

What looks like World War III very recently played out in the remains of a refurbished backwater motel lobby.

Black tar and soot cover the walls. No piece of furniture intact, nothing left unsinged or unsoiled. Non-human body parts and what appears to be scales, wings, teeth and talons litter the lobby.

A thick, booted foot crunches across a dark red wing. A burly hand in fingerless gloves tears away a meaty drumstick from the gnarled still smoking flesh.

ASHRAM, a burly, clean shaven, thick rod of an Australian. Goggles pushed up on his nearly bald head. Biker vest displays his considerable biceps and tattoos.

Covered in a layer of bright smoking yellow dust.

EPHREM, also Australian. Rugged, bearded, lean and bespectacled, with leather chaps, well worn cowboy boots, a thick western shirt and a thin, light duster that seems to hover about him.

Looks like he was dipped in a thick, purplish cottage cheese, gnaws on the drumstick.

Both men stow some rather unusual looking ordnance. Brush themselves off.

EPHREM

I told you not to stand next to it with that damn Dredock.

ASHRAM

Too right! And I told you not to insult its strangelings.

EPHREM

Got its motor running.

Ashram looks in disgust at the pinkish blue meat.

ASHRAM

How can you eat after that?

EPHREM

I'm hungry. Tastes like sashimi. Want some? I think I saw a wing over by what's left of the brochure rack. Or one of those leg things. More like a tentacle. With joints.

ASHRAM  
I'll call it in.

2 EXT. LANDSHARK MOTEL - DAY

2

Ashram shakes his head and steps outside. He flips open a wrist mounted data pad and slips on a small earpiece. He toggles the pad, slides his goggles on, adjusts a lens.

The screen flashes: low battery warning.

ASHRAM  
This is Ashram and Ephrem Westlake  
requesting clean up, processing and  
verification. Sector Terra Niner  
two, file one seven seven nine.

The screen flashes. An image comes up. PROJECT FILE NOT  
FOUND. REGISTRATION INVALID. TERMINATING CONNECTION.

Ashram slaps the screen closed and open again. The low  
battery warning flashes again and the screen goes dead.

In the distance the sky fills with pale green thunderheads  
accented with flashes of eerie red lightning.

Ephrem joins him and points to the sky.

EPHREM  
Storm's coming. We got Bad.

ASHRAM  
Did you replace the battery cells  
on the xeno-comms?

EPHREM  
I cleaned the loader.

ASHRAM  
What's that got to do with it?

EPHREM  
(points at himself, then  
Ashram)  
Loader. Battery cells. Remember.

ASHRAM  
Whatever. Call it in.

Ephrem opens his xeno-comm. Bits of plastic and glass rain to  
the ground. The two look at each other.

Ashram points to his, worn on the underside of the arm and back to Ephrem's, worn on top of his forearm, obviously cracked during a defensive maneuver.

ASHRAM

That's the third time. It's not an arm pad. They are not designed...

He stops himself.

ASHRAM

Whaddya mean Bad? What kinda Bad?

EPHREM

The 'not good' kind. I dunno.

He indicates the xeno-comm.

EPHREM

I guess we do this old school. Like Dad used to do it.

ASHRAM

You know better than to go there.

He walks to the coke machine next to the roiling pool. A WINGED TENTACLE surfaces. Ashram looks at the pool and back to his partner, who sheepishly looks away.

ASHRAM

Did you?

EPHREM

Didn't know.

ASHRAM

Rack off! So all that. In there. And we could've just tossed the rotters in the pool!

EPHREM

I said I didn't know. You were busy making time with Miss Momma Thing.

ASHRAM

She licked me.

Ephrem takes another generous bite of the leg.

EPHREM

And now I'm feasting on her strangelings. Justice in my book.

Ashram shakes his head.

He pours a diet coke on the ground. The liquid shifts to one side. TOWARD the storm. Ephrem gets on his hands and knees and looks BELOW the spill.

It settles a good 2-3 inches ABOVE the gravel parking lot. He spins his finger through the carbonated soda. It rolls back toward the looming clouds.

ASHRAM

How Bad?

EPHREM

Bad bad.

ASHRAM

Bad Apocalypse bad? Bad day old fish bad or bad 80's action movie one-liner quip bad?

EPHREM

What's wrong with quips?

ASHRAM

Quips only work when they work.

EPHREM

Whatever.

ASHRAM

It's a subtle distinction.

Ephrem points to the diet coke and the unusual storm.

EPHREM

It's out of focus. It's ancient and it's south. And it's gonna get worse before it gets better. Come on, let's ride.

ASHRAM

That didn't work.

EPHREM

The play or the sell?

ASHRAM

It didn't work, mate.

EPHREM

Like it needs conviction?

ASHRAM

Can we just do this?

EPHREM  
How does that work?

ASHRAM  
How does what work?

EPHREM  
Let's just do this.

ASHRAM  
That's not a quip.

EPHREM  
Well you said it like one.

ASHRAM  
We're not doing this. Let's go.

Ashram fires up his bike.

EPHREM  
And that works? How is that better  
than 'Let's Ride'?

Ashram drives away, ignoring his partner.

EPHREM  
(calling after him)  
I'm just asking. 'Cause I don't  
really see the difference.

He shakes his head. Mounts his bike muttering to himself. The discarded drumstick lands on the pavement and dissolves in acrid smoke.

BLACK:

A sultry female voice chuckles seductively. Her throat clears, drumsticks rattle. A microphone feeds back.

JADE  
Get in, sit down, shut up and hang  
on.

A simple guitar crunch.

JADE  
Ready. Steady. GO!

Gin Crackle, a pseudo all girl western punk fusion rock band, gives it all they've got.

JADE TAMARIND, lead vocalist, a dark-skinned, sultry Nubian R&B seductress glistens in the hazy swelter, enraptured with the microphone pelts out the lyrics to 'Catch As Catch Can'.

4 INT. BANZAI'S - NIGHT 4

DREADY CRASH, future Rock God and lead singer for the band Sundown. Perfect hair, perfect smile, perfect pecs, perfect abs. A walking orgasm.

He struts across the stage, a commanding presence, crooning the next verse of 'Catch As Catch Can'.

5 THE ORPHEUM 5

VALKYRIE "VAL" ALEXANDER, an Asian Dominatrix in a latex corset and trench coat, fire engine-red lipstick and tight leather shorts thrashes a low slung Stratocaster.

Gin Crackle's version is raw, funky rockabilly.

6 INT. BANZAI'S 6

HARDLY JOHNSON, a lanky youth with amazingly unkempt hair, fierce tribal tattoos, massive guns and a fashion sense that can best be described as thrift store eclectic hammers his Les Paul.

Under his guidance, Sundown's version is straight ahead, freight train, polished rock and roll.

7 THE ORPHEUM 7

DELAWARE ST. CROIX, tan and blonde, sits behind the drum kit in western chaps, a leopard-skin thong and matching vest.

The song grooves and dances.

8 INT. BANZAI'S 8

LANCE DANCER, surfer cool and ripped, plays his spartan drum kit in board shorts, tank top and flip flops.

He drives the locomotive. No nonsense, straight ahead thunder.

9 THE ORPHEUM 9

FINN MCBRIDE, lean with tousled sandy hair, the only male on stage, hovers in the shadows and thumps a rock solid foundation out on his road weary bass.

10 INT. BANZAI'S 10

Sundown finishes. The crowd goes nuts. Dready is covered in a rain of thongs. The nubile, smoking blonde in the front row flashes him. Drum sticks and guitar picks sail into the crowd.

11 THE ORPHEUM 11

The song ends. Gin Crackle is met with DEAFENING SILENCE.

A jubilant 'yes' echoes from the back of the venue. Two youths playing a ratty pinball machine exalt a victory. The ancient machine pings the high score.

Other than the decrepit BARTENDER swirling a filthy rag around a beer tumbler, a BARFLY entertaining a lengthy tendril of drool and a large imposing black man, PAPA BEAR, their manager; there are no other patrons in the dimly lit, tiny establishment.

Papa Bear whoops enthusiastically in appreciation. He is also their roadie, sound engineer and their current manager.

JADE

Thank you. (whispers to Val) He's dead.

Returning to the microphone, Jade indicates Papa Bear.

JADE

This next song goes out to our manager, Papa Bear. It's a song by Queen called "Death on Two Legs".

She nods to Val and Finn who shrug helplessly. Delaware clicks off a quick count with her drumsticks. 1...2...3...4

12 INT. THE ORPHEUM - LATER 12

A beer bottle slams down hard on the bar.

JADE

We owe them for playing?

In Papa Bear's business. He meets her fire with ice.

PAPA BEAR

We get forty percent of the door  
and your bar tab was double what we  
would have made.

JADE

I only had three beers.

PAPA BEAR

Seven.

Jade snaps him a fiery glance. He dares her. She snaps back.

JADE

Get us a paying gig or I swear on  
my mother's grave...

She storms past him and out the door. And right back in. To Papa Bear.

JADE

Keys. To the Elephant. Now.

Papa Bear starts to object. Thinks better of it. The bartender looks on. The keys slide across the bar.

PAPA BEAR

Where you going?

JADE

Home.

She heads for the door still on fire. The door slams shut. It takes a moment for this to register.

VAL

The Hide.

Suddenly everyone flies in every direction. Keys, gear, jackets, curses, everything in a flurry of motion and panic.

FINN

What's going on?

Delaware runs by, tosses him his jacket and pulls him toward the door.

DELAWARE

Welcome to the madness that is Gin  
Crackle. So, Finn, how was your  
first gig? Good? Good. Come on,  
you're driving.

And the bar is bereft of humanity except for Papa Bear and the dusty bartender still cleaning that one glass.

BARTENDER

Trouble?

Papa Bear throws back a shot.

PAPA BEAR

This? No. This is just Tuesday.

13

INT. CONSUELLA'S PARLOR - NIGHT

13

A smoky room cluttered with voodoo, wiccan, and Jamaican fetishes and paraphernalia. A gnarled, bejeweled hand caresses a crystal ball. A ball python slithers across the table and out of sight.

THWACK! An emerald encrusted cane smacks across the globe.

CONSUELLA

(In a crisp Jamaican  
accent)

I can never get this damnable thing  
to work right.

Another considerable crack and it winks to life illuminating the room and its occupants.

CONSUELLA, a Cajun Gypsy Fortune Teller by way of Jamaica, all colorful cloth and rattle. Gold teeth and excited eyes. An ancient, yet vivacious and boisterous crone.

She pulls a large bong from a nearby shelf and takes a hit. She passes the bong to Dready. He takes the bong and Consuella uncovers a glistening new laptop.

CONSUELLA

What a marvelous device. You should  
have forced me into the Twenty-  
First Century much sooner.

Her hands float across it. It purrs to life. A USB cable protrudes from the base of the crystal ball which she plugs into the laptop.

She reaches across the table for an ornate vial. Puts several drops of a blood red liquid into her eyes. Rubs them. The python wraps around Dready's chest. Comes eye to eye with it.

CONSUELLA

Much better.

She opens her eyes. They are literally gone. A broad smile lights Dready's face. Pulls himself closer to the table. Sets the python down. Takes a massive hit from the bong.

CONSUELLA

Glorious fire rains from the heavens. A light burns on the horizon. It is there, waiting for you to take it.

DREADY

When?

CONSUELLA

Sooner than you think.

DREADY

Can you be a little more specific?

She consults the ball again.

CONSUELLA

The coming night of the Harvest Moon. You must pay your respects to one of your ancestors at his final resting place.

DREADY

Not helpful.

CONSUELLA

Patience, my boy. Everything is in motion. I sense. Wait.

DREADY

What?

CONSUELLA

Do not buy the Ferrari.

DREADY

Why?

CONSUELLA

How do I know child? I only know what I see before me. Things are shifting. I feel...

Consuella tilts her head as if listening to unseen voices.

DREADY

What is it?

CONSUELLA  
An old flame burns again.

A loud knock on the door startles Dready. It repeats. He snaps up and swings open the door.

Hardly and Lance, noshing on a hotdog, stand in the doorway.

DREADY  
How many times have I told you to never disturb me when I'm in session with the...with Consuella.

CONSUELLA  
I know what you call me boy.

HARDLY  
Sorry dude, Cleat's got big wood.

DREADY  
It can't wait?

LANCE  
The man beckons.

HARDLY  
The minions answer.

CONSUELLA  
One more thing. Fire that manager.

He looks back at her. Her eyes normal again.

DREADY  
Something you saw?

CONSUELLA  
Some things I just know.

They lock eyes.

CONSUELLA  
A fate you richly deserve awaits you.

DREADY  
Awesome.

Dready steps out of Consuella's Parlor, which is an enclosed section of the back of a converted school bus full of Sundown road gear.

15 INT. THE HIDE

15

An after hours beer bar. Glitter and neon atmosphere where the hospitality crowd decompress. Blue and gold accent lighting hovers above overstuffed couches and bean bag chairs.

Waiters, valets, bartenders and bands smoke, drink and unwind as trance music pulsates in the background.

DREADY

Cleat, the witch says we're on the verge, man. What's the big?

CLEAT SEPULVEDA, 300 pounds of serious Italian attitude, goatee, Ray-bans and overblown bowling shirt, rotates his bar stool around to face his charges.

CLEAT

She's smarter than I give credit for. Let's talk big.

Cleat pulls four shots of a blood red liquor with swirling flakes of gold from the tray of a petite, attractive waitress.

CLEAT

But first, a toast. To Sundown and our impending future. They loved you tonight, gentlemen. There's more where that came from.

Glasses clink and liquid courage disappears. The boys all look at Cleat pensively.

CLEAT

Mr. Fleetwell from Keystone Records has agreed to sponsor our little coterie. We have an appointment to meet him at Delphinus.

DREADY

No shit?

CLEAT

No shit.

LANCE

No shit!

CLEAT

No shit.

HARDLY

No shit.

CLEAT

No shit.

Lance points beyond the group to the doorway.

HARDLY

No. Shit.

They all turn. Jade stands framed in the doorway, nothing but hot and naughty.

LANCE

No shit.

Dready and Jade lock eyes. This will not go well. Hardly grabs Dready by the arm and quickly steers him away.

CLEAT

Ah, The devil's spawn comes to spoil good news.

HARDLY

You think she'll take your nuts or Dready's first.

Cleat shoots Hardly a look that unfazes him.

HARDLY

Good luck with that. I'll be back by the fire exit.

Jade walks directly up to Cleat and turns away from him to CHERRY, the bartender.

JADE

Hey Cherry. Give me a lowlife backstabber with a scum sucker chaser.

CHERRY

And that is what, exactly?

Jade turns to Cleat.

JADE

Whatever this waste of sperm, cock sucker is sloshing past his lying teeth.

CLEAT

Charmed. And how are you Miss Tamarind?

JADE

You know my real last name. Funny, the only place that's written other than on my birth certificate is on my contract.

Jade slams the drink Cherry sits in front of her.

JADE

But how could you know that, you sack of shit, if I never had a contract!

Jade swings back to plant one on Cleat, but is pulled away before the punch can connect.

Lance and Delaware are there, simultaneously, yanking her away. They collide in a tangle. Jade rears back. Lance and Delaware stop for a moment in each other's arms. Their eyes meet. More history.

Jade snaps back and Dready is there.

DREADY

Whoa.

JADE

So, how'd our gig go?

DREADY

What?

JADE

We booked Banzai three months ago.

DREADY

Whoa.

JADE

Dready. You're a dick. I just wish you had a spine.

Jade turns to leave.

DREADY

They really loved 'Catch As Catch Can'.

She's back.

JADE

You bastards did 'Catch As Catch Can'?

DREADY  
Hey, it's our song.

JADE  
Our song? There is no 'our'. I  
wrote that. That's my song.

DREADY  
We wrote it. Together.

JADE  
You wrote less than half of the  
second verse and one line of the  
bridge, you plagiarizing asshole.

DREADY  
It's not plagiarism if you help.

Jade scorches flesh with her look. Turns on heel.

DREADY  
They still loved it.

