

DEATH VALLEY RE-PILOT

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

1 EXT. BACK ALLEY - AFTERNOON (**SCENE ALREADY SHOT**) 1

A scruffy-looking BOOM MIC GUY, DIRECTOR and camera crew stand in front of a steel door. They lazily lean against a brick wall.

The steel doors slams open. A CRAZED WOMAN, runs wildly past the camera crew holding her neck as blood oozes through her fingers. Despite her injury, she moves fast.

Two uniformed cops, JOE STUBECK -- 30's, working class -- and BILLY WILBUR -- 20's, cocky and aggressive -- barrel after her through the open doorway, guns drawn.

STUBECK  
Don't lose her!

BILLY  
Shit!

The camera crew scrambles to get their gear ready in time to follow.

DIRECTOR  
Don't just stand there, follow them!

The cameraman whirls around sharply to follow the action. Everyone chases the woman on foot...

Down the sidewalk, past startled pedestrians.

They turn a corner and follow the woman through a liquor store. The cops yell at shoppers as they chase with guns drawn through the store.

BILLY  
Get down!

STUBECK  
Down!

They continue through a darkened back room, out the back door into an alley. The woman runs as fast as she can, but turns a corner right into a brick wall. Dead end.

BILLY and Stubeck stops and raise their guns at the woman.

BILLY & STUBECK

Freeze!

She spins around violently. Her eyes are wild, jaundiced and sickeningly bloodshot. She gnashes her teeth and screeches at the cops. She's a god damned zombie!

Stubeck and Billy fire. Blood, brains, and pieces of skull splatter against the alley wall. The woman drops to the ground. The camera whirls towards Billy and Stubeck. They slowly lower their sidearms and give the corpse a once over.

BILLY

Hey, you see they had Choco Tacos back there?

STUBECK

Hell, yeah. You wanna get some?

BILLY

Yeah.

Billy and Stubeck turn toward the camera crew.

STUBECK

Anybody want a Choco Taco?

The Boom Mic Guy bends and vomits.

BILLY

Not this guy.

STUBECK

Anybody else want a Choco Taco?  
It's like a taco of ice-cream.  
It's good.

\*\*\*NEW OPENING TITLE SEQUENCE

2

INT. STATION - EVENING

2

CAPTAIN JIM DASHELL, 39 and a tad pissed off from the moment he wakes up, stands before a roomful of seated cops.

DASHELL

Anybody know what tonight is?  
(a few hands go up)  
Don't say "poker night"...  
(a hand goes down)  
And do not tell me it's the season  
finale of "Glee."  
(two more hands go down)  
Fuckin' hate that show. Carla.

PAN to Officer CARLA SANCHEZ, young go-getter, hand raised.

CARLA

One-year anniversary of the first  
zombie sighting, Captain.

DASHELL

That's exactly right, Carla.

Officer JOHN-JOHN JOHNSON, seated next to Carla, leans over  
with a napkin in his hand.

JOHN-JOHN

(wiping her face, sotto)  
Here, you got a little Captain-ass  
on your nose.

CARLA

Just like you will when I'm running  
this place.

DASHELL

It was a year ago tonight that  
zombies began besmirching our fine  
community.

(then)

That's right, besmirching. And  
with the zombies came the vampires  
and the werewolves, and with them  
came my personal promise that I  
will not rest until we've  
eradicated this problem completely.

STUBECK

I thought you said we're just  
trying to contain the problem.

DASHELL

Well, you tell me -- are you  
satisfied containing the problem?

(then, for the cameras)

No, don't be silly. Stubeck,  
where's your partner?

STUBECK

He's in the can, sir. He had  
himself a couple of Choco Tacos,  
and I tell him all the time he's  
lactose intolerant, but the guy-

DASHELL

(holding up hand)

That's fine, Stubeck.

(then)

(MORE)

DASHELL (CONT'D)

You explain to Officer Wilbur that we're on high alert tonight, okay? We've been picking up some chatter - the vamps are definitely up to something, and I for one am not taking any chances. So let's be vigilant, let's all stick together, and let's let these nice people from Channel 5 get their story and get home in one piece.

The CAMERA PANS to our BOOM MIC GUY and another CAMERA OPERATOR.

DASHELL (CONT'D)

Final piece of business, we have someone joining our unit today: Officer Landry.  
(gesturing)  
Kristen, stand up.

