

DIRK GRAY: MAN OF POWER

written by

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"DIRK GRAY: MAN OF POWER"

ROLL CREDITS:

NOTE TO DIRECTOR: CREDITS WON'T LITERALLY 'ROLL.' THEY NEED TO FADE ON/APPEAR ON THE SCREEN WITH THE ACTOR'S NAME AND ROLE THEY PLAY (EX. JENNIFER LOVE HEWITT AS 'SALLY') AND THEN FADE OFF/DISSOLVE.

ALSO IT WOULD BE COOL TO USE A HORROR/SCARY FONT SUCH AS **FELTPPOINT** OR **BUMP** TO REALLY SET THE MOOD.

BACKGROUND MUSIC: USE ROB ZOMBIE'S 'LIVING DEAD GIRL' OR PERHAPS SOMETHING FROM THE 'SAW' SOUNDTRACK.

FADE IN:

INT. APARTMENT/OFFICE - NIGHT

BRAD PARSONS (30s, played by JOSH BROLIN), average height, average looks, loves to fish and play chess, angry personality but looks more nervous right now, a hint of whimsy when he speaks, sits at the computer near the window of the office.

Outside the window, JANICE HOPKINS (50s) walks her dog near a park bench where JASPER HARGROVE (early 20s to late 40s) sits, reading a newspaper.

A couple (JASON and JANET) argues nearby. A mime performs on the street corner.

A robbery is in progress inside the bank across the street, unseen from the window.

It is eerily quiet. Too quiet.

There are no plants in the office. Neither are there any framed pictures or artwork. The far corner by the door is empty; usually a golf bag full of clubs leans there.

Brad sits in an office chair, ankles together, limbs from the knees down perpendicular to the floor. His legs bend at the knees and his quadriceps run parallel to the floor, where they end at his hips and then his body bends again upwards, his back straight, rigid and pointed at the ceiling.

His fingers fly across the keyboard, eyes wide like the span between two bookends sitting far apart on a very long shelf without books in-between.

BRAD (V.O.)

(types words)

Special Agent Dirk Gray is staring incessantly at Markort. Markort is smirking ruefully and aims the gun at Dirk. MARRKOT: 'Any last words, Special Agent Gray?' Dirk reaches suggestively behind his back for the steely hard rod tucked in his crack. DIRK: 'Yes...'

Brad stops, leans back and rolls his eyes up to the ceiling, flicks his tongue out the corner of his mouth. The radio in the corner of his desk plays Green Day's 'Know Your Enemy' and/or Ben Folds Five's 'Brick.'

BRAD (V.O.) (CONT'D)

(types faster)

Dirk whips the gun out with a flurry of violence and utter indifference and aims it at Makorrt. DIRK: 'Yippee-kai-ye, asshole!' DIRK fires at point blank range and blows Murkort's head off. He blows the smoke away from the smoking gun barrel and walks into the smoky darkness. FADE OUT. THE END.

Brad tips way back in the chair, laces fingers behind head and stares at the masterpiece displayed on the monitor.

BRAD

Perfect. Absolutely perfect.

He leans forward, switches windows.

CAMERA PANS SLOWLY AROUND BRAD'S HEAD

We see the word 'SPARKROAD' flash on the screen.

CAMERA PANS AROUND THE REST OF THE WAY, MAKES A FULL CIRCLE AND SLOWLY STARTS BACK AROUND THE OTHER WAY.

EXTREME CLOSUP - FOCUS CAMERA ON BRAD AS WE WATCH HIS BROW FURROW IN ANGUISH.

BRAD (CONT'D)

It took me two years to write 'Dirk Gray: Man of Power' and now I am going to submit my manuscript to Sparkroad, a website designed for burgeoning screenwriters so that they can get their scripts reviewed and ranked by a group of their peers. I am excited and yet scared at the same time.

In slow motion, his index finger rises to the heavens and drops back down - it punches the ENTER key, subsequently in half speed slow motion.

MONOTONE COMPUTER VOICE

Thank you for your submission to Sparkroad. Good luck Br-ah-dt-7-6-4!

BRAD

(smiles, folds his arms and leans back once again. He rocks back and forth during the following dialogue, impetuous with some feistiness)

Luck has nothing to do with it. Now watch me set the world on fire.

MONOTONE COMPUTER VOICE

Good luck anyhow.

BRAD

Whatever...

MONTAGE:

- Digital clock: 10:20 p.m. - Brad paces, jerks head back and forth from screen to floor.

BRAD

Come on, come on. Somebody read it!

- Digital clock: 12:04 a.m. - He sits in front of the computer, puffs on a cigarette. Stacks of beer bottles litter the desk and an ashtray stuffed with butts shows he has been sitting there a long time.

- Digital clock: 1:30 a.m. - Brad stands in the middle of the room, bounces a ping pong ball on a paddle.

BRAD

541...542...543...544...545...546  
 547...548...549...550...551...552  
 553...554...555...556...557...558  
 559...560...561...562...563...564

BRAD (CONT'D)

565...566...567...568...569...570  
 571...572...573...574...575...576  
 577...578...579...580...581...582  
 583...584...585...586...587...588  
 589...590...591...

- Digital clock: 3:00 a.m. - Brad sits on a futon and watches 'El Mariachi' on a 52-inch plasma TV, a bowl of popcorn in his lap.

He pops kernels in his mouth, freezes: Men blown away by gunfire on screen; he laughs. Pops more kernels in his mouth, freezes: More men blown away; he laughs.

BRAD

Carlos Gallardo - you da man!

- Digital clock: 4:30 a.m. - Brad sits in the corner, clutches knees and rocks back and forth. Tears stream down his face.

BRAD

Why? Why?!

- Digital clock: 4:35 a.m. - Brad back in futon, mouth stuffed with popcorn. He laughs at a scene playing on the same TV from a different Jet Li movie called 'Fist of Legend.'
- Digital clock: 6:00 a.m. - The morning sunlight peeks into the room, falls on a prostate Brad spread-eagle across the futon. He is passed out - loud snoring emanates from his vocal cords. Then...

NOTE TO JOSH BROLIN: WHEN PERFORMING THE PREVIOUS MONTAGE, YOU SHOULD BE DEMONSTRATING A LOT OF FRUSTRATION AND NERVOUSNESS MIXED WITH MUCH TREPIDATION, EXCITEMENT AND UNCERTAINTY.

INT. APARTMENT/OFFICE - DAY

...a loud beep from the computer! Brad snaps his head up, eyes foggy, dried drool plastered to cheek like old spit. He wipes his mouth, jumps up and runs to the computer.

He mouses over and clicks. Brad reads back the words live on the screen to his head live through his eyes:

SQUEAKY MALE VOICE (V.O.)  
Hello, Brad764. This is my very first review on Sparkroad. I love movies but have to confess I'm not much of a reader. In fact, I've never actually read a screenplay before but I have to tell you, this is the best thing I've ever read!

SQUEAKY MALE VOICE (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
I love how you use characters and things I've seen over and over in other movies: I didn't have to wonder about what was going to happen next because I already knew - I could just sit back and enjoy it without thinking too much. And the twist at the end: Priceless! I've seen that several times before but it never gets old. This definitely deserves a Gold Star. Thanks for a great read!

A smug Brad gives himself a self-satisfied nod in the wall mirror hanging on the wall next to him on his left, hanging on the wall next to the window; he literally pats himself on the back.

BRAD  
Who da man now, Carlos? Who da man now?

Brad prints out the review, leaps up and runs into the

KITCHEN

GRANDMA PARSONS (70s) old, grey hair, wrinkles, stoop-shouldered, dresses like an old lady, stands at the kitchen sink snapping beans into the sink.

BRAD  
Grandma, Grandma! I did it! My screenplay is a huge hit!

GRANDMA  
(reads review)  
Oh, Bradley this is so wonderful.  
(MORE)

GRANDMA (CONT'D)

I told you...you are the best  
writer in the world and this proves  
it!

She scruffs Brad's hair. He beams with unrelinquished  
pride.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

CUT TO:

FLASHBACK

EXT. MINNEAPOLIS SKYLINE - ESTABLISHING SHOT

CAMERA ANGLES DOWN FROM THE SKY TO SHOW THE SPRAWLING  
CITYSCAPE CASCADING EXUBERANTLY INTO THE DISTANCE. IT IS  
9:30 A.M. - DAYTIME. IT IS THE DAY BEFORE YESTERDAY.

Minneapolis: Cold, dark, deadly. A city filled with  
stories: some bad, some good and some normal. Several tall  
skyscrapers jut into the sky.

There are also several medium-sized buildings and many  
smaller buildings of differing shapes, sizes and colors.

Brad stands in front of a hotdog cart. He is wearing  
different clothes so we know it is the day before.

He hands the vendor a crisp, green five-dollar bill. The  
vendor gives him back \$1.65 in change (mostly in nickels and  
dimes) plus a hotdog in a white bun covered in RELISH,  
MUSTARD and KETCHUP.

JOSH

You know, tomorrow I am going to  
submit my screenplay to Sparkroad.  
I was going to do it today, but  
tomorrow is better. Much better.

VENDOR

(speaks Italian)  
Ringraziamenti. Avere un buono giorno.

BRAD  
You're welcome.  
(bites into hotdog)  
(beat)  
Man it's hot as a witch's tit out  
today. I love hotdogs.

VENDOR  
(speaks Italian with  
Italian accent, inflections  
And mannerisms)  
(beat)  
Ehhhhhhh? Whacha gonna do? Mia  
Mama, she so sick.  
(pregnant beat)  
The Mafia, she take over this whole  
neighborhood. Little Italy she no  
safe no more...everyone scared to  
pieces. Mama mia. F'rgit about it.  
(beat)

JOSH  
It's convenient having a hotdog  
stand right outside my apartment  
building. Very convenient indeed.

BACK TO PRESENT

FADE IN:

INT. BRAD'S HOUSE/BATHROOM - DAY

The bathroom has a shower, sink, toilet and mirror on the wall. Only the mirror is on the wall; everything else is on the floor.

Brad brushes his teeth, looks at a printout of his screenplay review taped to the mirror. He pauses, taps the paper with his finger, smiles. He continues brushing his teeth in flurious up and down strokes.

INT. APARTMENT/BEDROOM - LATER

Brad is dressed in a drab, navy blue suit. He stands before a mirror, adjusts his tie.

He looks like a homicide detective for the Minneapolis Police Department.



He points his index finger like a pistol at the review taped to the mirror, cocks his thumb, closes an eye and shoots it. He blows smoke off his fingertip, winks at himself in the mirror.

EXT. MINNEAPOLIS - 51ST PRECINCT POLICE HEADQUARTERS - LATER THAN BEFORE.

This looks like a police headquarters.

INT. 51ST PRECINCT - A FEW MINUTES LATER

A flurry of activity. Officers hustle PROSTITUTES, CALL GIRLS AND STREET WALKERS back and forth across the floor.

A gang of HELLS ANGELS is handcuffed along the wall. They look like bikers.

An ITALIAN MOB BOSS is in a jail cell in cellblock 'A' (off screen, back of building) awaiting trial on RICO charges.

Brad enters through the glass front doors, carries a Styrofoam cup of coffee.

He passes in front of the processing desk. A cop named BILL (50s or possibly 60s) stands behind it.

HUSKY POLICE OFFICER #1  
Good morning, Detective Parsons.

BRAD  
Morning, Bill.

HUSKY POLICE OFFICER #1  
How's it going today?

BRAD  
Good, Bill. Real good.

HUSKY POLICE OFFICER #1  
That's good.

He picks up a piece of paper, frowns.

HUSKY POLICE OFFICER #1 (CONT'D)  
Real good...indeed.

Bill sets the paper back down, smiles.

BRAD  
How about you? Everything good?

HUSKY POLICE OFFICER #1  
Yeah, can't complain.

BRAD  
That's good to hear.

HUSKY POLICE OFFICER #1  
Okay, bye.

BRAD  
Bye now.

Unseen by anyone (the police, the crooks or the prostitutes) a Hells Angel picks his lock and stands up. He yanks a revolver out of his waistband, pulls the slide back on the semi-auto pistol and aims it at Brad.

HELLS ANGEL #1  
(aims gun at Brad)  
You're dead pig!

Brad freezes inside, but does not let this show through his facial expression or actions.

He smiles and throws the coffee in the biker's wet face.

HELLS ANGEL #1  
(aims gun at Brad)  
You're dead Pig!

The biker fires twenty rounds at Josh in quick succession like this:

BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG!

BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG!

BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG!

Prostitutes drop dead, blood sprays from sucking chest wounds.

Five cops are killed instantaneously when bullets explode their heads and brains.

Brad throws more coffee in his face, blinds the biker.

Brad then does a lightning fast Kung Fu kick into his face

IN JET LI STYLE AND MODE -

- multiple punches to his chest -

- grabs his arm and flips him onto his back.

BRAD IS A KUNG FU EXPERT MASTER.

Brad whips out his police issue Glock and aims it at the Biker's head. The Hells Angel laughs.

Another cop named CHIP PEABODY (late 40s) Native American Indian descent and features, short hair, blue uniform, grabs his wrist.

CHIP  
Stop, Detective Parsons!

BRAD  
I'm going to send this piece of shit straight to hell.

CHIP  
Don't do it man...he isn't worth it.

BRAD  
What about David and Larry? How about Jim, Terry and Francis? And the whores? Are you telling me they're not worth it?

CHIP  
Don't do it man...he isn't worth it.

Brad shrugs and holsters his pistol.

BRAD  
Get this piece of crap out of my sight.

CAPTAIN O'SHAUGHNESSY (CONT'D)  
Parsons! Get your ass in here!

INT. CAPTAIN O'SHAUGHNESSY'S OFFICE - A LITTLE LATER

Brad opens the office door and enters.

Disheveled, unshaven, Brad's bad attitude shows and you can hear it later in his voice when he talks.

CAPTAIN PATRICK FITZGERALD O'SHAUGHNESSY (nicknamed 'Fitz' or 'Fitzzy' by his friends or 'Patty Boy') (late 60s) looks older than his fifty years, tough, fiery red hair, Irish descent and attributes, he's seen it all, a recovering alcoholic.

CAPTAIN O'SHAUGHNESSY  
 Sit your ass down, Parsons!

BRAD  
 (sits with attitude)  
 What's this about, Captain?

CAPTAIN O'SHAUGHNESSY (CONT'D)  
 You know damn well what this is  
 about.

(beat)  
 You let Giametti slip right through  
 your fingers - again!

(beat)  
 We had him dead to rights and you  
 fucked it up - again!

(beat)

BRAD  
 (stands with attitude)  
 You think it's my fault that the  
 biggest crime family out of New  
 York who recently moved their  
 entire operations to Minneapolis  
 and are into drugs, guns and  
 prostitution and is taking over  
 this city is my fault?

CAPTAIN O'SHAUGHNESSY  
 You're a rogue cop, a loose cannon who  
 plays by his own rules. You haven't  
 given a damn since your partner died  
 tragically a year ago today!