Jade lets fly. Catches Dready dead on the nose. Cold-cocked.  
Hardly catches him and falls back into Val, also recently  
arrived. Val crashes into a waitress with a tray of  
strawberry daiquiris and comes up covered in red.

A right cross to Hardly. Game on.

Finn wanders in uncertain as Papa Bear rushes past. Bouncers  
swarm the group.

Cleat tries to sneak away and is met at the front door by Val  
who jabs a thumbnail into a pressure point in his neck. He  
collapses in a heap on the sticky club floor.

16

EXT. THE HIDE - DELIVERY DOCK - LATER

16

Row of the shamed. Everyone, battered and bloody, sits on  
milk crates and delivery containers. Dready, out cold on the  
ground, Lance and Delaware clean each other's wounds. Val  
paces.

A HUNKY BARBACK hands Val a bag of ice through the back door.  
She walks over and hands it to Papa Bear, nursing a swollen  
jaw.

He leans against the Elephant, his gun metal gray Honda  
Element, so nicknamed because of the pink driver's side door  
and the wooden elephant zip tied as a hood ornament. He  
examines Jade's face. She pushes him away. He pushes back.

PAPA BEAR  
Can the attitude.

Jade glares back and pouts.

PAPA BEAR  
What am I gonna do with you?

JADE  
You don't gotta do nothing with me.

PAPA BEAR  
Anything. Don't gotta do anything.  
And yes, I do. In case you haven't  
been paying attention, NOBODY wants  
to do anything with you.

He lets this soak in.

PAPA BEAR  
The whole pissed off, angry rock  
and roll thing. Give it a rest.

JADE  
I'm sorry.

PAPA BEAR  
Don't say it unless you mean it.

He walks to Hardly and Finn on the other side of the  
Elephant. Finn holds a towel on a cut above his eye.

PAPA BEAR  
Hardly.

HARDLY  
Hey, Papa Bear. How's...?

He nods toward Jade. Papa Bear shakes his head.

FINN  
No wonder you can't keep a bass  
player.

PAPA BEAR  
Seven in the last six months.

Finn playfully confronts Hardly.

FINN  
And you didn't warn me?

HARDLY  
You wanted a change of scenery.

FINN  
So, we're the Spinal Tap of...what  
are we anyway?

HARDLY  
Seriously messed up.

Papa Bear glances back at Jade. She frowns, hangs her head.

FINN  
That would explain why someone with  
pipes like that is where she is.

PAPA BEAR  
She just doesn't have a good sense  
of timing.

HARDLY  
Or men.

Cleat stumbles out the back door escorted by two bouncers.  
Jade, instantly around the Elephant, brings everyone to their  
feet.

CLEAT  
I settled up with the manager.  
Keith's not gonna press any  
charges. But you owe me, Papa Bear.  
Again.

He directs Lance and Hardly to collect Dready. Indicates  
Jade.

CLEAT  
One more thing, they don't ever  
want to see the runt in here again.  
She's bad for business.

The boys pull Dready to his feet. Cleat turns back.

CLEAT  
Did I say 'runt'? I may have  
mispronounced that. Always have  
trouble with my 'c's'

Jade lunges at Cleat. Papa Bear restrains her. Val steps  
between them.

CLEAT  
You need to reign in your hell-cat.

Val swings her arm across Cleat's throat. Draws blood.

CLEAT  
I meant her.

VAL  
I know.

Cleat pulls back a bloody hand.

CLEAT  
I'm going to sue you into...

Papa Bear steps between the two. Owns the space.

PAPA BEAR  
Sepulveda, you and I both know, if  
she wanted, you'd be in puddle of  
your own bile right now.

Whips on Jade.

PAPA BEAR  
You, back off. Before I have your  
mamma come down here and kick you  
to the back of the Short Bus.

LANCE  
Harsh, dude.

Papa Bear pulls Jade roughly aside.

PAPA BEAR  
You make it real hard for me to  
remember why I stick my neck out  
for you.

Dready stirs. Finds his balance.

CLEAT  
We'll leave you to your domestic  
squabbles.

PAPA BEAR  
I don't think so.

He plants Jade in Delaware and Val's custody.

PAPA BEAR  
Go cool her off. Long time.

She snaps away from them and storms off. Papa Bear looks at  
them and then to Finn.

PAPA BEAR

I'll be fine. Mr. Sepulveda and I  
have an understanding to reach.

17 EXT. THE CRYSTAL PALACE - EVENING

17

The Crystal Palace is anything but. A Do Drop Inn clapboard red-neck cracker dive bar dropped somewhere off a two lane blacktop several miles from the Interstate.

Front porch, dinner bell and chicken wire on the windows. All it's missing is the hitching post and the water trough.

The Elephant pulls in, followed by Finn's Blazer and Val on her bike with Delaware in tow. Finn quickly ascends the steps and enters.

DELAWARE

Not acceptable.

JADE

No. No. No. My raggedy black ass on  
a popsicle stick. No.

VAL

Who's dick do have to shove down my  
throat to get a decent gig?

Papa Bear gets out of the car and stares dumbfounded at the establishment. He turns to Val, Delaware, avoids Jade's accusatory glare and back to Val. Nearly at a loss for words.

PAPA BEAR

Is it?

Finn steps back out onto the porch.

FINN

Yeah, it's that bad.

PAPA BEAR

I'm gonna kill him. I can't believe  
this. I'm an idiot.

JADE

No argument there.

Papa Bear walks over and pounds the living snot out of his car. Grabs a baseball bat out of the back. Before he can make contact, Val lifts it from him mid swing. He kicks the car in frustration until he drops to the ground exhausted.

JADE

That was entertaining.

The tension dissipates. They all find themselves laughing at Papa Bear's display of anger and futility.

VAL

What's the plan, boss?

Finn helps Papa Bear to his feet. He looks at each one of them in turn, weighing their presence of mind.

PAPA BEAR

We play.

Directly at Jade.

PAPA BEAR

We keep our word. And then we meet up with these glamour rats tomorrow at Delphinus.

DELAWARE

What are they doing at Delphinus?

PAPA BEAR

Meeting with Fleetwell.

FINN

Clovis Fleetwell?

DELAWARE

Sundown got a contract?

JADE

Son of a bitch.

PAPA BEAR

Save your anger. You're gonna need it. We're through monkeying with these bastards.

VAL

What are we gonna do?

PAPA BEAR

I have no idea. But what ever it is, they're never gonna forget it. It's not called rock and roll for nothing.

18 EXT. SWAN POINT - NIGHT 18

The sun hangs low over the lake. A serene romantic moment.

SARAH GLADSTONE, 19 and perfect, wraps around PINE PFANSTIEL, 21, fit and eager, as they conclude their sunlit picnic.

Sarah pulls out a small jewelry box and hands it to Pine.

SARAH

I got you something.

Pine removes a blood-red crystal medallion. Sarah shows him her's, identical, but gold. She drapes his over his neck. Pulls him into a long, deep, passionate kiss.

19 INT. THE CRYSTAL PALACE - EVENING 19

Gin Crackle fills the dive bar with a slow, sensual power ballad.

20 SWAN POINT 20

Sarah and Pine intertwine and clothes go flying.

The medals touch.

SARAH

Why, Pine Pfanstiel, you are happy to see me.

21 THE CRYSTAL PALACE 21

Jade purrs into the microphone as Val strums a chord that reverberates across the bar of mostly red-neck beer guzzlers.

22 SWAN POINT 22

A dark shadow falls over the enraptured couple. Pine rolls over and looks up into the leering eyes of JIM BOBBY, a stout young man with a trucker hat and a western shirt minus the sleeves. Sarah gasps. Pine struggles to pull up his pants.

PINE

What the hell?

Sarah giggles. Jim Bobby rests his hand on his gargantuan belt buckle. And snaps it open.

PINE  
What's going on?

SARAH  
Come on silly, you really don't  
think it's fair for you to be with  
two girls and I don't get a turn?

She reaches up and grabs Jim's unfastened belt as she plants  
a deep, wet kiss on Pine.

23 THE CRYSTAL PALACE 23

The band breaks into a driving rock beat.

24 SWAN POINT 24

The three roll across the picnic blanket in various states of  
undress. Jim Bobby stands up, clad only in his boxers, boots  
and hat and swings his pants overhead, hootin' and hollerin'.

25 THE CRYSTAL PALACE 25

The song dips suddenly into an acoustic bridge. Sweat beads  
on Finn's brow. Lights flash across Delaware's chest.

26 SWAN POINT 26

Sarah, down to a delicious camisole, pulls Pine's shirt over  
his head. They are lost for a moment in each other's eyes  
until blood splatters across their faces.

27 THE CRYSTAL PALACE 27

Delaware hammers the drums. Finn's head bobs violently.

28 SWAN POINT 28

Jim Bobby stands IMPALED on the end of a threshing scythe.  
Wielding the weapon and flanked on either side are THREE  
RUGGED SAVAGE ZOMBIE SCARECROWS. TATTERDEMALIONS. Lean and  
lanky, they easily stand seven feet, with low-slung slouch  
hats and burlap, sackcloth faces.

SARAH  
That's. Not. Right.

Jim Bobby coughs blood as the scythe twists, eviscerating him. Sarah screams. Pine grabs her hand. They are up and running.

29 THE CRYSTAL PALACE 29

The beat pounds away, Jade wails out the chorus.

30 EXT. WOODS 30

Bare feet pound the earth. The Tatters move quickly behind them. Fear-fueled adrenaline youth versus supernatural horror. Three scythes flash in the red moonlight.

31 THE CRYSTAL PALACE 31

Val shreds through a wicked guitar riff.

32 WOODS 32

Sarah, slightly ahead of Pine, looks behind her.

PINE  
Don't look, just run.

What she sees causes her to double her efforts. Pulls ahead. Pine steals a glance back. They are closer than he would want. He turns and RUNS HEAD ON INTO A TREE.

Sarah stops at the sound. Looks back. Pine lies dazed. Tatters close in. Sarah realizes the Tatters are equidistant to Pine. She bolts to him.

SARAH  
Pine! Get up! Get up now!

She reaches him simultaneously with the lead Tatter. The blade swings down and NARROWLY MISSES PINE'S LEG as she yanks him out of the way and to his feet.

The second blade digs a furrow across her shoulder. Pine stumbles. Slips under the first blade as it cleaves air. As he rolls to his feet, Sarah stops dead in her tracks. The third Tatter blocks the path ahead of them.

Sarah screams, a pure animal wail of fright and determination. And nothing is more dangerous than a wounded animal.

The blades swing again, but find nothing. Sarah runs headlong at the Tatter, Pine at her side.

33 THE CRYSTAL PALACE 33

Sarah's caterwaul echoes in the guitar solo.

34 WOODS 34

Sarah dives at the Tatter's feet as Pine feints and weaves. She rolls to her feet on the other side. Pine matches her.

They run. They do not look back. They don't need to. They know the Tatters are coming.

35 INT. THE CRYSTAL PALACE - NIGHT 35

The band finishes. Less than stellar reception. Muttered appreciation and catcalls. Jade storms off the stage.

VAL

Thank you. We'll be right back.

By the time Val reaches Jade at the end of the bar, she has already pounded a beer, lit a cigarette and downed a shot of tequila. Make that two.

METRO (O.S.)

Hey, little lady you may wanna slow  
down there a bit, wait for ole  
Metro to catch up. Boomer?

BOOMER, a nice looking, sturdy Southerner with a ready smile, pressed polo, and a bar towel slung over his shoulder pours two more shots of tequila.

METRO, a husky, muscle bound local in a clean wife beater, a brilliant gold cap and a buzz cut, sidles up to the bar and Jade.

Backed by his posse:

LOCO, Hispanic, heavy set. Clothes three sizes too big, substantial gold medallion, doo-rag. His pants, worn below his ass, display his ratty boxers. They require one hand perpetually at his belt...

...and STANLEY BURNETT, skinny, with a look in his eye that belies sanity, sports a reversed newsboy hat and overalls.

Two wiggers that are unable to decide where they fall on the race/fashion wheel.

Loco drools over Delaware. Makes overly forward gestures that suggest future activities of a sexual nature. Stanley leers at Val.

Metro slaps Jade on the ass and offers her the shot.

METRO

Here ya go. Have a little love juice with your new pal, Metro.

LOCO

Tienes tremendo culo.

Loco reaches out and touches Delaware, inappropriately. She backhands him, hard.

Jade takes the drink, toasts Metro and pours it on the floor.

Finn steps between Delaware and Loco. Loco throws some attitude. Val slips behind Jade. Papa Bear moves away from the center of the bar.

METRO

That was down right uncivil.

JADE

We're here to play, not domesticate the livestock.

METRO

Whoa. I might just have to take offense at that.

Jade takes the other shot from Metro's hand and downs it. She slaps it on the bar and motions for Boomer to fill it.

BOOMER

We don't need no trouble in here lady.

JADE

Misogynist underage retards with alcohol kinda sings trouble don't you think?

BOOMER

The retard, is my brother.

JADE

Maybe your momma should've taught the 'tard to keep his lobster claw to himself.

METRO

Maybe we should bend you over and ride you like a little filly.

JADE

And maybe I should make you a gelding.

Jade reaches between his legs and LATCHES ONTO HIS PRIVATES. Metro can only gasp.

JADE

Do we have an understanding?

Metro nods emphatically. Jade releases her vise like grip and he drops to the floor.

JADE

I thought so.

Everyone breathes a momentary sigh of relieve until Metro comes to his feet, grabs a beer bottle and breaks it across the bar. Boomer snatches his hand.

BOOMER

Dammit, Metro. Mom's gonna be livid if she hears you went and busted up the place again.

METRO

You know damn good and well, Mom wouldn't stand for no Yankee trash stinking up the place.

BOOMER

Stink or no, you still owe from the last time.

Metro wrestles free. Loco pulls his chain wallet as weapon and Stanley brandishes a knife.

METRO

Just cause Mom ain't got the figure to spin 'round the pole no more, don't give her call to rail against my fragile sensibilities.

(to Papa Bear)

I do mean to do me a little Yankee Doodle Dandy.

Papa Bear reluctantly steps in front of the crowd.

PAPA BEAR

For the record, she (indicates Delaware) is from Tallahassee. And I am sure we can all come to some type of non violent arrangement.

METRO

If by non-violent you mean free rides for all us on your little Pony Express there, then you might have an arrangement we can agree on.

PAPA BEAR

I'm their manager, not their pimp.

STANLEY

I got something they can manage.

PAPA BEAR

Gentlemen, and I use that term loosely, I really think you should reconsider this monumentally unwise course of action.

Val steps in front of Papa Bear.

VAL

I will teach the retard some manners.

METRO

Come on little lady, show me some chop socky.

Papa Bear lasers in on Metro.

PAPA BEAR

Have you ever tried using that eight grade education for something more than shoveling pork rinds into your pie hole?

Papa Bear lets the insult register. Commands the room.

PAPA BEAR

Are you truly so naive, you think every Asian knows martial arts? A world view that narrow would be like profiling every Southern man as a red neck pencil dick moron.

STANLEY

It that supposed to be an insult?

JADE

Which of your two addled brain cells sussed out that kernel of knowledge.

PAPA BEAR

Not helping.

DELAWARE

Here we go.

Papa Bear pulls a .9mm Beretta from behind his back.

PAPA BEAR

I think we're done here.

And the crowd responds with more and bigger guns.

METRO

I hope you know something, cause your big city ass is about to be a greasy spot under my boot.

PAPA BEAR

So this is hell.

Finn leans in toward Delaware.

FINN

Is it always like this?

DELAWARE

Nah, sometimes we kick their asses.

Papa Bear drops his gun to a neutral position and lays it on the bar.

Guns lower. He positions himself to gain their undivided attention.

PAPA BEAR

My apologies. I had forgotten we were not properly introduced.

Papa Bear turns to Val.

PAPA BEAR

Allow me to introduce our lead guitarist. Valkyrie Alexander is Korean. Unlike the decadent western culture we revel in, Koreans believe each individual should perform only those tasks for which they are ideally suited.

