

THE NIGHT DOCTORS

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TITLE CARD: **THE NIGHT DOCTORS**

FADE IN:

EXT. SIDEWALK - NIGHT

On two pairs of shoes, moving side by side -- a pair of Chuck Taylor's and high-top Reeboks (which look more like boots than high-tops), both splashed with blood -- as they walk down the sidewalk.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)
Damn, I got blood all over 'em...
they're collector's items.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)
Is that really what you're thinking
about right now?

In their brief exchange we detect an easy rapport, typical of siblings.

We stay on the shoes as they advance down the sidewalk, leaving bloody footprints in their wake.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)
Do you have any idea how hard these
were to get ahold of? I had to wait
in line for six hours to get these,
Malibu was on fire, sky was red,
shit was grim.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)
You stood in line on Fairfax for
six hours?

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)
These are 'Ripley Commemorative':
Reebok, Supreme collab. Totally
worth it.

(a beat)
Speaking of Fairfax, I could go for
some Canter's right now.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)
You're hungry?

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)
I'm not, not-hungry.

They mount some stairs and finally the CAMERA TILTS up to reveal the owners of the voices:

KYLE KIRSCH, 20. His face is flecked with drops of actual blood, dark hair matted against his head with sweat. He's dressed in loose white pants (also smeared with blood) and a gray work jacket with a sleeve patch that reads "Nostromo".

He's unsteady on his feet - but trying to deal; not built for the shit he's just been through.

The other voice belongs to his sister ELIZABETH 'LIZ' KIRSCH, 18, wiry, intelligent, hair like she just stuck her finger in an electrical socket -- in a dark gray flight suit, with a 'Sulaco' sleeve patch and the recently mentioned commemorative Reeboks.

KYLE

Fine we'll eat, but right now let's focus huh? I'd say we've got bigger problems than your 'Commemorative Ripleys'.

His sister is amazingly calm considering she's covered in real blood.

LIZ

'Ripley Commemorative'.

He glares at her:

LIZ (CONT'D)

But yeah, fair point.

KYLE starts to take a step forward, when she gently places her hand on his forearm, halting his progress.

LIZ (CONT'D)

Remember what I said...

KYLE

Don't say anything I don't have to, if I don't know what to say, ask you first. Can we go in now?

LIZ holds out her hand like a crossing guard. She looks up at the sign (o.s.)

LIZ

What's the sitch here?

KYLE

No shootings, no beatings, scandals or coverups... that I know of...

He shrugs:

KYLE (CONT'D)
...so... 'Yay'?

LIZ remains skeptical.

WIDEN: They are standing at the entrance to the CEDAR MANOR
POLICE DEPARTMENT.

They pull open the doors and step into:

INT. RECEPTION/BOOKING - POLICE DEPARTMENT - NIGHT

Bustling with activity. Drunken costumed party-goers are
being processed by exhausted and irritable POLICE OFFICERS.

KYLE and LIZ elbow their way to the DESK SERGEANT, red-faced,
perpetually angry and one bratwurst away from morbid obesity -
gives them a very wary once-over.

DESK SERGEANT
What can I do for you two?

KYLE
We need to talk to one of your
Detectives.

DESK SERGEANT
About?

LIZ
How we got covered in blood for a
start.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - POLICE DEPARTMENT - NIGHT

KYLE and LIZ are seated across from small-town DETECTIVE
LAUREN GIBSON, late 30s, law enforcement officer and stressed
soccer mom.

She's visibly irritated at the prospect of even being in the
same room with these two, let alone taking a statement.

LIZ
Before we unpack this,
Detective...whose Lives Matter?

She leans over and whispers to her brother:

LIZ (CONT'D)
If she 'All Lives Matters' this...
we are out of here.

KYLE

Calm down, give her a chance to answer.

When they're done whispering (BTW, rude):

DETECTIVE GIBSON

Black Lives Matter.

LIZ nods approvingly to KYLE; but from DETECTIVE GIBSON'S reaction, it's clear she thinks this is some sort of elaborate prank.

DETECTIVE GIBSON (CONT'D)

OK, if you're done with your MSNBC guest appearance, you two want to hell me why the hell you're here?

(reviews a form - shakes her head)

You two pledging some frat or sorority?

KYLE

Running around sticking my dick in people's faces isn't my thing.

LIZ

Or mine. Obvi.

DETECTIVE GIBSON examines them more closely, noticing for the first time that their eyes are bloodshot.

DETECTIVE GIBSON

Are you two high?

KYLE

Define...

He makes 'air quotes'.

KYLE (CONT'D)

'High'...

DETECTIVE GIBSON

Have you two been smoking pot, kush, dank weed, sticky-icky?

LIZ gently places her arm on KYLE'S forearm, then leans over and whispers in his ear. KYLE nods in agreement before returning his attention to an increasingly irritated DETECTIVE GIBSON.

KYLE

I have been advised by counsel not to answer that question... on the grounds...

He forgets the rest of it and turns to LIZ for help, who finishes his sentence.

LIZ

That it will incriminate him. Us.
We're not answering.

GIBSON regards them, almost as amused as she is skeptical.

DETECTIVE GIBSON

Are you his lawyer?

LIZ

(proudly)

Pre-law, gonna fix SCOTUS.

(almost under her breath)

If we're not livin' in some kind of
Handmaid's Tale sitch by then.

DETECTIVE GIBSON stands up and gestures toward the door.

DETECTIVE GIBSON

I should book you two for wasting
my damn time...

KYLE

No, Detective I promise you, we're
telling you the truth. Tonight we
witnessed, a dozen....

He turns to LIZ who hikes her thumb, signaling 'up'.

KYLE (CONT'D)

Fifteen?

LIZ

That sounds about right.

KYLE

Fifteen murders tonight. We saw
some things we can hardly believe.

(a beat, as he elaborates)

There was slaughter, blood and
carnage.

(to LIZ)

I'm not overselling this am I?

LIZ makes a show of considering before:

LIZ
Slaughter, blood, carnage... no,
that pretty much sums it up.

The DETECTIVE studies them, and their expressions are almost plaintive. She decides to sit back down. She gets out a notepad.

DETECTIVE GIBSON
You want to tell me what happened.

LIZ
Well there was this drug, we didn't
take it.

KYLE elbows her, cutting her off.

KYLE
(to LIZ)
You don't start there. You have no
idea how to tell a story.
(to GIBSON)
What my... attorney... is trying to
say is that we accidentally
wandered into the middle...

CUT TO:

EXT. COMMONS - CEDAR MANOR UNIVERSITY - DAY

A university campus in fall, the ground covered with gold and orange foliage.

KYLE (CONT'D)(V.O.)
...of a bloodbath...

INT. CAFETERIA - CEDAR MANOR UNIVERSITY - DAY

Striding through the cafeteria is MARY ANNE LULA. A former ugly duckling, who's very recently blossomed into a beautiful swan, still unaware of the power of her beauty.

KYLE (CONT'D)(V.O.)
...because of a girl...

LIZ FAKE COUGHS (o.s.)

KYLE (CONT'D)(V.O.)
...sorry, a woman...

KYLE sets his tray down across from his friend ZACHARY HOWARD 20, African-American, handsome, preppy - wolfing down a hamburger. KYLE sits down, immediately examining his meal with evident disgust.

KYLE
You know the American Heart Association says that heart disease kills more than six hundred thousand people every year, more than terrorists and handguns combined...

ZACH
Dude. For once could you just let me eat in peace?

KYLE looks at the burger again, and turns away.

KYLE
That stuff is going to kill you.

ZACH
No lectures today. I just crushed my Econ midterm, so I'm celebrating with some good, old-fashioned, red meat.

With that he takes a big bite. KYLE can't even watch. ZACH closes his eyes as he chews, savoring the taste.

ZACH (CONT'D)
This might kill me but at least I'll enjoy myself before I go, mister..

ZACH looks at KYLE'S plate full of vegetables - matching his friend's disgust.

ZACH (CONT'D)
..Kale and whatever the hell you're eating.
(leaning in - he grimaces)
Are those cubes? Is that food?

Before KYLE can answer, they're interrupted by a female voice:

MARY ANNE (O.S.)
Hey guys.

They look up to find MARY ANNE hovering over the table. ZACH looks her up and down appreciatively and instinctively lowers his voice a couple octaves in a poor attempt to be sexy, but comes off more econ nerd than Barry White.

ZACH
Hey, Mary Anne.

MARY ANNE
What happened to your voice?

ZACH tries to play it off.

ZACH
What? I always talk like this.

MARY ANNE turns purposefully towards KYLE.

MARY ANNE
How are you?

ZACH and MARY ANNE turn to KYLE waiting for him to respond but the neurons in his brain are completely misfiring.

KYLE
(barely whispering)
So...beautiful...

He doesn't exactly start drooling, but KYLE can only look back at her, slack-jawed and silent.

MARY ANNE
Is he going to be alright?

ZACH
He's just having one of his
episodes.
(remembering to lower his
voice again)
So what's up?

MARY ANNE
I was in this 'study' last night,
it went late...going home for a
quick disco nap before Swans Point.
(to KYLE)
You going?

KYLE still isn't verbal.

ZACH
We'll be out.

MARY ANNE smiles.

MARY ANNE

Great. Then maybe I'll see you
later? Bye Kyle.

She leaves, taking KYLE'S dignity with her. At the table,
KYLE manages to nod and make a sound that vaguely resembles
human language.

KYLE

(softly)

I love you.

ZACH looks over, his disappointment evident. KYLE hangs his
head in shame.

ZACH

Fam. Real talk? You are an
embarrassment to our gender.

ZACH and KYLE glance over to MARY ANNE: where she has been
intercepted by ERIC WINKEL, handsome, stylish and suave in
all the ways that KYLE is not and his entourage of 'beautiful
people': BRITTANY, 18, JESSICA, 19, MEGAN, 18, FRED, 20 and
BRIE, 18.

KYLE

(like Seinfeld saying
'Newman')

Winkel.

ZACH

He's in my Econ class, he'll bang
anything that moves...actually I'm
not even sure 'movement' is
necessary, if you don't make a move
on Mary Anne, he definitely will.

KYLE

Hate that guy.

ZACH

You know who could help you with
this don't you?

KYLE

I just wanted her to be close, but
she hates being here, blames me.

(beat)

I'm not high on her list of
favorite people right now.

ZACH

Ask her. She'll help.

(beat)

(MORE)

ZACH (CONT'D)

Liz is great. I had four older brothers, having a sister like her woulda been great. You're a lucky dude.

KYLE'S expression is simultaneously amused and annoyed as he thinks about his sister.

KYLE

She is also a HUGE pain in the ass

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

A crowded auditorium style classroom. Midway up the auditorium are LIZ, ERIC and JESSICA (from the cafeteria).

LIZ is trying to simultaneously focus on the lecture (while an app on her laptop is taking notes) and ignore the intentions of a leering ERIC and a visibly annoyed JESSICA.

At the lectern a dispirited PROFESSOR is in front of a chalkboard filled with legal terms, finishing his lecture and silently questioning his life choices.

PROFESSOR

We'll cover the next two chapters on Monday. Now before I let you go...one of the university's...
(wincing - almost imperceptibly)
...'partners', Freedom Pharmaceuticals would like to make a short presentation.

Two MARKETING EXECUTIVES in nearly identical gray suits, clean cut, incredibly earnest (like Bible salesmen) stride into the room. They set down a stack of glossy pamphlets and an iPad - before addressing the class:

MARKETING EXECUTIVE #1

(exuding suspiciously high levels of enthusiasm)
Show of hands...how many of you out there are racking up student debt?

Almost all the hands in the room go up. MARKETING EXECUTIVE #2 steps forward and grins broadly. It's not quite 'Joker' creepy - but it's close.

MARKETING EXECUTIVE #2

Well at Freedom Pharmaceuticals,
our founders, the Cook brothers,
take higher education very
seriously; despite the high cost of
tuition, they think everyone has a
right to a higher education and
they'd like to help you out.

Taking his cue MARKETING EXECUTIVE #1 picks up where his
colleague left off.

MARKETING EXECUTIVE #1

They're offering three thousand
dollars to any students who
volunteer to participate in a new
drug trial.

(with his toothiest, most
trustworthy smile)

That's right three thousand dollars
you can use toward tuition.

MARKETING EXECUTIVE #2 produces an iPad.

MARKETING EXECUTIVE #1 (CONT'D)

Just sign up right here. We'll even
send a van to pick you up and take
you to our testing facility.

LIZ, ERIC and JESSICA -- still annoyed ERIC is ignoring her,
pipes up.

JESSICA

I could use some help with tuition
this semester.

ERIC ignores her. Seizing his opportunity, he leans over to
LIZ - and with a reptilian grin, not dissimilar to the
MARKETING EXECUTIVES':

ERIC

I did that shit last night. Now I
got three thou burnin' a hole in my
pocket. You. Me. Cabo. Little
stress relief.

As the other STUDENTS file past them to sign up - LIZ finally
turns to address him. Her expression looks like she's just
smelled rancid milk.

LIZ

Two things. First: Ewww. Second:
Those guys give off a weird
'pyramid scheme', 'culty' vibe.

(MORE)

LIZ (CONT'D)
Something is def not right there.
Third: I don't use pharmaceuticals.
(a beat)
I know, that was three things.
Anyway, I get stressed, I smoke it
away.

EXT. STUDENT HEALTH CENTER - LATER

The front doors fly open, and LIZ storms out.

Where she runs into KYLE and ZACH. Without any greeting or
pleasantries she launches into a tirade:

LIZ
(mainly to KYLE)
Thirty-three states have medical
marijuana and Ohio isn't one of
them?!

KYLE
They passed some bill, but the
governor's trying to overturn it.

LIZ
I had no idea these people were
such savages...
(starts rapping)
"I'm goin' back to Cali... Cali...
I'm going back to Cali..."

Without missing a beat:

KYLE
"Nah, I don't think so..."

LIZ
How could you convince me to come
to a state where I have to carry a
baby to term if I even think about
getting pregnant, everyone acts
like they're in a giant homeowner's
association... petty dictators
obsessed with yards and golf
courses...no legal weed... no good
sneaker stores, no good deli or
good pizza? I mean, fuck dude.