KIRSTEN LANDRY, young and fresh-faced, waves shyly and sits back down. Carla gives her a dismissive glance.

DASHELL (CONT'D)

Officer Landry is new on the job, but I'm sure she's no rookie when it comes to zombies.

KIRSTEN

Actually, I've never seen one.

DASHELL

Well, trust me, it'll take you about two hours around here to lose your cherry.

(then)

Metaphorically, of course. I'm not suggesting you're actually-... and I'm certainly not suggesting you aren't. It's not my business how you conduct your affairs. And I don't mean actual "affairs," that's-

(changing subject)

Any other business? Okay, then, let's get out there and kill something.

As Dashell claps his hands and everybody gets up...

3

INT. BOOKING DESK - SECONDS LATER

3

The officers walk past actor LAURA PREPON, who's at the booking desk out front speaking to a CLERK.

LAURA PREPON

(clearly upset)

Guys, I'm talking broad daylight in the middle of Los Feliz. I had lunch at Figaro, and I walk back to my car and there's some drooling, dead-eyed zombie with a split in his head just wandering around behind Skylight Books. That is some EFF-ed up S! Seriously, do your jobs and keep these things in the valley!!

As John John and Carla exit the station, they look back.

JOHN-JOHN

Isn't that, y'know...?

CARLA

Yeah, Laura Prepon, she goes to the same Coffee Bean as me.

4 EXT. STREET - NIGHT (**SCENE ALREADY SHOT**) 4

Chryron: 1:19 a.m., Van Nuys

5 INT. COP CAR - CONTINUOUS 5

Stubeck sits behind the wheel of a UTF Cruiser, Billy riding shotgun. Stubeck talks over his shoulder to camera.

DIRECTOR (O.S.)

What's going on tonight?

STUBECK

We're staking out this motel for vampire prostitution.

BILLY

Staking out, vampires, get it?

Stubeck shakes his head at Billy.

STUBECK

Blood for sex is a big problem in the Valley. A lot of desperate guys with no cash willing to do whatever it takes to get a little action in.

Billy puts sunglasses on and turns towards the camera.

BILLY

That's right.

STUBECK  
Take those off, it's nighttime!

BILLY  
Whatever dude.

STUBECK  
Come on.

Stubeck turns to address camera.

STUBECK (CONT'D)  
What was I saying?

BILLY  
(sarcastically)  
Zombies, vampires.

STUBECK  
I don't talk like that.

BILLY  
Whatever, man.

STUBECK  
I don't.

Stubeck turns to face camera.

STUBECK (CONT'D)  
Zombies, vampires. I know a lot of  
guys who would cut and run, but not  
me. You wanna know why?

DIRECTOR (O.S.)  
Why's that?

Stubeck reaches up and takes a picture of his family out from  
the visor and shows it to camera.

DIRECTOR (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Is that your family?

STUBECK  
Damn right. I risk it all for  
them. I'm proud to.

He puts the picture away.

BILLY  
You wanna know why I do it?

DIRECTOR (O.S.)  
Ah, sure.

Billy fishes out his iPhone and holds it up to camera. It's a picture of two hot, naked chicks making out.

BILLY  
I do it for them.

DIRECTOR  
Nice.

STUBECK  
Let me see that.

Stubeck grabs the phone and takes a look. He's annoyed.

STUBECK (CONT'D)  
That's a picture of naked women  
groping each other!

BILLY  
(smiling)  
Yeah, I know.

STUBECK  
I said I do this for my family.

BILLY  
I've had this JPEG so long it's  
like my family.

Billy considers this.

BILLY (CONT'D)  
Technically, I guess that makes it  
incest.

STUBECK  
Stop it. Come on, grow up! Stop  
it!

Stubeck notices a JOHN walking into the motel.

STUBECK (CONT'D)  
Hey, hey, hey! Here we go -- a  
fish is taking the bait.

BILLY  
What fish?

STUBECK  
A fish is tak-. Jesus Christ,  
Billy, a man is going in with a  
prostitute.

BILLY

Oh!

STUBECK

Come on, lets go.

BILLY

Well, lets go. Whoa, whoa, whoa.

Billy pulls out his iPhone again.

STUBECK

What are you doing?

BILLY

I'm gonna take some pictures.

STUBECK

No, stop it. Put that away.

BILLY

Come on.