Papa Bear hands Val a chair.

PAPA BEAR

Val is a teacher.

His filibustering affords everyone the opportunity to put a good deal of distance between themselves. Once again, this will not end well.

DELAWARE

One day this is gonna get old.

Delaware makes eye contact with Finn. He is clueless.

Val gracefully whips her coat behind her. One perfect, alabaster leg slinks out. Their eyes follow the leg up almost to the house of the holies. Val shakes her head and wags her finger no.

One solid kick through the center of the seat, the chair splinters in half. Val now holds two escrima sticks from the shattered remains.

DELAWARE

Well, Finn. Game on.

A bone chilling 'kai-hia' and before anyone can blink Metro, Loco and Stanley are unarmed and bleeding.

Again Gin Crackle does what they do second best.

TWO SURLY MEN grab pool cues. They are quickly disarmed by Val and Delaware. Papa Bear avoids as many attacks as he can.

Lacking anything close of use, Finn wards off assailants with his bass. Jade judo kicks anyone within range, slams tequila.

Val makes quick work of anyone stupid enough to cross her. And the room is full of stupid.

The door flies open. Sarah and Pine fall inside, bloody, muddy and half naked.

BOOMER

Sarah?

SARAH

They got Jim Bobby. They got him.  
He's dead.

PINE

You gotta help us.

METRO

Pine?

Pine falls, instantly cut down by the first Tatter. Sarah screams.

She dashes behind the bar to Boomer. The Tatters move quickly into the bar. A blade pins Pine to the floor.

Everyone remains at a fever pitch. The TWO SWARTHY RED NECKS immediately attack the Tatters and just as quickly fall to the floor in a pile of gristle, meat and bone.

GUNS UNLOAD. Nothing.

Stanley dashes for the door and is quickly knocked aside by the closest Tatter. His knife slides across the floor back toward Papa Bear.

Val dodges a scythe and spins in close with her makeshift escrima. A blade cuts and shatters one of the escrima.

She slams the broken end through the Tatters arm and twists. Leg swipe. Comes up in possession of the scythe which she quickly uses to reduce the Tatter to kindling.

The second Tatter hacks at the table Finn, Delaware, Jade and Loco have taken refuge behind. Boomer grabs a double barrelled shotgun from under the bar.

Papa Bear collects Stanley's discarded knife, spins Metro away from the third Tatter and kung fu's the shit out of it.

The knife slices away at straw and burlap. The Tatter swings wide. Bowls him under the table where Metro cowers.

METRO

I thought you didn't know anything?

PAPA BEAR

Are you kidding? I'm from Harlem.

Loco sees an opening. Makes a break for the door. Unfortunately his pants prove unsuitable for any physical activity and trip him up.

Boomer unloads both barrels to no avail.

Loco finds his feet. IMPALED by the pitchfork of the third Tatter. Death by poor fashion choices. His sacrifice is not in vain.

Val drives her scythe through its midsection. Holds it in place. Delaware runs a pool cue dead center through the Tatters head. It stops momentarily.

Metro and Papa Bear heft a table and pin it against the bar. Boomer twists the pool cue, turns the Tatters head and removes it neatly with a machete from behind the bar.

Delaware and Papa Bear gawk slack-jawed. Boomer shrugs sheepishly.

Metro collects Boomer's discarded shotgun and a box of shells.

Jade shoves a rag in a bottle of 151. Lights it with her cigarette. Throws it. The third Tatter is ablaze.

36

EXT. THE CRYSTAL PALACE - NIGHT

36

Out the door and into the parking lot. Shapes move in the distant blackness, shuffle, come at them. Tatters line the road, crossing over the ditch from the adjacent fields.

DELAWARE

Jesus wept.

Boomer, Sarah, Metro and Papa Bear rush out of the Crystal Palace. Stanley stumbles behind.

METRO

Run, dammit, run.

Everyone sprints for their cars. Another patron cut down attempting to reach his vehicle.

The Tatters drive their scythes into the tires of the closest vehicles, including Stanley's truck.

STANLEY

My truck!

Sarah falls. Metro fires Boomer's shotgun, blows back the Tatter closest to her. Jade pulls her up as Papa Bear grabs Metro by the neck and shoves him toward the Elephant. Shotgun shells scatter.

Delaware and Val almost make it to their cycle before it is swarmed with Tatters. Finn flings open the Blazer door. Delaware dives in. Val uses the closest Tatter as a bowling pin.

Boomer is cut off before he can reach his truck. Val grits her teeth and goes after him. He slices with the machete. Knocked from his grasp, it skitters to Sarah.

VAL

Go. Just go.

She bowls over the two closest Tatters. Boomer up and moving. Door. Key. Ignition. Val scrambles in the passenger side.

Tires squeal and gravel flies. Boomer's truck hits the road and spins as it takes out three large Tatters and stops to snag a panicked Stanley.

The Elephant, forced through the ditch, heads the opposite direction, with Finn's Blazer close behind. A gauntlet of Tatters block the road ahead. The Elephant swerves into the ditch and runs several over.

The Blazer guns straight up the middle, taking heavy damage to the sides. Two Tatters swing their scythes, one cleaves through the roof between Finn and Delaware, the second through the front of the vehicle, buried in the radiator.

The cars find their footing and power on through the night, away from the terror.

37 EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT 37

Boomer's truck speeds quickly away from the Crystal Palace with Stanley in the bed.

38 INT. BOOMER'S TRUCK - NIGHT 38

Stanley shoves his head in through the split back glass.

STANLEY

What the hell were those things?

VAL

I take it scarecrows around here don't normally do that.

Boomer glances at her askew. Still taking it all in. Tries to relax, act collected.

BOOMER

No. Not normally.

Boomer dials his cell. It screams an uncooperative warble.

CELL OPERATOR  
The party you are trying to reach  
is un...

BOOMER  
How can 911...

39 INT. ELEPHANT - NIGHT

39

JADE  
...be unavailable?

PAPA BEAR  
Try it again, I'll call Finn.

Papa Bear and Jade re-dial their cells.

Metro holds Sarah in the back seat. She catches her breath  
between sobs.

PAPA BEAR  
You guys alright?

She nods, then shakes her head. Sniffles and nods again.

SARAH  
I didn't mean to...

METRO  
It's okay. It's okay.

He pulls her closer. Papa Bear's cell connects.

METRO  
When did you and Pine get back  
together?

SARAH  
We didn't. I just. We. I don't. I  
just wanted. To give him a taste of  
his own medicine.

Jade looks up from her cell.

JADE  
No answer.

PAPA BEAR  
Damn it. We gotta go back and get  
her.

40 INT. BOOMER'S TRUCK - NIGHT

40

As they drive in silence, nerves slowly return.

STANLEY

I don't see nothing, but I don't think anybody's following us. They must've gone the other way.

Boomer nods at Val. Dials his cell.

STANLEY

I just had them tires rotated.

BOOMER

Nice moves back there. Thanks. Thanks for the save. You okay?

VAL

We've played in worse places.

Stanley's cell rings.

STANLEY

Hello.

His voice echoes in Boomer's cell. They look at each other.

BOOMER

Stanley?

Stanley stammers, apologetic, dumbstruck.

STANLEY

Metro and me switched cells cause his ran out of minutes and...

BOOMER

My brother has your cell?

STANLEY

Yeah.

BOOMER

Well, call it!

STANLEY

It's a new phone. I don't. I don't remember the number.

41 EXT. COUNTRY ROAD 41

Finn's Blazer CHOKES AND WHEEZES through the darkness. The Elephant close behind.

The Blazer turns a bend in the road and splashes headlights on a beat up converted school bus a hundred yards ahead: The Sundown tour wagon. Parked roadside next to an old cemetery.

42 INT. FINN'S BLAZER 42

DELAWARE  
Unacceptable.

43 EXT. CEMETERY ROADSIDE 43

The Blazer hacks it's final breath and rolls to a stop in front of the bus. The Elephant pulls in behind. Jade is out before the wheels stop turning. Finn and Delaware unload.

JADE  
I'm gonna kill those assholes!

Papa Bear bails, as quick as he can, out of the Elephant.

PAPA BEAR  
Wait.

Jade already on the bus. And off just as quickly.

JADE  
They're not here.

METRO  
(on his cell)  
Hey. Yeah, we switched phones. No. Where are you guys?...We're at the old Confederate cemetery... Nah, just hurry. These guys are crazy.

Papa Bear stares down Metro.

METRO  
Just saying. No offense.

PAPA BEAR  
None taken. I think.

FINN  
Val's with them?

Metro nods.

METRO

They're gonna meet us here.

DELAWARE

Hey guys?

She points toward the cemetery. A dim glow moves in the distance. Everyone looks.

JADE

Rock and roll. Payback.

FINN

Hell to the no. Does anybody not notice this is a cemetery?

44 EXT. MAIN STREET - NIGHT

44

Boomer hangs up his cell. Stanley tries to meet Val's eyes.

STANLEY

You know, I'm real sorry 'bout all that. Back there. Before all the... Sometimes we get ahead of ourselves.

VAL

Yeah. Sorry about your friend.

STANLEY

Thanks. At least that's the end of it.

To punctuate his statement, a sickle SLICES into the front tire, blows it and sends the car into an uncontrolled power slide.

It careens through the one light downtown intersection to T-bone into the statue of Colonel Thaddeus Nathaniel Hazzard, a Confederate War hero.

45 EXT. CEMETERY ROADSIDE - NIGHT

45

Papa Bear grabs Jade by the arm.

PAPA BEAR

What do you think you're doing?

JADE

Those egotistical pricks put us where we are now.

PAPA BEAR

And they're not going anywhere. We need to wait for Val.

JADE

Wait for Val. I'm gonna get some answers. And kick Cleat's ass.

Jade shrugs Papa Bear off and moves toward the lights. Delaware meets Papa Bear's eyes. He shakes his head. She follows.

Papa Bear stares after Jade and Delaware. Turns to Finn.

PAPA BEAR

Hang here and wait for Val. I'll go keep the napalm sisters out of trouble.

They are already gone from sight.

FINN

Dammit!

Finn pops open the back of the Blazer. Grabs a flashlight and two mike stands. He quickly spins the weighted bottoms off. Hands one to Sarah. She holds up Boomer's machete.

FINN

Right.

He tries them in tandem. Metro indicates Boomer's shotgun.

METRO

It's empty.

FINN

It'll work as a club.

Finn notices Sarah's state of undress. He hands her an old lime green windbreaker.

FINN

Don't worry. We'll get through this.

Sarah nods her head.

Steam HISSES from the crumbled hood. Boomer, slumped over the wheel, brings his blood covered hand away from a wicked gash on his forehead. Shakes himself out of his stupor.

A Tatter slams down on the hood. Sinks his blade through the roof. Traps Val and Boomer inside as the passenger door is wrapped around the base of the statue.

A second Tatter appears at the driver's side door. Raises a vicious pitchfork. Boomer kicks the door open. Slams into the Tatter. Ducks under the thrown pitchfork of a Third. Hits the blade sticking through the roof. Stops mere inches from Val.

Stanley pulls himself up from the bed. Dazed and bleeding.

The first extracts his blade. The third leaps onto the bed of the truck. Val slips through the back window. Barely dodges a scythe. Boomer grabs the pitchfork. Runs Stanley's assailant through.

Stanley falls to the ground. Val vaults from the back of the truck. They fight to keep the Tatters off him. Blades and pitchforks swing up.

A kama finds a home in Boomer's shoulder. Val yanks it out. Beheads two of the Tatters with the bloody kama. The third Tatter maneuvers behind her, thrusts with his pitchfork.

Boomer shoves Val out of the way. Only to find himself impaled.

Val rips the Tatter to shreds. Pulls the pitchfork from Boomer.

BOOMER

Damn it. Stop that shit.

Val grabs one shoulder and Stanley the opposite. They see an opening in the approaching ranks of Tatters. Make a run for the gazebo in the Town Center.

As they reach the Gazebo, a Tatter throws a short sickle. Stanley trips.

Boomer shoves him out of the way. The blade catches him in the chest. He slumps to his knees.

STANLEY

Boomer?

BOOMER

Didn't mean to do that.

Hits the ground.

BOOMER

You owe me.

Dead.

They turn. Surrounded on all sides.

VAL  
Welcome to the Alamo.

47 EXT. CEMETERY - NIGHT

47

The Harvest moon casts a hellish crimson glow on an ancient grave site.

Dready kneels before a large grave marker. Consuella uses an ornate knife to carve several large gourds. She has a smattering of totems, burls and bowls set about the base of the tombstone.

Hardly and Lance hang back near a quarter sized statue of a Confederate Colonel astride a majestic stallion that oversees the plot.

LANCE  
Dude, I don't know about all this  
hoodoo mumbo jumbo.

HARDLY  
Whatever keeps him centered.  
Besides, she's been right about  
most everything so far.

A rustling behind him. He turns to catch a Jade-swung tree branch in the gut. Falls back into Lance. Dready stands. Meets a roundhouse that sends him back across the tombstone.

DREADY  
Why do you keep hitting me? We  
broke up. I'm sorry.

JADE  
You son of a bitch. You nearly  
killed us.

LANCE  
What are you talking about?

Spins on him. He backs down. Collides with Papa Bear and Delaware as they hustle up, winded. Hands raise in contrition.

JADE  
The Crystal Palace. Your gig, you  
bastard. We were attacked.

DREADY  
What else is new?

JADE  
We almost got killed.

PAPA BEAR  
You set us up.

DELAWARE  
What the hell were those things?

Hardly slowly regains his feet.

HARDLY  
What's going on? What things?

Jade cools suddenly. Takes stock of their surroundings.

JADE  
What are you doing out here?

DREADY  
Paying tribute to one of my  
ancestors.

Consuella drains a vial of blue smoking liquid.

JADE  
Here? Now? In the middle of the  
night? How stupid are you?

CONSUELLA  
Just dumb enough child.

Her eyes glow blood red. She runs Dready through from behind  
with a Confederate bayonet.

48 EXT. TOWN SQUARE - NIGHT

48

A sickle sinks deep into a Tatter's head.

Val and Stanley do all they can to hold their own, but they  
wear down. Stanley's poser street fighting skills do little.  
He survives on pure terror, uncontrollable rage and sheer  
determination. Angry tears stream down his face.

Back to back inside the Gazebo. Bowled and bloody. Their last  
stand.

Tatters find difficulty maneuvering around the walls of the  
gazebo. Gives them the opportunity to pick them off a few at  
a time.

But the supply is endless and their energy reserves are not.

Stanley trips. A Tatter breaches the Gazebo, blade raised. His kama catches under the bench. Val focuses on fighting three Tatters at once.

Stanley struggles to his feet. The attacking Tatter's blade comes down. Pins his hand to the railing. He screams. A sickle sinks through the Tatters head from behind. It falls lifeless on top of him. He shoves it off and rolls aside.

Only to be caught from behind as a scythe erupts from his chest. He coughs. Wheezes. The blade twists.

And he is gone.

Val stands alone.

The Tatters rush.

A LOW THROATY RUMBLE fills the courtyard. Straw and burlap cycle through the air.

Ephrem, a whirling dervish. Twin slender, elongated tonfas cuisinart Tatters left and right. Ashram, on the opposite side, cleaves through scarecrows with a less than subtle katana.

This is all Val needs.

A Tatter rushes up behind Ashram. Rendered inert by a thrown blade from Val.

Ashram nods. Plows on.

As maddeningly as it began, it ends. The three combatants stand in a pile of wasted straw, burlap, limbs and scythes.

Val shreds the last of a defenseless Tatter and collapses on the Gazebo bench. Ashram cautiously approaches her.

ASHRAM

You alright ma'am?

VAL

Wasn't the first thing that came to mind, no. You?

Finn and party pace nervously near the vehicles. Jade's scream splits the night.

Eyes lock. Terror. Resignation. They move.

50 EXT. CEMETERY - NIGHT

50

Dready staggers. Collapses on the tombstone. Consuella throws her kukri at Hardly, burying it up to the hilt in his chest. He drops.