They slow down, KYLE quieter as he confesses:

KYLE

I know you're pissed at me, but after we graduate, you'll probably go home, I'll go to Boston, maybe New York.

(beat)

This might be the last time we get to spend 'quality time' together before we go off, get jobs, live our lives.

She's touched by his concern and softens for a moment, before remembering how annoyed she is:

LIZ

But why here?

She looks around disdainfully.

LIZ (CONT'D)

This fucking place is like where fun goes to die.

KYLE

It's a good school, it's safe, quiet, no distractions.

LIZ

I like distractions.

(beat)

You done me dirty man, you done me dirty.

KYLE

I'll make you a deal.

LIZ

I don't negotiate with terrorists.

KYLE

I can't conjure up a Supreme or a Canter's, but you help me out, I'll take care of your weed problem.

She arches an eyebrow, intrigued:

LIZ

I'm listening.

INT. HALLWAY - DORM - DAY

The hallway is adorned with orange and black streamers, Halloween signs and plastic pumpkins.

KYLE, LIZ and ZACH stand outside a dorm room. KYLE knocks loudly. No answer. He knocks again.

ZACH
(through the door)
C'mon buddy. We know you're in there.

A beat. The door opens to reveal: MAX DONALDSON, 19, a serious case of bedhead, knuckling sleep from his eyes and squinting at the light. LIZ studies his appearance with pity.

LIZ
Oh my god.

MAX
God is dead.

He stands aside, so they can walk into his:

INT. MAX'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

It is dark. The shades are drawn. He obviously hasn't cleaned or done laundry in a couple of weeks. Everyone except LIZ clears away dirty clothes or empty pizza boxes to sit down. The T.V. plays local news in the b.g.

MAX
Sorry. I just spent the week balls deep in Schopenhauer and Nietzsche. Good times.

LIZ looks around, still searching for a clean place to sit down and not finding one.

LIZ
I stand corrected, THIS is where fun comes to die.

ZACH
(looking around)
Maxie, my dude, this place is giving off a real 'crime scene' vibe.

TELEVISION ANCHOR
Today Congress celebrated the passing of the 'Small Business Protection Act'.

ZACH moves to open MAX'S laptop, but he slams down the cover.

MAX
Don't look at that. Please.

ZACH
You've got like...
(as he considers)
...weird tentacle porn on there
don't you?

LIZ
Weirdly specific.

KYLE takes MAX by the shoulder:

KYLE
You my friend could use some fresh
air...

ZACH
And a break from tentacle porn.

INT. KYLE'S CAR - DAY

A beautiful pastoral landscape rolls by the window. KYLE is up front with LIZ, while MAX and a very unhappy ZACH are in the back.

LIZ
Okay so what's this favor? And
where are we going?

ZACH
Your big bro needs your help. Bad.

LIZ
Let me guess...

KYLE
Yeah. Mary Anne Lula.

ZACH
We were eating lunch, she came by
our table. Kyle forgot how to talk.

KYLE
It was not one of my finer
performances.

LIZ
Yeah. It's embarrassing. Sometimes
I can't believe we're related.

KYLE hangs his head in shame before continuing:

KYLE

Deal sweetener. You help me with my
'Mary Anne Problem', I'll hook you
up with my weed guy AND I promise
not to tell Mom about 'you know'...

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

INT. LIZ'S TEENAGE BEDROOM - DAY

A couple years earlier. The walls of her room are covered
with posters of Megan Rapinoe, Missy Elliot and The L Word.

Gym clothes, and a Catholic school uniform crumpled up on the
floor.

LIZ and a TEENAGE GIRL are hooking up in her bed.

Fully in Martha Stewart mode, MRS. KIRSCH strides into the
room, picks up a basket of laundry.

LIZ and the TEENAGE GIRL freeze.

LIZ

(whispers)

Don't move and she won't see us.

The TEENAGE GIRL looks at her, confused -- because that
doesn't make any sense.

TEENAGE GIRL

(whispers)

Wha'?

LIZ puts a finger on the TEENAGE GIRL'S lips. They don't move
a muscle, they don't even breathe.

Their gambit works. MRS. KIRSCH leaves, basket in hand -
completely oblivious to what she just walked in on.

END FLASHBACK.

INT. KYLE'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

LIZ

(in disbelief)

Come on, I'm sure she's figured it
out by now.

KYLE

Have you met our mother?

LIZ considers for a moment before:

LIZ
C'mon...even Nana knew.

KYLE
Nana outran the Nazis...

MAX
Fucking Nazis...

ZACH
Good people on both sides my
ass...

KYLE
I think keen observational skills
skipped a generation, Nana's still
sharp as a tack... Mom, not so
much.

LIZ
Fair point. It's my habit never to
accept the first bid in a
negotiation, but I agree to your
terms.

KYLE releases one hand from the steering wheel so they can
shake.

KYLE
Deal.

From the backseat.

ZACH
What about me? I just broke up with
Carmen.

She turns around smiling, does an impression of him lowering
his voice Barry White-style:

LIZ
Oh don't worry baby, we're gonna
take of you too.

Everyone chuckles, except ZACH.

ZACH
Always got them jokes.

Meanwhile KYLE just nods knowingly.

KYLE
(to ZACH)
Baby sisters. This is the pain in
the ass part I was referring to.

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

Paused at the front door of an old house - with a large shed in the back. Geto Boys "My Mind's Playing Tricks On Me" audible from the other side of the door. Everyone looks at KYLE, waiting for him to knock.

ZACH

What are you waiting for?

ZACH turns to MAX and LIZ:

KYLE

You guys haven't met
'Starchild' before.

LIZ does a double take.

LIZ

Hold on a minute. Did you just say
'Starchild'?

MAX

I thought everybody in Cali had
names like 'Starchild' and
'Moonbeam'.

KYLE

Starchild's...

(beat)

...a special snowflake... so just
go with it.

They nod in assent. KYLE knocks on the door. The rest of the group tenses, not knowing what to expect.

The door opens to reveal: JEFFREY 'STARCHILD' COLLINS, 21, sunglasses, blond dreadlocks, tie-dye t-shirt and saggy jeans; part mad-scientist, part pothead.

He looks at KYLE, squints, not recognizing him.

STARCHILD

Who is it?

KYLE

Uh it's Kyle.

STARCHILD

Who?

KYLE

Kyle. I've been coming here for
about two years.

STARCHILD leans in closer, and raises his sunglasses to reveal bloodshot eyes that even Visine can't help. He focuses - after a moment the fog lifts - then recognizing KYLE, he smiles broadly.

STARCHILD
Kyle! Cali Man! Why didn't you say
so?

KYLE considers protesting, then thinks better of it. STARCHILD hugs KYLE, genuinely happy to see him. Naturally STARCHILD holds the hug a beat too long. Increasingly uncomfortable, KYLE has to break away.

STARCHILD (CONT'D)
Mmmm, Cali Man, so good to see you.

KYLE
Ok... Ok... good to see you too.

STARCHILD, an arm still draped over KYLE'S shoulder turns around.

STARCHILD
Come in...

Once they finish embracing, the group walks into the:

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

The aftermath of the previous night's cannabis-fueled debauchery:

A thick layer of reefer smoke hangs in the air, Tibetan prayer flags hang from the ceiling, half-naked bodies still asleep on the floor. Hendrix's "Third Stone From The Sun" BOOMS from the stereo.

STARCHILD'S entourage lounges on the furniture, barely taking note of the new arrivals.

KYLE
Starchild, these are my friends...

STARCHILD looks back, and finds the group standing nearby. He jumps, startled, as if they'd snuck up on him like ninjas. He turns to KYLE:

STARCHILD
Whoa! Where'd they come from? Were
they like, in stealth mode?

MAX
Yeah, we just turned off our
cloaking devices.

STARCHILD nods, as if that's a perfectly reasonable
explanation.

STARCHILD
Cool.

MAX does a face palm. KYLE continues the introductions:

KYLE
That was Max with the cloaking
device, that's Zach...

STARCHILD regards ZACH warily.

STARCHILD
He looks like a cop.

ZACH
Dude. We've met before. Buncha
times.

Not surprisingly, STARCHILD doesn't remember.

KYLE
No, he's cool.

ZACH
I'm cool.

KYLE
And my sister Liz.

STARCHILD looks her over appreciatively. He moves in close,
seriously violating her personal space.

STARCHILD
Now you I would've remembered.
Peace and love, my child.

He wraps her in his embrace as well, holding it longer than
appropriate. LIZ decides to save them both a lot of time and
aggravation by first freeing herself from his grip - then
pointing to herself and announcing:

LIZ
Penis: Not. My. Jam.

He smiles and backs off, but only a bit.

STARCHILD

No?

LIZ

I signed up for the Lesbian 7-Day
Free Trial, forgot to cancel and
here we are.

STARCHILD

Cool, that's your journey.

(to KYLE)

So what's goin' on Cali Man?

KYLE

My sister was looking for a hook-
up, so I wanted to introduce you
two.

STARCHILD nods in appreciation.

KYLE (CONT'D)

And pick up some green.

STARCHILD

Some of the Mother's sweet, sweet
green... well sit down man... make
yourselves at home.

They all sit down around a large table, with a large bong,
and several different prescription bottles containing pot of
various colors.

LIZ

We need a good sativa. Something
relaxing, but it'll still leave us
high functioning and verbal.

STARCHILD

Lady knows her bud.

(to KYLE)

Need to cool out huh? You know
Starchild's got what you need.

STARCHILD reaches over and grabs another bottle, full of
bright purple buds.

STARCHILD (CONT'D)

Purple Bliss. One of my own
personal creations.

STARCHILD and KYLE exchange bud for cash. KYLE pockets the
merchandise.

STARCHILD (CONT'D)
(re: WOMAN on the couch)
The lovely Sophie here brought some
buds from L.A., I did my thing in
the grow house and the rest is
history.

ZACH
Isn't smuggling dangerous?

One of the WOMEN lounging on the sofa, CANDACE, pipes in:

CANDACE
(glancing down)
Not where she keeps it.

STARCHILD, SOPHIE and CANDACE laugh heartily.

SOPHIE
(tapping her crotch)
Nature's secret compartment...

Before SOPHIE can elaborate, a GUARD carrying an automatic
weapon enters the room, startling KYLE, MAX and ZACH. LIZ
remains unflappable.

STARCHILD
(to KYLE, MAX and ZACH)
It's cool. It's all love, it's all
love.

But the automatic weapons would suggest otherwise. The GUARD
leans over and whispers something into STARCHILD'S ear.

STARCHILD nods - then immediately rises to his feet and
motions for the others to follow.

STARCHILD (CONT'D)
Well you're in for a treat today.
Big Man wants to share some wisdom.

STARCHILD and the GUARD lead them through the grow room:

INT. GROW ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Long rows of tall green marijuana plants, being lovingly
tended to by two gorgeous, surprisingly scantily-clad
GROWERS.

As they pass through the grow room, LIZ looks around in
amazement, her attention is divided between the beautiful
GROWERS and the plants.

LIZ
Am I dreaming?

STARCHILD and the GUARD lead them to a door at the far end of the grow room. STARCHILD reaches the door first and knocks twice.

STARCHILD
Big Man.

BIG MAN
(booming voice - through
door)
Come in.

STARCHILD scans the faces of KYLE, ZACH and MAX - and in attempt to quell their growing sense of unease.

STARCHILD
Open up your minds and take in the
wisdom.

STARCHILD opens the door and gently pushes them across the threshold into:

INT. BACK ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Not unlike a small throne room. Sitting in a large throne-like chair on a small platform - is THE BIG MAN: true to his name he is an enormous bald man in his mid-60's.

Traumatized. Haunted. He's seen terrible things but remains warm and gentle. He smiles beatifically:

BIG MAN
Welcome my children.

KYLE stammers, uncertain how to address him:

KYLE
Uh thank you..Mister Man... uh...
Mister Big Man... for having us.

Suddenly the smile on his face vanishes and his brow furrows.

BIG MAN
I have to pass on a message from
the Mothership.

Behind KYLE, MAX turns to LIZ and ZACH.

MAX
(mouthing the word)
'Mothership'?

BIG MAN
The Mothership says watch out for
'The Night Doctors'. They're
experimenting on children. Be
careful.

KYLE
Uh, we will. Thank you?

BIG MAN
Listen to the wisdom of the Purple
Bliss, and only the wisdom of the
Purple Bliss. Beware 'The Night
Doctors'.

LIZ
Purple Bliss, good. Night Doctors,
bad. Got it.

KYLE
Thank you, uh, we have to get
back...

MAX
(under his breath)
... to our home-world.

BIG MAN
Heed my words my children. Go with
Peace and love.

The BIG MAN smiles again.

INT. KYLE'S CAR - LATER

As KYLE drives the car back toward campus:

KYLE
(to LIZ)
So now you've got a hook up.

LIZ
Yes I do... Cali Man.

The others are giggling, this time at KYLE'S expense.

KYLE
Time for you to hold up your end of
the deal.

INT. LIZ'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

LIZ is on her bed, typing on her laptop. The rest of the gang is lounging around her room.

LIZ
(to KYLE)
What do you know about Mary Anne?

KYLE
Uh... she smells really good.

ZACH nods enthusiastically in agreement. LIZ rolls her eyes at their combination of earnestness and cluelessness.

LIZ
Something useful.

KYLE
She's a Lit. major.

MAX
That's it?

LIZ considers, then tries to ask in terms they'll understand.

LIZ
"...who she be with... what numbers
to dial..."

A look of recognition crosses KYLE's features. He glances over at a nodding ZACH for confirmation.

KYLE
I don't know anything. I told you,
every time I try and talk to her, I
freeze up.

LIZ
Useless.

She brings up: MARY ANNE'S Instagram page.

LIZ (CONT'D)
Oh..oh...this is good..

She scans Mary Anne's profile.

LIZ (CONT'D)
She's from Providence. Went to
Saint Theresa's high school...
English Lit major... and tonight
she is going to Swan Point.

MAX leans over LIZ'S shoulder and looks at MARY ANNE'S profile, then back at KYLE.

MAX

She wants to move East after she graduates...

(beat)

Every other post is a video about vegan something or other.