BRAD  
 It was a good bust. Giametti was  
 surrounded by bags of cocaine, he had  
 the secret government documents on him  
 and was holding the smoking gun he  
 killed Ling Chi with and that twelve  
 eyewitnesses saw him use!

CAPTAIN O'SHAUGHNESSY  
 It is all circumstantial evidence!  
 Don't you get it? It's over.

BRAD  
 It's over when I say it's over.

CAPTAIN O'SHAUGHNESSY  
 You're out of control...a renegade.  
 I've covered for you long enough.  
 You're suspended until Internal  
 (MORE)

CAPTAIN O'RILEY (CONT'D)  
Affairs finishes their  
investigation. Hand over your gun  
and badge.

BRAD  
(hands over gun  
and badge with  
even more attitude)  
Okay, here's my gun and badge. And I  
quit, by the way.

CAPTAIN O'RILEY  
(giggles maliciously)  
And what will you do?

Brad smiles, pulls the folded up screenplay review out of  
his jacket, tosses it on the desk.

BRAD  
It's time I followed my dreams.  
I'm going to be a screenwriter.  
Suck on that awhile.

Captain O'Riley slowly opens the paper in slow motion.

CAPTAIN O'RILEY'S POV

FOCUS THE CAMERA OVER HIS LEFT SHOULDER SO IT LOOKS LIKE WE  
ARE LOOKING THROUGH HIS EYES AT THE REVIEW.

BACK TO SCENE

The Captain's face reddens. He crumples the paper up and  
tosses it into a recycling canister marked with a green  
sticker that says "REDUCE - REUSE - RECYCLE." It is by his  
desk on the right side near the fan.

CAPTAIN O'RILEY  
Get the fuck out of my office.

Brad gleefully scampers out of the office and exits the  
building.

He unlocks the door in his classic red Firebird, starts the  
engine and drives away.

He drives down 41ST Street and turns at the corner of 3RD  
Avenue. He makes a left onto 40TH Street and passes an  
AM-PM convenience store (on his left).

He makes a right at the corner and disappears above the horizon.

INT. APARTMENT/OFFICE - THIRTY MINUTES LATER

It is a thirty-minute drive from the precinct to Brad's house (approximately five miles). Brad feels vibrant, alive, jubilant, joyful and very happy. He sits in front of the computer and waits.

NOTE TO THE DIRECTOR: YOU COULD PLACE ANOTHER MONTAGE HERE TO SHOW THE PASSAGE OF TIME IF YOU WANT. SUGGESTIONS: A CLOCK, OR MORE PILES OF CIGARETTE BUTTS.

BACK TO SCENE

Brad's shoulders slump. He stands to leave WHEN his computer BEEPS.

He UTTERS a SIGH of ultimate TRIUMPH. A new review has POSTED on Sparkroad!

He SCRATCHES his scalp and SIGHS happily without ANY dejection, more like EXUBERANCE. EXUBERANTILY, he clicks ON the review AND reads:

SNOTTY MALE VOICE (V.O.)

I read your script. Brad764, I have to start out by saying that this screenplay has several problems. I don't want to be mean, but it appears you have never actually read a screenplay in your life.

(inhales hardily,  
anger rising from  
his bowels. Brad,  
not the other guy)

SNOTTY MALE VOICE (O.S)

(CONT'D)

This reminds me of how I wrote several years ago when I was a young man just starting out. It's quite amateurish and reflects the attitudes of a teenager trying to talk like an adult.

(MORE)

SNOTTY MALE VOICE (O.S)  
(CONT'D)

I suggest you read Tim Wiley's book "The Idiot's Guide to Screenwriting" and work your way up from there.

SNOTTY MALE VOICE (V.O.)  
(CONT'D)

Your script is littered with adverbs, gerunds, modifiers and typos - tragic! You overuse V.O. and the plot is implausible at best. In a nutshell, your script is clichéd, derivative, passé and full of banalities.

(beat)

I did like the formatting, however.

Brad is unhappily tensing up with tension in his faces, head and body. He suddenly and inexplicably begins blanching uncontrollably, sick to his stomach.

BRAD  
Motherfucker...

Dramatically and with much fervor and fury, Brad picks up the

SLEDGEHAMMER

- and literally crushes his computer (much like his dreams have been crushed) which this symbolizes.

Brad clicks the mouse and views the reviewer's profile.

The camera films the screen with the cameraman standing behind Brad and we can see a picture of the guy and his user name.

He is Hollywoodbound69 (20s), a good looking man with short blonde hair, rugged good looks, a rugged chin and very good looking.

NOTE TO DIRECTOR: THIS ACTOR SHOULD BE BETTER LOOKING THAN JOSH BROLIN, IN FACT MUST BE BETTER LOOKING THAN JOSH BROLIN SO IT IMPLIES JEALOUSY AND MORBID CURIOSITY.

JOSH  
(reads aloud so  
we can hear)  
Hollywoodbound69. Hmmm - fucking asshole.

NOTE TO DIRECTOR: MAYBE EARLIER MAKE SOME SHAKY CAMERA MOVES, PAN AROUND AND ZOOM IN AND OUT TO GIVE THE IMPRESSION THAT JOSH IS SICKENED BY THIS REVIEW. THANKS.

Brad clicks on the comment area of Hollywoodbound69's profile and types:

BRAD (V.O.)

Hello, Hollywoodbound69. Thank you for the insightful review. It was just marvelous, I mean you really cut to the heart of my problems.

BRAD (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Just so you know, I'm forty-five years old and have been told I

(MORE DIALOGUE  
IN TRANSIT)

(pregnant beat)

BRAD (O.S.) (CUNT'D)

write like a professional person, so your opinion really doesn't matter, now does it? What makes you think you're such hot shit anyhow? Anyway, fuck off and die and, in addition, blow it out your ass.

Brad pushes SEND and stands. His computer beeps. He sits and reads:

HOLLYWOODBOUND69'S SNOTTY VOICE (V.O.)

Really got to you, huh? Sorry to hear you have a problem with constructive criticism. One thing I forgot to mention is your problem with visual imagery. So try this for practice: picture me wiping my ass with your script.

HOLLYWOODBOUND69 (V.O.) (CONT'D)

By the way, check my profile page a little closer - that should tell you what qualifies me to judge your script. Peace, Loser.

Brad scrolls down the page, reads some more words.

BRAD

Let's see...Critic of the Month five months in a row. Three Gold Star scripts, two of which made  
(MORE)



BRAD (CONT'D)

Script of the Month, one Script of the year.

(pregnant pause)  
(reads verbatim with no paraphrasing straight off the screen, word for word in basic order)

'We are proud to announce that Hollywoodbound69's (aka Trevor Fields') winning screenplay 'Zombie Hitman' has been purchased by Armageddon Independent studios and begins filming on August 21st of this year in Minneapolis.'

CUT TO:

Calendar on the wall: All the dates are X'd out in black marker except for the 21st, which is circled in red marker:

That's today's date!!!

Brad looks at the calendar, frowns.

NOTE TO DIRECTOR: THIS SHOT SHOULD BE CLOSE ENOUGH SO THAT WE CAN ACTUALLY READ THE NUMBERS AND THE NAME OF THE MONTH.

CUT TO:

Now Brad frowns.

BRAD

(frown turns into and impetuous smile)

According to the calendar, that's today's date. Hmmmm. I wonder where this film is being made.

Brad Googles 'Armageddon Independent Studios' and find out that it is being shot in Minneapolis.

BRAD

Minneapolis. Perfect. I live in Minneapolis...

Brad leans back with an impetuous smile and exuberantly lights a cigarette.

BRAD

(spoken sinisterly)

Mr. Fields, looks like you have a date with destiny.

(beat)

And by date I mean today and by destiny I mean I am going to do something really, really bad to you.

EXT. SKY OVER MINNEAPOLIS - NIGHT

A UFO flying saucer shoots through the sky above Minneapolis at the speed of light squared. We can just make out the details as it flies off the screen at Mach 90: circular, deadly.

EXT. MINNEAPOLIS - NICOLLET AVENUE - DAY

A typical Minneapolis street, except it is not typical in the least.

This street is designed as a pedestrian area, meaning no cars drive up and down it. It is the perfect location to shoot Trevor Fields' movie and he does so with impunity.

The large cast is gathered around the craft services table.

Most are dressed as hideous zombies in various stages of decay. Men in black t-shirts push dollies filled with equipment out the backs of trucks.

Lights and cameras are interspersed through the area, used to cast light on things and film the future movie.

Trevor is seated across from an 'E! Entertainment' reporter.

She is shapely and sexy with gorgeous calves and a nice butt that curves at just the right places and also has some firm, supple breasts.

We can tell by Trevor's actions, facial mannerisms and words he wants to have sex with her.

REPORTER

So, Mr. Fields, tell me a little about 'Zombie Hitman.'

TREVOR

(speaks wryly)

It's really a clever script. Minneapolis is taken over by

(MORE)

TREVOR (CONT'D)

zombies and everyone gets infected and they in turn are transmogrified into killer mutant zombies.

REPORTER

(impressed)

Wow. Very innovative. So tell me a little about yourself...

TREVOR

Wait, there's more. The Zombie Hitman is the last man on earth, but he gets infected too. So his job is to find and save the last woman on earth - it's their job to repopulate the planet, see? The only catch is he has to impregnate her before he fully turns.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

The tension mounts as we watch his body parts slowly decompose and fall off as he fights the zombies and tries to find an opportune moment to screw the leading lady.

REPORTER

(more impressed)

That's even better.

TREVOR FIELDS (20s) long black hair, rugged good looks, very, very tan, reaches his long hand out and touches her knee, wiggles his eyebrows precariously.

REPORTER

Oh my...what are you doing later tonight?

BRAD

(claps his hands with varied sarcasm)

Very good, Mr. Fields. Or should I say, Hollywoodbound69?

TREVOR

(suspiciously pessimistic)

Who are you? What do you want? Are you Brad764, the guy I reviewed last week?

BRAD

You remember? Good. Now remember this and think about it later when you do - I'm gonna be on you like white on whole wheat. I've made it my mission to bring you down. I don't know when or where or how or why, but you're going down. Mark these words. Remember that later just the way I said it now.

Brad turns and saunters away, vanishes from the street in a poof of air.

Trevor snaps his fingers.

Three big bodyguards wearing black t-shirts run over and stop on or near the director's chair. Trevor rubs his chin hardily.

TREVOR

I want him killed. Do you understand? Dead. Nothing can stand in the way of making this movie...especially a loose cannon cop with nothing to lose. Got it?

BODYGUARD #1

He's as good as dead.

TREVOR

Do what you have to do.

BODYGUARD #1

We'll kill him.

TREVOR

Whatever it takes.

BODYGUARD #1

He's a walking dead man.

TREVOR

Good. Now go.

The men nod, scurry away to find their machine guns and other stuff.

REPORTER

So...maybe dinner later?

INT. APARTMENT/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Brad kicks the first bodyguard hard in the stomach Kung Fu style -

ORGANS EXPLODE SICKENINGLY

He crushes the head of the second bodyguard with a two-fisted Kung Fu punch to the head -

THE HEAD EXPLODES SICKENINGLY

The third bodyguard tries to escape, but Brad easily trips him like a frightened schoolgirl and twists his head around in a -

SICKENING DISPLAY OF BRUTALITY

Brad stands over the three dead bodies, unaware of what just happened.

One of the bodyguards had just kicked him in the head.

Brad sees the drop of blood on his scalp and touches it, feels it around.

BRAD

Oh my God! What happened in here?

Brad has amnesia now.

Quickly, he drags the bodies into the bathroom and saws them apart with a saw and cuts the ligaments with a meat cleaver, all while standing in the bathtub with the bodies.

There is lots of blood, which all goes down the drain in a curious fashion.

EXT. BRAD'S HOUSE/DRIVEWAY - CONTINUOUS

Brad bags up the body parts in black Hefty garbage bags (2-ply) and carts them out to his Firebird.

The driveway is secluded, so no one can see his actions or habits.

EXT. MINNEAPOLIS - I-35W BRIDGE - A SHORT WHILE LATER IN THE FUTURE

Brad dumps the bags over the side of the bridge.

They sink into the briny depths, forever gone - OR SO WE THINK.

Brad drives away feeling happy and with a contented feeling filling him up from the inside out. His memory returns, except for the events that just occurred in the last hour or so.

BRAD

What's going on? What just happened? Weird.

EXT. MINNEAPOLIS - ST. ANTHONY'S COUNTRY CHURCH - NIGHT

FATHER O'RILEY (80s) old, cantankerous, bitter, religious, a smile perpetually worn across his mouth, wears a Catholic priest outfit (white collar and black suit), stands alone on the church steps.

It is eerie outside, heightened by the appearance of the UFO space ship that pauses above the church and casts a devilish shadow across the whole cathedral and all she holds dear.

It shines a light down on the priest and lights up the whole entire area - all the shadows and darkness disappear.

The priest, Father O'Riley, makes the sign of the cross.

FATHER O'RILEY

(re: flying saucer)

My God, a UFO! May all the saints in heaven preserve us!

SISTER MARY MARGARET

What is it, Father O'Riley?

Father O'Riley points at the sky.

Slow motion as the sister lifts her chin up, rolls her eyes to the stars. Her jaw drops, still in slow motion.

PAN THE CAMERA UP IN REGULAR HALF SPEED TO THE UFO AND THEN FREEZE FRAME AS WE TAKE IN ITS AWESOME WONDERMENT.

The priest and nun drop to their knees and make the sign of the cross.

The flying saucer shoots off at the speed of light squared and disappears into the inky blackness of space and all she holds dear.

Brad's Firebird pulls up to the church and stops by the kerb. Brad piles out of the car, intact.

Father O'Riley and Sister Mary Margaret quickly rise to their feet and pretend like they are talking to each other.

FATHER O'RILEY

Sister Mary Margaret! Never speak of this to anyone!

SISTER MARGARET MARY

But why father? What does it mean?

FATHER O'RILEY

(dramatically, with emphasis on the words with the little dots in between them)

It is the end of times, dear sister. The...end...of...times.

SISTER MARGARET MARY

The Apocalypse? Oh my God!

FATHER O'RILEY

Yes, the Apocalypse is nigh upon us. It must remain a secret. Can you promise me that?

BRAD

What do you mean the Apocalypse?

SISTER MARY MARGARET

The end of times! Oh my God!

FATHER O'RILEY

Yes, the Apocalypse is nigh upon us!

BRAD

Father, I am troubled. May we talk in the confessional?

FATHER O'RILEY

Yes, my son.

Everyone enters the church, except for Sister Margaret Mary, who stays outside with Sister Theresa Maria Madison.

INT. ST. FRANCIS CATHOLIC CHURCH INTERIOR - CONFESSIONAL BOOTH - NIGHT

The booths are made out of a rare oaken wood from darkest Africa or beyond and contained so no one can see in and no one can see out.

There is a barrier between the priest and Brad, but they can hear each other just fine, even though they can't see one another - they know they are there.

BRAD

Father, I am troubled. My last confession was twenty years ago.