Consuella turns on Jade, drives a thorny vine burl into her neck, throws a powder in her face. Jade blinks and sputters.

A thick glaive rests at her chin. All in the blink of an eye. Before it registers. Before anyone can react.

CONSUELLA

Nice of you to join our little  
soiree. Saves me having to come  
fetch you.

Lance rushes to Hardly. He coughs up thick, black arterial blood. Tries to speak, only more blood fills his mouth. He dies in Lance's arms.

LANCE

Why?

CONSUELLA

To show you I'm not to be trifled  
with, boy. Rock and roll ain't the  
only thing that can raise a little  
Hell.

51 EXT. TOWN SQUARE - NIGHT

51

Everyone watches the shadows as far as they can see. Flares light. Ashram throws them in four opposite directions.

Ephrem extends his hand, indicates his partner.

EPHREM

You did an ace bang job there.

VAL

Thanks. Valkyrie. Friends call me  
Val. Please, call me Val.

EPHREM

Val, it's a pleasure. As much as  
can be. Ephrem. Ashram. Sorry about  
your mates.

VAL  
They weren't exactly mates. Where  
did you come from?

ASHRAM  
Just passing through.

Ashram tosses the remains in a large pile away from the gazebo. Ephrem assists.

Val examines several pieces. Nothing but straw and cloth.

VAL  
What the hell are these things?

ASHRAM  
Evil.

EPHREM  
And dead.

VAL  
Are there more?

EPHREM  
I right hope not.

Ephrem tosses a lit flare on the pile of dismembered Tatters. They ignite in a roar of flames. Val takes stock of their unusual attire.

VAL  
Mercenaries?

EPHREM  
Just humble bounty hunters, ma'am.

ASHRAM  
We are not bounty hunters. Bounty hunters get paid. Someone decided not to file the paperwork. So we are unlicensed. Unsanctioned. And unemployed.

Ashram fumes away, tossing more Tatters on the inferno.

EPHREM  
And bitter.

As they collect remains by Boomer's truck and the statue. Ephrem notices the inscription at the statue's base. Keys the name into the xeno-comm.

EPHREM

Today's October the twenty third,  
right.

VAL

Yeah, Friday. Why?

He looks up to the full blood red moon. Looks at the reading.

EPHREM

Harvest Moon. I don't think this is  
over.

52 EXT. CEMETERY - NIGHT

52

Finn, Metro and Sarah stumble onto a hellish scene.

Finn rushes to Hardly's side. Tears flow down Lance's face.  
He stammers and shakes his head.

FINN

Hardly?

Hardly is gone.

His blood flows across the earth, glinting darkly in the red  
light of the full moon. Seeps into the dirt. The ground  
MOVES.

CONSUELLA

If any of you had a inch of smart,  
you'd be heading for other ground.

Consuella cuts Jade's forearm. Brings the blood to her lips.

Finn screams in rage. Rushes head long at Consuella.

FINN

You bitch.

Finn tackles her. Consuella stabs him with voodoo doll. SNAPS  
it in half. Finn drops screaming.

Consuella rolls to her feet. Delaware rushes in. Consuella  
grabs her throat and holds her aloft.

CONSUELLA

You are meddling with powers you  
can't possibly comprehend.

Delaware kicks and struggles.

JADE

Don't count on it grandma.

Jade throws a vicious haymaker. Consuella shrugs it off. She tosses Delaware into Jade and DRIVES the glaive into Dready's heart. His blood sprays across the tombstone.

Papa Bear tackles her from behind. They roll across the ground. She knees him hard in the chest and gains her feet.

Metro grabs Sarah's hand and starts back for the vehicles.

Lance rushes to Dready. Jade and Delaware extricate themselves and join him. Jade holds his head in her lap, tries to comfort him.

CONSUELLA

Too late, child. The deed is done.

Dready locks eyes with Jade.

DREADY

You always were so beautiful.

He too, is gone.

Jade clutches him and sobs.

Papa Bear turns on Consuella.

PAPA BEAR

What did you do?

CONSUELLA

What I been waiting nearly a hundred and fifty years for.

Lance charges in unbridled rage.

LANCE

You killed my friends.

Consuella belts him halfway across the cemetery.

CONSUELLA

I just getting started, child.

He lands with a heavy thud.

And the EARTH MOVES.

The ground shudders all around them. Bits of bone and cloth poke up through the ground. Arms, heads, torsos. Confederate Soldiers long dead, exhume themselves. Desiccated. Unliving.

AN ARMY OF UNDEAD CONFEDERATE SOLDIERS.

DELAWARE  
Unacceptable.

CONSUELLA  
We brought back the South, child.

DELAWARE  
We?

The ground splits beneath Dready. Up from the Earth comes the less than fresh remains of COLONEL THADDEUS NATHANIEL HAZZARD.

A half rotten arm pushes aside a tangle of tree roots. Reaches up to Dready's bleeding corpse. A razor clawed skeletal hand knocks Jade aside. Shoves it's way inside Dready's chest. YANKS OUT HIS HEART and devours it.

Jades screams.

Arms pin Jade to the ground. Consuella shoves the bayonet against her neck. Jade struggles, but is held firm.

Color flows back into Thaddeus' freshly formed cheeks. Muscle and sinew wrap around reforming bones. Skin spins tight around new muscle. Hair regains luster. Only the eyes remain black as pitch.

Colonel Hazzard walks again. And his army walks with him.

Papa Bear and Delaware stand aghast. Indecisive until Sarah and Metro return, panting. From the blackness, more Undead come.

METRO  
This ain't right.

An infantry man close by reaches out and gets his head knocked off by the butt of Metro's shotgun.

PAPA BEAR  
We left right back at the Palace.

Delaware notices Lance about 20 yards away. Surrounded by Undead. Snatches Finn's fallen mike stand and bolts.

Lance finds his feet. Stumbles back and crashes into an old grave digger's cart. Hands falls across a spade point shovel.

An Undead soldier leaps at him and gets skewered with the shovel tip.

A shovel, two mike stands, a machete and a shotgun club are all the weapons on hand to fight an Undead army.

Thaddeus looks from Consuella to Jade and back. A markedly younger and more vibrant Consuella.

THADDEUS

Aja?

CONSUELLA

Soon enough, my love.

Thaddeus embraces his former lover.

THADDEUS

I have so longed to do that.

JADE

And I've been wanting to do this.

Consuella looks down at the point of the Confederate bayonet protruding through her chest.

CONSUELLA

Girl, you make this so easy.

Consuella spins around and runs Jade through with the blade by pulling her into an embrace. She coughs up a spittle of blood. Consuella kisses her wholeheartedly.

She releases Jade, who stumbles, stunned. Shoves her away. Consuella pulls the blade out from behind.

She has regressed to a striking and gorgeous twenty year old Negro Goddess. The smile that lights her face is breath-taking.

EPHREM (O.S.)

Let me complicate it for you.

From nowhere a boomerang buries itself to the crest in her forehead. Followed seconds later by another that she catches inches from her heart.

EPHREM

That's not supposed to happen.

Consuella whips the boomerang back, Ephrem ducks the assault as Ashram and Val charge, bladed weapons flashing.

Papa Bear cradles the fallen Jade. Metro protects Sarah, grabs Val.

METRO

Where's my brother? Where's Boomer?

Val shakes her head.

VAL

I'm sorry.

Val rushes to Jade's side, Ashram takes note of Hardly, Dready and stops when he sees Papa Bear.

ASHRAM

Papa Bear?

Thaddeus swings his sabre. Ashram parries with his katana. Consuella pulls the boomerang from her forehead.

CONSUELLA

Bit of a tickle, no?

Ephrem whips another boomerang. She snatches the thrown boomerang out of the air, snaps both back. One clips Ephrem across the cheek.

EPHREM

Nice set of moves for a Conjure woman.

CONSUELLA

Quirindongo, swatty punnany.

EPHREM

Descended from the great Tonga priestess of Gran-Met herself.

CONSUELLA

Erzulie. You should watch that smart tongue boy.

EPHREM

My tongue is not what you ought worry about.

Ephrem drives to her wielding the tonfas. Another blade buries deep in her shoulder. Thaddeus bellows. Ashram presses.

THADDEUS

I will not have my beloved returned to me, only to lose her again in so treacherous a fashion.

ASHRAM

Mate, I don't know that you're right up on the nature of your situation.

THADDEUS

There is nothing of my situation that need concern you, villain.

ASHRAM

Your side lost, you know.

Ashram fires a revolver point blank at Thaddeus's chest. It has no effect. Both men stop, stunned. Before Thaddeus can react, another bullet finds a home in his forehead.

No effect.

ASHRAM

Damn.

Thaddeus bitch slaps Ashram back into Ephrem. They come up together, weapons ready.

EPHREM

It's like spider monkeys with hammers.

Ephrem nods toward Delaware and Lance. Outnumbered five to two.

Papa Bear, Val and Metro fare no better.

ASHRAM

Showstoppers.

EPHREM

C'mon, we had Thai for dinner.

ASHRAM

You got a better, be speaking.

They both draw thin, flat metallic strips that look like flattened TV remotes, aim in opposite directions and fire.

ASHRAM

Get them clear.

EPHREM

Don't limit me.

Concentric pulses radiate out in waves from the tiny devices, passing harmlessly through everything in a fifty yard radius.

Nothing moves. Everything almost completely frozen in time. Slowed to a near stand still.

Ephrem and Ashram move. Fast.

Ashram wipes blood from Consuella on the voodoo doll. Throws powder in her face.

Moves to Jade. He knows already, but checks her pulse to confirm. Dead. A vehement, muttered curse. He dispatches the Undead surrounding them, giving his rage full reign.

Ephrem does the same with Delaware's group, snatching an Undead away from her throat with inches to spare.

Ashram hefts Jade onto Papa Bear's shoulder and pulls Finn from the heat of battle.

The waves recoil upon themselves. Ephrem throws a dagger as the pulse wave snaps back, and with it the normal flow of time.

The blade, accelerated by the pulse wave, drives through Consuella as she inhales the powder.

Her breath catches in her throat. She wraps her hand around the blade's hilt and falls. Thaddeus rushes to her side.

They all watch in stunned disbelief as their enemies collapse to the ground.

Finn reorientates himself.

FINN

What. The. Hell. Was. That!

Ashram takes a step. Two. Three. Drops and pukes up his guts.

SARAH

Oh, gross.

Ephrem decorates the ground with Thai food. Delaware and Lance are equally discombobulated. Until the smell hits them. Lance gags and loses control of his stomach.

EPHREM

Go, go, go.

Ephrem tries to regain his equilibrium. He chugs a small bottle of green liquid and passes it to Lance.

Papa Bear helps Ashram to his feet.

PAPA BEAR

Ashram?

Ashram nods, drinks from a similar bottle, wipes his mouth.

ASHRAM

G'Donya. That still your Elephant?

Papa Bear nods.

PAPA BEAR

Where'd you come from?

ASHRAM

Queensland, mate. God's Backyard.  
C'mon let's get moving.

Papa Bear shoulders Jade. They head back toward the cars.

Thaddeus cradles Consuella; young, vibrant, gorgeous and coughing up blood. Her eyes plead. This should not be happening. This is wrong.

CONSUELLA

It is so good to see you again, my handsome devil.

Tears stream down Thaddeus's face.

THADDEUS

Aja, sweet, sweet Aja. I will not lose you again.

CONSUELLA

Too late for that, I fear. I was so close.

She slips away.

53 EXT. CEMETERY TRAIL - NIGHT

53

...and Jade's head snaps up. Wild eyes afire, grey sallow flesh and yellow fetid teeth. She howls and contorts. Papa Bear, caught off guard, drops her as he falls.

They come up face to face. She wails. He screams.

54 EXT. CEMETERY - NIGHT

54

Thaddeus lets his long lost and recently rediscovered love fall to the ground, stands and roars in anguish.

Ephrem and his crew rush toward the vehicles and unfortunately, the ire of a screaming, love-mad, heart broken Undead Confederate Colonel.

Lance knocks a home run with the two closest Undead, using his shovel as a bat.

The way to safety is blocked. The group drops back.

Thaddeus lurches forward and kisses the ground. Val stands triumphantly behind him.

She pushes forward and joins Ephrem's team.

Thaddeus regains his feet. The Undead rise to support their commander.

THADDEUS

Fetch me them Yankee bastards. But only bring me their heads.

LANCE

Too many, dude.

EPHREM

This way.

They run in the opposite direction. Away from the cars. And the descending Undead Army.

THADDEUS

And somebody get me a horse.

55 EXT. CEMETERY TRAIL - NIGHT

55

Jade finds her feet, struggles with her new situation. Shakes her head to clear it.

METRO

So she's a zombie now? Can she do that?

FINN

Like there are rules? How should I know?

She searches. Locks eyes with Sarah. Snarls. Charges.

JADE

Why did you do this?

Knocks Finn and Metro aside, gunning for Sarah.

Ashram steps in front, raises his revolver and fires. Jade dodges the bullet. Keeps coming. The head of an Undead, his true target, explodes behind her.

Sarah screams at the assault. Jade throws her to the ground, absconds her machete and rips the medallion from around her neck. The machete flies into an Undead soldier about to attack her from behind.

Metro lays into another with the butt of his shotgun. Ashram fires another well placed round. Grabs Papa Bear forcefully by the shoulder. Sarah touches her neck where the medallion was.

ASHRAM

To the Elephant. Go. Now.

Sarah grabs the machete and runs.

JADE - LOST IN THE SHUFFLE

56 EXT. CEMETERY - FAR END - NIGHT

56

Ephrem and his group reach the far end of the cemetery and face an open field. Over the next rise, the outline of a barn glows in the moonlight.

He helps Delaware over the fence and keys his comlink.

EPHREM

We're busted here. Pick us up at  
the farmstead west of the Cemetery.

They sprint with an Undead Army on their heels.

57 EXT. CEMETERY ROADSIDE - NIGHT

57

They stumble to the Elephant.

ASHRAM

Copy that. We're on it.

Papa Bear unlocks it with the remote and dives into the driver's seat. Everyone but Ashram piles in.

In the moonlight, down the road, Tatters approach.

PAPA BEAR

You gotta be kidding me.

He keys the comm-link.

ASHRAM

Our friends from town are back.

Ashram throws open the back hatch.

ASHRAM

Back here.

FINN

Are you crazy? Those things, those things are coming.

ASHRAM

Mate, if you want to live, get back here now.

Papa Bear hesitates for a second. Looks to Finn. To the Tatters coming up the road. To the keys in the ignition.

ASHRAM

Curtis! Now.

Papa Bear snatches the keys from the ignition and is out the door. Finn follows. Metro looks to Sarah. She is already out.

FINN

Curtis? You're name is Curtis?  
Wait. You know these guys?

PAPA BEAR

Yeah. A long time ago.

ASHRAM

Get in.

Ashram throws the back seat up, toggles a switch on an uncovered side panel and yanks the cover off the spare tire. Only there is no spare tire just a hole with rungs.

FINN

I'm not going down there.

Finn looks under the Elephant. Nothing. Back to the hole to nowhere. Back under the car. Bewildered.

Ashram draws his katana. Sarah rabbits down the hole with Metro at her heels. Ashram throws his blade, driving it home through the head of the nearest Tatter.

FINN

Yeah.

He follows Papa Bear down the hatch.

58 INT. ELEPHANT TESSERACT - NIGHT

58

They find themselves in a cavernous warehouse, primarily empty except for several tables and cabinets. A worktable sits off to one side cluttered with paraphernalia and dust.

Ashram responds to their slack jawed, unasked question.

ASHRAM

It's a tesseract. It's when an object is bigger on the inside than on the outside.

PAPA BEAR

Inside my car? This is inside my car.

ASHRAM

It's folded dimensional space. Technically, we're not in your car.

PAPA BEAR

This has been inside my car the whole time?

ASHRAM

It's what teleporters use, but with a localized interface.

METRO

Teleporters?