LIZ

(scanning her profile)

You're actually kind of perfect for each other.

KYLE

Being able to talk to her would be a big help.

LIZ

That's what the bud is for. We're going to chill you out. We're going to go the party, you see her... you talk about... vegetarianism...

ZACH

Why are hot women always vegetarian?

MAX

And Art History majors.

ZACH nods in agreement.

LIZ

You've got a lot in common, see nothing to worry about.

ZACH

I think she's already got a thing for him.

He elbows KYLE jokingly before doing an impersonation of MARY ANNE.

ZACH (CONT'D)

Bye Kyle...

LIZ

She's already decided she likes you, as long as you can prevent yourself from saying or doing anything too stupid, you're home free.

KYLE

Really?

LIZ

Really. Step Two: we've got to
chill you the fuck out.

MAX and ZACH settle on the two twin beds. KYLE sits at the desk and starts packing a bong. LIZ turns on her iPod, and a Kanye West song starts playing:

ZACH

(surprised, to LIZ)
You still fuckin' with Ye?

LIZ

(on MAX'S questioning
look)
Forgot to take this off the
playlist.
(beat)
... he is deep in the sunken place.

ZACH

(for emphasis)
Deep as fuck. Hitler had some good
ideas?! 'Slavery is a choice'?!
Harriet Tubman wasn't a hero?
(chuckling at his own
joke)
Him and Clarence Thomas seem to be
battling for biggest 'Uncle Tom' in
history.
(beat)
Nigga needs to read a book, take
his meds, and wash 'em down with a
big glass of 'shut the fuck up'.

KYLE finishes lighting the bong, takes a hit and passes it to ZACH.

ZACH (CONT'D)

Every time he opens his mouth he
says some crazy shit about 'dragon
energy'...

ZACH takes a hit, exhales and passes it LIZ. She hits it and as she breathes out the smoke.

MAX

Buddying up to Cheeto Mussolini.

LIZ nods in agreement, then when she can speak:

LIZ
Not a good look.

She turns to her iPod, scrolls down and hits 'Play'.

LIZ (CONT'D)
In honor of the occasion, we're
going Nineties.

The sound of Geto Boys' "My Mind's Playing Tricks On Me",
fills the small dorm room. On the music:

EXT. COMMONS - DUSK

STUDENTS head home from the last classes of the day. Other
STUDENTS, already in costume, cross the commons - eager to
begin the evening's festivities.

GETO BOYS (V.O.)
... This year Halloween fell on a
weekend... Me and Geto Boys are
trick-or-treating... robbin' little
kids for bags...

INT. LIZ'S ROOM - NIGHT

A few bowls later, the gang is pretty thoroughly chilled out.
They're strewn across the twin beds and desk, staring out the
window or at the ceiling. An open (and empty) pizza box sits
in the middle of the floor.

LIZ is finishing off the last slice of 'Chicago-style'
pepperoni. She looks forlornly at the pizza:

LIZ
(to KYLE)
This is more casserole than pizza.

ZACH
What was the deal with the Big Man?

MAX
The Mothership wants you to watch
out for the Night Doctors. What the
actual fuck?

The group breaks into laughter, but ZACH is the first to stop
laughing.

ZACH
You know I remember my Gram telling
me a story like that once...
(MORE)

ZACH (CONT'D)

about creepy white guys in vans,
driving around the East side of
Detroit, kidnapping kids and
experimenting on them.

MAX

(dismissive)

The Big Man clearly violated drug
dealer 'Rule Number One'

(on their looks)

"Don't get high on your own
supply".

(looking at his watch)

It's almost nine, I'm going to head
home and change.

ZACH

Me too.

KYLE

I'll pick you guys up in an hour.

An idea suddenly hits him.

KYLE (CONT'D)

Oh shit. I don't even have a
costume.

LIZ

No worries. I got you.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - POLICE DEPARTMENT - NIGHT

The present. GIBSON gives them the once over - then looks at
them quizzically.

GIBSON

Those are costumes? You look like
you just got off second shift at a
factory.

LIZ

You're clearly not a lover of fine
cinema.

GIBSON

(suddenly defensive)

I like movies.

KYLE

You really don't know what these
are from?

A whispered aside to KYLE:

LIZ
And who knew they'd be so
appropriate?

GIBSON'S curiosity gets the better of her and she has to ask:

GIBSON
Will you two excuse me for a
minute?

LIZ
Uh detective, do you have any
munchies up in here?

GIBSON
No sorry, kitchen's closed.

She stands up and leaves.

INT. HALLWAY - POLICE DEPARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

GIBSON strides down the hall angrily, doing an unflattering
impersonation of LIZ:

GIBSON
"Detective, do you have any
munchies up in here?" What does
she think this is?

She turns a corner emerging into the noise and chaos of:

INT. RECEPTION/BOOKING - POLICE DEPARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

She makes a beeline for the DESK SERGEANT who's got his hands
full with a half dozen drunken STUDENTS at his desk.

GIBSON
Sergeant?

He motions for the STUDENTS to be quiet and he turns to
GIBSON.

DESK SERGEANT
What's going on Detective?

GIBSON
Would you do me a favor, if you get
a call about Swan Point, would you
bring it to me in One?

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - POLICE DEPARTMENT - NIGHT

The door swings open, DETECTIVE GIBSON re-enters, tosses a Milky Way at LIZ before sitting down.

LIZ
Not what I had in mind.
(to KYLE)
After we get out of here, real
food?

KYLE
(to LIZ)
We have to make a stop first.

LIZ nods knowingly; which DETECTIVE GIBSON watches with great interest.

DETECTIVE GIBSON
Okay, so you're chasing after this
girl... woman...

KYLE
I wanted to meet Mary Anne at this
party, so...

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Behind the wheel, KYLE scans the flat, empty landscape in frustration.

KYLE
There's nothing out here.

LIZ
Man I hope they're not trying to
Fyre Festival us.

ZACH
You didn't pay for this up front
did you?

MAX
Like I said, they're doing it in
the middle of nowhere for a reason.

Out the window to the right, ZACH spots car lights.

ZACH
Make a right up here.

KYLE turns the wheel, down a road easier to miss than to see.

EXT. SWAN POINT FACTORY - NIGHT

A crowd of costumed party-goers, headed for the entrance to an abandoned factory, like so many that dot the landscapes of The Rust Belt.

IN SLOW MOTION: Walking in a row, KYLE, LIZ, MAX (in a Captain Nemo costume) and ZACH (in a gray "Starship Troopers" costume) move through the throng of revelers, thinking they look cooler than they actually do, into:

INT. FACTORY FLOOR - SWAN POINT - CONTINUOUS

Where the open space has been converted into a facsimile of a haunted house, the factory floor designed like a living room - which doubles as a dance floor.

The air is thick with balloons and confetti. Siouxsie & The Banshees 'Spellbound' plays in the b.g.

KYLE

Let's get a drink.

As they move through the crowd, there are traditional costumes like VAMPIRES, WEREWOLVES and MUMMIES but there are an equal number of SLUTTY NURSES, SLUTTY COPS, SEXY PIRATES (you get the idea) - one in particular catches LIZ'S attention:

LIZ

Hello there Sexy Pirate.

KYLE

Hey, would you focus, let's take care of me first.

LIZ

If I had a dime for every time I've heard that.

When KYLE doesn't laugh:

LIZ (CONT'D)

Sorry, you got it.

They reach the bar. ZACH takes the liberty of ordering from a BARTENDER dressed like a VAMPIRE.

ZACH

Four beers.

The BARTENDER pours beer into four plastic cups. ZACH gives him a twenty.

ZACH (CONT'D)
Keep the change.

The BARTENDER nods in appreciation. ZACH distributes the beers.

ZACH (CONT'D)
(to LIZ)
OK, so what now?

Before she can answer, they're interrupted by BRIE, eighteen, who we recognize from ERIC'S entourage. She's dressed up like a zombie, complete with tattered clothes, and makeup imitating decomposition and blood.

She greets LIZ and ignores the others.

BRIE
Hi.

LIZ
What's up?

BRIE
I thought you were going to call me?

LIZ
Busy. Mid-terms.

LIZ'S tone suggests that she's blowing her off, the only person that doesn't understand is BRIE.

BRIE
Ok. Well now that they're over, we can hang out. Eric wanted me to tell you a bunch of us are upstairs.

Now LIZ is getting just a bit flustered because BRIE is clearly not getting the hint.

LIZ
We'll make our way up there. Buh-Bye.

BRIE sheepishly backs away, but not before taking one last longing look at LIZ.

On KYLE'S questioning look.

LIZ (CONT'D)
She's a messy bitch that loves drama.

MAX

And Eric's after you too? Hasn't he figured out, you're like a Kinsey 6?

LIZ

Eric isn't burdened with an overabundance of intelligence.

ZACH

And Brie is into you. How'd you do it?

LIZ

Like shooting fish in a barrel; especially Catholic girls... I could tell you stories...

LIZ looks off into the distance, while ZACH and MAX look on, their appetites whetted.

ZACH

I wouldn't mind hearing some stories.

LIZ

No time. We've got to find Mary Anne.

KYLE

Let's walk around, see if we can spot her.

MAX

If we see her, text.

LIZ

You find her, I'll be 'on call'. Ready to jump in and help, in case you shit the bed.

KYLE

Thanks?

With that they split up:

KYLE heads toward the left.

MAX and ZACH head to the right.

LIZ naturally makes a beeline for the SEXY PIRATE.

LIZ
Hi. Haven't seen you around.
You go to 'Cedar Mattress'?

SEXY PIRATE
(nodding)
I'm a freshman. Criminology.

LIZ
Love the costume.

The SEXY PIRATE looks away coquettishly, then answers:

SEXY PIRATE
Thanks. I'm a pirate.

LIZ
Yes you are.

MAX and ZACH are both 'deep' in conversation with: AMBER, in a schoolgirl outfit complete with an incredibly short plaid skirt, white shirt, cardigan, hair in pigtails -- and her friend the CRYSTAL in a skin-tight latex nurse's uniform.

ZACH takes the lead, with MAX playing wingman.

ZACH
(lowering his voice an
octave or two)
Hey, I'm Zach.

She shakes his hand. Amazingly, the Barry White voice seems to be working.

AMBER
I'm Amber.

MAX turns to her friend.

CRYSTAL
(offering her hand)
Crystal.

MAX
What's your major?

AMBER
Art History.

CRYSTAL
Double. Art History, Business.

ZACH and MAX exchange a knowing look.

ZACH

We were just talking about that
today...how all the hot girls are
Art History majors.

That line should've been kind of cringe-worthy, but it works.
AMBER and CRYSTAL blush. ZACH looks around at the crowd, and
over the noise:

ZACH (CONT'D)

It's kind of loud down here, let's
go somewhere a little more quiet.

INT. THIRD HALLWAY - SWAN POINT - NIGHT

The group of ZACH, MAX, AMBER and CRYSTAL explore an upstairs
hallway.

In the middle of the hallway, is a young woman dressed as
CENTRAL PARK AMY, talking to her boyfriend, dressed as a COP.

CENTRAL PARK AMY spots ZACH, and points:

CENTRAL PARK AMY

That's him officer! That's the one
that was Bird Watching While Black.

ZACH can't help but laugh at the costumes.

ZACH

Nice.

He high-fives both CENTRAL PARK AMY and the COP. Just ahead
of them are the sounds of VOICES and MUSIC.

MAX

I hear something up here.

AMBER

Let's check it out...

INT. FACTORY FLOOR - SWAN POINT - NIGHT

KYLE nurses his beer, scanning the crowd in vain. He
awkwardly makes his way across the dance floor. Nick Cave
segues into The Kills.

He reaches the far side of the dance floor scans the room, no
sign of MARY ANNE.

He digs his phone out of the pocket and looks at the screen:
No signal.

KYLE

Typical.

KYLE searches the large space again, this time locating a stairwell to his right.

INT. STAIRWELL - SWAN POINT - CONTINUOUS

KYLE passes happy, smiling couples in costume as they bound down the stairs toward the dance floor below. At the second floor landing, he opens a door leading into:

INT. FIRST HALLWAY - SWAN POINT - CONTINUOUS

KYLE'S slowly making his way down the hall, sipping his beer, there's a large door to his right, he pushes it open to reveal: An empty employee cafeteria.

He closes the door, and keeps walking until he turns a corner into:

INT. SECOND HALLWAY - SWAN POINT - CONTINUOUS

He's shuffling along, sipping his beer, disconsolate - when there is a voice behind him:

MARY ANNE (O.S.)

Kyle?

He turns around to find MARY ANNE:

MARY ANNE (CONT'D)

I've been looking for you!

She's dressed in an expensive men's vintage 3-piece suit, complete with white pocket square. Although it's a man's suit - it seems to fit her perfectly - and she looks exquisite.

KYLE

Mary Anne?

He looks her up and down appreciatively. Noticing this, she does a twirl to show off her 'costume'. This time, in part thanks to the pot, KYLE is actually able to converse with her.

KYLE (CONT'D)

You look great.

She notices he's actually making conversation, and eager not to lose conversational momentum, she asks:

MARY ANNE
Do you know who I am?

She prods a little.

MARY ANNE (CONT'D)
I'll give you a hint, famous
author, he's from my hometown...
super racist.. I had the whole
'separating the artist from his
art' discussion...

Her additional explanation offers KYLE absolutely zero
additional insight. He shrugs his shoulders.

KYLE
Really, you got me.

And he means it. She's as sharp as she is beautiful. As if it
were possible, KYLE is even more smitten.

MARY ANNE
You still didn't guess...

Before he can answer, a voice calls out from down the hall:

ERIC (O.S.)
Hey where'd you go?

Hearing that MARY ANNE grabs KYLE'S hand and leads him down
the hallway.

INT. THIRD HALLWAY - SWAIN POINT - CONTINUOUS

It's emptier up here, but some costumed partygoers are
lurking around up here: KANYE (complete with M.A.G.A. cap) a
KIM KARDASHIAN, and a guy in a GIULIANI mask (complete with
dripping hair dye), double-fisting cocktails - talk to
someone else dressed in a familiar ill-fitting suit, and too
long red tie:

TRUMP
There was massive voter fraud!
Probably Mexicans. Or Jews!