STUBECK

Now don't-.... Alright, let me get my gun.

Stubeck pulls out his gun and poses. Billy points his iPhone at Stubeck.

BILLY

Give me a good one. A little more pissed.

Stubeck makes a mean face.

BILLY (CONT'D)

Yeah, yeah, right there. Got it!

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

6 EXT./INT. SLEAZY MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT (**SCENE ALREADY SHOT**) 6

Stubeck and Billy stand outside the door of a motel room, guns drawn. Stubeck kicks the door in, and the camera crew rushes in after them. They find NADIA, a vampire prostitute, straddling a half-naked JOHN who's tied down to the bed. He has IV's in his arms, and blood is being slowly drained.

STUBECK

Okay, everybody, hands in the air.

BILLY

That means you, vampire tits.

STUBECK

Really? Vampire tits?

NADIA

I wasn't doing nothing.

STUBECK

Okay, Nadia, how many times are we gonna do this?

The John fidgets uncomfortably in the bed.

NADIA

Come on, Stubeck, leave working girl alone.

BILLY

You weren't working, you were humping this guy for blood.  
(straight into camera)  
Am I right?

STUBECK

What are you doing?

NADIA

(in Russian)  
Screw you, pig!

BILLY

Sorry, I don't speak vampire.

STUBECK

It's Russian, you idiot. Come on, Nadia, you know the drill. Hands behind your back.

Stubeck starts to cuff Nadia. The John squirms on the bed.

JOHN

This isn't what it looks like. I thought she was a regular prostitute.

BILLY

(mocking the John in a shrill voice)

I thought she was a regular prostitute.

(beat)

Are we in a cow pasture? 'Cause I smell bullshit.

Billy smiles at camera.

STUBECK

Go check the bathroom.

BILLY

I'm going to go check the bathroom.

Billy gives the camera another cocky cop pose.

STUBECK

I just told you to do that, so you're following an order right now.

JOHN

So if I don't have sex, do I still have to give blood?

7 EXT. STREET - SAME TIME 7

Chyron: 3:35 a.m., North Hollywood

8 INT. UTF CRUISER - CONTINUOUS 8

JOHN-JOHN and CARLA cruise the streets. Carla drives as John-John rides shotgun.

DIRECTOR (O.S.)

So, if there are monsters in the valley, why don't people move out?

JOHN-JOHN

I dunno, 'cause that's where they live. Shit, I live in the valley. You wanna buy me a place in Malibu? 'Cause I ain't stopping you.

CARLA

I bet you could pull that off.  
Living in a beach house, being  
neighbors with Mel Gibson and  
whoever...

JOHN-JOHN

No, no, not Mel Gibson.  
(he and Carla laugh)  
Ah, what the hell, Mel Gibson, I'm  
cool with that.

They laugh again.

CARLA

(to the Director)  
Believe me, if this monster shit  
ever spread to Malibu or Brentwood  
or the Hollywood Hills, they'd call  
in the SWAT team.

JOHN-JOHN

(defensive)  
Hey, we are the SWAT team. Everyone  
in this unit is a highly-trained  
specialist who takes their job very  
seriously.

CUT TO:

9 INT. SLEAZY MOTEL ROOM - SAME TIME (**SCENE ALREADY SHOT**) 9

Billy walks into the bathroom with his gun drawn.

BILLY

It smells like a cat's balls in  
here.

A snarling, foul VAMPIRE PIMP jumps out from behind a door  
and throws Billy across the room, knocking him out.

Stubeck hears this and turns in time to see the Vampire Pimp  
heading straight for him.

VAMPIRE PIMP

You're dead, pig!

Nadia, still handcuffed, starts jumping around laughing.

NADIA

Kill him!

Stubeck pulls out his UV-11 Anti-Vampire Night-Stick and  
burns the Vampire Pimp in the face.

The Vampire Pimp recoils in pain but recovers, grabs Stubeck by the throat and lifts him up against a wall. The John is freaking out tied to the bed.

JOHN

Ohmygod ohmygod ohmygod ohmygod!

The Vampire Pimp growls at Stubeck as he chokes him.

NADIA

Kill him!

Billy wakes up in the bathroom and runs out to help. He grabs the boom pole from the Boom Mic Guy but the Boom Guy struggles to hang on to it.