ASHRAM

And some unscrupulous illusionists and magicians.

PAPA BEAR

Wait a second. Where's Jade?

FINN

She was right behind...I thought...

PAPA BEAR

We gotta go get her.

ASHRAM

And we will. As soon as we gear up and figure out what we're up against.

PAPA BEAR

She's out there, right now, up against whatever it is you're (waiting???) to find out about.

Ashram activates a wall panel. It slides up. Weapons, swords, gadgets galore. Several old style television sets flicker and sputter.

ASHRAM

Maybe you didn't quite catch everything going on out there, but she's not exactly herself. And if we're gonna save her we need some information and some tools. Besides she seems to be holding her own.

METRO

Somebody wanna explain to me just what the hell is going on here?

Ashram tosses several odd weapons, bottles and a well worn leather bound book in a knapsack and slings it over his shoulder.

ASHRAM

If I can find out how they're manipulated we can shut them down. As long as they're out there, we're safe in here.

Ashram places a small electronic PDA on the counter in front of him. It whirls to life.

FINN

The others aren't safe out there.

ASHRAM

I know. Gear up, we're going back out.

He grabs a thick sword and shoves it in a sheath on his back.

Metro spies a box of shotgun shells. Cracks open the shotgun to reload. It falls apart in his hands. He throws the pieces away in frustration.

METRO

This is bullshit. How do I know you're not the cause of all this? Everything was fine until you and yours showed up.

PAPA BEAR

What are you suggesting?

METRO

I'm just making an observation.

PAPA BEAR

What? Are you serious? We were just playing your rat shit dive when you decided to stick your dick...

METRO

We ain't never had no nothing like this. Never. And it's a little too much of a coincidence for it all to happen on the same night.

Papa Bear pushes into Metro's face.

PAPA BEAR

You are off your rocker, friend.

METRO

I ain't your friend, friend. And my friends and my brother are dead because of you.

FINN

Guys, this is nuts.

PAPA BEAR

You ungrateful prick. I saved your scrawny ass...

Sarah jumps between them and shoves Metro away.

SARAH

Stop it. Both of you. Stop it. You assholes. We have enough shit to put up with right now without the two of you spraying the room with testosterone.

Papa Bear and Metro stare each other down. The two combatants begrudgingly separate.

FINN

I was gonna say that. Or something like it. Seriously.

59

EXT. CEMETERY - NIGHT

59

Jade rushes back to the grave site. Disoriented. She is, and yet isn't, quite herself. Some things don't work exactly right.

Several Undead mill about the cemetery. Almost as if they are guarding Consuella's body.

With stealth, She maneuvers herself closer. Slowly pulls a tree branch back to get a better view. And reveals the glowing red eyes of one of the Undead.

She jumps back, startled. Directly into the path of another. The two lash out. A blade cuts her wrist. She strikes back. Reflexively. Without looking. The blade is now hers. Two heads hit the ground.

The remaining guards turn at the commotion.

Jade stares incredulously at her hands. The dead Undead.

JADE

Sweet.

With a second blade she makes quick work of the final three Undead. Drops beside Consuella to examine the body.

As she reaches across her inert form, a drop of blood falls on Consuella's lips. Flows into her mouth.

Consuella's eyes snap open. She comes quickly, unsteadily, to her feet.

CONSUELLA

Glory, child. That really tickled the pink.

Jade holds her at bay with the two swords.

JADE

What did you do to me, witch?

CONSUELLA

It more a matter of what I did not do, precious. But do not think I not right grateful for a second chance. I make this quick. And painful. I owe you that much.

JADE

You don't owe me nothing.

Consuella looks down at the blade Jade has plunged through her chest.

CONSUELLA

You always were too impetuous for your own good. Tried to tell your mother that.

JADE

My mother? You knew my mother? You don't know me. Do you?

CONSUELLA

More than you could possibly imagine girl. I knew you before you were a twitch in your daddy's itch. Generations of manipulation. Alignment.

Consuella points to Dready's body.

CONSUELLA

You think you met that boy by accident? Everything has led up to this. My one chance put things right. True love. All I ever wanted. To be reunited with...

She fades away. Jade looks about. Questing. Lost. She drops to her knees next to Consuella. Her eyes flutter.

JADE

What? What are you talking about?

Light glints off the medallion in Jade's hand. Catches Consuella's eye. They go wide. Impertinent. Angry.

CONSUELLA

How did you come by that trinket, petit?

JADE

What is this?

Consuella fades away. Snaps up. Grabs Jade by the throat.

CONSUELLA

Kill that damnable cracker.

She leaves this mortal coil again.

60

INT. ELEPHANT TESSERACT - NIGHT

60

Ashram flips off the PDA. Steps between the two. Hands Metro a compact pistol grip Remington.

ASHRAM

They're Tatterdemalions. Tatters. Resurrected spirits that inhabit inanimate totems.

(MORE)

ASHRAM (cont'd)  
 Like gargoyles or statues. Only  
 these buggers took over scarecrows.

Papa Bear moves to a wall. Selects a katana and two sai from  
 a wall panel. And a Ruger.

ASHRAM  
 Your brother? Clean cut, nice  
 looking. Blonde hair. This tall?  
 I'm sorry. He. When the shit hit  
 the fire. He ah. He was a good man.

Everyone slips into their own world. Metro checks his weapon  
 and scowls at Sarah. Finn shrugs at Papa Bear.

Papa Bear examines the old computers. CRT monitors.

PAPA BEAR  
 Little old school, don't you think?

ASHRAM  
 It's not like I've been through  
 here recently.

Ashram toggles on an ancient computer.

PAPA BEAR  
 Where's Cameron?

\*\*This is not a story Ashram likes to tell, if he tells it at  
 all. And this is not the time nor the place.

ASHRAM  
 Gone.

PAPA BEAR  
 I'm sorry.

ASHRAM  
 Yeah, me too.

61 EXT. OPEN FIELD - NIGHT

61

They are over halfway to the barn when the EARTH TREMBLES. A  
 dull rolling thunder festers up from the ground and washes  
 over them. A constant droning not unlike...

HORSES. Mighty valiant steeds of the Undead, spurred on by  
 their Undead riders. Foot soldiers at their heels.

DELAWARE  
 Drunken monkeys.

EPHREM

Can't say I saw that coming.

They run for all they are worth.

62

EXT. CEMETERY TRAIL - NIGHT

62

Jade barrels through the forest.

A rustling behind her. Beside her. Something ahead shifts.

Suddenly, on the path in front of her, a Tatter breaks through the foliage, red moonlight fires off its scythe.

It slides forward.

A movement. Without preamble, she rips a second, hidden Tatter from the underbrush. Impales him on the awaiting blade of the one blocking her path.

Rips the blade from the first, eviscerates it. Cuts down a third behind her without even looking.

Moving with a banshee wail, she whips a fourth from concealment. The blade stops inches from its target: A sniveling, crying tub of lard, tries not to wet himself.

Cleat Sepulveda, former manager of Gin Crackle.

CLEAT

Don't kill me. Don't kill me.

He cracks open one eye.

CLEAT

Jade?

His breath rushes out in massive sigh of relief.

CLEAT

Oh, my God. Thank you. Thank you.

JADE

You worthless, two timing bastard!

She throws him to the ground. Raises the blade. He back pedals in protest.

CLEAT

Wait, wait, wait. Don't hurt me.  
I'm sorry. I'm sorry. It was a misunderstanding. It was just a gig.

He collides with something solid. The blade swings.

The severed half of a tatter lands next to him. Its discarded kama sinks into the soft earth between his legs. A sob catches in his throat. He faints dead away.

They are surrounded by lanky and lethal Tatters. Jade grins.

63

INT. ELEPHANT TESSERACT - NIGHT

63

Ashram scans microfiche and old data files. He snaps open the dog eared book.

EPHREM (ON COMLINK)  
They've got horses.

ASHRAM  
Where did they get horses?

EPHREM (ON COMLINK)  
Not horses, horses. Undead horses.

ASHRAM  
Only Mongolians bury horses with their dead.

EPHREM (ON COMLINK)  
Not anymore. Rafferty's Rules.

Ashram scans several monitors and types in a command.

SARAH  
Who's Rafferty?

ASHRAM  
Old Aussie saying. Means 'no rules'.

A red light flashes on his console.

ASHRAM  
Rack me.

EPHREM (ON COMLINK)  
Dial me in.

ASHRAM  
I'll get back to you, we got uninvited guests.

A group of Tatters smashes through the door.

64 EXT. CEMETERY TRAIL - NIGHT 64

Unleashed, Jade lays Tatter after Tatter to waste.

She slaps Cleat hard across his face.

Pulls him to his feet even as she impales another attacker. She shoves him hard, but he doesn't lose his feet.

JADE

Go.

He runs as blades and straw slice the night air behind him.

65 EXT. FARMSTEAD - NIGHT 65

The group scurries across the yard and into the barn.

66 INT. BARN - NIGHT 66

After the last one through, they drop the bar across the door, latching it closed.

DELAWARE

Now what?

She and Lance spot a wall of farm implements. He tosses his old shovel away and collects a new shiny one. Until he sees the mattock in the corner.

A flash of light catches her eye.

Behind them a horse whinnies. Val looks at Ephrem and smiles.

67 INT. ELEPHANT TESSERACT - NIGHT 67

Ashram immediately grabs a grenade launcher. Punches each of the three Tatters with a shot. He flips the main table over. Dives with Papa Bear and Finn behind it.

ASHRAM

Get down!

The Tatters explode in a flash of straw and burlap. He tosses the launcher to Metro, a bandolier of shells to Sarah.

ASHRAM

Cover us.

Metro fires at every Tatter that comes through the door.

Ashram pulls a wrist band from his tac-vest and forces it into Papa Bear's hands.

ASHRAM

When the coast is clear, get out and get the Elephant to Ephrem.

PAPA BEAR

What?

Ashram slaps a button on a wall panel. A hidden closet door slides open.

ASHRAM

The flashing blip on the tracker will take you right to him.

Finn runs over.

FINN

I'm with him. For back up.

Ashram shoves both of them through the wall panel. Hits the button.

PAPA BEAR

Where are you going?

ASHRAM

To take our little friends for a ride.

68 EXT. FOREST GLADE - NIGHT

68

Cleat stomps through the underbrush, Jade hot on his heels. They top a short ridge that opens up to a small glade. He wheezes to a stop.

CLEAT

Just let me catch my breath.

JADE

You stay here and it may just be your last.

CLEAT

What are those things? They're unnatural.

JADE

Lot of that going around. Come on let's go. You got a lot to answer for.

CLEAT  
I told you...

Jade starts forward and quickly SINKS in a pool of QUICKSAND.

CLEAT  
..it's not my fault.

Cleat scuttles over to her. Reaches out his hand. The forest rustles.

A group of Tatters top the ridge. Cleat looks to Jade. To the Tatters. To Jade. Terror in his eyes. He bolts.

JADE  
You are dead, Sepulveda. I will  
haunt you, you bastard.

The Tatters move in.

69 EXT. FARMSTEAD - NIGHT

69

Thaddeus lights a torch. Raises it overhead.

THADDEUS  
Burn those Yankee bastards out.

The barn door suddenly shatters outward, raining wood and chaos. A John Deere bears down on the Undead horde. They immediately attack the monster, littering it with thrown torches.

While the Undead concentrate on the farm machinery, the trapped group bolts out on horseback.

Delaware rides point. Lance picks off a straggling Undead with his new mattock and Val swings her kukri.

Ephrem fires a single bolt at the lumbering tractor, loaded with bags of fertilizer.

It explodes in a fire ball taking a good number of Undead with it.

70 INT. ELEPHANT TESSERACT - NIGHT

70

Ashram grabs the PDA, the book and two jugs of clear liquid. A swarm of Tatters rushes into the room.

ASHRAM  
What ever happens, always go left.

He slaps open a door panel behind them. As they dash through the doorway, Ashram tosses the jugs across the room.

METRO

What was that?

ASHRAM

Nitro and napalm. Let's rabbit.

The jugs hit the ground. Everything goes white.

71 EXT. FOREST GLADE - NIGHT

71

Jade arches her back to keep afloat in the quicksand.

The lead Tatter rushes in, only to be quickly enveloped in the viscous fluid.

A second rapidly follows suit before the remainder approach more cautiously.

Jade grapples with the first. Their struggles pull them both under.

Until she uses him for leverage, grabs the second tatter from behind and forces herself up, over and out of the muck.

A blade splits the air. She comes up with both plundered Confederate sabres singing. Tatters disintegrate.

72 EXT. WASHED OUT ROAD - NIGHT

72

The group rides hard. They jump a washed out section of the road and ride on. Ephrem glances back, the pursuit has yet to catch up. Delaware canters along side him as they slow a fraction.

DELAWARE

So, mister, you seem to have a pretty good handle on things here, you mind telling me (screaming) WHAT THE HELL IS GOING ON?

EPHREM

Name's Ephrem. Not mister.

DELAWARE

Delaware. Or just Delaware.

EPHREM

Well, Delaware, we're being chased by an army of dead guys, lead by some dead Colonel who was apparently the lover of a voodoo priestess slave that is somehow related to the cute dark skinned Shelia that seemed to be a friend of yours, so I don't know Delaware, you tell me, what the hell IS going on?

Delaware glances back to Val and Lance.

VAL

He does have a point.

LANCE

And he saved our ass. Twice.

DELAWARE

So, Ephrem, what do we do now?

EPHREM

We get the hell outta here.

73 INT. ELEPHANT TESSERACT - NIGHT

73

Ashram, Metro, and Sarah turn down a corner and stop dead in their tracks.

At the opposite end of the hallway stands a Tyrannosaurus Rex.

Hunched over, she barely fits in the corridor. A door on their left is halfway between them. They spot the door at the same time the T Rex catches their scent.

Behind them, the regrouped Tatters give chase.

METRO

This just keeps getting better.

Metro brings the gun up. And Ashram brings it down.

ASHRAM

Save the ammo.

Ashram yells a challenge. The T Rex bellows. They charge each other. The Tatters are not far behind.

Ashram reaches the door and yanks it open. The T Rex cannot control his speed and slides past, snapping at them as they pile into the room. Her momentum carries her forward, bowling into the Tatters and scattering them like ten pins.

The two new rivals take stock of each other, the T Rex confused by the unfamiliar scent. The battle joins when the first Tatter attacks.

74

INT. TESSERACT STORAGE - NIGHT

74

Inside is nothing but furniture, televisions, appliances, trees and CHATTER. Sparks SNAP and CRACKLE.

All caused by an excessive amount of squirrels chewing on cables. They all turn when the door opens. Razor incisors fill savage nattering maws behind black eyes of ravenous hunger.

METRO

Let me guess.

ASHRAM

Squirrel Infestation.

Ashram pulls a generic white can from the knapsack. It says 'Beagle' in bold black letters. He pulls the tab and tosses the can at the squirrels.

The can lands and the incessant howl of hounds fill the air. The squirrels scatter. Ashram is at the door.

ASHRAM

This way.

SARAH

What are you doing? We can't go back out there?

ASHRAM

We can't stay here. That's only a 30 second can. Don't worry about Smoke. She's harmless. But viper squirrels? You don't wanna be staying here.

METRO

I don't know what's more ludicrous, that you're telling us the T Rex is harmless or that you named it.

ASHRAM

What do you call your security guard?

Ashram is out the door. They reluctantly follow.

They skirt down the corridor as Smoke chews at Tatters.

75 INT. ELEPHANT TESSERACT - NIGHT

75

The hidden door slides open. Finn and Papa Bear peer from opposite corners. Nothing fills the room but acrid smoke.

PAPA BEAR

I think we're clear.

Finn makes a quick check of the room.

FINN

Who are these guys?

PAPA BEAR

They were a jazz trio back in the day.

FINN

Cameron was the third?

PAPA BEAR

Yeah.

Finn steps out from behind a cabinet with a flame-thrower.

FINN

Pretty well armed for a trio.

Papa Bear pulls a pump action shotgun and an Uzi from the weapons rack.