KIM KARDASHIAN laughs at his answer, then to the assembled
group, and again presents her butt for his inspection:

KIM
Should I go bigger?

KANYE gazes longingly at her, then turns to TRUMP:

KANYE

In your next administration you should make T'Challa Secretary of State and M'Baku Secretary of Defense.

Slurring his words, because he's hammered:

GIULIANI

I don't think those are real people.

TRUMP turns back to KANYE:

TRUMP

It was the Mexicans, the Blacks, the Jews! They cheated! That's why I lost!

KANYE

That's why I'm Def Con Three on 'em.

TRUMP pats KANYE on the head, like a pet.

TRUMP

Good idea. You're one of the good ones.

MARY ANNE and KYLE walk past them toward an office marked '11'. She knocks on the door.

MARY ANNE

(through the door)

It's Mary Anne.

The door opens, to reveal ERIC WINKEL: in a black suit, wolf mask (perched atop his head) and butcher knife covered in fake blood. His eyes light up when he sees MARY ANNE, then immediately darken when he notices KYLE.

MARY ANNE (CONT'D)

I found Kyle.

ERIC not too subtly blocks the doorway.

ERIC

It's kind of crowded in here already.

MARY ANNE

There's room for one more.

She pushes past ERIC into the room, as KYLE passes by:

KYLE

Yeah Eric, there's room for one more.

They stare daggers at each other as he enters:

INT. ROOM 11 - SWAN POINT - CONTINUOUS

KYLE sees that the abandoned office has been transformed into a sort of V.I.P. Room, a party within the party. Seated at various chairs and couches are ERIC'S entourage, but now in costume:

FRED, in a black plaid shirt, red velvet jacket and axe.

JESSICA, as a ghost from a Japanese horror film: long jet black hair covering her face, a dirty white night dress.

BRITTANY, in a spider costume, complete with six furry legs.

Along with ERIC, WHITNEY and MEGAN, complete the MYSTERIOUS MASKED KILLER trio in pig and sheep masks - complete with matching butcher knives.

BRIE, in her frighteningly accurate zombie makeup.

On the other side of the room LIZ, THE SEXY PIRATE, ZACH and AMBER, MAX and CRYSTAL, are lounging.

LIZ

There you are. I sent Mary Anne to find you.

She winks. KYLE can't help but smile.

KYLE

Yeah, she found me.

KYLE and MARY ANNE sit down next to one another, under ERIC'S hateful gaze. On the far side of the room ZACH is rolling a joint.

ZACH

(to ERIC)

You want to smoke?

ERIC smiles.

ERIC

I'm good. You know I took something yesterday, we all did and I've been feeling pretty good ever since.

Remembering their conversation with 'The Big Man' earlier in the day, KYLE, LIZ and ZACH exchange concerned looks.

KYLE
Define 'something'.

ERIC
This pill, part of some drug trial.

He looks back at FRED, MARY ANNE and JESSICA - and they laugh again. Meanwhile KYLE, LIZ and ZACH are not laughing.

LIZ
(suddenly remembering)
Oh shit, I didn't put it together.

ERIC points to FRED, MARY ANNE, MEGAN, WHITNEY and JESSICA.

ERIC
We all did it, made some serious cash.

He smiles, rubs his thumbs and index fingers, as if rubbing imaginary bills.

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

EXT. PARKING LOT - CAMPUS - NIGHT

The group of ERIC, MARY ANNE, FRED, JESSICA, MEGAN, WHITNEY, BOB and BRIE are waiting patiently in the parking lot, when a pair of white vans, with the word 'Freedom' emblazoned across the side panels, stop beside them.

The door slides open and DR. BIRX, who looks like a kindly, mild-mannered scientist - the kind of scientist that would never, ever dose a group of unsuspecting college students with a dangerous experimental drug, addresses the group:

DR. BIRX
You the... guinea...
(corrects himself)
...err... kids for the study?

Nothing sinister about a strange man in an unmarked van referring to you as a 'guinea pig' - nothing at all. Only MARY ANNE catches it.

MARY ANNE
Wait, did he just call us guinea pigs?

ERIC

Relax. These guys are totally legit.

With that, they pile in the van.

EXT. INDUSTRIAL PARK - NIGHT

A cluster of ominous-looking mirrored glass and steel cube office buildings (think N.S.A Headquarters). Above the doorway of one of the cubes is a corporate logo and the name: Freedom Pharmaceuticals.

INT. LABORATORY - FREEDOM PHARMACEUTICALS - NIGHT

A state of the art laboratory. DR. BIRX stands at the front of the room.

Seated at a row of tables are ERIC, MARY ANNE and the rest of the group. There are bottles of water and small paper cups: Containing two bright red pills.

At the front of the room is DR. BIRX.

DR. BIRX

Thank you for agreeing to participate in our study.

He nods, and two SCIENTISTS: DR. CORNYN and DR. NAVARRO in lab coats, equally harmless looking, begin hooking electrodes to the temples of the participants.

DR. BIRX (CONT'D)

...Freedom Pharmaceuticals is about to submit our newest drug...

(holding up a pill)

...Hydroclorocambex for F.D.A. approval, right now we're in Phase Three of our human trials.

FRED

We're still getting paid for this right?

For a slip second DR. BIRX'S mask of benevolence 'slips', he looks incredibly annoyed, but he catches himself before his expression changes, and answers cheerily:

DR. BIRX

Yes three thousand dollars per person, as agreed.

FRED

Sweet.

DR. BIRX

Without further ado, we'd like to get started, please take the pills in front of you...we will be measuring your vital signs and any morphogenic changes that take place. Questions?

JESSICA

'Morphogenic'?

DR. BIRX

Uh, it just means physical changes, not important.

MEGAN

Are there side effects?

DR. NAVARRO

(softly and very fast)

Bleedinguclers,heartarrythmia,hepatitis,changingintonightmarishcreatures, lung disease,heartdisease...

MEGAN

(straining to hear)

I didn't catch that.

DR. BIRX

Just a list of possible side-effects.

(dismissive)

Nothing to worry about.

(beat)

So I just wanted to say a big 'Thank You' from everyone here at Freedom Pharmaceuticals for participating in the study.

(beat)

You just need to sign an N.D.A., just a standard release of liability, then your money will be waiting for you at the front desk.

ERIC

Cool.

DR. BIRX

(to CORNYN & NAVARRO)

Are we ready?

CORNYN and NAVARRO nod.

DR. BIRX (CONT'D)
Very well then. Please begin.

At the tables, the group takes the pills in front of them, then washes them down with a big gulp of water.

The SCIENTISTS check their equipment, then move suspiciously quickly toward the door.

END FLASHBACK.

INT. OFFICE 11 - SWAN POINT - CONTINUOUS

The far side of the room is listening to ERIC'S story with growing unease. KYLE overcomes his distaste for ERIC, long enough to ask him a question.

KYLE
What was the name of this company again?

ERIC
Freedom Pharmaceuticals. I Googled 'em first. I'm not an idiot.

KYLE
Have you ever heard of the Dunning-Kruger effect?

ERIC is confused by the question. MAX circles back to the subject at hand:

MAX
Why do those names sound so familiar?

ERIC exhales, then leans back into his chair and smiles:

ERIC
(to KYLE)
BRO. You are killin' the vibe...
(a beat)
... like I told Mary Anne, it was all legit... and we got PAID. Three thousand bucks.

JESSICA
That's half my tuition this semester.

ERIC
Spring Break in Cabo!

ERIC high-fives a couple of the others. At this point everyone is laughing or cheering except KYLE, as he hears:

ZACH (V.O.)
...I remember my Gram telling me a story... about creepy white guys in vans, driving around... kidnapping kids and experimenting on them...

BIG MAN (V.O.)
(beat)
Beware 'The Night Doctors'.

He suddenly leaps to his feet - grabs MARY ANNE by the hand and ushers her out of the room, under ERIC'S scornful gaze, next door to:

INT. OFFICE 9 - SWAN POINT - CONTINUOUS

Once they're inside, he closes the door behind them. MARY ANNE mistakes his intentions and immediately throws her arms over his shoulders.

MARY ANNE
I was afraid you were never going to make a move.

She kisses him. He gets lost in the kiss for a moment, before remembering why he brought her in here. He very reluctantly breaks away from her; she's hurt and confused.

MARY ANNE (CONT'D)
I thought you liked me.

KYLE
I do like you. A lot.

She smiles.

KYLE (CONT'D)
This is going to sound crazy but...

MARY ANNE
Are you gay? That's great if you are.

KYLE
Not gay.

She looks down at the 3-piece suit.

MARY ANNE

Is it the suit? Androgynous isn't
your thing... ok I get it...
(taking off the tie)
Let's take this off.

KYLE

If not for some highly unusual
circumstances, I would be doing
everything in my power to get you
undressed.

She starts to put her arms around him, but he gently pushes
her away and shakes his head.

KYLE (CONT'D)

To recap: Not gay. Not the suit. I
would like nothing more than to get
naked and sweaty with you, but
earlier today, I heard from...
(even he's uncertain)
...a "reliable-ish" source...

She closes the gap between them, more insistent this time.

Her proximity short-circuits his brain. While KYLE'S brain is
re-booting, MARY ANNE produces her phone and holds the screen
up close to his face:

MARY ANNE

This is a list of what I'm into...

KYLE

(studying the screen)
Who's Peg?

She pushes him back on a desk, climbs on top of him, unzips
his flight suit - sticks her hands inside and goes on a
treasure hunt.

MARY ANNE

We'll just stick to the basics for
now.

KYLE

(finding it difficult to
concentrate)
No, I really need to talk to
about...

In a few deft motions, MARY ANNE sheds her vest, and shirt.
KYLE stares at the beautiful naked woman astride him, and
instantly forgets what he was about to say. She leans in
close:

MARY ANNE

Talk after...

All of their pent up mutual lust is finally unleashed: they kiss passionately - hands hurriedly peeling away clothing, then running frantically over each other's bodies.

INT. OFFICE 11 - SWAN POINT - CONTINUOUS

MAX is lost in thought and ignoring CRYSTAL. He finally turns to LIZ and ZACH, both of whom are busy flirting with their 'dates'.

MAX

Excuse me...

(to LIZ)

...counselor, side-bar?

LIZ turns from the SEXY PIRATE. LIZ taps ZACH on the arm.

LIZ

One minute.

ZACH reluctantly leaves AMBER and the three of them move to a far corner of the room.

MAX

(to ZACH)

This afternoon... what were the Big Man's exact words?

LIZ

Something from the 'Mothership'...

ZACH

... Beware the 'Night Doctors'...
evil experiments...

INT. ROOM 9 - SWAN POINT - LATER

They're lying in a post-coital embrace: sweaty, satisfied and happy.

MARY ANNE

(out of breath)

Totally worth the wait. We'll work
our way up to butt stuff.

To his surprise, KYLE unwraps MARY ANNE'S arms from around him, then puts his costume back on.

KYLE
This drug trial...

MARY ANNE
This is your idea of pillow talk?

KYLE
Tell me about it.

MARY ANNE
I needed the money. Tuition went up
twenty percent, even though my
classes didn't get twenty percent
better.

(as she remembers)
I think I read that the college
president just bought a yacht.

(beat)
Student loans didn't cover my
tuition.

KYLE
(sighs sympathetically)
This afternoon... someone told me
about some sketchy doctors
experimenting on college students.
I want to take you to the hospital
right now, have you checked out.

She sits up, and puts her shirt back on; MARY ANNE looks at
him incredulously.

MARY ANNE
Did you give me some kind of super
chlamydia?

INT. ROOM 11 - SWAN POINT - CONTINUOUS

MAX, LIZ and ZACH are still huddled in the corner, in the
midst of their 'sidebar'.

ZACH
Maybe this drug is what the Big Man
was talking about... who knows...
(looking towards the
group)
...what the hell they took.

As MAX finally puts it together.

MAX
Now I remember why those names
sounded familiar.

INT. ROOM 9 - SWAN POINT - CONTINUOUS

Having agreed to get her to come with him, KYLE has already turned toward the door - when MARY ANNE stops in her tracks.

MARY ANNE
Actually...

KYLE
What's wrong?

She grabs her side and doubles over in pain.

MARY ANNE
I don't feel so gg-gg-ggoodd...

As MARY ANNE stammers, her bloodshot eyes communicate incredible pain. She steps forward uncertainly, losing her balance - then catching herself on the edge of a table.

She continues to stammer as a long rope of drool, drips out of her mouth onto the table.

KYLE is so focused on MARY ANNE, he doesn't even notice the small camera mounted on the ceiling:

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - FREEDOM PHARMACEUTICALS - CONTINUOUS

DR. BIRX, DR. CORNYN and DR. NAVARRO are huddled in front of a group of monitors, passing a large bowl of popcorn.

The monitors display: The events unfolding in Rooms 9 & 11 at Swans Point.

Each doctor smiles, creepily, in anticipation of what's to come.

DR. CORNYN
(re: the monitors)
Who would've guessed the side effects from an erectile dysfunction pill would unlock such bizarre morphogenic and neurological mutations?

DR. BIRX
Biotechnology is never going to be the same.

A MALE VOICE calls out from the darkness.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)
Has it started?

The SCIENTISTS turn around to find the company's owners - THE COOK BROTHERS: ALASTAIR and ANTON, mid-60's, tall, gray-haired. Very similar in appearance, but ALASTAIR wears wire-rims, and ANTON contacts. They stand in the shadows (as is their habit).

ANTON COOK

Have the symptoms started manifesting?

DR. BIRX

(checks his clipboard)

In the first round, it took forty-eight hours... but with the adjustments we've made to this batch... I'm hoping to see changes within minutes.

ALASTAIR COOK

Excellent.

DR. NAVARRO is reluctant to broach the subject, and timidly interjects.

DR. NAVARRO

What happens if the authorities find physical evidence and it's traced back to...

ALASTAIR and ANTON exchange a bemused grin.

ALASTAIR COOK

To us? Not a damn thing. The new 'Small Business Protection Act', virtually eliminates civil or criminal liability in cases of industrial...

(uses air quotes)

..."accidents".

DR. NAVARRO

And it applies to this?