FATHER O'RILEY

Please, my son, this is a house of worship...everyone is welcome ...from the President of Europe to the lowliest degenerate living in Minnesota. You may speak freely and openly.

BRAD

I have these thoughts, and I may have done some terrible things. I think I blocked them out...

FATHER O'RILEY

(alarmed, consternated)  
Did you...touch yourself?

BRAD

What? No. Well, yes - a little. But I think I may have killed some people.

FATHER O'RILEY

Remember, every time you touch yourself you make Jesus cry.

BRAD

I just can't shake this feeling that I'm responsible for someone's death. It's very creepy.

FATHER O'RILEY

Well, the good Lord says if you can't remember it then it doesn't count and probably never happened anyway so don't worry about it.

BRAD

Really?

FATHER O'RILEY

Yes, think of it as a clean slate. Ecclesiastic whiteout, if you will. Alcoholics use it all the time.



BRAD

Well, that's a load off my mind.  
But there's this other thing...

FATHER O'RILEY

Yeeeeeeesssssss...?

BRAD

I have some impure thoughts  
concerning this man who wrote some  
mean stuff about my screenplay. In  
my anger, I planned to kill him. I  
need guidance.

FATHER O'RILEY

Well, I'd really have to read the  
screenplay first to get a feel of  
what happened that caused this  
discordance in your soul.

BRAD

(brightens)

Really? Would you do that?

FATHER O'RILEY

No, my son. I was only speaking  
metaphorically. It is not for me to  
judge whether a screenplay is good or  
bad. Only the good Lord on high can  
judge such matters.

BRAD

Wow. You just blew my mind. Thanks  
father, you've been a big help.

Brad darts out of the confessional and then darts outside to  
his car and darts away.

FATHER O'RILEY

(grins evilly)

No problem. No problem at all...  
'my son.'

NOTE TO THE ACTOR PLAYING FATHER O'RILEY: THAT LAST PART  
WHERE HE SAYS 'MY SON' IS SAID TOTALLY SARCASTICALLY.

Father O'Riley shifts his arm slightly, and we can clearly  
see the

**“666”**

branded on his wrist near his watch. This is the mark of  
Satan...THE DEVIL.

EXT. MINNEAPOLIS - FREEWAY - SHORTLY LATER AFTER BRAD LEAVES THE CHURCH BUT BEFORE HE ACTUALLY GETS HOME

Brad is cruising down the freeway, totally unconcerned with what has just transpired between himself and the possessed priest.

This is the first time he's felt light-hearted in a long time. And it feels good. Damn good.

Brad blasts right by a highway patrol cruiser hidden alongside the road behind a canister on the shoulder but still on the road for fast pursuit if need be.

OFFICER CLAIRE HEPBURN (20s) is very sexy in a foxy sort of way - almost too sexy to be a real cop.

OFFICER HEPBURN  
(malevolent)  
Got you, Parsons.

The fact that she already knows his name is very strange indeed - almost too strange for a real cop to know.

She peels out in a glamorous way and chases Brad's masculine Firebird.

EXT. MINNEAPOLIS - FREEWAY/FURTHER DOWN - CONTINUOUS

She hits the lights and Brad reluctantly pulls over, angry and hostile about being pulled over.

Officer Claire steps over to the driver's side door and flashes her breasts in a demure way - just the cleavage shows because it is buttoned down only a little bit.

Brad looks into her eyes and gasps recognition.

FADE OUT.

CUT TO:

FLASHBACK OF THE PAST

Brad has just finished having sex on Officer Claire. He rolls off and lights a cigarette.

She snuggles up to him inside his armpit, looks in his eyes.

HEPBURN

Do you really love me?

BRAD

Of course, Baby. You know that.

HEPBURN

Then say it. Say you love me.

BRAD

(angry stands up  
vindictively)

You know I can't! You know I can never say 'I love you' to anyone ever again! Not since the tragic death of my partner at the hands of The Kotti Organized Crime Syndicate three years ago! God!

CLAIRE

There! You just said it!

BRAD

What? 'I love you?'

CLAIRE

There! You said it again. Now say it to me.

BRAD

'I love you?'

CLAIRE

(sternly, with  
undertones of  
malice)

That's not right. Say it like a statement, not a question. I need to hear this.

BRAD

(sighs, throws a  
vase at the wall.  
It shatters WITH  
A LOUD crash)

Fine. I...love...you. Satisfied?

Claire rolls away and covers her face with the covers in shame and torment.

CLAIRE

Get out. I never want to see you again.

EXTREME CLOSE UP OF JOSH'S FACE.

Josh looks very sad and forlorn, like he just got dumped by his girlfriend.

BACK TO PRESENT

EXT. MINNEAPOLIS - FREEWAY/SAME SPOT - NIGHT

JOSH  
Do I know you?

Officer Hepburn pulls out her nightstick and whacks Brad across the temple. This, coupled with his earlier injury, causes him to have amnesia again.

Josh is like a wild animal: unpredictable, ferocious, a total disregard for human life. He jumps out of the car -

AND KUNG FU KICKS

- Officer Claire in the chest, shattering every bone in her torso. She falls over, blood gushes from her mouth.

HEPBURN  
Why? I loved you, Brad...

Brad leans down, his memory returns, except for his attack on Claire and the other things. This is a complete mystery.

BRAD  
What happened...Claire, is it?

CLAIRE  
(grips his shirt)  
Brad, watch out. The Salvadore gang is hunting you. They paid me to lure you to this road and kill you. Please forgive me...

Brad drops the bloody corpse head on the ground, stands up, and looks into the moonlight of the full moon. Nothing will stop him now. Nothing.

Ten police cars pull up, sirens blaring and shining. All the cops jump out. They are:

OFFICER CLARENCE BURTON (early 30s), OFFICER TODD STONE (20s), OFFICER GREGORY CURTIS (30s), OFFICER TIM THOMPSON (20s), OFFICER JIM JOHNSON (20s) OFFICER TOM SMITH (30s) OFFICER JOHN JONES (20s) OFFICER TODD SMYTHE (30s) OFFICER TOM JOHNSTONE (20s) and OFFICER TIM SMYTHESON (20s).

Captain O'Riley saunters around the police van. A news van pulls up - a bunch of cameramen and reporters jump out. We see it is the 'COPS' TV crew.

CAPTAIN O'RILEY  
Well, well. Looks like our little trap worked.

BRAD  
Trap? What the hell is going on?

CAPTAIN O'RILEY  
We knew you'd look for Claire sooner or later. Two crooked cops in love - ain't that sweet.

NOTE TO THE DIRECTOR: HAVE THE 'COPS' FILM CREW RUNNING AROUND, ANONYMOUSLY FILMING THE ACTION. THE REGULAR FILM CREW FOR THE MOVIE SHOULD ALSO BE FILMING, BUT FROM FARTHER BACK IN THE NEAR DISTANCE.

Officer #1 runs over and hits Brad in the stomach with his nightstick.

Brad punches him IN THE face,

- breaks his face with one Kung Fu punch to the face.

Other officers run up.

A Kung Fu fight ensues with Brad using ancient Kung Fu techniques and the cops fighting normally.

Brad is handcuffed; his memory returns to everything except the killings.

BRAD  
What is going on?

CAPTAIN O'RILEY  
We knew you were in bed with Rasatelli the moment he was released on circumstantial evidence. Internal Affairs has been investigating you for weeks. You're dirty and you're going down.

BRAD  
I swear I don't know what's going on. I've been having these memory  
(MORE)

BRAD (CONT'D)  
 lapses and forgetting things  
 important to me and remembering  
 things that never happened.

CAPTAIN O'RILEY  
 Tell it to the judge. Get this sorry  
 piece of shit out of my sight!

EXT. MINNEAPOLIS - NICOLLET AVENUE - DAY

A scene from 'Zombie Hitman' is being filmed.

Around a thousand zombies stagger around the street, slowly creeping towards MICK ANDREWS (30s) blonde wig, pale makeup, wears a ratty Mad Max type leather outfit.

Without the wig his head hair is black and groomed naturally and provocatively, his face tanned from lots of California summer sun because he actually lives there and not Minneapolis.

He is also better looking than now...much better looking (Brad will notice this later). He plays the Zombie Hitman, RECKLESS REXX.

NOTE TO DIRECTOR: I INCLUDED DRAWINGS AT THE END OF THE SCREENPLAY SO YOU KNOW EXACTLY HOW THE ZOMBIES ARE SUPPOSED TO LOOK AND FEEL.

Trevor Fields sits in the director's chair, tense, sitting forward in the director's chair, nervous and anxious.

ZOMBIES  
 (in one voice)  
 Ahhhhggggggggg!

ZOMBIE HITMAN  
 Come on, Sally. We gotta get the  
 hell outta here or we're zombie  
 toast!

SALLY (20s, real name ANNE CARUTHERS-BARRINGTON but played by JENNIFER LOVE HEWITT or HILLARY SWANK) perky, fun-spirited, innocent, the girl next door and yet very world-wise and savvy and sexually experienced, falls into the sidewalk.

Rexx picks her up, throws her over his shoulder, pumps the break action double-barreled shotgun three times, making sure its loaded.

SALLY

We'll never make it. Rex, I can't go on anymore. I just can't. I don't care what happens.

ZOMBIE HITMAN

Don't worry Sally, I'm just about to kick zombie ass!

Trevor lifts his hand, holds a moment, and then slams it down on his bruised knee.

TREVOR

(yells outward)

Annnnnndd...CUT! Good job, folks.

Everyone relaxes, satisfied that they have done a super job. A very modern cell phone rings in Trevor's pocket. Trevor flips the phone open.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

How'd it go?

SPLIT SCREEN PHONE CONVERSATION SO WE CAN GET A GOOD LOOK AT TREVOR'S FACE WHEN HE HEARS THE BAD NEWS.

BODYGUARD #4

Not good. Not good in the slightest bit, Boss.

TREVOR

What happened?

BODYGUARD #4

I don't know. Bodyguards #1, #2 and #3 went into his apartment but never came out. I think he killed them and chopped them up.

NOW A CLOSE UP OF TREVOR'S FACE SO WE CAN SEE HIS FURY GOING AT FULL TILT.

NOTE: IT'S STILL SPLIT SCREEN.

TREVOR

(melancholic)

Hmmm. You're probably right. Time to call HIM.

Even though he doesn't show it, Trevor is extremely furious.

BODYGUARD #4  
Oh God, Boss. Not HIM.

TREVOR  
Yes, HIM. And I'm going to call  
HIM just as soon as you hang up.

BODYGUARD #4  
Okay. Talk to you later. Goodbye.

TREVOR  
Okay, see you later. Bye.

The post-modern phone makes a mysterious, OMINOUS beeping sound.

TREVOR  
Hold on a minute. It's my call  
waiting. I think it's HIM on the  
other line. I'll conference HIM  
in.

QUAD SCREEN PHONE CONVERSATION WITH TREVOR IN THE UPPER LEFT  
HAND CORNER, BODYGUARD #5 IN THE LOWER LEFT HAND CORNER AND  
'HIM' IN THE UPPER RIGHT HAND CORNER.

YOU CAN BLACK OUT THE OTHER CORNER OR PUT A HORROR SYMBOL  
THERE THAT REPRESENTS THE DIABOLICAL NATURE OF THE  
CONVERSATION - IT'S UP TO YOU.

TREVOR  
Hello?

HIM  
(pithy)  
It's me.

HIM is actually named SPECIAL AGENT DIRK GRAY (40s),  
sophisticated in a genteel way but tough as iron so he can  
fit in anywhere at any time.

We have seen earlier and later that Dirk Gray is the same  
name that Brad uses for his hero in his screenplay 'Dirk  
Gray: Man of Power'!

Now we are wondering what is going on: why do they have the  
same name?

His head is shaved bald and his head, face, neck, ears and  
whole head are tanned brown - he has been bald for awhile  
now.



DIRK

Someone alerted me that you have another mission for me to go on. Assassination? Some wet work? Do you need a rubout rubjob or a bump-off?

TREVOR

I don't want to know how you do it - just do it.

DIRK

Is this time sensitive?

TREVOR

Very. Very.

DIRK

Since this is critical and time sensitive, I'll definitely have to change my MO for this mission.

TREVOR

Okay, sounds good.

DIRK

I've adjusted my MO to keep INTERPOL off my trail.

TREVOR

Okay.

DIRK

So, in other words, I'm killing people in a totally new style. I also use false identities so people never know who I really am at any given point. This helps and will guarantee success.

TREVOR

Okay.

Dirk knows Ancient Kung Fu Martial Arts plus Secret Tai Chi Chuan moves and rituals and is a master of disguise and espionage from years of underworld CIA training and disciplines.

DIRK

Over and out.

FLASHBACK TO DREAM SEQUENCE

Brad is skipping through a beautiful field of Ivy.

All we see is his head bob as he skips, a big smile on his face shows he is happy in this wondrous yet mystically transparent place.

Is this heaven? We don't know - yet...

NOTE TO DIRECTOR: YOU COULD ACHIEVE THIS EFFECT BY STRAPPING ONE OF THOSE CHEST DEVICES W/ CAMERA TO JOSH'S CHEST, LIKE THEY DO IN THE SMASHING PUMPKINS VIDEO '1979.'

Another camera shows Josh continuing to skip through the ivy.

NOTE TO DIRECTOR AND JOSH BROLIN: HE'LL HAVE TO REMOVE CHEST CAMERA DEVICE FOR THIS SHOT.

Who is he running to? We don't know - yet...

It is Claire Hepburn, his one true love in the whole wide world!

Claire is in the field of Ivy, skipping peacefully towards Josh.

They clasp hands and spin in many circles (360 degrees).

JOSH, AT THIS POINT, WHEN YOU BOTH SPIN, YOU CAN SWITCH THAT CHEST CAMERA BACK AND FORTH SO IT GIVES THE EFFECT THAT EACH OF YOU IS SPINNING AND WE CAN SEE YOUR JOY AND COMPASSION.

Suddenly, as if without sudden warning, Claire is snatched away by an unseeing force, invisible to the touch.

## **IT IS PURE EVIL**

Claire is dragged away in slow motion; all we see is her horrified face as she is pulled away into the distance and beyond. This is all Brad sees too.

BRAD  
(said in super slow  
motion so that the word  
'NO' is distorted and  
weird sounding)  
NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

END DREAM SEQUENCE

BACK TO PRESENT

FADE IN:

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

Brad is shaken and stirred by a guard - he wakes with a start, his dream still cascading through his brains like an imagined vision as he pictures his surroundings in the REAL WORLD OF LIFE.

JUDGE HAROLD OSKINS (early to late 50s) berobed in a judge's robe, older and greyer than his predecessor (but also much more crafty) sits behind a judge's bench, eyeing all of the criminals seated just beyond his grasp.

Brad is irked to find he is now wearing an orange jumpsuit and is even more irked when he reads the words 'Hennepin County Jail' stenciled across his back.

OLD JUDGE OSKINS  
Mr. Parsons, how do you plead?

BRAD  
I'm innocent judge. I don't even know how I got here. You see, I've been having these strange attacks...