PAPA BEAR

Word.

76 INT. TESSERACT CORRIDOR - NIGHT

76

They turn another corner. The coast is clear. They slow to a hurried jog. Ashram checks data on his PDA and keys his comlink. Metro and Sarah keep a watchful eye behind them.

ASHRAM

You up, mate?

77 EXT. DIRT ROAD - CATTLE CROSSING - NIGHT

77

Ephrem looks behind him. Still no sign of pursuit. As he reverts his attention, a slight movement to the side of the road catches his eye. Ephrem switches the com-link on.

EPHREM

Go.

ASHRAM (ON COMLINK)

We're up the gum tree, brother.

EPHREM

Something's definitely twitty.

The rustle in the grass paces them. Ephrem keeps a watchful eye.

ASHRAM (ON COMLINK)

I can't get a clear read on anything. Nothing in the book. We've still got a squirrel infestation. And Smoke is a T-Rex.

Ephrem stops at this.

EPHREM

Smoke is a T-Rex?

DELAWARE

T-Rex like the dinosaur? What are you talking about?

LANCE

He's got one of those kick ass three wheel motorcycles. My dad used to have one. Totally rocked.

EPHREM

Smoke is... We have a pet velociraptor. Or we did.

He takes in their bewildered looks.

EPHREM

She's not really domesticated. Never mind.

78 EXT. CEMETERY ROADSIDE - NIGHT

78

Finn and Papa Bear crawl out of the back hatch of the Elephant.

PAPA BEAR  
How'd you like your second gig?

FINN  
Let's just say there won't be a  
third.

Finn rounds the passenger side and faces a horde of Tatters. He yells and fires the flamethrower, which spits a dribble of spark but throws no flame.

He spins to the back of the car and collides with Papa Bear. They hit the dirt and scramble back.

PAPA BEAR  
Shoot 'em, shoot 'em.

FINN  
It's not working.

Papa Bear reaches over. Toggles the ignitor. Finn pulls the trigger. Tatters ignite.

79 EXT. DIRT ROAD - CATTLE CROSSING - NIGHT

79

Ephrem reigns in his horse and dismounts.

DELAWARE  
What are you doing?

Ephrem shushes her with a raised hand as he moves road side. Val also dismounts and watches his back.

Delaware slides quietly from her saddle. Ephrem leans into the tall grass and parts it. He jumps back. From out of the ditch crawls an orange Chinese Water Dragon, fully two feet long.

LANCE  
That's a big lizard.

EPHREM  
It's a water dragon.

ASHRAM (ON COMLINK)  
One of ours?

The water dragon cocks it's head and WINKS. Ephrem looks closer. The water dragon winks again.

EPHREM  
No, Chinese. But it's orange. And  
it just winked at me.

DELAWARE  
Maybe it likes you.

EPHREM  
Water Dragons don't have  
independent control over their  
eyelids. They can't wink. And  
they're supposed to be green.

As if on cue, the water dragon winks again. Cocks its head.  
Raises on its hind legs. And shimmies.

EPHREM  
And they can't do that.

VAL  
Chinese water dragons are  
considered jesters in many Asian  
cultures. They are pranksters that  
bring disorder and chaos.

Ephrem looks up at her. Her words sink in.

EPHREM  
Bugger me. That's it.

ASHRAM (ON COMLINK)  
What did she just say?

Ephrem pulls the cable from the comm so everyone can hear.

EPHREM  
Chaos. She said it brings chaos.

ASHRAM (ON COMLINK)  
Stone the crows.

80 INT. TESSERACT CORRIDOR - NIGHT

80

Ashram pulls his comm out so his group can hear as well.

EPHREM (ON COMLINK)  
We've got a Chaos Engine.

SARAH  
What's a Chaos Engine?

81 EXT. DIRT ROAD - CATTLE CROSSING - NIGHT

81

VAL

The only thing the Gods themselves fear. If you go for that kind of thing.

DELAWARE

God doesn't fear anything.

EPHREM

Not God. Gods. All Gods. Your God, the God of Abraham, Bodhisattva, Allah, Shakti, Pan, Lucifer, Buddah, Zeus.

DELAWARE

Lucifer is not a God.

EPHREM

The Morningstar? Please, tell me you're not that naive. He and God, your Christian God, Yahweh, are mates. He is the opposite of Good. You can't have Bad without Good. You'd have no frame of reference. He may be evil, but he still represents order.

LANCE

So what's this Chaos Engine do?

ASHRAM (ON COMLINK)

It's a Full Bore Random Entrophy Generator.

EPHREM

It throws the fabric of reality out of whack. Makes things happen that aren't supposed to and vice versa. The War of 1812, Charles Manson, The Korean Invasion, 9-11, the Nixon assassination, the Wakanda Uprising, Paris Hilton.

DELAWARE

Nixon wasn't assassinated.

EPHREM

He was, just not. Here. Damn entrophy fairies, I hate this shit.

LANCE

You're saying the little orange lizard dude assassinated Nixon?

EPHREM

Not exactly. Point is, we've got reality running off the rails. It feeds on and creates unchecked chaos. We need to find who or what...

A shot rings out. The water dragon is a wet spot on the roadside. Delaware holds a smoking pistol.

EPHREM

...is controlling it.

DELAWARE

That should fix it? Right?

EPHREM

Right? That. That right there? That right there changes everything.

ASHRAM (ON COMLINK)

What happened?

EPHREM

Nimrod here just destroyed the vessel.

DELAWARE

So?

EPHREM

It's an engine. You destroyed the vessel, the controller. Now what happens to all the stuff it was running?

DELAWARE

You said it was the engine.

EPHREM

I didn't say 'it' was the engine. I said we had an engine.

DELAWARE

You said 'we have a Chaos Engine'.

EPHREM

I didn't mean that was it.

LANCE  
So that was bad.

EPHREM  
Yeah, like the opposite of good.  
(to Delaware) You might want to  
wait a tic and think things through  
next time. If we get a next time.

Ephrem examines the remains. Nothing but a puddle of orange  
and green goo.

LANCE  
Where did you get the gun?

DELAWARE  
I found it in the barn.

LANCE  
I want a gun.

82 EXT. DIRT ROAD - NIGHT

82

Papa Bear drives the Elephant as fast as she will go. Finn  
watches the blip on the tracker. He shifts to say something  
to Papa Bear. Notices the tractor burning through a break in  
the trees.

And the Undead soldiers riding along side them.

FINN  
Go faster. Really. Go faster.

83 EXT. DIRT ROAD - CATTLE CROSSING - NIGHT

83

Across the road, at a well worn cattle guard, a branch snaps.  
A boomerang flies from Ephrem's hands followed by a solid  
THUNK.

Cleat rolls out of the underbrush, down a small incline. The  
boomerang whirls back to Ephrem.

CLEAT  
Son of a bitch. That hurt.

Val, on him in an instant, drags him to his feet.

VAL  
Fancy meeting you here.

JADE (O.S.)  
Yeah, fancy.

Jade steps from the shadows, sabres drawn.

84 EXT. DIRT ROAD - NIGHT

84

Papa Bear looks over Finn's shoulder through the passenger window and sees more riders. He raises Uzi to fire.

FINN  
Are you nuts?

Finn yanks the gun away.

FINN  
Swerve. Serpentine. I'll shoot.

Finn sticks the shotgun out the window. Blows the nearest Undead soldier off his horse. Papa Bear keeps them at bay with his erratic driving.

85 EXT. DIRT ROAD - CATTLE CROSSING - NIGHT

85

Val drops Cleat on his ass and runs to embrace Jade. Delaware is right behind.

DELAWARE  
(crying)  
I'm so sorry, we thought...

VAL  
We thought you were dead.

JADE  
I'm not so sure I'm not..something.

They hear the report of firearms. A cloud of dust rises in the distance.

EPHREM  
Mount up.

Delaware and Lance double up as Cleat struggles to mount his steed.

Jade moves to help him.

JADE  
You better pray those things kill  
you before I do.

She practically throws him on his horse. Val swings around to grab her. They ride.

And hell, lead by a Honda Element, follows behind them.

86 INT. TESSERACT CORRIDOR - NIGHT 86

Ashram's group comes to a dead end. A door on the right.

SARAH  
You said to always go left.

ASHRAM  
Fortunately in our case, four lefts  
make a right.

Ashram slips through the door.

METRO  
I really fail to see the humor.

87 INT. ELEPHANT TESSERACT - NIGHT 87

They are back in the room where they started.

SARAH  
How did we?

METRO  
No. No explanations. Let's just...

Metro waves toward the exit. Ashram hits another panel and they load up on weapons. He grabs more shells for the shotgun. Sarah grabs a set of pistols, belts her machete.

88 EXT. WASHED OUT ROAD - NIGHT 88

Metro and Ashram pop open the back of the Elephant to the sight of the Undead horde surrounding them.

METRO  
Where did they get horses?

Ashram and Metro pick off those closest. Sarah comes up from the hatch. Ashram drops the knapsack to the floor.

The Elephant careens toward the wash-out in the road.

Papa Bear and Finn exchange panicked glances.

PAPA BEAR  
Hold on!

They hit the rutted ravine full speed ahead.

Sarah bounces up. And out of the Elephant along with Ashram's shot gun. Her pistols fall to the floor of the Elephant.

Without hesitation, Ashram leaps from the car. Rolls across the dusty road.

An Undead soldier leans down for Sarah. Ashram comes up with shotgun in hand. The soldier explodes inches away from Sarah.

ASHRAM

Get down.

Sarah ducks into the shallow wash.

89 INT. ELEPHANT - NIGHT 89

Finn and Papa Bear lock eyes again. Finn nods.

90 EXT. DIRT ROAD - NIGHT 90

Papa Bear power slides the Elephant 180 degrees.

FINN

Go go go go go.

91 INT. ELEPHANT - NIGHT 91

Windows power down. Finn mounts the improvised perch and provides cover fire. Metro collects Sarah's pistols. Moves to help. There is no window to roll down. He kicks the break way section out on the driver's side and joins Finn.

PAPA BEAR

What are doing to my car?

METRO

I'm making the inside bigger. You can thank me later.

92 EXT. WASHED OUT ROAD - NIGHT 92

Another rider vaults from his saddle. Takes Ashram back into the dirt. The shotgun flies free.

Ashram unsheathes the blade from his back. Sarah drives her machete into the Undead Soldier's back. Ashram separates the Undead head from its owner. He goes to retrieve the shotgun only to discover it in the possession of one of the Undead.

The soldier tries to fire the weapon, only to have his skeletal hand disintegrate with the force of the trigger pull. Sarah lets her machete sing.

Ashram grabs the nearest rider. Yanks him from the saddle. Buries steel in his head, grabs the reins, mounts in one continuous motion.

The horse, red eyes matted in rotting flesh, stands stock still. Glowers at his new mount. Ashram places the tip of the blade between the horse's eyes.

ASHRAM

Move.

The horse WHINNIES, rears and bolts forward.

ASHRAM

Good boy.

Another rider bears down on Sarah. Ashram throws the blade. It cleaves through the soldier with enough force to dismount him. Two other riders approach from opposite sides.

93 EXT. DIRT ROAD - NIGHT

93

Metro brings the grenade launcher to bear. He levels it at Finn. Finn ducks as it BELCHES, an Undead rider explodes behind him. He turns wide-eyed on Metro.

METRO

Sorry.

Finn just shakes his head.

94 EXT. WASHED OUT ROAD - NIGHT

94

Bullets fly. Ashram looks back up the road. Papa Bear, Finn and Metro level the killing field. One of the riders explodes courtesy of another of Metro's grenades. The other falls in a hail of bullets.

Ashram looks down the road. Thaddeus thunders toward them.

ASHRAM

Let's go.

Ashram flies over the washout. Turns his steed. Sarah rushes to meet him. He reaches down. Pulls Sarah up behind him. He spurs his horse forward as the Elephant reaches the ravine.

Papa Bear slams on the brakes and cuts the wheel. The car rotates as Ashram's mount barely clears the hood. The back tire drops into the wash out. It spins. Stuck.

The rider with Ashram's blade drives at them.

The tire spins.

As the rider raises his blade to swing, Ashram launches himself from the saddle and bowls the rider from his mount. The two combatants crash to the dirt. Ashram comes up with the blade. The rider comes up short a head.

Finn and Metro keep the Undead at bay. Papa Bear rocks the car back and forth.

The rider with the shotgun gallops at Sarah. She turns her horse. Rams the rider's mount. The horses try to dodge but are too close. Sarah hits the dirt. The shotgun drops at Ashram's feet. The Undead is on Sarah. And removed definitively with an Ashram aimed shotgun blast.

He tosses the gun to Sarah. Bolts for the Elephant.

ASHRAM

Cover us.

Points to Metro and Finn.

ASHRAM

We've got to shove this Betty out of here.

Sarah unfurls a rope from her saddle.

Masculine hands push hard against unyielding metal.

The rope whips around the front bumper hitch.

The three put their backs into it.

Sarah mounts her horse, lashes the rope around the saddle horn and spurs her mount hard.

The men give one last herculean effort. The horse surges and the Elephant rockets forward, leaving the men in the dust.

Sarah's Undead stallion disintegrates with the force of his effort. She dives in the Elephant as it passes.

Finn yanks Metro out of the way of an oncoming rider. Ashram unseats another and takes his mount.

ASHRAM

Go, get in.

He turns after the closest three mounts. Finn and Metro dash after the Elephant, waving it forward.

Ashram dispatches the three, pivots. Chases after the Elephant.

They reach the Elephant and jump in the open back. They glance back. Ashram rides hard up behind them.

FINN

Floor it, Papa Bear. Go.

Ashram rides along side the Elephant. Leaps to the roof. An Undead rider right behind him. Thaddeus.

Ashram rolls over with Thaddeus at his throat. A second Undead lands atop the Elephant. He throws him back, but Thaddeus fills the spot.

The sabre comes down. Ashram rolls to avoid it. He comes up and thrusts. Hit from behind by the Undead. Ashram's blade pierces the roof directly between Finn and Papa Bear.

PAPA BEAR

A little consideration down here.

Finn sticks his head out the side door only to be greeted by the face of the Undead. He falls back startled. Swings out on the suicide door.

Metro tries from the other side. Thaddeus lunges at Ashram. Ashram holds his buried blade as an anchor and kicks. Thaddeus side steps, the Undead attacks. Ashram throws him aside, into a shotgun butt crack from Metro.

Thaddeus swings at Metro. He parries with the shotgun. Finn swings out.

Ashram twists under the Undead, brings his foot up and launches his adversary out, away from the Elephant.

He is trampled under hoof of the pursuing stampede.

METRO

Everybody hang on.

Metro sticks his head back in the window.

Metro

Swerve.

Papa Bear cuts the wheel hard left, then hard right. Metro swings the shotgun. Ashram kicks. Thaddeus flies off into the ditch.

Ashram lays on his back on the roof of the Elephant. He produces two shining discs from his vest. He pushes a button. They light up, humming to life. The hum rapidly increases in pitch, the lights flash faster.

Just before the apex, he lets the discs fly at the approaching cavalry.

Everything behind them disappears in a FLASH OF WHITE AND NOISE. Scorched Earth.

Ashram slides in the back hatch of Elephant.

FINN

What was that?

ASHRAM

Tesseract bomb.

PAPA BEAR

Bigger on the inside.

ASHRAM

Something like that. It should buy us some time.

METRO

Time? For what? We need to get hell outta here.

ASHRAM

There is no 'out' of here. We're dealing with a Transgressor.

95

EXT. DIRT ROAD - FURTHER AHEAD - NIGHT

95

LANCE

What are you talking about?

EPHREM

We've transgressed on their land. They don't stop until we're dead.

DELAWARE

Who made that rule?

EPHREM

They did. The South.

DELAWARE  
But I'm from the South.

EPHREM  
Yeah, but you're not dead yet.

DELAWARE  
I've got to die before I can get  
away from them?

EPHREM  
Not if we kill 'em first.

The Elephant pulls along side Ephrem's group.