ANTON COOK

(nodding knowingly)

The law protects us.

ALASTAIR COOK

After all...

(can barely contain his laughter)

... we wrote the damn thing!

At this the COOK BROTHERS HOWL with laughter. DR. BIRX doesn't want to seem rude and joins in, and the mildly panicked expression in his eyes motivates DR. NAVARRO and CORNYN into forced laughter as well.

It's very bizarre and uncomfortable.

DR. BIRX notices on the monitors: MARY ANNE is seizing violently.

DR. BIRX
I think it's starting!

DR. NAVARRO looks at his watch.

DR. NAVARRO
Right on schedule.

The COOK BROTHERS position themselves next to BIRX. They grab the bowl of popcorn. DR. BIRX starts to protest, decides against it.

ANTON COOK
(focused on the monitor)
Entitled little fuckers.

ALASTAIR COOK pretends to cry.

ALASTAIR COOK
Poor widdle me. I don't have money
for college. Womp. Womp.

They laugh diabolically, again, one by one the other doctors join them.

INT. ROOM 11 - SWAN POINT - CONTINUOUS

Where ERIC'S group is caught in the middle of seizures similar to MARY ANNE'S. LIZ, MAX, ZACH, AMBER and CRYSTAL have collectively taken a step backward, prepared to run; caught between their instinct to flee and a desire to help.

ZACH
Dude. What is going on?

His question is answered in the most dramatic way possible as:

FRED, in the black plaid shirt, his hair becomes uncombed, his razor smooth face suddenly has a five-o'clock shadow and a crazed expression. He raises his axe with murderous intent.

JESSICA, starts to become translucent. Her skin and eyes turn a deathly white, marked by occasional dark bruising. Water begins to drip from her skin and dress onto the floor.

To her left the animal masks on ERIC, WHITNEY and MEGAN'S faces - meld with their flesh. They turn toward the others and raise their butcher knives in unison.

BRIE's skin decomposes, as the fake blood and decomposing flesh become real. She transforms into an actual zombie.

Finally, BRITTANY'S eyes begin to multiply on her face, until they form a large cluster. Her mouth changes and distorts as it grows mandibles. A fine layer of short hairs sprout over BRITTANY'S skin. Additional legs grow out of her chest.

Her chest and legs become an insectoid cephalothorax and abdomen, as she transforms into a giant Trapdoor Spider: darkly armored, hairy and pants shittingly scary*.

(*The Alien xenomorph would've been great here, but we don't want to get sued by Fox/Disney do we? No, we don't.)

INT. ROOM 9 - SWAN POINT - CONTINUOUS

Meanwhile KYLE is witnessing MARY ANNE undergo a terrifying transformation:

As her chattering palsy becomes a painful, inhuman SHRIEK.

The skin on her arms begins to crack and split open. Her hands claw at the flesh, revealing ink black tentacles underneath.

The tentacles rip away skin, muscle, and bone revealing a squid-like monster floating inches above the floor.

An instant of utter silence as the creature's singular eye moves from side to side scanning the room.

INT. ROOM 11 - SWAN POINT - CONTINUOUS

Where the transformations have reached the final stage. Needless to say, MAX, LIZ, THE SEXY PIRATE, ZACH, AMBER and CRYSTAL have come down firmly on the 'Flight' side in the 'Fight or Flight' debate.

MAX

Out!!!

MAX and LIZ starts for the side door, but ZOMBIE BRIE starts to amble toward them.

ZACH

New plan.

MAX sees the MASKED KILLER trio, a GIANT TRAPDOOR SPIDER and AXE MURDERER approaching from the opposite direction.

LIZ

(looking behind her)

This way!

She grabs ZACH and CRYSTAL and pulls them toward the door. They emerge first into the:

INT. THIRD HALLWAY - SWAIN POINT - CONTINUOUS

Where LIZ looks from side to side, only to find KANYE, KIM, TRUMP, CENTRAL PARK AMY and COP in conversation.

LIZ

Get out of here! You're in danger!

They simply look at her and laugh, assuming she's just getting in the spirit of the occasion.

KANYE

Jesus will protect me!

MAX and AMBER emerge behind her seconds later.

MAX

Good luck with that.

MASKED KILLER ERIC appears in the hallway. It forces them to split in two groups as LIZ, ZACH and CRYSTAL turn and run down the hallway to their left.

As they run down the hall, CRYSTAL turns back: She can see MAX, THE SEXY PIRATE and AMBER running down in the hall in the opposite direction.

While CENTRAL PARK AMY, GIULIANI, KANYE, KIM and TRUMP stand still and are repeatedly stabbed by MASKED KILLER ERIC.

After stabbing the quintet, MASKED KILLER ERIC stands over their bodies in the middle of the hall. He watches MAX and AMBER run in the other direction - toward Room 9.

He slowly, creepily turns toward them. He remains perfectly still, just watching them - in a strange way more frightening than a running pursuit.

The door to room 9 suddenly swings open, almost flying off its hinges. KYLE slams the door shut and attempts to lock it behind him.

He turns to his left to find: MAX running towards him at full speed, with AMBER just behind.

MAX (CONT'D)
(frantically waving his
arms)
Go!! Go!! Go!!

KYLE doesn't ask for an explanation - immediately matching their speed. They run, legs pumping, until they disappear around a corner.

At Room 11 MASKED KILLER ERIC remains motionless, patiently waiting for his accomplices, MASKED KILLERS MEGAN and WHITNEY to file out into the hallway.

They each exchange a long look, communicating silently. A decision is reached. They turn left in unison and walk slowly down the hall, until they turn the corner also to the left and disappear from sight.

Next out is AXE MURDERER FRED, who walks with a slight limp. He whips his head from left to right, then dragging the axe along the ground, limps to the right on the trail of LIZ, ZACH and CRYSTAL.

ZOMBIE BRIE ambles out into the hallway, blood and saliva dripping from her mouth, and follows AXE MURDERER FRED down the hall.

Once she's disappeared around the corner, GIANT TRAPDOOR SPIDER BRITTANY skitters out on the ceiling, and turns to the left.

(Google an image of a trapdoor spider, they're fucking terrifying)

INT. SECOND HALLWAY - SWAN POINT - CONTINUOUS

In full flight:

AMBER
(near hysterics)
Dafuq?!!

Without stopping, KYLE turns to MAX.

KYLE
(almost out of breath)
Where's Liz?

MAX
We got cut off! She went the other way.

KYLE
I've got to find her.

MAX
We get downstairs and warn everybody first.

INT. EXECUTIVE OFFICE - SWAN POINT - CONTINUOUS

The office of a former executive, larger than the others: filled with abandoned office equipment, typewriters, files etc.

LIZ, ZACH and CRYSTAL rush in and slam the door shut behind them. ZACH moves a file cabinet from the wall and starts to slide it toward the door.

CRYSTAL
(in shock)
He just killed those guys in the hall. Just stabbed them. For real.

ZACH
And we'll be next...
(trying to snap her out of it)
... help me with this.

LIZ and CRYSTAL arrange themselves next to him, they push the cabinet against the only door.

CRYSTAL
What were those things?

ZACH
Shhh.

He strains to hear for sounds of movement behind them. Once he's certain they're alone, he responds.

ZACH (CONT'D)
(also out of breath)
I don't know. I don't know what that was.

LIZ
What happened to Kyle?

ZACH
I didn't see. He was in the next room.

CRYSTAL
He and Max and Amber were headed in the opposite direction.

LIZ
He made it out?

CRYSTAL
Yeah. He was okay.

To LIZ'S immense relief.

INT. FIRST HALLWAY - SWAN POINT

KYLE'S being 'okay' is debatable. He, MAX, THE SEXY PIRATE and AMBER are running in a BLIND PANIC down the first hallway, toward the main stairwell, pursued by: The three MASKED KILLERS.

They stand eerily still at the far end of the hallway behind them, tapping their butcher knives against the walls.

In the lead, KYLE is the first to reach the stairwell, where he's met by: GHOST JESSICA. She opens her mouth to SCREAM, revealing a seemingly bottomless black maw.

KYLE stops short, reaching out to stop MAX and AMBER.

KYLE
No good. No good.

GHOST JESSICA advances on them, covering several steps in the blink of an eye.

They stumble over themselves backing away.

MAX
Where?

AMBER looks around for an avenue of escape, finally finding one: An empty office.

AMBER
(pointing toward the door)
Over there.

She tugs at KYLE and MAX, pulling them back toward the door. They spin around, heading back at top speed, but in the blink of an eye GHOST JESSICA is just a few feet behind them.

AMBER arrives at the door to the office first, ushering THE SEXY PIRATE, KYLE and MAX inside before taking one last look at GHOST JESSICA before running into the office and SLAMMING the door shut behind them.

INT. HUMAN RESOURCES - CONTINUOUS

She leans against the door panting heavily, as KYLE and MAX both full of adrenalin walk around the office - looking for points of egress, only desks, a couch, bookcase and supply closet.

After a thorough scan of the room, MAX sighs.

MAX

That's the only door in or out.

They all turn, eyes focused on the door - in anticipation of GHOST JESSICA or the MASKED KILLERS. When nothing happens they each release an audible sigh of relief.

MAX (CONT'D)

Then we need should barricade this door.

He, AMBER and THE SEXY PIRATE start pushing furniture in front of the door; still formulating a plan:

MAX (CONT'D)

And we need to call the cops.

He takes out his phone, and looks at the screen: 0 bars.

MAX (CONT'D)

Damn.

KYLE

I tried mine earlier. No reception in here.

(to AMBER & THE SEXY PIRATE)

Any luck?

They dig out their phones, check the screens: No signal.

AMBER

Nothing.

THE SEXY PIRATE

Same here.

ZACH

Got to clear this place out, find Liz.

MAX

Zach.

AMBER

Crystal.

She and MAX exchange a look of shared concern.

MAX

We've got to find a way out of here first. Past them.

THE SEXY PIRATE

I mean that just happened didn't it?

AMBER

(nodding)

They just changed into 'monsters'.

MAX visibly wrestles with whether or not to ask the next question.

MAX

And what about Mary Anne?

KYLE

That's a good news, bad news type situation.

(a beat)

Well the bad news is that my would-be girlfriend is a giant squid monster.

AMBER looks at him in disbelief. In response to that:

AMBER

Uh... I'm curious, what's the good news in that scenario?

KYLE

(beaming with pride)

She's definitely into me.

They all laugh both as a way to relieve the stress, and at the sheer insanity of what he just said.

DETECTIVE GIBSON (PRE-LAP)
Pump the brakes there...

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - POLICE DEPARTMENT

DETECTIVE GIBSON rises from the chair again and paces the far side of the room, clearly agitated.

DETECTIVE GIBSON
...you're trying to tell me that an
experimental drug turned these kids
into 'creatures'?

In contrast to DETECTIVE GIBSON'S aggravation - KYLE and LIZ are completely relaxed. They've settled in and have gotten as comfortable as they can at the table. LIZ has polished off the Milky Way bar - the empty wrapper sits on the table.

LIZ
(to DETECTIVE GIBSON)
He was just getting to the good
part. **Finally**. You're really
screwing up the narrative momentum
with these questions.

DETECTIVE GIBSON ignores her comment and waits for a response from KYLE.

KYLE
Her ex became a zombie.

LIZ
I don't know if I'd call Brie an
'ex', more of a 'former hook-up'.

KYLE
A ghost and your random collection
of psychos and axe murderers.

DETECTIVE GIBSON interrupts before she can answer.

DETECTIVE GIBSON
Alright, so let's say for the sake
of argument I buy into this crazy
story, that these kids actually
became creatures. I'm still not
hearing anything about crimes
committed, let alone murder.

KYLE
Conducting weird experiments on
unsuspecting people can't be legal.

LIZ

You're also probably wondering how he knew what the Freedom Pharmaceuticals execs were saying, when he wasn't in the room.

(she shrugs)

I think we just have to chalk that up to 'artistic license'.

DETECTIVE GIBSON

I'm a Homicide Detective. You said people were murdered.

KYLE

Weren't you listening? The masked killers got those kids.

LIZ

The guys dressed as Ghouliani, Ye, Cantaloupe Caligula...and Kim K.

LIZ can't help but go off on a brief tangent:

LIZ (CONT'D)

I mean seriously what does she even have a talent or skill? Like what does she even do? I'd love for someone to explain...

KYLE puts a soothing hand on her arm. LIZ calms down.

DETECTIVE GIBSON

You need to show me some kind of proof, or I'm charging you both with filing a false police report.

KYLE

I was getting to that.

LIZ

(to DETECTIVE GIBSON)

If you'd stop interrupting...

INT. FACTORY FLOOR - SWAN POINT - NIGHT

Where the party is still raging. The costumed revelers are drinking, dancing, making out in corners, completely oblivious.

KYLE (V.O.)

So no one at the party knew what was happening upstairs.

INT. FIRST HALLWAY - SWAN POINT - CONTINUOUS

The corridor is very dark, the music from downstairs is barely audible. There's no sign of movement here. The space is eerily empty.

KYLE (V.O.)
..I was trapped upstairs at one end
of the floor...

INT. THIRD HALLWAY - SWAIN POINT - CONTINUOUS

There's no music back here, only the sound of something large SLITHERING across the floor, punctuated by the occasional THUD (o.s.).

There are no signs of movement, but the floor is covered with bloody footprints and silky, thin white threads -- something has been moving around up here.

KYLE (V.O.)
... Liz at the other...

INT. EXECUTIVE OFFICE - SWAN POINT - CONTINUOUS

Just on the other side of their makeshift barricade, they've all got their cell phones out, staring at the blank screens.

LIZ
Useless.

ZACH
We can't call 9-1-1.

LIZ
That doesn't leave us with many
options.

ZACH
We're gonna to have to find our own
way out of here.

CRYSTAL turns and looks at them as if they've taken leave of their senses.

CRYSTAL
What? You're kidding right?

LIZ
No he's not. We're going to have to
find a way downstairs and outside.

CRYSTAL
 That's going to mean...
 (pointing toward the door)
 ... going out there. With those
 things. No way.

She crosses her arms and stands still, to emphasize her point. ZACH stands next to her and gently places a comforting hand on her shoulder.