OLD JUDGE OSKINS  
For crimes against humanity, you are hereby sentenced to death, with no possibility of parole or appeal.

BRAD  
(cries out admonishingly)  
What? I'm an innocent man. All I tried to do was get my screenplay reviewed and now all this. How did I get here? How could it all have gone so wrong for one such as myself?

OLD JUDGE OSKINS  
Take him away to the local prison!

Brad is dragged out a side door, his handcuffs and ankle chains clanking annoyingly.

Captain O'Riley stands up from the back of the courtroom; he has been listening and seeing everything through muted eyes that went on in the courtroom previous to his standing up in the back.

He places a quick cell phone call to someone - to whom? We don't know...

Another man, ALEBERTO PADACELTO (30s) pure Italian everywhere, short, stocky, balding with a receding hairline prominently displayed across his hair, stands up and passes the Captain, each unaware of the other's presence, identities or characteristics.

PADACLETO  
(into modern Italian cell phone)  
Yes, yes.  
(note: even though he is of Italian descent he speaks English here)  
Yes, yes.  
(beat)  
Yes, I understand.  
(beat)  
Yes.  
(beat)  
Yes, yes, understood.  
(beat)  
Of course. It will be done.  
(beat)  
No, he isn't going anywhere.  
(beat)  
Yes.  
(pregnant pause while Paducleti listens to Trevor give him instructions on how dispose of Brad and his body)  
Yes. Very good.  
Of course, it will be done.  
(beat)  
Yes, yes.  
(beat)  
That is good, very good.  
(Padalecci smiles at this news and his emotional involvement in the plan)  
(MORE)

PADALECCI (CONT'D)

Very good.  
(beat)

Yes.  
(beat)  
(beat)

Yes.  
(beat)

Yes, yes.  
(beat)

Yes, I understand.  
(beat)

Yes.  
(beat)

Yes, yes, understood.  
(beat)

Of course. It will be done.  
(beat)

No, I told you he isn't going  
anywhere.  
(beat)

Yes.  
(beat)

Yes.  
(beat)

Yes, yes.  
(beat)

Yes, understood.  
(beat)

Yes.  
(beat)

Yes, yes, understood.  
(Trevor tells him  
about Dirk Gray  
and how this will  
affect the death  
of Brad and his  
unknown future)

Ahhhhhhhh!  
(beat)

No, I told you he isn't going  
anywhere. He'll be in jail.  
(beat)

Yes.  
(beat)

Yes.  
(beat)

Yes, yes.  
(beat)

Yes, understood.  
(beat)

Yes.  
(beat)

(MORE)

## PADALECCI (CONT'D)

No, uh uh.  
(beat)

No.  
(beat)

No.  
(beat)

No.  
(beat)

No.  
(beat)

Not in the least.  
(beat)

No way.  
(beat)

Nope, no way.  
(beat)

No.  
(pregnant beat)

Nooo...okay, yes.  
(beat)

yes.  
(beat)

What?  
(beat)

In that case, forget it.  
(beat)

What?  
(worried)

What?  
(beat)

You don't mean that...  
(beat)

Okay.  
(beat)

Yes, I got it.  
(beat)

Got it. I said I got it. If I say  
I got I got it. Got it.  
(beat)

What?  
(sighs deeply)

Yes.  
(beat)

No.  
(beat)

No, never. He never said that.  
(beat)

Got it.  
(beat)

Yes. I said I got it.  
(beat)

Yes.  
(beat)

(MORE)

PADALECCI (CONT'D)

(beat)

He said that? When?

(beat)

That's a fucking lie!

(beat)

Okay, yeah, I'm calm.

(beat)

I'm calm. If I say I'm calm, I'm calm.

(beat)

Okay, then tell me.

(beat)

What?

(beat)

No, he said it first.

(beat)

Yes.

(beat)

Yes.

(beat)

Yes, yes.

(beat)

Yes, understood.

(beat)

Yes.

(beat)

No, uh uh.

(beat)

No.

(beat)

No.

(beat)

No.

(beat)

No.

(beat)

(beat)

Yes, yes.

(beat)

Yes, understood.

(beat)

Yes.

(beat)

No, uh uh.

(beat)

No.

(beat)

No.

(beat)

Yes, I got it.

(beat)

(MORE)

PADALECCI (CONT'D)

Got it. I said I got it. If I say  
I got I got it.

(beat)

(beat)

No.

(beat)

Yes.

(beat)

Okay, bye.

Padacleti slaps the modern Italian phone shut with gusto and storms out of the courthouse, varied emotions coursing through his head and brain.

EXT. NICOLLET AVENUE - CONTINUOUS

Trevor lowers the post-modern phone to his sore knee, grimaces with concern and pain over the phone call from Paraducci. He smiles deeply, soaking up the knowledge he has acquired.

He sits in his director's chair. Zombies stroll around.

EXT. SKY OVER MINNEAPOLIS - NIGHT

The UFO space cruiser flashes over the city with careless abandon, traveling at super-sonic speeds never seen before. Without any warning, the UFO Ship dips and barrel-rolls to the ground, straightens out, shifts a bit, circles around and plummets skyward. It rockets to the earth with careless abandon, much like an arrow shot from a bow and arrow. As it enters the ungodly atmosphere from space it begins to glow red-hot like a red-hot ember from a space fire. The outside gets hot - hotter than the sun as it shoots to the ground at super-sonic speeds. It gets closer and closer to the Earth, shapes of trees and buildings loom in its windscreen. Pieces of metal melt off as the heat increase to ferocious temperatures. It goes from super hot to hotter than the hottest sun in the Universe. The outside starts out a steel color, turns blue, then red then molten white. Pieces of the UFO Space Explorer break off and land on the ground. The UFO gets closer and closer, screaming towards terra firma. The windshield begins to melt and hot gasses penetrate the interior. The ship has a long, white comet-like tail trailing behind it, caused by the massive heat and unsustainable temperatures created by re-entry. It begins to shudder and shake from the excitable vibrations caused by the ship cutting through the atmosphere. It shakes terribly and more pieces break off and crash to the ground. The ship rolls on its side, the Earth getting closer and closer and closer each passing second. The outside is so hot that



there is nothing to compare it to: THESE TEMPERATURES HAVE NEVER BEEN SEEN OR RECORDED BY MODERN MAN IN RECENT OR PAST HISTORY. The ship begins to warp and distort. It is melting from the outside in. Even these space-age polymers and mysterious super-steels cannot resist the high temperatures. The windshield flies off and crashes to the earth, shatters on impact. The ship is very close to the ground now, only seconds away. No one could live or breath through this punishment: nothing human anyway. Only Something NOT OF THIS EARTH COULD WITHSTAND THIS. The pressure builds from inside the space craft and it balloons out like a giant balloon. Bolts shoot out of their holes like space bullets and shoot through the ominous night sky, hurling into the far reaches of space. The space craft, like some giant disc of fire, careens maddeningly earthward. A loud booming begins to emanate throughout the ship and the surrounding space void. The ship has gone so fast it has now broken through the space/time continuum! No ship, man or space creature has ever gone this fast since the dawn of time. They are now going the speed of light quadrupled, or Mach 200. They are so fast that they appear invisible, because just when you look in their direction they disappear from view. The loud booming gets louder and makes a BOOM BOOM BOOM sound across the entire galaxy. Everyone away from the Earth can hear it plainly, but curiously and mysteriously the sound cannot be heard on Earth for some reason. The reason? They are so close to the earth that they are practically a part of the planet itself and so scientifically it would be impossible to hear a sound you are a part of you are making. No one can see or hear the ship anymore, even the passengers on board - IF THERE ARE PASSENGERS. The ship is so close it can practically taste the dirt. A collision is now unavoidable, a catastrophe awaits all who are jeopardized aboard the ship. Thankfully, the ship appears by its coordinates to miss the city itself and is headed toward an abandoned graveyard about a mile north outside the Minneapolis. It is practically only about fifty feet from the surface of the Earth, rushing towards its deadly destiny and destination in one form or another. The ship was designed to resist the massive pressures of space/time, but a direct impact to the Earth will cause unknown and dire harm to the ship and all she may or may not hold. Only time will tell at this point. The ship is now a mere two hundred feet from the surface. The bottom steel hydro-plates fall off the bottom of the ship and slice into the earth's crust at tremendous velocities, slicing all the way to the core like hot knives through melted butter. Suddenly, the ship lurches and slams into the dirt like an arrow shot from a space bow and arrow. There is a MASSIVE CRASH of metal on dirt. The ship crumples and buries itself completely in mounds of dirt. Only the very top is exposed. There is an exit door on the very top, so anyone inside could possibly get out if they wanted to. IF ANYONE IS REALLY INSIDE...

EXT. STILLWATER STATE PENITENTIARY - THE NEAR FUTURE

This prison is huge, the biggest prison in Minnesota. It is dark, deadly.

Only God knows the evils that lurk inside. It is made of hand-carved bricks and sharp, cutting razor wire loops around the top in a spiral fashion, machine-sharpened to a razor's point.

Only the hardest of the hard criminals and psychopaths go here.

This prison was designed to keep anyone from escaping. Anyone.

A police van pulls up to the outside and stops before the sally gate.

This is a specially designed police van for transporting the hardest of the hard criminals and psychopaths.

It was designed to keep anyone from escaping. Anyone.

VAN DRIVER #1

(yells)

Open her up!

GUARD #5

(shouts)

You heard the man. Open her up!

GUARD #3

(bawls out)

Opening, sir!

GUARD #7

(howls)

It's open for you!

VAN DRIVER #1

(bellows)

Thanks, Buddy!

The sally gate swings open with an almost slow, dramatic mode of style, signifying to the condemned prisoners in the van that they should abandon all hope when they enter.

Dark, deadly.

The van dramatically rolls through the gate in an almost ghostly crawl, giving the prisoners one last dramatic look at the outside world they will leave -

FOREVER MORE.

INT. STILLWATER FEDERAL PRISON INTERIOR - THE NEAR FUTURE A FEW MINUTES LATER

The van drives down an almost eerie passageway, surrounded by darkness and light.

It parks in a designated parking spot for vans, police vans, delivery vans and high security prison vans of all makes and models. The police officers dismount.

CHARLES

Another bunch of prisoners here for processing, Sam.

SAM

Good. We got the room. Say hello to your new home, you bastards.

RICHARD (O.S.)

Whoa, looks like a van full this time. A lot of crime happening in the outside world...it looks like to me, anyway...that's just my opinion.

Everyone bursts out laughing at this joke, finding it humorous and funny. Everyone, that is, except the prisoners. They can't hear the joke because they are in the van.

SAM

I have to hand it to you. Looks like it to me too.

(chuckles mildly to himself and the others)

So what do you think?

CHARLES

I was wondering the same thing...

RICHARD'S PARTNER (O.S.)

Come on, forget it.

NEAL

No, I think he better tell us...

RICHARD

(somewhat ruffled)

Captain O'Riley told me never to talk about it.

More laughter erupts. The prisoners are completely flustered about what is transpiring in the far vicinity.

SAM (O.S.)

Okay, leave the guy alone. We all need our secrets. Skeletons in the closet if you will.

PATRICK

Looks like a new bunch of bastards. Are they in for a treat? Yes they are.

NEAL

Yeah, if they only knew what was in store for them they'd turn right around and leave this god awful place.

TIMOTHY

Right, if they only knew.

Everyone eats in silence. The prisoners shuffle their feet in nervous tension.

SERGEANT WILLIAMS

I bet they're dying to get out of that van. Long trip?

CHARLES

Yeah, but about the same as always from the courthouse to the prison. An hour, maybe an hour and a half during rush hour.

RICHARD'S PARTNER (O.S.)

What's the hurry. Those bastards ain't going nowhere.

(spits on wall in dramatic fashion)

Philip chews his sandwich. He seems detached from the rest of his friends.

TOBY

I guess it's time then. Can't put this off forever.

MR. O'RILEY

It's time.

GERALD (O.S.)

(yells loudly)  
Mr. O'Riley says it's time!

One of the prison guards (Patrick) opens the van door and the prisoners file out, each attached to each other by long chains that stretch from ankle to far reaching ankle.

They are all dressed in orange: Their clothes for evermore...

Brad is chained between two burly black men who each eye him seductively and from the looks on their faces we know Brad is about to get anally raped.

BRAD

Listen, I don't belong here. I'm one of you, a cop. One of the good guys.

There is loud murmuring coming from the prisoners when they realize he is a cop.

BRAD

(thinks to himself)

Maybe I shouldn't have said that.

SERGEANT FITZWILLIAMS

That was in the past, Parsons. From here on out you'll be treated like any other prisoner we deal with on a daily basis at the prison...with contempt and impunity.

The guards lead the line of prisoners out of the garage and into the main CELLBLOCK.

INT. STILLWATER PRISON FACILITY - CELLBLOCK 'C' - DAY GOING ONTO NIGHTTIME

This appears to be a cellblock.

It is just how you imagine it from seeing it on TV shows and movies like 'OZ' or 'The Shawshank Redemption.'

But we find out later it is more like the prison in Sylvester Stallone's movie "Lock Up" or Tom Selleck's movie "An Innocent Man" only much, much worse.

It is just as bad as some of the prisons you see on the National Geographic Channel's show 'Locked Up Abroad.' Only much, much worse.

Brad is chained in the line in the middle of the line of men, but nearer to the front, but not too near.

They are given a blanket and shaving kit by a guard and then are unlocked from each other's masculine, hard and sweat-glistened bodies.

THIS IS BRAD'S NEW HOME FOR THE REST OF HIS LIFE.

This thought sinks in deeply to everyone.

Josh is obviously the best looking man in the prison - and being a cop he is truly a fish out of water.

This will arouse jealousy and envy and hatred and forbidden passions in the other men in times to come.

Brad is lead down a narrow corridor and passes by rows of jeering prisoners locked up in cells; they jeer and taunt him and the other fresh meat.

PRISONER #1  
Ooohhhhieeee! Fresh meat!

PRISONER #2  
Lookee - lookee fresh meat comin'  
through!

PRISONER #3  
(laughs wickedly)  
More fresh meat! Mmmmmmm.

PRISONER #4  
Fresh meat! Fresh meat!

PRISONER #5  
A whole lotta fresh meat!

PRISONER #6  
Me likey! Whoa boy, fresh meat  
coming through!

PRISONER #7  
On tonight's menu we have us some  
fresh meat!

PRISONER #8  
I get first dibs on the fresh meat!

PRISONER #9  
Yeah, that's right, Fresh Meat.  
I'm looking at you.

PRISONER #10  
 (taunts them  
 mercilessly)  
 Freeeeeeessshhh Meeeeaaattt!

JULIO  
 Fresh Meat! Whoo Boy!

It is important to remember that Julio will later become Brad's friend and help him escape. He doesn't know him right now - that's why all the mean, hurtful taunting. And it is important to note he is the only prisoner WITH A NAME.

PRISONER #11  
 Fresh meat on deck!