EPHREM  
Everything alright back there?

PAPA BEAR  
You kidding? The fun never stops.

EPHREM  
We need a plan.

Ashram points to a construction zone ahead.

ASHRAM  
What's that up there?

METRO  
They're building the new freeway by-  
pass.

ASHRAM  
Any port in a storm, mate.

96 EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - NIGHT

96

They pull off the dirt road into the construction site with Ephrem's group directly behind them.

Crawler loaders, bulldozers, pavers, asphalt distributors, skid steer loaders, culverts, pilings, rebar stations and mounds of asphalt and concrete clutter the staging area.

Everyone unloads. Papa Bear and Jade embrace. They finally have a moment to decompress. Tears flow.

EPHREM  
Between those bull-dozers looks  
defensible. Let's get everyone up  
there. We can fortify it with those  
pallets.

Ephrem indicates the fork lift parked near a group of rebar stations.

EPHREM

Anyone know how to operate a fork lift?

Finn reluctantly nods. He hurries off to move the pallets. Val wrangles the horses. Papa Bear strides up to Cleat.

And DECKS him. HARD.

PAPA BEAR

I'd rip your heart out and eat your soul, if you had either.

Cleat moves to defend himself, but before Papa Bear can press further, Jade stops him.

JADE

He's not worth it.

PAPA BEAR

You're right.

Papa Bear turns away. Jade jump kicks and knocks Cleat out cold. Papa Bear stands shocked.

JADE

But I didn't say I wouldn't enjoy it.

She strides up to the main group.

JADE

So what's our plan?

ASHRAM

We still have the small matter of the chaos engine.

METRO

It's not called an engine for nothing, right? I mean, it's gotta run on something.

JADE

Let me guess. Chaos.

METRO

So we just gotta be organized to shut it down, right? We gotta have order.

SARAH

Peace, love and understanding?

Sarah looks to Metro and Papa Bear. Delaware and Ephrem. Jade and Cleat. The realization sinks in.

SARAH

We are so screwed.

PAPA BEAR

This is like a bad episode of Star Trek.

DELAWARE

More like Scooby Doo.

EPHREM

It's not that simple. When she destroyed the vessel, she interrupted the signal flow. Now it's running short circuited.

VAL

You should summon the Wrecker.

Ephrem and Ashram stop. Bewildered double take. Speechless.

EPHREM

How do you know about The Wrecker?

VAL

I am a practitioner of Sinanju.

JADE

Who's the Wrecker?

ASHRAM

The Wrecker of Engines is a Pyronia Tithonus.

PAPA BEAR

That helps.

LANCE

He's a butterfly?

Finn motions to Lance to help him.

EPHREM

He's one of several gatekeepers that monitor dimensional planes.

PAPA BEAR

If he's the Wrecker of Engines and we've got a Chaos Engine, he sounds like our guy.

EPHREM

That's what you said last time.

PAPA BEAR

Last time?

ASHRAM

There's a price to pay. When you summon a gatekeeper, in exchange for what ever limited help you receive, he exacts a toll.

PAPA BEAR

Like what?

EPHREM

A year of your life or a year of your memories.

PAPA BEAR

That doesn't sound so bad.

ASHRAM

It's not linear. It can be from any point in your life. Say he takes the first year of your life. You cease to exist.

PAPA BEAR

So you give him a year of your memories.

EPHREM

That worked out so well for you last time, didn't it?

PAPA BEAR

What do you mean?

Ephrem snaps on Papa Bear with venom.

EPHREM

Tell me about your wife. Don't remember her do you? Your childhood sweetheart? Or what happened to Cameron?

ASHRAM

That's enough mate.

EPHREM

No, it's not. You were with us the last time we faced one of these bastards. You had to play hero. They took the best year of your life and it cost us our partner.

ASHRAM

I said that's enough.

They lock eyes.

ASHRAM

She's right and you know it. No matter what the cost. We don't stop this right here, now. We don't have to worry about tomorrow, cause there won't be one. For any of us. At least not one we'd recognize.

Behind them Finn and Lance move Cleat on a pallet with the forklift.

METRO

Moot point now. Looks like we're back to our ass kicking option.

The Undead, led by Thaddeus, charge up the road to the staging area. Everyone hustles into the temporary fort.

LANCE

Dude, use those time stoppy things.

ASHRAM

One time deal. Once per planetary rotation.

EPHREM

Got something just as good.

Ephrem slides on a sleek gauntlet. Pulls the same flat piece of metal from a vest pocket. He checks a reading.

FULL CHARGE

He switches it on. A thin beam of energy protrudes from the end. It disappears from sight when turned on edge.

EPHREM

Let's show these zombie bastards how we do things Down Under.

He rushes the oncoming tide, slicing and dicing as they come.

FINN

He's got a light saber?

ASHRAM

Slider. Irradiated energy kept in a agitated state one molecule thin. It literally slices between the molecules.

PAPA BEAR

I gotta get me one of those.

ASHRAM

Yeah. They make you sterile.

Papa Bear holds up his Uzi.

PAPA BEAR

I'm good.

Val vaults the make shift wall of pallets on horseback and joins Ephrem. Jade rushes out, sabres drawn.

Metro lets loose with a barrage of grenades. Sarah fires her pistols. Lance uses Metro's shotgun.

Delaware finds a fireproof metal storage cabinet, smashes the lock open with a large piling anchor.

Cans of road marking paint inside. She snatches a roll of duct tape from a shelf and tapes three cans together. She activates the plunger on the first can. Accidently douses Finn in orange fluorescent paint.

FINN

As if we weren't big enough targets already. Thanks.

DELAWARE

Sorry. Give me a hand?

Finn reluctantly moves over to assist. She tapes the plunger down. Lights the spray with Jade's pilfered lighter. An angry orange plume of flame spits out of the can.

She tosses the makeshift molotov cocktail at the Undead horde. It EXPLODES IN A FLURRY OF PAINT AND AEROSOL, taking the closest three Undead out.

Jade and Ephrem work back to back. A group of Undead flank them.

Val spies Thaddeus directing his legion. Jade nods. Val charges. He spurs his horse forward. The two collide like freight trains. Both hit the dirt.

Ephrem yanks Jade out of the line of fire and charges Thaddeus. Thaddeus raises his sabre. Ephrem cuts it in half with the Slider and swings around for the killing strike.

Nothing.

Ephrem looks down at the Slider. A dim warning light flashes.

LOW BATTERY

Ephrem finds himself ass over tea kettle. Thaddeus quickly picks up an abandoned sword from a fallen Undead, but before he can press his advantage Jade steps in.

An Undead cavalry officer hovers over Ephrem with a drawn rapier. The blade descends. The officer is blown away. Ashram offers his hand.

ASHRAM

We're rooted, brother.

Ephrem comes to his feet. Val and Jade double team Thaddeus. Val grabs a rope from her saddle.

EPHREM

Alright. Call him.

ASHRAM

You sure?

EPHREM

Hell, no. But it's not like we have a choice.

Ephrem clasps his shoulder. Spins around to cover his back. Ashram touches a button on his com-link. It connects.

ASHRAM

Hello? Hey. It's me.

Val manages to gather rope around Thaddeus' neck. Tosses the loose end to Jade as she mounts Val's horse.

Thaddeus leaves his feet as Jade drags him through the army of the Undead. Several of Thaddeus minions turn and follow.

VAL

Jade!

The rest encircle Val, Ashram and Ephrem as they fight their way back to cover.

ASHRAM

Mom, please not now, just call him  
for me. Don't worry, he'll know  
where to find us.

Papa Bear's Uzi spits it's last round. The tactical bag is empty. Metro loads his last grenade. Sarah's pistols click on empty chambers.

She clubs an Undead as it breeches the pallets. Metro cleaves it with the machete.

Lightning flashes. The wind howls. Thunder explodes. A step van crashes up the road scattering Undead like chaff.

Spins to a stop in front of the group.

Door snaps open. THE WRECKER steps out.

Steel toed work boots. Razor sharp gray flat top. Slight beer belly. Black frame glasses. Mustache. Work belt plastered with tools. Gray mechanics uniform. Everything about him screams business. Man business.

THE WRECKER

Morning, boys. What's so hellfire  
important that you gotta pester  
your old man before breakfast.

For once, even Val is taken aback.

The Wrecker surveys the surroundings.

THE WRECKER

Looks like you're tick full up to  
your arse in the Undead.

An Undead charges. The Wrecker simply steps aside and uses his momentum to throw him into a group attacking from the opposite direction.

EPHREM

It's a bit more than that.

THE WRECKER

I should think so, otherwise what  
do you need me for?

EPHREM

Dad. Can you just...

THE WRECKER  
So, we're all familiars now are we?

FINN  
He's your DAD?

Ephrem shoots him a cease and desist look. Finn goes back to picking off incoming.

EPHREM  
Can we not do this now?

THE WRECKER  
You brought it up. I just go where I'm summoned.

ASHRAM  
That's right. We summoned you and we are prepared to pay your fee. Are you going to provide service or not?

THE WRECKER  
(to Ephrem)  
Your brother always did have his testicles in bunch. So bloody high strung.

ASHRAM  
I'm not really in the best frame of mind right now, so maybe you just better...

An Undead foot soldier slips through the ranks. Right at The Wrecker. He catches him by the throat and tosses him aside without missing a beat.

THE WRECKER  
Corral your brumbies. You summon the Wrecker. You get the Wrecker. Now what you got needs wrecking.

EPHREM  
Chaos Engine.

THE WRECKER  
Why didn't you say so. Haven't seen one of them since the Nixon assassination.

ASHRAM  
Wrong dimension.

THE WRECKER

Whatever you say.

He flips a carpenter's square from his tool belt and snaps it deftly across the staging area where it finds a new home in an Undead forehead. It lands with enough force to knock the Undead off his feet.

THE WRECKER

That one's on the house. Now, where is this little bugger?

EPHREM

The vessel was destroyed.

The impact of this soaks in.

THE WRECKER

Let me get this right. You've got an untethered Chaos Engine?

PAPA BEAR

And that's bad?

THE WRECKER

It's like bad, mixed with bad with a little bad thrown in.

VAL

We need Gideon's Hammer.

The Wrecker looks at Val. At Ashram and Ephrem. Back to Val.

THE WRECKER

Who's the Shelia?

PAPA BEAR

Someone I think we should listen to. Even though I have no idea what she is saying.

THE WRECKER

Right. And who are you?

ASHRAM

We don't have time to introduce everybody just now.

THE WRECKER

There's always time for pleasantries, son. At least I know your mom reared you better than that.

ASHRAM

Can we please not bring mom into this?

THE WRECKER

A mite more respect for your elders never hurt anyone.

EPHREM

The hammer?!

THE WRECKER

Too right.

A group of Undead swarm Metro, Sarah and Lance. Delaware and Val help fight them off.

Sarah lobs the head off one last attacker. One of the Undead bites Metro on the hand. He yelps.

METRO

Dammit! It bit me! The son of bitch bit me!

The Wrecker cuts through the Undead horde with ease. Throttles the biter. Head butts him with enough force to sperate his head from his shoulders.

METRO

Oh my God. I'm gonna die.

The Wrecker pulls him up.

THE WRECKER

Son, they're Undead minions, not zombies. Clean yourself up.

He hands him a Handi-Wipe. Strides over to his van. Throws open the doors.

97

INT. THE WRECKER'S VAN - NIGHT

97

A plumbing and electrical nightmare. Every tool known to man and a few that aren't, fill the interior.

Finn looks over his shoulder. Several Undead charge in. Finn grabs a pneumatic bolt gun nearby and fires. A single steel bolt rips through all three Undead in succession.

Without looking, The Wrecker has Finn's throat in his hand.

THE WRECKER

Never touch another man's tools...

The Wrecker turns to Finn. Pulls him close.

THE WRECKER  
...without asking.

FINN  
(choking)  
Can I borrow this?

The Wrecker releases Finn. Again, with his eyes elsewhere he sends a screwdriver flying through an Undead eyeball.

THE WRECKER  
Sure, help yourself.

FINN  
Thanks.

Finn fires. Takes out a few more Undead.

The Wrecker pushes aside a bronze coil of wire and several five gallon buckets filled with screws and nails to reveal...

A giant, thick, jewel encrusted sledge hammer fully five feet long with a handle that tapers to steel pike.

FINN  
That's what I'm talking about.

The Wrecker hands the sledge hammer to Finn.

THE WRECKER  
Here. Hold this.

The weight is extremely deceptive. It drops immediately.

The Wrecker reaches back into the van and retrieves a weathered leather case. Dust flies when he pops the latches. Case opens. Blinding amber light. He pulls out a gold plated trumpet. Simple. Elegant.

98 EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - NIGHT

98

THE WRECKER  
Any one here play?

Blank stares all around.

THE WRECKER  
Thought not.

He places his lips on the mouthpiece.

An Undead infantryman rushes him.

The Wrecker BLOWS A TINY SERIES OF WARM UP NOTES.

The closest Undead disintegrate around them. Nothing but ash and dirt.

Another simple arpeggio. Several more fall.

The Wrecker grins. Takes a deep breathe. And CUTS LOOSE.

A TRUMPET SOLO FOR THE AGES.

The Undead turn to dust. They fall in waves.

A well thrown sabre cleaves the air. The Hammer is batted away. It falls at an Undead Soldier's feet.

THADDEUS

I do believe we have had enough of that.

The soldier tosses the Hammer and the sabre back to Thaddeus. He sheathes his sword, but before he can bask in his newly won victory, he is tackled to the ground headlong by Papa Bear.

The Hammer skitters away in the dirt. Humans and Undead vie for possession. Thaddeus knocks Papa Bear back.

The Hammer falls into Finn's hand. From there to the Wrecker. He raises the Hammer for the coup de grace.

No mouthpiece.

THADDEUS

Looking for this?

The mouthpiece in his hand. Papa Bear rushes in. Slapped down. Tackled again.

PAPA BEAR

You give the South a bad name, old man.

They roll to their feet. Come up eye to eye. Thaddeus, angry at the interruption, goes livid when he sees the violator.

THADDEUS

Slave! Someone needs to teach this Nigger his place.

Everyone freezes. Even the Undead give pause.

PAPA BEAR

Oh, you so did not just go there.

...And that was how the Undead Confederate Colonel Thaddeus Nathaniel Hazzard met the 250 fifty pound runaway freight train and 150 years of pent up racial strife that was Curtis 'Papa Bear' Panaan.

And probably wished he'd kept his tongue.

Jade rides up with Consuella's body.

JADE

Colonel Hazzard.

She and Papa Bear lock eyes. He shoves Thaddeus away. Tosses the retrieved mouthpiece to Finn.

She dismounts. Carries Consuella to Thaddeus. Pricks her finger. Lets a drop of blood taint the Priestess' lips.

Her eyes flutter and open. Their faces light when they see one another.

Thaddeus clutches her tight. They embrace.

Jade looks to the Wrecker. He smiles. Tosses her the Hammer.

She puts it to her lips.

And plays.

Not the Tower of Power anthem of The Wrecker, but a perfect, lyrical melody of soul, spirit and life.

Thaddeus pulls himself to his full height. Cradles his lost love. Embraces Jade. Snaps off a smart salute. A silent tear slips across his face.

As the Undead fall and decay around him, his verve turns to pallor. He and Consuella too, fade to dust.

The Undead are dead once again.

The SILENCE is deafening.

Jade cries into Papa Bear's shoulder. Delaware and Lance hug. Metro holds Sarah aloft. Finn and Val join Delaware and Lance in a group hug. Even the Wrecker and his sons allow themselves to get caught up in the moment.

Ephrem and Delaware along with Papa Bear and Metro put animosities behind them. Val bows before the Wrecker in respect. Finn shakes his hand.

It's over. They've won.

A barely perceptible PHHHHFFFFFFTTTT.

The Wrecker stumbles back. And falls.

The sound of one man clapping.

CLEAT (O.S.)  
 Congratulations. You did it.

Everyone turns. Cleat steps out from behind a concrete piling, holding the pneumatic bolt gun.