BOOM MIC GUY

Whoa, whoa -- dude, come on, this is like a \$500 boom.

Billy hits the Boom Guy in the nuts and gets the boom. He breaks the pole in half and thrusts the pointed edge through the Vampire Pimp's chest, spraying black blood everywhere. The pimp moans in pain and drops lifelessly to the floor. The John is still losing his mind.

JOHN

Ohmygod ohmygod ohmygod ohmygod!

BILLY

Shut up!

(a beat)

You know what they say about boom poles, don't you?

(he puts his shades on)

You never hear them coming.

Stubeck pops up from the floor.

STUBECK

That was a pretty good one.

BILLY

Fuck yeah.

10

INT. POLICE STATION - LATER THAT NIGHT

10

Dead quiet. Captain Dashell stares out his office window at Kirsten, who's at her desk, stretching her neck. Dashell walks out into the bullpen and approaches her.

DASHELL

So. You handling everything we threw at you today?

KIRSTEN

I've... been sitting at my desk for four hours.

DASHELL

I know that, I've been watching you. Not continually, I've also been catching up on my paperwork.

(then, defensive)

Which is just a small fraction of my job, I'm actually out on the beat quite a bit.

KIRSTEN

I'd love to be out on the beat.

DASHELL

In time, Kristen, in time.

KIRSTEN

It's, uh... Kirsten, actually.

DASHELL

What'd I say?

KIRSTEN

Kristen.

DASHELL

Say it your way.

KIRSTEN

Kirsten.

DASHELL

(a beat, then)

I'll be honest, I'm gonna have a little trouble with that.

Anyway...

(trying)

Krieeeerrsten...

(moving on)

...I know you wanna get out there and show me what you can do, but the valley's a long way from... where'd you say you're from again?

KIRSTEN

I didn't. Carefree, Arizona.

DASHELL

Carefree, Arizona. That's perfect. What do you in Carefree? You don't look like a golfer.

KIRSTEN

Actually, I'm a 12 handicap.

DASHELL

That means nothing to a zombie.  
You gonna kill a zombie with your  
golf club?

KIRSTEN

Well, if I had it on me, sure. You  
wanna destroy the brain, right?

DASHELL

Exactly. Shoot him through the  
eyes, run him over, smash his head  
in with a crowbar...

KIRSTEN

How's a crowbar different than a  
golf club?

DASHELL

"How's a crowbar-..." It... it  
just is, okay, Kriersten?

The door opens. Stubeck pushes a handcuffed Nadia inside.

DASHELL (CONT'D)

Well, well, well... if it isn't my  
favorite prostitute.

(then, to Kirsten)

I'm joking, I don't know any other  
prostitutes.

STUBECK

(cuffing Nadia to a bench)

Found our friend here draining the  
red vein. Billy almost got his  
brains bashed in by her pimp, but  
he managed to impale the assailant  
with a boom pole through the chest.

DASHELL

Kebabed the fucker, huh? Good for  
him. So, where's Billy now?

STUBECK

In the can, sir.

DASHELL

Choco Taco?

STUBECK

And a Slurpee.

NADIA  
 (struggling with cuffs)  
 Your partner killed wrong vampire.

DASHELL  
 Yeah, well, I guess we'll have to  
 live with that, won't we?

NADIA  
 Don't be so sure, Stubeck.

STUBECK  
 Ooh, scary...  
 (tossing keys to Dashell)  
 Alright, Nadia, you enjoy lock-up,  
 I'm heading home to my nice warm  
 bed -- which I use for sleeping,  
 not sex. And y'know why? Because  
 I am a happily married man.

Stubeck signs off to Dashell and Kirsten and heads out.

11

INT. HALLWAY/BATHROOM - SECONDS LATER

11

Stubeck knocks on the bathroom door.

STUBECK  
 (calling)  
 Billy, let's blow this joint.  
 (a beat, he knocks harder)  
 Billy?

Stubeck opens the door and walks inside. Bends down low and  
 sees... no feet in the stall.

STUBECK (CONT'D)  
 Billy??

Stubeck approaches the stall. After a beat, he KICKS IN THE  
 DOOR -- BANG! The stall's empty, except for something laying  
 on the floor: Billy's iPhone. As Stubeck picks it up, he  
 notices a smear of BLOOD on the bottom edge of the stall  
 door. He backs out, pulls his gun and searches the bathroom,  
 panicked.