PRISONER #12  
 (sniffs with gusto)  
 Is that fresh meat I smell? Yes, I  
 think it is!

PRISONER #13  
 I sees me some fresh meat!

Brad passes by prisoner #14's cell. The prisoner points him out SPECIFICALLY and smiles.

PRISONER #14  
 (to Brad)  
 Fresh Meat!

GUARD #3  
 Listen up, you bastards! Fresh meat  
 coming through!

PRISONER #15  
 I think I see...No wait. It is!  
 It's fresh meat!

PRISONER #16  
 Fresh meat! Fresh meat! Fresh  
 meat!

PRISONER #17  
 I'm in the mood for some fresh meat  
 tonight!

PRISONER #18  
 What's on my schedule tonight?  
 Let's see: first I'll work out,  
 then do a little light reading and  
 then finish up my night with a  
 little fresh meat!

PRISONER #19  
All aboard! Fresh meat leaving the  
station! Toooooot - toooot!

The guard opens a dark, dank, smelly cell door and ushers Brad in with a gentle, yet firm shove into the elaborate cell.

The guard looks worried and forlorn. He leaves shaking his head in dismay.

Brad looks around the cell to check it out.

There are two metal beds, a metal toilet covered in poop and pee and a flag hanging on the wall with a swastika on it.

Brad is all alone now except for his roommate.

KILLER KLAW (40s), tall, muscular from lifting weights, huge, broad-chested and barrel-armed, bald-headed with absolutely no hair, he wears an orange jumpsuit like everyone else and has a long, black bearded-beard tied in braids.

KILLER stands facing the corner of the room in a dramatic fashion. We cannot see him as of yet.

Suddenly, he turns and steps forward. We can see him now. He is huge.

KILLER  
Well, well. If it isn't some new  
fresh meat!

BRAD  
Look, I don't want any trouble.  
I'm innocent and just want to serve  
out my time until my execution in  
peace and quiet.

KILLER  
(rubs his chin knowingly)  
We...shall...see...

DISSOLVE TO:

FADE OUT.

INTERMISSION



FADE IN:

SUPER ON BLACK SCREEN FOR EMPHASIS:

"PART II: THE RECKONING"

EXT. JET AIRLINER - SOMEWHERE IN THE EARTH - NIGHT

The mysterious passenger plane flies swiftly over the tree line above the clouds.

INT. JET AIRLINER - FIRST CLASS SECTION - LATER

The interior of the jet airliner is not like any plane I've ever seen. In all actuality, it is only a passenger jet airliner on the outside - on the inside it is truly a rich, wealthy man's private plane.

The inside looks like a fancy nightclub. It has elephant skin leather benches, a giant wet bar and a snack rack.

Everything is plated in 24 karat gold and 24 karat sterling silver.

Dirk Gray sits in one of the benches.

A beautiful, gorgeous supermodel sits beside him on the same bench in a similar manner.

They have just had sex and are fully clothed and drinking drinks, appearing as if everything were normal.

But things are far from normal indeed.

DIRK

Caroline, have I told you how beautiful you are lately?

CAROLINE (the supermodel)  
(she blushes  
extravagantly)

Yes, you have. A hundred times  
A day, and a hundred times more  
If need be.

DIRK

(leans in, a  
true king of  
the castle)

DIRK (CONT'D)

And it certainly needs telling.  
Even more so if need be.

Caroline is swept up in the moment of passionate embrace.

CAROLINE

I just worry about you, Dirk.  
Always running off, leaving me  
behind. Makes a girl think, you  
know? About the future, about  
where you're headed...where I'm  
headed, if we're headed in the same  
direction or drifting in two  
separate directions and headed  
nowhere...

Dirk begins to speak, utters a few words in silence, and  
then says nothing. Nothing at all.

The silence and the void between them is deafening.

CAROLINE

Just tell me you love me. Just  
once, Dirk...so I can hear it  
through my very own ears for once  
in my life.

Dirk stands, walks to the wet bar, pours himself a shot of  
beer. He throws it back, coughs. Wipes foam from his  
parted lips.

DIRK

I can't say it, Caroline. I never  
have and never will. Especially  
since my involvement with Markort,  
the bastard. What he did to me in  
that cell - indescribable and  
unheard of.

CAROLINE

(seductively, wanting  
him to open up and share)  
Please tell me, Dirk. Share with  
me.

DIRK

I can't speak about it, Caroline.  
I never have and never will. The  
past is the past and the future is  
the future. All we have is the  
present together and our future  
later on. And that's all I'm

(MORE)

DIRK (CONT'D)  
Concerned with.

CAROLINE  
I can't live like this! I just can't!

Caroline shrieks these words uncontrollably.

Dirk, passive, unrelenting, stumbles off to the bar drunkenly. It is over between them. He knows it now and she will know it soon enough.

NOTE TO DIRECTOR: IT WOULD BE BEST IF YOU ESTABLISHED THE PARALLELS BETWEEN DIRK'S LOVE LIFE WITH CAROLINE (THE SUPERMODEL) AND JOSH'S AFFAIR WITH HILLARY BEFORE SHE DIED.

EXT. MINNEAPOLIS NATIONAL SEMATARY - THE DARK OF NIGHT

This is an unusual Sematary because there is a UFO buried in it.

Yes, the UFO flying saucer crashed in this vastly remote SEMATARY just on the outskirts of the city.

PRODUCTION NOTE: IF YOU DIDN'T NOTICE ALREADY, I SPELLED CEMETARY WITH AN 'S' AND AN 'A' SO IT LOOKS LIKE SEMATARY INSTEAD OF CEMETARY. THIS IS DONE TO EMPHASIZE ITS UNUSUAL NATURE DUE TO THE UFO FLYING SAUCER, MUCH LIKE I SAW DONE IN A MOVIE ABOUT DEAD PETS COMING BACK TO LIFE - THE NAME OF WHICH I CANNOT REMEMBER AT THIS TIME.

The UFO moves mysteriously. The hatch flies open and we see several WEREWOLVES (heretoforth know as LICHENS) scamper out and head into the surrounding wooded countryside.

Immediately following them are the UFO flying saucer space crew, the SPACE VAMPYRES.

They are dressed like usual Earth vampires, except their clothes are made of space-age polymers and latex, materials NOT OF THIS EARTH.

THIS IS A SHOCKING SIGHT!

MALTOV LICHEN is the head Vampyre. She is seductively tall, with charms unbeknownst to mankind. She carries a secret

ray gun, unbeknownst only to herself and the others of the crew.

MALTOV LICHEN  
 (speaking in a  
 foreign language)  
 Hurry, the werewolves have escaped!

MANDRAKE LICHEN, his sister, is much taller and wider from both angles and evil permeates from every pore.

MANDRAKE LICHEN  
 (speaking in the  
 same language as  
 his sister)  
 Sister, we are lucky to be alive at the moment. Who knows what the future holds in store for such as our ilk.

MALTOV LICHEN  
 (speaking in the  
 same foreign  
 dialect)  
 Yes, sister, you speak wholly the truth. But the werewolves must be stopped before they take over this tiny, backwards planet.

He chambers a microscopic microcosmic eliminator cartridge into the secret space rifle. He hits a button and the whole thing lights up and blinks like a space Christmas tree.

MANDRAKE LICHEN  
 And we also need to feed...  
 (smiles with evil)

MALTOV LICHEN  
 (MORE)  
 MALTOV LICHEN (CONT'D)  
 He also smiles...a smile that shows intent. He says this without words and then with words says: I know, sister...  
 (smiles and shows VAMPYRE FANGS!)  
 I know...

The Lichen sisters and other Vampyres file out of the ship two abreast next to each other in two long rows. They are going to stop the werewolves at any cost to themselves or anyone who gets in their way...

INT. MINNESOTA FEDERAL PENITENTIARY - NIGHTTIME INSIDE

CUT TO:

INT. MINNESOTA FEDERAL PENITENTIARY/BRAD AND KILLER'S CELL  
- SOMETIME LATER

MONTAGE IN PROGRESS (in the order that it appears):

- We see Josh using ancient Kung Fu techniques on Killer subduing his aggression with ease of might. Killer now respects him and gives him the handshake of the secret brotherhood, so he is now respected and admired.
- Josh playing poker for cigarettes with his new friends.
- Josh getting a back tattoo from Julio, his newest friend. his chest and arms are rock hard and solid. He has been there awhile pumping iron. He is covered in violent tattoos, body piercings and scarifications.

On his back we see his newest tattoo that Julio has just Proudly written on his back in ink:

***"VENGEANCE IS MINE"***

JULIO  
(He speaks once  
here in the movie)  
Pretty good job, if I do say so myself.  
(smiles with  
self-pride and  
and self-worth)

END FOOTAGE

INT. STILLWATER FEDERAL PENITENTIARY - THE FOLLOWING DAY

They are in the rec room. Some of them are in the kitchen preparing dinner, others are cleaning the toilets or working with the prison chaplain on upcoming prayers or in the library dusting items and sundries.

Several lift weights like they usually do in prisons across the world. A hellish air hangs in the room.

Dirk and Killer sit at a TV, watching it as the program unfolds before their eyes. It is 'COPS' and it is Brad's story.

The other prisoners are very impressed to see him kill the police, adding to his street cred.

KILLER  
Headaches?

BRAD  
Yeah, all the time. I'm forgetting things more and more and everything is becoming unreal, like I'm beginning to suffer from paranoid schizophrenia.

KILLER  
Huh.

The show ends and Brad turns the station to the news.

PRISONER #25  
Hey, fresh meat - I was watching that!

KILLER  
(gives him a  
dirty look)  
Shut your yap. My bitch can do whatever she wants, got it?

BRAD  
Thanks, Killer. I appreciate that.

The news comes on and we see Patricia Chin's (news reporter extraordinaire) face plastered across the screen.

She holds a black, fuzzy microphone to her quivering Asian lips.

CHUNG  
(speaking English)  
Hello, this is Patricia Chung reporting live at Lake Calhoun from Channel Four's newsroom downtown.

Killer and Josh face the screen in sarcastic mock interest. The outside world holds nothing for them ever again. Nothing.

CHUNG

Police have just retrieved the body parts of three large, muscular men who wore black t-shirts with the words 'Zombie Hitman' printed on the back.

Killer continues his mocking gestures at the TV screen, but Brad's gestures become real and apparent. This whole thing rings a bell.

CHUNG

The identities of the three men have not been released, so the police are referring to them only as 'Bodyguards #1, #2, and #3.'

His curiosity piqued, Brad is glued to the TV set as if interested.

CHUNG

(continuing to speak English as if a native born to the motherland)

It looks like we have a serial killer on the loose. The police are simply referring to him by this poetically ironic moniker: 'The Black T-shirt Zombie Killer.' Steve, back to you.

BRAD

This all seems so familiar...

Due to amnesia and schizophrenia, Brad only remembers half-truths about his life and almost nothing of relevance.

NOTE TO JOSH BROLIN: NO SEX ACTUALLY TAKES PLACE BETWEEN YOURSELF AND KILLER KLAU. 'BITCH' IS JUST A TERM OF ENDEARMENT HE USES SINCE YOU PREVIOUSLY EARNED EVERYONE'S RESPECT AND ADMIRATION.

As if on cue, Captain O'Riley storms through the rec room with intended purpose. He is flanked by several men, who follow behind at a modest distance.

He steps right up to the TV set, turns directly at Brad and slightly faces him from the right side at an angle.

Killer stands, towers over the pathetic old Captain.

But O'Riley has some tricks up his sleeve. You see, he is a Martial Arts Jeet Kune Do Karate Expert Master, unbeknownst to all who know him.

KILLER  
You're dead meat, Pig!

Captain O'Halley kicks a flying kick at Killer's neck -

THE LARYNX IS CRUSHED AND PULVERIZED BEYOND BELIEF!

Killer is dead before he hits the floor.

He drops to his knees, gasps once, looks at his old friend, and falls on his face in a heap and dies.

CAPTAIN O'HALLEY  
(to the other man)  
Come on, we need to speak in private.

Brad shrugs and follows the captain over to a feeding cell. They sit on the toilets, arms folded, legs in disarray.

BRAD  
Speak.

CAPTAIN O'HALLEY  
Look, I know things have been rough. But I have a proposition for you.

BRAD  
Speak.

CAPTAIN O'HALLEY  
Look, things have been tough, but I think I have something that might interest you more than slightly.

BRAD  
Speak.

CAPTAIN O'HALLEY  
Look, we need your help to catch "The Black T-shirt Zombie Killer."

BRAD  
(showing excitement through words)  
Of course, that would be great!  
Let's go!



CAPTAIN O'HALLEY

I'm coming to you because you're the best, dammit. You are and were the best damn man on the whole damn force.

(chuckles  
sardonically)

I may not agree with your hippie ways and I may not understand your police procedure or your right wing politics but dammit, you always get the job done.

BRAD

Why should I?

CAPTAIN O'HALLEY

Because you're the best, dammit.

BRAD

Okay I'll do it on two conditions.

CAPTAIN O'HALLEY

Name it.

BRAD

One, you get me out of this hellhole.

CAPTAIN O'HALLEY

I'm not sure...I'll have to pull some strings, but I think I can manage it.

BRAD

And two, I get my old job back with double the salary.

CAPTAIN O'HALLEY

No problem. And three?

BRAD

You help me solve Claire's murder.

CAPTAIN O'HALLEY

(looks meekly)

Parsons, you're like a son to me. But no one can solve that case. Just let it go. Just...let...it  
(beat)  
...go...

BRAD

(shrugs)

Fine. Whatever you say, Captain.

(MORE)

BRAD (CONT'D)  
 Whatever...you...  
 (beat)  
 ...say...

But Brad can never let it go, not until his dying breathe and day.

EXT. NICOLLET AVENUE - DUSK, THE FOLLOWING NIGHT

Children shriek and play. Old women walk their poodles. Men play guitars and violins for pocket change and unwanted coins...but all is not well.

Trevor is standing with two zombie leaders going over lines, when his mysterious phone rings SHRILLILY.

TREVOR  
 Talk to me.

PEDALUCCI  
 It is I, Pedalucci.

TREVOR  
 What is it?

PEDALUCCI  
 Do you remember when I called you from the courthouse?

TREVOR  
 Yes, vaguely.

PEDALUCCI  
 (undeterred)  
 Remember what we talked about?

TREVOR  
 Yes, somewhat. What do you want?

INTERCUT PHONE CONVERSATION AT EARLIER BEGINNING POINT

PEDALUCCI  
 Do you remember that thing you mentioned?

TREVOR  
 Kind of...oh, yes. So what?

PEDALUCCI  
 Well, we need to talk.

TREVOR  
Spit it out, Pedaluccino. What do you want?

PEDALUCCI  
Do you remember we talked about him?

TREVOR  
Yes, I remember. What about him?

PEDALUCCI  
Things are not always as they seem. Almost never. I need more.

TREVOR  
More what? Tell me?

PEDALUCCI  
Remember what you offered me?

TREVOR  
Absolutely. And it still holds.

PEDALUCCI  
Do you remember what I said?