THE WRECKER  
 Sepulveda?

CLEAT  
 G'day, mate. Been a long time.  
 Thanks for clearing away all the  
 chaff.

A second bolt fires.

CLEAT  
 And g'night.

THE WRECKER  
 Aren't you a dunny rat.

The Wrecker drops to the ground.

EPHREM  
 DAD!

Ephrem and Ashram rush to their father's side.

And the night behind Cleat fills with Tatters.

LANCE  
 Dude. You're are so screwed.

He turns to face the Tatters. Grins.

CLEAT  
 Oh, them? They're with me.

LANCE  
 What?

CLEAT  
 Well, they didn't ride with me. But  
 I am offering guidance.

Two more bolts fire. Ephrem goes down. Cleat chokes up. His eyes swell and tear.

CLEAT

I'm sorry. It's just. I've waited  
so long for this.

Sarah scream. Charges full on at Cleat. A Tatter moves to intercept. Metro tackles her before the Tatter reaches her.

Cleat follows the melee. Raises the bolt gun. Fires. It falls on an empty chamber.

Delaware slices the Tatter in half with the machete.

ASHRAM

Hey, old man.

Cleat turns.

ASHRAM

Yeah, you. You die. Painfully.

Ashram fires his shotgun. Dead at Cleat. And the Tatter nearest him drops. The shotgun barks again. A Tatter on the left falls. Pump action. Fires. Same result. Again. Point blank. Cleat simply moves his head, unnaturally fast.

Sarah rolls over.

SARAH

I know how to stop this.

On her feet. Bolts to the horses, mounts on the run and is gone.

Cleat catches the movement out of the corner of his eye.

CLEAT

Get her. Get after her.

Ashram swings the shotgun at Cleat's head. He catches it effortlessly. The katana whips out. Cleat uses the shotgun as a foil. Ashram is fast, but somehow Cleat is faster.

Jade mounts up and grabs Val en route. They rush after Sarah. Finn tries to process the new developments. He moves to The Wrecker.

ASHRAM

Leave him. Protect the girl. NOW!

Finn jumps in the Wrecker's van. Fires it up. Spins out.

Delaware and Lance sprint for the remaining horses.

Metro locks eyes with Papa Bear. They move for the van.

A Tatter bears down on Papa Bear. Metro intervenes. Shoves Papa Bear out of the way...

..and catches a SICKLE FULL IN THE CHEST.

Finn crushes the Tatter under the wheels of the van.

He rushes to their side. Helps get Metro in the van.

The Tatters give chase. The battlefield is quiet. Except for...

...Ashram, an unleashed, purposeful, seething force. And Cleat whips him soundly.

99 INT. THE WRECKER'S VAN - NIGHT

99

Papa Bear tries to make Metro comfortable. He coughs up dark blood. He clutches Papa Bear's hand. Looks him in the eye.

METRO

My sister. You're responsible. You dick.

A lopsided grin splits his face. He fades away.

Papa Bear reaches up and closes his eyes.

PAPA BEAR

My brother.

100 EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

100

Sarah vaults over a ridge. Before her is the Crystal Palace.

Tatters crash through the tree line behind her.

101 EXT. THE CRYSTAL PALACE - NIGHT

101

She dismounts on the fly. Heads to the front door. AND STOPS.

The UNDEAD await her. Pine, Jim Bobby, Loco and the Bar Patrons.

SARAH

Oh, come on.

Jade and Val have her back. Delaware and Lance overrun the line of Tatters to join them.

Before they can mount an offensive, the Wrecker's van careens down the ridge spilling Tatters as it crashes to a stop buried in the front porch.

Finn and Papa Bear disembark through the side door. They take note of their surroundings.

FINN

Zombies to the left of me.  
Scarecrows to the right. Stuck in  
the middle with you.

PAPA BEAR

Good point. After this, I quit too.

FINN

Quit? I'm just getting warmed up.

Finn looks over to Metro.

FINN

This shit just got personal.

He grabs an axe and a baseball bat. One of the Undead Bar Patrons vaults over the van. Finn swings the axe. One Undead less.

Sarah sees Metro's body. Screams. Runs to them. The Tatters move in, joined by the recently deceased patrons of the Crystal Palace.

Loco rushes the group flanked by two Surly Men. Jade and Val meet the attack. Loco guns for Delaware.

LOCO

Tienes tremendo culo.

Lance spins him around.

LANCE

Hands off the merchandise, wigger.

A shovel separates Loco from his head. Lance grins at Delaware. She smiles back. And he is cut down.

Delaware screams, rushes in. Val joins her, but Lance is already gone.

Finn grabs Sarah by the shoulders.

FINN

Ashram said to protect you. What's going on?

Sarah points to Pine.

SARAH

We need the medallion I gave him.

PAPA BEAR

Wait a minute.

FINN

You gave him?

A thrown kama slices across Sarah's forehead. Opens flesh to bone. She falls back into Papa Bear.

FINN

Keep her safe.

Finn hacks and slashes his way to the porch.

Papa Bear dumps Sarah next to Metro. Presses a shop towel against her forehead.

PAPA BEAR

Can you hold this?

She nods. Fading fast.

PAPA BEAR

Keep the pressure on.

Grabs the nearest thing to use as a weapon. Fires. The Tatter fills with staples.

PAPA BEAR

Not cool.

Staple Tatter rushes in.

102

INT. THE WRECKER'S VAN - NIGHT

102

Papa Bear leaps into the back of the van. Slams the sliding door shut. Staple Tatter's head falls inside the van.

The front windshield SHATTERS. Papa Bear grabs the next closet thing. A Ramset concrete nail gun. Fires.

The whole front end of the van is BLOWN AWAY by a force pulse.

PAPA BEAR  
Supercool.

He slides open the door. Fires again. Tatters blow back. He shoulders Sarah.

103 EXT. THE CRYSTAL PALACE - NIGHT 103

Finn cuts down a swarthy redneck. A pitchfork runs him through. Jim Bobby at the other end.

JIM BOBBY  
Sorry, pretty boy. We just want the  
cock tease.

Finn drops. Papa Bear fires. Close range. Jim Bobby is mush.

The throng crushes in. Delaware clutches Lance. Finn spits up blood. Papa Bears leans Sarah against the porch. She fades.

Papa Bear fires. Empty cartridge.

Val and Jade settle back to back. Papa Bear falls to his knees.

One more last stand.

FLAMES RIP THROUGH THE TATTERS.

A figure staggers through their ranks. Flame thrower spitting blessed hellfire.

Ephrem. Who has wires sparking and servos whirling in his open chest wound.

They stare gape jawed. Ephrem stutters and starts.

EPHREM  
After market parts. I've had some  
work done.

The flame thrower sputters out. He shudders, sags to his knees. Tatters and Undead burn in the parking lot.

The Elephant slams through the tree line. Airborne. Hits hard. Snaps to a stop in the middle of everything. The passenger door opens. Ashram falls out. Beaten, bloody and barely breathing.

Cleat steps out of the driver's side. Opens an umbrella. The night sky SPLITS. And UNLEASHES A DELUGE.

The Tatters shake the flames from their bodies.

FINN

Seriously, can this get any worse.

Val shoots him an intense, horrified look.

FINN

I didn't mean that.

Cleat approaches the survivors. Tatters mill behind him.

CLEAT

Funny thing about chaos. You can't really control it.

Leans into Jade.

CLEAT

But with the right attitude, it can be directed.

She swings her blade. He blocks it easily. Shoves her to the ground.

JADE

You started all this? You're the Chaos Engine.

The Undead circle up on Cleat. Pine approaches Sarah.

PINE

I want the whore hound.

CLEAT

Some respect here. We have plenty of time.

They slink back, hesitant. Agitated. Eager. Hungry.

CLEAT

I have been putting pieces in place for a very long time. Things are going to change around here. Forever.

Sarah makes eye contact with Jade. Indicates her medallion. Looks to Pine.

CLEAT

I need someone to know. The work I've done. To understand how it all started. What I went through. The effort. The sacrifices I made.

PAPA BEAR  
The sacrifices you made?

Jade follows her look to the medallion around Pine's neck.

CLEAT  
Everybody wants something. Usually  
you have to sacrifice something to  
get it. I just facilitated.

SARAH  
I didn't want this.

CLEAT  
You did. You just didn't know it.

The girls eyes lock again. Sarah raises her eyebrows. Jade  
nods.

CLEAT  
Consuella wanted an opportunity. A  
well deserved second chance. I just  
let each one of you play your hand.

Jade steps in front. Confrontational.

JADE  
And what did you want, cracker?

CLEAT  
There is a better way to do things.  
I had to show them that.

Cleat sticks his thumb at Ashram and Ephrem.

EPHREM  
You were. Disavowed.

CLEAT  
Can we please not go there again? I  
don't want to dredge up the past.

Ephrem sparks.

CLEAT  
Besides, when things go right. The  
way they should. You're looking at  
the new Wrecker.

The past. Bits and pieces. Papa Bear remembers.

PAPA BEAR  
They kicked you out. That's what  
this is all about. Revenge.

CLEAT

Revenge? No. Well. Maybe some  
satisfaction gained.

Jade taps her blade across Delaware's shoulder. Their eyes meet. Delaware wipes her face and nods. Val eases Finn to the ground.

CLEAT

This is about providing a catalyst.  
Righting wrongs. Finding common  
level ground.

Val and Delaware rise together next to Jade.

JADE

Yeah. We're gonna right an assload  
of wrongs, right now.

Three women. Six blades.

The rain stops. The air goes still.

For a brief instant the horde shrinks back.

DELAWARE

No more zombie sons of bitches.

ONE EARTH SHATTERING WAIL OF ANGER AND LOSS.

Nothing stands before their rage. They are retribution  
personified.

Even Cleat, impressed, scuttles back.

CLEAT

Sweet Lord of Mercy.

JADE

Little late for that now.

Sarah places her medallion in Papa Bear's hand. Looks at Finn.

SARAH

Thank you. Both of you.

They nod. She passes. Finn turns away.

Pine sees an opening. Rushes for Sarah. Papa Bear meets him. An unstoppable bull. Throat in his hand. Delaware tosses her kukri. He catches it and swings in one continuous motion.

Pine's head falls to one side. His body drops and Papa Bear holds the medallion.

He throws the medallions to Jade. She catches them and comes up in Cleat's face.

JADE

You always were such an  
unbelievable waste of sperm.

She shoves the medallions down his throat and washes his mouth out with sword.

He drops to his knees. Eyes wide. She extracts the sword and spins. His head separates from his neck. The medallions shatter.

Blinding gold and crimson light.

Tatters fall like marionettes with cut strings. Undead mill aimlessly.

Sunlight cracks the horizon.

Jade turns and walks up the steps into the Crystal Palace.

104

INT. THE CRYSTAL PALACE - MORNING

104

The aftermath. Everything is in shambles. Nerves are rattled and shot, torn beyond sense and reason.

Jade grabs a bottle of Tequila from the bar on the way to the stage.

Val helps Ashram inside. Delaware assists Ephrem up the steps and leans him in the doorway.

Papa Bear supports Finn. Sits him at the bar. Gets him a glass of water.

He waves it off. Smiles.

FINN

Better luck next time.

PAPA BEAR

With what?

FINN

Bass player.

Finn dies with a smile on his face. A tear rolls down Papa Bear's face.

PAPA BEAR

At least he didn't quit.

Suddenly, an Undead raises up from the floor. Screaming. Papa Bear grabs his gun from the bar and fires.

It clicks on empty chambers.

The Undead careens toward Finn and Papa Bear.

AND EXPLODES.

The report is DEFEANING. Chunks of ceiling fall. The pool table collapses.

Everyone slowly turns toward the source.

THE WRECKER

Residual energy. It'll wear off.

Unbelieving looks all around

THE WRECKER

Sorry. That might've been a bit of overkill.

Ephrem looks over his shoulder. Ashram forces himself to stand.

EPHREM

Dad?

ASHRAM

Dad? I thought. I thought. I mean.

The Wrecker grabs Ephrem by his shoulder, helps him to his brother.

THE WRECKER

Had to make you sure you youngin's were right and tidy. And I have a fee to collect.

The room goes unearthly still. No one makes eye contact. Papa Bear stands up.

PAPA BEAR

I...

JADE

I'll do it.

VAL

No. I am a follower.

DELAWARE

Don't look at me. I'm not that  
crazy.

THE WRECKER

And all of that maybe fair dinkum,  
but the boys here did the  
summoning. They gotta reckon with  
the Wrecker.

He chuckles at his own joke. Somber looks abound.

THE WRECKER

Well, that was funnier in my head.

No one makes eyes contact.

THE WRECKER

Lighten up you, tin lid wet  
blankets. I waive the fee.

He tosses something at Ashram, who catches it. Ashram opens  
his hand. Van keys.

He looks up at his Dad inquisitively. Realization dawns.

THE WRECKER

I'm too old for this shit. Maybe  
Sepulveda went about it a bad way,  
but he's not entirely wrong. Maybe  
we do need to do things  
differently. Some new blood. Fresh  
eyes. Job's yours if you want it.

ASHRAM

And if I don't?

THE WRECKER

If you don't? Are you tits over  
arse cobber? You'd be the new  
Wrecker. Mates wait half a  
millennium for that honor.

ASHRAM

Right. And if I don't?

The Wrecker smiles.

THE WRECKER

No skin lost. I'm sure I can figure  
out some way to break the news to  
your Mom.

ASHRAM

I'm in.

THE WRECKER

Figured as much. Now help me get your brother home. We gotta fix that epiduraplast with something a mite stronger. Whaddya know about adamantium?

They prepare to leave.

DELAWARE

Hey. You wanna maybe clue us in a bit here? What the hell just happened?

The Wrecker hands Ephrem off to his brother. Turns to confront Delaware.

THE WRECKER

You saved your little speck of reality tonight, thanks to you and your mates. Disgruntled former employee felt like we were doing our jobs wrongs. His way was best. But like most men of his ilk, he didn't have all the details, went off half cocked. Kinda like when you blow a harmless little lizard to smithereens. We let him go. Exiled him. He stewed for a long time. Got his hands on some dangerous equipment that he didn't know how to use and hit the on switch. And then somebody went and blew up the on switch before they could shut it off. So we had to fix that.

DELAWARE

Sorry.

THE WRECKER

Miss St. Croix?

DELAWARE

Yeah.

The Wrecker grins from ear to ear.

THE WRECKER

You did aces. You've got a lot of good in you.

He addresses them all.

THE WRECKER

All of you. Don't waste it. You did good. Honor your dead. Every day of your lives. They deserve it.

He pulls out a business card. A simple plain gold card. Hands it to her.

THE WRECKER

You need us? Just call. No fee.

He spins on heel and walks out of the Crystal Palace.

For a long moment they watch him go. The van drives out of the Crystal Palace parking lot and up the road.

Delaware shuffles through the wreckage, picks up a drum stick. Sets up an over-turned hi hat.

Papa Bear sits next to Jade on the stage. She hands him the bottle. Takes a swig.

JADE

Thanks.

PAPA BEAR

For?

JADE

Believing in me.

PAPA BEAR

Always have. Besides, we're family.

Finn's bass lays next to him.

He plugs it in. Switches on the amp. Power hums. Slaps a string.

Snare hit.

He lays down a languid bass line. Thumps, holds.

Drum fill. Backbeat.

Jade looks back at him and smiles. Picks up the mic beside her.

Papa Bear grins. And Jade sings.

JADE

'I don't want nothing to do with  
love.  
That's too much like a full time  
job.

Valkyrie straps on her Strat. Strums a power cord. A riff.

JADE

Just give me lust in the dust.  
Rock in my roll.  
Wind me up.  
Never let me go.

For one more, bright, shining moment, the house rocks.

JADE

I'm one for the money.  
Give me the show.  
Drop your pants.  
Go, cat, go.  
We're gonna rock til we drop.  
Roll 'til we blow.  
The sky's our limit.  
You don't tell us no.'

And Gin Crackle does what they do best.

FADE OUT.