STUBECK (CONT'D)  
 Billy!!!

And we...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

12 EXT./INT. UTF CRUISER - NIGHT

12

Chyron: 4:04 a.m., North Hollywood

Carla and John-John are still driving along.

JOHN-JOHN

(to the Director)

I'm telling you, I got tons of good inventions. I mean, when I was a kid I used to put water in a bottle and carry it around, I just never tried charging two bucks for it.

Then,

The radio crackles.

RADIO

Unit 23, unit 23, do you copy?

CARLA

Officer Sanchez here. I copy.

RADIO

We have a report of a 1-11 in progress at Wigley's Donuts, 1327 Chatsworth. Please report, over.

CARLA

Affirmative. Officer Johnson and I are on route, over.

John-John smiles. He pulls brass knuckles out of his front pocket and puts them on.

DIRECTOR (O.S.)

What's a 1-11?

CARLA

Slow-walker zombie. (\*ADD) The fresh ones can move pretty well, but a 1-11's been undead too long.

JOHN-JOHN

Wigley's Donuts, now that's what I'm talking about. I can go for a bear claw. Hit the lights, baby.

The lights and siren kick in and the car speeds away.

13

INT. DASHELL'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

13

Stubeck sits across from Capt. Dashell in a closed-door meeting. We see Kirsten out in the bullpen at her desk, and the BOOM MIC GUY staring out at her, smitten.

STUBECK

Nadia's not talking, but whoever snatched Billy sent us a video on his cell phone that's giving me the creeps. Check this out.

As Stubeck and Dashell huddle together to look at the video, a DISHEVELED MAN shuffles over to Kirsten in the b.g.

STUBECK (CONT'D)

(scrolling through pics)

Hang on...

(then)

Nope, that's the naked chicks...

(scrolling)

Celebrity Nip Slips... Man, Billy's got a lot of porn on this thing.

(then)

Okay, here we go.

Stubeck starts the video, which shows several VAMPIRES standing over a HOODED MAN, Al-Quaeda style. As one of the vampires reads a statement...

DASHELL

You think that's really Billy?

STUBECK

I dunno. But I can't say it's not him, right?

In the b.g., Kirsten helpfully points the Disheveled Man somewhere, clearly thinking he's homeless, until... HE LUNGES AT HER, MOUTH AGAPE. RACK FOCUS on Kirsten and the ZOMBIE as they tussle behind an oblivious Dashell and Stubeck.

STUBECK (CONT'D)

(re: video)

Here's where they tell me go to a warehouse off Balboa at ten minutes before sunrise -- unarmed, alone.

DASHELL

Shit. Then I guess that's what we're doing.

STUBECK

Seriously? No backup?

Kirsten kicks the Zombie in the groin, backhands his face and FLIPS HIM OVER HER BACK onto the floor (blocked by her desk). Hearing a THWUMP, Stubeck and Dashell look up, see nothing and resume talking.

DASHELL

Well, did they say what happens if we bring backup?

STUBECK

(dismissive shrug)  
Yeah, they'll kill Billy.

DASHELL

Then there you go.

STUBECK

Yeah, but, they always say that. They have to say that.

DASHELL

Doesn't mean they won't do it.

STUBECK

I'm not going in without backup.

DASHELL

C'mon, don't be a pussy.

STUBECK

(in disbelief)  
"Don't be a p-"

CRASH!!! Kirsten has taken a PLANTER and SMASHED IT OVER THE ZOMBIE'S HEAD, sending a SPRAY OF BLOOD SPATTERING HER FACE. Dashell and Stubeck look up and see only Kirsten standing over the shattered planter.

DASHELL

Fine, whatever, you'll have backup.

Dashell raps on the glass and motions Kirsten to come in. He turns back to Stubeck as Kirsten SPITS on the zombie and heads over.

STUBECK

How's she working out?

DASHELL

Eh. I'm not that impressed.

John-John is taking weapons out of the cruiser's trunk. He throws some nunchucks aside.

JOHN-JOHN

No, not today.  
(pushes sledgehammer away)  
Too big.  
(grabs an aluminum bat)  
Oh, yeah, Daddy's angel.

DIRECTOR (O.S.)

What's with the bat?

JOHN-JOHN

Well, you know, when it comes to zombies I like to keep this shit intimate, if you know what I'm sayin'.