ZACH
 I know you're scared. I'm scared
 too, but we don't have a choice.

LIZ
 Zach's right. We can't call for
 help...

She looks around the small office:

LIZ (CONT'D)
 ...and in here, we're just sitting
 ducks.

CRYSTAL
 We're safe.

ZACH
 But for how long?

As if he'd been listening to the conversation:

AXE MURDERER FRED (O.S.)
 (through the door)
 Hey guys, it's me. I need to talk
 to you about something.

CRYSTAL looks at ZACH and LIZ:

CRYSTAL
 He wants to talk, wants to
 negotiate. So we'll talk this out,
 come to some sort of arrangement.
 (beat)
 I'm a business major. Let me handle
 this.

LIZ steps in front of her, blocking her path to the door:

LIZ
 Does this sitch really call for
 late-stage capitalism?

CRYSTAL
I'll work something out with him,
I'm great at negotiating.

LIZ
Ok, have at it.

With that, LIZ steps aside and CRYSTAL moves to the door:

CRYSTAL
(through the door)
Uh why don't we just talk like
this?

AXE MURDERER FRED (O.S.)
No, I really think I need to come
in and talk about this...

CRYSTAL
You want to talk face to face, you
like that personal touch. I get
that.

She looks back at LIZ and KYLE, then winks confidently.

CRYSTAL (CONT'D)
But I think we'd feel more
comfortable negotiating like this,
so what can we do for you... Fred?

AXE MURDERER FRED (O.S.)
I told you, I want you to open the
door, so I can come in and talk...

To emphasize the point, that last word is accompanied by a
loud THWACK on the wooden door. They jump back, startled.

CRYSTAL
Fred?

All eyes turn toward the door. There is another loud BANG,
but this time some splinters fly away from the door.

CRYSTAL (CONT'D)
Fred, you're not being very
professional right now!!

ZACH
I don't think Fred's happy with the
negotiations.

Meanwhile LIZ springs into action, looking around for a
weapon - but finding only office furniture.

There is another THWACK, followed by the sound of the wood SPLINTERING - opening up a slit. The tip of a silver blade, peeks through the slit.

LIZ, ZACH and CRYSTAL back away from the door.

Another THWACK, opening up a fairly large crease in the door.

CRYSTAL
Fred! Use your words!

The hole's large enough for AXE MURDERER FRED to stick his head through. FRED'S former laid-back demeanor replaced by something crazed and psychotic.

AXE MURDERER FRED
(eyeing ZACH)
I've been told there's a nigger
problem I need to take care of.

CRYSTAL
Maybe not those words...

This catches ZACH off-guard, before he thinks about it - strides forward toward the door, leans against the barricade and pushes it a few feet to the left.

CRYSTAL (CONT'D)
What are you doing?!!

ZACH ignores her, muttering to himself:

ZACH
Oh, you want to come in huh?

He backs away from the door, and raises his fists, preparing to meet his attacker.

ZACH (CONT'D)
Well why don't you just come on in
then...

The door flies open and AXE MURDERER FRED charges into the room.

He runs straight at ZACH, swinging the axe wildly. Anticipating the blow, ZACH steps to the right, dodging the blow - AXE MURDERER FRED only succeeds in burying the axe in the ground.

ZACH uses the moment to land a vicious right-left cartilaginous combination to his face. The blows stagger AXE MURDERER FRED for a moment, but he recovers with incredible speed.

AXE MURDERER FRED
Looks like I'll have to do this the
old fashioned way.

He charges ZACH again, knocking him to the ground. AXE MURDERER FRED wraps his hands around ZACH'S throat and begins to choke the life out of him.

LIZ is still looking around the office when: She spots a typewriter.

She races over to the typewriter - it's an old IBM Selectric. It's almost too heavy for her to lift, but she manages to slide it off the desk, lift it over her head and down onto AXE MURDERER FRED - sending him to the ground.

Like the (almost) unstoppable psycho-killer he is, AXE MURDERER FRED gets up.

ZACH takes a moment to catch his breath, then rises to his feet as well, fists balled, ready to dole out some punishment. He takes a couple steps forward and begins raining blows on AXE MURDERER FRED.

ZACH
You didn't have a nigga problem
before, but you got one now.

He delivers two punishing blows to the body, then another couple to the face and AXE MURDERER FRED collapses in a bloody heap.

CRYSTAL
Trying to hack us up was bad
enough, but using the n-word was
completely uncalled for.

ZACH, breathing heavily, turns his head and nods in agreement.

ZACH
I know, right?

LIZ
(to CRYSTAL)
Still want to stick around?

CRYSTAL
No, we can leave. Leaving's good.

LIZ pries the axe from the floor, feels the weight.

CRYSTAL (CONT'D)
Where are we going?

Both LIZ and ZACH are quiet. ZACH turns back to LIZ.

ZACH
I wish your bro was here. He'd have
a plan.

INT. HUMAN RESOURCES - SWAN POINT - CONTINUOUS

KYLE
I got nothin'.

WIDEN: KYLE and AMBER are near the door, MAX is deep in thought on the couch behind them, while the SEXY PIRATE is too nervous to sit and paces in front of the supply closet.

MAX
(insistent)
You always have some sort of plan.
That's your thing.

KYLE
I got bupkis my dude.
(to MAX)
You?

MAX
Kant doesn't have a treatise that
covers 'What to do if you're being
stalked by masked killers.'

MAX pauses, stops to consider:

MAX (CONT'D)
Although I have to say, Starchild
was right about this Purple Bliss.

KYLE
How's that?

MAX
I should be terrified beyond
comprehension, but I'm maintaining.

KYLE stops to think about it.

KYLE
Come to think of it, I'm not
freaking out like I probably should
be.

AMBER
What are you talking about?

SEXY PIRATE
...and do you have any more?

KYLE searches his pockets, strikes gold. He produces a lone joint, triumphantly holds it aloft like he just discovered fire:

KYLE
As a matter of fact, I do.
(beat)
If I ever talk to the Big Man
again, I'm gonna have to thank him.

MAX
Wonder what those crazy kids are up
to tonight?

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

A vintage Mercedes sedan cruises down empty streets on the outskirts of Cedar Manor.

INT. MERCEDES - CONTINUOUS

This is what those crazy kids are up to: STARCHILD behind the wheel, CANDACE in the passenger seat. In the back the GUARD, and next to him the BIG MAN, lost in his own thoughts.

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

EXT. STREET - DUSK

Detroit. East Side. Mid 60s. A tree-lined street of impeccably maintained working-class homes.

An 8-year old BIG MAN (while he was still a little man) is playing in the street with a FRIEND.

A white van, with the word 'Freedom' painted on the side panel, slows down behind them. The side door slides open:

Arms, in a white lab coat, reach out from the shadows of the van, and snatch his FRIEND off his feet.

The BIG MAN catches a glimpse of a row of gleaming surgical equipment hanging along the wall of the van.

The door SLAMS shut. The van's tires SQUEAL as it speeds away, disappearing around a corner, behind a cloud of burnt rubber.

Leaving BIG MAN standing in the middle of the street, too shocked and scared to scream or cry.

END FLASHBACK.

INT. MERCEDES - CONTINUOUS

While STARCHILD scans the nearly empty streets. He calls out to the backseat:

STARCHILD
No sign of 'em boss.

The BIG MAN takes a moment to compose himself before answering:

BIG MAN
The Mothership says to keep
looking...
(beat)
They're out there... and we're
getting closer.

INT. HUMAN RESOURCES - SWAN POINT - LATER

THE SEXY PIRATE is smoking the last of a roach. She exhales, turns to KYLE and MAX and smiles.

SEXY PIRATE
I see what you mean.

WIDEN TO REVEAL: They're sprawled out on the couch, much like they were at LIZ'S dorm room a few hours ago.

AMBER
That helps a lot.

KYLE
Happy to be of assistance.

SEXY PIRATE
Too bad we can't get some delivery.

MAX
I would settle for fewer psycho
killers.

There is a dull THUD in the b.g.

KYLE
What was that?

AMBER
I thought I heard something too.

KYLE and AMBER get up and press their ears glued to the door.

KYLE
I can still hear music and voices
downstairs.

MAX
(turning back to them)
The party's still going on?

AMBER
Must be.

KYLE
(relieved)
Then those things haven't gone
downstairs.

AMBER
This is another good news, bad news
scenario.

KYLE
How so?

AMBER
If those things aren't downstairs,
that means they've stayed up
here...

MAX interjects, finishing her thought.

MAX
Because they're looking for us.

This was precisely what THE SEXY PIRATE did not want to hear.

THE SEXY PIRATE
I just wanted to come out tonight,
dance, meet a cute boy... or
girl... I didn't want to die to do
it.

MAX rises and tries to comfort her.

MAX
We're going to get out of this.

AMBER

The second floor is pretty big, the
'creatures' or whatever they are
have a lot of ground to cover.

(to KYLE)

Maybe we should have a look?

He carefully unlocks the door, and opens it a hair's width
and peers out: MASKED KILLERS ERIC & NICOLE are standing just
outside the door.

He SLAMS the door shut and relocks it.

MAX

They're definitely still up here.

There is a single LOUD KNOCK. MAX and AMBER leap away from
the door as if it was electrified. The four of them stare at
the door. A long beat before anyone speaks:

AMBER

What do we do?

MAX

You can start by not answering it.

AMBER shoots him an annoyed look.

AMBER

I had absolutely no intention of
doing that.

There is another LOUD KNOCK. The group takes another step
toward the back of the room.

MASKED KILLER NICOLE (O.S.)

(through the door - barely
above a whisper)

Is Tamara there?

KYLE, MAX and AMBER exchange confused looks.

MAX

What?

KYLE

Who's Tamara?

SEXY PIRATE

(barely above a whisper)

I am.

They turn in unison.

SEXY PIRATE/TAMARA
Why do they want me?

There is a third LOUD KNOCK.

MASKED KILLER NICOLE (O.S.)
Is Tamara there?

MAX tries his best to sound casual, as if it's just a silly misunderstanding.

MAX
Uh, I think she stepped out for a moment.

MASKED KILLER NICOLE (O.S.)
Are you sure?

MAX
Uh yeah... pretty sure. Lot of rooms up here... maybe you should check one them. Or we could take a message. I'll make sure she gets it.

The KNOCKING stops. AMBER and KYLE venture forward toward the door, pressing their ears against it.

AMBER
(whispering)
I don't hear anything.

TAMARA
(to MAX)
I think they bought it.

The doors of the supply closet SWING OPEN. MASKED KILLER MEGAN bursts from inside, streaking toward TAMARA, plunging a knife into her back.

MAX
Noooo!

TAMARA falls to the ground, her spinal cord severed. As she's bleeding out. MAX tackles MASKED KILLER MEGAN. KYLE springs into action, disarming her - and helping to hold her down.

They manage to get MASKED KILLER MEGAN to feet, where to their surprise, AMBER picks up the knife and stabs her in the chest. Her body goes limp, MAX and KYLE let it fall to the ground.

AMBER looks down at the bloody knife in horror and disbelief.

AMBER
What did I just do?

MAX
Hey, she was about to do the same
thing to us.

AMBER
But she was a person. I was talking
to her an hour ago. She's from
Kentucky. She's a Criminology
major.

She wipes her bloody hands on her costume, leaving long red
smears on her white Nurse's outfit - more macabre and Richard
Prince than sexy.

MAX
And from your knife work, I'm
guessing you're Pre-Med.

KYLE shoots him a look:

MAX (CONT'D)
Sorry.

Poor AMBER, her costume splattered with blood, still
processing the fact she just committed murder (in self-
defense, but still):

AMBER
What if this isn't permanent, what
if she was going to change back?
(beat)
Did I just kill someone?

She struggles with the mounting panic and guilt. KYLE grabs
her gently by the shoulders. Then, reassuringly:

KYLE
We don't know if or when they
change back.
(a beat)
You did what needed to be done.
Okay?

A beat. She reluctantly accepts this explanation, before
nodding.

AMBER
Okay.

She hands him the knife, blood still dripping from the blade.

AMBER (CONT'D)

Take this.

KYLE takes it in hand, grips it firmly.

KYLE

I got it.

AMBER

What next?

Just as she's calmed down there is a loud BANG at the front door. MASKED KILLERS ERIC and NICOLE are throwing themselves against the door with tremendous force.

The wooden door is starting to buckle. In another few minutes it will give completely.

KYLE

We have to get out of here.

MAX looks around the room, desperately searching for weapons, when he happens to look up, he spots: A large grate covering the vent.

MAX

I completely missed that.

He draws their attention to the large grate just below the ceiling.

KYLE

While those two are trying to get in, we crawl out through that.

KYLE examines the grate's dimensions.

MAX

It'll be a tight fit.

KYLE

With any luck, it'll drop us near the stairwell.

AMBER

Any plan that involves getting the hell out here is a good plan.

KYLE walks over to the desk.

KYLE

Help me with this.

There is another series of loud BANGS - as ERIC and NICOLE are gradually breaking down the door, adding an urgency to their movements. They push the desk just under the grate.

KYLE climbs on top. He reaches into his pocket, fishes for change.

CLOSE - GRATE: He uses a dime to unscrew the grate.

Having successfully detached the grate, he climbs up and squeezes inside. It is a tight fit.

MAX and AMBER jump on the desk at the same time, their movements accompanied by the BANGING at the office door.

MAX grabs AMBER around the waist, and lifts her up. Once she's crawled inside a few meters, MAX lifts himself up - just as...

The office door collapses under the weight of the MASKED KILLERS, as they burst into the room, knives raised and ready to spill blood..

They scan the room: Their intended victims have fled.

They turn to each other, their expressions hidden behind the masks.

INT. FOURTH HALLWAY - SWAN POINT - CONTINUOUS

The low light is unusually hazy. The walls and floor covered in a thin white film. LIZ, both hands on the axe, leads ZACH and CRYSTAL down the hall.

ZACH

This might not seem like the time...

LIZ

Anything to distract me.

ZACH

That was really cool what you did for Kyle.

LIZ

Didn't really work out though did it?

ZACH

Not your fault, besides who could've guessed...

(MORE)

ZACH (CONT'D)
(pointing to the hall
around them)
... this was going to happen. You
can't plan for that.