TREVOR  
Again, vaguely. Why don't you refresh my memory...

PEDALUCCI  
At first I said yes, and then no. After some discussion you convinced me otherwise based on this.

TREVOR  
Has something changed?

PEDALUCCI  
No. I will stick with our bargain.

TREVOR  
Anything else?

PEDALUCCI  
Remember when I mentioned the other thing?

TREVOR  
You'll have to be more specific.

PEDABELLO  
Don't tell me you forgot already.

TREVOR  
(frantically stressed)  
okay, yes I remember. What about  
it?

PEDABELLO  
Did you forget what I said  
afterwards? Hmmm?

TREVOR  
No I remember quite clearly. You  
said...

PEDABELLO  
No matter. As long as you remember  
what I said directly after that.

TREVOR  
Let me think...yes I clearly  
remember you saying yes to that.

PEDABELLO  
Tsk, tsk. You're memory no so  
good, Senor Fields.

TREVOR  
Refresh my memory then.

PEDABELLO  
I said yes to the first thing, but  
maybe to the second.

TREVOR  
No, you clearly said no. I  
remember your exact words: 'No.'

PEDABELLO  
Yes, at first. But do you remember  
what I said right after that?

TREVOR  
(sighs)  
That's right...You said yes.

PEDABELLO  
That's right, Monsignor Fields.  
Pedalucci say yes to almost  
everything but no that other thing.

TREVOR  
So what do you want?

PORTABELLA  
What do you think I want?

TREVOR  
I know what you want. Remember  
what I told you?

PORTABELLA  
Hmmm. Yes I do remember.

TREVOR  
Oh yeah? What did I say?

PORTABELLA  
Yes.

TREVOR  
That's right, I said yes. And  
that's how it stays, a firm yes.

PORTABELLA  
You no change your mind?

TREVOR  
Do you remember the last time I  
changed my mind?

PORTABELLA  
No.

TREVOR  
That's because I never change my  
mind. Got it?

PORTABELLA  
Okay.

TREVOR  
Remember this: Once I make up my  
mind there is no turning back.

PORTABELLA  
I will remember. Luigi no forget,  
Monsignor Fields.

TREVOR  
And never forget the last thing I  
said. Do you remember?

PORTABELLA  
How could I forget? Goodbye, Senor  
Fields. Have a good day.

TREVOR  
Okay, goodbye.

PORTABELLA  
Día bueno a usted. Bye.

END INTERCUT BETWEEN TREVOR FIELDS AND PEDALUCINO

Trevor slams the cell phone down hard on his swollen knee. Clearly he is stressed by the latest new information.

EXT. MINNEAPOLIS PET SEMATARY - NIGHTFALL

The UFO rocket buried beneath the ancient caskets stirs as if a mighty giant awakened from its long, glorious slumber.

It glows greenly and emanates a greenish glow from it's exterior AND interior. The glow seeps through the earth like molten lava, entering the silent caskets as if looking for something in particular.

A DEAD ZOMBIE HAND REACHES UP THROUGH THE LOOSE EARTH!

The glow from the rocket ship has magnificent powers of regeneration. This is what keeps the Vampyres alive and also affects

DEAD HUMAN FLESH!

Millions of zombies spring to life from the Sematary, in all stages of decomposition.

They are the walking dead...

...and they have come forward to feast on the brains of the living.

The head zombie points at the city of Minneapolis in all her majestic glory.

ZOMBIE  
(speaks dustily)  
We must go, my children. Come, we must go.

Other Vampyres discover they can speak too. The zombies, through some unnatural mutation process, are mutating rapidly and evolving.

They are beginning to think like the humans they once were and act like it.

Soon, you won't be able to tell one from another.

IT...HAS...STARTED...

A lone werewolf is feasting on an antelope near the rocket ship.

Zombies move in for the kill -

- and kill it with surprising speed, gusto and ample dexterity.

They are evolving...

THEY...ARE...HERE...

EXT. POLICE PRECINT - PARKING LOT AREA - DAYLIGHT

Brad sits at his desk, contemplating his surreal surroundings. He can't believe he is out of prison. After so many years inside, life is extremely different.

Even though prison is tough, life can be tougher: dark, deadly.

Just how tough and different?

For example, we see a rookie cop pull an ultra-modern cell phone out of his pocket and answer a mysterious phone call.

Brad sits staring, mouth agape, as if looking at some magical device from yesteryear.

BRAD

(interrupts the call)

Excuse me, son. What...what is that thing? That thing in your mouth?

JOHANSSSEN

What? My cellular telephone?

BRAD

Is that what that is? A telephone you're talking into with that other person on the other end?

JOHANSSSEN

Yes, that's right.

BRAD  
Sununvagun...

NOTE TO DIRECTOR: IT IS IMPERATIVE THAT YOU TALK TO JOSH BROLIN AND MAKE HIM UNDERSTAND THAT THE WORLD IS A VERY DIFFERENT PLACE FROM THIS POINT FORWARD. IT IS THE FUTURE AND HE MUST ACT LIKE IT IS. THANKS.

Josh begins to understand he is in a different world than the one that transpired in his past life before prison and his future life inside the dark and deadly walls of Stillwater National Prison Complex.

It is a mysterious world and Josh is a mysterious man.

EXT. DIRK GRAY'S MYSTERIOUS JET AIRLINER - NIGHT

Dirk wraps up Caroline's decomposing body in an old tarp and pushes it out of the plane as it flies over Minneapolis.

He shuts the plane door and resumes flying the airplane, taking her in for a landing at JFK International airport.

It is a good sunny day and he smiles, now that the old business is taken care of and he can get on with the new business: finding Josh and assassinating him.

INT. MINNEAPOLIS MEMORIAL SEMATARY - NIGHT

Caroline flies like an angel through the heavens and lands with a loud splat in the middle of the Sematary, every bone crushed and bleeding profusely. But it doesn't matter:

The rocket ship notices her arrival and casts a pallid green glow across the beat up tarp.

CAROLINE MYSTERIOUSLY MOVES ABOUT

She climbs out of the tarp, none the worse for wear. She is still a gorgeous supermodel, but decomposing and broken bones jut out here and there from rotted flesh.

A dead hand grabs her ankle.

THE DEAD HAND  
Help me, Sister.



CAROLINE  
What is it, Sister?

PAN CAMERA THROUGH THE DIRT

The hand turns into Claire. It is Officer Claire Hepburn, Josh's ex-girlfriend!!!

She lifts herself out of a shallow grave and faces her opponent.

FATHER O'MALLEY  
Go back to hell, you satanic  
bitches!

It is Father O'Malley. He has been watching the whole time. He has somehow tracked his way to the crashed space cruiser all the way over from St. Anthony's Cathedral.

He carries a silver cross and a pistol with silver bullets.

DEAD CLAIRE  
The Apocalypse is nigh upon us,  
Father. You're god cannot help you  
now!

FATHER O'MALLEY  
God is all-powerful. He has shown  
me what I must do to stop your  
evil! His will be thine!

With just those simple few words, Father O'Malley is empowered by God to fight the zombies.

The silver cross glows a glorious, righteous bright white. The silver pistol also glows.

The cross shoots a red laser beam at Claire's arm, hitting her in the arm. The rotten flesh tears away with ease and the arm flops away unharmed.

DEAD CAROLINE  
You're God cannot help you, old  
priest!

The zombie women are scantily clothed and still offer some temptation. Father O'Malley averts his eyes in shame.

He is attacked and devoured hungrily, the women feasting on his ripe flesh in a wholly sexual, poignant way.

In a final act of irreverence and impurity, Claire breaks the Lord's golden cross over her knee and God's almighty glory fades from view.

DEAD CLAIRE  
Come, Sister. We must take our  
revenge.

DEAD CAROLINE  
Yes, on both Dirk Gray and Josh Parsons.

DEAD CLAIRE  
They will pay mightily.

END SCENE

CUT TO:

FADE IN:

FLASH TITLE CARD ON BLACK BACKGROUND:

SUPER: "PART III: DELIVER US FROM EVIL"

DISSOLVE TO:

FADE IN:

EXT. KOREATOWN - FUJIYAMO'S KOREAN DELI AND GROCERY -  
LITTLE KOREA - DAY

This store is filled with normal groceries and Asian foods.

Brad grips CHIN LOW FUJIYAMO'S (90s) extremely elderly, wise beyond his years (his perspective formed by years of Chinese philosophy), old, with greying, wispy Asian hair, shirt and throttles the old Oriental man to and fro.

BRAD  
(speaks fluent Asian)  
Tell me now, Low Chin, where is  
that disrespectful young grandson  
of yours?

CHIN LOW

(answers)

Please, Officer Brad, I do not know of such things. I am but a humble shopkeeper, respectful of the law.

BRAD

He is the connection, don't you know? The connection to my past and to my future. He holds the key.

CHIN LOW

How so?

BRAD

First, he has the evidence I need to lock up Gipacetti and his organized crime syndicate forever.

(beat)

Second, he knows who killed Claire.

(another long beat)

Third, he has information about the "Black T-shirt Zombie Killer."

(pregnant beat)

Fourth, he knows the name of the man Hollywoodbound69 sent to kill me.

(beat)

Brad drop-kicks the angered old man, sending him reeling off the ceiling and into the floor.

Brad bounces up and down, loosens up his arms ancient Kung Fu style.

BRAD

That all you got? It's gonna take more than that to beat me, old man.

A young Asian boy struggles to cart in a box of Maraschino cherries on his shoulder. We cannot see his face, but Brad recognizes him instantly.

BRAD

(Asian dialect)

Lu Nguyen! (pronounced Na-Guy-Yen)

LU

What? Oh shit!

NOTE TO DIRECTOR: A CHASE ENSUES AT THIS POINT. IT WOULD BE COOL TO DO SOMETHING SIMILAR TO THE THINGS JASON STATHAM DOES IN HIS MOVIES. JOSH BROLIN MAY BE FRIENDS WITH JASON STATHAM - I DON'T KNOW FOR SURE, BUT WORTH CHECKING ON.

REFERENCE: 'CRANK', 'CRANK: HIGH VOLTAGE', TRANSPORTER ONE, TWO AND THREE.

Josh throttles Lu within an inch of his life.

He is exhausted after the five-mile foot/bicycle/skateboard chase and then almost losing his life when the Audi flipped over and is now and forever more taking it out on the boy.

They are in a deep, dark and deadly alleyway way, way outside Little Koreatown at this point in the movie.

BRAD

\*ad-libs dialogue\*

LU

(scared beyond belief)

\*ad-libs response to questions about Brad's life.\*

NOTE TO DIRECTOR: SOME OF THE DIALOGUE FROM A JASON STATHAM MOVIE WOULD BE AWESOME HERE. NOT EXACTLY THE SAME, BUT SIMILAR IN NATURE WOULD BE APPROPRIATE.

LU NGUYEN (20s) smaller than your average Oriental male, wise like his grandfather but younger, wears an inquisitive look on his face always, like he knows something he's not telling or holds back some ancient Chinese secret.

Brad lets go of the mangled body, kicks it once for good measure and spits on the mangled corpse in utter disdain.

It is over and he is free.

OR IS HE...?

A bullet rings out near his feet. He dumpster-dives, hiding in the trash for protection. The smell is awful and he is repugnant.

Over across the way on the rooftop...

INT. DIRK GRAY'S ROOFTOP BEDROOM WINDOW ON THE NORTH WALL  
FACING THE NORTH - DAYLIGHT

...Dirk Gray aims his high-powered sniper rifle once again,  
takes aim at the dumpster hidden behind the wall and jerks  
the trigger.

KA-BLOOM!

FADE TO BLACK

FLASHBACK TO THE NOT TOO DISTANT PAST

FADE IN:

SUPER ON BLACK SCREEN FOR ADDITIONAL VIEWER IMPACT:

"PART V: CONCLUSION - DEATH BE NOT PROUD"

EXT. NICOLLET AVENUE - DEAD OF NIGHTTIME

Brad squeezes his head in an agonizing headlock, the pain  
from his amnesia and schizophrenia tearing up his insides.

THE AMNESIA TAKES HOLD WITH FURIOUS IMPACT

Brad digs in his blazer pocket for some unknown Polaroid  
photos and discovers them there.

He pulls out the first one and holds it in the lamplight of  
the blaring street. It is a picture of a black Audi like  
Jason Statham's.

NOTE TO DIRECTOR: FOR MAXIMUM IMPACT FOR THE FOLLOWING  
REVEAL, THE CAMERAMAN SHOULD POSITION HIMSELF BEHIND AND TO  
THE RIGHT OF JASON. FOCUS ON THE PHOTO AND THEN AS JOSH  
LOWERS IT, WE SEE THE REAL LIFE AUTO DIRECTLY ACROSS THE  
STREET IN THE EXACT SAME POSITION AS THE FIRST AUTO, AS IF  
IT WERE MEANT TO BE THERE. THANKS.

Josh is discombobulated and mildly confused by this situation. He slow-motions the photo to the floor, and he sees the actual Audi right there before his very own eyes!

BRAD

That must be mine. Okay. Let's see what the other mysterious photos reveal...

He pulls out a picture of Trevor.

Anger rises inside his mind, but he doesn't know why or where it comes from because

HE HAS NEVER SEEN THIS MAN BEFORE IN HIS ENTIRE LIFE!!!

He flips the photo over and on the back it first says:

"HOLLYWOODBUND69"

And then it says underneath:

"Do not trust his lies."

The last line says:

"Look at your chest tattoo."

BRAD

Funny, I don't have any tattoos...

He drops the photos and rips his shirt open; buttons fly across the street dramatically.

He looks at the mess of tattoos that sparkle across his torso and is horrified and yet mesmerized by his secret identity.

He tries to read the upside down, backwards, mirrored and reversed letters but he can't make heads-nor-tails of them.

He runs across the street and looks in the window of an antique mirror shop. The main antique mirror reveals all:

"TREVOR F KILLED YOUR DREAMS"

Brad stumbles back and catches himself on an old mirror as the memories crash back into his skull and flood him like all the recent memories he has been missing.

FLASHBACK TO MEMORY MONTAGE:

BACKGROUND MUSIC: MAKE THIS SAD AND DISTURBING, AS HIS REALIZATION OF HIS SCHIZOPHRENIA AND HOW IT HAS AFFECTED HIM AND HOW HE HAS LIVED HIS LIFE CRASHES DOWN ON HIM LIKE A HAMMER THROUGH PLATE GLASS.

SUGGESTIONS: MARCY PLAYGROUNDS 'SEX AND CANDY' OR CYNDI LAUPER'S 'HOLE IN MY HEART (ALL THE WAY TO CHINA)'

- Brad and Claire at a moonlit table by Lake Calhoun. He is wearing a tuxedo like Clark Gable and she is dressed like an ancient princess of olden years. He gets down on one knee and hands her a wedding ring.

FLASH FORWARD:

- Claire and Brad's wedding day. This is the happiest day of his life. He carries her out of the church and to the hotel room where they have sex for the first time ever.

FLASH FORWARD FURTHER:

- Brad kicks Claire's chest in.