DIRECTOR (O.S.)

Jesus, man, that seems a little dangerous!

CARLA

I tell him that every night.

JOHN-JOHN

Yeah, what can I say? I'm a creature of habit.

CARLA

(pointing at the camera)  
Well, everyone else, watch your back. You get bit, you're done.

JOHN-JOHN

Yeah, well I don't think we have to worry about that.

John-John laughs and points at the donut shop. One fat, SLOW MOVING ZOMBIE in shorts and a tank top is bumping mindlessly against the donut racks inside.

CARLA

Look at that fat bastard.

JOHN-JOHN

(mocking the zombie)  
Hey, hey, hey. I'm a zombie. What kind of donut do I want? Frosted? Sprinkles?

CARLA  
 (mocking the zombie)  
 No, no no. Brains!

Carla and John-John laugh.

JOHN-JOHN  
 That was good.

CARLA  
 I know. (beat) Alright, lets get it  
 over with.

JOHN-JOHN  
 Damn, I hate when it's that easy.

CUT TO:

15 INT. WIGGLY'S DONUTS - MOMENTS LATER (**SCENE ALREADY SHOT**) 15

The camera crew follows John-John and Carla as they enter Wiggly's. The place is a mess. Boxes all over the floor, donuts scattered everywhere, and the fluorescent lights are flickering. The zombie takes no notice of them and continues to stumble around aimlessly.

John-John ignores the zombie and starts putting donuts in a box.

JOHN-JOHN  
 Yeah, yeah.

CARLA  
 What the hell are you doing?

JOHN-JOHN  
 What do you mean what the hell I'm  
 doing? Uh, I'm in a donut shop.  
 You see all these lovely juicy  
 donuts? Chocolate twists and  
 everything, I'm getting a dozen.

CARLA  
 You can't wait?

JOHN-JOHN  
 Uh, I don't think he's going  
 anywhere.

John-John points at the slow-moving zombie who is slowly eating.

CARLA  
 Fuck it, get me some coconut. Dos.

JOHN-JOHN

Dos?

CARLA

Uh-huh.

JOHN-JOHN

Okay, I feel ya.

Carla keeps her gun drawn on the zombie as John-John gets the donuts.

CARLA

Y'know, you're not helping the cop stereotype with this donut shit.

JOHN-JOHN

Who cares? It's the only stereotype worth living up to.

Carla moves closer to the zombie.

CARLA

Hey, look, John-John. Big man still has a donut in his mouth.

JOHN-JOHN

Yo, that's not a donut, that's a hand.

A sudden crash causes the camera to whirl around to catch the Boom Guy accidentally knock something off the counter.

BOOM MIC GUY

Whoa, I am sorry. My bad. I didn't see-

Unexpectedly from the back room a FAST MOVING ZOMBIE runs out and grabs the Boom Guy by the shoulder.

BOOM MIC GUY (CONT'D)

Ah! Jesus!

John-John runs behind the counter, pulls the zombie off the Boom Guy and hits him in the head the bat.

CARLA

Jesus, John-John.

She shoots the slow moving zombie in the head, sending a spray of blood and brains across the donut shop.

JOHN-JOHN

What?

CARLA  
You wanna check the back!?

BOOM MIC GUY  
Sound still speeding.

JOHN-JOHN  
Shut the fuck up. Be still.

The boom guy gives an apologetic wave.

JOHN-JOHN (CONT'D)  
No, I don't want to check the back,  
I wanna get a bear claw.

CARLA  
Check the back.

JOHN-JOHN  
Damn.

John-John pulls out his gun.

CARLA  
Oh! We're pulling our gun out I  
see. I thought we liked it  
intimate.

JOHN-JOHN  
Shit, fuck that. You see how dark  
it is back there? It's like the  
god damn black hole.

John-John walks towards the back-room. He stops to kick the dead zombie and then continues to the back with his flashlight and gun drawn.

He shines his light around the darkened room and finds a pool of red liquid.

JOHN-JOHN (CONT'D)  
Oh, shit.

CARLA  
What happened?

John-John looks above the pool to see an overturned bucket of strawberry topping.

JOHN-JOHN  
Nothing.