LIZ
Fair enough.

As CRYSTAL'S sneaker gets stuck on the film. She lifts her shoe, but the film sticks the bottom of her foot like glue.

CRYSTAL
Ewww. What is this?

ZACH
(looking down)
I have an idea but I really, really
hope I'm wrong.

CRYSTAL
What is it?
(a long beat)
You know what, on second thought I
don't want to know.

ZACH
No you don't.

They're interrupted by LIZ, who's reached the end of the hallway.

LIZ
(points around the corner
to the left)
I think the back stairwell is
around here?

ZACH searches his memory.

ZACH
Yeah, that's how we came up.

They take the left:

INT. FIFTH HALLWAY - SWAN POINT - CONTINUOUS

Where the light is even dimmer and hazier.

CRYSTAL
Why'd it get so dark?

ZACH
I think that's going to fall under
the category of "Questions you
don't want answers to."

They make another left:

INT. SIXTH HALLWAY - SWAN POINT - CONTINUOUS

And discover that ZACH was 100% correct. They stop dead in their tracks, eyes focused in disbelieving horror at the far end of the hallway: Where an enormous spider web covers the far end of the hall.

Thin silky white threads are strung from floor to ceiling. Caught in the giant web are three costumed RANDOM PARTYGOERS:

Their predicament hasn't prevented them from having a heated argument:

RANDOM PARTYGOER #1
(to RANDOM PARTYGOER #2)
When I said I was down for a chill
hang, this was not what I had in
mind!

RANDOM PARTYGOER #2
(spotting LIZ, ZACH &
CRYSTAL)
You've got to help us.

RANDOM PARTYGOER #3
Quick! Quick!

They rush forward, ZACH takes the axe from LIZ and begins hacking at the webbing, which is surprisingly strong.

LIZ
Hold on. We're going to get you
out of here.

CRYSTAL instinctively backs away from the macabre scene.

RANDOM PARTYGOER #3
Faster! Faster! Before it comes
back.

CRYSTAL
Before what comes back?

RANDOM PARTYGOER #2
Hurry!

ZACH
I'm going as fast I can.

ZACH focuses his attention of RANDOM PARTYGOER #1, hacking at tendrils around his arms, then his legs. Before ZACH can finish, RANDOM PARTYGOER #1 starts to spasm.

ZACH (CONT'D)
What's wrong?

RANDOM PARTYGOER #1 can't answer as the spasms become more violent. His eyes roll back in his head, as it appears he's having an epileptic seizure.

ZACH (CONT'D)
(to LIZ)
Help me with this.

She grabs handfuls of webbing and tears it away as RANDOM PARTYGOER #1 falls deeper into the grip of the seizure. They've almost freed him when, he starts to SCREAM in agony:

CLOSE - RANDOM PARTYGOER #1: His skin starts to bubble. Large pustules form on his face - pustules which start to THROB and PULSE..

ZACH (CONT'D)
What the...

ZACH and LIZ jump back away from him just as..

CLOSE - RANDOM PARTYGOER #1: The pustules BURST spraying blood and puss across his face. From the newly formed holes a hundred tiny spiders crawl out and scamper across his face.

Within moments, RANDOM PARTYGOERS #2 and #3 are in the grips of seizures as well.

RANDOM PARTYGOER #3
HHHeeellllllppp!!!!

CRYSTAL
(understandably
hysterical)
What the hell is going on
tonight?!!!

ZACH and LIZ back away even further, their screams of anguish abruptly stop.

As the ground is covered with hundreds of spiders, all of whom are hungrily racing toward ZACH, LIZ and CRYSTAL in search of food.

LIZ

Spiders.

They back away slowly, partially fascinated by the horrific spectacle. Just as the SKITTERING mass of spiders is about to reach them, self preservation - forces them to turn and run:

This time with CRYSTAL in the lead. They make a right, back into:

INT. FIFTH HALLWAY - SWAN POINT - CONTINUOUS

Where CRYSTAL is too focused on tiny spiders behind them to see ZOMBIE BRIE ambling down toward them.

CRYSTAL runs right into her. ZOMBIE BRIE grabs her arms in a death-grip, opens her bloody jaws wide - then leans into CRYSTAL'S neck and takes a BITE.

LIZ grabs the axe from ZACH and charges forward like a Viking shieldmaiden.

LIZ

You clingy bitch!!

She swings the axe, bringing it down expertly in ZOMBIE BRIE'S skull, splitting her head in two, in an explosion of blood and gore.

ZOMBIE BRIE falls next to CRYSTAL. LIZ stares at the fallen bodies, still in shock - however there's no time to come to terms with what's just happened.

ZACH looks behind them: As the spiders are advancing.

ZACH

(pulling LIZ down the
hall)

Come on. Come on. We can't stay
here.

LIZ looks behind them, and they're in motion. They run down the hall.

INT. VENT - CONTINUOUS

The vent is extremely claustrophobic. KYLE crawls hand over hand, advancing a couple feet at a time. He looks back to see AMBER and MAX just behind him.

KYLE
I can barely move.

MAX
You know, on second thought, this
was one of my less than genius
ideas.

AMBER
You just wanted to look at my ass.

When he realizes that he can see in fact see up her very
short skirt.

MAX
A happy, but unintended
consequence.

AMBER'S initial response is interrupted by the sound of a
loud CLANGING behind them - echoing loudly in the small
space.

AMBER
Tell me you heard that.

KYLE
I heard that.

AMBER
Why are there loud banging noises?

MAX
You don't suppose...

KYLE
We should get out of this vent.

KYLE looks ahead of them: Light ahead of them, to the right.

MAX
I think I see a way out.

There is another CLANG, advancing on them.

AMBER
I am fully onboard with the
'getting out here' plan.

They pick up the pace, crawling as fast as they can. KYLE
reaches the grate, and pounds on it with his fist until the
grate opens. He jumps through, disappearing from sight.
AMBER reaches it next, more or less falling through into:

INT. SECOND HALLWAY - SWAN POINT - CONTINUOUS

She picks herself up, then stands next to KYLE. They turn their attention to the open grate. The loud CLANGING noises in the ceiling are getting closer.

KYLE
Hurry up dude! Hurry up!

MAX (O.S.)
Almost there.

KYLE and AMBER look up to see MAX'S face appear at the vent opening.

MAX (CONT'D)
I'm going to need a hand getting...

His focused expression, twists into pain.

MAX (CONT'D)
Help. Help. They got me.

His hands grip the rim of the vent opening, knuckles going white as he holds on for dear life.

Here he smiles, knowing the end is near.

MAX (CONT'D)
... Zach was right... I'm into some weird shit...

KYLE
No judgments buddy.

MAX
Clear my browser history.

Those are his last words as he vanishes from sight, back into the vent.

KYLE
Maxie!!!

This time it's AMBER that has to comfort KYLE. She grabs him firmly and looks him right in the eye.

AMBER
He's gone, and we will be too if we stay here...
(pointing toward the end of the hall)
... the stairs are just around the corner.

She pulls him down the hall, past the cafeteria, around the corner into:

INT. FIRST HALLWAY - SWAN POINT - CONTINUOUS

AMBER is running ahead, her right hand still holding onto KYLE - pulling him along.

When a strange static-like noise, makes AMBER slow down. Before she can even form the question:

ANGLE ON STAIRWELL DOOR - CONTINUOUS

GHOST JESSICA appears, standing on the threshold. The long black hair and dress dripping water - forming a small puddle on the ground beneath her.

She takes a step forward, her motion is awkward and uncertain but menacing nonetheless.

AMBER stops. Now she gently pushes KYLE in the opposite direction. Even the Purple Bliss can't quite stop the terror rising inside of her.

AMBER

No. No.

KYLE grips her hand tighter, pulling her backward. The GHOST takes another step toward them, this time more certain.

AMBER looks directly into the GHOST'S eyes.

AMBER opens her mouth to let out a scream that never leaves her throat. She falls back against KYLE, a desiccated husk, her mouth permanently twisted in a silent scream.

KYLE backs up, but hears FOOTSTEPS behind him. He turns to find: MASKED KILLERS ERIC and NICOLE behind him at the end of the hall, their blades still red with MAX'S blood.

Since backing up is no longer an option, KYLE realizes he is right next to the door for the cafeteria. He pushes open the door and runs inside:

INT. CAFETERIA - CONTINUOUS

He quickly takes in his surroundings. There are long tables, but no real hiding places until he looks toward the back of the room and sees the lunch counter.

With no other choice, KYLE moves as quickly and quietly as he can, around to the end of the counter..

And crouching behind it. He's hiding, but scanning the shelves around him, his mind is still working frantically on a plan.

KYLE

Come on, there's got to be something.

He sees rusted cans of food, condiments, pepper - finally coming to rest on Morton's Sea Salt. He smiles.

KYLE (CONT'D)

And it's kosher. Nice.

He hears a loud BANGING noise and careful to remain hidden peers over the top of the counter:

The MASKED KILLERS walk through the door, knocking over tables and chairs as they walk down the center aisle.

MASKED KILLER ERIC

Where are you Kyle?

MASKED KILLER NICOLE

Are you hiding?

MASKED KILLER ERIC

We know you're here.

NICOLE turns to her accomplice.

MASKED KILLER NICOLE

I think Kyle wants to play hide and seek.

MASKED KILLER ERIC

He wants to play?

MASKED KILLER ERIC moves to one of the tables and makes a show of looking underneath the table - where KYLE clearly could not be hiding.

MASKED KILLER ERIC (CONT'D)

He's not under here.

MASKED KILLER NICOLE steps across the aisle and pretends to look underneath another table.

MASKED KILLER NICOLE

He's not under here either. I wonder where he could be?

As they both turn and look at the counter.

MASKED KILLER ERIC
I think I know.

The door to their right opens, forcing them to turn and see:
The GHOST heading their way.

They turn and make the mistake of locking eyes with the gaze.

Moments later, their bodies fall to the ground dead. While
GHOST JESSICA is standing over the bodies of the MASKED
KILLERS:

KYLE is sticking to the wall like glue. He slides along the
wall, a box of Morton's sea salt in one hand - inching his
way toward the door.

He reaches the door, just as the GHOST turns around. In a
final burst, KYLE pushes the door open and races through
into:

INT. SECOND HALLWAY - SWAN POINT - CONTINUOUS

Once he's back in the hall:

ZACH
Alright Nana, we are going to put
that 'Old World Wisdom' to the
test.

He wastes no time pouring a long, thick line of salt along
the entire outer perimeter of the room, effective trapping
GHOST JESSICA inside. Having completed that, he moves
around...

INT. FIRST HALLWAY - SWAN POINT - CONTINUOUS

... and exhales, sighing with relief.

KYLE
Huh. She was right about that too.

He heads toward the exit sign and disappears down the stairs.

INT. FIFTH HALLWAY - SWAN POINT - CONTINUOUS

LIZ and ZACH are still jogging down the hall, but at a slower
pace as the adrenalin is starting to wear off. ZACH looks
behind him: Only an empty hallway, blood streaks on the
walls.

ZACH
Are they still behind us?

LIZ
They're probably still snacking on
those guys in the web.

ZACH
You could've just said 'We lost
them'.

LIZ
Okay, that's my bad.

ZACH pauses for a moment, examining the blood-stained walls.

ZACH
Wait. I think we've been through
here. These blood-stains look
familiar.
(beat)
Fuck. Recognizing blood-splatter
patterns is a part of my life now.

LIZ
If we double back around, we can
cut through that big office, maybe
get to the stairs that way.

ZACH
What if the web is covering the
exit?

LIZ
We end up as spider food.

ZACH
What's the other way?

LIZ
Uh...a ghost and masked homicidal
maniacs.

ZACH holds his hands mimicking a scale.

ZACH
Hmmm...a ghost and masked killers
or a giant spider.

LIZ
Sucks either way.

ZACH nods. They turn to the left into:

INT. CUBICLE FARM - SWAN POINT - CONTINUOUS

In the lowlight, it is a maze of cubicles, each one with stacks of chairs and yellowed paperwork.

LIZ scans over the top of the cubicles for: A glowing red exit sign in the far left hand corner of the room.

LIZ

There.

They turn and cautiously move toward the exit sign.

While their backs are turned, they don't see (or hear) the door behind open, and a massive eight-legged form move into the room.

As they cross through the center of the cubicles, LIZ attempts to distract them:

LIZ (CONT'D)

Did you know that girl?

ZACH

Maxie and me just met them downstairs before all this started.

LIZ

Oh yeah?

ZACH

She seemed really nice. I was more into her friend...

(struggles to remember)
... Amber. Wow that seems like years ago.

LIZ

What does time even mean anymore?

ZACH

I hope she made it out. Maxie and Kyle too.

LIZ

Yeah. They'll be fine.

ZACH

You know what I was saying earlier about how that was cool you helped Kyle out?

LIZ

It was twenty minutes ago.

ZACH

Now I get why Kyle is so freaked
about losing touch with you.

(beat)

I've got three brothers, who are
assholes. I always wished I'd had a
sister like you.

She puts her free arm around his shoulder.

LIZ

Well you got me. On one condition.

ZACH

Sure.

LIZ

Never quote stats from the American
Heart Association, never use the
phrase 'Meat is Murder'.

He laughs.

ZACH

Bet.

LIZ

As your new honorary sister, if
we...

ZACH

(correcting her)

'When' we.

LIZ

'When' we get out of here, I'm
going to make helping you find a
cool new girlfriend my top
priority.

He hugs her.

ZACH

Thanks.

LIZ

Although it sounds like you were
doing fine on your own.

She hits him playfully on the shoulder.

LIZ (CONT'D)

You may not even need my help.

They reach the end of the row of cubicles and make a left.

ZACH
(laughing)
No I can still use it, trust me.

The stairwell is just ten meters away.

LIZ
Yeah women can be...

As the GIANT SPIDER crawls quietly across the ceiling,
stopping just above them.

LIZ (CONT'D)
... kind of mysterious
sometimes...

LIZ hears a subtle CLICKING noise which causes her to look
up: Into the spider's cluster of eyes, mandible clicking in
excitement.

Her nervousness is replaced by sheer terror. She tries to
speak but can't form the words.