FLASH BACKWARDS:

- Brad is on the set of 'Zombie Hitman.' He walks to his car and screams when he notices he has a flat tire.
- Bodyguard #1, Bodyguard #2 and Bodyguard #3 run up and ask what's going on.

MOS:

- Brad expresses through body language what we can see but cannot hear. Bodyguard #1 pats him on the back consolingly. Bodyguard #2 jacks his car up and bodyguard #3 reaches in kindly for the spare tire. They wave goodbye.

FLASH FORWARD:

- Brad sawing their bodies apart with a hacksaw.

FLASH BACKWARDS:

- Brad babysitting the grocery boy, Lu Nguyen, as a small toddler.

FLASH FORWARD A LITTLE BIT INTO THE FUTURE:

- Brad at Lu's high school graduation. Josh is holding Lu's graduation cake while Lu's mother cuts delicate pieces for guests. He hugs Lu with warmth and pride.

FLASH FORWARD FARTHER INTO THE DISTANT FUTURE:

- Brad crushing Lu's face in with a brick.

END FLASHBACK MONTAGE

BACK TO SCENE

Josh is spinning out of control, literally. He tries to make it to his car, but flops onto the sidewalk and flounders.

NOTE TO DIRECTOR: THIS WOULD BE A GOOD TIME TO USE THE CHEST CAMERA DEVICE AGAIN.

Brad pulls the photo out of Hollywoodbound69 and crinkles it up in his mashed fist.

BRAD  
It's...all...his...fault!

Brad, not able to accept responsibility for his own actions of the past, has now and forevermore blamed Trevor.

HE SEEKS VENGEANCE!!!

FADE OUT

FADE IN:



SUPER THE FOLLOWING OVER A STILL SHOT OF A CLOSEUP OF JOSH BROLIN'S ANGRY, DEMENTED FACE.

SUPER: "PART VI: THE RECKONING"

EXT. OUTSKIRTS OF MINNEAPOLIS - NIGHT WITH A FULL MOON

The Vampyres, the werewolves and the zombies have all joined forces against a common enemy:

MANKIND ITSELF AND ALL SHE HOLDS NEAR AND DEAR

Millions of zombies, thousands of werewolves and hundreds of Vampyres are intermixed or standing in various groups or separated by themselves and stare straight ahead at the Jewel of the Midwest: Minneapolis.

They stand in a giant semi-circle around the city: Silent but deadly.

Maltov Lichen, the Vampyre leader and his sister Mordov, careen their eyes over the vast army. They are very impressed by the horde of interlopers.

The zombie leader stands to one side of either or both of them, appraising his handiwork.

ZOMBIE LEADER

This city, MIN-YA-UP-LIS (said totally weird like) the center of the Western World, the pride of Earth, shall fall beneath our grasp once and for all tonight.

MORDOV LICHEN

They are weak like space sheep and their city shall fall upon this night. What say you, sister?

MALTOV LICHEN

Yes, sister. We shall vanquish all who stand in our way this very night!

Maltov raises his space cannon laser and fires a red anti-gravity particle laser beam into the night sky far overhead the city, missing it completely.

MALTOV LICHEN  
(screaming at the  
top of his lungs)  
Come my children of the night! Let  
us feast on the flesh of Man and  
all his ilk!

EXT. NICOLLET AVENUE - PREVIOUS TO THIS

Brad sneaks into Nicollet Mall, where the crew for 'Zombie Hitman' have set up shop.

He pretends to be a fancy French waiter carrying drinks to snotty guests -

- and then -

slips behind some ruffled curtains, unseen and undetected by anyone other than himself.

He looks around his surroundings and outside the immediate area and spots Ruthless Rexx (Mick Andrews, the Zombie Hitman) talking to Trevor in a friendly way.

Josh notices how good-looking Reckless Rex is without his makeup, angering him even further into an all-in-all rage.

BRAD  
Time for The Reckoning, my friend.

Trevor walks away and Brad snaps Mick's neck like a piece of birch bark.

He drags the dead body behind the curtains (where he has privacy) and strips the naked man.

Brad pulls the leather Mad Max suit on over his Minneapolis Police homicide Detective suit and looks at himself in the antique mirror.

From the neck down he looks exactly like Mick Andrews...

EXT. MINNEAPOLIS PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Moltov, Mandrake and the zombie leader lead the army of zombies, Vampyre citizens and werewolves across the parking lot, killing any and all they see.

THE PEOPLE ATTACKED DON'T DIE HOWEVER...

Whoever attacks them is then turned into whoever attacks them or a combination thereof if attacked simultaneously by one or up to three combinations of zombies, werewolves or Vampyres.

New Vampyres spring up from the ashes, along with brand new werewolves and new zombie overlords.

The problem grows exponentially as the growing army attacks new Minnesotans and the army grows thusly.

EXT. NICOLLET MALL - INSIDE THE MAIN LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Josh slips past the valets and goes into the makeup room.

He finds an empty chair near Jennifer Love Hewitt and begins applying massive doses of white makeup to hide his trim features.

After he is all covered up, Jennifer (playing actor Anne Caruthers-Barrington who plays Sally in the movie) waits politely until he is all covered up and then turns, puts her hand out.

ANNE

Hi, Mick. How are you today?

BRAD (AS RECKLESS REXX)

(shakes her  
delicately  
featured hand)

Oh, pretty good. Just getting ready for the next scene.

(beat,  
contemplative)

You wouldn't happen to have a copy of the script, would you? I left mine in the toilet...

Jennifer admonishes him briskly, then reaches into her portfolio/handbag and pulls out a dog-eared copy of 'Zombie Hitman.'

JENNIFER

Here, you can have mine. I have all my lines memorized, like a professional actor would.

NOTE TO JENNIFER LOVE HEWITT: THIS IS SAID WITH CHILDISH PLAYFULLNESS AND FLIRTATION BECAUSE YOU KNOW MICK WANTS TO HAVE SEX WITH YOU. SO, MORE FLIRTY AND LESS BITCHY. THANKS.

RUTHLESS REXX  
 (irritated by her  
 apparent lack of  
 decorum and  
 rudeness)

I may not be as good an actress as  
 you, Ms. Hewitt, but I'm one  
 helluva screenwriter.

ANNE  
 (turns back to  
 mirror, applies  
 more makeup)  
 Oh yes? Have I read for any of  
 your parts?

RECKLESS REXX  
 Well, honestly, I've only written  
 one screenplay and it had mixed  
 reviews. A very respected reviewer  
 gave it two thumbs up and another  
 jackass that no one knows about  
 crapped on it. I happen to know it  
 is excellent, though.

Jennifer Love Hewitt finishes applying mascara to her cheeks  
 and chin and stands, attempting to leave the area briskly.

JENNIFER  
 Great. Okay, I'll see you on the  
 set in five.

JOSH  
 Wait! What scene are we shooting  
 next?

JENNIFER  
 The one starting on page seventeen.  
 The zombies take over Minneapolis  
 and kill everyone.

RUTHLESS REXX  
 Okay, thanks.

Sally leaves the area briskly, and Brad rubs his chin in  
 glee.

He flips the script open to the required page and reads  
 briefly, intently, the wheels in his head grinding to a  
 halt.

BRAD

Let's just see what a little creative rewriting will add to the scene, Mr. Hollywoodbound69. Let's just see what it will add to the scene...

INT. SECRET MALL LOCATION - SECURITY AREA DELTA - DAY

After breaking into the main control room of the mall and killing all the security guards with Kung Fu kicks and karate chops -

- Brad sits at a high-tech computer monitoring computer system and starts typing his rewrite.

He giggles with childish evilness.

EXT. NICOLLET MALL - THAT SAME DAY

Trevor paces nervously and noisily on the set, rubbing his hands with nervous tension.

His ultra-modern cell phone rings in his pants pocket.

He reaches in and swiftly opens it, slams it across his face to his ear.

TREVOR

What?

DIRK

Target is in your vicinity. Just a heads up. (click)

Trevor grinds the phone into his bruised kneecap.

He runs his fingers through his hair, displaying nervousness and frustration.

Reckless Rexx slips in behind the director without showing his hand.

He slips his remastered screenplay of 'Zombie Hitman' into Trevor's back jeans pocket and then slips away quietly.

Trevor sits in the director's chair, seemingly unknowingly sitting right atop the script in his pocket, unaware of its very existence.

The actors all appear on the street, ready to rock the scene.

TREVOR

(yells  
loudly)

Remember everyone! This is the most important scene of the movie. Rex finishes off the rest of the zombies and mates with Sally!

(long pregnant  
pause)

Quiet on the set!

(beat)

And...

(beat)

...action.

Brad jumps out of the woods, shotgun in hand.

He looks just like Mick Andrews in makeup! No one could tell them apart, not even either of their own mothers!

BRAD

Come on, Sally. Only a few more minutes and it will all be over!

JENNIFER

(unbeknownst to  
all, she has  
quickly studied  
the new script  
sitting in Trevor's  
pocket right now)

Oh, Dirk Gray, you really are the Man of Power. After I saw you kill Morkort by sneaking that pistol out of your back without him seeing and blew his head off, I knew things could never be the same between us...

TREVOR

(aghast  
in  
horror  
and  
filled  
with  
wonderment)

Dirk Grey? Who the fuck is he?

Brad has a schizophrenic amnesia attack.

He looks around in wonderment at the lights and cameras.

He looks down at his Mad Max suit, unaware of what has transpired, what is happening or what will happen soon.

He grips the shotgun like a new Christmas toy.

He looks at Jennifer Love Hewitt and is hit with delusions of grandeur.

JOSH

Claire? Is that you? How did I get here? What is going on?

SALLY

(she appears to be  
Claire through  
His eyes)

Ummmm, Dirk, Darling. The zombies are coming. We must get moving...

Cameraman #23 leans over to Trevor, whispers sweet nothings into his ear, concerned by what he sees.

TREVOR

(whispering with  
sotto voce coming  
out)

No, no. Keep rolling. This is good stuff. I want to see where it goes...

Ruth Reckless steps backwards, lost, confused, a ship adrift in stormy weather on high seas without a safe port to park.

He looks at Claire. They are like two ships passing in the night and, sadly, he realizes this has always been the case.

Jennifer Love Hewitt grasps his makeup-covered palm and pulls him forward, kisses him roughly, animalistically, the bestiality taking over with a passion, consuming both their souls.

JOSH

My God, Claire...I love you. I realize now I have always loved you. Those times I hated you, when I despised you and dreamt of wrapping my fingers around your throat and squeezing the life out of you...that wasn't hate...no, my darling...that was love...

CLAIRE

(Jennifer Love  
Hewitt is totally  
Caught up in the  
Moment, which is  
Evident when she  
Next says:)

Oh, Dirk. Dirk, it's true. I have  
always loved you too. In fact I  
never stopped loving you. I only  
joined the police force to get  
revenge on a system that would pull  
two young lovers apart so  
drastically and with unkempt  
abandon...

TREVOR

(enraptured and  
enthralled at  
the exact same  
moment in time)

Annnnndddd...CUT!

Trevor dives off the Director's chair, lands on his bruised  
knee, but it doesn't matter. He forgets the pain of the  
injury, puts it completely to the back of his brain.

He grabs Reckless Rexx's hand, shakes it vigorously,  
completely overwhelmed with compassion.

He kissed Claire on the lips, hard, rough, passionately.

TREVOR

That was fucking amazing, you guys!  
Simply amazing! I couldn't have  
written it better myself. Where in  
the world did the Dirk Gray  
character come from? Amazing!

BRAD

Uh, thanks. Actually, that all  
came from my script 'Dirk Gray:  
Man of Power.' The script you  
shredded on Sparkroad...

TREVOR

(puts arm around  
his shoulder like  
an older relative)

Forget about it. You and me, we gotta  
talk. You got some great ideas there...  
Almost as good as mine...



There is a piercing whistle-like screech overheard by all who hear it on Nicollet Avenue.

Nicollet Mall blows up like fireworks, raining pieces of debris, mall items and human carcasses down on the crowded street.

IT IS A SPACE LASER ACCELERATOR BEAM THAT PERFORMED THIS WANTON ACT OF DESTRUCTION AND CRUELTY

THE ZOMBIE OVERLORDS, VAMPYRE CITIZENS AND WERWOLVES ARE ATTACKING!!!!!!

The zombie actors are frozen in their tracks, watching the horror unfold before the very eyes of all the actors, film crew and stagehands.

Zombie overlords flood the street and begin to tear flesh from bone and eat what they have pulled off the zombie actors.

Dead zombie actors rise from the street, transmortified into actual, living zombies.

The entire film crew is turned into werewolves instantaneously.

Rex Ruthless turns to Trevor, but he is no longer there.

Not mentally, anyway. Now he is a member of the undead...a Vampyre citizen turned by Moltov himself.

Rex Ruthless grabs Sally's shrunken hand and drags her to the safety of the bus stop shelter.

REXX RUTHLESS  
 (slaps her across  
 the face a few times)  
 Sally. We have to hold it  
 together. We are the last two  
 people alive in Minneapolis,  
 possibly the Universe!

SALLY  
 Oww! Why are you slapping me?

Josh has another anxiety attack. This one worse than all the previous ones ever encountered in one lifetime.

JOSH  
 What is going on? Who are you?

SALLY  
 (holds busted  
 cheek)  
 What is wrong with you? I'm  
 Jennifer who's playing Anne who's  
 playing Sally in the movie 'Zombie  
 Hitman.'

JOSH  
 Sally? If you're Sally, then who  
 am I?

JENNIFER  
 You are the Zombie Hitman, Reckless  
 Rexx.

Brad looks at Jennifer, the shotgun and the Mad Max outfit  
 as if this were the first time he had ever laid his eyes on  
 any of them...AND IT IS.

JOSH  
 I...am...Ruthless...Rexx...  
 (now with more  
 conviction)  
 I am Ruthless Rexx!

SALLY  
 Yes, that's right. And I'm Sally...  
 Oh, my God. Your arm...

Reckless Rexx looks down in the direction she is pointing,  
 which is towards his arm.

The entire sleeve is torn away.

There are massive bleeding scratches and several mouth and  
 tooth bites cover it as if it has been gnawed on by some  
 kind of wild, animalistic undead creature.

They ooze radioactive green pus and slime.

Reckless Rexx cocks and eyebrow in wonderment. Then he  
 remembers through this

FLASHBACK TO MUCH EARLIER TIMES

Trevor, now a zombie overlord, turns rapidly after his  
 attack by a zombie overlord. His skin decomposes right  
 before our eyes and his eyes glow a hazel green color.

He tears Brad's Mad Max jacket sleeve off while he is distracted (conversing with Jennifer Love Hewitt about something or other) and begins to feast.

The reason Brad felt nothing is because at that selfsame moment he was being eaten alive he was having an amnesia attack and his mind was preoccupied.

BACK TO PRESENT

RUTHLESS REXX

My God, Sally. I've been bitten by Hollywoodbound69. He's a zombie overlord and thanks to that sunuvabich I'm now a zombie overlord. I knew I should have killed him when I had the chance!