He continues to survey the back room. Revealed in the halo of his flashlight are two snarling "FRESH" ZOMBIES eating a body. They're still dressed in their tattered, soiled aprons and filthy paper hats. One of them is missing his right hand. They notice John-John's light and rush at John-John, who opens fire. One of the zombies immediately jumps at Carla. Chaos breaks loose as the crew scatters, while the camera tries to catch all the action.

Carla fends off her zombie attacker. They scuffle on the floor. She gets a good punch in before the zombie trips her again.

John-John punches the other zombie and hits it several times in the head with the aluminum bat.

Carla crawls away from the zombie and kicks him in the head. The zombie recovers and lunges at her. She does the splits to avoid him. He eventually gets Carla by the throat and pins her against the wall.

The other zombie lunges at John-John's neck. John-John is able to kill the zombie with the bat.

Carla manages to kick her zombie attacker off and bashes his head in with a fire extinguisher.

Both zombies are out and the Boom Guy is losing it. He stands screaming.

BOOM MIC GUY

Oh God!!!

JOHN-JOHN

Whoa, shut up!

John-John slaps the Boom Guy in the face.

JOHN-JOHN (CONT'D)

Shut the fuck up.

BOOM MIC GUY

Alright.

JOHN-JOHN

God, damn. You're acting like a pussy.

CARLA

Calm down.

JOHN JOHN

Shit, get some balls.

The Boom Guy takes a breath and starts laughing.

BOOM MIC GUY  
I mean, this fucking night.

Suddenly, a new zombie lunges out from the back room and grabs the Boom guy's arm. The zombie bites into his arm, tearing the flesh off.

Carla pins the zombie's head down on the counter and shoots him spraying blood onto the counter and floor.

The Boom Guy sits on the floor holding his gnawed arm. Carla and John-John stand over him inspecting his condition.

JOHN-JOHN  
Check this shit out.

BOOM MIC GUY  
What are you guys looking at?

JOHN-JOHN  
You got bit, man. Means you're done.

Carla pulls her gun and aims it at the Boom Guy.

CARLA  
Real done.

BOOM GUY  
What are you guys talking about?  
I'm your sound guy.

John-John lowers Carla's gun with his left hand and picks up his bat.

JOHN-JOHN  
It's the valley, man. There's lots of sound guys.

John-John winds up to take a swing.

We hear the aluminum bat hit as everything goes to black.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

16 EXT. WAREHOUSE - DAWN 16

Stubeck, in jeans and leather jacket, stands at a large metal door. He takes one look back at an UNMARKED CAR parked down the block, adjusts a button (mic) on the pocket of his jacket and presses a BUZZER next to the door. After a beat, a buzzer sounds. Stubeck pulls open the door and steps inside.

17 INT. WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS 17

He pads down a dark hallway toward a shaft of light leaking from under a closed door. He reaches the door and is about to knock when it's opened by a TALL, RAVEN-HAIRED VAMPIRE. Stepping inside the dimly lit room, Stubeck sees two more VAMPIRES, DARKLY ATTRACTIVE, lounging on overstuffed couches.

VAMPIRE #1

You're punctual. Our master will appreciate that.

CUT TO:

18 INT. UNMARKED CAR - SAME TIME 18

John-John and Carla are listening on HEADPHONES.

CARLA

He's in.

JOHN-JOHN

My man is gonna get this shit under control, you just watch.

CUT TO:

19 INT. WAREHOUSE - SAME TIME 19

STUBECK

Where's Billy?

VAMPIRE #2

Don't worry, our master will take you to him.

STUBECK

Where's your master? Enough jerking around -- I smell pot, incidentally, and I'm not above busting every one of you unless someone has a valid prescription.

VAMPIRE #1 nods at VAMPIRE #2, who takes Stubeck by the arm -- Stubeck resists, then relents -- and walks him to another door.

VAMPIRE #2  
He's expecting you.

Vampire #2 opens the door. Stubeck hesitates, then walks inside the dark room as he hears the door shut behind him. Suddenly, a LAMP flicks on, and a familiar-looking OLD MAN in a club chair peers out at Stubeck.

STUBECK  
(a beat, in disbelief)  
Abe Vigoda???

ABE VIGODA  
That's me.

STUBECK  
What are you doing here? Wait --  
you're not the boss, are you?

ABE VIGODA  
Master. But, y'know, it's all the  
same crap.

CUT TO:

20 INT. UNMARKED CAR - SAME TIME

20

JOHN-JOHN  
(in disbelief)  
The boss is Abe Vigoda.