ZACH notices LIZ'S reaction, realizes that something terrible
is about to happen, and most likely to him.

ZACH
I'm about to get my ass eaten
aren't I? And not in the good
way...

LIZ doesn't even have time to respond when...

The GIANT SPIDER swings its giant, bulbous abdomen down and
forward with incredible speed..

CLOSE - SPIDER ABDOMEN: At the end of the abdomen, a razor
sharp stinger, glistening with venom.

As the stinger punctures ZACH'S spinal cord and rib cage,
finally emerging from his chest - spraying LIZ with dark
crimson blood.

ZACH thrashes, trying in vain to push the protruding stinger
back through his chest and out of his body.

The GIANT SPIDER lifts ZACH'S dying body off the floor. The
SPIDER shakes her stinger from side to side, shaking ZACH
like a rag doll.

With a powerful shake, ZACH'S body slides off the stinger - SLAMMING into the wall, and sliding to the floor - leaving a blood trail in his wake.

LIZ stares at the giant arachnid, almost hypnotized by its' sheer size and power. She grips the handle of the axe tighter. She takes a step back - and the SPIDER advances - mandibles still CLICKING hideously.

She moves to the right, and the SPIDER matches her movement. She tries moving to the left and the SPIDER mimics her, cutting off any possible avenue of escape.

LIZ
Oh don't worry, I'm not going
anywhere, you just...
(can barely get the words
out)
... killed Zach... and I'm going to
make sure you pay.

She raises the axe.

LIZ (CONT'D)
Alright, let's do this...

With the axe raised high, LIZ again summons her inner Shield Maiden, charging the GIANT SPIDER.

LIZ (CONT'D)
DIIIIIEEEEE!!!!!!

The fang appendages loosen, allowing for the SPIDER to spit a long string of webbing at LIZ.

She dodges the first salvo, allowing her to get close enough...

CLOSE - SPIDER HEAD: to bury the axe in the SPIDER'S cluster of eyes.

The SPIDER SCREECHES in pain and rage. The legs lash out in all directions trying to hit her prey.

LIZ takes a step back, waiting for the SPIDER to turn to the right, when she steps in and buries in the axe in the SPIDER'S head and thorax, until it oozes steady streams of blue-green blood.

LIZ takes a step back from the giant arachnid. After its last death spasm - she smiles:

LIZ (CONT'D)
That was for Zach, you eight-legged
motherfucker.

She spits on the carcass. The spiders' legs twitch involuntarily, catching LIZ by surprise.

She jumps back, frightened, she raises her axe ready for Round Two - but the spider remains motionless.

LIZ (CONT'D)
(bravado returning)
Yeah, you better stay down. Cali
represent.

With that she turns and heads back toward the stairwell, ready for whatever might be lying in wait:

INT. FACTORY FLOOR - SWAN POINT - LATER

LIZ steps onto the factory floor, still dragging the axe behind her. She expects to find herself in the midst of a raging party - but the space is empty. The ground is covered with empty cups, broken furniture and decorations.

She turns toward the bar, when she finds KYLE at the bar, pouring himself a beer. They make eye contact; but they're both so tired that they can only manage wan smiles of relief.

KYLE
(re: the empty space)
I cleared everybody out.

LIZ
I bet they were happy.

KYLE
Not exactly, but you gotta admit,
that was some party.

LIZ
You could say that.

She takes a step over to the bar.

KYLE
Anybody else make it? Zach?

She shakes her head. KYLE lowers his head, for a moment it appears he's fighting back tears - but then he collects himself:

LIZ
Maxie?

KYLE
Nope. Not even that Sexy Pirate.

LIZ
The Sexy Pirate too?
(re: beer)
Could I get one of those?

KYLE
Two bucks.

She pads the empty pockets of her flight suit.

LIZ
I seem to have misplaced my purse.

KYLE
Cash bar lady.

LIZ
Could I trade you some legal advice
for a beer?

KYLE appears to consider her offer.

KYLE
I guess that'll work.

He fills a cup with beer while he talks, but he's interrupted by a symphony of CHITTERING sounds, all around them.

They look around to find: Four of the tiny spiders have developed into GIANT TRAPDOOR SPIDERS, and they're blocking the exits.

KYLE (CONT'D)
As Nana would say: *"Das ist nicht gut."*

The SPIDERS, their mandible clicking excitedly, grow closer. LIZ grabs her axe, raises it defiantly.

LIZ
I'm not going down without a fight.

KYLE looks around for a weapon, failing to find one, he raises his fists.

KYLE
Damn right.

The SPIDERS close the distance. There doesn't seem to be any escape for our heroes, until....

A LOUD CRASH! The garage door splinters, and the vintage Mercedes flies through the air, coming to a SCREECHING halt in the middle of the floor.

The doors of the Mercedes swing open and the BIG MAN, STARCHILD, CANDACE, and the GUARD emerge from the car - each carrying an automatic weapon.

They quickly size up the situation, take aim at the GIANT SPIDERS and start FIRING:

The intermittent muzzle flares causes a strobing effect: the bodies of the GIANT SPIDERS jerk spasmodically as they're riddled with bullets, and torn to shreds.

The FIRING stops. There are FOUR blood trails, that end what remains of the lifeless bodies of the GIANT SPIDERS.

Gun barrel still smoking, evoking a mixture of George Clinton (obviously), peak Jim Brown and Shaft:

BIG MAN
Sorry we're late.

LIZ emerges from cover, surveys the carnage, raises the axe triumphantly over her head and lets out a loud WOOP:

LIZ
Flawless Victory!

EXT. STREET - OUTSIDE POLICE STATION - LATER

Down the street from the station. LIZ and KYLE stand outside the idling Mercedes, at the passenger side window.

STARCHILD
This is as far as we go.

LIZ
Not a fan of Five-0.

STARCHILD
You get it. You need anything, hit us up.
(to KYLE)
Keep it real Cali Man.

From the backseat:

BIG MAN
My children. Go with peace and
love.

He smiles beatifically. As the windows slide up.

KYLE
Uh thanks... Mister Man... Mister
Big Man... for the bud, the
wisdom... and the life saving.

KYLE and LIZ step away from the car, and watch it speed off
into the night, no doubt toward other adventures.

Once the car is gone, they slowly make their way to the
police station.

KYLE (CONT'D)
In addition to peace and love,
something tells me we're going to
need a good lawyer.

LIZ
Lucky for you, you've got me. You
can pay me back by getting me some
new kicks.
(RE: her shoes)
Look at these.

Which is where we came in.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - POLICE DEPARTMENT - NIGHT

Where DETECTIVE GIBSON is staring at the pair in complete
disbelief.

DETECTIVE GIBSON
Well you were right. I don't
believe you. Not a word.

LIZ
I thought you might say that, but:
We. Brought. Receipts.

INT. POLICE CRUISER - NIGHT

DETECTIVE GIBSON drives, while LIZ and KYLE sit quietly in
the back, well not completely 'quietly'; LIZ can't help
needling DETECTIVE GIBSON:

LIZ

Detective... if we see any Black people on the way, and they're just chillin', minding their own damn business, try not to pull them over and...

She makes air quotes:

LIZ (CONT'D)

'Accidentally' shoot them.

DETECTIVE GIBSON shakes her head in irritation.

DETECTIVE GIBSON

I told you...

(muttering to herself)

When will you learn? Don't take the bait...

LIZ grins in the backseat.

EXT. PARKING LOT - SWAN POINT - NIGHT

The unmarked police cruiser pulls into the parking lot, dawn is only minutes away.

The doors open, LIZ, KYLE and DETECTIVE GIBSON emerge.
DETECTIVE GIBSON scans the surroundings:

DETECTIVE GIBSON

This is it? Doesn't look so bad.

LIZ and KYLE stare at the building with mounting trepidation.

KYLE

It's a big, dark, all covered up.
Who knows what's going on in there...

(as he searches for the right reference)
...it's like...

LIZ

...like The Bev Center.

INT. FACTORY FLOOR - SWAN POINT - NIGHT

The aftermath of the party, decorations and glasses strewn everywhere; but what immediately catches DETECTIVE GIBSON'S attention are the mutilated corpses of the GIANT SPIDERS.

DETECTIVE GIBSON
What in the...

KYLE and LIZ stop in the middle of the floor.

LIZ
(re: the SPIDER)
Like I said: Receipts.

KYLE
There's more upstairs. Once you get
up there make two rights. It's on
the left. Office Nine.

DETECTIVE GIBSON
Okay, you two wait here. I'm going
to check it out.

LIZ
We'll be right here.

She starts to make her way toward the staircase and KYLE
calls after her:

KYLE
Oh and if I were you, I'd stay away
from the Cafeteria.

INT. FIRST HALLWAY - SWAN POINT - NIGHT

DETECTIVE GIBSON tries to make sense of KYLE'S comment. She
dismisses it; focusing on the task at hand, she raises the
flashlight, and with her other hand unsnaps her holster -
just in case.

She moves the flashlight from side to side, the beam criss-
crossing the darkened hall: The beams reveal, blood stained
walls.

She pauses for a moment, realizing that something terrible
did in fact take place here.

With considerably more caution, she takes a step farther,
past the cafeteria.

She looks down and sees a thick line of salt along the
ground. She reaches out to push the door open, her hand
inches from the door - when she hears:

KYLE (O.S.)
I wasn't kidding about the
Cafeteria.

She moves past the cafeteria to the end of the hall and peers around the corner: A darkened hallway. There is a faint, unidentifiable noise in the distance.

She turns the corner into the:

INT. SECOND HALLWAY - SWAN POINT - CONTINUOUS

She moves the hallway, slowly, cautiously - measuring each step. She looks at the office doors around her: Numbers painted on frosted glass, 17, 16, 15, 14...

She reaches the end of the hall and repeats her action.

Empty and dark, just like the previous corridor, but here the NOISE is louder. It sounds like something large and wet being dragged over concrete.

She takes the final turn into:

INT. THIRD HALLWAY - SWAIN POINT - CONTINUOUS

Directly in front of her are the bloody bodies of KANYE, KIM, GIULIANI and TRUMP. She rushes to their side. She presses her index and forefinger to KIM'S throat - no sign of a pulse. She quickly activates her walkie-talkie:

DETECTIVE GIBSON

This is Detective Gibson. I need
C.S.U., the M.E. and additional
units at the Swan Point factory.
Over.

The walkie-talkie SQUAWKS.

DISPATCH

(over walkie-talkie)
Copy that. C.S.U., M.E. and
additional units are en route.
Over.

Now that she's no longer distracted by the bodies - she hears it again. The NOISE is quite LOUD here.

It sounds like something very heavy and WET slapping against the floor -- and it's coming from office nine.

GIBSON rises to her feet and inches closer to the office door. She peers through the frosted glass: There is a whirl of dark tentacles on the other side of the door.

DETECTIVE GIBSON

Police!

She reaches out for the door.

CLOSE - HAND: As it grabs the knob and turns...

INT. FACTORY FLOOR - SWAN POINT - CONTINUOUS

Where LIZ is looking at her watch.

LIZ

...in three, two, one...

Right on cue is GIBSON'S blood-curdling SCREAM from the:

INT. THIRD HALLWAY - SWAIN POINT - CONTINUOUS

DETECTIVE GIBSON is pressing all of her weight against the door, but one long slimy tentacle is thrashing about, struggling to escape. With her free hand she brings up the walkie-talkie. It SQUAWKS.

DETECTIVE GIBSON

(into walkie-talkie)

Where's my backup?! I need C.S.U.,
the M.E., and backup! All the
backup! Police, Fire Department,
the Zoo... Sea World...

The walkie-talkie SQUAWKS.

DISPATCH

(over walkie-talkie)

Uh Detective... did you say Sea
World?

INT. FACTORY FLOOR - SWAN POINT - CONTINUOUS

On the SOUNDS of struggle upstairs:

KYLE

Ok, now the good Detective's got
her proof, let the cops handle it
from here.

LIZ

Can we finally get something to
eat? Still got serious munchies.

KYLE
I could eat.

LIZ
Bet you're not having calamari.

KYLE looks at her, slightly annoyed and flustered.

KYLE
You know I'm...

LIZ
See what I did there?

As he looks at LIZ, she's doing everything she can not to burst out laughing, at which point KYLE realizes..

KYLE
...Oh I get it because...

He points back at the factory:

KYLE (CONT'D)
... real fucking funny.

At which point she can't restrain herself anymore and laughs:

LIZ
It's a little funny.

They reach the end of the exit, open the door and step out:

EXT. PARKING LOT - SWAN POINT - DAWN

KYLE and LIZ walk back toward the road: police, fire vehicles, and even a SeaWorld truck stream past them onto the lot.

LIZ
You going to change your relationship status?

KYLE
Think I'm going with 'It's Complicated.'

LIZ
That sounds about right.

A brief pause.

KYLE
I'm glad you were here.

LIZ

Hey, I know you think we're going to grow apart... but I promise that won't happen even though...

KYLE

Let me guess...

LIZ

... next semester "I'm goin' back to Cali, Cali..."

KYLE

I'll miss you... but...

(beat)

Yeah, that's not the worst idea you've ever had.

The MUSIC swells. This is normally where we would fade to black and roll the credits, instead the choral arrangement suddenly reverts to a dissonant cacophony and we:

(ROLL CREDITS)

SMASH CUT:

FADE IN:

EXT. PARKING LOT - THE BEVERLY CENTER - NIGHT

A warm Southern California night. A few unmarked white vans parked outside a large building, undergoing perpetual renovation -- mysterious, foreboding -- to even gaze upon it, is to invite deep, existential dread: The Bev Center.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - THE BEVERLY CENTER - NIGHT

Seated at a row of tables are a group of eager STUDENTS, some of whom are in U.S.C. t-shirts, their attention is focused on:

A podium. A smiling DR. BIRX, the COOK BROTHERS sitting behind him, addresses the group:

DR. BIRX

Thank you for agreeing to participate in our study.

EAGER STUDENT

We're getting paid for this right?

The COOK BROTHERS smile in that deeply unsettling way of theirs:

ALASTAIR COOK
Of course you are...

ANTON COOK
How else are you going to pay off
those student loans?

FADE OUT.

The End

Ok, now roll the credits, go on with your lives.