

INT. HONDA - CONTINUOUS

They move through the darkness of the tunnel, windshield wipers still on, now to brush away the bugs. As they move further into the tunnel, the insects begin to dissipate.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FATS  
Good-night, New York.

CUT TO:

EXT. HUNTING LANE IN SHERBORN, MASSACHUSETTS - EARLY EVENING

The blue Honda pulls up to a driveway with a sign marking it as "33 Hunting Lane". The passenger door pops open, and Scott steps out. He is covered in crude gauze bandages and patches of calamine lotion.

He looks up to the house where he grew up. It is a two-story "salt box" and classic New England. Set up on a hill, it looks out over the thick forest. The trees are all turning the deep oranges and reds of autumn. It is breath-taking.

Fats peeks out from the passenger side of the car.

FATS  
Looks like someone's home.

Scott looks back at him, and then Fats points to the house's chimney. Scott looks to see smoke filtering up into the quiet dusk sky.

FATS (CONT'D)  
Hey. You gonna be all right?

Scott is so tired, he can barely manage a small nod.

FATS (CONT'D)  
Well, I gotta go, buddy. Somewhere out there someone is lookin' for a ride.

Scott looks at Fats for a moment.

FATS (CONT'D)  
Give your mom my best.

Scott smiles slightly as Fats closes the door. Scott looks at his house.

He turns back to the street again, but Fats and the car are gone. He looks up and down the street--but they have vanished.

EXT. BACK PORCH OF SCOTT'S MOM'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Scott rounds the corner from the stone walkway that leads to the patio between the driveway and back of the house. He is about to go up the steps to the screened-in back porch when a GROWLING WOLF with blood red eyes attacks him from behind.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Scott crumples under the weight of the savage dog, and the animal takes a huge bite out of his right arm. Scott screams in pain, and then struggles out from under his attacker. He spins to look at the wolf.

The wolf lunges again, but this time Scott is able to grab it by the neck as they go down. The wolf bites at him, but sheer will gives Scott the power to keep it at bay. With another gust of energy, Scott rolls the wolf over so that he's on top.

The wolf barks and spits as Scott strangles it to death. After the wolf lies still, Scott steps away quickly and hurries onto the porch.

INT. SCOTT'S MOM'S BACK PORCH - CONTINUOUS

Just about to open his mom's back door, Scott is knocked off his feet as the ground shakes beneath him. He comes down on his left arm, and screeches shrilly as his bone cracks. A thunderous noise follows. Off in the distance, perhaps a few miles away, Scott can see a VOLCANO thrusting hot lava into the sky.

Scott weakly crawls to the back door.

INT. SCOTT'S MOM'S FAMILY ROOM - EVENING

Scott's mom is sitting in front of her fireplace. She stares into the fire, lost.

Scott appears in the doorway from the kitchen, battered and broken. But managing to stand.

Scott's mom looks up at Scott, and her eyes well up with thankful tears.

Scott looks at her tenderly. Clearly about to collapse, he leans heavily on the door frame.

SCOTT

Hi, Mom.

CUT TO BLACK.

In darkness, we hear the sound of a thundering lava flow and the far-off cries of hungry wolves.

The Grateful Dead's "Hell in a Bucket" plays over the final credits.

THE END.