CARLA  
Master.

JOHN-JOHN  
Whatever. Abe Fuckin' Vigoda.

CUT TO:

21 INT. WAREHOUSE - SAME TIME

21

STUBECK  
I don't... How'd you get messed up  
in all of this crap?

ABE VIGODA  
What do you mean? I grew up in  
Russia in the 1600's, I've been a  
vampire since clocks were invented.  
(MORE)

ABE VIGODA (CONT'D)

Not a Master, I mean, I started at the bottom like everyone else. Season 4 of Barney Miller I got very busy and I almost quit, but I kept up with it during hiatus and, knock wood, here I am, 360 years old and still able to go to work every day.

STUBECK

Well, you look 80. Tops.

ABE VIGODA

(shrugs)

It's one of the perks.

CUT TO:

22 INT. UNMARKED CAR - SAME TIME

22

JOHN-JOHN

Abe Vigoda's a vampire.

CUT TO:

23 INT. WAREHOUSE - SAME TIME

23

ABE VIGODA

Look, I know why you're here, and to be honest I'd like to go back to bed. I don't sleep so well these days, I get up to pee three or four times a night, more if I've been drinking blood.

STUBECK

I want to see Billy.

ABE VIGODA

I want you to quit killing my top people and start staying the hell out of my business.

STUBECK

Not if your business is drugs and prostitution.

ABE VIGODA

Then I guess we'll have to agree to disagree.

STUBECK

I want to see Billy -- now.

ABE VIGODA

You'll see Billy. But first, could you get me a little nosh from the fridge?

Abe Vigoda indicates a full-sized REFRIGERATOR along one wall.

STUBECK

What do you want?

ABE VIGODA

Anything. What's in there?

Stubeck walks over to the refrigerator and opens the door. He looks inside, and staring back at him is BILLY'S SEVERED HEAD ON A PLATE -- SKIN DRAINED OF COLOR, EYES WIDE OPEN.

Stubeck is catatonic, speechless, then suddenly emits a LOUD, WORDLESS WAIL AT THE TOP OF HIS LUNGS.

CUT TO:

24 INT. UNMARKED CAR - SAME TIME 24

John-John and Carla rip the headphones off their ears.

JOHN-JOHN

(holding ears)

Dammit, Stu!

CARLA

Let's go.

Carla jumps out of the car and races for the warehouse with John-John on her heels.

CUT TO:

25 INT. WAREHOUSE - SAME TIME 25

Stubeck lowers his shoulder and BLOWS THE DOOR OFF ITS HINGES, running past the Vampires and down the hall to the outside.

26 EXT. WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS 26

Still screaming, Stubeck BURSTS OUT OF THE BUILDING and runs down the street, passing Carla and John-John without a glance. They watch him go, then:

JOHN-JOHN

This shit is not under control.

**CLOSING STING**

Chyron: Next On

27

EXT. VALLEY STREET - NIGHT (**SCENE ALREADY SHOT**)

27

STUBECK is undergoing a routine traffic stop. He addresses the camera as he approaches the car.

STUBECK

We deal with this all the time.

Stubeck approaches the pick-up with his flashlight out.

Behind the drivers wheel is a WEREWOLF.

WEREWOLF

Good evening officer.

STUBECK

Sir, I'm going to need you to turn the truck off.

WEREWOLF

Okay.

The Werewolf gets out of the truck.

STUBECK

Turning into a werewolf tonight?

WEREWOLF

I am. I know how this looks, but I was at the library and I-

STUBECK

You're clearly a werewolf right now. You're halfway there, your shirts ripped up. You've got a hairy belly.

WEREWOLF

I was waiting for a computer. I couldn't get online.

STUBECK

Well, you know the deal. It's a full moon, you gotta lock yourself in. So turn around, turn around and cuff him, okay?

(to camera)

He'll sleep it off, it's fine.

The werewolf points.

WEREWOLF  
Officer did you see-

Stubeck turns to look.

STUBECK  
What?

The werewolf takes off in a dead sprint. Stubeck chases after him but at a much slower pace.

CUT TO:

28 EXT. STREET - MOMENTS LATER

28

An exhausted Stubeck walks out of a parking lot.

STUBECK  
Okay, you're free to go. He's free to go. If they can run like that we let them go. Whew!

FADE OUT.

END OF SHOW