SALLY

Oh Dirk, what are we going to do?

RUTHLESS REXX

It's too late for me, Sally. But I can still save you and save the remnants of this once mighty metropolis.

SALLY

But how, Dirk? It's hopeless...

Ruthless Rexx stands stupendously, his chest flared out, taking on all comers. He looks like a real life super hero that we're used to seeing.

RUTHLESS REXX

Only one man can help us now. Come on!

EXT. ST. FRANCIS' CATHOLIC CATHEDRAL - SHORTLY LATER

Ruthless Rex and Sally barrel-roll to a stop outside the front porch of the mystical church and her surroundings in Jason Statham's Audi.

Ruthless Rexx drags the helpless female along the ground, her being totally worthless in this situation and the coming action scenes, which are coming forsoothe.

RUTHLESS REXX  
 (pounds on the door  
 with a might makeup  
 covered fist)  
 Father O'Riley! Open up! It's me...  
 Brad Parsons!

FATHER O'RILEY  
 (He whips the  
 front door open  
 hurriedly)  
 Come in, my child. You too, Sally.

Father O'Riley looks different somehow. His skin is pale  
 aqua, and he is wearing ancient Roman gladiatorial armor,  
 much like that worn by the Crusaders in the Middle Ages.

He carries the magical zombie, werewolf and Vampyre slaying  
 God Cross and his silver pistol from before.

RUTHLESS REXX  
 We have no time to lose. The  
 undead from space and time have  
 taken over the Earth, and we are  
 the last two people alive!

FATHER O'RILEY  
 There is only one thing that will  
 destroy the evil and put things  
 back the way they were before.

RUTHLESS REXX  
 We need the Oracle Orb, Father!  
 Quickly, there is no time to muster  
 around the truth! It is our only  
 hope for salvation!

Father sighs, and returns to whence he came before answering  
 the door.

He pulls a secret lever on Jesus' crucifix and a secret  
 hidden undetected compartment opens at the Lord's feet.

He reaches in and pulls out the Oracle of Power. It is  
 mystical in nature and powerful, so powerful he tells us  
 that...

FATHER O'RILEY  
 ...it has not seen the light of day  
 for centuries, thus proving its  
 power over mankind. It has been  
 carted around by the brotherhood of  
 Opus Dei for over ten millennium.

SALLY

But from whence did it come from?

RUTHLESS REXX

Yeah, me too. And I also want to know this: if it's so great, how come I've never heard about it before?

FATHER O'RILEY

(chuckles to those who can hear)

Ah, impetuous youth and their questions...

Ruthless REXX pulls the Orb of Power out of the old priest and holds in one muscular hand.

RUTHLESS REXX

Come on. It's clobberin' time.

Reckless REXX chases the others out the open door panel and steps out into the sidewalk.

IN SLOW MOTION

A rotted postulating foot reaches out and we watch Ruthless REXX trip and in

REALLY SUPER SLOW MOTION

Falls down and cracks his head on the pavement.

Blood spurts forward from the massive head trauma.

The Oracle rolls from his limp grasp and rolls into the street into oncoming traffic.

The Orb is crushed by an eighteen-wheeler that doesn't bother to slow down or look.

Father O'Riley and Sally run to his side and lift him precariously over his shoulders.

Blood gushes like a geyser from the gaping head wound above his left cheek.

Ruthless REXX cums-to, shakes his head much more indifferently than before.

Something has changed drastically.

HIS ANEURISM AND SCHIZOPHRENIA HAVE CLEARED UP, AS IF BY MAGIC OR THE HAND OF JESUS CHRIST, NO LONGER TO RETURN.

Brad shakes his groggy head, unaware of all that has transpired or happened in the past. He feels the old anger return where once there was apathy.

BRAD

What the hell is going on? Why am I here?

SALLY

You're Reckless Rexx, remember? Savior of Minneapolis and the Earth?

BRAD

(shakes his head wildly to and fro)

No, I'm not...I'm not. I'm Brad ...Brad Parsons, Homicide Detective. And professional screenwriter. User name Brad764.

SALLY

(frantic, shakes him)

No, listen to me, you are Reckless Rexx, the Zombie Hitman. If we are going to live you have to believe this!

BRAD

(starting to feel insecure about his decision to be Brad Parsons)

I'm on the hunt for Claire's killer and the 'Black T-shirt Zombie Killer' serial killer.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)

If you're looking for your beloved Claire, just turn this way sweetie...

Everyone turns in the direction of the Off Screen Female Voice. They see who it is and everyone recognizes her except for Sally and Father O'Riley.

IT IS ZOMBIE OVERLORD OFFICER CLAIRE HEPBURN

She is grotesque and rotten but still maintains her small town girl appeal, which is the one thing that always attracted Josh to her in the first place when they met.

Zombie overlord Supermodel Caroline is beside her, and is also somewhat appealing.

BRAD

Who the hell are you?

CLAIRE

For fucks sake, Brad! It's me -  
Officer Claire!

BRAD

C...C...Cl...Cl...Cl...Cl...Cl...  
Cl...Cl...Cl...Cla...Cla...Cla...  
Cla...Cla...Cla...Claire...?

CLAIRE

Yes, Bradley. Knowing how much you  
loved and cared for me kept me  
around after you brutally killed  
me.

Brad's memory is awakened from a long and slumbersome sleep.

The entire montage of his past evils runs though his head like a movie projector projecting it on the front of his skull inside.

ROLL MONTAGE

- Meeting Claire for the first time at the church ice cream social and teen square dance.
- Growing up together near Walden Pond as children.
- Their first dog together, a German Shepherd/Malamute mix.
- Their first apartment in the Red Light District of Amsterdam when they were backpacking across Europe and staying in hostels and decided on a whim to move there and raise a family.

END FLASHBACK

It all comes crashing back in livid colors, brilliant and bright and can no longer be ignored by he or his loved ones.

BRAD

Claire, you still love me? Well, I  
can say it now too. I lo...

Claire flies backwards as the shotgun blast from the shotgun  
Jennifer Love Hewitt holds blows her head off with a  
splatter of blood and brains.

BRAD

Cl...Cl...Cl...Cl...Cl...Cl...Cl...Cl...  
Cl...Claire...?

Jennifer Love Hewitt pumps the break-action double-barrelled  
shotgun one more time and blasts the beautiful, seductive  
Supermodel Caroline straight to Hell to join her friend  
Claire there.

BRAD

(slumps to pavement,  
a broken man, a  
stained angel who  
once was good and  
now is lost,  
possibly for good)  
Why? Why did you do that?

Jennifer Love Hewitt grips the barrel of the shotgun, swings  
it over her head and crashes it down on the face of the  
shriveled man.

Blood sprouts from a cut above his forearm. He stands up,  
shakes his head like a man coming out of a bad dream.

HIS AMNESIA AND SCHIZOPHRENIA HAS BEEN REVERSED FOR GOOD!

BRAD

Wha...wha...wha...wha...wha...wha...  
Wha...wha...

Jennifer Love Hewitt slaps him across the forehead, hard and  
mercilessly.

JENNIFER

Who are you? What's your name?

BRAD

I'm...well, I'm Ruthless Rexx, of  
course.

JENNIFER

...and who am I?



RUTHLESS REXX  
 You...well, you're Claire, of course.

JENNIFER  
 NO! I'm Jennifer Love Hewitt. I'm playing the role of actor Anne Caruthers-Barrington who is playing Sally McCallister, the lead actor in 'Zombie Hitman.'

RUTHLESS REXX  
 Cl...Claire...?

JENNIFER  
 Fine, I'm Claire. Now we have to hurry if we're going to save the city.

The zombie overlords, Vampyres and werewolves converge on the church from all corners of the globe. There are now billions of them, as every single

HUMAN ON EARTH HAS BEEN TURNED, IN ONE WAY OR ANOTHER

And converge on the undead Mecca of Death and Defiance, what was once referred kindly to by it's beloved, kind and simpleminded townsfolk as Minneapolis.

Ruthless REXX and Sally (dress torn sexily and hanging off her ample bosom) climb up the church steeple and thoroughly snake through into the overbearing clock tower.

Ruthless REXX and his woman look down upon the masses of hoarded undead, each thirsting for their blood or flesh or soul in his or her own way.

RUTHLESS REXX  
 Now what, Claire?

CLAIRE  
 Remember the riddle that the old foolish priest told us before he was killed?

RUTHLESS REXX  
 He said, 'Seek the Oracle's Orb, and Ye shall find, the power that once was beheld in yonder globe, is now in your once supple mind.'

CLAIRE

Soooo...?

RUTHLESS REXX

I don't get it.

CLAIRE

He speaketh of you, Rexx. You are  
now the Oracle Globe of Jesus  
Christ!

Ruthless Rexx, once almighty Minneapolis Homicide Detective, now focuses his energies elsewhere - into the power of his own brains.

A MIGHTY WIND CARRIES HIS THOUGHTS AND POWERS SKYWARD TO THE NIGHT, A GREEN GLOW CASCADES FROM FAR BEYOND THE SPACE/TIME CONTIUM, FALLS TO EARTH WITH A SUDDEN ROAR OF POWER AND IMMERSSES THE BLOODTHIRSTY MOB IN A COSMIC, ANGELIC GLOW FROM HEAVEN HIMSELF...

All is quiet and peaceful.

Every dead zombie, Vampyre and werewolf has been whisked off from the netherworld of reality and into the land of our dreams, where they forevermore invade our dreams and every waking moment.

RECKLESS REXX

I love you, Claire Hepburn.

CLAIRE

And I love you, Reckless.

They kiss with desired passion and foreplay.

Claire returns his loving gesture, slips out of her negligee and is completely naked, ready for his wanting.

Ruthless Rexx takes her and has his way, like they have always meant to be together and always have been.

Ruthless Rexx is finally happy because he has found the woman of his dreams...

THE WOMAN HE HAS ALWAYS HAD!

END FLASHBACK

THE FOLLOWING IS FROM EARLIER. LIKE A NON-LINEAR STORYLINE, THIS, IN ALL ACTUALITY, PROBABLY HAPPENED MUCH, MUCH EARLIER. VERY QUENTIN TARANTINOESQUE IN STRUCTURE, PLOT, FORMAT AND STORYLINE.

BACK TO JUST BEFORE DIRK FIRES RIFLE AT JOSH

INT. DIRK GRAY'S ROOFTOP BEDROOM WINDOW ON THE NORTH WALL FACING THE NORTH - DAYLIGHT

...Dirk Gray aims his high-powered sniper rifle once again, takes aim at the dumpster hidden behind the wall and jerks the trigger.

KA-BLOOM!

BACK TO PRESENT BEFORE THE ZOMBIE, WEREWOLF AND VAMPYRE ATTACK ON OUR BELOVED MINNEAPOLIS

Brad, safe in the knowledge he is hidden in the dumpster behind the wall of bricks and rock, takes stock of his surroundings and present situation.

The dumpster is full of all different kinds of foul garbage and stinks.

Brad quickly assesses his surroundings and present situation.

It is time to go. For good.

Josh bolts from the garbage can and lands on his feet like some kind of Kung fu master. Another bullet pierces his ground.

He bolt's to another Audi like Jason Statham's and hot wires it in seconds.

Dirk folds up the rifle and nods appreciatively at his sworn enemy.

It is time for this to end...for good.

EXT. LITTLE ITALY - CONTINUOUS

Dirk chases Josh in a similarly hotwired Audi.

We see two similar looking Audi's (same color, shape, model, size, contour and aerodynamics) barreling headfirst through the streets of Little Italy.

Everyone turns in wonderment and puzzlement at this bizarre sight that is strange even by Little Italy's standards.

The cars crash headfirst near an embankment near Lake Calhoun, somewhat centrally located in the bustling heart of the glorious metropolis once referred to as Minneapolis.

Both airbags go off in a simultaneous nature and both hired killers dive out their windows, moving in an almost cool mirrored fashion.

Dirk points a pistol at Josh. Death is eminent.

Josh is staring incessantly at Dirk Gray.

Dirk is smirking ruefully and aims the gun at Josh.

DIRK

Any last words, Brad Parsons?

Brad reaches suggestively behind his back for the steely hard rod tucked in his crack.

BRAD

Yes...

Brad whips the gun out with a flurry of violence and utter indifference and aims it at Dirk.

BRAD (CONTINUOUS ACTION)

Yippee-Kai-ye, asshole!

Brad fires at point blank range and blows Dirk's head off. He blows the smoke away...

FLASHBACK TO A DISTANT TIME AND PLACE NOT OF THIS WORLD

ARTHUR MULLIGAN, III (V.O.)

(typing)

...from the smoking barrel and walks into the smoky darkness.

FADE OUT. THE END.

Arthur tips way back in the chair, laces fingers behind head and stares at the masterpiece displayed on the monitor.

ARTHUR  
Perfect. Absolutely perfect.

He leans forward, switches windows.

CAMERA PANS SLOWLY AROUND ARTHUR'S HEAD.

We see the word 'SPARKROAD' flash on the screen.

NOTE TO DIRECTOR: TO KEEP THE IMPACT OF THIS TOTALLY IRONIC SITUATION, LET'S SKIP RIGHT TO WHERE HE IS READING THE REVIEW.

ARTHUR  
Oh boy, my first review from Sparkroad. I am giddy with anticipation.

Arthur clicks on the review, reads the horrible words revealing the awful truth about his masterpiece...

HOLLYWOODBOUND69  
I hate to say anything to dash the hopes of a promising young screenwriter, but since you are not that, I'll just get right to my review. I have never used the phrase 'complete piece of shit' to describe a screenplay, but in your case...

ARTHUR  
(with much undulating  
furious rage held  
in check)  
Motherfucker...

FADE OUT.

THE END

ROLL CREDITS

NOTE TO DIRECTOR: THIS TIME THE CREDITS ACTUALLY ROLL FROM BOTTOM TO TOP OF THE SCREEN, WITH THE MAIN ACTORS' NAMES NEAR THE TOP TO SIGNIFY AND SHOW DEGRADING IMPORTANCE.

JOSH BROLIN... ..BRAD PARSONS  
JENNIFER LOVE HEWITT... .. ANNE CARUTHERS-BARRINGTON  
HILLARY SWANK... ..OFFICER CLAIRE HEPBURN  
(also Ms. Hewitt's  
understudy for the  
part of Sally)  
DIRK GRAY... ..ARNOLD VOSLOO  
CAPTAIN O'SHAUGHNESSY... ..CHARLES NAPIER  
TREVOR FIELDS... ..JUSTIN THEROUX  
FATHER O'RILEY... ..BOB HOSKINS  
PATRICIA ARQUETTE... ..MALTOV LICHEN  
SPECIAL GUEST APPEARANCE: LUCY LIU AS ORIENTAL REPORTER

SPECIAL THANKS IN ADVANCE TO JASON STATHAM AND JET LI FOR  
THEIR HELP WITH THE MYSTERIOUS ANCIENT KUNG FU CHOREOGRAPHY  
AND ACTION SCENES AND SEQUENCES.